

THE great storm was general and of very unusual severity.

CUCKOO clocks have been in use for many years, but that brand of statesmen and newspapers are improvements.

THE Secretary of War tells congress that "there are 8,223,997 men in the United States able for military duty." This is a grand time to secure recruits—so many idle men in the country.

WHEN one sees the difference in the amounts of appropriations for the harbors of northern and southern cities, there seems to be very little room for question as to who are in the saddle now? The other fellows, surely?

GROVER mulishly insisted on turning Calhoun down, and Bryan suggested J. H. Harley, the well-known Lincoln druggist, who will lick stamps in the capital city post-office by proxy for the next four or more years. We would rather be Calhoun than postmaster.

WITH February well under way it is time farmers were considering the sort of corn they will use for seed purposes. Strong vitality and pure seed are the two chief essentials for getting a good stand of corn that will hold its own against most adverse conditions, and that will not be a disappointment when harvest time comes.

F. O. EDGECOMRE, late of the Falls City Journal, could not stay out of the harness very long—even though sadly handicapped in the loss of sight in both eyes. He has purchased an interest in the Weeping Water Republican. Mr. Edgcombe will make the Republican blossom like the rose. He is one of Nebraska's brainiest and most enterprising publishers.

IN 1790 less than four per cent. of the people of the United States lived in its cities. In 1890 more than 29 per cent. of the population resided in cities, and it is estimated that if the rate of growth and movement of population from 1880 to 1890 continues until 1920 the cities of this nation will contain ten million more people than the country. Thus the work of concentration goes on.

MRS. LEASE has won her first battle with the Populist administration in Kansas. The supreme court has decided that Governor Lewelling has no power to remove her as a member of the state board of charities, and she will remain the president of the board. The court was unanimous in its decision against the governor, and Mrs. Lease has the satisfaction of knowing that the man she made governor is still not quite up to her own stature.

IT was only a coincidence that on the same day the president signed the bill repealing all federal election laws a thousand Democrats in Alabama should hold a state convention and make the principal plank in their platform a demand for an honest ballot and a fair count. These two Democratic incidents are as antagonistic as any two principles of the two great political parties. The federal control of congressional elections is an old issue that has been fought over for years, but hitherto it has been between the two parties.

WARWICK CASTLE.

A Peep Into the Famous English Palace of the "Kingmaker."
One could spend days looking at the pictures at Warwick and at the sculpture and curios. There is a table, the slab of which is made of fine marble mosaic, lapis lazuli, and precious stones which belonged to Marie Antoinette. In the red drawing room are rare specimens of Limousin enamels, also Bohemian glass and Venetian crystals. This room leads to the cedar drawing room, whose walls are 10 feet in thickness. One of the many valuable and beautiful ornaments in this room is a bust of Proserpine, by our American sculptor Power.

The "living rooms" of the castle extend 330 feet in length, and each window gives charming views of the grounds. In one of these rooms, the gilt drawing room, is a Florentine mosaic table, enriched with precious stones, brought from the Grimani palace in Venice. Its value is £10,000, which, please remember, is \$50,000 of Yankee money. The Grimani arms, the pope's triple crown, lion of St. Mark, doge's cap, keys of St. Peter and cardinal's hat are illustrated in jasper, onyx, amethyst, malachite and cornelian on its surface.

A moment after leaving the gilt drawing room and we are in the state bedroom, where good Queen Anne slept, and in which her big dreary looking bed still stands. We don't seem to know much about Queen Anne's belongings, thus her bed and traveling trunks at its foot arouse our interest. In these trunks were her majesty's clothes. They are sensible, ponderous trunks, covered with brown leather and studded with brass nails. Even an American baggage smashing porter would have found Queen Anne's trunks "too large an order" to destroy. George III presented this bedstead, with its faded crimson curtains and its 15 feet high posts. Over the fireplace hangs a fine portrait of the queen herself painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller. It is in this state bedroom that Queen Victoria slept when she visited Warwick castle with the late prince consort. I don't know whether she occupied Anne's bed, but if so I hope it was more comfortable than it looks.

From the bedroom is a boudoir, literally crammed with paintings. Here is Holbein's "Henry VIII," "A Boar Hunt," by Rubens; "A Dead Christ," on copper, by a follower of Correggio; "Charles II's Beauties," by Lely; "San Sebastian," by Vanduyke; "Card Players," by Tenuis, and a Salvator Rosa landscape.

The castle's state dining room was burned out in 1871, but it has been reproduced on the old lines and is a truly royal apartment. On either side of the massive fireplace, where many a Yule log has slowly burned itself out to white ashes, there are gilt Venetian figures. Above the fireplace hangs Ruben's sketch of lions. There is also in this room a droll portrait of George III in the arms of his mother.

The castle boasts a Shakespeare room, designed and added by the late earl, and to which the county of Warwick presented the Kenilworth buffet in ancient oak. Into this room have been collected all procurable Shakespeare relics, and resting on an old claw footed oak table are all the works, with the admirable edition of Shakespeare of the late Halliwell Phillipps.

The place has been called the castle of the kingmaker. Who can visit this historic house and not desire to reread Lord Lytton's—or Bulwer's, as you please—"The Last of the Barons," whose text of composition is furnished by the annals of this wonderful castle and its wonderful earl, Richard Nevil.—Boston Herald.

Your Best Young Man.
"You can't always just tell what your best young man is going to develop into," said the girl in the blue jacket. "Now, I know a young man, and when I first met him I said to myself: 'At last! Here he is! A real live man without a fad.' And I was happy in the thought that he wouldn't talk football or theosophy to me. But it didn't take me long to find out my mistake. Of all the fads I ever heard of that man's fad is the very worst."
"He does tricks with cards and can juggle things," continued the girl in the blue jacket, as her eyes grew bright and her cheeks pinkish. "At luncheons he fishes his handkerchief out of my muff and finds his gloves in my jacket pocket. If you hand him a glass of water, he'll turn it upside down and ask you blandly why the water doesn't run out. At home he makes life miserable for me, and when he goes away I call in the girl and have her sweep up the remnants of the teacups that he breaks. He balances parasols, guitars, vases—in fact, everything that he can find—on the end of his nose. I can't do anything with him. I am trying very hard to make him angry so he'll quit calling, but he is so absurdly good natured that I fear I shall never succeed."—St. Louis Republic.

Butler and Father Ryan.
When General Butler was in command at New Orleans during the rebellion, he was informed that Father Ryan, priest and poet, had been expressing rebellious sentiments and had said he would even refuse to hold funeral services for a dead Yankee. General Butler sent for him in haste and began roundly scolding him for expressing such un-Christian and rebellious sentiments. "General," the wily priest answered, "you have been misinformed. I would be pleased to conduct funeral services for all the Yankee officers and men in New Orleans."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Wherein They Were Alike.
"My money bought those horses," said the millionaire wife to her impecunious husband as the family turnout drove up to the steps.
"Yes; it bought me too."—Newport News.

JAPANESE CLANSMEN.

Sons Who Died to Avenge Their Fathers. The Forty-seven Ronin.

No crusader of the west, no viking of the north, cherished a higher ideal of loyalty and chivalry than the clansmen of old Japan; no Corsican more ruthlessly handed down a feud from generation to generation or exacted from son and brother the execution of a sterner vendetta. The Satsuma men of today triumph in the fact that their own swords have avenged in this generation the defeat inflicted on their forefathers in the year 1,600 by the Todogawa clan.

Legend and drama recount every day to eager ears the stories of sons who died to avenge their fathers, clansmen that they might slay the foemen who had caused the death of their lord. The favorite heroes, who hold in popular estimation the place assigned by us to Robin Hood and his men, are the 47 robbers, a name given to men who have lost their clanship.

Their lord was obliged to commit hara kiri, or judicial suicide, for having within royal precincts drawn his sword on a noble who had insulted him, and these staunch vassals devoted themselves to the destruction of the insulted, knowing assuredly that, having slain him, they would be equally condemned to take their own lives.

Still may be seen fresh incense sticks burning before the graves of their leader and his young son and visiting cards stuck into the little tablets above them as tokens of the respect in which they are held by those who know their story and deplore their doom.

Mr. Black records that at a review of British troops in 1864 at Yokohama a great daimio was watching with interest the maneuvers of their regiments and batteries of artillery stationed there. At the conclusion he was asked to allow the escort of his retainers who had accompanied him to go through their drill and tactics, to which he readily consented.

Turning to Sir Rutherford Alcock, who was inspecting the troops, he proudly said:

"My retinue is small, and their tactics are not worthy of notice after what we have seen, but there is not one man among them who, if I say die, will not unhesitatingly sacrifice his life at my command."—Nineteenth Century.

The Repairs Were Made.

The Rev. Mr. Adams of Leominster was an eccentric character and had no hesitation in speaking his mind, either to congregation or to individuals. He was about to exchange with a neighboring minister, a mild and inoffensive man, who knew the bluntness of his disposition and said to him in advance:

"You will find some panes of glass broken in the pulpit window, and possibly you may suffer from the cold. The cushion, too, is in bad condition, but I beg of you not to say anything to my people about it. They are poor and disinclined to think of repairs."

Before Mr. Adams left home that Sunday morning he filled a bag with rags and took it with him. When he had been in the pulpit a few minutes the draft began to make itself felt, and he deliberately took a handful of rags from his bag and stuffed them into the window. The sermon dwelt upon the duties of congregations toward their ministers, and he soon became very animated, and brought down both fists with tremendous force upon the pulpit cushion. The feathers scattered in every direction, but pausing only to exclaim, "Why, how these feathers fly!" he proceeded with his discourse.

He had fulfilled his brother minister's request of not addressing the congregation directly on the subject, but all the same he had effected his point. Next Sunday the window and cushions were found to be in excellent repair.—Youth's Companion.

Removing Glass Stoppers.

Sometimes it is very difficult to remove a glass stopper from a bottle. A cloth wet in hot water generally is sufficient, but if this fails, remember the principle is to expand the neck of the bottle by heat and not the stopper. With hot water the latter is often heated equally with the neck, and thus the desired effect is not produced. By holding the neck of the bottle about half an inch above the flame of a lamp or candle, however, in a few seconds the most obstinate cork will generally come out. Care must be taken to turn the bottle rapidly and not allow the flames to touch the glass, as it might crack it. When the glass is thoroughly heated, a steady pull and twist will almost always bring out the stopper.—Exchange.

Bobby Burns and the Mayor.

On one occasion, arriving at Carlisle on horseback, Bobby Burns is said to have turned his steed out to grass for a while, and the animal strayed on to a meadow belonging to the corporation and got impounded. Although the horse was given up to him, the poet retaliated upon the mayor, whose tenure of office was to expire on the very morrow of the incident, as follows:
Was e'r pair poet sae beffited?
The maister drunk—the horse committed;
Puir harmless beast! Tak' thee nae care;
Thou'll be a horse when he's nae ma'r (mayor).
—Dundee News.

Rev. Plink Plunk on Resignation.

Always be prepared for de worst, deah breddern, an den, if de best is wot falls to yer lot, ya'll be able to enjoy it doubly, an eben if yer luck changes ya won't bab dat all gone feel in dat de man has who expects eberything an always finds hisself amongst de great ahmy ob de left.—New York Herald.

Like the Celestial City.

St. John's vision of the celestial city will almost apply to our great municipalities in one respect, now that the electric globe is turning night into day. "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it."—Boston Transcript.

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Commissioners' Proceedings.

Indianola, Neb., Feb. 9, 1894.

Board of county commissioners met pursuant to adjournment. Full board present.

On motion the following official bonds were examined and approved: A. H. Barnes, additional bond, county treasurer.

John Kaiser, overseer road district No. 42.

Frank Schmoltdt, overseer road district No. 13.

William Scarrow, overseer road district No. 41.

John W. Randal, overseer road district No. 38.

James Doyle, overseer of road district No. 40.

On motion the following officer was appointed to fill vacancy and his official bond examined and approved, viz:

Arthur Miller, justice of peace, East Valley precinct.

On motion the following claims were audited and allowed and the clerk directed to draw warrants on county general fund levy of 1893, as follows, to-wit:

W. F. Esher, annual settlement road district No. 9, \$13.24

Michael Coyle, annual settlement road district 19... 42.00

J. Long, annual settlement of road district No. 26... 39.50

S. E. Hager & Co., coal for jail..... 41.30

J. A. Wilcox & Son, merchandise for pauper Stalder's family..... 2.75

Barnett Lumber Co., coal for court house..... 32.41

J. L. Gentry, draying..... 3.40

O. D. Mosher, stoves court house..... 29.85

O. D. Mosher, stoves court house..... 13.50

E. R. Banks, posting election notices, etc..... 58.75

J. T. Nooding, board Maggie McIntyre..... 22.30

Samuel Newton for work on roads..... 3.00

Frank Rollins, work on roads 14.00

Benj. Lytle, work on roads, 12.00

Frank Lytle, work on roads, 13.00

Jackson Lytle for work on roads..... 12.00

Edward Brees for work on roads..... 4.80

D. W. Gregory, setting up scrapers..... 2.00

Mrs. S. Young, board Lizzie Craig..... 6.50

J. M. Thomas, services as commissioner..... 4.90

Samuel Young, services as commissioner..... 4.60

C. J. Ryan, services as commissioner..... 20.15

In accordance with the law in such cases made and provided the board selected from the various precincts the names of 60 electors to act as jurors for the March term of 1894 of district court, whereupon the clerk of said district court was furnished with the list.

On motion board adjourned to meet March 20th, 1894.

Attest: SAMUEL YOUNG, Chairman. GEO. W. ROBER, County Clerk.

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Best ginghams, twelve yards for.....	1.00
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