THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

THURSDAY MARCH 30, 1876

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Webster County Condensed.

Webster Co., Neb., lies in the Valley of the Republican, is 150 miles west of the Missouri River and touches the State line on the South. Winters are mild and dry, very little rain or snow falls in that season so little in fact that cattle live all winter with no hay or grain. Plenty of rain falls in the spring and summer. The summers are not disagreeably warm, as there is always a cool breeze especially in the evenings. The county first began to settle in 1870. In 1871 the county was organized with a population of 45. Its population is now between 2500 and 3000 and is rapidly increasing. There are at present 38 organized school districts within its boundries and school facilities are therefore ample—better than those in some Eastern States. The apportionable school fund furnishes nearly enough money to pay teachers' wages. Farmers can buy R. R. land from $1.50 to $6 per acre—with ten years time. There is yet a considerable amount of government lands for homesteads and pre-emptions. As a stock raising country it is hard to excel. Cattle do well, and for sheep it cannot be beaten. It is just suited to that. Fortunes can be easily made by raising sheep as the expense of feeding is very small. Tame corn, oats, barley, potatoes, buck wheat, and all kinds of roots and vegetables, are grown here with little labor. 35 bushels of sod corn to the acre is nothing new. Wheat averages about 25 bushels to the acre. Fruit does extremely well. Every farmer has his orchard growing. Forest trees grow rapidly. Cottonwood, boxalder, whitewood, soft maple, and many other kinds of trees grow into timber large enough for fuel in about three years. Osage orange plants do nicely, and in a few years your live fences can be made. Mechanics find employment and fair wages. The very best and purest water is obtained by going from 5 to 100 feet. The cost is very small when the well is bored.—There never go dry. The streams of this county are the Republican and its tributaries which are as follows: on the south side of the river, Walnut, Dry, Buffalo, State, Perry, Cedar, Hacks, Ash, and Little Rock creeks. On the north side are Willow, Elm, Cottonwood, Crooked, Indian, and Farmers creeks. In the north part of the county is the Blue river and its tributaries.

The soil of Webster county is a dark, rich vegetable loam. The wild grasses are nutritious and abundant, and make most excellent hay. Timothy, clover, Hungarian and millet will undoubtedly prove a profitable production. Those who have tried them so decide at least.

Our railroad prospects are good, and we will have a road as soon as we really need one. But the farmers for years will find ready sale for surplus productions in the newer counties west and to new settlers. By the time these markets are closed roads for cheaper transportation east will be opened.

Our climate is healthful, the air pure and bracing, and sickness of any kind is almost a stranger to the people here.

The county seat, RED CLOUD on the Republican river, near the center east and west and a little south of the center north and south. In it are chances for business men of every branch of trade. The country around is such as to war ant a good business in every kind of merchandise. Red Cloud and Guide Rock are the only two laid out towns. Further information can be obtained from any and agent who advertises in this paper, or at this office.

MR RICHARD H. DANA, Grant's nominee for minister to England, has been rejected by the Senate. Cause, Literary piracy and perjury. Mr. Dana, it seems, stole the writings of a Mr. Lawrence, and published them as his own. On trial in the U. S. Circuit Court, Mr. Dana asserted his entire innocence, but the evidence was so clear that the Court decided upon his guilt. This is the third nomination made by the President which the Senate has refused to ratify.

THE New York State Republican Convention have expressed their preferences for Roscoe Conkling, for President, and their delegates are instructed to vote accordingly.

AFTER a few weeks recreation and a pleasant trip to our old home, we once more assume the duties from which we have taken a rest. We shall endeavor to do our best to keep our readers posted in regard to matters that are transpiring in our county, State and country.

A few words in regard to our trip may not be uninteresting. The route over which we traveled in going east was first the St. Joe & Denver City R. R. to St. Joe, Mo., thence by the Hannable & St. Joe to Chicago, from Chicago by the Michigan Central to Cassopolis, Michigan. Here is where we spent the principal part of our life until about four years ago,—when we landed in this country. In all the states through which we passed the fall grain is looking well. The prospects for fruit are very promising and unless injured by the late frosts, there will undoubtedly be an abundant yield of fruit of all kinds. At Monroe, Mo. we saw the Centennial Hog, which is of the Poland breed, and at present weighs 1450 lbs. We understand that its owner has been offered one dollar per pound for it. Any one going to Chicago ought to visit the stock yards. The amount of ground these yards cover is surprising. The winter, east has been very remarkable, as there has not been enough snow at any one time for sleighing, but rain enough to keep the mud about hub deep all the while. We did a great deal of blowing about our nice roads, but felt like taking it all back when we came home and found some of the same mud here. We have one consolation however, in the fact that we have had no mud up to March, and then it was nothing compared with what they have east.

In Michigan the farmers were in the midst of their sugar-making, and we feasted until we wished we were home in Nebraska where they have no maple sugar. The apples and cider were very fine, but still we did not seem to care much for them; in fact there is something about this country that is so attractive that after a short visit with our friends we were ready to return and stay for another four years at east. The people of this country talk about hard times, and it is the cry everywhere, but from all appearances we are just as well off as people east, for if we have less money our wants are less, and so long as we have plenty to eat and do not have to run in debt, we are as well off as the majority of the people.

On our way home we stopped in Lincoln. The people of that place are talking Narrow Gauge. The prospects seem brighter than ever, and there has been considerable stock taken already, and a proposition will soon be put before Lancaster county to vote $80,000 in bonds for its benefit.

WE feel like moralizing, just a little and only this once. We are going to say something about Truth or the want of it. We are not going to enlarge upon the importance of Truth, or its desirability. Truth is conceded to be a grand thing, and its requirements of binding force. Still truth is not the only duty. Kindness politeness, and self-denial are duties also. Whether strict adherence to the truth be at all times the most sacred duty, is a question we do not propose to discuss. Of one thing we are assured. It is not generally so considered. Respect for the feelings of others and a desire to please our friends at the expense of ourselves, lead the most upright of us to equivocate. The amenities and courtesies of life are mainly false. The smile of welcome, and the pressing invitation to remain are but forms of courtesy, which nearly and smoothly hide the dislike we feel towards our visitor. All the little conventionalities of tolerably bred people are useful for the most part, to conceal from view the more disagreeable qualities of our nature. Men associate with each other, live pleasantly and agreeably in each other's society, when if they saw through the white lies of modern etiquette, their friendship would be changed into enmity. Whether society is the better for the practice of this kindly meant deception is a question which it is too late now to discuss. Society and individuals do practice it and will continue to practice it for a long time to come. And whether we want to or not, we must adapt ourselves to the custom. There are some we know, so independent, in their own phraseology, so pig headed, in the words of their neighbors, that they will not conform to the usages of their fellows. They are constantly offending their friends by their obstinacy. Continually boring all within their reach by their dullness to take a hint. In this age we can never expect to learn from the language, not always, by the conduct, of our friends, whether we are imposing on them or not. Ordinarily, and we say it with pride, men conceal their tortures and endeavor to submit with grace and amiability to the infections received from those they would not necessarily offend. But they are "bored" all the same, by those who, but for their obtuseness, would, we hope, be unwilling to offend. To the latter class we are disposed to say a word. You must not expect to learn from the words, not even from the conduct, of your associates whether your presence, conduct or language is offensive. If your associates are gentlemen, they will studiously conceal whatever injury they are suffering, whatever infliction they may be enduring, rather than wound your feelings by complaint. While they are gentlemanly towards you, they expect you to be reasonably considerate of them. They expect you to exercise thought and judgment, to determine whether you are giving offense. They will not tell you. Much as you wish to avoid boring them, they insist on your finding out yourself whether you are agreeable or not. As you are skilful in determining this you are respected or despised. The presence of the most intimate friends, the conversation of the most brilliant talker at times is a weariness to the flesh and a grievance to the spirit. A man's judgement and good sense is discovered in his sagacity for deciding when his presence is wanted, or his ideas appreciated, and a man is accounted a fool among his fellows who does not exercise judgment in this respect. My dear sir, you may be independent, you may be above the petty foibles of society. But while men are so considerate of your feelings as to refrain from indicating that your presence is disagreeable and your conversation a nuisance, you are no gentleman, or else a fool, if you persist in imposing upon their good nature.

PERMANENT LOCAL INSTITUTE.

ISAVEL, March 20th, 1876.

The Local Institute opened by law vale on the 24th of March, met pursuant to call. G. W. Knight took the chair and stated the object of the meeting. Mr. Holbridge made some remarks, after which Mr. Rise read an article in the State *Journal* on deep plowing, which was followed by several gentlemen, giving their opinions in regard to the depth of planting corn, which varied from two to five inches. The general opinion was that 3 inches was about the right depth.

On motion adjourned until 2 o'clock P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Time for planting corn was discussed. Mr Holbridge made some remarks. Mr. Rise thought from the 8th to the 13th the proper time. Mr. Knight from 1st to 5th; O. R. Downs 1st of May; Mr. Vance, 8th to 15th for bottom, 15th to 20th for upland; Dr. Head, for sod corn.—break and plant from 15th of May to 15th of June. Opinions were given by different parties in regard to the right depth to break prairie, which varied from 2½ to 4 inches. The next topic for discussion was what is the best kind of wheat to sow.—opinions differed.—three kinds were spoken of as good, Italian Golden, Mammoth Tea and Grass Wheat. Remarks were made for the good of the Institute by Potter, Downs, Harney, Holbridge, Fulton, Knight and Head. Remarks were made on the culture of Broom Corn by W. W. and J. Harvey. Remark on culture of Peanuts, by G. W. Knight. Twenty two names were added to the membership roll. Meeting then adjourned.

G. W. KNIGHT, President. R. B. FULTON, Secretary.

OUR STATE ROAD.

GUIDE ROCK, Neb., March 17th, 1876.

ED. CHIEF:—My attention has been called to the condition of our roads. I speak more particular of the State road running up the valley. It is a disgrace to the county. These are the general remarks we hear expressed by travelers that drive over this road. It is without exception the remark that this is the worst piece of road in this part of the State. The county has paid hundreds of dollars on this road. A stranger passing over this road can see but little or no work a good part of the way. In going from Guide Rock to Red Cloud you drive fourteen miles and the distance by section line is only eleven; in making the round trip you drive six miles for nothing, and that over gulches and streams without culverts or bridges, and mud holes of all lengths in wet weather. All this for want of enterprise on the part of the citizens in the vicinity of this road. And there is not a man among them but would like the credit of being an enterprising citizen. If you would claim any enterprise, manifest it by making a good thoroughfare from Guide Rock to Red Cloud. (I have written articles for your paper before, and have always met with opposition.) *But woe unto the man that is in opposition to this!* ABEL.

Newspapers.

"I'm too poor to take a paper." If you are too poor to take a paper, you should be indicted by the Grand Jury for obtaining a family under false pretences. Southerners are not as reliable newspaper supporters as they should or could be, for, in fact, few country families take the newspapers. Travel through the country from Baton Rouge to Richmond, and in nine out of twenty of the unpainted, ill located, and uncomfortable dwellings on the roadside, you will find neither news-papers nor any traces of one ever having been there. The husband knows nothing about markets except a few items that he picks up at the country store. The wife is ignorant, and because she is denied the general information derivable from news-papers, she descends in the scale, and becomes a newsmonger, filled with superstitious ideas and neighborhood scandal. The children grow up ignorant, with no ambition to push ahead in life. They know nothing about the world they live in, and care less. Stop at any neatly painted house, situated in a grove of trees with vines on the porch and a paling fence in front, and on the tables, in the corners, and in the hall, you will find the local papers, and the weeklies of the nearest large city, the Southern *Cultivator*, Southern *Ruralist*, American *Agriculturist*, or some other valuable agricultural Journal. The proprietor is as well posted about the prices of cotton, grain, or stock, as any traveling speculator. He does not depend upon the local politician for his political ideas nor upon luck for a good crop. His wife has a wider scope for her mind's employment than neighborhood scandal, and the children grow up ambitious to succeed in life, and (warned of the tricks, evils, and quicksands of the world) generally press onward and upward into the front ranks.

If the country preachers would liber to circulate the nearest local newspaper, the usual Sunday morning's gossip, slander, and general conversation upon the church green and steps would cease, and their community become more intelligent. The local newspaper in a family is read; Baxter's Saints' Rest, and books of like character, if read, would do perhaps more good, but where there is no newspaper, it is not likely that any one of the family will read books, particulary religious books. "Whitewash on the wall, honeysuckle over the porch, and a newspaper in the hall," and the character and standing of the family is evident to the passing stranger. —*Exchange.*

"Uncle Sam's Fireside Friend."

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR! THE TRIBUNE FOR 1876.

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