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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

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ESTABLISHED 1856. Oldest Paper in the State.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

WE REAP WHAT WE SOW.

BY H. CLAY FERRISS.

For pleasure or pain, for weal or for woe, 'Tis the law of our being—we reap what we sow.

The world is a wonderful chemist, he smurs, And detects in a moment the base or the pure; We may boast of our claims to genius or birth, But the world takes a man for just what he is worth.

We start in the race for fortune or fame, And then when we fall the world bears the blame; But nine times in ten, 'tis plain to be seen, There's a "scurf" somewhere loose in the human machine.

Are you wearied and worn in this hard earthly strife? Do you yearn for affection to sweeten your life? Remember this great truth has often been proved: We must make ourselves lovable would we be loved.

The life may appear as a desolate track, Yet the bread that we eat on the world bears the taste; This law was enacted by Heaven above, That like attracts like and love begets love.

We are proud of our mansions of mortar and stone, In our gardens are flowers from every zone; But the beautiful grass that blossoms with the dew shrivels and dies in the Upan of sin.

We make ourselves heroes and martyrs for gold, Our health becomes broken and youth becomes old; And still we are the same for beautiful love, Our lives might be music for angels above.

Whoop what see you—oh, wonderful truth! A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth; But it shines out as "the hand on the wall." For the world has its debit and credit for all.

—Industrial Age.

COUNTRY MERCHANTS AND FARMERS.

Under the able heading Geo. A. Brown presents his views of the relations of the country merchant and the tendency of the Grange movement, and also tenders the farmers a little plain advice, and as he does it in a very fair manner I propose to pause awhile in our "headlong course" and consider some of the arguments he offers.

In the first place I was very much impressed by the very pathetic manner in which he describes the financial bankruptcy of the country merchant, and were I a poet I would write an epitaph, to be inscribed on the tomb over his financial grave, something like the following:

Here lies the wreck of one who sought to aid his fellow men; He thought to loan them fifty dollars when he had but ten;

But like the man whose heart is larger than his head, He tried too much, and now he lies here dead.

Now, Mr. Editor, I do not pretend to be very deeply skilled in financial matters, being only a plain country farmer, but I think I do understand a few plain business principles. If I understand anything about the mercantile business, the merchant must make his entire profits by the use of the capital employed in his business, that is his labor will add nothing to the value of his goods, but he must sell them at enough advance on their cost to remunerate him for his time and capital employed. Now, let us suppose he starts in business with a few hundred dollars invested, he sells at a fair profit, say one hundred per cent per annum. In this case he will make but a few hundred dollars, but if he is not content with these small gains he buys a large amount of goods on credit, and in order to sell them rapidly he trusts them out to "responsible and irresponsible parties," and as a necessary result of this manner of conducting business, he is constantly worried almost to death and finally, as Mr. Brown states, becomes a bankrupt.

A few days ago I was talking with a prominent business man of a town of many miles distant, and in speaking of the prosperity of our town he informed me that there had been but two failures there within his recollection, that one of these was a man who had squandered his means by fast living and intemperance, and the other started in business without any capital and came out as poor as he commenced, and I think to these two causes can be traced nine-tenths of all the failures that occur.

But Mr. Brown shows a good deal more familiarity with the trials of the merchant than with those of the farmer. In enumerating the blessings which the farmer enjoys he says the farmer is out of debt, and I confess I felt a little honest pride when I read that sentence, but what was my disappointment when I read a little farther on that the merchant became bankrupt because the farmer failed to pay him his just dues, and that they had better organize to pay their debts.

How is that, Mr. Brown, if the farmer is out of debt how does it happen that the merchant can fail for want of his pay, or that they can organize to pay something that they do not owe? I think I can inform him that the merchant is not the only one burdened with debt, but that there are some farmers I know of that, were they to pay their debts, would have but little left. But supposing the case between the merchant and farmer to be just as the states it, we common people cannot see why he does not quit the business and go to farming. In our country there are no laws of caste which

obliges the son to follow the business of the father, neither did God create him a country merchant, and if he chooses to follow that business, while we may admire his self-sacrificing disposition, we cannot condemn his business sagacity. But I am not one of those who think the merchants, as a rule, are getting rich very fast.

Neither is their occupation such a very easy one, and I will give some of the causes to which I attribute it. In the first place the business is overcrowded. I know there are many that will differ with me on this point, and I will give the reasons why I think so. Whenever I enter a store and find they are unable to supply their customers, that the goods sell faster than they can be procured, or that they are unable to attend to all who come there to buy, and have to turn some away, I must conclude that there are not enough men or capital employed in the business. On the other hand when I enter a store or business house and find the proprietor anxious to extend his trade, when he informs me that if myself and neighbors will give him all our patronage he will sell considerably cheaper; when he puts advertisements in the papers offering extra inducements for the people to come there to trade, I must conclude that that man does not have all that he can do. And when I find this to be the case with nearly all the merchants in a town, I can form no other conclusion but that the business is overcrowded there, and as a consequence when there are too many people or too much capital employed in any business somebody must suffer; either the persons employed will receive an insufficient remuneration, or else their employers will have to pay too much for their services. But this is not all. As almost every one is aware, the merchant is obliged to carry a certain amount of dead capital; that is there will be a portion of his goods that will be unsaleable or that will sell very slowly. To make up for the first he must charge more for what he does sell, and for the other he must sell it at a larger per cent profit. Now, if there are as many agents as there are necessary, there will be double the amount of waste capital that is necessary. But I presume there are some that will raise this objection: if you crowd out half the merchants you will destroy or reduce our towns, and those same people will have to go to farming and become producers and then where will the farmer dispose of his produce—his butter, eggs and vegetables. Now, if a part of these merchants are unnecessary the farmer is, of course, supporting them for nothing, because the other part could perform all the services now rendered by all. They could sell for a less profit, and give more for what they consume, and still be the gainer thereby. As for the others becoming producers, if they are not needed in any other business, it is the only thing they could do to be of any real use. The more persons there are to do a certain thing the less each one will have to do, and the only trouble there is, is for each occupation to have its necessary proportion of laborers, so that all labor will receive an equal remuneration.

In closing this already too long communication, I will just say that, so far as I know, the Grangers are not antagonistic to the merchants. They recognize the necessity of a due proportion of men to be engaged in that business, but they do believe that there are some things in the present manner of conducting trade that need correcting, and they intend to endeavor to remedy the same.

FARMER.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

The new Butter-Pedestrianism—Western-Bennett—Morrisey and Fox—ice—Real Estate—The Weather.

Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser.

New York, May 23, 1874.

Oleomargarine is in more people's mouths now than any other word in New York. I referred to this two weeks ago. Some ingenious chemical find discovered that the properties of butter did not differ, except in flavor, from tallow or suet, or anything else in the way of fat. So this diabolical wretch goes to work and finds out the chemical atrocities that give the flavor to butter, and proceeds to make a butter which he styles Oleomargarine. He takes suet or tallow and refines it, then he adds these other ingredients and works them all together, and the result is a compound which looks like butter, smells like butter, tastes like butter, and is, however, as different as

butter from tallow. But, 'goodness' what kind of stuff is it? When you spread it on your bread what earthly confidence have you in it? It will require a more complex hash eat than it does the complex hash being on a boarding house. There is trouble among the dealers about it. The dealers who bring the drawn from made from actual milk cows, insist that they shall not be put in competition with the manufactures of suet and tallow. They assert that the Oleomargarine shall be branded as such, and put upon the market as such, that the public may know exactly what they are buying. Then if the people want the manufactured article they may buy it, and if they want actual butter they may buy it.

I tried Oleomargarine, and I hasten to give my testimony. It won't do. Poor people may be compelled to use

something like it, but the human being who can get pure butter will try the new article just once, and never again. Since trying it my respect for that noble animal, the cow, has increased a thousand per cent. She knows her business.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Pedestrianism is the rage here just now. Weston, the great failure, who has tried to accomplish more feats than any man living, came here to walk 115 miles within 24 hours, which for a wonder, he accomplished. The mania for physical development has spread to the upper classes. Young James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the Herald, always fond of muscularity, commenced paying some attention to pedestrianism. A lawyer named Whipple had an idea there was something in his legs and feet, and match was made. The race was from Mr. Bennett's house on Fifth avenue to the gate of Jerome Park, and the stake \$3,000 a side. In addition to this, over \$50,000 was wagered by the Union Club alone, besides a large amount in Wall street. The journalist won the race, making his ten miles in one hour and forty-six minutes. His competitor, the limb of the law, reached the gate six minutes and five seconds later, badly blown and very crestfallen at the loss of the \$50,000 which his friends in the Union Club had wagered upon him. Bennett is a staunch sailor, and with all his other business, manages to devote a great deal of time to manly sports. And speaking of

MUSCULARITY.

John Morrissey has been and gone and done it. There is a Democratic politician in New York named Fox, who, from a common laborer, has in a few years become very wealthy, by which I mean he has been in the Legislature a few years. Fox and Morrissey fell out, and the other night they met in a drinking saloon. Fox stigmatized Morrissey as a prize-fighter, and Morrissey denounced Fox as a thief. Both were correct. Fox got excited, and Morrissey, losing control of himself, became for the moment the gladiator of old, and knocked Fox through several partitions. Now, a fight between ordinary men is nothing, but between two such men it means something. They are big chiefs, each with his followers of thousands—they are men whose acts are public property, possessing public interest. True, one was a prize-fighter and is a gambler, and the other was and is a ring politician, but that matters not. The first represented a Democratic District in New York in Congress, and the other a District in the State Senate, and between them, they control more political power than any two men in the State. The party is already divided on it, and what the result will be no one can say. When Morrissey whips Fox, the Democratic party of the nation is shaken to its centre.

It is a curious commentary on the civilization of the 19th century that such a man as Morrissey should possess any power whatever. He was for years a pugilist by profession—a man whose living was in the ring—of the kind that had lived in Rome in the time of the Emperors, and in that attitude measures about four feet in height. They construct no habitations, form no families, scarcely associate together, sleep in caves and trees, feed on snakes and vermin, on ants' eggs, and on each other. They cannot be tamed or forced to any labor, and are hunted and shot among the trees like the great gorilla, of which they are a stunted copy. When captured alive, one finds with surprise that their uncouth jabbering sounds are like articulate language. They turn up a human face to gaze at their captors, and females show instincts of modesty. In fine these wretched beings are men and women.—London Graphic.

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LOVE.

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TRUST.

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BRUTAL OUTRAGE.

A British Vice-Consul Ordered to Receive Four Hundred Lashes.

And if that Don't Kill he is to be Shot.

NEW YORK, May 13.—Panama letters of May 3rd say that foreign residents on the Pacific coast are greatly excited against the Spaniards on account of a tragedy that has occurred at San Jose De Guatemala. It appears that the commandant at that post, Col. Gonzalez, had a personal difficulty with the British Vice-Consul, Jno. Magee, in reference to clearance of a vessel lying in port. They had exchanged blows on the street, and on April 24th Gonzalez summoned Magee to come to his office. The latter excused himself from compliance, alleging that lameness prevented his walking. A party of armed soldiers were sent to bring him, dead or alive. Magee was arrested, thrown into a cart and jolted over the stones to government headquarters. Here Gonzalez, not daring to shoot, took the butt of his pistol and struck his prisoner violently in the face, heaping on him in the mean time every obscene epithet. At the same time the commandant declared he should receive four hundred lashes, and if he survived this torture he should be shot. Next morning the unfortunate Vice-Consul in vain invoked the protection of his flag, and the remonstrances of James, United States Consular Agent, was also disregarded by the commandant.

THE WEATHER.

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A CAVE AND CORPSE.

An Interesting Discovery in Virginia.

From the Lynchburg Virginian. Buckingham county has a sensation. A wonderful cave has been discovered there, which a writer in the *Farmville Mercury* tells about. After describing several chambers, the account continues: We had satisfied our curiosity and were about to leave the cave when behind a large rock, or rather a spur of the main rock which formed the bottom, my son discovered a large passage than any we had before seen. This we entered, and after following some six or seven feet, emerged into an apartment of immense size. The light of our torches falling upon the stalactites revealed a scene of beauty which was fairly dazzling. The size of this apartment I cannot tell as the roof and sides were lost in darkness. We penetrated to a considerable distance, keeping close to one of the sides so that we might easily find our way back, and would have gone farther but for finding in a recess, some seventy feet from where we entered, lying directly under a shelving rock, the body of a man, wrapped in some dingy cloth-like substance. We did not know it was the body of a man at first, and were not positive that it was until we had gotten it outside the cave.

Mr. Boyd discovered the body, and when we moved it from under the rock my son found several large and beautiful pebbles where the body had lain, and a small round vessel some four inches in diameter and about two inches in height, shaped very much like an inkstand with a handle; this and the stones or pebbles he put in his pocket. We took the body and at once went out of the cave. The clothes with which it was wrapped were very rotten, and when we had laid the body down after leaving the cave, they had nearly all been rubbed from it. What were left crumbled like burnt paper.

We brushed the body clean and found it to be the dried up remains of a man who had evidently been of more than ordinary size, for I found it to be by actual measurement 5 feet 9 inches length. It is dried and withered something like dried meat, only the skin is tightly drawn over it. It is hard to the touch, and where there is a wrinkle it is hard like parchment. It is impossible to form any idea of what color the man was or what his features were like. The body now is a sort of smoky color, and the hair, though there is very little of it, is intensely black. On the second finger of each hand and on the thumb of the right, were large square rings, round on the inside to fit the finger. These rings and the small vessel I have referred to were evidently composed of gold, with a large quantity of some kind of alloy which gave them a very peculiar appearance.

We took the body to my house, where it is now. When we arrived with it there, my son brought him of the pebbles he had found, and showed them to us. There are seven in all; five are richly colored and unlike anything else I have ever seen. The other two, I think, are diamonds; they possess in a very high degree the powers of reflection and refraction, and are about the size of a cornfield pea.

The coming transit of the planet Venus is a matter of great importance to the scientific world. The phenomenon will occur on the 8th of December next, and extensive preparations are being made for the observation of the passage of that planet across the sun's disk. The last transit visible from the earth occurred in 1799, and there will not be another till the year 2004. By the knowledge we now possess, as a basis for calculation, it is impossible to ascertain the earth's distance from the sun within 300,000 miles. When the total distance is about 91,480,000 miles, as slight a matter as the distance above mentioned would seem to be of no practical importance; but a variation of forty times the earth's diameter renders computations too uncertain to suit astronomers. It is expected that the observation, which will be taken next December, will leave a margin of only 50,000 miles open to doubt. As the transit will occur in the winter, the base of observation must be located south of the equator. Great Britain will have special stations in the Sandwich Islands, and in seven other localities. The United States will have eight parties in the field. France will occupy three stations, Russia four or five, and Germany five. The problem is simply the familiar geometrical process of constructing two sides of a triangle in order to determine the third.—*Inter-Ocean*.