

The Commercial Appeal

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WHOLE NUMBER 1,315.



BIG DAY FOR BEETS.

NEBRASKA'S PROMISING INDUSTRY ENDORSED.

The State Sugar Beet Convention, Friday and a Fine Army of Delegates—Addressed by Congressman Holcomb, Secretary Nelson, Governor Holcomb, Prof. Nicholson and Other Prominent Gentlemen.

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The sugar beet convention at Fremont drew a large attendance from all sections of Nebraska. Secretary Nelson, in calling the meeting to order, made a brief address on the consumption of sugar and the interest taken in its manufacture from sugar beets.

Congressman Melickjohn was then introduced and spoke in part as follows: Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention: You have been convened under a call to consider a special subject of agriculture and the encouragement of the cultivation and production of the sugar beet. I feel justified, however, when we contemplate the diversified products of our soil, in diverting for a time to invite your attention to the occupation of agriculture generally.

The tillage of the soil increases in importance with the advancement of civilization, the augmentation of population and the consequent sharp competition in other arts and avocations. The condition existing at the birth of our nation caused our forefathers to turn their attention to the cultivation of the soil, which was regarded by earnest and zealous supporters.

We see today in the west a people engaged in producing this same product, which was cultivated and produced by the Egyptians centuries before the Christian era. These observations lead toward a confirmation of that old maxim: "There is no new thing under the sun." Egypt was the granary of the world when Joseph opened it to Israel. She lighted the torch of civilization and blazed the way for the westward march of empire.

There is a growing tendency in this general westward march of empire to forsake the field and gravitate to the cities to engage in commercial or other industrial pursuits. In this inclination there is a danger to the west, for the avocation of life does not carry with it the dignity of other professions, and that there are not the advantages for the farmer as in other avocations of life. He is shut out from the profession by profit; commerce, nothing is superior to agriculture, nothing more enjoyable, and the main object in history is not alone in his suffering from existing conditions. His distress is that of others in the many avocations of life, and the avocation of agriculture is not an exception.

The consideration of the subject of diversification of our products leads us to the inquiry of what crops can be introduced and successfully cultivated. There are many elements upon which the answer to this important query must be based. The first of these is one to which soil, geographical location, and climate conditions are especially adapted. The diversification of our products will be eliminated and the demand for the product will closely approach the supply to insure a best commercial and profitable result.

Germany and France found these elements combined in the cultivation and production of the sugar beet, and for years then a century has protected, nurtured and encouraged the industry in the continent. When the great Napoleon was enforcing his continental system, he was not only a manufacturer of sugar, but he was also a grower of sugar beets. He was a grower of sugar beets, and he was also a grower of sugar beets.

While I feel with keenest anguish the late Disposition of Divine Providence, I cannot be insensible to the mournful tributes of respect and veneration which are paid to the memory of my dear deceased husband—and as his best services and most anxious wishes were always devoted to the welfare and happiness of his country—to know that they were truly appreciated and gratefully remembered affords no inconsiderable consolation.

With grateful acknowledgment and thanks to the great example which I have so long had before me ever to oppose my private wishes to the public will—I must consent to the request made by congress—which you have had the goodness to transmit to me—and in doing this I need not—I cannot say that a sacrifice of individual feeling I make to a sense of public duty.

Our present status in regard to sugar is such that of an annual consumption of four billions of pounds we produce but one-eighth, and are dependent upon foreign countries for the balance. For this supply of foreign sugar we send out annually to the value of \$100,000,000 of dollars in gold, or its equivalent. This is an unnecessary drain upon the wealth of our nation.

That the climatic conditions are favorable to the cultivation and production of the sugar beet, has been conclusively proven by scientific and practical research and investigation. The development of this industry in recent years in Nebraska, Utah and California is a guarantee of its success in this country. Every pound of domestic sugar is worth more than its weight in gold, and such a season we have just experienced here and in continental Europe. It is good reason for our farmers to sugar beets to become disheartened. We ought to be made of sterner stuff, especially in view of the fact that by later planting, much of such loss can be avoided and more

SHE ASTONISHES MEN RACE.

Mississippi Negro Who Shows a Profusion of Long Hair.

From the Memphis Scimitar: The Mississippians in Memphis tell of a strange negro character living near Holly Springs, forty miles southeast of this city. The negro, or rather negress, in question is named Nancy Galt, and is said to be the only long-haired negro of her race. Nancy is a genuine negress; black, with kinky hair. She is 48 years old. Until 1878, after the yellow fever epidemic, there was nothing remarkable about her, but during the scourge she had the fever and came near dying. It was months before she was able to leave her home. Immediately after her convalescence her short, kinky hair began to grow rapidly, and in a year's time it grew from three inches to three feet in length, thickening as it grew. A few years later the crisp mass of hair fell below her knees. About this time a wonderful change of color took place; the jetty locks turned white as snow and remained so until two years ago; since then the hair has turned gradually to its natural blackness. It continues to grow and now measures eleven feet. Prominent physicians of the Holly Springs neighborhood have examined the woman's head and are disposed to think that the spell of fever produced the unnatural growth. She is a living curiosity, visited by hundreds who handle her massive braids before they believe the truth. Like the majority of the negroes, Nancy is superstitious, and the story she tells about her hair is interesting. She claims that she had a vision while she lay sick of fever; that a black woman stood before her with three long braids of kinky hair that fell to the floor; the woman pointed to the hair and disappeared. When her hair began to grow Nancy often thought of the vision. A year later, when she was alone in her cabin, the vision appeared again, holding in her hands the massive braids. She said to Nancy: "Behold, this is your hair. Mark me, it is as black as night; it shall be as white as snow." This frightened the negress and she bound up her hair in a cloth and was afraid to loosen it or to look upon it.

When questioned about it she always says: "It's all the apitras' work."

Curse of Office Holding. Utterly Unfit a Man for Any Other Occupation. Somebody must hold office, but the man who does submits to a sacrifice that is appalling, says the Farmer's Voice. Office holding, as a rule, is a blighting curse to the office holder. Once he tastes the "sweets" of office, he is as much under the control of the office holding passion as the drunkard is under the control of his appetite. Nothing satisfies him but a permanent position at the public crib, though very often the man could earn ten times more outside of politics than he can in the business man or professional man straining every nerve and spending lots of money to go to the legislature at \$5 per day. But hundreds do it, and regard defeat, which sensible men would regard as a blessing, as a serious and almost irreparable misfortune. If it is an appointive office and the man unfortunately succeeds in holding it for a series of years, but at last is discharged, he is as helpless as a babe, for he is utterly unfit for other occupations. This is especially true of old men who lose their positions at Washington. It is said that one of this class recently cried like a child over his misfortune. Better remain on the farm or in the workshop or in any private business than to embark on the troubled sea of politics. There is not much honor in it, and there is still less money than honor, if the fingers do not have wax on them; and it is better, far better, to be an honest paper than a dishonest official. If a man maintains a clear conscience he can live and die with at least one priceless treasure.

Attitude in France. Dr. Henry Monod had laid before the French academy of medicine some very interesting, though incomplete, statistics concerning the decrease in the mortality caused by diphtheria since the introduction of Dr. Roux's method of treating the disease by subcutaneous injections of serum. It was in January, 1895, that the use of the serum may be said to have commenced. In 108 French towns, with a population exceeding 20,000, the only places from which statistics are supplied regularly, the average number of deaths from diphtheria which had occurred during the first six months of the seven years previous to 1895 was 2,627. During the first six months of the present year the number of deaths from diphtheria was only 904, which is equivalent to a decrease of 65 per cent in the mortality caused by this disease.

Where Japanese May Trade. It is reported at Hang-Chow that the high provincial authorities in that city intend to lay out a settlement for the Japanese for trading purposes in accordance with the recent treaty between the two countries. The spot chosen for this purpose is outside the principal custom house of Hang-Chow, beginning north of the Kung-Cheng bridge, and having a lateral area east and west of three miles. The people living within these limits will be allowed to trade with the Japanese strangers, but the selling of any other land will be visited with punishment on the offender.

Births in Holland. In several towns in Holland a birth is announced by the exposing at the door of a silk pincushion, covered and edged by a plaited lace, the sex of the infant being shown by the color—for a boy, red; for a girl, white. The house which shows in this manner that the number of its inhabitants has been increased enjoys, by an ancient law and custom, various immunities and privileges.

The Bread and Butter Problem. Of all the woes of mankind famine is the worst, and death by hunger dwarfs every other form of dissolution. Hence the bread and butter problem is at the root of all our political and social economies and speculations.—Rev. A. J. Canfield, Universalist, Chicago, Ill.

FASHION NOTES. What are called "French zephyrs" are fine soft gingham made on Scotch looms. Pique dresses for small girls are made of the blue and white striped and skirt with a wide hem, and worn over a white gimp. Collars and revers of cream-white open-work embroidered batiste over white satin are a novel and showy trimming for black satin capes. Featherly horse-chestnut blossoms look very pretty on pale yellow straw hats trimmed with brown-brown velvet ribbon rosettes and yellow lace. New rosette creamy French batistes are used by many dressmakers in the making of poetic-looking toilets for summer, in preference to the less durable chiffon textiles.

In our own day the name of Sicily as a kingdom has for the first time been wiped from the map of Europe by its incorporation with Italy—a country in which the vicissitudes of rule have been scarcely less checked. To "pile on agony" is popularly supposed to be a moratorium. It is, however, found in one of the letters of Charlotte Bronte, and was used in English popular literature before the beginning of the present century.

PARALYSIS.

From the Press, New York City.

From the Press, New York City. Morris Plesner of No. 1 Pitt Street, New York, who is a real estate agent and collector of rents, caught a severe cold early last spring, which settled upon his kidneys. Soon he began to suffer severe pain in his back, sides and chest. His symptoms grew rapidly more alarming, until at last he was as helpless as a child, and could scarcely move a limb of his body.

Through a native of Berlin, Mr. Plesner has lived in this country for forty years, having served the country of his birth in the army of Frederick the Great in the war of 1813. He enlisted with the Nineteenth Illinois Infantry, taking part in many battles and marching with General Sherman to the sea. He is now a member of Klotz Post, G. A. R., and is one of the most popular men in the Post.

Mr. Plesner told a reporter the story of his dreadful illness and wonderful recovery. The reporter met him as he was returning from a long walk with a cane. He had been in bed for a month ago, having taken a severe cold which settled on his kidneys. At first he had severe pain that had subsided would soon pass away, but instead of doing this, it grew more intense every day, and he was unable to walk or sit up with considerable difficulty.

"I called in a doctor, who said I had locomotor ataxia, and a wonderful recovery. The reporter met him as he was returning from a long walk with a cane. He had been in bed for a month ago, having taken a severe cold which settled on his kidneys. At first he had severe pain that had subsided would soon pass away, but instead of doing this, it grew more intense every day, and he was unable to walk or sit up with considerable difficulty.

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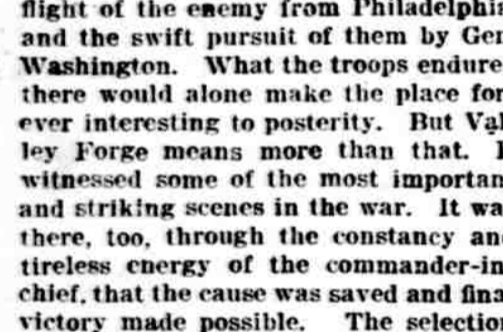
OF THE

COUNTRY.

AT VALLEY FORGE.



ALLEY Forge is a rough piece of ground on the banks of the Schuylkill, twenty-one miles from Philadelphia, and six miles from the nearest large town. As mere land, it is of worth much. But if the Pass of Thermopylae is classic ground, Valley Forge is more so. It was the scene of a final and sufficient monument to the man and to the men of the American Revolution, it is Valley Forge. I do not refer merely to the hunger, thirst and cold endured there by eleven thousand soldiers, after an exhausting campaign in the field. The worst of all that misery was over in six weeks. The suffering was acute while it lasted, but it was followed soon by comparative abundance then by the observing rows of the French alliance; then by the flight of the enemy from Philadelphia, and the swift pursuit of them by Gen. Washington. What the troops endured there would alone make the place forever interesting to posterity. But Valley Forge means more than that. It witnessed some of the most important and striking scenes in the war. It was there, too, through the constancy and tireless energy of the commander-in-chief, that the cause was saved and final victory made possible. The selection of the ground was itself a piece of notable generalship, as daring as it was wise. The occupation of Philadelphia by the British had filled every other town of Pennsylvania with refugees. The middle of December had passed before the army had repulsed the last demonstration of the British, and afforded the American commander breathing time to consider the question of his winter quarters. Then he said, in substance, to the troops: "Since there is no town for us to retire to, let us create a town for ourselves, here, close to the enemy, limiting his range, curtailing his supplies, protecting Pennsylvania and holding ourselves ready to resume the aggressive as soon as he abandons the city, in which he will be as practically besieged. He chose Valley Forge, a deep cleft in a lofty hill, with a stream at the bottom of it emptying into the Schuylkill. There was nothing in this choice of a human use except the primeval forest that densely covered it and the streams of water that flowed by and through it. But Washington, himself well skilled in woodcraft, commanded soldiers most of whom had built into the log-cabins. When he told them that log huts could be quickly made warm and dry, he said what they all knew to be true. He also knew precisely what was necessary for the construction of the huts, what tools were needed and what materials. His order of December 18, 1777, transformed the whole army into a cabin-building



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE.

We only know that the cabin-building was begun early in the morning of December 19, and that most of the army would have eaten their Christmas dinner in their cabins if there had been any Christmas dinner to eat. It was just then that the worst of the starving time began. While the men were building their cabin city they lived chiefly upon cakes made of flour and water, and there was a lamentable scarcity of all the most necessary supplies—shoes, clothes, blankets and straw. Nothing saved the army from a solution but the fiery remonstrances and energetic action of the commander-in-chief. There is preserved at Philadelphia a hand-bill issued by him while the army was building its huts. In this he notified the farmers to thrash out their grain with all convenient speed, on pain of having the sheaves seized by the commissaries and paid for at the price of straw. The order of the commander during these agonizing weeks can only be estimated aright by persons familiarly acquainted with the circumstances. No man ever gave a higher example either of fortitude or wisdom; and it was directly through the exercise of those virtues by him that the army was saved. While the men were busy building, news was brought to the camp that a force of the enemy was approaching. The troops were in such dire need of food and shoes that they were unable to fight. There was no pound of added in the camp, and not a ration of flour per man. It was while he was contending with such difficulties as these that the intrigue to supplant the general was most active and the clamor loudest for a winter campaign.

"I can assure those gentlemen," wrote the general, "that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room, by a good fire, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow without clothes or blankets."

This dispatch to the president of congress abounds in force and pathos, and shows how much better a writer its author was than any man who ever wrote for him. If I were asked to mention the finest exhibition that a commander has ever given of great qualities, both of heart and mind, I should answer: Washington at Valley Forge. One unexpected consolation that he enjoyed at this period was the affectionate enthusiasm of Lafayette, then just recovering from his wound received at Brandywine. The young and ardent Frenchman, in his letters to his wife and family, gives the warmest expressions of his love and admiration. He speaks of Washington as a man expressly "made for" the work he was doing, he alone having the patience

Each colonel divided his regiment into parties of twelve, gave them their share of axes and shovels, and let them know that they were building a home for themselves. A cabin was to be occupied by twelve men. Gen. Washington added the stimulant of a reward to the party that should build the best hut. An order of the day had this interesting passage:

VALLEY FORGE TO-DAY. heet. Every man had his place and duty, from the major-generals to the drummers. All the tools were fairly assigned; each regiment had its ground assigned it; the streets and intervals were marked out, and when the work was begun the valley was alive with its builders.

Each colonel divided his regiment into parties of twelve, gave them their share of axes and shovels, and let them know that they were building a home for themselves. A cabin was to be occupied by twelve men. Gen. Washington added the stimulant of a reward to the party that should build the best hut. An order of the day had this interesting passage:

As an encouragement to industry and art, the general promises to reward the party in each regiment which finishes its hut in the quickest and most workmanlike manner with twelve dollars. And as there is reason to believe that boards for covering the huts may be found scarce and difficult to be got, he offers one hundred dollars to any officer or soldier who, in the opinion of three gentlemen that he shall appoint as judges, shall substitute some other covering that may be cheaper and more quickly made, and will in every respect answer the end."

The huts were fourteen feet by sixteen feet and six feet high. The officers' huts were ranged in a line behind those of the soldiers, and only generals were accorded the convenience of having a whole house to themselves. Gen. Washington inhabited a cabin of one room until later in the season, when a second was added for the accommodation of Mrs. Washington. He said, in another order of the day, that "the general himself will share in the hardships and partake of every inconvenience."

It does not appear that any one invented a better roofing than slabs, nor has any one recorded what company of soldiers won the twelve-dollar prize.

Letter Written by Martha Washington. A copy of the only letter and signature of Martha Washington is in possession of the United States Government, says Kate Field's Washington. This letter lay for more than ninety years hidden among some dusty archives at the Capitol, and was lately discovered by Walter H. French, clerk of the department of files, House of Representatives. The spelling and punctuation are carefully reproduced:

Mount Vernon, Dec. 31st, 1798. Sir While I feel with keenest anguish the late Disposition of Divine Providence, I cannot be insensible to the mournful tributes of respect and veneration which are paid to the memory of my dear deceased Husband—and as his best services and most anxious wishes were always devoted to the welfare and happiness of his country—to know that they were truly appreciated and gratefully remembered affords no inconsiderable consolation.

Taught by the great example which I have so long had before me ever to oppose my private wishes to the public will—I must consent to the request made by congress—which you have had the goodness to transmit to me—and in doing this I need not—I cannot say that a sacrifice of individual feeling I make to a sense of public duty.

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"Every day," wrote the marquis, "I admire more the beauty of his character and of his soul. Jealous intriguers wish to tarnish his reputation, but his name will be revered in all ages by every one who loves liberty and humanity."

Many such passages, written in one of the log-cabins of Valley Forge, I notice in the family letters of the youthful enthusiast. In such circumstances, the American army was reconstructed, reinforced, becoming elated, well drilled, and at last abundantly supplied, while the English were dispersed so closely that it required two regiments to escort a foraging party. If it went more than two miles into the country, Valley Forge it was that rendered the possession of Philadelphia a trap instead of a capture. June 18, 1778, Gen. Washington received information that the British had secretly and suddenly evacuated Philadelphia. He was in such perfect readiness for the news, that, within an hour, six brigades were on the march for the Delaware river. The next day, he himself joined the advance. Ten days after the first troops left their cabins in Pennsylvania, he fought the battle of Monmouth, which turned their retreat into a flight and shut them up in New York. If neither congress nor Pennsylvania shows an inclination to possess the scene of so many memorable events, then let some patriotic capitalist convert it into a summer resort, carefully restoring the old camp roads, marking all the sites and making the place an object-lesson in history.

James Parton in New York Ledger.

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Letter Written by Martha Washington. A copy of the only letter and signature of Martha Washington is in possession of the United States Government, says Kate Field's Washington. This letter lay for more than ninety years hidden among some dusty archives at the Capitol, and was lately discovered by Walter H. French, clerk of the department of files, House of Representatives. The spelling and punctuation are carefully reproduced:

Mount Vernon, Dec. 31st, 1798. Sir While I feel with keenest anguish the late Disposition of Divine Providence, I cannot be insensible to the mournful tributes of respect and veneration which are paid to the memory of my dear deceased Husband—and as his best services and most anxious wishes were always devoted to the welfare and happiness of his country—to know that they were truly appreciated and gratefully remembered affords no inconsiderable consolation.

Taught by the great example which I have so long had before me ever to oppose my private wishes to the public will—I must consent to the request made by congress—which you have had the goodness to transmit to me—and in doing this I need not—I cannot say that a sacrifice of individual feeling I make to a sense of public duty.

With grateful acknowledgment and thanks