THE OMAHA BEE

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE DO NOT desire any contributions whatever of a literary or poetical character; and we will not undertake to preserve, or to return the same, in any case whatever. Our Staff is sufficiently large to more than supply our limited space in that direction.

REAL NAME OF WRITER, in full, must in each and every case accompany any communication of what nature soever. This is not intended for publication, but for our own satisfaction and as proof of good faith.

OUR COUNTRY FRIENDS we will always be pleased to hear from, on all matters connected with crops, country politics, and on any subject whatever of general interest to the people of our State. Any information connected with the election, and relating to floods, accidents, etc., will be gladly received. All such communications, however, must be brief as possible; and they must, in all cases, be written up on one side of the sheet only.

POLITICAL.

ALL ANNOUNCEMENTS of candidates for office—whether made by self or friends, and whether as news or communications to the Editor, are (until nominations are made) simply personal, and will be charged as advertisements.

All communications should be addressed to E. ROSEWATER, Editor and Publisher, Drawer 271.

NOTICE.

On and after October twenty-first, 1872, the city circulation of the DAILY BEE is assumed by Mr. Edwin Davis, to whose order all subscriptions not paid at the office will be payable, and by whom all receipts for subscriptions will be countersigned.

E. ROSEWATER, Publisher.

MR. EDWIN CURLEY'S forthcoming book on Nebraska is destined to be the most reliable and elaborate work of the kind that has yet passed through the press.

THE Senatorial contest in Vermont was very brief. Judge Edmunds, who by the way is one of the ablest and most incorruptible members of the United States Senate, was re-elected by an almost unanimous vote on the first ballot.

COUNCIL BLUFFS has suffered a serious loss by the destructive conflagration that laid her only first-class hotel, the Ogden House, in ashes. While the existing relations between Omaha and Council Bluffs are not of the most amicable nature, we can, nevertheless, assure the people of that city that Omaha sincrely and deeply sympathizes with them in their bereavement.

WHILE we talk about the abuse of the pardoning power, we might as well state what is now universally conceded, that Woodson, the Democratic Governor of Missouri, is entitled to the belt as the champion pardon giver of America.

Executive clemency seems to be a ruling passion with this mercenary Bourbon, and there is now imminent danger that the Jeffersonville prison will be entirely depopulated by the time his term expires. Here for instance is Woodson's pardon record for Monday October 19th:

Victor F. Monnier, of Green county, convicted at the May term, 1874, of embezzlement, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment; John Seeger, of St. Lous, convicted in March, 1873, of grand larceny, and sentenced for two years; John Smith and James Smith, of Cass county, convicted of grand larceny in July, 1872, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment each; and David Drayton, of St. Louis, convicted in July, 1871, of assault with intent to kill, and sentenced to imprisonment for five years.

WE do not propose to encumber the columns of the BEE with a limitless and profitless discussion of matters in which our readers, with the exception of the manager of the *Repnblican*, can have no possible concern. For this reason we shall not attempt to review or refute the rambling and mushy clap-trap which fills nearly a column in the Omaha fossil of this date.

The only point deserving the least attention is the postscript which reads thus:

P. S.—How about those tickets that were sent from the BEE office to Merrick county with "Wilson's" name instead of Parker's for Representative.

If any tickets with Wilson's name instead of Parker's were fowarded to Merrick or any other county from Omaha, they were not printed in the BEE office. Furthermore, the tickets that were printed in the BEE office for Merrick county were sent directly to Ed. Parker, and therefore this insinuation is simply absurd

BRIGHAM'S CONDITION.

Our telegraphic advices from Mormondom confirm former reports touching Brigham Young's critical condition, and his probable early demise. Under the caption of Tom Fitch's prophecy, the Salt Lake *Tribune* of the 17th makes the following statement about Brigham's mental and physical decrepitude:

"During his recent visit to this city, Tom Fitch called to see his former client, Brigham Young; and before leaving for Nevada, related to many acquaintances his last impressions of the situation at the Lion House. Mr. Fitch asserts that the Prophet has entered that mental condition said to be located between idiocy and second childhood, and pledges his honor on the promise that within thirty days the head of the Church will have passed beyond the confines of mortality. Tom was disappointed in finding his old benefactor leaning over the battlements of life, cheerless, gloomy and full of remorse, with no will to lead, no faith in God or man, but staring vacantly out toward the mountains of Little Cottonwood; occasionolly drivelling incoherent sentences, such as, 'there the Gentiles are digging up my eternal riches;" adding, after a pause, "I used to send men to hell across lots for this, and I'll do it again." So are the last days of the greedy, avaricious impostor described by one who used to be his almoner of "wagon greese" in palmier times, and Tom Fitch says the Kingdom of God is rapidly going to the devil."

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

What shall Omaha do to secure the trade and traffic to which by natural and commercial laws she is entitled. What shall be done to fulfil those oft repeated but unfulfilled prophecies about the second Chicago, the future metropolis of the Missouri valley. Shall Omaha supinely, and stupidly await manifest destiny to develop her boasted natural resources, or shall her people exert their faculties and concentrate their energies in that direction that promises the speediest and most certain accomplishment of their object. Omaha has no doubt done much in the past to shape and improve her commercial resources, but it cannot be denied that she has neglected much that was of vital import. For instance, Omaha like any other city of her pretensions, is certainly entitled to the trade and traffic of the agricultural population within a radius of forty or fifty miles. Like any other city of her size and location Omaha should be the chief marketing place for the grain and produce raised in what might be called her immediate neighborhood. This trade and traffic could and should be a source of great profit to her merchrnts and a source of cheap living to her mechanics and laborers. Nothing but the most stupid apathy and want of enterprise prevents Omaha from being the central market for all the farmers of Douglas and Sarpy counties and a large proportion of the farmers of Saunders, Washington, Dodge and Cass counties. How this is to be accomplished, and what should be done to bring about such desirable results is not a difficult problem. Its solution lies within easy grasp of our merchants, capitalists and property owners, if they have but the will to do their plain duty. Omaha needs a commodious market house, where the producer and consumer can be brought into direct contact.

Omaha needs and should have grain elevators and grain warehouses, where the farmer may store or sell his grain at full market prices. True, we are repeatedly assured by interested grain scalpers that grain elevators will not pay, but we do not propose to concede this until the experiment has been fairly tried.

A few years ago it was thought Omaha could not possibly sustain a pork packing establishment in competition with other cities on the Missouri river. To-day there is not a better paying institution than Boyd's packing house

The advantage of markets and grain elevators is not merely in the amount of money disbursed by these agencies but in the fact that it concentrates the farmers' trade where it legitimately belongs. This trade we regret to say has been diverted to other points, and the injury inflicted upon our commerce by reason of this neglect is simply incalculable.

ONE of the most important questions to be settled by the Constitutional Convention, which will assemble next winter, is the limitation and restriction of the pardoning power as vested in the Executive Recent experience has furnished a striking lesson of the dangerous abuse of this power by a reckless, if not mercenary Executive. In order to prevent the recurrence of such abuses the people of Nebraska will have to provide constitutional safeguards and barriers. Nobody can now dispute that a very radical change in the pardon system is imperatively demanded, and the only way to bring about such a salutary reform, must be through the new constitution.

A New Sort of Trades-Union.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

A number of plasterers in Brooklyn have formed a trades-union on a novel plan. Hitherto the combinations of workingmen have usually been wrong in theory and worse in practice. Trades-unions have steadily opposed piece-work. They have insisted on an average wage, which should be paid to everybody, good, bad, or indifferent. They have placed undue restrictions upon apprenticeship, and have thus kept many boys from learning useful trades. They are responsible for a number of foolish and disastrous strikes. The members of the new Association see and shun these evils. Their rules, although not perfect, are good. The men are divided by the officers they elect into three classes. The basis of division is skill. Each man receives a card bearing his name and class. If he is in the first class, he is to get $3.50 a day; in the second, $3; and in the third $2.50. This standard of wages is to last until October 1, 1875. The classification, if it can be fairly done, and if the men placed in the lower classes do not revolt, will produce good results. An employer can tell by a glance at a man's card what kind of a worker the applicant is. He can afford to do common jobs more cheaply, because he need not pay first-rate wages for third-rate work. The new Society pledges itself to give three months' notice of a demand for increased wages, and to discountenance all strikes, "except where an employer fails to pay his men for lawful time worked, or where the eight-hour law is about to be infringed upon." Its platform embraces two other excellent declarations:

We will work with all plasterers, whether they belong to our Society or not.

This organization reserves the right to take contracts on the cooperative principle.

The employing plasterers of Brooklyn have met the men half way and have promised their hearty support to the new organization. Its plan is worthy of public attention. It is a proof that mechanics are waking to the fact that their first crude attempts at union were not as near perfection as they thought. In many cases the tyranny of capital has been outstripped by the tyranny of trades-unions. The dictation of the fellow employe has often been more narrow, more arrogant, more cruel, than that of the employes. We took occasion some time since to show that trades-unionism has been a world-wide failure. The Brooklyn Society may be a shadowing of the new type of labor-organization that is to rise from the ruins of the old. It is by no means perfect, but it is better than what has been.

THE VALLEY OF THE BLUE.

The lay of the Land from Dewitt to Beatrice—Forest and Stream—A New Town—Beatrice Public Improvements and Private Enterprises—Jail Birds—A Youthful Murderer.

(Correspondence of the BEE.)

BEATRICE, NEBASKA, October 20, 1874.

EDITOR BEE:

The country down the valley from DeWitt presents one of the most desirable farming localities in Nebraska. It is generally high above the river, and forms a gradual slope from the table lands to the river on both sides. There is more timber on the river here than above, especially at the mouth of Turkey Creek. About four miles farther down the stream is the newly laid out town of Caldwell. As yet there is only a depot, grain warehouse, one residence and one store. W. N. Rogers, the social proprietor of the latter, attends to the postoffice, and is also railroad agent.

Mr. Rogers being one of the early settlers, had the choice of land when he came to the county; his farm is adjacent to the town site, near which he has two brothers, one of whom has on his farm as good a mill site as can be found on the stream.

The stream has a good rock bottom, and is very close to the railroad. The owner proposes to donate to any one who will build a good mill there, the mill site, with five acres of ground. This stream of water has a supply of water sufficient for six run of burrs the year round, and is but six miles from Beatrice, and eight from De Witt. Everything appears to be lively here and business is good. Very little wheat is now brought to market, as the prices are too low. I observe many noted changes in business firms, and much public and private improvement since my last visit here. Several good buildings have been erected. Messrs. Griggs, Webb & Lacell, are about completing their new stone block, on the corner of Court and Fifth streets. The first story is to be occupied by their bank, N. K. Griggs' office and store rooms. When completed it will be by far the best and most desirable building in the city. Messrs. Hinkley & Jackson have about completed their new brick building, near the corner of Fifth and Court streets, to be occupied with their drug store.

W. P. Hess has recently built a good, substantial frame building, on the corner of Third and Court streets, which he occupies as a hotel, and one of the most central located in the city. Mr. Hess, the gentlemanly proprietor, is a good manager, keeping everything in its place and furnishing first-class fare at second-class rates. He has a good transient custom and his house usually is quite full.

The new iron bridge is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible. It is to be at the foot of Court street, a short distance above the mill dam. The span will be near two hundred feet long. It will be completed in November. When finished it will add much to the appearance of the city, and will be a great convenience to the citizens on the west side.

The hotels are all well patronized and appear to be prosperous. There are four—the Pacific, Emory, Hess and Grange Home.

There are three livery stables. Mr. Eli Cross, formerly from Crete, has the largest in the town, with good stock and good rigs. Charley Emory, one of the early settlers, also has a good stable, but not quite so large. Messrs. Eugene Mack and John Dunbarr keep a livery at the Grange House.

The town is steadily improving, and substantial buildings are constantly being erected. The churches are numerous and well attended. The schools are highly creditable to the city, and largely attended.

Beatrice has one of the best stone jails in the country. It now has five inmates, two from Saline county, and one from Jefferson county. Fruett, the murderer of R. O. Whitaker, in Jefferson county, was brought here for safe keeping, to remain until the May term of court, when he will be taken back to Jefferson county. He is a very young looking man, appears rather awkward and seems discontented He says there were three others connected with the murder, but as yet has given no names. The sentiment is very bitter towards the murderer here, no sympathy whatever being manifested in his favor. Circumstantial evidence points so direct to his action that it appears as though his doom was sealed for at least a term of years.

Our old time friend "Pap," as every one calls him, still presides at the postoffice. He has a kind word for all and a joke for the humorous, keeps a good supply of books and stationery, and is the noted newspaper man. He supplies any papers and magazines that are wanted.

In brief I can speak a good word for this young city and its prosperity. On my first visit here, in 1867, it was a mere town on paper, with a vast unoccupied space in its vicinity, excepting here and there an occasional dug out or log cabin. Now elegant mansions and comfortable dwellings, with good county buildings and numerous other improvements, evince its recent prosperity and wonderful progress.

ADD.

OMAHA'S OLD FOGIES.

[Omaha Correspondence of the North Platte Enterprise.]

Once more Omaha voted on a proposition to have water works, and once more has decided not to have them. The vote was nearly the required two-thirds in favor. The vote stood against water works, 1,027; for water works, 1,680, lacking but 120 of the necessary majority. By many of our citizens this result is deemed unfortunate, and so it is. Strong influences were brought to bear against this vote by some of our leading capitalists who have no respect, no thoughts for the future of Omaha, but rather for the immediate present, while their almighty dollars are accumulating from high rents and low wages. Their efforts have proven successful, and we will drop back into our slow progression. The BEE has made an able discussion of this question, and had the other papers been equally liberal in their news, Omaha would to-day be rejoicing in the near prospect of waterworks—that which in every city possessing them is the greatest stimulus to all industries.

Hoops are still in fashion in Dubuque. A cooper there recently barrelled up his scolding wife, and then rolled her around the shop until she burst out in tierce, and promised to reform.

PUNGENTISTIC.

If thine enemy offend thee, publish a card.

A Philadelphia officer got up a jury of twelve cross-eyed men, and and even the judge laughed.

"Moonlight mechanics" is the name which the Albany *Journal* applies to burglars.

When a young fellow begins to talk of "the last little delicate aquiline curve in a sensitive nose" of his girl, he's a goner.

A veracious rural editor in California recently saw a striped squirrel leading a blind rattlesnake to a hole.

The most unpopular man in the country at this season, is said to be the man who saws his wood too long for his neighbor's stove.

When a man has swept out a printing office in Denver, and assisted to mail a few newspapers, he is entitled to the appelation of "journalist" in Colorado.

A soldier writing to the New York Herald desires to know the whereabouts of his uncle. Several pawnbrokers have replied to the advertisement.

Since the theory was propounded that wearing ear-rings produces deafness, married men in various sections of the country are considering the expediency of having their ears bored.

A New Hampshire liquor dealer has posted up in his shop, "Children under 10 years of age will not be allowed to get drunk on these premises unless accompanied by their parents."

A Yankee editor throws up the sponge with the remark that "it don't pay to run a paper in a town where business men read almanacs and pick their teeth with the tail of a herring."

Mobile has an organized association of young gentlemen called, "Cow-bello-gians" For amusement they ring bells in front of private residences until the serenaders are asked in for refreshments.

The young lady of Milwaukee whose father collected $500 of a dentist for kissing her, stole the money from her parent and used it all up in bribing the tooth-jerker to kiss her some more.

The order obliging the New York policemen to wear their uniforms at all times, rather perplexes the blue coats. One of 'em put on a swallow-tail coat to go to his daughter's wedding, the other night, and was dismissed from the force.

We never stand by when a woman enters a hardware store, shuts her teeth together, and inquires the price of "them 'ere iron handled rolling-pins," without feeling there is rest beyond the grave for her husband.

An excited railway man who shouts into the cars the name of the station, and who hears a great deal of complaint because the names are called indistinctly, wants to know if the public expects tenors at $40 a month.

Old John Robinson, the circus man, wants to go to Congress, but his friends are trying to prevent him from taking the downward step which must surely destroy all the reputation he now possesses.

A little girl in Boston, only five years old, said to her mother the other day, when she proposed reading to her the last number of the *Nursery:* "No, mamma; don't read me that childish stuff. Read me about the Beecher case."

"What's your business?" asked a judge of a prisoner at the oar. "Well, I s'pose you might call me a locksmith." "When did you last work at your trade?" "Last night; when I heard a call for the perlice, I made a bolt for the front door."

"A New York State woman owns five acres of peppermint meadow." An enviable woman, certainly. She has but to marry a man with a barrel of whisky and a hogshead of sugar to have a mint-julep fifteen or twenty times a day for the rest of her life.

About this time the young man unpacks his winter overcoat, spreads it out on the bed before him, gathers up, one by one, the little rolls of cotton that irregularly dot its surface, and, holding it close to the light, comes to the conclusion that camphor is a delusion and tobacco itself a snare.

A correspondent wants to know how to break a cow that is afraid of a woman. We haven't thought sufficiently on the subject to give him an answer, but in New Jersey, when a cow is afraid of a woman, she quiets the animal by simply hiding her back hair under the milk pail.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: "An Ohio woman worked at odd times for nine years to piece a bed quilt containing ever so many pieces, and then her husband seized it to blanket his mule, and said it saved him paying out six shillings for an army blanket." A mere hint at what ought to be done with that rascally husband would freeze your young blood with horror.

"Well, doctor," said a chap just from the dentist's chair, "how much do you ax for the job? Guy! but you did it quick, though!" "My terms," replied the dentist, "are one dollar." "A dollar for a half minit's work! one dollar—thunder! Why, a doctor down four place drawed a tooth for me two years ago, and it took him two hours. He dragged me all around the room, and lost his grip half a dozen times. I never seed such hard work. And he only charged me twenty-five cents. A dollar for a minit's work! you must be jokin'."

A young lawyer in a country town asked some of his friends to a game of cards in his room, to be followed by a little supper. Frogs were a new species of food in that latitude, and a dish of them, cooked in the choicest way, was the feature of the occasion. Supper time approached, and during a temporary lull in the conversation, the door suddenly opened and a Milesian waiter in a loud voice, announced supper thus: "Mr. E., *thim tuds* is done, and supper is ready."

Mista Churman, I can't help cussin', butterberdam ef things ain't mixed, an' de Rippublkin party is gwine to the devil. Dar's Guvnor Moses a-raisin' uv bonds an' pothecaryin' uv em, an' den gittin' de money an' puttin' of it in his pocket. I don't like dis pothecary biznez no how, and in specially when it comes to money matters. Now Guvnor Moses heap better stop pothecaryin' dem bonds an' leave em in de safe whar they won't do nobody no harm; an' I repeats, sah, I can't help cussin' butterberdam ef things ain't mixed, and de Rippublkin party is gwine to de devil fast enough.—*Speech of a South Carolina Citizen.*