

Written for THE ERA.

THE BATTLE OF THE KINGS.

BY THE TABLE ROCK BARD.

Old King Drouth came up from the South,  
With a look that made us forlorn;  
For his scorching breath but augured death  
To our fields of waving corn.

King Corn so quick became quite sick;  
And the king who came from the South  
Seemed to hold the day in the gallant fray—  
The cruel king, named Drouth.

But a younger king then came in the "ring"  
When, this king from the South shrank back,  
To him this breath meant not sickness, death,  
So King Drouth shrank from his track.

This younger king who came in the "ring,"  
The Sugar Beet King was his name.  
Long may he reign and bring us again  
Prosperity, Wealth and Fame.

For he fought King Drouth, who came from  
the South,  
And he won in the gallant fray  
So we shout and sing for the Sugar-Beet-King  
Who sits in the saddle today.

Table Rock, July 30, 1895.

THE OLD TABLE ROCK.

A Short Sketch of The Historic Stone on  
the Nemaha River.

The "Table Rock," a picture of which appears on the title page of THE ERA, was the stone from which the town, Table Rock, derived its name. About a mile and a half east of town, in a romantic locality on the side of the wooded bluff, stood the old monument, and in the earlier days of the county it was the spot to which all settlers and visitors made pilgrimages, a very "blarney stone" to which all paid tribute—not by kissing, but by carving their initials on its surface, or on the face of some large boulder lying near by. Here, old John Brown, whose "soul is marching on," made many visits, and those of us who were here twenty years ago, still saw his name carved on the rock, the date "1856" being still readable. About the year 1880 some vandal scratched out the name and the date to make room for his own scrawl.

The picture shown here was photographed by a wandering artist about thirteen years ago, and only two copies are known to be in existence. Since the rock is gone these pictures are highly prized. THE ERA is glad to be able to furnish its readers with a correct picture of the rock, taken from one of these photographs. As seen by the first settlers, forty years ago, the rock was shaped like a low-set goblet, flat on top, and measuring about ten feet across its up surface. On the top was a stone table, standing on four legs about 18 inches high. How the table came there no one knew, but the old table rock was always thought to have been a religious altar or watch tower of the early Indian tribes. This is quite probable, as in the two holes in the rock near the top were found bits

of charred wood and bones—evidently the remains of superstitious orgies.

About 1861 the table on top of the rock disappeared, and a few years later a stroke of lightning threw down one side of the rock leaving it in the shape as shown in the picture. In 1892 it became top-heavy and shaky on its one leg and now lies scarred and broken on the hillside—a fallen monarch indeed.

The locality where the table rock stood is still a weird and beautiful one. Strange and giant rocks stand about hiding their heads among the branches of the oaks, while on the face of each boulder is carved the name of many a curiosity seeker. The place is being fitted up for a park, and is a favorite place for picnics, where the romantic maidens and love-sick swains wander about the shaded nooks or while away the time boat riding on the Nemaha, which flows near by.

We believe that as the town grows in importance in the manufacturing world, the memory of the old fallen stone will become more sacred to the old timers, and that it will be raised from the dust and set more securely on a sounder leg, where it may become the subject of speculations and romances of generations yet unborn.

From Old Virginia.

Mr. O. K. Lapham, the Virginia beet grower, who has grown beets for several years and owns a sugar factory in the Old Dominion, sends us the following figures as to the profits of beet raising according to his experience:

10 acres, 150 tons. ....	\$750
Expense of raising .....	300
Net profit .....	450

To this he goes further into the speculation, buying some young steers, uses beet pulp and corn as feed and figures the profits thus:

Beet pulp, 90 tons. ....	\$ 360
Molasses (from the factory)....	90
Corn, straw, Alfalfa, etc. ....	50
Corn meal.....	25
40 steers.....	600
Total.....	1125

To the above feed he adds the beet leaves and waste tops cut from the product of the 10 acres.

At the end of the feeding season he figures the sale of the steers at \$1680, making a profit on the stock deal of \$555, which, added to the profit on the beets makes a total of \$1,000, or \$100 per acre for the land. He also adds that the manure from the stock enriches the land enough to pay for the work of feeding.

Mr. Lapham sends us a long letter regarding beet culture and his experience in the manufacture of beet sugar, which we are unable to print this month. He advises the farmers to add

the stock business to beet culture as a means of further profit, and says that no farmer should depend entirely on the natural richness of the soil, no matter how rich it is, but should cultivate it in the best manner possible to reach the best results. He considers France and Germany as the two most scientific nations on the globe and says the culture of beets there is reduced to an exact science, and that the American farmer should follow their example of intense cultivation and not depend on easy work and richness of soil.

The writer met Messrs, Huxmann and Weitzer, representatives of the Grand Island sugar factory, Monday night and gained from them considerable information regarding beet culture, and the probabilities of a factory in this county. They say there is no doubt that we will get a factory when the required number of acres of beets is secured. They had been looking over the fields about Table Rock, and were enthusiastic over this part of the state as a beet producing country.

Mr. Huxmann called our attention to an error which appeared in their circulars as printed in the last ERA which said that no beets should be planted on ground which had been manured the year previous. Inquiring the ground in the fall, and fall plowing produced the best results for the coming year.

The sugar factory at Chino, Cal., has already begun making sugar, the season being much earlier than here. To show the immensity of the institution we copy the following from the Chino Valley Champion:

The sugar room, also, is humming. Every previous record for sugar production has been broken this week, and Mr. Connolly is accordingly happy. He has been turning out refined sugar at the rate of 140 bags of 100 pounds each an hour, and has reached as high as 152 bags in an hour. At the rate of 140 bags an hour the factory is producing 336,000 pounds or 186 tons a day—all the purest, whitest of fine granulated sugar, ready for table use. During the seven days ending last evening the sugar production was 1,229,694 pounds, making the total for the season to date 1,946,099 pounds or 973 tons. Most of the sugar so far has been shipped east as far as Denver, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah and Colorado being supplied.

The large beet sugar factory at Chino, California, is situated on the 36,000 acre ranch of Richard Gird, uncle of Mrs. August Benz of this place.

German capitalists are going to engage in the manufacture of beet sugar in this country. A beet sugar company now being organized at Bowling Green, Kentucky, has a capital of \$2,000,000 and will put in a plant to cost \$750,000. The daily output of granulated sugar will be 50 tons.