

LATE heavy rains have settled the question of crops in the vicinity of Dunham.

WHILE recently returning from a circus at Syracuse, Sneedingham Clay was thrown from his horse and killed.

RECENTLY the 16-year-old son of B. J. Morris, a farmer living near Western, while riding a pony was thrown, and his foot remaining in the stirrup he was stamped to death.

A FARMER living two miles north of Inavale threshed 1,580 bushels of oats from twenty-five acres of ground. At Graham another farmer threshed out a piece of fall wheat that yielded fifty-one bushels per acre.

OVER two thousand people celebrated the completion of the railroad to Imperial, Judge Crouse, Lieut. Gov. Majors, Treasurer Hill, Commissioner Humphreys, Prof. Andrews, Judge Cochrane, Secretary Kuntz and other state officials were present and delivered addresses to the people.

A THUMP giving the name of John H. Homan, from Tacoma, Wash., was picked up the other morning from the Elkhorn right of way at Norfolk with one foot mashed off. He was riding in a box car, and as the train slowed up for the Union Pacific crossing jumped off falling under the train.

FIVE Keith county farmers sought shelter from a late storm in the barn of Scott Gastineau, near Grant. The barn was struck by lightning killing James McHugh and Levi Gastineau and rendering Joe Sexton, Doc Gastineau and George Ford unconscious. Two horses and a colt were also killed. The bodies of the dead men were terribly burned.

LEIBER HUNTER, aged 19 years, committed suicide at the Grand Pacific hotel at Callaway the other night. About 8 o'clock she was found in the parlor lying on the sofa in a semi-conscious state. Medical aid was immediately called, but all efforts to counteract the effect of the laudanum she had taken were unavailing and the patient died at 9 o'clock. No cause known.

The first annual meeting of the degree of honor of the Nebraska Ancient Order of United Workmen closed at Hastings on the 24th. Geneva will entertain the next grand lodge on the first Tuesday in October, 1893. Plans have been made for the foundation of a separate beneficiary system resembling that of the Ancient Order of United Workmen but restricted to the member of the degree of Honor, \$1,000 being guaranteed in \$2,000.

Mrs. LENA SCHIPP died at Omaha the other night from an overdose of morphine. Mrs. Schipp had had her share of worldly troubles. Two years ago she left her two little children in her home and went over to a neighbor's. The little ones got hold of some matches and when she returned there was nothing left but their charred little bodies, and her husband is now in the penitentiary serving out a sentence for shooting a disreputable woman for whom he had deserted his wife.

At the late encampment of veterans at Superior a beautiful flag which had been provided for a gift to the corps having the largest number of members present was won by Parson Brownlow Corps No. 62, Chester, Neb., with thirty-two members present. Mrs. Emma B. Manchester, of Lincoln, past national senior vice-president, also past department president, presented the flag in a short but eloquent speech. Mrs. Anna Hunter, of Nebraska City, president of the Woman's Relief corps home committee, made an eloquent appeal for the home. There are 8,228 members of the Woman's Relief corps in Nebraska and there was distributed by the organization last year \$3,487.69.

The republican state central committee met at Lincoln the other day and elected A. E. Cady chairman, with Thomas Cook as secretary. T. J. Majors was named for the place on the ticket made vacant by the withdrawal of Rev. J. G. Tate, candidate for lieutenant-governor. Lincoln was chosen for state headquarters by a vote of 17 to 12 for Omaha. Chairman Cady announced the executive committee as follows: First Congressional district, M. H. Christy, Sterling; C. E. Magoon, Lincoln. Second district, George A. Bennett, Douglas; W. G. Whitmore, Valley. Third district, C. C. McNease, Wisner; C. Hostetter, Clark. Fourth district, C. L. McCloud, York; T. C. Callahan, Friend. Fifth district, A. R. Cruzen, Curtis; G. P. Rhea, Holdrege. Sixth district, J. T. Mallahan, Kearney; J. H. McDonald.

The complete ticket nominated by the prohibitionists at Hastings is as follows: Governor, Rev. E. C. Bentley, of Lincoln; lieutenant-governor, James Stevens, of Merrick; treasurer, J. Denlow, of Dodge; auditor, J. C. Thomas, of Niobrara; secretary of state, Isaac Boostrom, of Polk; attorney-general, M. L. Brown, of Nance; state superintendent of schools, Miss B. G. Bigelow, of Lancaster; commissioner of public lands, C. E. Smith, of Richardson; for presidential electors at large, B. A. Hawley, of Lancaster county, and Mrs. M. M. Bantry, of Douglas county. Artemus Roberts, of Lincoln, was named by Mr. Bentley as his choice for chairman of the central committee, J. J. Fredericks as secretary and H. E. George as treasurer. Acting on a suggestion made by the committee on campaign work the orators of the convention handed in pledges to make many speeches during the fall varying from five to twenty. The Young Men's Prohibitory league ratified the nominations.

HARRY REED, a farmer, and a young man named Hall attended the recent G. A. R. reunion at Greenwood. A day or two later told Mrs. Reed that her husband had been to Greenwood flirting with some girls. Mrs. Reed told her husband, who swore that he would shoot Hall. The other day as Hall was passing Reed's house the latter shot at him three times but proved to be a very poor marksman as Hall was not struck, but he struck out for town and sent officers after Reed.

A. C. CLARK was recently thrown from his buggy at Cozad and received injuries which resulted in his death in a few days. He was 55 years old.

THE MEANING OF BLUNDERS.

Life is Too Short to Spend It in Repeating Over Past Mistakes.

Some people have an unfortunate propensity to brood over what they call the "mistakes" of their lives. It arises from a false estimate of human judgment and an overstrained idea of the responsibility of their actions.

A conscientious woman of middle age wrote to a friend, "I am glad to be spared a longer life, that I may spend it in repenting my past mistakes." To spend one's time in lamenting past mistakes seems the worst mistake of all. Life is short as it is long. There is little time to dream of doing less to mourn over what has been done. To act, to act quickly, to act up to our best instincts and highest aspirations, is all we can do. It is all that is expected. After that our responsibility ceases, and the final result belongs only to God.

The good woman above quoted had always acted according to her best judgment. But, being human judgment, it was fallible. Being human, she could not foresee the full consequences of her actions, but could only do as seemed right at the time. Now if she was called upon to act to-day, what better could she do than that? Then why regret that she so acted before?

Examining into this matter of blunders a little further, and particularly in tracing the course of the "mistakes—well meant," in our own lives, when we look back upon them with the cooler understanding of later years, we are constrained to confess that the "mistake must have been intended to be there, as well as the correct action, because the plan of our development has included both. Continuing to study clearly and deeply, we must acknowledge that the mistakes and errors, nay, the very sins, when forsaken and forgiven, have helped the soul upward; that all have worked together to accomplish the result sought; that they must have been put there and meant so to be; and so that our "blunders" were not blunders at all, but although we sowed and watered often amiss, there was always some increase given which achieved the goal we aimed at but failed to reach.

And dearest of all we see that the divine love, which saw the end from the beginning, bore with a tender compassion to look upon our struggles, our weeping, our disheartened sighs. Ah, infinitely greater, it is, but like to the love we bear our own children, which is so deep and true that we endure to treat them harshly, and with seeming cruelty behold their tears, and knowing surely that one day they will comprehend all the kindness.—Harper's Bazar.

GOOD LUCK MADE HIM MAD.

Disastrous Results of Finding a Roll of Bills in the Street.

"I have a friend who was driven mad by a marvellous freak of good luck," said a visitor from Milwaukee recently. "He was a young newspaper reporter who was just learning the business and who had eked out a precarious existence for a year on twelve dollars a week. Walking along a street one day he found three thousand seven hundred dollars wrapped up in a bundle with a rubber string around it. Frenzied with delight at his good fortune, he struck a bee line for the newspaper office where he was employed, resigned his position without assigning any cause, and left Milwaukee on the first train going to Chicago. In that city he lived riotously for eight months, and, though he read advertisements in the papers of the unfortunate bank collector who had lost the money offering one-half of it if the finder would return it, he paid no attention to these appeals.

"At the end of that time he 'blew in' all the money and then came back to Milwaukee. But he was a different man from what he was when he left in such delicious glee. His old position at an increased salary was offered to him, but this he refused, though he didn't have a cent. He did no work, nor did he want any. He put in his time walking up and down the street on which he had found the money. Day in and day out he tramped that street, with his head bent forward like a man looking for a pin on the sidewalk. He kept this up for nearly a month. Continual and dogged disappointment made the strain too great for him to bear. His mind broke down under it, and he was carried to the asylum a raving maniac. He is in the asylum now, his lunacy is pronounced incurable, and he is the most pitiable, abject creature I ever saw."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MARKET REPORTS.

Table with multiple columns listing market reports for various commodities like CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, WHEAT, etc. across different locations like KANSAS CITY, ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO, and NEW YORK.

SPIRIT OF THE SAND.

The Weird Tale of a Woman Who Had Died in the Desert.

To the north of that most desolate and cheerless region of the midwest, the Nebraska range of sand hills, there is a stretch of low land upon which people struggle for a living with rather indifferent success. Their enemies are drought and sand. The former is the leading feature of nearly every summer and the latter is blown down from the hills, fine and white as flour, by every malicious breeze.

In one section of this dreary waste there are several families of Bohemians engaged, year after year, in the tilling of their sandy acres. They are very ignorant people, quite unimaginative, and with no thorough understanding of anything on earth but hard work, and one would think that when dead they would appreciate their rest too much to dream of visiting the earth again as ghosts. And yet a strange tale is told of one of their number, who died and walked the sands again, with a well-defined purpose.

In January, 1888, Nebraska was visited by a blizzard of such violence that the venerable oldest inhabitant could remember no storms to compare with it; a great many people were lost in the whirling snow, to be found dead days afterward. In the sand hill country the storm was of surprising fury, and numerous deaths occurred.

One of the Bohemian farmers was safely housed with the family during the tempest, when his wife expressed a belief that the stable door had been left open and that the horses would perish. With more courage than discretion she announced her intention of going forth to remedy the evil, and she went; she was never seen alive again.

When the storm was over search was made for her, but without avail; no trace of the unfortunate woman could be found. The husband roamed the country in a demented sort of way for weeks, and the snow melted and spring came and her disappearance was as much a mystery as ever.

It was in the spring that strange stories began to circulate among the farmers concerning a ghost that roamed the desolate hills in the night—the ghost of a woman in sable garb that glided as silently as the moonlight from one white hillock to another, looking neither to the right nor left, and always pursuing the same course, and vanishing as completely and inexplicably when a certain hollow was reached as ever phantom disappeared.

Several had seen the specter and followed it for a time, but their courage gave out, and not one had ever explored that sand hill hollow where it vanished, and no wonder, for in the moonlight or in the darkness there is nothing in nature more weird, more ghastly and dreary than that great range of sand hills, long and five or six wide, where even a snake cannot live. And so the ghost enjoyed its rambles unmolested through the summer, and when winter came people said they had seen it gliding softly and sinuously over the unbroken snow, and there were men who said it was the wrath of the poor Bohemian woman who had been lost a year before.

Another spring came and a couple of venturesome young men were riding over the white hills in the moonlight looking with dreadful expectancy for that dark shape that was not of this world, and they did not look in vain.

Down over the ghastly glittering surface the thing came, steadily and silently, gliding over the flouxy sand into which human feet would sink so deep, and the ponies the young men rode reared and snorted and plunged in terror, and the riders tremblingly dismounted, determined to solve the mystery, though with fear in their hearts. The spectral woman passed within a few feet of them, and they could see her pale face and the unnatural glow of her great eyes.

She paid no heed to them nor to the terrified horses, but moved on while the men followed; over knolls and through little valleys she glided, in the same direction as others had seen her go, and after a time she reached the hollow where she was said to vanish, and her followers, frightened and weary, were near her. In the center of the hollow she stopped, stood silent and motionless for a moment, and then—she was not there nor in sight.

The men walked to the spot where she had stood, and the object of the phantom woman's wandering, if not the mystery of it, was revealed to them, for at their feet, partially covered with sand, were the bones of a human being and the remnants of a dress, which were afterward identified as having belonged to the Bohemian woman. She had roamed in the storm fourteen miles from her home to die in the drifting snow and perhaps to fill the maw of the hungry, wandering coyote.

The bleached bones were buried on the following day, and "the ghost of the sand hills" was seen no more.—Omaha Bee.

—Jackson—"Any sleeping apartments in the club you belong to?" Smealigh—"Not one, except the reading room."—The Club.

Advertisement for Pimples and Blotches, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the product's effectiveness for skin conditions.

NOT IN THE SOUP.

The Particular Thing By Which to Identify It.

They had a half dozen or more kinds of soup at the hotel and the guest, an experienced hotel food sampler, looked over the menu.

"Bring me some chicken soup," he said to the waiter. It was brought and he sent it away after tasting it.

"Bring me beef soup," he commanded. It was brought, tasted and sent away and so on with all of them.

"Bring me some water soup," he requested finally. "What kind of soup is that, sir?" asked the startled waiter.

"It's the kind I want," explained the guest, "if it is made as the others are. There's no chicken in your chicken soup, no beef in your beef soup, no vegetables in your vegetable soup, no beans in your bean soup, and on the same principle, I suppose there's no water in your water soup. Do you understand?"

A few moments later the landlord came in and heard a few incongruous remarks on the subject of soups and their constituent elements.—Detroit Free Press.

Getting Even. Dressmaker—But, my dear sir, this is not a tailor-shop; you have probably made a mistake. Dobbie—No mistake about it. Don't you make Mrs. Dobbie's dresses? Dressmaker—Yes.

Dobbie—Well, I want you to put pockets in this suit like those you make for her. I believe in equal rights, I do.—Puck.

Crucial in the Extreme. Mrs. E. Gregious—Mr. Lackwit is going to give Miss Longwait a betrothal present of a necklace composed of a diamond for every one of her birthdays. Miss E. N. Vie—Where will he be able to get the diamonds?—Jewelers' Weekly.

Twenty Jumping Toothaches Rolled Into One. Fall far short of inflammatory rheumatism into which its incident form, rheumatoid, is prone to develop. Hence, rheumatism if unrelieved is always liable, in one of its attacks, to light on the heart and terminate life. Checkmate it at the start with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is also an infallible remedy for malarial and liver complaints, inactivity of the kidneys, dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness.

The average landsman believes that it shivers a vessel's timbers when she gets covered.—Boston Courier.

Best of All. To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size \$1. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

If you do not want your feelings hurt keep them out of the way.—Galveston News.

Get it of your Grocer. The American Brewing Co. St. Louis "A. B. C. Bohemian Bottled Beer." Has the true Hop flavor.

The most graceful girl cannot try on a shoe without putting her foot in it.—Binghamton Leader.

ANYONE would be justified in recommending Beecham's Pills for all affections of the liver and other vital organs.

It is an easy matter these days to warm up for any emergency.—Binghamton Republican.

J. A. JOHNSON, Medina, N. Y., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

"The more a man gets the more he wants" except when he's receiving a sentence in a court of justice.

EVERY trace of salt rheum is obliterated by Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

The tramp is free from the worry and vexation of labor troubles.—Piquette.

It is a wise chicken that keeps away from the camp-meeting.—Baltimore American.

Advertisement for RISING SUN STOVE POLISH, featuring an illustration of a smiling sun and text describing its benefits for cleaning stoves.

Advertisement for SOMETHING THAT EVERY GIRL OUGHT TO KNOW, who loves music and art, featuring a portrait of a woman.

Advertisement for "German Syrup" by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing its effectiveness for various ailments.

Advertisement for Bile Beans Small, featuring an illustration of a man and text describing its benefits for digestive health.

Advertisement for TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER, featuring an illustration of a fisherman and text describing its waterproofing properties.

Advertisement for LEWIS' 98% LYE, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing its use for cleaning and household purposes.

Advertisement for NEEDLES, SHUTTLES, REPAIRS, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing sewing supplies.

ALL THE SAME, ALWAYS.

Advertisement for SAINT JACOBS OIL, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing its use for sprains and bruises.

Advertisement for W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN, featuring an illustration of a shoe and text describing its quality and durability.

Advertisement for THE POT INSULTED THE KETTLE BECAUSE THE COOK HAD NOT USED SAPOLIO, featuring an illustration of a kitchen scene and text describing the cleaning product.

Advertisement for SAPOLIO, featuring an illustration of a man and text describing its effectiveness for cleaning and maintaining household items.

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