CONDITIONS IN NEBRASKA.

Corn Promises a Large Yield, Except in the State's Garden Spot.

McCook, Neb., Aug. 26.—On crossing the Missouri River running to Lincoln, the Burlington land agents' party found a prospect which, from an agricultural standpoint, could not be excelled. Corn is luxuriant and sturdy and every stalk shows large-sized ears sticking out from it. It is so far advanced that the uninitiated could be made to believe very readily that it is past all harm from any source. Notwithstanding its fine appearance, however, it is not yet out of danger of frost, and will not be for at least two weeks.

A fine crop of oats has been reaped in this section. Much of it is still in the shock and a good deal of it has been stacked. It is thrashing out from thirty to fifty bushels to the acre and will average about forty. The wheat crop has all been harvested, and farmers are now busy plowing their land preparatory to putting in another crop of winter wheat.

Leaving Lincoln the outlook is much less promising. Between Waverly and Fairmont, a distance of sixty miles, is a stretch of country which has usually been described as the garden spot of Nebraska. Crops have always been abundant here, however poorly they may have been in other parts of the state. Last year and this year have been the only known exceptions to this rule. Somehow this belt has suffered severely this year. It has rained copiously on all sides of it and all around it, but the clouds refused to give it a drop of moisture until too late to save the corn crop. For a stretch of country sixty miles long and sixty miles wide the corn crop is a comparative failure. It will only run from a quarter to half a crop, averaging as a whole about one-third an ordinary crop.

Oats have not faired so badly. They are thrashing out from thirty-five to forty bushels an acre. Heavy rains fell over this section at the end of last week They came too late, however, to save the bulk of the corn. Very much of it is wilted beyond redemption and a good deal of it has already been cut for fodder. Wheat in this section is thrashing out fifteen bushels to the acre.

West of Fairmont the scene again changes and an ocean of waving corn, strong and luxuriant, is to be seen as far as the eye can reach in every direction. The crop from Hastings to the western boundary of the state is practically made, and nothing but a killing frost can now blight it. It will average not less than sixty bushels to the acre, and very many large fields will yield fifty bushels.

Around McCook is where the disasters of last year were most severely felt. The gains of this year have more than made up for the losses then sustained. The whole section of country looks like a veritable garden, and the people feel buoyant beyond expression. Winter wheat is thrashing out about twenty bushels to the acre and the best fields are yielding thirty bushels. Spring wheat is running from twelve to eighteen bushels to the acre. Oats average from fifty to sixty bushels, the best fields thrashing out 100 bushels.

Alfalfa is a new crop here with which the people are delighted. All kinds of live stock eat it with relish, and it is proving to be fattening fodder. The first year it yields one ton to the acre, but after the third year it yields three crops a year, which foot up seven and one-half tons to the acre. It is worth in the market $5 per ton, but to feed cattle the results have shown it to be worth $70 per acre. It is the coming crop all along the the flats of the Republican valley.

CURRENT NOTES.

Cohn—Einstein is failing rapidly. Solomon—Vat a glorious death!"—Life.

The man who can impartially judge himself is fit to govern the world.—Milwaukee Journal.

Jones—Come, go fishing with me, old chap. Brown—Can't do it; just signed the pledge.—Judge.

Silence is golden, especially when you cannot think of a good answer on the spur of the moment.—July.

Maud—That stupid fellow proposed to me last night. He ought to have known beforehand that I would refuse him. Marie—Perhaps he did.—Brooklyn Life.

Jasper—Caesar and his wife are constantly quarreling. Jumpuppe—Yes, they have different theories as to what each should do to make the other happy.—Boston Post.

"Fame," said Uncle Eben, "am er good deal laik any udder kin' ob advertisin'. Tain' no use ter a man onless he had de right kin' ob goods to back it up wid."—Washington Star.

Teacher—Can you tell me, Johnny, why Satan goes about the earth like a roaring lion? Johnny—'Cause he can't cut any ice in the place where he lives when he's at home.—Boston Transcript.

Child—Who is that sad-eyed man, mother? Mother—He's a poor pensioner, my child. Child—And who is that jolly man, mother? Mother—He is a rich pension agent, my child.—New York Weekly.

WORTH KNOWING.

Aluminum heel tips are coming in vogue.

The Imperial library at Paris has seventy-two thousand works treating of the French revolution.

The name Munich is derived from the fact that the monks owned the property on which the town now stands.

On a road leading to a Chicago cemetery there is a saloon which displays a sign with these words: "Funeral Parties a Specialty."

In every school in Paris there is a restaurant where free meals are served to the children who are too poor to pay for them.

The largest nugget of gold ever seen was found in 1872, in the Hill End Mine, New South Wales. It weighed 640 pounds, and its value was $148,000.

A thrifty keeper in the Pere la Chaise Cemetery, Paris, was recently dismissed for too much enterprise. He had added to his income by raising vegetables on the graves.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"COMFORT" THE SUBJECT OF LAST WEEK'S TALK.

Golden Text: And God Shall Wipe Away All Tears from Their Eyes—Revelations, Chapter VII, Verse 17—A Stirring Appeal.

TRAVELING across a western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine; and I thought, What a beautiful spectacle this is! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on pansied prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born, and as to the place of their grave.

Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander, in his sorrow, had the hair clipped from his horses and mules, and made a great ado about his grief; but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of God's children. Alas! me! they are falling all the time. In summer, you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away; but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around you, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears! Tears!

What is the use of them, anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well, and eternal strangers to pain and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live?—the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths. Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation; but, come now, and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts; but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is; it is agony in solution. Hear then, while I discourse of the uses of trouble.

First. It is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered with such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us.

We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust, and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go, but this world is good enough for me!" You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris, and tell him to hasten off to the picture-galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "What is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and Rubens and Raphaels here that I haven't looked at yet." No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any house, until he has a better house. To cure this wish to stay here, God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall he do it? He cannot afford to deface his horizon, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water-lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in mire. You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's cathedral, or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt," and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of his own world. How, then, are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where the trouble comes in.

After a man has had a good deal of trouble, he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof doesn't leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle-tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly; now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah! he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks, and who live there, and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as much as the other story, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That book of Revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is soon to immigrate; the country in which he has lots already laid out, and avenues opened, and mansions built.

Yet there are people here to whom this world is brighter than heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But after awhile you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavements that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal son got tired living among the hogs that he wanted to go to his father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less and heaven worth more.

Again, it is the use of trouble to make us feel our dependence upon God. Men think they can do anything until God shows them they can do nothing at all. We lay out great plans, and we like to execute them. It looks big. God comes and takes us down. As Prometheus was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets out great swelling of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble. I was riding with my little child along the road, and she asked me if she might drive. I said, "Certainly." I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after awhile we met a team and we had to turn out. The road was narrow, and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me, and said, "I think you had better take charge of the horse." So we are all children; and on this road of life we like to drive. It gives one the appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after awhile we meet some obstacle and we have to turn out, and the road is narrow, and it is sheer down on both sides; and then we are willing that God should take the reins and drive. Ah! my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins soon enough.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us when there is nothing else to catch hold of, that we catch hold of God only. Why, you do not know who the Lord is! He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace, from which he emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No. But a Father willing, at our call, to stand by us in every crisis and predicament in life. I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotelkeeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is, "If you don't pay up Saturday night you'll be removed to the hospital."

The young man sends to a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old schoolmate, but gets no help. Saturday night comes, and he is moved to the hospital.

Getting there, he is frenzied with grief; and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage-stamp and he sits down, and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is ten minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go thirty miles an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says: "My son, what does all this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent to everybody but me. You knew I could and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home, and gets him well very soon. Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity, you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on your creditors, you call on your lawyers for legal counsel; you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help, then you go to God. You say: "O Lord, I come to thee. Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is in the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon God that we have this ministry of tears.

Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate us for the office of sympathy. The priests, under the old dispensation, were set apart by having water sprinkled upon their hands, feet, and head; and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing; but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk. Take an aged mother, seventy years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been through it all. At 7 o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe. Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At twelve o'clock of that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul. She knows all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley twenty years. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door, wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she came to her last loaf. At 10 o'clock that night she goes over to sit up with some one severely sick. She knows all about it. She knows all about fevers and pleurisies and broken bones. She has been doctoring all her life, spreading plasters and pouring out bitter drops and shaking up hot pillows and contriving things to tempt a poor appetite. Doctors Abernethy and Rush and Hosack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman! Dear me! Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore without hurting it?

Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarkation and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumph there—parting here and reunion there! Together! Have you thought of it? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land; but together, in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions. Together!

I never more appreciated that thought than when we laid away in her last slumber my sister Sarah. Standing there in the village cemetery, I looked around and said: "There is father, there is mother, there is grandfather, there is grandmother, there are whole circles of kindred;" and I thought to myself, "Together in the grave—together in glory." I am so impressed with the thought that I do not think it is any fanaticism when some one is going from this world to the next if you make them the bearer of dispatches to your friends who are gone, saying: "Give my love to my parents, give my love to my children, give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell them I am trying to fight the good fight of faith, and I will join them after awhile." I believe the message will be delivered; and I believe it will increase the gladness of those who are before the throne. Together are they, all their tears gone.

My friends take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheek, and of persecution, and of trial, are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

I put this balsam on the wounds of your heart. Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of, and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears, and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street,
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

SENATOR HILL ON THE PRESS.

"It is impossible to overestimate the influence of the press in shaping the politics of a free government like ours. It is indeed the prominent, the conspicuous, the controlling feature in American politics today, largely overshadowing all other instrumentalities. It has to some extent superseded the political orator, because it speaks constantly while he talks only occasionally.

"It overmatches our public schools because they take long vacations. It outrivals the pulpit because it preaches week-days as well as Sundays, observing no holidays and taking no European trips. It diminishes the influence of our courts because it anticipates their decisions—usually accurately.

"It towers above congresses and legislatures because it is not hampered by official responsibility, and with its freedom guaranteed under our constitution it can freely recommend, criticise and condemn with absolute fearlessness and independence, with no veto power to intimidate or revise its actions except the force of an enlightened public opinion, which is always supreme.

"Presidents and governors are not beyond the reach of its shafts, and it enters alike the palaces of the rich and the cottages of the poor. It is the terror of wrong-doers, the defender of liberty and the champion of popular rights. Better than large armies and powerful navies is the strong support of an honest, able aud incorruptible press in any struggle which may come with foreign foes or for the preservation of our free institutions.

"If our quarrel be just, if our cause be right, the influence of the press can make it better and stronger and irresistible, and then we can truthfully say as the elder Adams said of the struggle of the colonies: 'We shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies.'"

An ounce of thought may prevent a ton of regret.

Irrigation in Texas.

In Texas the irrigation fever is at full height. The favorite plan in that state seems to be to build a pond or dam on some high point on the farm and pump the water into it—to be distributed later by means of ditches. Most of thes reservoirs are filled from streams or low lakes. With a steam or gas engine this water is readily pumped to a point that gives the necessary fall over the level land of the farm. This seems to work better than the scheme of pumping through a hose directly upon the land. Rural New Yorker, commenting on the foregoing, says, "This plan of thoroughly watering a few level acres of the farm is one thing you must look forward to if you expect to keep up with the procession."

Can a Woman Change Her Mind?

A London paper tells a story to illustrate woman's tendency to change her mind. A young and well dressed woman entered Charing Cross telegraph office the other day and wrote out a dispatch to be sent to Manchester. She read it over, reflected for a moment, and then dropped it on the floor and wrote a second. This she also threw away, but was satisfied with the third, and sent it off. The three telegrams read: First—"Never let me hear from you again!" Second—"No one expects you to return!" Third—"Come home, dearest—all is forgiven!"

Grenadines and Gauzes.

Black grenadines, with bold china flowers, are making excellent summer dresses, and so do the summer gauzes. The coloring is exquisite grass green, brilliant fuchsia, peach, etc. There is a large range of checked grenadines and crepe. Gauzes and crepons, as well as chiffon, have been embroidered in the open hole work. Velvet gauzes are back again on shot grounds, the patterns floral and bold and gaze soutache with well covering patterns in upstanding cores is used greatly for capes; so are the black silk grenadines. The new mousseline with the satin face is the best of all materials to show off the new colors.

Sorghum for Forrage.

A Kansas Farmer correspondent writes: "Last year I toook the wheat off a piece of ground just as soon as it would do to stack and listed in cane. I harrowed it three times and cultivated it twice, and when the first frost came about half of it was in bloom. It made fine feed."

GREAT MEN ON EATING.

In good eating there is happiness.—Apicius.

Thou shouldst eat to live, not live to eat.—Cicero.

Eating to repletion is bad, but what we eat should be good of its kind.—Dr. S. S. Fitch.

It is not the eating, but the inordinate desire thereof that ought to be blamed.—St. Augustine.

Animals feed, man eats; tell me what you eat and how you eat, and I will tell you what you are; the man of intellect alone knows how to eat.—B. Savarin.

Eat not for the pleasure thou mayest find therein; eat to increase thy strength; eat to preserve the life which thou hast received from heaven.—Confucius.

Some men work modesty too hard and are generally disliked.

A man often pretends to change his nature, but he never does.

In addition to some beautiful and distinguished late summer toilettes in Harper's Bazar to be issued on August 24th, there will be a specially prepared and very practical and detailed paper entitled "Early Autumn Fashions for Men." A striking portrait of Miss Winnie Davis, accompanied by a short biographical sketch, will interest people who wish to know something of the charming personality of the author of The Veiled Doctor. The same number of the Bazar will have a supplement containing a brilliantly illustrated story entitled "The Possessed Princess of Bekhten," by E. A. Wallis Budge. Harper & Brothers. publishers, New York, August 13, 1895.

A man doesn't like to have a woman use his love for her as a club.

Some people make a living out of other people's curiosity.

Don't abuse deceitful people, for you are one of them. Every one is deceitful.

Little Things of Life.

Why is it that we so easily forget that the little things in life are what make it easy or hard? A few pleasant words, a warm hand-clasp, a cordial letter are simple things, but they are mighty in their influence on the lives of those about us, adding a ray of hope to many disconsolate hearts, giving courage to disappointed, weary ones, and helping at the same time to make our own lives sweeter. Few people realize how much the little attentions of every-day life mean to their associates in the home, society and the place of business. It is generally a lack of consideration that makes one forget the tiny pleasantries; but lack of consideration is really one form of selfishness, and selfishness is not a desirable quality. Remember that the little things in life, either good or bad, count for more with those we love than we ever know, and we should be watchful of our actions and of our words.

Opportunity is not the kind of thing that stands around waiting to be embraced.

Mother and Son.

The boy's first idea of a woman is his mother, and unless she fail to win his love and respect he has a chivalrous devotion to her which will cover his whole life. If mothers would give their children definite religious instruction by word and example and rule them wisely, lovingly, methodically and firmly in habits of obedience, self control, purity and truth, boys would less develope into uncontrolled, lawless, unchivalrous men and selfish husbands, and girls would not grow into frivolous, vain, self-asserting, fast women. Homes would be happier, the world would be raised, reformed, ennobled.

A little man is always the oser by being lifted up.

Blotting paper is made of cotton rags boiled in soda.

Very few men can make money and friends at the same time.

Unless a pretty woman has sense her bait is constantly surrounded by fish that never bite.

As soon as it does no good a man is willing to take care of himself.

While you are waiting and hoping you die of old age.