NEBRASKA.

Butler County.

[From the Republican.]

Tally another for the "New Magic City," the L. & N. W. track crossed the south line of the corporate limits of the city at half past four on Jan. 6.

The L. & N. W. R. R. officials intend that the well which is being sunk at the depot shall have a capacity of 60,000 gallons of water per day.

Large quantities of bridge timber already framed, have passed through town during the past week to be used along the line of the L. & N. W. R. R. between here and Columbus.

The L. & N. W. R. R. will build a "Y" just south of town on W. E. Garlow's land, and a temporary side-track north of the main track, where they will place their supplies to be used in the extension of the road.

[From the Press.]

To the people of Columbus: The L. & N. W. is coming. It is here now. We will soon shake hands across the "bloody" Platte.

The long looked for and much hoped for Lincoln & Northwestern R. R. is now here. The cross-block of the two railroads was laid yesterday, with due solemnity, Road Master Bennett, of the O. & R. V. being present. Two side tracks are nearly completed. Work has begun on the turning Y. The depot carpenters are at work on the new depot. This building will be eighty feet, with a platform 150 feet. A large water tank is going up.

Madison County.

[From the Chronicle.]

Mrs. A. C. Tyrrel died at her mother's home, in Lorain, O., last Monday morning. It will be remembered that she went east, last spring, to receive medical aid, and for a time she seemed to be improving and had hopes of getting well, but a telegram received yesterday announced her death.

The County Commissioners procured a ticket and a purse was raised by some of the citizens of Madison, for the purpose of helping the mother of Louis Herr, deceased, to get back to Baltimore, where she desired to go, preferring to do so, to having the county keep her the balance of her life, she being in destitute circumstances.

Boone County.

[From the Argus.]

Dep't Sheriff Hamilton went all over the Cedar country this week. He reports everybody busy plowing.

The 1st of January, and frost out of the ground, and farmers plowing. What do our ice-bound eastern friends think of that.

[From the News.]

S. H. Bollman, the son, and well known assistant of our Co. Treasurer, has been called east to Pennsylvania, by news of the serious illness of a sister, concerning whom her phyzicians have no hope.

Colfax County.

[From the Democrat.]

Mrs. R. H. Bullock, wife of Mr. R. H. Bullock, Justice of the Peace, of Linwood, Butler Co., and mother of Mr. E. O. Crawford, of Schuyler, died on Sunday, the 4th inst., of pneumonia.

Your correspondent happened to be down at the Shell Creek Mills the other day. Mr. Welch, the junior partner of the firm, invited us to take a look at his steers which he is now fattening for spring market—eighty in number; a finer lot we never saw. He showed us one four year old steer that weighs sixteen hundred and fifty pounds; also one yearling that tipped the scales at nine hundred and sixteen pounds.

Buffalo County.

[From the Kearney Press.]

Mr. Herron, in February, 1878, commenced operations as a farmer near Kearney. He sowed 70 acres of wheat backsetting or fall plowing; 80 acres wheat, seeded and harrowed; 40 acres barley, spring plowed; 8 acres of potatoes. From this he harvested 2,650 bushels of wheat; 1,600 of barley, and 1,050 bushels of potatoes. Between seed time and harvest, he broke 190 acres of prairie, and after harvest, cut 420 acres of grain, reimbursing thus the expense of his own crop. In 1879, he sowed 300 acres, and in 1880 will sow 750 acres of small grain.

To secure an extra crop, why not plant flax? It can be sown after wheat, oats, etc., have been planted and can be harvested after these crops are out of the way. The crop pays extremely well where grown successfully. Mr. Paist, of Buda, planted last spring on rotted sod, with a broadcast seeder, ten acres of flax, and harvested a crop of 120 bushels, which brought him $1.34 per bushel. If each farmer in our section would sow from 10 to a 100 acres in flax the crop would soon induce capitalists to establish an oil mill and factory in this county.

Howard County.

[From the Howard Co. Advocate.]

The last number of the Valley Co. *Journal* contains an interesting communication from Dr. Towar, of Ft. Hartsuff, in regard to the peat which exists in Valley county. The doctor has made an analysis, and finds that in some respects it is superior to European peat, in others it is inferior. It contains about 30 per cent. of ash; this ash contains the remains of fossilized animalculæ and fine sand, which in a great measure destroys its value as a fuel, and for this reason he does not think it will come into general use, unless by some mechanical means this is gotten rid of.

Stanton County.

[From the Stanton Register.]

George Sherlock is badly wanted. Last season he worked the farm of W. T. Baker, situated in the eastern part of Madison county, and resided with Baker's family. A criminal intimacy sprang up between him and Mrs. B., and this state of affairs becoming known to the husband, on last Monday he swore out a warrant for his arrest on a charge of adultery. The young man skipped eastward. Constable Ritter, of Madison, came into town yesterday and put the warrant in the hands of Sheriff Canfield, who immediately started to Wisner in pursuit. The young man was engaged to a daughter of Mr. Baker.

Cuming County.

[From the West Point Progress.]

From Dr. Thompson we learn that Lew Robinson, of Wisner, met with a painful accident Monday. A bottle containining chemicals, which he was shaking, exploded, and the broken glass cut his right hand in a dreadful manner, severing one of the large veins, from which the blood flowed freely. Dr. Thompson was called by telegraph, and dressed the injured member. The wound is exceedingly painful, but nothing serious is anticipated.

Science and God.

Physical considerations do not lead to the final explanation of all that we feel and know.

We meet a problem which transcends any conceivable explanation of the powers which we now possess.

We may think of the subject again and again, but it eludes all intellectual presentation.

Having thus exhausted physics and reached its very rim, a mighty mystery still looms beyond us. We have, in fact, made no step toward its solution. We try to soar a vacuum when we endeavor to pass by logical deduction from the one to the other.

Religious feeling is as much a verity as any other part of human consciousness; and against it, on its subjective side, the waves of science beat in vain.

I could see that his (Carlyle's) contention at bottom was that the human soul has claims and yearnings which physical science cannot satisfy.

It seems high time to him (Virchow) to enter an energetic protest against the attempts that are made to proclaim the problem of research as actual facts, and the opinions of scientists as established science.

We ought not, Virchow urges, to represent our conjectures as a certainty, nor our hypotheses as a doctrine; this is inadmissible.

The burden of my writings in this connection is as much a recognition of the weakness of science as an assertion of its truth.

If asked whether science had solved, or is likely in our day to solve, the problem of the universe, I must shake my head in doubt. Behind and above and around us the real mystery of the universe lies unsolved and, as far as we are concerned, is incapable of solution. The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the pre-scientific ages.

There ought to be a clear distinction made between science in the state of hypothesis and science in the state of fact.

And, inasmuch as it is still in its hypothetical stage, the ban of exclusion ought to fall upon the theory of evolution.

After speaking of the theory of evolution as applied to the primitive condition of matter, as belonging to the dim twilight of conjecture, the certainty of experimental inquiry is here shut out.

Those who hold the doctrine of evolution are by no means ignorant of the uncertainty of their data, and they only yield to it a provisional assent.

In reply to your question they will frankly admit their inability to point to any satisfactory experimental proof that life can be developed, save from demonstrable antecedent life.

I share Virchow's opinion that the theory of evolution in its complete form involves the theory that, at some period or other of the earth's history, there occurred what would now be called spontaneous generation. I agree with him that the proofs of it are still wanting.

I hold with Virchow that the failures have been lamentable, that the doctrine is utterly discredited.—*Prof. Tyndall.*

Co-operation of the Wife.—There is much good sense and truth in the remark that no man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise, or his farm, fly over lands, sail upon the seas, meet difficulty or encounter danger, if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labors will be rewarded by the sweets of home.

Never send a present hoping for one in return.

School Room Requirements.

A late number of the *Educational Weekly*, after referring to the uselessness, energy, and activity of American character as a disease—the drain upon the nervous system being too great, and so forth, urges greater zeal on the part of the teacher, greater enthusiasm in his work; which simply means more goading of the already over-goaded child. Feverish preparation for a feverish, breathless examination is the order of the day. Educators will cry a sound mind in a sound body, and immediately fermulate a graded course whose fullfillment would be sufficient to destroy both body and mind. Results we want, and the results are chalked out. Passing grade is the end; children the means; and "cram" is the word of command. To compass this end the teacher works as deliberately regardless of the present or future welfare of the children, and as coolly, as Napoleon would calculate on the sacrifice of ten thousand men to accomplish a strategic maneuver.

Of wisdom and hard sense the above is full; and it would seem that nothing more need be said. But when we so often hear the remark that children have to study from one to four hours out of school to learn their daily tasks, we wonderingly ask, why so? They answer, if the lessons are not ready for recitation, the pupil must forfeit his recess or remain after school to learn them, and sometimes both. This is cruelty. Have teachers forgotten that they were once children? It is generally supposed that teachers know something of physiology, but one would judge by the way they treat scholars that it was a mere supposision. A leading physiologoist tells us that we should never deprive scholars of recess, because they necessarily require the time for recreation, and no person with common sense can deny it. Teachers complain that outsiders cannot intelligently criticize. Have not most of them been scholars; some teachers; most parents; who are your patrons? Must they, like brutes, be kept silent lest they disturb some pet Normal theory? Not so. Let teachers institute needed reforms in the management of their schools and neither educational papers or outsiders will ever say one word other than in commendation. But so long as children are, and until the necessary reform is made, will be crammed, crammed to a surfeit, crammed until they dislike school and everything connected with it, teachers must expect to be criticized, and sometimes sharply, too, in hopes that they may see their error and reform.

The free schools are the pride of the country, and it should be our aim to keep them so. Let no false isms or pet noffons so blind our teachers that they strive to make machine shops of their school rooms and make every boy and girl when they leave them for life's battle simply a machine. Do not undertake too much, either as to the number of studies or the tasks assigned, but do well what you have to do, and you will have the lasting good will of all.

Items for the Local Paper.

The following suggestions, made by the editor of the Fishkill (N. Y.) *Standard*, are as pertinent to this locality as to any other: We often have people say to us: "I intended to send you a little item for the paper last week," mentioning what it was about, "but I didn't do it," and then offer an excuse. Or another person will say: "You ought to have been down to, or up to such or such a place, and see such a thing that happened there. It would have made a good item." We are always gratified at the good intentions expressed by such persons, but grieved that they let the matter slip to post us on the matter in question, when they could have done it with so little trouble. We cannot be everywhere, and while we may desire to be at a certain place our duty may require us somewhere else. Even if we could be at the place indicated by our friend, who is especially interested in the item he mentions, oftentimes it would not pay us to spend the time to go there. But he being thoroughly conversant with the whole matter, could write it out in a few minutes, and perhaps do a great deal better than we could if we happened to be there. No one need fear to send us truthful items. Write them with a lead pencil, if that is handiest, on any kind of paper that you can get hold of, put your name to it so that we will know who it comes from, not for publication, and, if there is the least interest attached to your item, it will see daylight in as good shape as we know how to put it. This is intended for everybody. Who will send the first item?

A fashionable garment can now be made by taking your husband's ulster, dyeing it brown, cutting off the breast pockets, gathering it behind and sewing ten cents' worth of black ruching around the neck. With one of these on a middle-sized woman can sail into a five-cent store with the air of a duchess.

Young man, a diamond pin looks real nice and glistens brightly, but when $4 a week supports a man and pin both, one or the other is not genuine.

Trust a Boy.

Under the above title in the *Appeal* of December 1st is a narrative of an incident in Boston, of the Bishop of Louisiana entrusting a boy with a sum of money merely because he had an honest countenance. Two incidents occurred in my own experience, which are good correlations:

Somewhat more than fifty years ago, I was appointed a midshipman in the navy and ordered to New York. I was only fourteen years old, and, being of delicate make and small stature, did not look more than eleven. My previous life had been spent in the country, and I knew nothing of city ways or business proceedings. Pay-day was the thirtieth of the month, but I wanted some money on the twentieth, and, passing through Wall street, I went into a broker's office and said, "You lend money here, do you not?" "Yes," the broker replied. "Well," continued I, "I want to borrow twenty dollars for ten days." I did not then understand the quizzical manner with which the broker looked at me for a few seconds, before replying, "You shall have it, and I won't charge you interest for it either. What's your name?" He gave me the money and I signed a receipt; and, I need not add, the twenty dollars was promptly returned at the ten days. I am sorry that I have forgotten the broker. I mentioned the incident many years afterwards to a gentleman who said it was the most extraordianary story he ever heard of a Wall street broker.

The other case happened in Washington, about fifteen years ago. I was standing in the porch of Willard's Hotel, when a little boy, with a very bright, honest face, accosted me with, "Please, sir, lend me twenty-five cents to set me up in business. I want to buy some newspapers to sell again on the street." I replied, "My boy, I haven't got twenty-five cents, but here is fifty cents, and when you want to return it you will find me here, for I am stopping at the hotel. I never expected to see him or the money again, and considered it a donation; but, in the evening, as I was walking up and down in the entrance-hall, smoking a cigar, my coat was pulled by a little newsboy, and I turned and beheld the youngster who had applied for a loan in the morning, with the same bright, honest face that attracted me then. "I have brought you back your fifty cents, sir," said he, "and I am ever so much obliged to you. I have made more than a dollar clear profit."—*W. B. Whiting, in Chicago Appeal.*

When you see a young man in gorgeous apparel walking about the street with his arms hanging in curves from his body like the wings of an over-heated turkey on a summer's day, it isn't because he is in pain. It is because he has been "abroad."

No man has a right to complain of his lot, or of the times, or to call upon society to help him, until he has done all he can to help himself by industry and fidelity in the place and calling where he is. And he who does this will seldom have cause to complain.

A small boy who reached up the chimney for another Christmas present, said he found something that sooted him.

Never make yourself the hero of your own story.

Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed.

Never give a promise that you do not fulfill.

Never neglect to call upon your friends.

Never laugh at the misfortunes of others.

Never leave home with unkind words.