WESTWARD BOUND.

Journey by Wagon from Columbus, Nebraska, to Washington Territory---Jottings by the Way.

EDITOR JOURNAL: In my last, in speaking of Kearney Junction, I omitted to mention that the government land is all taken up by actual settlers for four or five miles east and west, and that the R. R. land is all taken up by speculators. It will be remembered that Fort Kearney of the past does not occupy the same ground as Kearney Junction, the latter being on the north side of the river and four or five miles west of the old Fort.

Westward from Kearney Junction, we pass in succession the following stations: Stevenson, Elm Creek, Overton and Josselyn—there is no town at any of the stations, but usually one store and a section house, and a good large school house, there being a line of farm settlers north of the R. R. and along the foot of the bluffs—from whence come the scholars.

Next we reach Plum Creek, 34 miles from Kearney Junction. This is quite a good sized town with five or six stores, church, school house and hotel, but oh! strange to say, not a liquor saloon in town.

Cozad, 15 miles from Plum Creek, is quite a neat town, we asked a citizen "what keeps up this town?" "Oh!" he said, "there is a good farm settlement six miles of here, and several fine farms under cultivation," and began pointing out in the distance some of the houses.

Willow Island, Warren, Brady Island, McPherson and Gannett are the next in succession. Along here at this season of the year would be called the stockman's paradise, as thousands of head may be seen quietly feeding along these broad valleys—usually from bluff to bluff about 20 miles wide, and no farming lands to interfere with the range. The scenery along here is picturesque, the high bluffs on the south side presenting such a rough-guaged and dark blue and smoky appearance like a range of mountains at a long distance.

North Platte is situated between the forks of the North and South Platte, and is reached by crossing the U. P. R. R. bridge over the North Platte, which is planked solid and the planks pretty well worn by the tires of the numerous wagons that cross it every season, bound for the different territories of the far west. At each end of the bridge is a notice in substace as follows: All trains must come to a full stop before crossing this bridge, and cross at a rate not exceeding 4 miles per hour. In crossing the bridge we drive one horse in the centre between the two rails and the other on the outside. The telegraph wires are fastened on each side of the bridge, and no toll is charged, and this, no doubt, will seem strange, when it is considered that toll could as well be collected as not, as there is no way to get around, and likewise that trains sometimes are delayed while wagons are on the bridge. This was the fact in our case; eight out of twelve wagons had crossed and were about a half mile in advance, and while my team and one before and two behind me were on the bridge, a freight train came thundering down from North Platte meeting us, and there was no chance to turn one side and leave the iron horse his own road. The man in front of me became pretty badly scared; he was from Missouri, the state where on election days the candidate who can provide the most whiskey will command the most votes, and not being used to railroads and these "pesky sort of things," he naturally enough saw danger in the iron monster now approaching, and raised in his wagon, and while he was telling his wife and family that they would all be killed, he laid on the whip, making things lively, when lo, and behold, the iron horse stood still!

JAMES SCULLY.

Feeding for Milk.

A writer in the Southern *Farmer* says that his cow gives all the milk that is wanted in a family of eight, and that from it, after taking all that is required for other purposes, 260 pounds of butter were made last year. This is, in part, his treatment of the cow: If you desire to get a large yield of rich milk, give your cow every day, water slightly warm and slightly salted, in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. You will find, if you have not tried this daily practice, that your cow will give twenty-five per cent. more milk under the effects of it, and she will become so attached to the diet as to refuse to drink clear water unless very thirsty. But this mess she will drink almost any time and ask for more. The amount of this drink necessary is an ordinary water-pailful at a time, morning, noon and night.

The proprietor of a building site in Wisconsin advertises his land for sale in this wise: "The town of Poggis and surrounding country is the most beautiful nature ever made. The scenery is celestial; also two wagons and one yoke of steers."

A man who was in an unenviable frame of mind probaly had his mind framed in guilt.

A ragged-looking pedestrian came to the back door of the Dunshudder mansion, and the hired girl shouted "We've nothin' for tramps." "Fair lady, pause," said the visitor; "I'm not a tramp nor beggar." "What are ye, then?" "Madam, I'm a solicitor-general."—*Utica Observer.*

During the investigation at Harrisburgh, Pa., into alleged bribery in connection with the Pittsburg Riot bill, several legislators testified that they had been offered a thousand dollars to vote for the bill and refused the money.

When we humans are asked for a dollar to help bury a poor fellow, we shell out immediately; but there are those among us who would not give the dollar to the poor fellow before he died.

The too early passenger catches not only the train, but a severe cold while waiting.

A tried friend—the man you borrow ten dollars from. You try him very much.

If you want to get the best piece of ice in the refrigerator, take a nice pick.

Nothing is so short-lived as a child's grief—except a man's joy.

The penalty of lying in Siam is to have the mouth sewed up.