

**WESTWARD BOUND.**  
Journey by Wagon from Columbus, Nebraska, to Washington Territory—Jottings by the Way.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Passing down the muddy we see in camp eighteen wagons from Missouri; in company with this party we left Cheyenne city. They had out-traveled us and now we had overtaken them, and we all camp about the same place that night, some forty wagons in all. On the side of the bluffs some of the parties discovered a large vein of coal, some of which when taken to camp burned well.

Next day about noon we reach the border of the alkali desert. A feeling akin to awe appears to pervade the throng as they gather to discuss the question what is best to do—the object was to drive as near as practicable, then lay over, to let the teams feed and rest, and start out the next morning; but the country is all bare of grass, and the teams, now hungry, are on the border of the desert. The ground in many places is white with alkali, and the sage brush which grew so thick is dwarfed or disappears altogether, and we are reminded having read of the Dead Sea shore, and fancy gives a resemblance. The teams are unhitched and turned loose to pick what they can, while some with butcher knives cut the coarse bunch grass, and the bunches though few and far between, are put in sacks. Grain is fed and we are hitched up again and start.—There is one redeeming quality about this—we never saw better roads than on this desert. The bluffs in many places are red like paint or the color of well burned brick, and as evening closes in we reach Barrel Springs, so named in overland stage days; the water of these springs is anything but pleasant, and as all have carried water in their kegs they don't need any for their own use, and give as little to the teams as they will get along with. We camp a little west of the springs where is a little scattering grass in a valley, and next day before noon cross Bitter Creek; no one wants to use the waters unless in small quantities.

JAMES SCULLY.

**Filial Love.**  
There is not on earth a more lovely sight than the unwearied care and attention of children to their parents. Where filial love is found in the heart, we will answer for all the other virtues. No young man or woman will turn out basely, we sincerely believe, who has parents respected and beloved; a child, affectionate and dutiful, will never bring the gray hairs of its parents to the grave. The wretch who breaks forth from wholesome restraint, and disregards the laws of his country, must have first disobeyed his parents, showing neither love nor respect for them. It is seldom the case that a dutiful son is found in the ranks of vice, among the wretched and degraded. Filial love will keep men from sin and crime. There will never come a time while your parents live, when you will not be under obligations to them. The older they grow the more need will there be for your assiduous care and attention to their wants. The venerable brow and frosty hair speak loudly to the love and compassion of the child. If sickness and infirmity make them at times fretful, bear with them patiently, not forgetting that time ere long may bring you to need the same care and attention. Filial love never goes unrewarded.—*Amethyst.*

**Correct.**  
"Broke down—did you?" queried a wagon-maker, as a farmer's team, hitched to the front wheels of a wagon, halted at his door.  
"Mashed by the cars," was the brief reply.  
"Train struck you—eh?"  
"Well, kinder. I had on a load of fence posts, and when I reached the crossing the train was right at hand. I put the whip on to Sarah, and I give Bill a yank on the lines, and then I figgered on my chances. I'm a whole four-hoss team on mental arithmetic, I am, and I wa'n't a minute calculating that air locomotive would strike the off hind-wheel of my wagon. Bill reared up, Sarah shied, and the engine tooted over four hundred times a minute; but I had them figgers right down fine."  
"The engine ran into the wagon did it?"  
"Of course it did!—struck that hind wheel exactly as I calculated, lifted me just as high as I calculated, landed them horses and fence posts where I calculated and now I calculate that you want about twenty dollars to repair the busts on this vehicle!"  
"He was right on that, too. Nothing like arithmetic."

"Doc" Middleton was arrested on a warrant for stealing thirty-five horses from William Irving, of Cheyenne, in 1877, for which Likens once captured him, but he broke jail at Sidney. At the time of his arrest there were fifteen soldiers a half mile from the canyon, but they did not take part. Middleton is only 28 years old. He says he fully intended, had he been pardoned as he expected, to take up a claim and go to farming.

Charles Lamb once said that the greatest pleasure he knew was to do a good action by stealth and to have it found out by accident.

**Schoolboy Blunders.**  
The Lyon County (Nev.) Times, writing of the ludicrous mistakes at a recent school examination there, says: Although the replies indicated a reasonably-high degree of proficiency among the scholars, some ludicrous mistakes were made:

A boy was told to correct the following sentence: "Milo began to lift the ox when he was a calf." The reply was: "Milo, when he was an ox, began to lift the calf."  
A little boy was asked: "What are the principal minerals in Nevada?" He replied, without the least hesitation: "Gold, silver and trout."  
To the question, "How would you go from New York, to San Francisco by water?" a boy in the same department replied promptly, and with the utmost assurance: "By boat!"  
Another scholar in the same class being asked, "Why do you celebrate the Fourth of July?" answered unhesitatingly: "Because three Presidents died on that day."

A boy in the high school, having been required to give the plural of two answered "Three" and resumed his seat with a self-satisfied air.

A correspondent of the *Methodist* advises the use of water instead of wine at communion, and says "The emphasis of the command which institutes the Lord's supper is not on the pronoun 'this' indicating the substances used, but on the verbs 'eat' and 'drink,' and on the spiritual purpose designated by the phrase 'in remembrance of me.' The symbolic character of the Sacrament no more requires a particular kind of bread. The bread used in our time is not usually, at least, perhaps never, the same in kind as that used by our Saviour. He instituted the supper with the common drink of the country and time; whether it was a fermented wine does not concern our argument. Our common drink is water and not wine; and it is practically difficult for most churches to procure wine that is not adulterated. We should use water at the Lord's supper with a good conscience."

The Knights of Honor, through their organization, last year disbursed to the brethren who died of yellow fever over seven hundred thousand dollars. This year we are informed the order will, aside from meeting all death benefits of \$2,000 each, call upon every member of the order to contribute 50 cents per capita. With this fund a large force of nurses will be provided for the brethren who are stricken down with the scourge. After ministering to the wants of the members, a fund will always be available to procure transportation for any member of the order who may desire to leave the parts affected by the fever. The members of the order hope by being able thus to administer timely aid to the unfortunate, to greatly lessen the death rate among those who belong to the fraternity.—*Ex.*

The boy stood on the back-yard fence, whence all but him had fled, the flames which lit his father's barn shone just above the shed. One bunch of crackers in his hand, two others in his hat, with piteous accents loud he cried, "I never thought of that!" A bunch of crackers to the tail of one small dog he'd tied; the dog in anguish sought the barn, and 'mid its ruins died; the sparks flew wide, and red and hot, they lit upon that brat; they fired the crackers in his hand and eke those in his hat. Then came a burst of rattling sound—the boy! Where was he gone? Ask of the winds that far around strewed bits of meat and bone, and scraps of clothes, and balls and tops, and nails hobs, and yarn, the relics of the dreadful boy who burned his father's barn.—*Springfield Union.*

North Platte expects a visit and lecture from Colonel Ingersoll some time in September, as a personal friend of that distinguished orator, who resides in that place, has received a conditional promise from him to take a western trip this fall, it is hoped that he will not go through this state without giving Hastings the pleasure of hearing one of his eloquent lectures.—*Hastings Journal.*

The claim of Tom Ewing as to being a Greenbacker, reminds us of the boy who attended Sunday school for the first time, and was asked by the superintendent if his father was a Christian. "Oh yes," said the little chap, "but it is such dull times he is not working at it much. He says he may style himself a good Greenbacker but he can make so much more by playing into the hands of Tilden, Belmont & Co., that he isn't working at it much."  
—*National View.*

It requires a certain capacity for good in yourself to appreciate the good in others; and the converse is unhappily true, also, for if you constantly see the bad in others you may safely conclude that you are not exactly what you ought to be yourself.—*Exchange.*

The true claimants for large fortunes in the Old Country are singing—"Hold the Fort" tune—we are coming."

Iron culverts or tubing are being placed in the grade along line of the L. & N. W. The first ever used in the State.

The piles for the bridge between Lincoln and Milford have been driven for a part of the route. They are from the cypress swamps of Arkansas. They are very durable; the best wood that can be used for that purpose.—*Lincoln Journal.*

The new water tank at the depot is nearly finished, and is one of the handsomest on the U. P. road. We see on objections why the tank can't stand and be of service for ninety-nine years. We understand a similar one will be built immediately at Columbus, and the company intend to build all they put up hereafter on the same plan.—*Fremont Tribune.*

Old Mrs. Cuir says she has always noticed that in the summer time when it is not needed the sun is always hot as an oven, while in the winter, when a warm sun would be very agreeable, it is as an ice-house. We have noticed this, too. It must be the fault of the almanac makers.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Grand Jury at Sparta, S. C., has reported that the hanging of a murderer by lynchers was "an outburst of popular indignation which merely anticipated the sentence of the law of the land," and refused to indict anybody concerned in the outrage.

We are informed by one who certainly knows, that cars will be running over the Lincoln & North-western from this point to the Platte River, before the first of January.—*Lincoln Journal.*

The *Achison Globe* of last Friday says "Track-laying on the Atchison & Nebraska extension commences a week from to-day, and no delay on account of the weather."

Don't ask the Lord to keep your "garments unspotted." He isn't renovating old clothes.

Don't depend wholly on Spaulding's glue. It won't mend broken promises.

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