The Columbus Journal.

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THE JOURNAL.

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M. K. TURNER & CO.,

Proprietors and Publishers.

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Eastern mails close at 11 A. M.
Western mails close at 4:45 P. M.
Mail leaves Columbus for Lost Creek, Genoa, St. Edwards, Albion, Platte Center, Humphrey, Madison and Norfolk, every day (except Sundays) at 4:35 p. m. Arrives at 10:55.
For Shell Creek and Creston, on Mondays and Fridays, 7 A. M., returning at 7 P. M., same days.
For Alexis, Patron and David City, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 1 P. M. Arrives at 12 M.
For Genoa Tuesdays and Saturdays 7 a. m. Arrives 6 p. m. same days.

U. P. Time Table.

Eastward Bound.			
Emigrant, No. 6, leaves at	6:25	a.	m.
Passeng'r, " 4, " "	11:06	a.	m.
Freight, " 8, " "	2:15	p.	m.
Freight, " 10, " "	4:30	a.	m.
Westward Bound.			
Freight, No. 5, leaves at	2:00	p.	m.
Passeng'r, " 3, " "	4:27	p.	m.
Freight, " 9, " "	6:00	p.	m.
Emigrant, " 7, " "	1:30	a.	m.

Every day except Saturday the three lines leading to Chicago connect with U. P. trains at Omaha. On Saturdays there will be but one train a day, as shown by the following schedule:

O., N. & B. H. ROAD.

Time Schedule No. 4. To take effect June 2, '81. For the government and information of employees only. The Company reserves the right to vary therefrom at pleasure. Trains daily, Sundays excepted.

Outward Bound.		*Inward Bound.*	
Columbus	4:35 P. M.	Norfolk	7:20 A. M.
Lost Creek	5:21 "	Munson	7:47 "
Pl. Centre	5:42 "	Madison	8:26 "
Humphrey	6:25 "	Humphrey	9:05 "
Madison	7:04 "	Pl. Centre	9:48 "
Munson	7:23 "	Lost Creek	10:09 "
Norfolk	8:01 "	Columbus	10:55 "

ALBION BRANCH.

Columbus	4:45 P. M.	Albion	7:43 A. M.
Lost Creek	5:31 "	St. Edward	8:30 "
Genoa	6:16 "	Genoa	9:14 "
St. Edward	7:00 "	Lost Creek	9:59 "
Albion	7:47 "	Columbus	10:45 "

B. & M. TIME TABLE.

Leaves Columbus,	5:45	A. M.
" Bellwood,	6:30	"
" David City,	7:20	"
" Garrison,	7:46	"
" Ulysses,	8:25	"
" Staplehurst,	8:55	"
" Seward,	9:30	"
" Ruby,	9:50	"
" Milford,	10:15	"
" Pleasant Dale,	10:45	"
" Emerald,	11:10	"
Arrives at Lincoln,	11:50	M.

Leaves Lincoln at 12:50 P. M. and arrives in Columbus 7:00 P. M.
Makes close connection at Lincoln for all points east, west and south.

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GOOD GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY!
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Corner Eleventh and Olive Streets, Columbus, Neb.

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I KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND A WELL-SELECTED STOCK.
Teas, Coffees, Sugar, Syrups, Dried and Canned Fruits, and other Staples a Specialty.
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I AM ALSO AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED
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Farm and Spring Wagons,
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Cor. Thirteenth and K Streets, near A. & N. Depot.

DEATH.

There is a shadow standing by the cradle
Where sleepeth softly a beloved child:
It waileth anxious at the gayest feasting,
And mocks our laughter with its laughter wild;
It standeth by our bedside, by our table,
And with its touch the present is defiled.

It jeers our faint attempts to be forgetful,
Slanting its fleshless body at the dance:
Joins all our pleasures, shading them with promise
That soon its claims it will in truth advance;
We dare it for awhile! then pray in anguish
That it will haste to throw its poisoned lance.

And yet it doth defer its blow. Ah! surely
Those have the best that follow it the first,
So shall they never see their dearest perish.
Going one's self is surely not the worst;
'Tis those who live beyond their best and dearest
Who really feel that death's a thing accursed.
—*All the Year Round.*

THE BLUE SATIN BOOTS.

There was a church fair and festival, on hand, at Wayneville; and all the young ladies were in a state of feminine flutter.

Pretty, brown-eyed Jenny Carson had one of the fancy tables. She had also a new dress for the occasion. The soft, shining folds of dark-blue silk were draped over the bed, and Jenny was kneeling upon the floor, and arranging the loops of satin ribbon to her taste, when Miss Bell Dorsey, who was Jenny's most intimate friend, burst into the room.

"Oh, what a pretty dress, Jenny! You'll look ravishing in it. You only need a pair of blue satin boots, to match it; and then you'll be the best dressed girl at the festival."

"But—satin boots are very expensive," said Jenny, hesitatingly.

"Oh, well, yes—somewhat. But, there's nothing sets off a lady's appearance like nice shoes and gloves. I heard Doctor Chester say he never considered a lady well dressed, if she wore ill-fitting boots or gloves." And Miss Bell complacently crossed her own pretty French kids, while Jenny nervously put away the pretty silk.

What Doctor Chester said was beginning to be a matter of some moment to Jenny Carson. She was conscious of a longing for the blue boots; but, alas! they were too expensive for her.

Miss Bell presently took her leave; and Jenny, with half her pleasure spoiled, went on with her preparations.

"Well, daughter," said her father, at the dinner-table; "do you need any fallals, for your frolic, to-morrow?"

"Yes. I do need some new shoes, and some gloves," said Jenny.

"You do, eh? Well, what must I give you, to buy them with?"

"Whatever you can spare, papa."

"Well, here's a ten-dollar bill. I guess that will be enough. Get a good, sensible pair of shoes, now: something to keep you warm this cold weather, and no flimsy things."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, papa. I'll do the best I can," says Miss Jenny. But she blushed; for, in her heart, she felt very guilty.

However, she did mean to buy a pair of warm kid boots, for every-day wear. She hoped to get the blue ones for about four dollars, which would leave her enough for the others, and for the gloves.

But, when she stood in Turner's store and asked the price of the dainty, shiny things offered her, the clerk promptly answered: "Seven dollars, Miss Carson."

"Oh, dear! I was in hopes they were cheap," frankly confessed Jenny, laying down the boots.

"Indeed they are cheap," said Mr. Wheeler. "I assure you, Miss Carson, we have sold these right along at eight dollars. This is the last pair, so we offer them for less. They're very fine."

"Yes," admitted Jenny.

"Nothing sets off a dainty foot like a pair of these fairy-like boots," pursued the wily clerk, with an eye for his trade. "Very few young ladies could wear so small a shoe—just your size, you see, Miss Carson."

Poor Jenny sighed: thought of the thick, warm boots she ought to have; cast a longing look at the blue beauties; recalled what Dr. Chester said; and—silly little puss!—for once let her vanity run away with her reason.

"I'll take them," she said. After the boots were paid for, there was barely enough left to buy her gloves, and a ribbon or two.

The next day, the great one, was clear and cold, with a sharp wind. Overshoes would ruin the dainty, satin boots; but, luckily for Jenny, the ground was dry. But, it was frozen hard, and when she reached the gaily decorated room of the new church, her feet were like ice.

Jenny presided at one of the fancy tables. She made a lovely picture, in the beautiful blue silk; her throat and wrists shaded with softest lace; and the dainty, blue boots, fluttering in and out, below the plaiting of her skirt.

Bell Dorsey was already at her post; and, as Jenny came up, she opened her eyes wide, and exclaimed: "Oh, my! You blue angel! Did you drop from the clouds?"

Jenny laughed; and happening, just then, to catch a glance from Dr. Chester, who stood near, blushed, with pleasure, while the gentle heart in her bosom throbbed tumultuously.

Jenny had a very busy day of it. There was much buying and selling, and Jenny's table was very popular. But, as the new church was large, and not yet finished, it was not very warm. The girls at the table were chilly all day, and by the time evening came, Jenny's feet were so numb and cold, that she could hardly stand.

A hot supper, however, had been prepared at the hotel just across the street. Dr. Chester waited on Jenny at the table. Glad enough was she to get something warm and be near a fire.

But, Dr. Chester, though kind and polite, was not what he had been. He seemed strangely cold and distant; and Jenny felt as if her bright day was spoiled. But, girls know how to hide these things, and Jenny was the gayest of the gay. She had to return to her stall again immediately after supper; and, oh! how sharply the cold struck her as she stepped out into the night.

Dr. Chester left her at the door of a small room, designed for a vestry, but now used by the ladies as a dressing-room. Jenny ran in to put off her wraps; but, while doing this, heard her name spoken in the narrow passage without.

"It's all settled, I suppose, Doc, between you and Miss Carson," was what she heard.

"No, Fred. I've seen the folly of that to-day." The tones which answered were the well-known tones of Dr. Chester.

"You astonish me!" replied Fred.

"I don't mind giving *you* the reason, Fred," said the doctor. "Just look at that young lady's feet, and you will have it. In spite of this cold day, she wears nothing but a flimsy pair of blue silk shoes. I *have* more than fancied Miss Carson; I don't deny it. But, you will see, at once, that a girl, who can so utterly sacrifice her reason to her vanity, is not the wife for a poor, struggling doctor, with his fortune yet to make. But, enough of this. Let's go in. It's chilly here."

Poor Jenny! Fortunately, there was no one in the dressing-room but herself. She flew to the furthest end, and hid her burning face on a pile of cloaks. But, after a brief struggle, she rallied. It would never do to cry. It would never do to go to her table with red eyes. It was a very erect, firm-mouthed, little lady, who walked to her table, presently; and the heels of the pretty blue boots came down upon the floor, with a sharp, resolute little click: for Miss Jenny had made up her mind to do something very odd.

"I *am* a little fool," she said to herself; "but I don't quite deserve to lose a good man's opinion; and I won't either, if I can help it."

It was late, before she was ready to go home. Just as she was about to start, Doctor Chester, who was her escort, handed her a pair of overshoes, saying, quietly, as if it were a matter of course: "Miss Jenny, please put these on. It is too cold a night for such thin shoes, as I see you wear."

Poor Jenny! Her face was scarlet with mortification. She made out to utter a confused "Thank you," and put on the offending overshoes, without another word. Then she took the doctor's arm, and they went out together.

Jenny's heart was beating so fast, that it almost choked her. But she was as determined as ever. Before ten steps had been taken, she said:

"Doctor Chester, do you think it right, to condemn a person, for a single fault?"

"Certainly not," said the doctor, promptly.

"Then, why do you condemn me?"

"I don't understand you," said he.

"I heard every word you said to Fred Somers, to-night," rejoined Jenny, quietly.

"Miss Jenny!" He stopped, startled.

"I did. I don't blame you, doctor. I gave you reason to think me only a vain, silly girl. But, please hear my defense: and how sorry and ashamed I am, won't you?" And then Jenny made her penitent, little confession, ending with, "I don't know what you think of me, now; but, indeed—"

"I think you the dearest, bravest little girl in the world; and 'tis I who am the fool," cried the doctor, ardently. And then—but then, I don't know, that outsiders, like you and I, reader, have any business to listen.

When Jenny got home, she took off the blue boots, which had so nearly cost her a lover, and flung them under her wardrobe, saying:

"Lie there, you blue wretches! But, you've taught me a good lesson. I've done with you. I'll buy my wedding boots, before long; and they'll not be blue ones, either."—*Peterson's Magazine.*

"Who Sold Dot Coat?"

Yesterday morning a tall young man of twenty landed at the Union Depot with a bundle under his arm, and after three or four minutes spent in getting his bearings he walked up Jefferson avenue and turned into a clothing store.

"Do you vish to try on some coats and wests for a dollar?" asked the proprietor, as he rushed from behind the counter.

"No, I guess not. Do you deal on the square?"

"My frent, dot is exactly vhat I does. I vas so square dot I lose $3,000 last year. Can I sell you an oafercoat for ten dollar?"

"No, I guess not. Here is an overcoat that I bought of you four weeks ago."

"Bought of me?"

"Yes. I think you are the man. When I got it home we found that it was moth-eaten. I can pick it to pieces in a dozen places."

"Is dot bossible! Und how much you pay?"

"Eight dollars."

"My sthars! And vhat you want now?"

"I want my money back."

"Vhell—vhell. My frent, I am sorry for you. You seem like an honest poy, and it vhas too bad."

"Yes, it was a swindle, and I want my money back."

"Dear me, but I vish yoo vhas here yesterday! Let me explain to you. You bought dot coat four weeks ago?"

"Yes, four weeks to day."

"Vhell, I had sold oudt to my cousin Philip shust one day before. Philip ish not a square man."

"What have I got to do with Philip?"

"Let me explain. In dree days Philip makes assignment to my brudder Louis. Dot Louis is a leedle off. He would sheat your eye-teeth away from you."

"Yes, but I haven't anything to do with Louis."

"Let me explain. Louis kept der place a week, und he gif a chattel mortgage to my fadder-law, and vhas bounced out."

"I don't know anything about that."

"Let me explain. My fadder-law vhas took mit a fit and died, and he leaf dis blace to my wife. My wife vhas gone to Europe for two years, and she leaf me as agent. Now you see how it was. I cannot tell you who sold you dot coat. Maybe it vhas Philip, maybe Louis, maybe my fadder-law. It couldn't haf been me, for I vhas in Shicago. If you leave dot coat I vhill write to my wife. She is square, shust like me, and maybe she writes back dot you can take a linen duster, and two white wests and call it all right."

"Say, this is a sneaking swindle," exclaimed the young man.

"Maybe it vhas. Philip vhas a great liar."

"I'll go to the police!"

"Vhell, dot is all right; maybe der police vhill help me catch Louis. I shust found oudt last night dot he cut all der hind buttons off all der coats in der store before he left."

"If you'll step out doors I'll mash you!"

"Vhell, I like to oblige, but you see I vhas only agent for my wife."

"Well, you'll hear from me again, and don't you forget it!" said the victim, as he went out.

"I hope so—I hope so. I like to make it all right. I vhas only agent for my wife, but I feel so square dot I take dot coat back for three dollars if you vhant to trade it out in paper collars!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Electricity is now employed in the rectification of inferior alcohol. The electricity aerated by a Voltaic battery and a dynamo-electric machine is passed through the alcohol so as to disengage the superfluous hydrogen. By this means beet-root alcohol, which is usually very poor, can be made to yield 80 per cent. of spirits, equal to that obtained from the best malt.

A California Stage Robbery.

At 5:30 o'clock yesterday morning, says the Stockton (Cal.) *Independent*, as the stage from Sonora to Milton was nearing the Garibaldi mine, ten miles from Sonora, it was stopped by four masked men, who stepped in front of the horses and commanded a halt. The driver Mark Stringham, immediately pulled up, as there was no other way. The chief of the masks then, without a word, but by simply waving his hand, assigned his men to their various stations. One took charge of the driver, two of them attended to the passengers and the chief held himself as a reserve for purposes of plunder. Everything being thus arranged, the three passengers were ordered to dismount, file to the rear and stand with hands behind them and with backs toward the stage. The driver asked if there was anything of his they wanted. The chief said:

"No; the drivers on this line are all fine fellows, and I would rather give them something than take anything from them."

Just then a second thought seemed to strike the knight of the road, and he said, laughingly: "I guess I'll search you; you may have a revolver and might get mad and try to use it." The driver was unarmed, hence he was not molested further.

The robbers then with a sledge hammer broke open two of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s iron-bound chests and their iron safe and rifled them of their contents. The amount taken was not ascertained, but is thought to be heavy.

Having finished the safes, the robbers turned their attention to the passengers, who had been left standing as ordered out. After seeing how much money each had they returned it to him. John Mundorf & Son, merchants of Sonora, had in the coach $500 in gold dust, which was in with their lunch and was lying on the bottom of stage. This fell into the robbers' hands. They also took $40 from young Mundorf, but on his asking them for some money to help him go on, the robber gave the $40 back. The young man had also a $100 greenback on his person, which they overlooked.

While all this was going on, Mr. Stringham, the driver, was growing impatient, and called out to the chief to hurry up, as he (the driver) did not wish to miss the Milton train. The chief said, "All right." He then asked what time it was, and was told 5:30. At this he said: "Go ahead, I'm through," shook hands with the driver, wished the passengers a pleasant good-morning, and, with a "ta ta," skipped with the balance into the woods and disappeared.

When the stage reached Milton, Sheriff Thorn was there. He found the third passenger to be booked for Marysville, with a through ticket from Sonora. This man he soon persuaded to accompany him back to the scene of the robbery, and the two started at once with fleet horses, and the Sheriff said he should commence pursuit at once. At last accounts none of the robbers had been arrested.

The First Impression.

Mrs. Jones has a rich brother in California who lately intimated to her that he would make her a visit, and the other night when Jones went home he found the house all in a commotion, and the brother expected by the evening train, so he fixed himself up with a laudable desire to make a good first impression on the rich brother-in-law whom he had never seen.

"How does he look?" he inquired of Mrs. J., as he stood at the hat-rack adjusting his side whiskers.

"Real stylish," answered Mrs. J., whose idea of rich relatives were somewhat vague, "he will probably have on a seal-skin ulster and a white felt hat with a broad rim—all rich Californian's dress that way—and he is very handsome; they always said at home that he favored me," concluded Mrs. Jones, modestly.

"But he must have changed some in a dozen years," hazarded Jones.

"Oh, he has probably grown stouter and more portly; he was tall and slender then, with lovely chestnut hair; we always said Sam was wasted on a farm, and so he was. He met with a banana—bandanna."

"Bonanza," suggested Jones.

"Yes, it's some kind of a speculation they have in mines, but hurry or you'll be late; you'll know him by his resemblance to me."

Jones went down to the depot, found he was early, lounged around awhile and then went into the waiting-room and sat down. The heat and the silence were so oppressive that soon he began to nod, and the next moment he was asleep.

He was awakened by a hand on his shoulder. A little, roly-poly man with his neck tied up in a red woolen comforter, and with features like those of a bronze statue puckered into a mass of wrinkles, held an old satchel tied up with twine in one hand, while with the other he shook the indignant Jones.

"How de do!" he exclaimed briskly, "name Jones, eh?"

Jones drew himself up haughtily, the blood of all the Joneses coursing in his veins,

"Sir! my name *is* Jones, as you have doubtless been informed, but you are a stranger to me, and I do not wish to know you"—

"Why, I'm"—

"Yes, you're a confidence man; but I live in the city, and am up to your little game. You can get some one else to cash your check. You see I am not to be duped!"

"But I'm—"

"Certainly, certainly, they all are; been buying farming implements—going out on the next train—bank closed, etc., etc."

"Will you lemme!"

"No sir, I will not, and if you address me again I'll call a policeman;" and Jones walked indignantly away and asked the ticket agent crossly when the train would be in.

"Why it's in half an hour ago, and that old fellow over there with the carpet-bag was looking for you; says he is your wife's brother from California!"

Poor Jones! It will take him the rest of the winter to smooth that little affair over and find out what first impressions amount to on rich relatives.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—An association of New England hotel and boarding-house keepers will endeavor to procure the passage of an act providing that, when a person attempts to fraudulently evade the payment of a board bill, he may be imprisoned at the rate of one month for every three dollars of the indebtedness.

—Chief Justice Gray, of Massachusetts, frequently makes his circuit through the State on horseback. He is a man of giant stature, measuring six feet four inches.

At Sea in an Open Boat.

Yesterday there arrived on the ship Cochin seven survivors of the ship Milton, burned at sea December 23, and abandoned by the crew. The Milton was a Nova Scotia ship, bound from Newcastle to this port, loaded with coal. She had twenty-three persons on board. Fire was discovered in latitude two degrees north, and longitude 110 degrees west. The crew worked hard for two days and nights at the pumps to put out the fire, but without success.

Ole Oleson, a Norwegian sailor, who had charge of the boat-load which was picked up, tells the following graphic story of the wreck: "We were divided into three boat-loads. The captain commanded one and had with him his wife and two children. The first mate had another, and the second mate was put in charge of the gig with six men. We hovered about the burning ship for several days. It was on the day before Christmas that we abandoned the Milton, and when Christmas morning dawned upon us there we were, twenty-one of us in three small boats, twelve hundred miles from land. We managed to take along with us a pretty good supply of bread, water, and canned meat. The other two boats were equally well supplied, and occasionally we would cheer one another up with the chances of a vessel heaving in sight and taking us all on board, but we had to wait many long days before that hope was realized, and God only knows whether it has been realized in the case of the other boats or not. On Christmas day the long boat, containing the first mate and others, parted company from us. The captain's boat and ours kept together until the 2d of January, when, one night in a storm, we lost sight of each other; nor did we see anything of each other again. We had then been out over a week and our water and provisions were becoming scarce. Seven men in seven days can make a big hole in a cask of water and what food you can put in a small boat, no matter how careful you may be to make them spin out. Just about that time we came into a northeastern which sprung up and made things for a time very uncomfortable, as every moment we expected to be swamped by one of those big waves that now and then swept over us, ducking us all to the skin and half filling our boat with water. We kept her afloat through it by bailing out as fast as the water came in.

"After about twenty hours the wind lulled, and we again tried to make ourselves comfortable. We counted every mouthful and registered every sip, but for all that our larder kept growing smaller and smaller every day. We'd take a reef in our belts regularly every morning, until we had more delicate waists than the most graceful maidens. Before those terrible twenty-three days were over we had all gone to head and feet. Both swelled up, and our waists only looked like a connecting link between the two. About the twentieth day things began to look desperate. Our bread and, what was worse, our water had run out. All we had left were three small cans of pressed meat, which we had been hoarding up for the last tight pinch. Our legs were swollen, our tongues and lips parched and swollen also, and this was only made worse by drinking salt water. Oh, my God! It is terrible to die with thirst and see water all around you. I don't wonder that sailors go mad when they drink it, for it is maddening to see it and know that to drink it is death.

"We might have increased our stock of fresh water by catching the rain which fell during the first few days after we left the ship, but the Captain, from his boat, told us not to do so—that if we drank rain water it would kill us.

"We were still, on the twenty-third day, far from land, and some of us began to think and look as if we didn't care; but we were saved. It was Jan. 15, about 11:30 on Sunday night, that we saw suddenly loom up in the distance what proved to be the head-lights of a vessel. One of our fellows had a fog-horn, which, in a fit of desperation, he blew with all his might, in the vain hope of making them hear on board of her, but, bless you, the fellow hadn't blow enough left in him to blow out a farthing gilm. Williams struck a match and lit a bit of lampwick which he had carefully preserved dry in his breast for such purpose, should occasion arise. The signal was seen by those on board of the ship, the Captain hove to, and with all the strength left in us we hauled and pulled until we got alongside. A ladder was let down and we were helped on board, where every care and attention was at once shown us by the Captain, officers and crew of the ship Cochin."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Corals and Coral Reefs.

Prof. Joseph Le Conte, in a recent lecture on corals, corrected a widespread misunderstanding respecting corals and coral reefs. The popular idea is, says M. Le Conte, that these animals are little insects; that they build like ants and bees do, and when they are alarmed they disappear into their little burrows, and these reefs are accumulations of millions of these little insects in generation after generation. The fact is the coral animal is a polyp, belonging to the group of radiata; that it consists of limestone deposits in the shape of a hollow cylinder with top and bottom disks, surmounted with tentacles, containing a stomach and enveloped with gelatinous organic matter. The tentacles or arms are provided each with a mouth for the absorption of food. The coral is coraline limestone after the gelatinous organic envelope is decayed and removed. The animals which build reefs are not much larger than pin-heads.

Reef-building corals will not grow at a depth of over 100 to 120 feet. There have been reef-building corals found at a depth of 1,000 feet, but they were dead—drowned by being carried below their depth. This confines them to coast lines and submarine banks. Corals will not grow where the temperature is lower than sixty-eight degrees at any time—that is, the ocean, not the air. Therefore they are confined to the tropical regions. They will not grow except in clear salt water; hence there is always a break in reefs opposite the mouth of a river. Finally, they demand free exposure to the beating of the waves. The more violently the waves beat, the more rapidly the corals grow, because the agitation gives them ventilation. Corals will grow in the face of waves whose beatings would gradually wear away a wall of granite. The four kinds of coral reefs found in the Pacific ocean are fringe reefs, barrier reefs, circular reefs, inclosing lagoons in the ocean, and small lagoonless coral islands.—*Christian Advocate.*

—As a young man in Paris was declared insane for wearing scarlet trousers, the New York *Commercial Advertiser* thinks young ladies that wear dresses of the same hue should be arrested for causing pink-eye.

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FACTS AND FIGURES.

—A clothes-pin firm at Denmark, Me., will use 1,000 cords of birch next year.

—Lewiston, Me., manufactures 1,500,000 bobbins valued at $100,000, every year.

—A wire 400 feet long can be made from one grain of silver. Such a wire is finer than human hair.

—Microscopic investigation discloses 192 different living organisms in the water drawn from a hydrant in Cleveland.

—It is calculated that £5,000,000,000 of gold and silver have been extracted from the earth since the discovery of gold mines in California.

—Recently there was cut out of one log at Orange, Texas, fifty-nine ties, containing 1,888 feet, and 787 feet of boxing, making a total of 2,675 feet, all heart.

—In Holyoke, Mass., are twenty-five mills, with $6,000,000 capital, and employing 3,500 men engaged in making writing paper. Their product is 150 tons a day, more than one-half of the entire American production of writing papers.

—A patent recently granted in Vienna and Berlin uses bands of steel, which is tempered and hardened, to transmit motion from one pulley to the other, the faces of the pulleys being turned perfectly flat and then faced with a varnish of rosin, shellac and asphalt.

—The number of varieties of insects is vastly greater than that of all other living creatures. The oak supports 450 species of insects, and 200 are found in the pine. Humboldt, in 1849, caculated that between 150,000 and 170,000 specimens were preserved in collections, but recent estimates place the present number at about 750,000 species.

—In a recent article in the *Contemporary Review*, Dr. M. G. Mulhall gives some interesting facts regarding the average wealth of the British people. He estimates that since 1860 the British people have built 1,500,000 new houses, have rebuilt or replaced 800,000 old ones, and are 50 per cent. better lodged than in 1860. The average rent of each house is £13 per annum in London, £15 in the rest of England, nearly £15 in Scotland, and a little under £4 in Ireland. He finds that each inhabitant was worth £180 in 1860, nearly £220 in 1870, and about £250 in 1880. The ratio of paupers was 4 per cent. in 1870, and 3 per cent in 1880.

—The hard, black German slate pencil has been superseded of late years by the round white pencil of clay slate. At the quarry near Castleton, Vt., about thirty-five workmen produce 50,000 pencils daily, and it is proposed to increase the daily output to 100,000. The blocks when quarried are sawed into pieces seven by twelve inches, split to a thickness of a half inch and smoothed by a planer. The block is passed under a semi-circular knife, and, after having been turned over, the process is repeated. The result is 50 7-inch pencils. A particle of quartz in the block would break all the pencils. They are pointed by a grindstone, turned, assorted, and sent to market in boxes of a hundred.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—It is exceedingly unkind to tell a man who has just recovered from a severe case