THE JOURNAL.

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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.

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Outward Bound.		*Inward Bound.*	
Columbus	4:35 P. M.	Norfolk	7:26 A. M.
LostCreek	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	7:43 "	LostCreek	10.09 "
Norfolk	8:04 "	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,	9:20	"
" Ruby,	9:50	"
" Milford,	10:15	"
" Pleasant Dale,	10:45	"
" Emerald,	11:10	"
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The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XIII.--NO. 12. COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY JULY 19, 1882. WHOLE NO. 636.

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To remove houses at reasonable rates. Give him a call.

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Patent Roller Process
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Because it makes a superior article of bread, and is the cheapest flour in the market.
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of which I keep a constant supply on hand,—but few their equal. in style and quality, second to none.
CALL AND LEARN PRICES.
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Youths' Department.

OUR BABY.

Two little shoes,
Out at the toes,
Trotting about
Where'er mother goes;
Solled gingham dress,
Put on just now—
They do get so dirty,
No one knows how;
Little black face,
Black each wee hand—
Been making mud pies,
And playing in sand.
Dear, precious head,
Tousled and rough;
Bright, laughing eyes,
Can't see enough;
This is our baby
All day.

Two little feet,
Rosy and bare;
Two chubby hands,
Folded in prayer;
Tired little head,
Dark-ringed with hair;
Soft baby-face,
Dimpled and fair;
Pansy-blue eyes,
Heavy with sleep;
Silv'ry sweet voice,
Lisping: "Father us keep;"
This is our baby
At night.

—*Woman's Journal.*

ONE STICK AT A TIME.

Coming home from school one day, I found a large pile of wood before our door.

"There's work for you, Willie," said Ned Blake, the boy who was with me. "Your father had better do as my father does, hire a man to get it in. It is too much for a boy, mother says; and it will take the whole of Wednesday afternoon. You will have no time for play. No, Will, I would not do that, I tell you."

This was the substance of Ned's talk, as we stood before the wood pile; and the more he said, the higher it grew. By the time he left me, I began to think myself a poorly used boy, indeed.

"There is work for you, Willie," said mother, as I sidled into the kitchen. "Did you see that beautiful wood at the gate as you came in?"

"I should think I did!" I muttered to myself, but saying nothing aloud, only asking how father was. He was ill, and had been for many months; and the family funds, I knew, were becoming low.

"It is a monstrous pile," I at length said, getting a glimpse of it from the window.

"So much the better for us, Willie," said mother, cheerfully. "A long winter is before us, you know."

Dinner was soon ready, the table spread in the little kitchen, and father was helped out from the adjoining room by his two little daughters, one on each side. Father and mother sat down to our frugal meal with thankful hearts, I am sure; the girls chatted as usual, while I sat brooding over that "awful woodpile." I am afraid my chief dish was a dish of pouts. Father asked me several qustions, but I took no part in the pleasant table-talk.

"Well, my boy," said father, after dinner, "there's that wood to be put in. No school this afternoon, so you have time enough. You had better do it the first thing."

"It will take the whole afternoon," I said, coldly. "The boys are going nutting."

I was not sure of this, but anything in the way of an objection to the wood. My father said nothing. Dear, dear father! God forgive me for wounding his feelings!

"Mother," I said, following her into the pantry, "Ned Blake's father hires a man to get his wood in. His mother thinks it is too much for a boy to do. Why does not father hire one?"

"Ah!" said my mother sadly, "the Blakes are better off than we. Your poor father—"

Tears came into her eyes. She stopped. Mary ran in where we were, and I, half ashamed of myself, escaped out of the back door.

Still, Ned Blake's words rankled in me, and I thought it was too bad; nor did the brisk west wind blow off the fumes of the foolish grumbling which made a coward of me. I sat down on the wood-block with my hands in my poekets, and shuffled my feet among the chips in sour discontent.

"It is such a monstrous pile," I said to myself a dozen times.

Presently out came mother. I jumped up.

"Willie," she said, cheerfully, "I would go to work in earnest. You will soon get it in."

"It is so monstrous, mother," I said in a self-pitying tone. "It will take me forever, and half kill me in the bargain."

"Forever is a long, long while," she said. "Come, let us look at the pile. It is big, but all you have to do is to take a stick at a time. That will not hurt you, Willie, I am sure—*only one stick at a time;* yet one stick at a time will make that pile vanish quicker than you think for, Willie. Try it, now."

There was a kindness and yet a decision in my mother's tones which were irresistible. She could put even hard things, or what we thought hard, in a very achievable light.

"Only one stick at a time!" I cried, jumping up and following her. Really, the pile seemed already to lessen under this new mode of attack. "Only one stick at a time! What need of a man to do that? One stick at a time! If Ned Blade could not do that, he was a poor tool."

Ah! and a poor tool he proved to be. My mother had got my metal up, and I boldly went to work.

"Father," said I, bolting into the house at a later hour in the afternoon, all in a glow, "please tell me what time it is?"

"Eight minutes after three," answered he, looking at his watch.

"Whew!" I shouted, "and the pile is mastered!"

Never did I feel such a strong and joyous sense of the power of doing. Finding my mother, I put my arm around her neck and said: "Mother, I *was* a naughty boy, but 'one stick at a time' has cured me."

I did not then know the full value of the lesson I had learned. Years of labor—successful labor—have since tested and amply proved its value. When your work looks insurmountable and you seem to have no heart to take hold of it, as work many a time will, remember, *it is only one stick at a time,* and go at it.—*Boston Home Journal.*

The Queerest Village in the World.

All the boys and girls who have studied geography know what a singular country Holland is; that it is as flat as a dinner-plate, and away down below the level of the sea, with dykes or embankments built up all around, to keep the water from coming in—a green, level land, cut up by canals, so that you can travel about in that way as naturally as we do on roads.

Holland means "muddy or marshy land," and Netherlands, "low countries," or "low lands." There is not a mountain, not a rock; and the only heights to be seen anywhere are lines of sand-hills, or dunes which the wind and other agencies have formed in some places along the coast. No wild animals, no wild birds, no wild flowers, no woods, no groves; but only green meadows crossed by the canals, trim little villages and busy cities, sand-wastes and the dykes, beyond which is the sea, ready to break in if a yard of the embankment should give way—which, however, the inhabitants take care shall never happen.

The Hollanders are the neatest people in the world; and that brings me to what I set out to tell you about. There is a little town, or village, in that country, a few miles from Amsterdam, called Broek, pronounced *brook*, "Broek in Water-land."

It has been famous, nobody can tell how long, for its cleanliness; and not only that, but for the fanciful style of the houses and yards and gardens and streets. The people, though only peasants, are all rich, and all feel a pride in their town; it seems to be the great business of their lives to keep their houses freshly painted, their gardens in perfect order, and their yards and streets as clean as a parlor.

No carts are allowed in the streets and no cattle. Though the raising of stock and making butter and cheese is their occupation, a stranger would never imagine that there were any cattle in the region, unless he went to the beautiful green meadows back of the houses, or the stables out there where the cows are kept in stalls scrubbed and washed like a kitchen.

The streets are too fine and nice for the feet of animals to step on; all paved with polished stones, intermingled with bricks of different colors, and kept so scrupulously clean that a lady could walk anywhere in white satin slippers.

Every house has a little yard in front, but no shrubs, or vines, or flowers in it, or even a tuft of grass. They are all carefully paved with colored stones in the figures of animals, or birds, or trees, or tulips, or something in designs which make one think of some of the monstrosities one sometimes sees in hearth rugs, such as scarlet bears, green horses, blue trees and the like.

The houses are painted in the brightest colors, just as the owner fancies; in vermilion, pea-green, pink, purple, orange, or anything else that is gay and gorgeous and queer; and the roofs are covered with tiles varnished till they shine like new silver.

Every day the stones in the yard are washed and polished, and slippers are placed at the door so that any one going in, stranger or dweller there, must take off his boots or shoes before setting foot in the house. Inside, everything is as clean as constant scrubbing and rinsing and painting and varnishing and rubbing and polishing can make it. The floors, of black and yellow marble inlaid, are kept slippery as glass from so much friction; all the wood-work glistens, and everything that is made of metal is dazzling as burnished brass. There is nothing in all the world like it.

There are large gardens between the houses, where there are trimly laid-out beds of such choice flowers as tulips and hyacinths and the rarest of bulbs; and all about are set up images as grotesque as heathen idols; and these are in keeping with the strangeness of everything else.

The people have but little to do with the rest of the world, but to stay at home and paint and varnish and scrub and keep clean. But they treat everybody well who goes there, and certainly if there is one queer village that is better worth visiting than any other, it must be Broek.—*Youth's Companion.*

One Way to Learn.

Rufus was but fifteen, yet he had been a year and more at work in Mr. Johnson's store. He came home very tired every evening—running up stairs and down so much, and handling over groceries of all sorts.

"I wish I had studied harder when I was in school, Uncle Edward," he said one night; "but I don't feel much like taking up a book after my day's work is done. I don't know how those wonderful boys managed we read about who learned so much in their spare minutes."

"You may learn a good deal, Rufus, every day, and that, too, without any painful application. It will not wear you out in the least, but, on the contrary, it will be rather inspiring and cheering. The way it is done is this: Get into the habit of reflecting ove everything that goes on about you. Events and people pass before the view of the majority, leaving as little impression as the rolling clouds. The only thing that seems to awaken this listless attention is the prospect of 'having some fun.' That is well enough in its place; but it cannot be made the business of life, nor of the spare moments of life, if we would ever amount to much here.

"A thoughtful boy is, by all odds, the one to make the most of himself and to stand in the highest esteem. It will take you a little while to form the habit, but every fresh effort will make your powers of mind more wide awake, and stronger for the next opportunity. You can learn even from things that are pleasing in themselves. If a man comes into the store with a rough, coarse way of speaking and acting, you can take a mental note of that man, and determine that you will cultivate quite a different style. When a tipsy youth steps in, and talks in his maudlin, silly manner, there is a temperance lecture for you. If some one else manages a piece of work more skillfully than yourself, take a sharp look at his method, and learn his 'sleight of hand.' It will be a great deal more profitable all your life than to learn a dozen funny tricks. If you hear people conversing upon subjects on which it is well to be informed, give attention to their remarks, and store away the points in your memory. It is surprising how much one may gain from conversation if he will but learn to sift out the wheat from the chaff. You can learn much from thoughtful reading of good papers, also, and it will rest instead of tiring you. So, don't give up the ship, Rufus, and conclude your education must stop because you work hard all day. You are acquiring an excellent practical education in your store work, and it will be easy to double its value, if you but adopt the attentive, thoughtful habit."

—Strange freaks of vandalism were performed in Harrisburg, Pa., a few nights since by some mischievous scamps. They consisted of removing and carrying away the plates from all the water and gas shops on the pavements along several streets, chipping wooden door-steps with knives and piling loose bricks in the gutters.

—There are 9,000 saloons in New York. If placed side by side in a direct line they would extend a distance of forty-five miles.

His Coat.

A good deal of amusement has been caused in dry-goods trade circles during the past few days by the leaking out of a little story at the expense of two young gentlemen who are widely and favorably known in the trade. The father of these young men is a prominent Market street merchant, noted for his large wealth, shrewd business ability and great economy, particularly in the matter of wearing apparel. The sons, who are models of elegance and taste in dress, have for a long time borne a particular antipathy to a certain venerable coat which has clung to their respected parent for many years, and often tried by persuasion to induce him to sell it to the rag-man and buy a new one, but the old gentleman's invariable reply was: "You poys shpend money enough for clothes for one family. Dis goat is good enough for me." At length, knowing their father's fondness for a bargain, they thought of a ruse by which to induce him to lay off the old garment and get a new one. Taking the coat which the father had worn they went to their tailor and instructed him to take it as a pattern as to size and to fit and make the finest coat he could. "We will," said one of them, "get father down here on some pretense or other and then you must sell him that coat. No matter what he offers, you take it and we'll pay you the balance." In due time the sons received word that the coat was finished—price eighty dollars. The next morning at breakfast the eldest son casually remarked: "Father, you will be going near the tailor's to-day, and I wish you would stop and tell him to be sure and send home my new coat to-day for I have a party to attend to to-night."

"Very vell, my son, I vill do so, but I don't see what you poys vant with so many goats."

The old gentleman delivered his message, and the tailor's opportunity had come. Fingering the venerable garment, he remarked, persuasively: "You ought to have a new coat. It is a shame for a rich man like you to wear such an old garment as that."

"Tank you very much; but this goat is good enough for me."

"I have got something," persisted the tailor, "that I believe will fit you, and it is the greatest bargain that you ever heard of. I made it for a customer, but it was a misfit. The price of that coat," said the tailor, producing the garment, "is eighty dollars, but it won't fit the man I made it for, and I'll let you have it for next to nothing. Try it on."

The coat was tried on, and proved a perfect fit.

"You'll never get such a bargain again if you live a hundred years," said the tailor. "You may have that coat for forty dollars.

"I'll gift you twenty-five," said the old merchant, who knew cloth when he saw it.

"Take it."

Carrying his old coat in a bundle, the purchaser went out arrayed in the eighty dollar coat.

At supper that night he appeared in the familiar old coat and in excellent good humor. To his sons he said: "I made a nice little thing to-day. Ven I vas at the tailor's I bought a goat—a nice, fine goat. The price vas eighty dollars, but I got it for twenty-five dollars. I put it on and had not gone a square pefore I met a friend. He noticed my new goat and shpoke about it, and I told him about how I got it so sheap. He offered me thirty dollars for the goat and I took it—made five dollars in fife minutes."

"Yes," said the sons, dolefully, in chorus, "you've made five dollars, and we have lost forty-five." Then they explained. "My gracious! that is pad," said the old man, when he comprehended the situation: "but let dis be a lesson to you, my shildren. Never dry to deceive your fader."—*Philadelphia Times.*

The Sinking of the Jeannette.

The New York *Herald* prints a letter giving Lieutenant Danenhower's account of the adventures of the Jeannette until after the vessel sank. Of the last hours of the vessel he says:

"About three p. m. Machinist Lee reported the ice coming through the bunkers, and the Captain immediately ordered, 'Lower away!' men having been previously stationed at the boats' falls and some provisions put on the ice. Melville immediately contradicted the report, and the Captain delayed the order. Thus the ship lay for two hours and a half, the pressure of the ice relaxing at times and the ship almost righting. Then again she would be hove over to twenty-three degrees, and we felt sure there was no longer any hope for her, for she would not lift. There was nothing in the world to be done to assist her at that time. We had to depend upon her shape. I have forgotten to tell you that she, of course, floated much higher than when we entered the pack, and that led us to hope that she would lift easier in the nip, for the pressure of the ice would be below the point her sides commenced to tumble home. On the starboard side, while she was heeling, the nip was felt on her timber heads, which were the weakest parts of the frame, but on the port side she was pressed below the turn of the bilge. Her fate was practically decided the moment we found she would not lift, and a large amount of provisions and clothing was then placed on the ice in readiness for the catastrophe.

"When the order was given to abandon the ship her hold was full of water; and as she was heeling twenty-three degrees to starboard at the time that the water was on the lower side of the spar deck, I hope that our friend, the London *Standard*, will not now think that we deserted her and left her adrift in the Arctic, as was stated in one of the issues of that paper. We had a large quantity of provisions on the ice about a hundred yards from the ship, but Mr. Dunbar, who was alive to the occasion, advised the shifting of these to an adjacent and more favorable floe piece. It took us till eleven p. m. to effect the removal. We also had three boats—namely, the first cutter, second cutter and the whaleboat. As soon as Dr. Ambler had looked out for Chipp he relieved me at my post, and I went to work with No. 3 sled party, which I had been detailed previously to command. The order was given to camp and get coffee, so we pitched our tent abreast of the whaleboat, and I set about fitting out for the retreat. * * *

"About four o'clock I was awakened by Seaman Kuehne calling his relief, Fireman Bartlett, who was in our tent. Kuehne called to Barlett that the ship was sinking, and the latter jumped to the tent door and saw the spars of the Jeannette after the hull was below the surface. We heard the crash, but those were the only two men who saw the vessel disappear. It was said that the ice first closed upon her, then relaxing, allowed the wreck to sink; the yards caught across the ice and broke off, but being held by the lifts and braces were carried down—depth, thirty-eight fathoms, as I remember. The next morning the Captain and others visited the spot and found only one cabin chair and a few pieces of wood—all that remained of our old and good friend the Jeannette, which for many months had endured the embrace of the Arctic monster. The Jeannette sank about four o'clock on the morning of Monday, June 13."

A Town-Meeting Episode.

An incident of last Monday's town meeting will be long remembered by those who were present and is well worthy of being preserved in print. It was a scene alike dramatic and affecting and once again proved that

"Pity and need make all flesh kin."

For hours had discussion been in progress as to various appropriations needed for carrying on the town government, and ultra-economists were working with all their power to have things figured down to their lowest notch. At last was reached the article relating to a claim against the town by an old and respected citizen for damage to his land by reason of water washing sand from a hill down upon it. The committee appointed at a previous meeting to investigate the claim reported than ten dollars would cover the damage, and that sum was just about to be ordered when the claimant tottered to his feet and leaning with the weight of over eighty years upon his cane with feeble broken voice begged permission to speak. He said he was so deaf that not one word had he heard of what had been going on around him for hours, but now some one had given him to understand his claim was under discussion. Then he went on to tell what he had done a half-century ago to build up the town, and his eyes flashed with pride and his lean form straightened as he spoke; how all the best years of his life had been spent in Westfield; how he had served the town in various capacities, and now that misfortune and old age had come upon him, and he had but brief time at most to live, he simply asked his fellow citizens to do him justice. He talked for a considerable time, and with the simplicity of second-childhood told his sorrows and his past deeds over and over again. But the voters listened patiently, and there were tears in many eyes while he spoke. Hardly had the final word dropped from the trembling lips when came quickly motions, from men who had been eagerly waiting the opportunity, to make the award "$50," "$75," "$100." The moderator ruled that only by unanimous consent could such motions be entertained, as the money would be practically a gift from the town. A rising vote was called for on the $100 motion, and every person in the hall rose to his feet, including the aged man himself, who, not knowing what every one stood up for, arose with the rest. The selectmen at once drew an order in the applicant's favor and Treasurer Chace handed him $100 in bills while the audience cheered again and again. With a "God bless you, gentlemen," the aged man tottered from the hall, and after the episode, was resumed attempts at cheese-paring economy by the very men who but a few moments before had so gladly given away $100.—*Westfield (Mo.) Cor. Springfield Republican.*

Sugar Meal Milk.

For some time past house-keepers have been complaining of the poverty of the milk with which their milkmen have been supplying them, and it was more than suspected that the distributers of the lacteal fluid were resorting to the water hydrants more than usual in order to make their supply go over a greater number of customers than it otherwise would. For once, however, a grievous injury has been done the much-defamed milk peddler.

A reporter of the *Journal* had a conversation on the milk subject with a gentleman from a point from which one hundred cans of milk are shipped daily to this city, from whom he learned the real cause of the evil. In reply to the inquiry if he could advance any theory to account for the deterioration of milk, he replied:

"Why, do you not know that the farmers have got a new article of food for their cattle? They are feeding their cows with sugar corn-meal, which has the effect of making them give ever so much more milk, but it is not nearly so good quality, and does not make either cream or butter. The new article of food is what is left after the glucose is taken out. It is shipped by the carload from the glucose factories, and is now being used by farmers instead of corn-meal. A large number of the farmers all over the State are using it, as it only costs one-sixth the price of corn-meal, and it makes more milk. They say the stuff is quite wholesome, but to see it you would not think so. You could not sit in the wagon with it. It seems to me very much like swill feed. When it is kept for a few days it gets quite sour and unfit to be used. It is then just like manure. At first the cows will not take it all by itself, and it has to be mixed with corn-meal, but they soon get used to it and come to take it readily by itself. At first the farmers made it about one-third of the feed, but, as the corn-meal got scarce, they kept increasing the quantity till they feed it now entirely—that is, those who sell their milk, for, as it will not yield butter, it will not pay for those who make that article to use it. The milk from it yields about twenty-five per cent. less butter than milk from corn-meal. At first the milk-dealers in the city grumbled at the poverty of the milk, but as the farmers told them that without it milk would be very scarce and dear now, they connived at its use, and the consumer is the sufferer. It gives the milk a thin, poor appearance, but the dealers in the city color it with annotto, a vegetable substance. That, however, colors the buttermilk, so that it cannot be used, and the factory people have got some other oily substance that has the same effect, but I don't know what it is. The new feed is not anything like as good for fattening purposes. When dried it is just like chaff, and there is nothing to it. Still, the farmers who use it have very fat cattle. Grass is scarce this season, it has been so cold. Scarcely any one has turned out his cattle yet, and I suppose that increases the use of the sugar meal. I would not say that the milk from it is unwholesome. I don't know enough about it for that, but it is a poor article. It does not change the appearance of the milk any, except that it has not that yellow, creamy appearance that milk will have after standing a little. It is to give it that tinge that the annotto is used. Annotto is not unwholesome. It is used to give butter a good color in winter, when otherwise it would have a white, lardy appearance.—*Chicago Journal.*

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—During the past year upward of ten thousand deer have been killed in Jackson County, Oregon.

—We remind the man who complains of a lack of interesting reading that there are published in this country, apart from books, 10,611 periodicals.—*Christian Union.*

—The only railroad in Yucatan, Mexico, charges ten cents per ton per mile for carrying freight, and is said to be earning about fifty per cent. per annum on its entire cost.

—The lowest average price for running a locomotive last year was 12 52 cents per mile. This was on the Illinois Central. The cost of fuel is forty to fifty per cent. of the expense.

—American shoe manufacturers can thank their lucky stars that they are not doing business in Spain. Within the past year the tax on the shoe trade of that country has been increased 360 per cent.

—Los Angeles County, California, produced last year 2,118,500 gallons of wine, and 282,250 of brandy. As it takes five gallons of wine to make a gallon of brandy, the total wine production would be 3,529,750.—*Chicago Times.*

—Pure alcohol is now prescribed by many physicians in preference to whisky, wine, beer, etc. To use a standard alcohol is believed to insure an accuracy of treatment which cannot be had with articles which contain the spirit in uncertain quantities. It is thought important not to disguise the taste of the alcohol in any way, in order that the patient may feel that he is taking it as a medicine and not as a beverage.—*N. Y. Sun*

—The spring clip of California wool is now coming forward quite freely, and a large business is anticipated. The product for the last twelve years is given at 466,906,700 pounds, showing a value of $86,861,700. The largest product was in 1876, aggregating 56,550,000 pounds. Two years later it was only 41,402,000. It was then 46,000,000 pounds for two years, and last year it was 43,000,000 pounds.

—The recent census of Canada shows the nativity of its population as follows: Born in Ontario, 1,467,988; in Quebec, 1,327,809; in Nova Scotia, 420,088; in New Brunswick, 288,265; in Prince Edward Island, 101,047; in the territories, 58,430; in British Columbia, 32,275; in Manitoba, 19,590. The total Canadian born is thus shown to be 3,715,492. The foreign born number 609,318, including 185,526 from Ireland, 169,504 from England and Wales, and 145,162 from Scotland. The United States is credited with 77,753, and Germany with 25,328.

—Seth Green says that the distribution of salmon trout for this season has closed. He has shipped a total of 1,254,000 young fry to the following waters: Lake Keuka, Otsego Lake, Greenwood Lake, Sand Pond, Chateaugay Lake, Fulton chain of lakes, Rainbow Lake, Owasco Lake, Long Pond, Round Lake, Lake Pleasant, Lake George, Canandaigua Lake, Upper Saranac Lake, Seneca Lake, Hemlock Lake, Big Rock Lake, Goshen reservoir, and Conesus Lake. The introduction of the California mountain trout he considers one of the greatest successes and benefits yet accomplished.

—A writer in the London *Lancet* gives the following statistics of travel: Of 1,563,644 persons who left Europe for New York between 1870 and 1880, 2,518 died in transit, the average duration of passage being 13 days 12 hours. Of 14,874 persons who embarked on 15 ships in 1880, 37 died. One ship, carrying 1,331 emigrants, lost 13 in the course of a 16 days' voyage. All were submitted to medical examination and passed as healthy at the start. The figures seem to show that in crossing the ocean a man is about a hundred times more likely to lose his life by disease than by shipwreck.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—The Yonkers (N. Y.) *Statesman* discusses "Women as Wives." The idea seems very feasible.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Vassar girls eat milk with potatoes. If this valuable information doesn't interest you, nothing but an attack of delirium tremens would.—*Boston Post.*

—Chicago girls have discovered, it is said, that by keeping five or six beans in the mouth the voice is given an "aristocratic family accent."—*Boston Advertiser.*

—"And now," shouts an excited exchange, "where shall we look for independence?" There's your mother-in-law and the palace-car porter, sir.—*Boston Post.*

—"What building is that?" asked a stranger of a boy, pointing to a schoolhouse. "That?" said the boy. "Why, that's a tannery!"