

### THE LOCAL AT WORK AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

—Never reveal your secrets to a relative, for "blood will tell."—*Ex.*

—A freshman says that the best champagne (sham pain) he knows, is when a girl screams when a fellow kisses her.—*Ex.*

—"Matrimony," said a modern Benedict, the other day, "produces remarkable revolutions. Here am I, for instance, in ten short months, changed from a sighing lover to a loving sire."—*Mute Journal.*

—"Well, my boy," asked a gentleman of a little eight-year-old boy, "what are you crying for?" "Cause I can't find my dad. I told the old fool if he went off too far he'd loose me," was the filial reply.—*Ex.*

—A kiss—German girls say "a kiss without a moustache is like bread without butter." A young lady, hearing the proverb, remarked that she could not prove it, as all her male friends wore moustaches.—*Central Collegian.*

—If you want to bring an American boy up right, appeal to his centennial feelings. There is a lad in Boston whose mother cured him of a bad habit just by saying, "Willie, George Washington never cracked hickory nuts with his teeth."—*Ex.*

—"Georgie, I'm going to do something before long of which I must speak to you."

"Well, what is it, Ma?"

"I'm intending to marry Dr. Jones and —"

"Good for you, Ma. Does Dr. Jones know it?"—*Tyro.*

—The other day a man in Milwaukee found four boys playing cards on the hay mow, and he was proceeding to give them "fits," when one of them spoke up and said, "We wan't playing keerds. Tom Lester's mother is dead, and we were up here showing him the pictures on the keerds so he wouldn't feel lonesome."—*Ex.*

—A Broad Street, Newark, Physician was called upon last week to attend a seamstress who felt indisposed. He inquired as to her health, and she responded, very appropriately, "Well, its about *see see*, Doctor, but *scans* worse to-day, and I have frequent *stitches* in the side. The Doctor hemmed, as he felt her pulse, said she would mend soon, and left a prescription.—*Ex.*

—*Brown*,—Whose boy is that—any relation of yours?

*Jones*.—Only by marriage.

*Brown*.—Ah! Well, I was going to remark that I don't know what is the matter with him, but he is the stupidest, sappiest, cussedest young blockhead, without exception, that I ever met.

*Jones*.—The boy is my son.

*Brown* (retiring).—Good morning.—*Tyro.*

—An old Highlander rather fond of his toddy, was ordered by his physician, during a temporary illness, not to exceed one ounce of spirits daily. The old gentleman was dubious about the amount, and asked his son, a schoolboy, how much an ounce was. "Sixteen drachms," was the reply. "Sixteen *drams*! An excellent doctor!" replied the Highlander, "Run and tell Donald McTavish and Big John to come down the night."—*Ex.*

—"If you don't see what you want, ask for it," is posted up in a conspicuous place in a Logansport grocery. A native stepped into the establishment, last week. He saw the card and remarked: "I want a ten-dollar bill, and I don't see it." "Neither do I," was the laconic reply. The native "looked further," but he advised the grocer to "take down that sign."—*Neb. Mute Journal.*

—At a dining saloon a few days ago, two gentlemen sat eating their lunch. One, noted for his fondness for liquors, took up a glass of water and drained it to the bottom. His friend turning around suddenly exclaimed:

"I say, George, there goes a surprise party!"

"Where?"

"Down your throat."—*Ex.*

—A Frenchman, while looking at a number of vessels, exclaimed, "See what a flock of ships!.. He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, but that a fleet of sheep was called a flock. To assist him in mastering the intricacies of the English language, he was told that a flock of girls was called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, but that a pack of cards is never called a bevy, though a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, while a host of porpoises is termed a shoal. He was told that a host of oxen is termed a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is termed a covey, and a covey of beauty is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of bullocks is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worship is called a congregation and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentlefolks is called the *elite*. The word being French, the scholar understood it and asked no more.—*Ex.*

**THE FIRE THAT OLD NICK BUILT.**—We find in an exchange the following capital imitation of the "house that Jack built," and wish that it might become a household favorite.

Intemperance—This is the fire that old Nick built.

Moderate drinking—This is the fuel that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Rum selling—This is the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Love of money—This is the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Public opinion—This is the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

A temperance meeting—This is one of the blows that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its edge of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Temperance pledge—This is the smith that works with a will to give force to the blow that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.

Eternal truth—This is the spirit so gentle and still that nerve the smith to work with a will to give force to the blow that

we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that old Nick built.—*Ex.*

### Our Surveying Party.

We received a telegram from Mr. McBroom, chief engineer, dated July 14, to be at the depot in Columbus for the midnight emigrant train. We were on time, and as soon as the train stopped we boarded it. The first thing that greeted us on entering the car; was a voice exclaiming: "This car is full and besides it is chartered.

SECOND PARTY—Who by?

FIRST PARTY—A surveying party.

SECOND PARTY—(Looking around at about eight or ten ladies) are all here surveyors?

FIRST PARTY—Yes, sir?

Just at this point, one of the University "boys" awoke and recognized us; but our passes had been forgotten, so we were compelled to wait until the next day, when Messrs. Schlegel, McBroom and Wells came up on the express. Our party were to leave the cars at Sidney and proceed with teams to the work, which commenced eleven miles north of Sidney and extended thirty miles northward. When we arrived at Julesburgh our train was stopped by a telegram that a train was "ditched" between us and Lodgepole and two men seriously hurt. One report stated that it was No. 7, the train our party was on. But it turned out to be a freight train and the men were not hurt as seriously as at first reported. We arrived in Sidney about noon and it required all the afternoon to load up. We camped near Sidney on Pole Creek—a town of three or four hundred population, four hundred and fourteen miles west of Omaha. The following day we started for the work. Our party consisted of twenty-six men, mostly well armed. As we were going into an Indian country, we were somewhat apprehensive of danger from the Indians. We commenced work on Sunday, which was very much opposed to the religious principles of the majority of our party. One of the boys was heard to observe that "he had heard the bones of his Puritan ancestors rattling all the following night, in consequence of his troubled conscience."

Most of the land we surveyed between the two Plattes was good and consisted of high, rolling prairie. We found one peat bed of several hundred acres. As we neared the North Platte, the country became very rough and hilly, approaching almost to mountainous, with a little cedar and pine timber in the canons. Fish were very plenty in all the streams, and when we camped on any of them, the boys would go fishing, and generally caught in a short time all they desired. While we were camped on the high lands on the south side of the Platte we had our first Indian scare. About nine o'clock at night a dog belonging to the party began barking very loudly and scared the horses and mules. They started running and snorting in terror. Some one cried "Indians! Indians!" and in a moment the entire camp was in confusion. The men were running to and fro some looking for guns, others for ammunition, and some for a hiding place. To add to the excitement, one of the boys while examining his revolver in the tent to see if it was loaded, accidentally discharged it. The ball buried itself in the

ground a few inches from the breast of our cook who was lying down at the time. Quiet was restored and it was discovered that it was a wolf that had caused all the commotion. Next morning two of the boys who had been lamenting because they were afraid "we would not have a brush with the Indians, and they would not have a chance to capture a few hor. se," suddenly discovered they could not endure the hardships of our campaign. They carried good sized mule packs on their backs thirty miles to Sidney, and there took the cars for home. Here the local of the Hesperian and a mule had a falling out (most of the falling was done by ye local.) The local and three others went to hunt a "town corner." As the local did not have a horse, one of the teamsters tendered him a mule, assuring him at the same time that "it was perfectly gentle in every respect." The mule proceeded all right until they arrived where the corner should have been, about two miles from camp, when suddenly its ears lopped over in front, which elevated its heels, and the mule crawled out of the saddle. Ye local found himself very unceremoniously seated on the ground affectionately embracing the saddle. He jumped up and concluded he would try it bare-back, but as soon as he was seated the mule rolled himself up in a ball like a porcupine, turned a back somersault and landed right upon ye local. His friends ran to his assistance, expecting to find him about demolished, but he arose, said he was not much hurt and remarked that he "guessed he would walk to camp, as he never did enjoy riding mules, anyhow."

On the north side of the North Platte the country is very diversified. For the first eight or ten miles the land is good, being slightly broken by ravines, then it gradually becomes sandy, until there is scarcely anything but rounded sand hills with a stunted growth of grass on one side, while the other is excavated by the wind to the depth of from ten to forty feet. Near the northern boundary of the work, we struck a chain of alkali lakes, in which the water is villainous. It would kill either man or beast if they were compelled to use it for a week. By digging back from the lake a few rods tolerably good water can be procured. From this place the finest view is presented of any locality in that part of the country. From the top of one of the sand hills can be counted thirteen large lakes, one of the largest of which is nearly three miles long by one-fourth to one-half mile wide. Ducks, geese and swans abound on the lakes and deer are plenty in the tall grass and rushes that skirt them. While we were at supper, when camped on one of these lakes, the stock stampeded. McBroom jumped on his horse, which was picketed near the wagons, and followed them. After going about five miles he lost the trail in the hills, also the camp, and was compelled to remain out all night without coat or blanket, which is anything but pleasant on account of the nearness to the mountains. Three men started the next morning and about evening brought the stock back. There were two musicians with the party—one playing a flute, the other on a jewsharp. When we rested for a day the boys would have a good time wrestling, boxing, etc., and would wind up with a dance. Surveying is hard work but it is just the thing for students during summer vacation, as all of our party will testify. M.