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Line	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
1 inch	10	8	6	5	4	3	2	1	1	1
2 "	18	14	10	8	6	4	3	2	1	1
3 "	25	18	12	10	8	6	4	3	2	1
4 "	32	22	15	12	10	8	6	4	3	2
5 "	40	28	18	15	12	10	8	6	4	3
6 "	48	34	22	18	15	12	10	8	6	4
7 "	56	40	26	20	16	12	10	8	6	4
8 "	64	46	30	24	18	14	10	8	6	4
9 "	72	52	34	28	20	16	12	10	8	6
10 "	80	58	38	30	22	16	12	10	8	6

Special business notices in Local Column 25 cents per line. Regular local notices 10 cents per line.
For legal and transient advertisements, \$1.00 per square for the first insertion and 50 cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
L. FLINN, G. E. CHAMBERLAIN,
FLINN & CHAMBERLAIN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Albany, Oregon.
Office in Foster's Brick Block, v14n23f.

N. S. STRAHAN, L. BILLYEU,
STRAHAN & BILLYEU,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW,
Albany, Oregon.
PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS OF this State. Give special attention to collection and probate matters.
Office in Foster's new brick, v14n23f.

L. H. MONTANYE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
Notary Public.
Albany, Oregon.
Office upstairs, over John Briggs' store, v14n23f.

J. K. WEATHERFORD,
(NOTARY PUBLIC),
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ALBANY, OREGON.
WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS OF the State. Special attention given to collection and probate matters.
Office in Odd Fellow's Temple, v14n23f.

J. C. POWELL, L. BILLYEU,
POWELL & BILLYEU,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
And Solicitors in Chancery,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Collection and probate matters, loans negotiated on reasonable terms.
Office in Foster's Brick, v14n23f.

T. P. HACKLEMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office up stairs in the Odd Fellow's Temple, v14n23f.

F. M. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEBANON OREGON.
Will practice in all the courts of the State, prompt attention given to collection, conveyance and execution of titles. Exclusive business a specialty. v12n30f.

J. A. YANTIS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CORVALLIS, OREGON.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Office in Court House, v14n23f.

JOHN J. WHITNEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Albany, Oregon.
Will practice in all the Courts of this State. Special attention given to collection. Office up stairs in Proman's new brick, v14n23f.

GEORGE W. BARNES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
Notary Public,
PRINEVILLE, OREGON.
Collections promptly made on all points.

E. R. SKIPWORTH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW AND
NOTARY PUBLIC.
WILL practice in all courts of the State. All business entrusted to me promptly attended to.
Office in O'Toole's Block, Broadway Street, 451 Albany, Oregon.

E. G. JOHNSON, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC
Physician and Surgeon,
Albany, Oregon.
Office in Proman's Brick, two doors East of Conner's Bank, v14n23f.

T. W. HARRIS, M. D.,
Office in Foster's Brick, next door to office of Powell & Billyeu.
Residence in the two-story frame building on South side of Second street, one block and a half East of Wheeler & Dickey's Livery Stable, v14n23f.

DR. E. O. HYDE,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office at Foshay & Mason's.
Residence on Broadway St., Albany, Or. v14n23f.

D. M. JONES, M. D., T. F. SMITH, M. D.,
JONES & SMITH,
Physicians and Surgeons,
Albany, Oregon.
OFFICE—Old Fellow's Temple, over Plummer's Drug Store, 43n3

J. A. DAVIS, M. D.,
Physician, Surgeon,
AND
OBSTETRICIAN,
Albany, Oregon.
HAS RESUMED THE PRACTICE OF HIS profession in this city and vicinity. Office at Old Drug Store. Residence on Fourth street, two blocks west of Court House, v14n23f.

ALBANY COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE
ALBANY, OR.
The First Term will open on Wednesday, September 7th, 1881.
For particulars concerning the course of study and the price of tuition, apply to the President.
REV. ELBERT N. CONDT, President.

ALBANY MEAT MARKET
Fresh Beef, Pork, Mutton,
Veal and Sausage always on hand.
Highest Cash Price paid for all kinds of fat stock. v14n23f.

MONEY is now being made faster than ever by those who work for us. Present either you can make \$50 a week in your own town or you can make \$100 a week in any town. Anyone can run the business. Capital not required. All who engage our company, \$50000.00. Address: H. H. HALL & CO., Retail, Maine.

JAMES DANNALS,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
FURNITURE & BEDDING,
Corner Ferry and Second Streets,
ALBANY, OREGON.
v14n23f.

Farms Wanted.

WE are constantly receiving applications from parties who desire to rent farmsthe coming season, and wish to add to our list of farms to rent. If you want a good renter for the coming season leave a description of your farm with us. We can send you one.

STEWART & GREY,
ALBANY, OR., July 27th, 1881.

J. W. BENTLEY,
Custom Boot & Shoe Maker.
ROOTS AND SHOES made to order, and repairing done with neatness and dispatch, and at low prices. Call and see him. First Street, Albany. 41y1

Oregon Marble Works.
H. A. CLARK, Proprietor.
All kinds of ornamental work done in Marble, Free Stone and Granite. All work done in first-class style and at the lowest rates.
West side of Ferry Street, between Second and Third, ALBANY, OREGON.

MONUMENTS,
Tomb and Grave Stones,
Mantels, Table-Tops,
Washstands, Etc.
All kinds of ornamental work done in Marble, Free Stone and Granite. All work done in first-class style and at the lowest rates.
West side of Ferry Street, between Second and Third, ALBANY, OREGON.

REVERE HOUSE,
Corner First and Ellsworth Albany, Oregon.
This Hotel is fitted up in first class style. Tables supplied with the best market afford. Dining Room in every Room. A good Sample Room for transient Travellers.
Free Coach to and from the Hotel. v14n23f.

FOSHAY & MASON,
Wholesale and Retail,
Druggists and Booksellers,
ALBANY, OREGON.
v14n23f.

NEW YORK SHOPPING!
Everybody delighted with the tasteful and beautiful selections made by Mrs. Lamar, who has never failed to please her customers. New Fall Circular just issued. Send for it. Address
MRS. ELLEN LAMAR,
527 Broadway, New York.

The Corvallis Fruit Co.
Will purchase Plummer dried fruit at full market prices.
Will send a competent person to advise fruit growers as to cultivation of orchards.
Will supply fruit trees of approved sorts at moderate prices.
Will sell Plummer Dried Fruit through Lima, Biscuit and Linn counties.
Letters to be sent to Corvallis Fruit Company, Corvallis, Benton County, Oregon.
WALLIS NASH, President.
JAMES REAPMAN, Sec'y.
January 1, 1881.

NEW BARBER SHOP!
J. H. SURLS, Prop'r.
A GOOD SEA FOAM SHAMPOO goes with each shave. Prices for shaving and hair-cutting made as usual. Rooms opposite McVey's saloon.

Sarsaparilla

In a compound of the virtues of sarsaparilla, siliqua, mandrake, yellow dock, with the iodide of potash and iron, all powerful blood-making, blood-cleansing, and life-sustaining elements. It is the purest, safest, and most effective alternative medicine known or available to the public. The science of medicine and chemistry have never produced so valuable a remedy, nor one so potent to cure all diseases resulting from impure blood. It cures Scrophulous, and all scrophulous diseases. Scrophulous Eruptions, St. Anthony's Fire, Pimples, and Face-grubs, Pustules, Blisters, Boils, Tumors, Tetters, Humors, Salt Rheum, Head-ache, Ring-worms, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Mercurial Disease, Nourishment, Female Weakness, Irregularities, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, and General Debility.

By its searching and cleansing qualities it purges out the foul corrupting which contaminate the blood and cause derangement and decay. It stimulates and enlivens the vital functions, promotes energy and strength, restores and preserves health, and induces new life and vigor throughout the whole system. No sufferer from any disease which has been widely used for many years, and has won the unequalled confidence of millions who it has benefited.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

POSTETTER'S BITTERS

Malaria is and Escarc Vaporos
Poison, spreading disease and death in many localities, for which quinine is no genuine antidote, but for the effects of which Postetter's Bitters is not only a thorough remedy, but a reliable preventive. To this fact there is an overwhelming array of testimony, extending over a period of thirty years. All disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels are also conquered by the Bitters.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

A BARGAIN!

Valuable Property for Sale.
THE ALDEN FRUIT DRYER.
Including the building and lots upon which it is situated, is for sale at a bargain. There are two dryers and they can be sold separately. This is a good opportunity for fruit raisers to secure the best dryer made, at a low price. The lots are very valuable, lying on the river front, and having a railroad switch running by them. It is a good location for a custom flouring mill, foundry, or any such business.

PLES ANAKESIS

DR. S. SHARPE'S EXTERNAL PILE REMEDY
Gives Instant Relief, and is an Infallible CURE FOR ALL KINDS OF PILES.
Sold by Druggists everywhere. Price, \$1.00 per box, prepaid, by mail. Samples sent free to Physicians and all others, by Newstead & Co., Box 3948, New York City. Sole manufacturers of ANAKESIS.

King of the Blood

It is not a "blood-purifier" and tonic, but a blood-purifier and tonic. It is the most powerful and effective blood-purifier and tonic known to the human race. It is the most powerful and effective blood-purifier and tonic known to the human race. It is the most powerful and effective blood-purifier and tonic known to the human race.

Selected Story.

"SANDY BILL."
NEVER EVEN AMONG THIEVES?—A ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROMANCE.
Lock Meise in California.
"Did I know Sandy Bill? Well, I should say so! Smartest and ugliest man ever on the frontier. Knew him first in Dead Man's Gulch when they found the placers there. Bill came down to wash dirt, but he soon got tired of that and took to cards. But cards got away with him. He wasn't strong enough for them. He used to say after he got right bad that the black spots stained his heart and the red ones his hands. He was sullen like at times, and then there was trouble. He'd pull a gun quicker than a flash, and there would be cold meat for the coroner in the wink of an eye. Bad man Bill was. They wanted to get him out of the gulch one, and the camp council held a meeting on it, but the undertaker got the council drunk and made 'em vote. Bill should stay. He was good for one branch of business at least. Bill was cross-eyed and when he got

Poetry.

IF IT WERE TRUE.
If it were really true that you were living,
You whom my soul has always loved
The best,
Could you not come to me once more for-
giving,
And lay your head again upon my
bosom?
If I had known how sadly I should grieve
you—
If I had only known it was the last—
There's nothing in the world had made me
leave you;
And now dear heart the tender dream is
past.
Can you not see how I have missed you,
dearest?
How I regret I ever gave you pain;
How even then I held you first and near-
est?
O, love if you could only come again!
I would be kinder to you; I was fretful;
Life had so much that was so hard to
bear;
I did not understand how self-forgetful—
Your love had lightened every pain or
care.
We grow too sure of those who never give
us
A single anxious thought—they are our
own;
I did not dream that death would dare to
rob
Until I found my priceless treasure
gone.
And now beside your grave I watch the
sunset,
As we go off have watched the changing
skies;
I wonder if this tender purple violet
Has drawn its dreamy beauty from your
eyes.
This golden rod is like your flowing tress-
es,
This lily like your innocent, pure breast,
This wild rose, blushing to the winds ca-
resses,
May owe its bloom to lips my own have
pressed.
I hate these vampire flowers that grow
above you;
I cannot bear to think that you are there;
I feel that you are passing—while I love
you—
To other forms of life, however fair.
Yet, were it really true that you are liv-
ing—
Your own pure life no mocking chance
has known—
Would you not come sweet consolation
giving
For grief and doubt that have so bitter
grown?
You must see clearly from the height
where sorrow
And pain and death have lifted your
white soul;
Can you not give some promise of the
morrow,
If you have found the life is not the
whole?
Can you not come to me, and stoop and
kiss me,
Say you forgive the thoughtless words I
said
(They haunt me now), and that you love
and miss me,
And, oh, my darling that you are not
dead!

Prof. Draper's Theory of How the Big Comet was Formed.

If the comet looked always the same, those who gaze at it through telescopes would be apt to tire of their occupation very quickly. There are many celestial objects that present a far more imposing and brilliant appearance in the telescope. In fact, for a popular observation of the comet, a pair of good opera or field glasses would probably prove more satisfactory than the most powerful telescope. This is because the magnifying power of such glasses being slight, and their brightening effect very great, they show the whole comet, head and tail, at one view with greatly increased brilliancy. In a telescope, on the other hand, only the head and a little of the tail can be seen at once. The great magnifying power brings out the details of the heads such as the nucleus, the coma, and the various envelopes, but the corresponding smallness of the field of view and the loss of light cause disappointment to the observer, being told that such and such powers are used, expect to see a spectacle grand in proportion. The practiced eye of the astronomer quickly detects peculiarities of appearance that an observer unaccustomed to telescopes can barely make out when his attention is specially called to them. If these appearances remained always the same, even professional star gazers would not care to look at them very many times. But if they change in the most wonderful way from day to day, and so the comet remains an object of unflagging interest. It is doubtful whether the head of this comet has presented precisely the same appearance for two consecutive hours since it first appeared in our sky. To the unaccustomed eye it resembles always a bright star, without, however, showing any of the flickering that distinguishes the stars from the planets. But in the telescope the only thing about it that does not appear to change much is the bright dot, or nucleus, in the centre. All the luminous material surrounding this dot is in motion. One night it seems banked up in front of two or three rows or furrows, like surging waves. The next night it appears like a plume shot out in front and blown aside by the wind. Again it forms the most delicate circle about the nucleus, with which it seems connected by spokes of light. Yesterday morning the thickest part of the coma seemed to have been pushed around one side of the nucleus, which it almost embraced in its circle, leaving, however, a distinct gap in one direction. From the nucleus, which on Wednesday morning was as round as the disk of a planet, shot out one or two short bright beams, like tongues of flame, piercing the nebulous envelope behind. All the features of the head are becoming more distinctly visible as the comet rises higher in the sky, and so escapes more and more from the smoke of the city.

"The comet is now in the constellation Camelus," said Prof. Henry Draper in Dobb's Ferry yesterday, "and is rushing along at the pace of half a million miles a day. Rapid changes are going on both in the coma and in the nucleus. When I first saw the comet a week ago the coma curved out and on each side of the nucleus in the attitude of a flying bird. But last night the wings had folded forward, or rather backward, toward the sun. Another remarkable phenomenon was that a large part of the coma has settled upon the nucleus. This is accounted for easily. You would naturally and truthfully presume that as the comet retreats from the sun it would lose its best originally given to it by the sun. The coma is undoubtedly volatile, and as the heat of the nucleus decreases I should expect that the coma would become less in volume and fainter in appearance. Such is the fact; at the nucleus it flashed out to an immense distance on the side toward the sun. Then I remembered that the great Donati comet in 1858 did the same thing, and that comet also gave a thrill or shake all along its tail at the instant when the nucleus burst out toward the sun. I looked anxiously for the similar thrill in this comet's tail, but saw none. The nucleus is a sphere no longer, but is more oblong."

"Have you obtained another photograph?"
"Yes; last night I tried to seize the comet's tail. I knew that the comet is getting among millions of stars, and I wanted to see whether the tail would prove an obstruction to the rays of sunlight coming through it to the earth. I wanted to quiet Mark Twain's fears, and relieve him from his generous self-imposed task of standing on his head with a pole to fend off the comet's tail if it should whisk around this way. He can climb down now, for the stars showed very vividly through the tail. By the way, a curious thing happened in taking the plate. I exposed the plate to the tail of the comet for three hours. The plate was so sensitive that it diffused straight through it. Well, when I was through the experiment, and had developed the negative I started and thought that it had been ruined. It looked as though a shaggy substance had been passed over it, leaving innumerable straight lines all in the same direction. Then I laughed aloud at my blunder. The double motion of counter-clockwise and clockwise motion, and the other that of the comet, had left the stars motions to shift for themselves. And they had pursued their own motion across the plate, leaving little photographs of themselves at every instant, and thus each one formed a continuous line. The photograph is vivid, and as good as can be taken. It is 8" in length. The eastern or convex side is brighter than the concave side, which has become more filmy and delicate."

"Have you aimed to see whether anything can be learned of its composition?"
"Yes, and I am going to keep doing it as long as the comet can be seen. My object is to see if the nucleus gives any but a continuous spectrum. Sunlight does not give a continuous spectrum, but it is broken up with lines which show the presence of many minerals burning. Only a solid body heated to a vaporous condition, gives a continuous spectrum. This is what the spectroscopist showed when directed to the nucleus, but in such an object as a comet a number of observations must be made to arrive at truth. So I looked for absorption lines which are given by incandescent matter shining through gas. If I had got the lines I would have been sure of gas around the nucleus; but the spectrum was continuous."

"My second object," continued Prof. Draper, "was to see whether the tail shone by light reflected from the sun. Now, sunlight, even if reflected from the moon or star, gives lines in the spectrum. But the spectroscopist gave no lines in its spectrum. Therefore the tail shines with its own light."

"My third object was to examine the coma and see whether it is giving out bright bands in its spectrum. Bright bands are due when seen in the spectrum, to compounds of different chemical elements; and lines, to distinct elements. In a spectrum of the electric incandescent light there are bands, and they are broken up, showing a mixture of hydrogen. In the spectrum of the coma of this comet, however, the bands are much softened down by the brilliant continuous spectrum of the tail."

"What then, in your opinion, is the comet made of?"
"The nucleus is either solid or liquid, probably solid and mineral, heated by contact with the sun to just the degree of heat that if you heated it more it would liquefy. I do not believe that the tail nucleus is any hotter than you could heat a mineral on the stove. To gether with this mineral is probably some volatile fluid like naphtha. Our sun falls in with this huge ball wandering in space and attracts it. The comet rushes toward it and the naphtha heats up on the side toward the sun and sets the whole affair on fire. The tail that it throws off I take to be particles thrown off from the nucleus like a rain. The rain drops are probably little more than a circle about the nucleus, with which it seems connected by spokes of light. Yesterday morning the thickest part of the coma seemed to have been pushed around one side of the nucleus, which it almost embraced in its circle, leaving, however, a distinct gap in one direction. From the nucleus, which on Wednesday morning was as round as the disk of a planet, shot out one or two short bright beams, like tongues of flame, piercing the nebulous envelope behind. All the features of the head are becoming more distinctly visible as the comet rises higher in the sky, and so escapes more and more from the smoke of the city."

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right mad it used to make the boys feel good all around. They couldn't understand exactly who he was mad at, for his eye would take in all sides of the room, while he shot a follow once and got off on the plea that it was an accident on this account. Four men were that he was looking right at them, and that his gun went off in the other direction. The Court allowed that a man couldn't be hung because of an infirmity, but said overruling Providence would take in a prominent citizen. For you see there wasn't any getting away from Bill's straight shooting, even if he had crossed eyes. When he had the drop on a man you could bet on a funeral with the same Christian confidence you could on four aces.

But Bill went under and in a queer way too. It was after they found some good loads of free milling quartz above the gulch, and the camp had become a town. Bill was running a bank above the nugget saloon, and he made it pay big. One day a fellow walked into town all rags and misery and went to the bank. Bill was keeping notes, and the minute he saw the stranger he jumped up and walked over to him. There was some talk and they shook hands. Then Bill came back to the table leading the stranger. "Boys," said he, "when I was sick this man doctored me; when I was hungry he fed me; when I crawled out of a rebel stockade in Macon and tried to get North he helped me. My friends are his friends, his enemies are my enemies. No matter how the cards run I'll get 'em in his." Then Bill sat down for he wasn't much of a talker.

The next day the stranger came out in a letter outfit, but it didn't help his looks much. There was something mean about his eyes that looked like the devil's trademark. He had a noisy, blustering way about him, and nobody took to Bill's pet. And it wasn't a good day for Bill when he came either, for after that everything seemed to go wrong. The stranger spent an awful sight of money, and all of it came from Bill. He used to cut up and make bad breaks about the bank, but Bill stood it all and never said a word. If any of the boys growled he'd just take in three angles of the room with his eyes and that settled matters. If they talked to him he'd just shrug his shoulders and say he was a-g.

One day, though, Bill's bank closed. Nobody knew what it was for a while, but when "George," that's what they called the stranger—did turn up, it got gathered up all the loose acids and skipped. Bill would never say so, though. He wouldn't talk about it at all. He just soaked his watch and pin and went in for another pile, with two different expressions in his eyes, one harder than the other. About "George" he never said a word.

He got to drinking pretty hard after that, but his luck was big. It was hard to tell how much he won, for he would talk about it, but he made a nice little pile. He never said anything to any one, and didn't want any friends. Things went on this way for some time after "George" left, and then there was an excitement. Two bronchos had been stolen above the camp, and the thief was caught and brought into town. It was "George," looking more hang-dog and meager than ever. As soon as Bill heard of it he went to the owners of the stock and offered them double the price not to prosecute. They look it and agreed, but the thing had raised a row that a trial was bound to come of anyhow. It didn't though. The day set Georgia escaped jail and got away scot free. There was a good deal of talk about it, and the next time Bill was seen on the streets it was noticed that he didn't wear his watch. He bet low at the tables that evening too.

That changed his luck, and when a gambler's luck changes he's gone. The cards never turn up right after they've got out of the habit. It was bad for Bill. He drank hard and looked hard. He wore his clothes a good deal longer than he used to, and when the snow began to fly he was on the streets without an overcoat. No one could help him, he wouldn't have it. He lived over a little while on an off street, and didn't allow anybody to come near his room. He was surly and bitter and ugly, and when he got into a row with a man he used to beat him with anything he could get his hands on. He was just that in his better days. He'd just shoot and be done with it. So all of the boys sort of kept away from him, and he got a bad name. When he played at all it was with a tin horn crowd, and queer stories become to be circulated after a time. There was a good deal of "holding up" in those days, and people got an idea that Bill might be doing some of it. At any rate a man was killed in front of Bill's place early one morning, and when the crowd came up and found Bill there it was quick enough to think that he had done it. He had been seen with the dead man the night before, and there was another man all muffled with him, but Bill wouldn't say who he was. Fact is he wouldn't answer any questions at all, and when the trial came it did take the jury long to bring in a verdict of guilty. The town was a little scared up, and the people thought there ought to be an example made there was one queer thing about it though. The murdered man had a lot of money, but there wasn't a nickel on Bill. After the verdict, there was an attempt by some of Bill's old friends to get a pardon, but he wouldn't have it. He said he was ready and willing to hang and wanted the show to end as soon as possible. The only thing he seemed uneasy about was as to whether any one else was suspected, and he would ask cautious questions about what people thought and what the stories were concerning the murder. The day before the hanging he wrote a letter, put it in an envelope and addressed it, and then put both in a blank envel-

ope. He gave this to Ready Jim, one of his old time pals, and told him not to take off the blank envelope until after he was dead, and then deliver the letter inside where it was addressed, and keep his mouth shut about the whole business. Ready promised, and the next day Bill was hung and dead game.

After he was dead Ready took off the blank envelope and read the address. It was to "Georgia." That made him curious, and the letter burned his hands. He had always had an idea that there was something behind the murder which Bill was trying to conceal, and he thought that this occurrence might tell what it was. So after holding it four days he gave it to the sheriff, who opened it. This is what was in it:

DEAR OLD PARD.—The game's square. You saved me, and I've saved you. I ain't mad or hurt because you didn't come back and take the murder off my shoulders, for I wanted to get through anyhow. The cards are against me, and there's no use of fighting 'em. I only write this to tell you that some of these d-d fools about here may think queer of the business and look into it, so get as far out of the way as you can. You'd better go home and drop your way of life. There ain't no good in it. Good bye.

That let in a lot of light. "Georgia" had killed the man and Bill shouldn't tell the blame. They tried to find him, but he was gone. He had put out for it when Bill was first tried. They never heard of him again.

"What then, in your opinion, is the comet made of?"
"The nucleus is either solid or liquid, probably solid and mineral, heated by contact with the sun to just the degree of heat that if you heated it more it would liquefy. I do not believe that the tail nucleus is any hotter than you could heat a mineral on the stove. To gether with this mineral is probably some volatile fluid like naphtha. Our sun falls in with this huge ball wandering in space and attracts it. The comet rushes toward it and the naphtha heats up on the side toward the sun and sets the whole affair on fire. The tail that it throws off I take to be particles thrown off from the nucleus like a rain. The rain drops are probably little more than a circle about the nucleus, with which it seems connected by spokes of light. Yesterday morning the thickest part of the coma seemed to have been pushed around one side of the nucleus, which it almost embraced in its circle, leaving, however, a distinct gap in one direction. From the nucleus, which on Wednesday morning was as round as the disk of a planet, shot out one or two short bright beams, like tongues of flame, piercing the nebulous envelope behind. All the features of the head are becoming more distinctly visible as the comet rises higher in the sky, and so escapes more and more from the smoke of the city."

"The comet is now in the constellation Camelus," said Prof. Henry Draper in Dobb's Ferry yesterday, "and is rushing along at the pace of half a million miles a day. Rapid changes are going on both in the coma and in the nucleus. When I first saw the comet a week ago the coma curved out and on each side of the nucleus in the attitude of a flying bird. But last night the wings had folded forward, or rather backward, toward the sun. Another remarkable phenomenon was that a large part of the coma has settled upon the nucleus. This is accounted for easily. You would naturally and truthfully presume that as the comet retreats from the sun it would lose its best originally given to it by the sun. The coma is undoubtedly volatile, and as the heat of the nucleus decreases I should expect that the coma would become less in volume and fainter in appearance. Such is the fact; at the nucleus it flashed out to an immense distance on the side toward the sun. Then I remembered that the great Donati comet in 1858 did the same thing, and that comet also gave a thrill or shake all along its tail at the instant when the nucleus burst out toward the sun. I looked anxiously for the similar thrill in this comet's tail, but saw none. The nucleus is a sphere no longer, but is more oblong."

"Have you obtained another photograph?"
"Yes; last night I tried to seize the comet's tail. I knew that the comet is getting among millions of stars, and I wanted to see whether the tail would prove an obstruction to the rays of sunlight coming through it to the earth. I wanted to quiet Mark Twain's fears, and relieve him from his generous self-imposed task of standing on his head with a pole to fend off the comet's tail if it should whisk around this way. He can climb down now, for the stars showed very vividly through the tail. By the way, a curious thing happened in taking the plate. I exposed the plate to the tail of the comet for three hours. The plate was so sensitive that it diffused straight through it. Well, when I was through the experiment, and had developed the negative I started and thought that it had been ruined. It looked as though a shaggy substance had been passed over it, leaving innumerable straight lines all in the same direction. Then I laughed aloud at my blunder. The double motion of counter-clockwise and clockwise motion, and the other that of the comet, had left the stars motions to shift for themselves. And they had pursued their own motion across the plate, leaving little photographs of themselves at every instant, and thus each one formed a continuous line. The photograph is vivid, and as good as can be taken. It is 8" in length. The eastern or convex side is brighter than the concave side, which has become more filmy and delicate."

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"Have you aimed to see whether anything