WEEKLY CORVALLIS GAZETTE

CORVALLIS, - - OCTOBER 3, 1879.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

Dear little Sadie was "sweet sixteen,"
Eyes of the softest, sweet blue,
Hair of the sunniest golden sheen,
Face of an angel, fair and true;
Daintier fairy there never was seen
Than dear little Sadie at "sweet sixteen."

The little white hand that lay in my own,
Timid its pressure, I feel it yet;
Tender the music her lips intone,
Sweetest of voices, I cannot forget!
Sweeter than warble of song birds, I ween,
Sadie's low laughter at "sweet sixteen."

Sometimes I feel—'tis a dream, I know—
Her dear face bending close to my own;
And I hear in the twilight, soft and low,
My own name called in her sweetest tone;
And, nonsense, when she was sixteen, you see,
Bless you, my boy, I was thirty-three.

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"Oh, what a lovely bunch of pansies! Is it possible they are for me?" I exclaimed, to a tiny, brown-eyed girl who placed a fragrant bouquet of the gold and purple dewey blooms in a hammock in which I was idly swinging under the big maple.

"Auntie Lee sent them," said the little child, "and she hopes the mountain air will soon make you well, and she's your neighbor down under the hill."

"Who is this neighborly Auntie Lee?" I asked the woman with whom I boarded, when next day she came within hearing of my voice.

"Oh, then, she's sent you some posies?" replied the talkative Mrs. Evans, coming briskly from the garden and sitting down on the steps of the little porch so that she might entertain me while she was shelling the peas, thus "killing tew birds with one stun," as she said. "I was a-wonderin' not tew minutes ago how long 'twould be afore she'd find out about ye an' send ye suthin'. I can't see, for my part, how she can afford to do as she does."

"Why, what does she do?" I asked.

"Oh, she says she aims to be neighborly, and if anybody happens to be sick anywhere around she sends 'em little things to eat and flowers to cheer 'em up, as she says, and she always has her knitting work in her pocket, and her odd jobs of knitting, as she calls it, grows out like magic into gloves and mittens and wristlets, and stockin's that she gives away."

"To her friends—people fully able to buy them, I suppose?"

"Oh dear, no. To poor children and to ole men and women that I s'pose are really needy, and that set great store by her warm and handsome presents, for her yarns are as bright as her flowers, and I've told my man a good many times that the color went half toward makin' her little gift so welcome. An' then she has so much comp'ny."

"Rich people from the city, whose visits she returns?"

"Oh land sakes! no; poor folks that are tickled almost to death to get an invitation to her pleasant little home. Yes, her home is an amazin' pleasant one, though her man is only a poor mechanic. She's always a sayin' that she'd rather do a little good every day as she goes along than to be a-waitin' tew do some great thing when she gets able, an' then, perhaps, lose her opportunity and never do nothin'. I told her one day last year, says I, 'Miss Lee, I should ruther be puttin' somethin' in the bank for a rainy day than be givin' away all the time.' And says she, 'Mrs. Evings, that's your way, and it's a good way. I don't find no fault with it, but all these things that I give away would never get into the bank, and so you see they'd be lost, an' I should pass away without ever doin' anything for my Master. An' I don't want to go to bed at night without thinkin' that I have tried that day to brighten some fellow-mortal's burden, brought a smile to some face or a streak o' sunshine to some heart, if its only givin' a bunch o' posies in the right speret.'"

"And those flowers cost her a good deal, at first and last, I suppose?" said I caressing my pansies.

"Oh, 'twould cost me a good deal to run such a garden as she does, but Miss Lee says she's not stong, so she gets fresh air, sun baths and exercise in her garden and spends her time workin' in there instead of visitin'. She returns all her calls by sendin' her compliments with a bunch o' posies."

"She hires some one to carry them about, I presume?"

"Massy, no. There isn't a child in the village but would run its legs off for Auntie Lee," and having finished shelling her mess of peas, my talkative little hostess trotted off about their work again, saying, as she disappeared through the doorway,—

"It's well enough to be neighborly, of course; but Miss Lee might see the time when she'd a wished she had a little somethin' out at interest."

The Vermont air agreed with me, my health gradually improving, and I staid on and on, week after week spending a part of my time, when the weather did not positively forbid, in my hammock under the maples.

As yet I had not once seen my neighbor, Auntie Lee, but grew to love her on account of the pretty nosegays that continually found their way from her hand to mine by one and another of her children messengers.

One night, late in August, there was a heavy thunder-shower. The sudden downfall of rain swelled the little river that skirted our village to a veritable mountain torrent. A milldam some miles up the stream had broken away and the angry flood came rushing down, sweeping all before it.

"Auntie Lee's husband's shop is gone," shouted my hostess, Mrs. Evans, as she knocked at my door in the early morning after the storm; "and that's not the worst on't, for her garden is all washed out and undermined, so that'll take a pretty pile o' money to fix it up again. I wonder now ef Miss Lee don't wish she hadn't been so neighborly, and so had a little somethin' out at interest," and it really seemed to me as if the little woman was chuckling to herself as she patted down the stairs.

In less than half an hour she came back to my room with as doleful a looking vissage as I ever saw. "Whatever is a-goin' to become o' me and my man?" she cried; "and we a-gettin' to be old folks, tew. Our savin's were all in the stock comp'ny up to Minotsville, in there because they paid more interest than the bank; we only tuk it out o' the bank a little while ago, an' now their old mill has gone clean off, an' they'll all go to gineral smash and we along with 'em;" and this time she went groaning down the stairs. I could hardly help pitying the poor woman from the bottom of my heart.

There was great excitement in the little village, as a matter of course, but Auntie Lee was reported to be as "chipper" as ever. The nosegays came to me every day as usual, not quite so many nor so great a variety as formerly, for a part of the garden had been wasted away, but enough to give me an increased admiration for the sweet old lady who was so persistent and unwearying in her neighborly acts of kindness.

The next Monday's local newspaper had this unique notice at the head of the village items:

"All who have ever been the recipients of kindly deeds from Auntie Lee, and who would like to reciprocate now in their day of misfortune, are invited to bring their supper to Oak Grove on Thursday afternoon at five o'clock, and talk the matter up over a neighborly cup of tea."

At the time appointed I had a carriage come to take my hostess and me, and my basket of cakes and buns fresh from the bakery, to the beautiful grove. As we were driven along I was surprised to see so many people, lunch-basket in hand, speeding in the same direction.

"Almost every body in town is going," said Mrs. Evans, "high an' low, rich an' poor."

As I was being assisted to a seat, a gentle, motherly little woman spread a soft shawl over the back of the chair intended for me and quickly folded another shawl for my lame foot to rest upon.

"This is Auntie Lee," said Mrs Evans, and the sweet-faced little woman and I looked into each other's faces with a little curiosity, perhaps, as well as sympathy, and shook hands cordially.

"I don't know what all these good people are to do with Elijah and me," she said, with a smile that was as genial as a sunbeam, "but the minister would have us come, and he and his wife drove around for us."

The minister ascended the platform just then, and after tenderly yet impressively invoking the divine blessing, he looked down benighly upon the faces upturned to his, and with a touching intonation of voice asked "Who is my neighbor?" He then went on to tell how Auntie Lee answered that question in regard to himself.

"When I first became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Lee," he said, "I was finishing my theological studies here in the village with Dr. Mills, and they had just married and settled down in their little house yonder, which they had inherited. One day I was sent for to preach on trial in the adjoining town of Luxboro'. My only coat was worn threadbare, extensively patched, and I had no way of procuring another. Feeling sorely grieved and dispirited, I started out for a walk, and for the sake of telling my trouble to some fellow creature, and with no thought of receiving any aid in the premises, I turned into Mrs. Lee's house, and read to her the invitation I had from Luxboro', and frankly told her why I could not go at present. "Leave it to the Lord," said the good woman, and forthwith she proceeded to take my measure with a piece of tape. 'Go home,' she continued, 'write your sermon and come here again on Saturday morning.' I obeyed. I subsequently found that the woman had actually taken a piece of cloth that she had laid by in the house for a cloak for herself, and, tailoress as she was by trade, had cut and made me a coat from it. I preached my first sermon in it, and shortly received and accepted my first call."

"Oh, dear," whispered Auntie Lee from her seat by my side, "he's paid me for that coat every New Year's since, and it wasn't much for me to do after all."

Major Sanford, the richest man in the town, was the next to take the stand. The old people smiled and nodded their heads, but the young folks looked at each other and wondered what he could be indebted to Auntie Lee for.

"When I was a boy," the Major began, "I was bound out in H—— to a very, very bad master, from whom I determined to run away. I availed myself of an opportunity to escape one Saturday afternoon, when I was sent to the pasture to salt the cattle. I came straight over the mountain to this place. I wanted to get out of the State as soon as possible, so came directly to the bridge down there at the river, which is, you know, the New Hampshire boundary. Just after I had stepped upon Vermont soil, I overtook on the road Mr. and Mrs. Lee, young people then. They had a basket and a spade, and had been digging up wild flowers to transplant in their garden. Although an entire stranger, they accosted me kindly. Noticing that I had been crying, Mrs. Lee asked me my trouble. Before I knew it I had blurted out the whole story, and had been invited by her to go home with them and stay over Sunday. I was, of course, only too grateful to accept the invitation. After supper we set out the plants, and then Mr. Lee took me with him down to the hill to the bank of the brook, as we called it then, and into his little machine shop. I evinced my fondness for tools, and confided to him an invention that had in a crude form long had possession of my brain. Being a natural mechanic, he saw the utility of my invention at a glance. The subject was not mentioned on the morrow, which was a quiet, restful day to me. Mrs. Lee loaned me a clean linen suit belonging to her husband, and I went to church with them. The next day Mr. Lee went over to H—— and made terms with my master, because Mrs. Lee said she could not allow me to feel like a runaway. Then Mr. Lee took me into his employment and gave me a corner in his shop, where I could, at odd moments, work at my model. My invention proved a success, and made my fortune, as you all know. I am thankful, my dear friends, that I am able to repair the damage done to the dear little homestead and to rebuild my old friend's shop," and Major Sanford sat down, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, while his delighted audience applauded vociferously.

"Dear heart!" said Auntie Lee to me, "what was he talking about? He's paid us over and over, and he's tried and tried to make Elijah go into partnership with him, but he would not, and I won't let him."

Then quickly followed one-minute speeches by the score.

"They kept me three months when I was sick and homeless," said one. "I made their house my home for weeks when I was out of work," said another. Ten homeless working girls were married in their parlor, and went out into the world with their blessing. There was a great number of touching little speeches from those who had received flowers and delicacies in illness, and warm garments in time of need.

And so from them all flowed contributions of money, the greatest part of which was safely placed in bank for the benefit of the Lees when old age and failing strength should overtake them.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Evans to Auntie Lee, "you've been lendin' to the Lord, and he pays the best interest after all. I never could understand before; but I do now."

"There are some of us so poor that we cannot give such as we have. A smile or a kind word even will come back to us in kind," said Auntie Lee, and we all brushed away the tears that we could not suppress while these touching speeches were being made, and we went to our homes.

Smitten with the Circus Fever.

After the performance was over at the circus, says a Nevada exchange, a young man called on Chiarini and said he wanted to see him on private business. The veteran took him into his office, and received him with the usual politeness.

"I came up all the way from Carson to see the show, and I'd like to join," said the young man.

"Gh, I see, said the circus man; "you are a well-formed, healthy-looking young fellow, and I like to encourage such as you." The youth's face brightened.

"You don't chew, smoke or drink, I hope?"

"Oh, no; honor bright—except soda and beer."

"You must leave off these bad habits. They weaken the muscles and paralyze the nerves. You can soon stop drinking, but your salary will not be large until you have overcome these tendencies. A little lemonade—circus lemonade—is all the performers drink. Call at 11 o'clock to-morrow morning and I will see what I can do. You musn't expect over $50 a week, though, at first. We never pay high salaries until we know what a man can do."

The delightful Carsonite went away, and next morning was on hand.

Chiarini took him to a tent where three immense Bengal tigers were caged. Handing him a curry-comb and a pair of shears, he remarked:

"Your duties will be comparatively light at first. You will go into the cage and curry the tigers down every morning, and about once a week cut their claws; keep 'em down pretty short, so that when they attack the tiger-tamers, Mr. Wilson, they won't lacerate him much. Sometimes, but not more than once a month, you may have occasion to file their teeth. You just throw the animal on his back and hold his head between your knees. If he acts rough, belt him in the nose a few times. Keep pelting him until he quiets down."

"Haven't you got a vacancy in the art department?" asked the young man from Carson.

"Is art in your line?" inquired Chiarini.

"Yes," drawled the young man. "In the circuses I have always run with I was employed to print the stripes on the zebra. I killed so many tigers keepin' 'em straight that the boss wouldn't let me handle 'em. He said I used 'em too rough."

Chiarini swears that the terror from Carson shall have the first vacancy.

The Australian Exhibitions.

Mr. O. M. Spencer, United States Consul General at Melbourne, Australia, transmits to the Department of State a very full report of the proposed Exhibitions at Sydney and Melbourne. The first opens on the 1st of September, 1879, and will close on the 31st of March, 1880. That at Melbourne opens on the 1st of October, 1880, and closes on the 31st of March, 1881. This Exhibition will be held in the Carlton Gardens, comprising an area of 65 acres. Nearly all the leading European goverments have signified their intention of being present by royal commissioners. All of the Australasian colonies have entered heartily into the enterprise. The English Government has taken a warm and decided interest in it. The Prince of Wales and others of the royal family will visit the Exhibition. The Duke of Genoa will come out in an Italian man-of-war, and France and Germany will be represented in a similar manner. The relation which exists between the Sydney and Melbourne exhibitors is one of generous rivalry and cordial co-operation. The two cities will soon be connected by railway. There are several lines of steamships now plying regularly between the two places, with low rates for freight. The expense of transferring goods from Sydney to Melbourne will be moderate, including storage. Goods will be received at the latter exhibition building on the 1st of June, 1880.

All the usual facilities accorded at previous international fairs in other countries will be liberally afforded at Melbourne. The protection of inventions capable of being patented is fully secured. Should the United States decide not to send out a man-of-war, it is advisable to ship all heavy goods in sailing vessels, via the Cape, not later than February, 1880. Goods from the Pacific slope and parcels of great value and small bulk may be shipped via San Francisco by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, which runs a monthly line of steamers from San Francisco to Sydney. Show cases, shelving, belting, etc., may be procured in Melbourne at low rates, at the cost of the exhibitors.—*Scientific American.*

WHAT OUR BOYS AND GIRLS ARE READING.—*Sunday Afternoon* for September, says: The flashy newspapers that are sold upon the news-stands, and the vile publications that are hawked about more secretly, are not, however, the whole of the mischievous reading that falls into the hands of our boys and girls. The libraries, the public libraries, the Sunday-school libraries, furnish them with a great deal of reading that, as they use it, is extremely hurtful to them. The statistics that our librarians give us, showing the great excess of novels over all other classes of books issued to the patrons of the libraries, give us food for rather discouraging reflection. From the Hartford Public Library one boy took 102 novels in six months, and a girl 112 in the same time. Think of the condition of these children's minds at the end of such a carnival of sensations! Even though no books of positively immoral character are admitted into the public libraries, it is clear that the provision of so much mental excitement for our young people is doing them great damage. The late convention of librarians in Boston discussed this matter very earnestly and tried to reach some practical conclusions. One radical suggestion was that a city or town has no right to tax the people for the furnishing of mere amusement to anybody, and that therefore no fiction that is not clearly educational in its character should find room upon the shelves of the public libraries. Another proposition was that school children (and the restriction need not be limited to children at school) should not be allowed to take more than one story a week. That rule ought to be immediately adopted and rigidly enforced in all public libraries. It is simple debauchery for any young person to read more than one novel a week.

In Praise of Light Brahmas.

Every variety of fowls has one or more points of excellence, but by almost universal consent the light Brahma combines the largest number of good qualities. A dozen poultry fanciers may disagree about the merits of the breed of fowls they severally prefer, but they will all unite on the light Brahma as their second choice. "If fine feathers" alone made "fine birds," there would be no other fowls in the poultry yard than the Dominique and the silver-spangled Hamburg. If one desires "a cock that crows in the morn," and a hen that will do a large amount of work in the vegetable and flower garden, he can not do better than keep the ordinary barnyard fowls. If a person keeps poultry for the purpose of witnessing "lively chicken contests," he will find the game fowls exactly suited to gratify his desires. The Java fowl is more elegant than the light Brahma, the black Spanish supports a more lofty comb, the Leghorn produces more eggs, the buff Cochin will attain a larger size, the Dorkin will endure more severe weather without injury, and the Houdan will afford more delicate flesh. There are also breeds that mature earlier, that are more persistent sitters, or that require an incubator or a hen of another breed to hatch their eggs. In short, that is a breed of fowls that excels all others in some desirable characteristic.

For a "general purpose" fowl, however, there is none that compares with the light Brahma. It has a comely form and good size. It has fine plumage, that is not liable to injury unless the bird is confined in close, dirty quarters. When allowed the run of an open yard or a small, clean lot, the feathers are not liable to become discolored. The white feathers that cover the body of the bird are relieved by the dark ones about the neck and on the wings and tail. The plumage of the light Brahma is not liable to injury in the coops in which they are sent to market. It is generally remarked that chickens of this breed arrive at a distant market in a more presentable condition than those of other varities, and on this account, if no other, they ordinarily obtain ready sale. They have no drooping tail feathers to be broken, no large wattles and combs to be injured during transportation.

The eggs of the Brahma are of large size and well shaped. A dozen of them will weigh more than an equal number of those produced by hens of almost any other breed. As winter layers they have an established reputation. As eggs laid in winter are worth from two to five times as much as those dropped during the spring or summer, the value of the eggs produced by a Brahma hen is generally greater than of those laid by fowls that are regarded as better egg producers. The hens are faithful, but not persistent, setters. They will rarely abandon a nest of eggs on which they have commenced to set. It is comparatively easy, however, to break up their desire for setting, when they will return to laying. As the Brahma hen is heavy, she is likely to break the eggs of those breeds which produce thin shells, but the eggs of her own production are of sufficient strength to sustain her weight on the nest.

As mothers, the Brahmas are kind, affectionate, faithful, watchful and provident. Being peaceable and quiet in their dispositions, they never engage in quarrels with other fond mothers who are rearing families in the same neighborhood. Their example in this respect might be followed to good advantage by other birds, as well as by human mothers. As Brahmas seldom wander far from the place set apart for their occupancy, their chicks are not liable to be carried off by hawks or devoured by small animals. As the body of the Brahma is heavy and its wings comparatively small, it is not inclined to attempt to fly long distances. It is easily fenced in or fenced out of a yard. It uses its feet for the purpose of walking upon the ground, and not for that of scratching it in pieces. It has respect for flower beds, in which matter it shows its superiority over many men. It endures confinement submissively, but rejoices in the freedom of the open field.

In short, the light Brahma is a comely, useful, respectable and well-behaved bird in all the walks of life. Its virtues are many, its faults are few. Apparently, it does not know the meaning of vice in any of its various forms. During a somewhat protracted stay in this country it has endeared itself to thousands in every State in the Union. It has made many friends and few enemies. It is a favorite with persons of all ages and of both sexes. It has gained its excellent and wide-spread reputation through merit alone. It never sounds its own praise with a loud voice. The male seldom crows, and when he does it is not in the tone or manner of the braggart. The cackle of the female is only loud enough to inform her owner that a visit to her nest will not be unrewarded. Among the gayer and more boisterous birds of the poultry yard she walks a quiet, modest Quaker, conscious that her life is well spent and that the world is better for her presence in it.

But the benefits conferred by the light Brahma fowl do not terminate with death. Its body is left as a rich legacy for the living. On the table, at the market or the mansion, dressed or undressed, raw or cooked, plain or garnished, it presents a tempting appearance, and this appearance is by no means deceptive. The flesh is tender, white and of delicate flavor. The fowl when tolerably well matured is very plump, the flesh well supplied with fat, the whole covered with a skin of rich and most agreeable color. A few very peculiar people who delight in the rapid development peculiar to Young America, who admire boys who carry a revolver at ten, and girls who wear long dresses at twelve, condemn the light Brahma because it has not a full coat of feathers when it has been out of the shell but eight weeks, and because it is not in prime condition for the gridiron when the first strawberries appear. These persons, however, are chronic grumblers whose complaints are unworthy of consideration.

A fine art gallery is to be opened in London, the character of which will be purely dramatic, and the object to bring together a variety of paintings illustrative of theatrical art, including portraits of deceased and living actors. It is intended, also, that the distinguishing feature of the collection shall consist solely of contributions from actors and actresses of the British stage, although a collection of pictures by the most talented of our scenic artists will likewise be added. Most of the leading actors and actresses have already subscribed their names in the list of contributors.

A pair of ears that go on a head of civilization—Pioneers and frontiers.

The August Meteors.

[Scentific American.]

On the 10th of August last the earth, in its accustomed journey through space, reached the outer edge of the supposed meteoric ring which it annually passes through at this period of the year. In the vicinity of New York large numbers of meteors were seen during the night of August 10th, some of them being of comparatively large size, very bright, and leaving long trails. Doctor Lewis Swift, in a recent letter to the Rochester *Express*, gives the following information concerning these remarkable heavenly bodies:

Meteoric astronomy now takes rank as a distinctive branch of astronomical science. Not forty yeyrs have elapsed since it was ascertained that star showers are periodical. Even then, and for many years after, it was supposed there were but two, called the August and November showers. Now, not less than one hundred have been detected, and others are constantly being added to the list. The accounts of the showers that occurred in ancient times came down to us clothed in such extravagant language that, until the great star shower of November 13, 1833, astronomers were loth to believe them. Now they know not only the cause, but are able to predict their recurrence with almost as much exactness as eclipses, and the popular mind observes these displays with equanimity and delight instead of fear and alarm, or thinking the day of judgment has come. Science has disarmed not only them, but eclipses and comets as well, of their terrors.

All know what a shooting star looks like, but no living man can tell us what it really is, for not one has ever been known to reach the earth. Those heavy, stony, and still more weighty metallic masses, called meteorites, meteoric stones, etc., which occasionally fall to the earth from the celestial regions, of which the one that recently fell in Iowa was a remarkable example, belong to another class of objects entirely, of the origin of which man knows nothing.

A shooting star is only visible while undergoing the process of combustion, which lasts from one to three seconds, seldom longer. Previous to this they exist in a dark, probably solid condition, not much, if any, larger than peas, too small to be seen by daylight, and at night, being in the earth's shadow, are eclipsed and consequently invisible. Only while being burned are they visible to us, as then they shine by their own light.

Each meteoroid moves in an orbit, revolving around the sun with as much regularity as the larger planets. In fact, each is in every sense of the word a planet, obeying strictly the laws of gravitation and planetary motion. All space is filled with them; they are as numerous as the sand. The earth and they in their journey around the sun encounter each other; the earth, by its superior attraction, draws them toward it, but to reach it they must pass through the atmosphere, which not one is able to do. Only meteoric stones are able to reach the earth, and they have their surfaces blackened and converted to scoria by the terrible heat engendered by the friction with the atmosphere and by arrested motion.

Shooting stars move in all directions, and at velocities probably equal to the earth's, nearly nineteen miles a second. One moving retrograde, therefore (from east to west), would plunge into the atmosphere at a relative velocity of some thirty-eight miles a second, and, if allowance be made for accelerated motion caused by the earth's attraction, probably double that, or seventy-five miles a second. The encounter is fearful, and but for the atmosphere which acts as a cushion, the effect would be disastrous, for not less than 800,000,000 would rain upon the earth every day.

The source from whence these meteoroids come is comets, especially from their tails. The tail of the great comet of 1811 was 150,000,000 miles in length and 15,000,000 in diameter. It is improbable in the highest degree that the comet could gather its tail to itself again. It is left behind, forming part of a ring, which in time may become continuous. Another comet comes and it does the same, and during the ages which are past this process has been going on till the interplanetary spaces are filled with not only meteoroids, but something still more marvelous.

In about three thousand years that great comet will return again and repeat the process, forming part of another ring, or adding to the first, depending on circumstances which need not be considered here. Whenever the earth, in its annual journey, passes through any ring made by some comet, no man knows when, we get a star shower. The four most notable ones in our times take place at the following dates, namely, on the mornings of August 11 and November 14, and the evenings of November 24 and 27. The last two are caused by the earth passing through the track of meteoroids left behind by the fragments of Bida's comet, which divided into two parts in 1845. In this way meteoric rings are formed, of which the solar system is filled, but none are visible to us, except those the earth passes through. By some such process was the August ring formed, which the earth passed diagonally through on the evening of the 10th and morning of the 11th of the present month.

The first August shower mentioned in history occurred on July 25, A. D. 811, and has appeared with unfailing regularity down to our time, except a break of eighty-three years between 841 and 924, and another and much longer one of three hundred and ten years, between 933 and 1243, owing, probably, to breaks in the ring, or, which is more likely, to a failure to record them. The period of the above comet is about one hundred and twenty-three years, and it will therefore make its next appearance about the year 1985.

The eccentricity of the August ring is very great, its perihelion distance being equal to that of the earth, and its aphelion distance far beyond the orbit of Neptune, making the circumference of the ring more than 11,000,000,000 miles, and as the earth is ten days passing through it, its thickness must be at least 16,000,000 miles.

Tulare Lake, thirty-three by twenty-two miles, has been for two years past gradually drying up. Great wheat fields cover a great area over which, three years ago, steamers floated. California fashion, the lake sinks, through which its waters find outlet into subterranean channels, whose course and destination are not traceable. Fish abound, and thousands are continually whirled away in the vortexes.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and the neighbors lie about us when we grow up.

TIRED MEN.—The Colton *Semi-Tropic* contains the following paragraph, which is applicable to a great many localities on the Pacific coast: We have no room for men who are too proud or too tired to work. We have now a large surplus of "Resting men" who would be frightened to death if they found a job of work. These we certainly have enough of. But men who can come with a small amount of ready money, and who are able and willing to work and economize as they do in other States, we can safely promise them a good living and a competence in the near future. To be sure there is the same depression existing here that, just now is world-wide, but it arises from no local cause and will soon pass away. Even now cheering reports reach us from the East, and another twelve-month will see the tide of prosperity commencing its glad work among us.

An infant daughter of John Wagner was, without his consent, baptized by a Catholic priest, in Indianapolis. Wagner, being a Protestant, was displeased, and has sued to compel the erasure of the child's name from the baptismal record of the church.

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Have never been broken open and robbed by burglars or robbers.
Hall's burglar work is protected by letters patent, and his work cannot be equaled lawfully.
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Hall's Safes and Locks can be relied on at all times.
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THEY ARE THE BEST SAFE
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To any person who can prove that one of Hall's patent burglar-proof safes has ever been broken open and robbed by burglars up to the present time.
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From a Merchant.
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D. D. BUNNELL.
Latest Medical Endorsements.
MARTINEZ, Cal., Feb. 17, 1879.
W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co., 720 Market street, S. F.—Dear Sir: In regard to your Cal. Elastic Truss, I would say that I have carefully studied its mechanism, applied it in practice, and I do not hesitate to say that for all purposes for which Trusses are worn it is the best Truss ever offered to the public.
Yours truly. J. H. CAROTHERS, M. D.
Endorsed by a Prominent Medical Institute.
SAN FRANCISCO, March 6, 1879.
W. J. Horne, Esq.—Dear Sir. You ask my opinion of the relative merits of your Patent Elastic Truss, as compared with other kinds that have been tested under my observation, and in reply I frankly state, that from the time my attention was first called to their simple, though highly mechanical and philosophical construction, together with easy adjustibility to persons of all ages, forms and sizes. I add this further testimonial with special pleasure, that the several persons who have applied to me for aid in their cases of rupture, and whom I have advised to try yours, all acknowledge their entire satisfaction, and consider themselves highly favored by the possession of your improved Elastic Truss.
Yours truly, BARLOW J. SMITH, M. D.
Proprietor of the Hygienic Medical Institute, 635 California street, San Francisco.
A Remarkable Cure.
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W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss, 720 Market street, San Francisco—Dear Sir: I am truly grateful to you for the wonderful CURE your valuable Truss has effected on my little boy. The double Truss I purchased from you has PERFECTLY CURED him of his painful rupture on both sides in a little over six months. The Steel Truss he had before I bought yours caused him cruel torture, and it was a happy day for us all when he laid it aside for the CALIFORNIA ELASTIC TRUSS. I am sure that all will be thankful who are providentially led to give your Truss a trial. You may refer any one to me on the subject. Yours truly,
WM. PERU, 638 Sacramento St.
This is to certify that I have examined the son of Wm. Peru, and find him PERFECTLY CURED of Hernia, on both sides.
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Corvallis, April 7, 1879. 15tf