

Corvallis, July 1, 1881.

## OUR JUVENILES.

## How It Rained Kites One Night.

The steady rain on the morning  
Had filled the ways with an overflow  
Of water, mixed with slush and ice,  
That made the traveling awful but nice.  
Who would be out that stormy night?  
No corner yet had cheered my sight,  
As, at the darkening window-pane,  
I paused, and passed, and passed again.

One was abroad whom we two knew—  
Daddy said I, that is not you;  
We listened till the tinkling bell  
Of nearing horse-car broke the spell.  
Hark! did it stop before our door?  
With feet that hardly felt the floor  
I tripped down from the story higher,  
While Doty, sick, stayed by the fire.

The night-latch clicked, and who stepped in  
But papa, buttoned to his chin;  
And close behind him such a lot  
Of a wee white-and-malty kit!

So wet it felt almost dripped,  
As through my eager hands it slipped,  
When I went chasing this wee elf,  
That thus had introduced itself.

But hereby hangs another tale!  
Outside across a sudden wall,  
That sent me flying to the door  
Still more astonished than before.

And straightaway there stalked in another,  
As like the first as its twin-brother!  
"Enough!" I cried; "no room for more!"  
And, there two in, I shut the door.

How many more rained down that night,  
If they were gray, or black, or white,  
We did not ask, nor did we care,  
Certain that we had caught our share.

Two days we studied well each out,  
To know which one was this or that;  
But Doty now has solved the riddle,  
And calls one "Growler," and one "Cuddie."

—Litt's Companion.

## Boys, Don't Block Up Your Way.

I was sitting in the office of a merchant not long since, when a lad about 16 entered with a cigar in his mouth. He said to the gentleman:

"I would like to get a situation in your shop, to learn a trade, sir."

"I might give you a place, but you carry a bad recommendation in your mouth," said the gentleman.

"I don't think it any harm to smoke, sir; nearly every one smokes now."

"I am sorry to say, my young friend, I can't employ you. If you have money enough to smoke cigars you will be above working as an apprentice, and if you have not money enough, your love for cigars might make you steal it. No boy who smokes cigars can get employment in my shop."

A word to the wise is sufficient.—The Banner.

## A Surprise Party.

"I say, girls, if we're going to give a surprise party, let's do some good with it," said Eva Carlton, a bright, frank, fearless girl, whom her comrades called "General."

"Give it to the minister," suggested Ada Campbell.

"The minister don't want it. He has a good salary and it is promptly paid. Besides, he has had the parsonage furnished, and we should spoil the new carpets; and, thirdly and lastly, he don't like surprise parties," said the first speaker. "No; I move that we select some person who won't take it as an insult to be presented with our good things."

"I can only think of Betty Hoyle, who lives in a part of the old Trumble house," said one of the girls.

"The very person! I never thought of Betty for the reason that I haven't seen her lately."

"She has been sick with a fever," said another voice, "but she is up and about the house now. I saw her to-day at the window, looking very pale and sad."

"We'll try to cheer her, then," said Eva. "Let me see! Her mother has a large family?"

"Five or six little children. Betty is the eldest, and the mother is poor enough these hard times. She washed for mother last week, and I heard her say there were days in which there had been neither fire nor food in the house."

"Awful!" was the response, while a sympathetic chill went round the circle; and Betty is such a nice, ladylike little girl—so womanly."

"She has to be, for there is very little help at home beside her. It's too bad she has to work so, for she is anxious to get an education. I have seen her cry when she brought excuses for absence, and, of course, had to lose her marks."

"Suppose we widen the roll of our benevolence," said Eva, who had been thinking. "Let us get some cheap calico and make a few aprons—and, no doubt, we can all find some cast-off clothes that are still good. I know I can. Mamma was saying only yesterday, she wished she knew where to send some good woolen clothes that Jimmy has outgrown; and I am sure that there are plenty in my wardrobe that I never wear."

"Can't we manage some coal and wood?"

"I'm afraid not; but perhaps we can make up a little purse, and Mrs. Hoyle can buy what she likes from it."

"I don't suppose they hardly ever saw pound cake," said little Amy Bonnell, whose wistful eyes were full of sympathy.

"No, puss, I don't believe they hardly ever did," laughed back Eva, "but we will make them a whole one, won't we, girls? And now shall we put it to vote?" she asked.

The vote was taken, and it was decided by the small society of the "Social Midgets," as they formally called themselves, to have a surprise party at the old Trumble house on the following Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

On that day the old broken clock in the corner, only relic of better days, was just striking 7 as the Hoyles, big and little, sat down to tea.

I said tea, but there was only a pitcher of water on the table, and a cake made of Indian meal, which, with the aid of a little jug of black molasses, constituted a supper for seven persons. A cheerful fire burned in the open fireplace, for the boys found refuse wood enough during the day to keep them warm.

Betty, pinched-looking and pale, sat up with the rest, but she only tasted a mouthful of the bread.

"I wish I could have got some wheat bread," said her mother. "I should if I hadn't owed 'em at the baker's, but the man there always scowls so if I don't bring the money that I really hadn't the heart to go."

"Never mind, mother; I'm not very hungry," cried Betty, with the ghost of a smile.

"Bless me! Who is that?" cried the good woman, hurriedly putting away the remnants of their poor meal.

"It's lots of 'em," said little Tom, flattening his nose at the window.

"Yes, it's lots of us!" cried Eva Carlton, as the girls filed in, sprinkled with a goodly number of boys. "Why, Betty, I didn't know you had been sick till a day or two ago. Don't try to find chairs for all of us; we can sit on the floor, in the window seats—everywhere."

"We brought a few jellies for you, Betty," said Eva, pointing to the baskets, which were soon emptied of their contents, "and a little nice cake. I know how it is; sick people don't relish home cooking. Now I can tell you we've come to have a good time."

And they did have a good time. The little Hoyles opened all their little eyes to twice their usual size at sight of the goodies that at a later hour were spread out upon the pine table.

"Dishes, bless you!" said Eva, laughing, "we don't want dishes! This is a picnic!" And they proved that they did not want them.

As for Betty, the shy girl was never so happy in her life. Her schoolmates did not look down upon her because she was poor, and Mrs. Hoyle, who had seen better times, pleased them all by her gentle, ladylike reception.

Eva took the latter aside as they were about going home.

"Please don't be angry with us, Mrs. Hoyle," she said, "but we left some baskets down stairs, which you can empty and send by your boys to father's store, to-morrow."

"Thank you, my dear," said the woman, with tears in her eyes. "You are all so kind! And I am glad you came, for Betty's sake."

They were glad all round. The baskets contained substantial gifts, that took the sting from the fangs of the horrible wolf at the door; and, I think, from this experience of a few of my girl acquaintances, that this kind of a surprise party is the best that can be given.

## CONKLING'S TEMPERANCE.

Hugh Hastings said to Gath he seldom drinks anything. I remember once, on my way to Albany, on Capt. Roe's steamboat—Conkling being on board—I said to the Captain: "Why don't you give Conkling the bridal chamber?" "Of course I will," said the Captain, and after he was put in there comfortably and lying down with his clothes on, Rufe Andrews and I went to see Conkling. He made no suggestion about any refreshment, and, after we talked some time, I said to Andrews, "Rufe, it is very dry here." Conkling looked at us curiously, but said nothing.

After a while I said, "Rufe, we don't got anything to drink here, so if you will hunt up my coat you will find a flask of something my wife has put in there."

Andrews got the flask and offered it to Conkling, who took a very few drops. Rufe and I took a drink apiece, and after another half hour I suggested another drink. Conkling looked at us with a sort of rueful curiosity, and said he, "What I going to drink that stuff again! How many drinks do you take of it in a day?" "Generally about ten," Conkling, I replied. "Well," said he, "if I were to take half that number it would kill me."

## SCARLET FEVER.

A very interesting experiment was tried by Dr. Ashby, medical officer of health for Grantham, England, in dealing with an outbreak of scarlet fever in that town during the summer of 1878, by means of isolating the patients in tents. He prevailed upon the local authorities to erect a tent hospital on the outskirts of the town and induced parents to send their sick there. The result was most successful. Parents availed themselves of the tents largely (their early prejudice against them being readily overcome), the patients did remarkably well and the spread of the disease was unquestionably much curtailed.

Altogether the example set was one which deserves to be copied, and shows with what readiness the spreading diseases of children may be dealt with by the exercise of energy and forethought.—Lancet.

A physician writing a communication to the Medical and Surgical Reporter on the relation of sex to the consumption of the lungs gives figures which show that in the United States there are about twice as many deaths from consumption among females between the ages of 15 and 20 as there are among males of the same age. He thinks the mode of life is the main cause of it, that young women have less out-door exercise, fresh air, sunlight, and the activity of mind and body which is so necessary to health.

## BOUTWELL'S HOLE IN THE SKY.

## An Amusing Episode of the Great Impeachment Trial.

A writer in an Eastern publication, in giving some reminiscences of the impeachment of President Johnson, says: "I wish to give one other description from this famous trial so full of interest—that relating to Gov. Boutwell's 'Hole in the Sky.' Having had the good fortune to be present, I can say, with all truthfulness, that I never have, before or since, witnessed a large audience so convulsed with laughter as was the whole Senate and the immense crowd of spectators on the occasion of Mr. Everts' reply to Gov. Boutwell, touching this astronomical wonder."

In the course of his elaborate and able argument, Gov. Boutwell said:

"Travelers and astronomers inform us that in the southern heavens, near the Southern Cross, there is a vast space which the uneducated call the hole in the sky, where the eye of man, with the aid of the powers of the telescope, has been unable to discover nebulae, or asteroid, or comet, or planet, star or sun. In that dreary, cold, dark region of space, which is only known to be less than infinite by the evidences of creation elsewhere, the Great Author of celestial mechanism has left the chaos which was in the beginning. If this earth were capable of the sentiments and emotions of justice and virtue, which in human mortal beings are the evidences and the pledge of our divine origin and immortal destiny, it would have and three, with the energy of the elemental forces of nature, and project this enemy of races of men into that vast region, there forever to exist in a solitude as eternal as life, or as the absence of life, emblematical of, if not really, that 'outer darkness' of which the Savior of man spoke in warning to those who are the enemies of themselves, of their race, and of their God. But it is yours to relieve, not to punish. This done and our country is again advanced in the intelligent opinion of mankind."

Here is what Mr. Everts, when he came to make his argument, said in reply:

"I may as conveniently at this point of the argument as at any other pay some attention to the astronomical punishment which the learned and honorable manager, Mr. Boutwell, thinks should be applied to this novel case of impeachment of the President. Cicero, I think it is, who says that a lawyer should know everything, for, sooner or later, there is no fact in history, in science, or of human knowledge that will not come into play in his argument. Painfully sensible of my ignorance, being devoted to a profession which 'sharpens and does not enlarge the mind,' I yet can admire without envy the superior knowledge evinced by the honorable manager. Indeed, upon my soul, I believe he is aware of an astronomical fact which many professors of that science are wholly ignorant of. But, nevertheless, while some of his honorable colleagues were paying attention to an unoccupied and unappropriated island on the surface of the seas, Mr. Manager Boutwell, more ambitious, had discovered an untenanted and unappropriated region in the skies, reserved, he would have us think, in the final councils of the Almighty as the place of punishment for convicted and deposed American Presidents."

"At first I thought that his mind had become so 'enlarged' that it was not 'sharp enough to discover the constitution had limited the punishment, but on reflection I saw that he was as legal and logical as he was ambitious and astronomical, for the constitution has said 'removal from office,' and has put no limit to the distance of the removal, so that it may be, without shedding a drop of his blood, or taking a penny of his property, or confining his limbs, instant removal from office and transportation to the skies."

"Let it then be provided that, in case of your sentence of deposition and removal from office, the honorable and astronomical manager shall take into his own hands the execution of the sentence. With the President made fast to his broad and strong shoulders, and, having already essayed the flight by imagination, better prepared than anybody else to execute it in form, taking the advantage of ladders as far as ladders will go to the top of this great Capitol, and, spurning them with his foot the crest of liberty, let him set out upon his flight, while the two houses of Congress and all the people of the United States shall shout 'Go thou ad astra.'"

"But here a distressing doubt strikes me; how will the manager get back? He will have got far beyond the reach of gravitation to restore him, and so ambitious a wing as his could never stoop to a downward flight."

## A VALUABLE FIND.

Mr. George Crumble, a suburban resident of Cleveland, discovered that the water of his well had a peculiar taste. "This is undoubtedly sulphur water," "I wouldn't be surprised," replied Mrs. Crumble, "for you know that father found a sulphur well on his place once."

"Now here, Mary, if you are going to express an opinion, express a sensible one. Do you suppose that, because your father found a sulphur well on his place, all of his children are likely to find sulphur wells? Don't let anybody hear you talk that way. They'd go away and say that I'd found a sulphur well simply because your father once found one."

"I was just agreeing with you. But Uncle James discovered a sulphur well and—"

"That'll do. I don't care anything about your Uncle James, but I believe that we have a genuine sulphur well."

He invited neighbors over, who, when they drank, pronounced it pure sulphur. They took bucketfuls home, and declared that Crumble would have one of the finest summer resorts in the State.

"This water gets stronger and stronger every day," remarked Crumble to a neighbor. "The vein must be very large. Why, if it keeps on improving, we can go down and dig up the sulphur with a spade."

Crumble had several "fers to sell, and, although he had previously thought of selling his house and lot, he refused to take twice its former value.

"She's boiling with sulphur now," said Crumble, one day.

"I don't like it so strong," replied his wife.

"No, for you don't know what good water is. You'd rather drink water without any taste to it."

He went out to the well and came back with a pitcher full of the valuable fluid. He poured out a glassful, drank about half, gagged, turned away and remarked:

"She'll be fine by a week from now."

However, he went away and hired a man to go down and see if he could not scrape up some of the sulphur.

"See any?" yells Crumble.

"Oh, yes," answered the man.

"Genuine is it?"

"Yes—w-o-o-k."

"What's the matter?"

By this time he arrived at the top and threw out a yellow dog and an old boot. Crumble turned away and heaved. His house and lot can be bought at half-price.—Cleveland Leader.

A WITNESS in a law suit brought by a physician against a Montreal widow married in haste to repent at leisure. While he was in the midst of his important testimony in her behalf, the court adjourned for dinner, and he improved the interval by wedding her. On his return to the box, the opposing counsel objected to his further evidence, and it, together with his morning's batch which had not been signed, was ruled out entirely.

## TRAINED ANIMAL.

Although the training of animals at the present day is an art almost perfected, a glance over some of the trained animals of the past shows that we have not really advanced in this direction. Horses were exhibited in the early part of the thirteenth century that walked and danced on a rope, a trick that at the present day would be pronounced impossible. The ropes were extremely large and pressed into a triangular shape, and the horses' feet were provided with shoes made of a similar substance. Others were taught to lie down, while an ox with a trumpet in his mouth would straddle his back, making a most comical and ludicrous appearance as they marched around.

Drawings which are more than 400 years old represent horses standing on their forelegs and beating time with their hind ones on a drum held by the showman, and in 1612, at a grand court festival, Moses Pluvrui, riding-master to Louis XIII. of France, accompanied by nine gentlemen, went through a ballet dance on horseback, executing leaps in the air and graceful returns that were wonderful in the extreme.

In olden times the hare, which is now thought to be so untractable and timid, was rendered so bold by constant training that in all the fetes and shows it held quite a prominent position; and in a very old manuscript found in the Harleian Library there is an engraving which represents a hare marching up and down, and besting a labor to an admiring crowd of spectators. Johnson notes a similar case in the above-mentioned shows. A hare was trained to attack a dog, and, as the latter rushed at his antagonist, it would spring in the air, and, landing on the back of the dog, would drive its sharp claws into his flesh just behind the ear, and cling with a tenacity worthy of a better cause.

The following is told of an exhibition given near Pall Mall, London, in 1700: "A number of little birds, to the amount, I think, of twelve or fourteen, being taken from different cages, were placed upon a table in the presence of the spectators, and there they formed themselves into ranks, like a company of soldiers; small cones of paper, having some resemblance to grenadiers' caps, were put on their heads, and diminutive imitations of muskets, made from wood, secured under their left wings. Thus equipped they marched to and fro several times, when a single bird was brought forward, supposed to be a deserter, and set between six of the musketeers, three in a row, who conducted him from the top to the bottom of the table, on the middle of which a small brass cannon charged with a little gunpowder had been previously placed. The deserter was placed in front of the cannon and his guards divided, three retiring on the right side and three on the other, while he was left standing by himself. Another bird then immediately came forward, and a lighted match being put into one of its claws, he hopped boldly on the tail of the cannon, and, applying the match to the priming, discharged the piece without the least appearance of fear or agitation. The moment the explosion took place, the deserter fell down and lay motionless, like a dead bird. But at the command of his tutor he rose again, and the cages being brought, the feathered soldiers were stripped of their ornaments, and returned to them in perfect order."—New York Sun.

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—THE LEADING—

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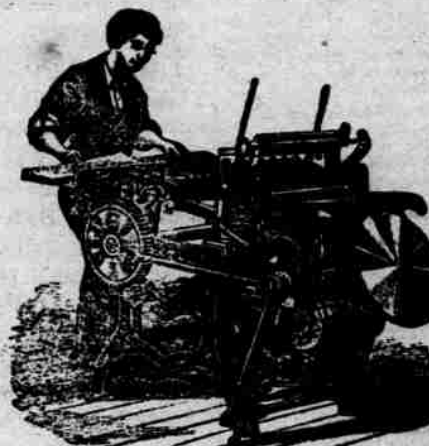
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