

VICTIOUS LITERATURE.

It is unquestionably true that nearly the entire youth of the country, and a great many of their elders, beset by a passionate and apparently insatiable desire for something to read in the way of "fiction," and "sentimental literature." And this taste has become by indulgence, so powerful as to control their thoughts, feelings, desires and habits, increasing in strength just in proportion as a love for sound healthful reading is discouraged; depressing the nobler and more elevated feelings and instincts; creating false views of life, and injuring the mental and moral character as certainly as the poisonous fumes of the lamp will wither and destroy the sensitive leaflet.

And right here is where the formidable danger lies. If the continuous reading of trashy literature—and the more dangerous, because seductive—and skillfully written stories, depicting the various phases of life, passion and crime, left only transient impressions on the mind of every young girl who read them, the danger would be comparatively light. But this is not the case, as every observant parent must know; these impressions are deepened and intensified by mutual conversation, by reviewing the deeds of heroes and heroines, until to their distorted imaginations, their parental homes assume all the appearance of a castle, with portcullis, moats, wardens and keepers, and to eyes dazzled with the glow and glitter of romance every fancifully dressed adventurer must needs be a prince in disguise, or some gallant cavalier pining for a congenial heart.

Why, with such perverted views of life and humanity, the ordinary affairs of life must necessarily appear gross and commonplace, distasteful, and something to be avoided at any time, for indulgence in rose-tinted visions and pictures of palatial life, with chosen knights, and all the garnishing with which day-dreamers adorn their castles in the air.

Is a son or daughter prepared to act the part of a faithful, dutiful child, when his or her head is filled with such wild vagaries that render present life and its duties unreal and repugnant, and keep them constantly transported to the realms of fiction and fancy? The readers of this trashy literature cannot realize that there is anything stern or commanding in the duties and requirements of *to-day*. It is here and now, where we are to live and make our characters, shaping them in noble, enduring proportions, or permitting them to dwindle and dwarf until they cease to attract attention or to exert any influence for good.

Yet to those who have not taken the pains to inform themselves the amount of money expended from week to week for these light and often disgusting publications, would appear almost incredible; and still, while the virus of such licentious teaching is being spread broadcast and stealthily throughout our entire land, into private houses, into schools and seminaries,—we find Christian parents, relatives and friends, standing quietly by, unmindful or unobservant of the great wrong that is thus being wrought upon those in whose welfare they should call others be most concerned. The tastes, habits and sympathies of a family will soon assimilate with the character of the literature furnished them weekly, and it is for parents and guardians to see that nothing corrupting, degrading, or that in the least degree is able to contaminate a pure and refined taste, shall be brought to their notice.—*Farmer's Home Journal*.

Speak well of your neighbors or do not speak of them at all. A cross neighbor may be made a kind one by kind treatment. The true way to be happy is to make others happy. To do good is a luxury. If you are not wiser and better at the end of the day, that day is lost. Practice kindness, even if it be but little each day; learn something each day, even if it is but to spell a word. Do not seem to be what you are not. Learn to control your temper and your words. Say nothing behind one's back that you would not say to one's face.

A HANDFUL of salt and ashes, mixed, thrown into a horse's food, is of great benefit as a condition powder. A little sulphur may also be added to advantage.

The whole of Southwest Kansas is being fenced with hedge rows.

The Apiary.

About Bees.

The only insects, we believe, of any direct commercial value to mankind are bees, silkworms, cochineal and cantharides; but the three latter being confined to a comparatively narrow zone, are of far less general importance than the first. The bee has a geographical range almost commensurate with vegetation, for it levies tribute alike upon the pale blossom of the North and the gorgeous flowers which expend beneath the suns of the tropics. Bees are found in Greenland and Norway, far within the Arctic circle, and they are found on the island Philae, near the cataract of the Nile; from time immemorial they have been semi-domesticated in Europe, Asia and Africa, and in the first-named country the honey of bees was the only sweet known to domestic economy until the Saracens introduced the art of extracting and granulating the juices of the cane.

It is a curious fact that none of our domesticated animals are indigenous to the American Continent, nor is the honey bee an exception; nor was it acclimated here until so late as the year 1675, when the first hive was brought over; and the first mention of an apiary in the United States was that of George Pelton, in Virginia, in 1806. In the two hundred years since their importation these useful insects have kept pace with the spread of population, and probably there is no part of the world where wild swarms are more numerous now than in all the region west of the Mississippi, from the Missouri down to the borders of Mexico; but, strange to say, closely as the bee have followed, or rather preceded the human wave which is so rapidly spreading over the land, they never surmounted—winged though they are—the heights of the Rocky Mountains, and they reached California, where they are now more productive than anywhere else in the world, only through human agency.

Bee culture—the production of wax and honey—has become so important an item in our domestic economy as to be represented by two or more able journals.

The statistics of bee culture are thus given by the Massachusetts *Beekeeper*:

Uncle Sam has been enough to give us all a sting! There are two million bee hives in the United States. Every hive yields on an average a little over twenty-two pounds of honey. The average price at which honey is sold is twenty-five cents a pound. So that, after paying for their own board, our bees present us with a revenue of over \$8,800,000. To reckon it another way, they make a clear gift of over a pound of pure honey to every man, woman and child in the vast domain of the United States. In 1869, over twenty-three and one-third million pounds of wax were made and given to us by these industrious workers. The keeping of bees is one of the most profitable investments that our people can make of their money. The profits arising from the sale of surplus honey average from fifty to two hundred per cent. of the capital invested.

APPOINTED.—Governor Grover has appointed ex-Governor John Whiteaker, Hon. N. H. Gates and ex-Governor Geo. L. Curry as a State Board of Equalization. These gentlemen met and organized at Salem on Monday, the 17th instant and proceeded to business.

From January 1st to November 5th instant 110,888 German immigrants landed on the wharves at New York City, the majority of whom were destined for the West. This is an increase of 41,289 as compared with the corresponding period last year.

Business livelier in Hillsboro at present than ever before. Preparations for improvements on an extensive scale are going on; about half a mile of sidewalk is being constructed, the steam flouring mill is running night and day and every body is rushing around generally.

One hundred head of cattle have died of the Texas fever at Moulton, Io.

Scientific.

Binary Stars.

The motions of the fixed stars hitherto observed are supposed to be elliptic, but Mr. Wilson, at a late meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society of London, read a paper wherein he stated that a careful examination of all the observations made upon the double star, Castor, have led to the remarkable conclusion that Castor and its "double" are moving in hyperboles, that consequently their mutual relation are but temporary, and that each will at some time in the future move independently of the other.

Their relations to each other are similar to that of a certain class of comets which are sometimes brought within the temporary influence of our sun, but which after passing their perihelion, in our system, move off into space with a curve which will never admit of another return to our own system.

This supposition, if confirmed, will lead to a more close examination of the movements of other binary systems of stars; for it can hardly be considered that Castor can be the only exception to the general rule.

This alleged discovery suggests some most interesting and startling problems, and opens up to contemplation an infinitely varied and complicated system of movements in space, by which suns as well as comets, even if they do not come into actual contact, may at least meet with perturbations, which must change not only their own orbits, but the orbits of their dependent planets as well.

It may also become a pertinent enquiry whether some of the double stars, whose apparent distance apart has seemed too great to justify the hypothesis of a physical connection may not afford still other difficulties of motion, not yet met with in our stellar universe.

The Work of the Leaf.

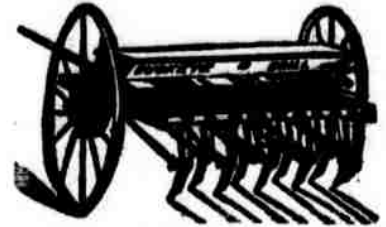
What does it do? It pumps water from the ground through the thousands of tubes in the stem of the tree, and sends it into the atmosphere in the form of unseemly mist, to be condensed and fall in showers, the very water that, were it not for the leaf, would sink in the earth and find its way perchance, through subterranean channels to the sea. And thus it is that we see it works to give us the "early and the latter rain." It works to send the rills and streams, like lines of silver, down the mountain and across the plain.—It works to pour down the larger brooks which turn the wheels that energize the machinery which gives employment to millions, commerce stimulated, wealth accumulated and intelligence disseminated through the agency of this wealth. The leaf does it all. It has been demonstrated that every square inch of leaf lifts 3,500 of an ounce every twenty-four hours.—Now, a large forest tree has about five acres of foliage, or 6,272,640 square inches. This being multiplied by 3,500 (the amount pumped by every inch), gives us the result—2,252 ounces or 1,176 pints, or 294 quarts, or eight barrels. The trees on an acre give 800 barrels in twenty-four hours. An acre of grass, or clover, or grain, would yield about the same result. The leaf is a worker, too, in another field of labor, where we seldom look—where it works for the good of man in a most wonderful manner. It carries immense quantities of electricity from the earth to the clouds, and from the clouds to the earth. Rather dangerous business transporting lightning; but it is particularly fitted for this work. Did you ever see a leaf entire as to its edges? It is always pointed, and these points, whether they be large or small, are just fitted to handle this dangerous agent. These tiny fingers seize upon and carry it away with ease and wonderful despatch. There must be no delay; it is "time freight." True, sometimes it gathers up more than the trunk can carry, and in the attempt to crowd and pack the baggage the trunk gets terribly shattered, and we say that lightning struck the tree. But it had been struck a thousand times before. This time it was over-worked.—*American Entomologist*.

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