

A THOROUGHbred TURK.

In the course of conversation between two tourists on the steamer "Wide West" the other day, one enquired of the other, "What is your name?"

"My name is Levy."

"What else, please?"

"Isaac Levy."

"What is your business, Mr. Levy?"

"Bizness! I keeps a clothing shtore."

"Whereabouts, Mr. Levy?"

"On Chatham street, New York."

"What is your religion, Mr. Levy?"

"Religion! wie heist religion! My

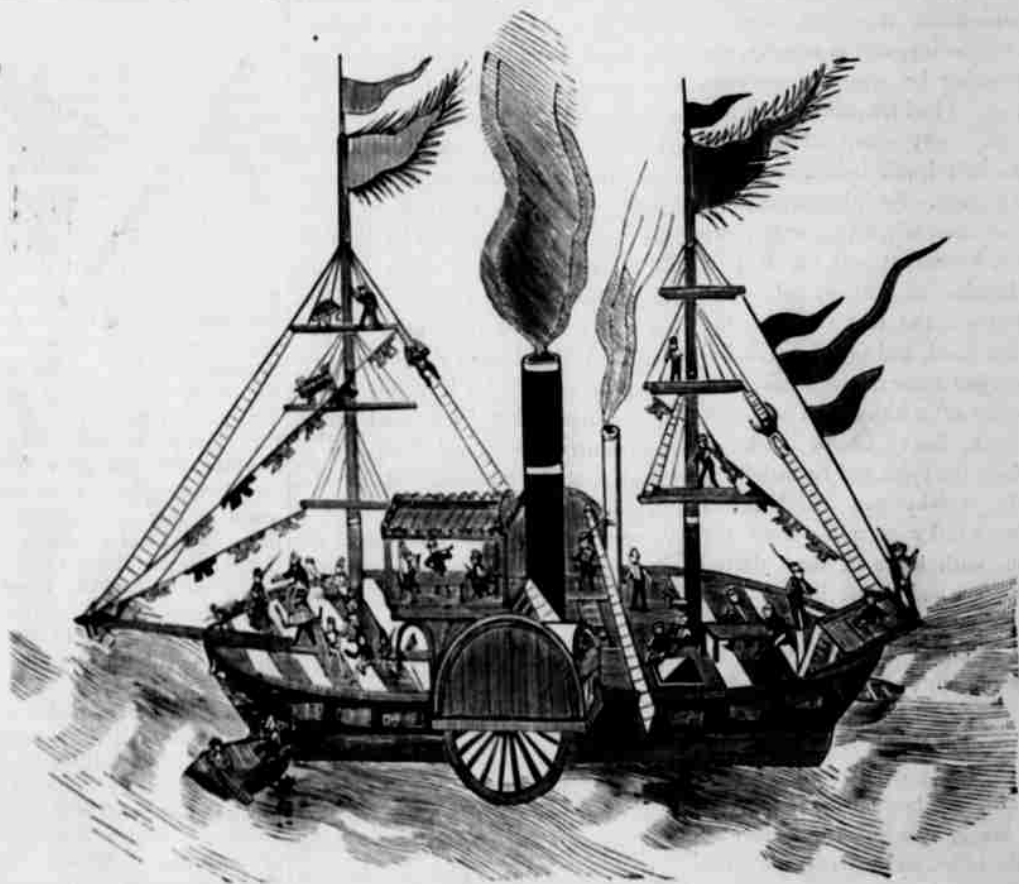
fifty, which is low, the whole number then, three thousand and three hundred. Mr. Knight carefully cleaned the wheat from this one bunch and weighed it making just six ounces averduois. This sample Mr. Knight proposes to take with him on his proposed tour through the Eastern States. Such exhibition will do more good than mere words to convince people of the richness of our country.—*Salem Statesman*.

That is undoubtedly good wheat, but the specimens that we have from Umatilla county will grand discount it.

From one of the stools—the product of a single grain—we counted 90 stalks, and from the heads which we have counted and averaged, coming from

THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

In many respects the Columbia river is the grandest on the continent. Fourteen hundred miles above its mouth it is as large as the Sacramento river is at Rio Vista, and it rolls to the sea with increasing grandure all the way. Where it hews its way through the Cascades, a new and gorgeous picture is painted every moment, and after the mountains are passed, it sweeps in perfect purity and immense volume to the sea. It washes the most magnificent mountains in the union, and where the river joins at the ocean there is an everlasting war of waters, which is as beautiful as it terrible. By and by



CURIOUS CHINESE ENGRAVING OF A MAN OF WAR.—From the Peking Illustrated News.

name is Isaac Levy. I keep a clothing shtore on Chatham street, New York. Of course, *I'm a Turk!*"

TEN THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED FOLD.

Rev. P. S. Knight brought into our office yesterday a sample of wheat taken from his farm south of Salem. It was the product of a single grain. There were sixty-six stalks from one root. Mrs. Knight had counted the grains in several of the heads and found that they ranged from forty to eighty in each head, placing the average at

that stool of stalks, we find the product to be 10,800—or *ten thousand eight hundred fold!*

A section of country that can produce nearly eleven thousand grains of wheat from one kernel most certainly should be at the top of the heap in the line of wheat cultivation.

We are glad Umatilla county is in Oregon.—*Albany Democrat*.

These would-be-king-killers are a disgrace to the shooting fraternity—Such bad shots.

A fine affair—ten dollars and costs.

when communication between Oregon and the outside "is cheap" and comfortable, people will cease to go to Europe in the summer, but will seek the Cascades of the Columbia, and as they watch will grow to be better Americans, as they more fully realize the claims which their native land has upon their admiration. The Mississippi has greater volume than the Columbia; the Hudson makes rival pictures which are as fine as any painted in the Cascades, but there is a power, a beauty, a purity and wildness about the river of the west which is altogether unapproachable in its charms.