They drove home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quall whistles loud in the wheat
fields,
That are yellow with ripening grain,
They find in the thick waving grasses
Where the thick-lipped strawberry grows;
Where the thick-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow.
They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple,
In the soft tinted October light,
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickes
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—
Fairy barks they have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;
And at night time are folding in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings,

Those who toll bravely are strongest:
The humble and poor become great;
And so from the brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of State.
The pen of the author and statesman—
The noble and wise of the land—
The sword, and the chisel, and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

### THE BABY'S PICTURE.

Miss Arethusa Peppard was out of temper. She said she was "mad." But it must have been a mild kind of madness, for her pleasant voice had only a dash of sharpness, and no fire flashed from her soft brown eyes. But she was out of temper; no doubt about that, and no wonder. She had left her mite or a cottage early that April morning, and gone over to New York to shop, and in the very first store she entered-a store crowded with people buying seeds and bulbs and plants-her pocketbook, containing her half-monthly allowance. had been stolen, and she had been obliged to return to Summertown without the young lettuces and cabbages and onion sets and parsley and raddish seeds that she had intended to plant the next day in her mite of a garden. And every day lost in the garden in early spring, as everybody knows, or ought to know, is a loss indeed, and there's nothing in the world so exasperating to an amateur gardener, as everybody also knows, or ought to know, than to hear from a neighboring amateur gardener: "Good morning, Miss Peppard; how backward you are this year! Your radishes) are just showing, and we've had at least a dozer a day for three days past. And or 1 parsley's up, and our onions doing n.cely. And you used

to be so forward!" So Miss Peppard, who was a dear little sweet-faced, wonderfully bright old lady, living in the nicest and comfortable manner on a small income, with a faithful colored servant a few years younger than herself, a rolly-poly dog, a tortoise-shell cat, and three birds, had two reasons for being sorely vexed-the loss of her money and the loss of the days which she expected would start the green

things a-growing. "All the money I had," she said to Peteona-called Ona for short-as she rocked nervously back and forth in her rocking-chair, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks flushed. "I only wish I could catch the thief. I'd send him to jail as sure as grass is

green." "Dat's sho' enuf, Miss Peppar' "— Peteona always dropped the "d"— "an' it'd sarve em zactly right, w'en dey was ketched, to be drug to de lock-up by the heels." Then, after a slight pause, which was Ona's way, she added an after-thought: "Dono, dough; 'spose dey might as well take de poor wretch by de head."

"All the money I had," repeated Miss Peppard; "five and twenty dol lars; and I can't get any more for two weeks, for borrow I never did and never will. And there's the garden all laid out, and ready for planting, and Mrs. Brown sets out her lettuces and cabbage plants to-morrow morn-ing, and she'll be sending them here with her compliments-her compliments indeed! -- before ours have begun to head."

"If she do, I'll frow 'em ober de fence," said Ona. "Better eat 'em, dough, I guess; her compliments can't

"And, oh! my conscience!" Miss Peppard went on (she could invoke conscience thus lightly, dear old lady, because she had nothing on it), "baby's picture was in that pocketbook. And I can't get another. Polly said it was the last, and the photographer don't come that way but once a year."

"Well, well, you are a poor soul," sympathized Petona, "to go an' lose dat ar picter-dat lubly thing jus' like a borned angel. An' yer sisters' onliest chile--cept five. Wish I had dat robber yere dis minit; I'd box his ears so couldn't set down fur a week."

"He wouldn't be here long," said her mistress. "Of all things in the wide world I hate is a thief. I'd have him put where he steal nothing for

a year at least. "Might be a she; dar am she robbers," suggested Ona, "an dey's all wuss den caterpillars. Caterpillars takes things right 'afore yo eyes --don't sneak in yo pocket. Take a cup of tea, Miss Peppar. Dar is no use frettin' no mo'. An' de cat's been settin' on yer skirt for half an hour, wantin you to notice her, pore thing. She jus came in off de pech a minit

Miss Peppard took the tea and spoke to the cat; but she couldn't help fretting; and she slept but little that night, and a woke the next morning almost as vexed as ever, and

served a soothing little stew and a cooling cream custard, the old lady became a little ealmer, and retired to kiss her. Nobody ever kissed me of Rhodamon tade.

her own room to write a letter to her sister Polly, who lived away off ten: "And I can't make a strawberry bed this summer, as I intended, and dear! dear! how I shall miss baby's picture!" When Peteona opened the door sans ceremonie, as she always did, and walked in with a mysterious air. "Pusson want to see you, Miss Peppar'-man pusson. 'Bout a boy's

age, I guess."
"What does he look like, and where did you leave him?" asked the old lady, laying down her pen, and looking a little alarmed.

"Out on de po'ch. I lock de do'. An' he's a dirty, ragged feller dat looks jus' like a dirty, ragged feller. Shall I broom him off, Miss Peppar'? Looks as dough he ought to be broomed off-or gib sumfin to eatpore, bony, dirty soul."

"I'll come right down," said Miss Peppard; and down she went. And there on the porch stood a dirty, ragged, forlorn looking boy of about twelve years of age, looking exceedingly "bony" and half-starved, sure is your name?" enough. He pulled off his apology "Dick Poplar. for a cap when Miss Peppard opened the door, but said never a word until the old lady asked him, in a mild voice—she never spoke unkindly to "S to dirt and rags: "Well, my boy, what Peteona.

do you want?" "Then you lost your pocketbook, visterday?" he blurted out.

"Yes," said she eagerly. "That is, it was stolen from me; for I felt it in away-" my pocket a moment before I missed Do you know the thief?"

"I'm him," was the answer; and he raised a pair of dark eyes, that them the note I will write for you. looked like the eyes of a hunted animal, to her face.

"My conscience!" explained the claimed Peteona. "No matter bout old lady, and fell into a chair that do fust word." stood near, while Peteona darted out and seized him, shouting: "Golly! fore Miss Peppard and sobbed outgot yo' wish mighty soon dis time, right. Miss Peppar'. Run for de constable. I'll hold him. Could hold a dozen

ike him-or two or free." "Let him alone, Ona," said her mistress, while the boy stood without making the slightest resistance. "Ain't he to be drug to de lock up?" asked Ona, with a toss of her

turbaned head. "Wait 'till we hear what he has to say, said Miss Peppard. Then, turnas ever: "Of course you haven'

brought me back—" "Yes, -I have," interrupted he. had to take to fetch me out here. I found your name in it on a card.

and where you lived." "But, bless you!" exclaimed the what made you take it if you were going to bring it back? Come into son. the kitchen and tell me all about it. Ona, give him a drink of milk."

"By the Lor' Harry!" rolling up so much, and I wish my mother had her eyes until nothing but the whites known you." were visible, "nebber hear of sich a ting long as I lib-gibbin' huilsale robbers drinks of milk in my clean kitchen! An' I shan't do it. Spect robbers gits thirsty as well as older folks, dough." And she handed him the milk, which he drank eagerly. "Now, go on," said Miss Peppard. Why did you steal my pocketbook!

and why, having stolen it, did you bring it back? Are you a thief?"
"S'pose—I—am," he stammered; but I don't want to be no more. I wouldn't 'a took it a year ago, when my mother was alive; but she died, and father he went to prison soon after for beating another man; and I hadn't no other friends; and its hard gittin' along when your

mother's dead, and you hain't no friends, and your father's in prison." "Taint soft, dat's de fac'," said Peteona, gravely.

"So I fell in with a gang of bad fellers, but I never stole nothin' but things to eat till yesterday. I come out of the House of Refuge two

weeks ago—"
"House of Refuge!" exclaimed Peteona, holding up her hands. "An' a-settin' in my clean kitchen, on my clean oil-clof! Wot nex'?"

"I was there for breakin' a winder and sassin' a cop," said the boy with a show of indignation, "and nothin' else, though they did try to make me out a regular bad un." And then he went on, under the influence of Miss Peppard's steady gaze: "And the fellows said I was a softy not to have the game as well as the name, and so I went into that store, 'cause I seen a lot of folks there, and I stole your pocketbook, and"-dropping his eyes and his voice-"there was

picter of a little baby in it." "My sister Polly's child!" cried Miss Peppard, her wrinkled cheeks beginning to glow.

"Her onliest child-'cept five,' said Peteona. "And it looks like," continued the

boy, bursting into tears-"it looks like-my-little-sister." "Your sister?" repeated Miss Peppard, her own eyes filling with tears.

'Is she-with her mother?" "'S to be hoped she be," said Ona with a sniff, "or some odder place whar she'll be washed. Her brudder's dirty nuff for a bull family."

"She's in a place ten miles or more from here," said the boy, "with a woman who used to know mother. Mother gave her \$50 just afore she died. She managed to save it and hide it from father somehow, to keep Delly till my aunt in California denounced the thief at intervals of could send for her; but my aunt's about half an hour from breakfast dead, too, and I'm afraid Dolly will until dinner, although Peteona em- have to go in the Orphan Asylum phatically remarked: "Dar's no use cursin' an' swearin', Miss Peppar'; about her. But if she does, if I'm a good boy, I can go to see her; but if I'm a thief— And when I saw that robbin' debbil here, dough!"

Into the little uplifted apron. "Peterona'll bake dem de hull liblong day, for ebber and ebber, for de blue-eyed darlin'—wid a little time lef out for her udder work." But after dinner, for which Ona picture I said I will be good. It

but my mother. Here's your book," Miss Peppard took it from his in Michigan; and she had just writ. hand, opened it, found its contents as he had described them, and then sat full five minutes in deep thought. "You want to be a good, honest boy," she said at last, "so as to be a credit instead of a shame to your

baby sister?" "Yes," answered the boy. "It's mostly yes, ma'am, in de parts," corrected Ona. "Well, I'll try you," said Miss

Peppard. "You!"-starting from his chair. "Yes, I. I want some plants and seeds from the store where you stotook the pocketbook, and I am going to trust you to get them for me, But before you go there, do you know any place where you can buy a suit of clothes, from shoe to hat,

for a very little money!" "Yes, ma'am," answered the boy, in a voice that already had a ring of hope in it. "Second-hand Bobby's." "Well, go to second-hand Robert's, buy the clothes -. By-the-by, what

"Dick Poplar." "And, Dick," continued the old lady, "do you know any place where you can take a bath!" "'S to be hoped he do," said

"Yes, ma'am." "Take a bath, put on the new clothes, throw"-with a slight mo-

tion of disgust-"the old ones "'S to be hoped he will," said Peteona.

"Then go to the seed store and give And here are two \$5 bills."

But the boy fell on his knees be

"An' he'll nebber come back no mo'," sung Ona, at the top of her voice, as she went about her work that afternoon after Dick's departure
—"ne, he'll nebber come back any

But he did. Just as the sun was sinking in the west, a nice-looking, dark-eyed, dark-haired boy, dressed in a suit of gray a little too large for him, and carrying a package in his ing to the boy, she asked, as mildly arms, came up the garden path to the door of the mite of a cottage. It was Dick, so changed Peteona scarcely knew him, and the package con-'Here 'tis, money and all, 'cept what tained the seeds and onion sets and young lettuce and cabbages, and before dark he had planted them all, under the superintendence of Miss Peppard, in the mite of a garden, old lady, more and more surprised, and Mrs. Brown had no chance of sending her "compliments" that sea-

"And now, ma'am," said Dick, after

"P'r'haps she know her now," said Ona.

"And I will be a good boy-I will. indeed." "With the help of God," said Miss Peppard, solemnly.

"With the help of God," said the boy, in a low voice. "But I guess you'd better stay here to night," continued Miss Pep-

pard. "You can sleep in the woodhouse. Peteona will make you a comfortable bed there." "Shan't do no such ting!" said Pe-

teona, defiantly. "Ona!" reproved her mistress.
"Till my dishes is washed, I mean,

Miss Peppar," said Ona.
"And then to-morrow morning you can start for that baby. Cats and dogs and birds are well enough in their way, but a baby is worth them

"Golly! now you're talkin', Miss Peppar," shouted Ona. "I's always wanted a baby—a wite baby—too.
Nigger babies ain't much account.
Jus' as valable to dar mudder, dough, I s'pose. Niggers is such fools."

"And if you choose to stay in Sum-mertown," said Miss Peppard, "you may have a home here until you can better yourself. There's plenty of work for you; and the youth upon whom we have depended for errands and garden help, etc., is-"

"A drefful smart, nice, perlite boy, morning, wen de birds arise, and we'll hab dat are angel here in a jiffy; and won't de cat and dog and birds look shafts felt it the strongest, and the deep-

wonderingly about, as she ate her supper of bread and milk, at Peteons. and the dog and the caf and the birds, whose noses, by the way, were

as straight as ever. that neighborhood, he was so clever, so obliging, and not a bit "sassy."

"De Lord works in funny ways sho' enuff," said Peteona, one April Miss Peppard's pocket-book. "Who'd b'lieve me and Miss Peppar ebber wanted Dick drug to de lock-up by de heels? And all de time he was a bringing and Miss Peppar ebber mot, orange and rosemary each with a half a dram of nereli and a pint of rectified spirits. As good as can be a feed spirits. bringin' and Miss Peppar de lubliest of co chunck ob sugar, de sweetest honeybug of a chile dat ebber coaxed old Peteona for ginger-snaps. She shall hab mo, de Lord bress and sabe her!" -pouring them from the cake-box into the little uplifted apron. "Pete-

Rhoda Broughton writes a good deal

### An American Girl's Adventure in Un: derground Paris:

Miss Bessie Darling, an American ac tress, has had a serious and almost fatal adventure in the catacombs of Paris These estacombs contain, in numberless galleries extending under nearly half of the city, the bones of nearly three millions of people. On each side of these weird avenues, from the floor to the ceiling, are piled bones and skulls. The bones of the arms, legs and thighs are piled in tiers along the walls, their uniformity being relieved by three rows of skulls and cross bones arranged in fan-tastic patterns, and at intervals, cut out of these gypsum of the caverns underor these gypsum of the caverns under-lying Paris, are little chapels or altars. At 10 e'clock one morning a few weeks ago, Miss Darling, who was one of a party of thirty, descended the steep stair-case of ninety steps leading to the cata-combs, and, preceded by guides, entered the calleries, whose towards and the the galleries, whose tortuous winding and ramifications have all the perplexities of a labyrinth. Miss Darling, with the independence of an American girl, quitted her party and set out to explore the underground horrors alone. Among so many she was not missed. A little of this sight-seeing satisfied her companions and they returned to the light and to their dinners. In the meantime Miss Darling was hurrying through one gallery after another. Unfortunately she had not provided herself with a supply of candles, and when the one she carried was burned out and she was left in utter darkness she began to realize the horrors of her situation. It was then, so the story runs, that " she did what every other woman would have done in similar circum-stances—she fainted away." How long she remained insensible she does not know; but when she came to herself she made throughout the remainder of the day and through the night the galleries echo with her shrieks for help. Fortunately for her, at ten o'clock the next morning a workman, while passing along a neighboring gallery, heard her cries, and hurried to the rescue. He found her in one of those galleries that have no thoroughfare and are simply side passages, and two yards from the spot where he encountered her was the mouth of an exhausted shaft, down which she had only escaped falling by the sudden-ness with which she remained on the spot where she fell. When at the end of eighteen hours, she was brought to the light she fainted again. But, "all's well that ends well," although for a short time her situation appeared to be criti-cal. There is a moral in this true story which it behooves adventurous young women to heed. In foreign travel, whether among the Alps, or the Roman or French catacombs, or in strange cities where the dangerous classes abound,

### Were There Ever Such Fools?

women wandering about alone.

too much independence or championship

is perilous, apart from the conventional-ism abroad, which looks askance at young

"Yankee" Hill, a famous actor in the first half of the present century, used to tell a story (which Mr. J. B. Matthews re-tells in his article on "The American on the Stage" in Scribner's for July), theatrical performance had ever been given. He found the audience assembled with the women seated on one side of the hall, the men on the other, exactly as they were used to sit in church; and throughout the play the most solemn silence was observed. They were attentive, but they gave no evidence of approval or displeasure; there was no applause, no laughter; there was not even a smile; all was solemn stillness. He did his utmost to break the ice; he did everything a clever comedian could do, but in vain. He flung himself against their rigidity; it was no use. The audience was evidently on its best behavior. and the curtain came down at last amid a silence oppressive and almost melan-choly. After the play, Hill, worn out by his extra exertion and mortified at his want of success, was passing through a public room of his hotel, when he was stopped by a tall countryman with the

"Say, mister, I was into the play to-

"Were you?" said Hill. "You must have been greatly entertained."
"Well, I was! I tell you what it is now, my month is all sore a-straining to keep my face straight. And if it hadn't been for the women, I'd 'a' laughed right

## Depth of Earthquakes.

out in meetin'."

The recent earthquake at Virginia City was not noticed at all in the mining depths, but only by people on the surface. Their famous earthquake of some years ago, which shook down chimneys, fire walls, cracked brick buildings, and chimed in Ona; "as lazy and sassy as he can lib. And I'll call you in de upper levels, but it did no damage, not did other damage, was merely noticed w'en dar noses is outer jint? But dar est point where it was noticed was by the noses 'll be as straight as ebber." The very next night as ebber."

The very next night a sweet baby with great blue eyes and fair curls sat upon Miss Peppard's lap, looking as though a blast had been let off somewhere at a distance, above, below or in some indefinite direction. In some of the mines the shock was not noticed at all, even by the station men. Commenting on this peculiar fact at the time, the Gold Hill News remarked that the earth-And before long Dick Poplar became the most pop'lar—dreadful, I know, but I couldn't help it—boy in

## How to Make Cologne Water.

Any one can make, in her own storehalf a dram of nereli and a pint of rectified spirits. As good as can be made out
of cologne itself, however, is also quite
as comfortably prepared at home as at the
chemists—at so much less than the chemist's prices, that one feels warranted in
using it freely—simply by mixing with
one pint of rectified spirits two drams
each of the oils of bergamot and lemon,
one of the oil of orange, and half as much
of that of rosemary, together with threequarters of a dram of nereli and four drops
each of the escence of ambergris and
musk. If this be subsequenty distilled,
it makes what may be called a perfect
cologne, but it becomes exceedingly fine
by being kept tightly stoppered for two or
three months, to ripen and mellow for
use.

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DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OIL, GLASS, ETC., ETC.

Have a complete stock of

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Ever brought to Corvallis, which I will sell at prices that defy competition. Agency for Mme, Demorest's reliable

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articles, furnished cheerfully, on applica-No pains will be spared to furnish our customers with the best goods in market, in our line, and at the lowest prices. Our motto shall be, prompt and fair dealing with all. Call and examine our stock, before going elsewhere. Satisfac-

tion guaranteed. WOOKCOCK & BALDWIN. Corvallis, May, 12, 1879.

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cotch Tweeds, and
American suitings, Which we will make up to order in the most approved and tash onable styles. No pains will be spared in producing good fitting garments.

Parties wishing to purchase cloths and have them cut out, will do well to call and examine our stock.

DRAKE & GRANT.

Corvallis, April 17, 1879.

I6:16tf

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RESPECTFULLY INFORMS THE TRAVeling public that he is now prepared and in readiness to keep such boarders as may choose to give him a call, either by the SINGLE MEAL, DAY, OR WEEK.

Is also prepared to furn'sh horse feed. Liberal share of public patronage solicited. Give us a GEORGE KISOR. Philomath, April 28, 1879.

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WILLIAM IRWIN. Corvallis, Dec. 20, 1878.

J C. MORELAND. (CITY ATTORNEY.)

ATTORNEY AT LAW. PORTLAND, . . OREGON.

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Although about 150,000 of these safes are now in use, and hundreds have been tested by some of the most disastrous conflagrations in the country, there is not a single instance on record wherein one of them ever failed to preserve its contents perfectly.

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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. His patent bolt is superior to any in use. His patent locks cannot be picked by the most skillful experts or burglars.

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time against an equal amount.

The most skilled workmen only are employed. Their work cannot be excelled.

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THEY ARE THE BEST SAFE Made in America, or any other country. One Thousand Dollars

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28febl6:9tf.

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15:52tf

-THE-

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