

CASABIANCA.

"Come hither, you madcap darling!" I said to my four-year-old; "Tray, what shall be done with the bad, bad girl?"

Who will not do as she's told? Too well you love your own wee way, While little you love to mind; But mamma knows what is best for you— And isn't she always kind?"

So I told her of Casabianca, And the fearful burning ship; "Do you think," said I, "such a child as that His mother would have to whip?" And my heart went out with the story sad Of this boy, so noble and brave, Who would not dare to disobey, Even his life to save.

Then her eyes grew bright as the morning, And they seemed to look me through. "Ah! ah!" thought I, "you understand The lesson I have in view. Now, what do you think of this lad, my love? Tell all that is in your heart."

THE MUD-TURTLE.

A description of the outlines of a mud-turtle must be something like the guide's description of the bottom of the Moosehead Lake.

A party of New Yorkers were crossing the lake, and propounding various questions to the guide which he answered with great promptness. Finally one asked:—"What kind of bottom has the lake?"

To a less versatile mind the question might have been a poser; but the guide was equal to the occasion. He immediately answered:—"O, a sort of hard, rocky, gravelly, clamshelly, sandy bottom!"

In like manner it may be said of the mud-turtle, he is a sort of a round, square, oblong, oval, flat, irregular shaped reptile, covered with a French roof.

His legs are as crooked as a grapevine; his head resembles a sore thumb, and he has the most ridiculous little tail you ever thought of. Mud-turtles are generally found when you are not looking for them. I would as soon think of looking for my name in a rich man's will as think of finding a mud-turtle by hunting for one.

Stories of these reptiles running races with foxes and rabbits, and beating them, are lies! A squish vine that wouldn't grow as fast as one would run ought to be destroyed, root and branch. But what he lacks in speed he makes up in longevity. I believe that's the word; anyway, mud-turtles are supposed to live forever, unless they die by accident.

I once saw a turtle—I mean a mud turtle, marked, "Adam G. E.," which probably meant that the reptile was marked by grandfather Adam in the garden of Eden. Of course I can't prove it, but that is the supposition.

Mud-turtles are raised in hills like potatoes. It is no uncommon sight to those who have seen it frequently, to see a bill of juvenile mud-turtles brush away the soil and march out in single file like a string of Chinamen. Whenever I see a mud-turtle trying to crawl through a hole in the fence or elsewhere, I extend to him my most earnest sympathies. He cannot understand why he, as well as a small boy or weasel, can't go through any place where his head will go. I do not know how many virtues this emblem of old-fashioned theology may possess, but he has that of perseverance, that I am sure of. Whenever he makes up his mind to crawl through the fence, he expects to do it if it takes all summer. When the French roof becomes an obstacle to his progress he begins to try, and strain, and gyrate his tortuous little legs, and protrude his evil looking eyes, and he may even gnash his toothless jaws in anguish of soul at his inability to go through an opening half the size of his shell.

Sometimes, like a half-whipped rooster, he will go away a piece, and then come back and try it again and again, and perhaps again. When, at last he becomes convinced that he has undertaken an impossibility, he turns about and waddles off, as though it were a matter of no consequence whether he crawled through the hole or not. Ascending a little knoll, he will raise his head and look about him with an air which seems to say:—"What do I care for a darned old hole in the fence? It's a darned mean little hole, anyway! There's places 'nough to go 'I don't go through there!" Then he thinks the matter all over carefully, and goes away to engage in business in some other locality.—Portland Transcript.

A new steam wheel steamboat belonging to Capt. Joseph Kellogg, was launched from above Smith's mill at Portland one day last week. It was expected to be ready to make its trial trip about the 1st of next September.

LETTER FROM CAPT. AYLES.

It may interest many of your readers to learn that we are likely soon to have a considerable immigration of a well to do class of Germans and others into this county from Michigan. On the 17th ult., being at the Bay, I was kindly introduced by my friend Mr. Bensell to two German gentlemen who were seeking land whereon to settle numerous families from that State. So far had they traveled without seeing any land to suit their purpose, and I had no difficulty in inducing them to retrace their steps and pay a visit of inspection to that favored spot, "King's Valley." Accordingly we met in Corvallis on the 19th, and next day started via Philomath to visit the several farms for sale in the valley, and I am glad to say both gentlemen expressed themselves highly pleased with that part of the county. I think after communicating with their friends they will likely buy up a large portion of the land brought under their notice, and more too if it can be had at reasonable prices for cash. As far as I could learn their plan will be to divide what land they require into small farms and thoroughly cultivate every available acre of it, and they mean to thoroughly cultivate, to plough deep, sow clover both to pad with sheep and to plough in, and when needed they will irrigate. They will also pay particular attention to their orchards, to fruit drying and preserving, and no doubt as many of those who think of coming are city men, various other industries will spring up. We had not time to visit more than four farms, all adjoining each other, but should they decide on coming, I have reason to think the number of families will be large and much more land will be required. This will give those wishing to dispose of their lands a good chance to do so for cash. When we can get a few families from England and the East settled in this county, I am sure nothing but good reports of it can be sent back to their friends, therefore I think we may soon expect a large immigration, and much land will be sought for around Corvallis, Philomath and generally on the line of the Yaquina R. R. My agent in London tells me it is a bad time for farmers in England and that there are hundreds out of business, but with sufficient capital left to buy good farms right out in this county. It is to be hoped many will come, and we are doing our best to induce them to do so, feeling sure it will be to their benefit.

No doubt many will say this letter is written in self interest. So it is partly, but I think that if my efforts to bring men with capital into this county succeed the benefit will be felt by the whole community. If I sell a farm I feel the benefit but once, but the good will be permanent to the banks, stores, and all business and professions, and surely the farmers will be benefited. We all know that from various causes many are having a hard time yet and leading lives of much trouble and anxiety. Will not these men be much better off if they are able to sell out, pay off their debts and begin again on a smaller scale. With means to carry them through the first year, a man taking a hundred acres and paying for it, leaving cash to see him through the first year, will most certainly be better off at harvest than the man who takes two hundred acres on time payments and goes into debt for everything. Farming on an imaginary capital never did and never will answer, that returning so many bushels to the acre, before even the seed is sown, will bring nothing but trouble. I know from conversation with many farmers that I am not alone in my ideas, and that even now many are trying to effect the desired change. I trust they may soon succeed and that others will follow their example, so that each bringing property and happiness to his own home will at the same time be adding to the general welfare of the whole county. J. M. AYLES.

Do not forget the Lesson.—A touching incident occurred not long since in a Missouri village. A wife and mother, tired of waiting for the return of her husband with his scanty earnings, set out to search for him and found him seated at a card table. Anticipating as much, she had provided herself with a covered dish, which she placed upon the table before the players, saying:—"Presuming, husband, that you are too busy to come to dinner, I have brought you yours." After she had departed he invited his friends to join him, and uncovered the dish with a forced laugh. He found only a slip of paper, on which was written:—"I hope you will enjoy your meal."

It is the same your family have at home." How many good and faithful wives and mothers are there in the land who have undergone similar experiences? How many aching hearts at this moment await the coming of husbands and fathers who are squandering at the card-table, or for alcohol, the earnings required to feed and clothe their wives and children?

LOVERS BY THE SCORE. "The course of true love never did run smooth," is an old adage and familiar quotation, and the following incident goes to prove the truth of it. A young carpenter of this city was engaged to be married to a fair damsel, who is at present employed as a waiter at the Wilhoit Springs, Clackamas county, and on Saturday last he started out for that place where they were to have been married on Sunday.

On arriving at the Springs and the object of his visit becoming known, he was waited on by another young man who informed him that he also had the honor to be an affianced lover of the young lady in question. The two then proceeded to compare notes and to make inquiries in regard to the doings of the large hearted maiden, when to their astonishment they found she had engaged herself to four other parties, making six in all, over whom she had thrown her blandishments and each of whom was anxiously awaiting the time that was to make him sole possessor of this piece of feminine loveliness. On making this discovery the carpenter and his friend came to the conclusion that they did not want any of it in theirs, and collecting all the letters and love tokens they had received from the perfidious young woman they made a bonfire of them. The young carpenter returned to this city yesterday and has for the present renounced all intentions of committing matrimony.—Standard.

The "Telegram" says: Lignite coal has been found near Oakville, Chehalis county, W. T., fine specimens of which are shown in Olympia. These are outcroppings of the vein and no doubt but the coal farther down will be better. It has been used successfully at blacksmithing. The side of the vein has not been determined, but undoubtedly there is plenty of coal along the Chehalis at the foot of the Black Hills. On the Satsop river, further west, specimens of good coal have also been found, but no vein sought for. On the Wynoochee river near the head of Gray's harbor, another deposit of the same kind of lignite was discovered a year or two ago. It is close to deep water, and could be easily shipped if the quality warrants it. These coals will be of great benefit in that country, when manufactures and other industries are started, as they will be in a few years, but at present they are too distant to be operated to advantage.

Chas. S. Howard will start next week with a party of assistants to do some surveying upon government land near Goose lake valley and around the Oregon border of Tule lake.—Coos Bay News.

JACKSON AND THE BRICKLAYER. Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln always had a soft side for the foibles, and a liking for working clothes—in which, many times, no doubt both the great Presidents would have felt happier than in stiff "reception" broadcloth. Jackson's sympathy for an aboring man is shown in this little story from the Nashville Banner:

John Cryer, a mason, was on several occasions engaged to build chimneys at the Hermitage, and while at work observed the most refined and wealthy people of Nashville coming to visit the General and his wife. The good mason, having more or less of mortar ornamenting his clothes, would say to Jackson on that he "would not go to the first table to eat;" that he "was not fit to appear in such elegant company."

The General always replied, "You must go to the first table, sir; a laboring man ought to be as highly honored as any man in the community, for the support of the world depends on their labor. I will see that you are treated with proper respect at my table."

This story is certainly to the credit of Jackson's democracy, however it may be to his social graces. Cryer frequently, angling, said that he had been more honored than any man in the world, for President Jackson had frequently waited on him and brought him brick and mortar when his regular attendant was out of the way.

Ess culture is becoming a profitable industry in Texas, especially in the Brazos and Colorado valleys, where quite a number of enterprising men have found that it pays vastly more than cotton raising.

A man who had just learned poker, but had not sufficiently mastered the intricacies of the game, bet wildly upon a flush, and, upon showing his hand, was told that "the spirit was willing but the flesh was weak."—Puck.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

COAL-BUTTLERS are now manufactured of rubber. An elephant drinks about forty-five gallons water a day. The people of Ceylon worship the tooth of an elephant; those of Malabar the tooth of a monkey. It is calculated that sixty tons of steel are annually consumed in the manufacture of steel pens. Bees have very little power of communicating with each other. F. Miller gives curious instances of the inability of the bees to invent for themselves a natural language. A QUANTITY of flour was exposed by a French experimenter to a pressure of 100 tons, reducing it to one-fourth its original bulk. A portion of it was then placed in cans and sealed, the same being done with some unpressed flour. A year afterward the cans were opened, when the unpressed flour was found to be spoiled, while the pressed was in excellent preservation.

A SPIDER'S web affords an excellent barometer. An old sportsman of Coldwater, Mich., claims that one preserved in his house has proved almost invariably correct. When rain and wind are expected, the spider shortens the threads which suspend the web. When there are no winds, the web is stretched out, but if the spider remains inert, rain will probably follow within a short time.

TWELVE years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth there was not a plow in the vicinity of Boston, and the farmers broke up the land with hoes or other hand implements. In 1637 there were but thirty-seven plows in the whole State, and at a later period it was the custom for one owning a plow to draw it if not all the plowing for a town. The town often paid a bounty to one who would buy and keep a plow in repair and do the work in this way.

The swiftest bird, probably, is the eagle of the sea, or frigate-bird, often measuring sixteen feet from tip to tip. It hovers at an elevation of 10,000 feet when a storm sweeps over the ocean. If it wishes to travel, says a French naturalist, it can almost annihilate space. It can breakfast in Africa and dine in America. This bird reposes on its great motionless wings, literally "sleeping on the bosom of the air."

THERE are in our land 25,523,582 males and 24,632,281 females. The natives number 43,475,506, and the foreign born, 6,877,840. There are 43,404,377 white and 6,877,151 colored persons. Beside those on reservations under Government care there are 61,122 Indian and half-breeds. The "myriads of Chinese" number 195,463, and there are 7,450 other Asiatics. For every 100,000 males there are 96,519 females against 97,801 in 1870.

CAZTON Aqueduct, by which New York city is supplied with water, was at the time of its completion, and in fact still is, regarded as one of the wonders of the world. Its length is 38 1/2 miles, and it is built most of this distance of brick, stone and cement, inclosed over and under, 6 feet 3 inches wide at the bottom, 7 feet 8 inches at the top, and 8 feet 5 inches high. It is carried over Harlem River on a magnificent bridge, 1,460 feet long, and 114 feet above high-water mark.

WOODEN BOILERS. The almost incredible feat of making steam boilers of wood was accomplished seventy-six years ago in Philadelphia, where they were used to furnish steam to the pumps for pumping up the river water for the use of the city water-works. They, however, lasted only two years, when it became so difficult to keep them steam-tight that they were abandoned for iron boilers. How was it possible to heat water in wooden boilers? It was accomplished by having an iron fire-box twelve feet long, six feet wide, and two feet deep, placed inside a rectangular wooden chest, fourteen feet long and nine feet square, made of plank nearly half a foot thick, securely bolted together by iron rods passing through the planks. The iron fire-box had eight vertical flues of one foot in diameter, through which the water circulated, and around which the fire acted, and passed upward through an oval flue, first above the fire-box, carried from the back of the boiler to near the front and back again, when it passed out into the chimney. It was expected that these boilers would be very economical, on account of the non-conducting property of wood; and so they were to a certain extent, as the boilers did not need any protecting covering.

P. T. BARNUM is a most rigidly temperance man, the teetotal kind of a teetotaler, but he keeps his own private bar tender, all the same.

"Yes, I knew him," the Texas Sheriff remarked, when somebody asked him about Red-handed Bill; "I never met him but once; he came down here last February, riding another man's mule, and he came in and left the measure of his neck with me for a larriat." "Did you fit him?" asked the traveler. "Not very well," said the Sheriff, "blamed thing was too tight, but he never said anything about it after he tried it on, so I didn't change it." And then the committee rose and reported the bill to the house, which shortly afterward took a recess until the evening session.—Bur-dette.

An ingenious mother who has long been bothered by the fastidiousness of her children at table has at last discovered a method of circumventing them. She places what she wants each child to eat before its neighbor at table, and of course each ories for what the other has, and the ends of justice are promoted.

"So you married old Heavypenny's eldest, I hear," said the friend. "Yes," said young Infanti, "I have." "Good match?" asked the friend. "I guess so," sighed the bridegroom, wearily, "heaps of brimstone in it." And the years go by.—Hawk-Eye.

The White House china is described as having designs representing the kinds of food which should go on each dish, so that you may eat an oyster and see a pictured shell, and so on.

It was reported on the streets last Friday evening that the American ship H. S. Sandford from New York for this port, with railroad iron for the C. R. & N. Co., had run aground at St. Helens while coming up the river. She was lightening when the Kalama boat came up, but whether she was aground or not it could not be definitely ascertained.—Standard.

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Real Estate Agency. REAL ESTATE FOR SALE: CITY OF CORVALLIS. Two Lots adjoining Court House with good house, barn and garden. FARM. 100 Acres 20 miles from Newport on the Yaquina, steamboat landing, 20 acres in timothy, good house, orchard, etc. Price \$1000. 150 Acres in King's Valley. First rate land with large house, barn, close to school and church, post office, grist and saw mill. Price \$6000. 50 Acres in Linu county, 6 miles east of Lebanon, on branch of east side railroad, and Oregon & Pacific, well watered, good timber, near school. Terms easy. \$4450. 570 Acres in King's Valley, 200 under cultivation, well watered, good outrange, 15 acres orchard, producing all kinds of fruit; house and garden, very large barn and good outbuildings. 1 mile from school, near postoffice, saw and grist mills, and close to proposed narrow gauge depot in King's Valley. Price, \$11,000. 354 Acres adjoining above with equal advantage of position, about 169 acres under cultivation, an excellent farm, capable of carrying a good flock of sheep, under fence, well watered, good barn and orchard. Price, \$6,500. 422 Acres adjoining above, 100 acres under cultivation, good house, orchard, etc. Excellent stock range with good outfit, 2 miles from school, postoffice, etc. Price, \$4,500. 340 Acres, 90 under cultivation, good house, barn and orchard, four miles north of postoffice. Price, \$4,000. Excellent stock farm. 1,857 Acres, 8 miles west of Corvallis, on Mary's River. 1000 under fence, 255 acres under plough, 151 now in grain. Best hill pasture, well grassed, 14 miles from school. The land is well timbered, good house, two barns, etc. Price, \$15,500. 200 Acres of first class land, west side and upper end of King's Valley, 60 acres under cultivation including 22 acres of timothy, good house, barn, school house within 200 yards, and convenient distant from mills, store, etc.; well watered and timbered. \$27,000. 100 acres situated on Little Elk next Baber's. Excellent water and good outlet to fine range. 200 acres east end of Blodgett's Valley, well improved, near school and on proposed line of Yaquina R. R. Price, \$4000.

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