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BENTON COUNTY.

Description of Its Appearance and Present Condition by Voting Precincts.

Written Expressly for the Gazette by a Thirty Years Resident of the County.

TUM TUM PRECINIT

Extends from the divide between Little Elk creek and the Yaquina on the north to the divide between Big Elk and the Alsea on the south, and from the mouth of Little Elk to a point a little west of Blodget's valley, being about 10 miles from north to south, and aboat 12 twelve miles from east to west, bounded by Summit on north, by King's Valley and Philomath on the east, and by Elk city precinct on the west. Little Elk creek rises near the center portion of the precinct and passes out at the north-east corner, Big Elk rises in the south-east corner of the west and south-west slopes of Mary's Peak and runs west passes into Elk city precinct. Then again a fork of Mary's river known as Shot Pouch rises on the north-west slope of Mary's Peak runs north some distant when it turns suddenly to the south-east. At the extreme northern point the Tum Tum enters from the west. Bordering this is a very pretty little mountain valley laying high and extending to the Summit toward Little Elk, the valley of which lays much lower and has some wide fertile bottoms, that have been in cultivation for a number of years. The bottom land on Big Elk river is the widest of any of the coast streams. On Deer creek Wolf creek and up the spout on the north and several streams on the south of the rivers is a great deal of fertile bottom and the surrounding hills have an open yield a great deal of feed for stock. Along the Big Elk and some of the tributaries are settlers that are making good farms, and there is room for more. This valley is to some extent isolated as there is but one road into the upper end of the valley, although there is nothing in the way of a good road down the river to Elk City; shot pouch where lower down is known as a fork of Mary's river has some wide bottoms mostly covered wsth cherry brush, most of this is in cultivation but lavs high and is subject to biting frosts. Mary's Peak is situated at the southeast corner of the precinct and also marks northeast corner of Alsea precinct, rises to a height of 4000 feet, and mostly snow covered until August. The summit of the Peak is bald and covered with the finest native grass found any where, the top is crescent shaped and contains about 300 to 400 acres of open land which is owned by William Wyatt and is used by him for a horse pasture during the summer months. The timber like other portions of the mountain country has been burned. There was formerly a great deal of cedar timber of the better quality which has been largely used for shingle making. This has been the chief dependence of many of the early settlers for supplying the wants of their families until their land could be brought into cultivation, their table being supplied with venison formerly plentiful on all the hills, while their groceries and necessary clothing was procured in exchange for a load of cedar shingles.

Stock raising is from year to year growing in importance the people having to depend upon the increase of their flocks to stock their ranches which is naturally slow at the start. Many small fields of the tame grasses are seen; from these the seed is procured to extend their pastures. But little grain is produced as yet except for home use. Beef and mutton have been to considerable extent furnished to the Corvallis and other markets and of late much wood has been disposed of. The capabilities of the precinct especially for stock raising is fully equal to any other portion of the mountain country.

The population is about 250, The opportunity for taking farmes are fully as good as any other portions of the country. The people are greatly in need of a postoffice, as there is not one in the precinct, most of the people receiving their mail at Philomath 20 to 30 miles distance by the route travel.

There three school houses 1 back in Little Elk, on short ponch and in Big Elk valley. Religous excereises are irreulary held in the school and at private houses of the settlers. The supplies are drawn from either Corvallis or Philomath as there is on store within the precinct.

The following contains a list of the names of the persons paying tax upon property in the Tum Tum precinct No. 12, and the amount of tax paid each, as shown by the last assessment roll for Benton County.

M. H. Bowman	$6 30
G. W. Cross	3 48
S. W. Derrick	3 60
Z. S. Derrick	4 64
Alfred Flickinger	5 26
Sol Mulkey	6 76
Wm Nois	7 20
Susan Pyburn	6 16
James C. Yantis	3 77
J. H. Yantis	3 45
Totol	50 61

OREGON WHEAT.

Oregon wheat is known the world over for its superb quality and fineness of berry and on this account it commands the highest prices in the Liverpool market. The average weight of Oregon Wheat is 63 lbs per bushel. It is excelled by no other wheat produced the world over in quality and only equalled by one—the New Zealand—in weight. It is therefore interesting to know that the wheat production of Oregon is rapidly increasing. According to the official returns California in 1879 produced 29 million bushels of wheat and Oregon but seven and a half million bushels, but in 1882 Oregon raised nearly thirteen million bushels to California's thirty-four and a half million bushels. Now whereas in 1882 California had a splendid harvest, that of Oregon was if anything below average, so that we may reasonably expect that if Oregon should have an average yield per acre this year, what with the immensely increased area there will be under cultivation, the yield should be close upon fifteen million bushels, or probably half of what California's crop will be. Oregon is fast creeping up on her large and rich neighbor and no doubt ere long will be even with her. A few years ago it was supposed that wheat could not be grown to advantage east of the Cascades and that the bunch grass land was merely adapted for stock farming, but within the last few years immense quantities of grain have been produced there and wheat too of the very finest quality. Last year more than a quarter of the wheat crop of Oregon was raised east of the Cascades and the soil which but a few years ago was supposed to be unsuited for the culture of wheat produces from 20 to 40 bushels per acre. The Walla Walla valley is mostly in cultivation and producing as fine wheat and of as good quality as any country in the world. Walla Walla valley is but an infinitessimal portion of Eastern Oregon; an immense region of virgin soil which is capable of producing 20 to 40 bushels wheat to the acre. This country is open to settlement and will soon be opened up by the construction of the Oregon Pacific Railroad, which will bisect Eastern Oregon on its way from Yaquina bay on the Pacific to Boise City in Idaho. Oregon contains ninety-five thousand square miles and two thirds of this vast area lies east of the Cascades. Last year Oregon had about 800,000 acres in wheat which produced nearly 13,000,000 bushels, or fully 16 busbels to the acre.

The average amount of wheat produced per acre in the whole United States during the last ten years was 13 bushels per acre. In 1881 which was considerably below average as regards yield there were 37,709,020 acres sown in wheat in the United States which produced only 380,280,000 bus. or an average of a little over 10 bushels to the acre. The average amount of wheat produced in Oregon in 1882 was 64 bus. per head of population and in the United States but 25 bushels. Oregon produces more wheat per head than any other State in the Union. There are millions of acres in Oregon not yet in cultivation which will produce large crops of wheat. Now just suppose that 5 million acres of the (in round numbers) 60 million acres which Oregon contains should be in wheat, which I certainly believe is possible, and that these five millions of acres should average sixteen bushels per acre the present average of Oregon, then Oregon alone would produce eighty millions of bushels or 28 millions more than Illinois which is at present the largest wheat producing state in the Union. It is difficult to realise what a great future awaits this naturally most favored state. Not one eighth of her wheat lands are yet in cultivation, her mines are undeveloped, her huge forests are still standing, her running waters are yet unutilized to one tenth of their capacity. In fact nothing but capital and population are needed to make this state the grandest and richest in the union.

T. S. NASH.

PECK'S BAD BOY.

A Bad Boy in a Drug Store Tries all Medicines on the "Old Man."

[Milwaukee Sun.]

Said the grocery man, as he went up to the boy, snuffed a couple of times and then held his hand to his nose:

"The Board of Health will kerosene you if they ever smell that smell, and send you to the glue factory. What business have you got into to make you smell so rank?"

"Well, you see, pa began to think it was time I learned a trade or a profession, and he saw a sign in a drug store window, 'Boy wanted,' and as he had a boy he didn't want he went to the druggist and got a job for me. This smell on me will go off in a few weeks.

You know, I wanted to try all the perfumery in the store, and after I had got about forty different extracts on my clothes another boy that worked there he fixed up a bottle of benzine and assafetida, and brimstone, and a whole lot of horrid stuff, and labeled it "rose geranium," and I guess I just wallered in it. It is awful, ain't it? I kerflummixed ma when I went into the dining-room the first night that I got home from the store, and broke pa all up. The air seemed fixed around where I am; and everybody seemes to know who fixed it. A girl came in the store yesterday to buy a sachet, and there wasn't anybody there but me, and I didn't know what it was, and I took down everything in the store pretty near before I found it, and then I wouldn't have found it only the proprietor came in. The girl asked the proprietor if there wasn't a good deal of sewer gas in the store, and he told me to go out and shake myself. Well, she told me a sachet was something for the stummick, and I thought a nursing bottle was the nearest thing to it."

"I should think you would drive all the customers away from the store," said the grocery man as he opened the door to let in the fresh air.

"I don't know but I will, but I am hired for a month on trial, and I shall stay. You see, I shan't practice on anybody but pa for a spell. I made up my mind to that when I gave a woman some salts instead of powdered borax and she came back mad. Pa seemed to want to encourage me, and is willing to take anything I ask him. He had a sore throat and wanted something for it, and the boss drugger told me to put some tannin and chlorate of potash in a mortar and grind, and I let pa pound it with the mortar, and while he was pounding I dropped in a couple of drops of sulphuric acid, and it exploded and blowed pa's hat clear across the store, and pa was whiter than a sheet. He said he guessed his throat was all right, and he wouldn't come near me again that day. The next day pa came in and I was laying for him. I took a white seidletz powder and a blue one and dissolved them in separate glasses, and when pa came in I asked him if he didn't want some lemonade, and he drank it. He said it was too sour and I gave him the other glass, that looked like water, to take the taste out of his mouth, and he drank it. Well sir, when those two powders got together in pa's stomach, and began to siz and steam and foam, pa nearly choked to death, and the suds came out of his nostrils, and his eyes stuck out, and as soon as he could get his breath he yelled "fire," and said he was poisoned, and called for a doctor, but I thought as long as we had a doctor right in the family there was no use of hiring one, so I got a stomach-pump and I would have had him bailed out in no time, only the proprietor came in and told me to go and wash some bottles, and he gave pa a drink of brandy, and pa said he felt better.

Pa has learned where we keep the liquor, and he comes in two or three times a day with a pain in his stomach.

They play awful tricks on a boy in a drug store. The first day they put a chunk of somethin sort of blue into a mortar, and pulverize it and make it up into two-grain pills. Well, sir, I pounded that chunk all the forenoon, and it never pulverized at all, and the boss told me to hurry up, as the woman was waiting for the pills and I mauled it till I was nearly dead, and when it was time to go to supper the boss come and looked into the mortar and took out the chunk and said: "You have been pounding all day on a chunk of India rubber, instead of blue mass!" Well, how did I know? But I will get even with them if I stay long enough, and don't you forget it. If you have a prescription you want filled you come down to the store and I will put it up for you myself, then you will be sure to get what you pay for." "Yes," said the grocery man, as he cut off a piece of Limburger cheese and put it on the stove to purify the air in the room; "I should laugh to see myself taking any medicine you put up."

THINK OF YOUR HOMES.

(Written by a special temperance correspondent).

The man that makes drunkards is a murderer, and every drunkard is a self murderer. You have two sweet little boys. How you love them. How often you press their cheeks and foreheads with your lips, you hug them to your bosom, and you implore heavens highest blessings upon them. You desire them to escape the tempters snare. Soon they are out on the stage of action. You hear the tramp of footmen some night on the sidewilk, you hear steps to the door and are horror stricken to find that these men are bringing home your son murdered by the hand of an assassin; the boy is innocent he had nothing to do with his death, he is pure and highly esteemed, he has lived respected and he dies regreted he is bourn to the masonic or odd-fellows cemertry for you as his father may belong to one or both of these orders, and his remains receive a decent interment amid tears and cries of anguish for his untimely death. Let us look after the other boy, he lives a little longer in this world; he may out live you, father and mother may both be dead, or may be seperated by time and distant. This boy has fell victim into the hands of the drunkard makers and they have hurried him along to the broad road to death robbing him of his time talent, money and morrals; they have sent the messenger of death into his blood corrupting his soul and body, sending his body to the grave permaturely thus killing him, and hurling his soul into the regions of the drunkards hell. This boy dies a drunkard—he has been murdered—he is buried as an outcast. All alone for father and mother are gone. Now contrast the case of these two sons, the man that killed the first did it all alone, he held no license in his hand signed by honorable men to justify him in his work, the victim had nothing to do with his death, there is but one guilty character in the whole tranaction and that is the assassin. Not so with the other case, the boys death was brought about for his money. That is just what the highwaymen kill men for it is for their money.

The vendor of ardent spirits as a beverage is a curse to his race and his death would be a blessing to his generations, yea and to unborn generations. He will have a fearful account to give, let hold on to his license, take it with him to his grave, and take it with him to the Bar of God, yea and take the petitions with the petioners names attached thereto, he will need them all, and yet it is written on the pages of God's word "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunken also."

The commendations of God are against the man that are in this business. Is it not strange that a christian nation will tolerate what we know to be a curse to society and to our children. We must strike for our homes and native land.

Here is a quotation taken from Miss Francis F. Willards address:

At one time during the war, the opposing armies lay idle close beside each other, only the waters of the Rappehannock dividing them. And every time the Union band would strike up "The Star Spangled Banner," or other strain sweet to the boys in blue, a confederate band would oppose it with "Dixie," or some kindred sentiment. Tired of the contest, both would subside into quiet. But one evening a long bugler sat musing on the scenes about the Northern fireside, where they missed him. Instinctively he placed the bugle to his lips and piped alone the mellow strains of "Home Sweet Home." Yet only a moment did the dear boy play alone. His comrades picked up their instruments of music and shared his reverie of home. A moment more and, hark! what note is it that comes over the swift waters! Not "Dixie" now, nor other discord, but the loved harmony of "Home, Sweet Home,"—that is always the same all round the world. Then up and down each river-bank it spread till, if tradition says right all bands of both armies were harmoniously filling the fields with the blessed recollections that every man in all those ranks had a home he loved and would see happy.

TO PRESERVE WOOD.

A writer in an exchange says: "I discovered many years ago that wood could be made last much longer than iron in the ground, but thought the process so simple that it was not well to make a stir about it. I would as soon have poplar, basswood, or any other kind of timber for fence posts. I have taken out basswood posts after having been set seven years that were as sound when taken out as when first put into the ground. Time and weather seemed to have no effect on them. The posts can be prepared for less than two cents a piece. This is the recipt: Take boiled linseed oil and stir in pulverized coal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and there is no man will live to see it rot."

SILENT MEN.

Washington never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he attempted it, failed and confessed ashamed. In framing the constitution of the United States, the labor was entirely preformed in the committee of the whole, of which Washington was chairman; he made two speeches during the convention, however, acknowledged the master spirit, and historians affirm that, had it not been for his great popularity, and the first thirty words of his speech, announcing the best that could be united upon the constitution would have been rejected by the people. Thomas Jefferson never made a speech. He couldn't do it. Napoleon, whose executive ability is almost without parallel, said that his greatest difficulty was finding men of deeds rather than words. When asked how he maintained his influence over his superiors in age and experience when commander-in-chief of an army in Italy, he said by reserve. The greatest of man is not measured by length of his speeches and their number.

Mr. Frank Moffat has described to the Edinburgh Photographic Society a process for obtaining photographs by moonlight which he has successfully tried. A picture exhibited shows a house and trees very distinctly, while the differences in level on a grassy lawn may be clearly seen.