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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with columns for advertising rates: 1 inch, 2 inch, 3 inch, 4 inch, 5 inch, 6 inch, 7 inch, 8 inch, 9 inch, 10 inch, 11 inch, 12 inch. Includes rates for local and non-local columns.

Notices in Local Column, 20 cents per line, each insertion. Transient advertisements, per square of 12 lines, Nonpareil measure, \$2 50 for first, and \$1 for each subsequent insertion in ADVANCE.

M. S. WOODCOCK, Attorney and Counselor at Law, CORVALLIS, OREGON. OFFICE ON FIRST STREET, OPP. WOODCOCK & BALDWIN'S Hardware store.

F. A. CHENOWETH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, CORVALLIS, OREGON. OFFICE, Corner of Monroe and Second street.

J. W. RAYBRUN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, CORVALLIS, OREGON. OFFICE—On Monroe street, between Second and Third.

JAMES A. YANTIS, Attorney and Counselor at Law, CORVALLIS, OREGON. WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS of the State.

DR. F. A. VINCENT, DENTIST, CORVALLIS, OREGON. OFFICE IN FISHER'S BRICK—OVER Max. Friendly's New Store.

C. R. FARRA, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, CORVALLIS, OREGON. OFFICE—OVER GRAHAM & HAMILTON'S Drug Store, Corvallis, Oregon.

NEW TIN SHOP. J. K. Webber, Pro., MAIN ST., CORVALLIS.

STOVES AND TINWARE, All Kinds. All work warranted and at reduced rates.

J. BLUMBERG, (Between Southern's Drug Store and Taylor's Market), CORVALLIS, OREGON.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, FURNISHING Goods, Cigars and Tobacco, etc. Goods delivered free to any part of the City.

W. G. CRAWFORD, DEALER IN WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, SILVER WARE, etc. Also, Musical Instruments & Co.

GRAHAM, HAMILTON & CO., CORVALLIS, OREGON. DEALERS IN Drugs, Paints, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, DYE STUFFS, OILS, GLASS AND PUTTY.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS FOR MEDICINAL USE. And also the very best assortment of Lamps and Wall Paper ever brought to this place.

AGENTS FOR THE AVERILL CHEMICAL PAINT SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully Compounded.

THE NEW I X L STORE, Corvallis, - Oregon.

Must sell, to make room for a large invoice of New Goods to arrive, Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Carpets and Fancy Goods, At PRICES NEVER BEFORE offered to the Citizens of Corvallis and vicinity.

Remember the new I X L Store, opp. Sol. King's Livery Stable, Corvallis.

The Breakwater at Cape Foulweather, Is a necessity and owing to an increased demand for GOODS IN OUR LINE.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE. Ever brought to this market, and our motto, in the future, as it has been in the past, shall be "SMALL PROFITS AND QUICK SALES."

Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps. Privately by Mr. Sheppard, at a Large Bankrupt Sale in San Francisco.

Allen & Woodward, Druggists and Apothecaries, P. O. BUILDING, CORVALLIS, OREGON.

Job Printing, Gazette Job Printing House, IS NOW PREPARED TO DO Plain and Ornamental Printing.

FRESH GOODS - AT THE - BAZAR OF FASHIONS Mrs. E. A. KNIGHT, CORVALLIS, OREGON.

Milinery Goods, Dress Trimmings, Etc., Ever brought to Corvallis, which I will sell at prices that defy competition.

LANDS! FARMS! HOMES! I HAVE FARMS, (Improved and unimproved), STORES and MILL PROPERTY, very desirable.

UNDERTAKER, Cor. Second and Monroe Sts., CORVALLIS, OREGON.

Some Samples of New England Wit and Humor. [Arthur Gilman's recent Lecture.] On the morning after the first delivery of this lecture in a Massachusetts town, the driver who was taking me to the station said to me: "That was pretty tolerable good, what you gave 'em up to the last night. I hav'nt seen nobody that didn't like it, but Old Deacon Fry, and he never likes nothing. He said it might be well enough for light-minded kind of folks, but he thought there was parts on it was dreadful shallow."

The principle of mirth is not a deep one, but it is as innate in the mind as any other original faculty we possess. More sayings and incidents provocative of true mirth can be found nowhere than in our Northern States, on all subjects. We are apt to find only what we look for, and thus peculiar wit often has to be explained to people in good set terms.

A tall, gaunt shopkeeper ran down the pier, crying, "Save the head-headed one! For heaven's sake save that man with the red head!" This started the people to work, and they saved him. The tall, gaunt man waited to see that life was not quite extinct, and then turned away with the remark, "I wouldn't have had that man drowned for considerable. He owes me \$10."

A dozen years ago there used to come a rusty old dealer in farm produce to Boston. One Saturday night, having sold everything but a keg of apple-sauce, he exchanged this in a tailor's shop for an overcoat, which the tailor told him would cost him \$10.

During the existence of the Dorr rebellion in Rhode Island, the leader of the insurgents drew up his men on the summit of a hill near Providence. Pointing to the advancing troops, he said: "Fellow men, my men, come close to me, the aristocrats who would rob you of your suffrages. Fight 'em to the last gasp, and if you have to retreat, do it with your face to the foe, selling your lives dearly at every step you take, and (as the troops came nearer) 'I am a little lame I guess I'll start now.'"

The Judge's Joke. On a very cold day two men were driving along a narrow road, in opposite directions, and one of the other would be compelled to turn out. This would not be an easy job, for the snow was nearly two feet deep on either side of the road; so they drove close to each other before they stopped. One of them drove a light sleigh, while the other had two horses hitched to a heavy load of lumber, and it was but natural for the driver of the heavy team to suppose the other would give the road. But this, he who drove the sleigh did not intend to do. He was a witty man, and, as he filled the position of judge, he was held in awe by most of the people near where he lived.

"Turn out!" exclaimed the judge, as soon as the teams had come to a standstill. "I won't do it," answered the other, stoutly. "You had better," replied the judge; "if you don't, I'll very soon show you what I'll do."

The man eyed the judge keenly for a short time, and then, fearing that the man of law might go to extremes, he got off his sled and commenced tramping snow so that he could get his team out of the road.

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A Base Ball Romance. In the bulk window of a Chestnut street auction-house is exposed a magnificent mahogany malace, tipped with elaborately worked silver. For over an hour a very seely individual, with red hair and a broken nose, lingered about the window with such a mysterious manner as to lead the officer on the corner to believe that his intentions were not good, so he "took him in" on general principles.

"What were you doing there?" queried the Court. "Nothing, Judge, simply admiring and meditating." "Admiring what?" "That bat, Judge, the beautiful baseball bat." "You are evidently an admirer of the game of base-ball," interposed the court. "No more, 'Squire. Was once, I'm a martyr, I am. I'm no good any more. It's gone down now, has the game. How I could scoop in a fly-scraper? Why that inkind at me, Judge. Toss her sharp. Bounce her now. Hot, me boy, an' I'll show yer how to stop her. No, they won't have me no more; I'm played they say. Gimme something. Bu'st off that table-leg and gimme a smack at that inkind. Fire her this way hot, and if I don't show yer a homer, yer can send me down for good. Ten years ago I was a big crab on the field; short-stop, yer know. All broke up now. Couldn't get a job now scraping the stick. I could skin over the bases like greased lightning runs. They open the door once. Just hold her open two minutes, and see me get up and git. But, I reckon, I'm no account now days, though."

"You don't look as though you'd bring a prize," put in the court. "Not for beauty, no. But for scars, Judge; for scars, I'm prime cheese; head of the heap. I'm a martyr, I am, but nobody would guess it."

"A martyr to what?" said the court. "To sky-scrapers, Judge; daisy-cutters—homers, yer know. Taking 'em hot, right off the tip of the bat. Oh, yer, I'm a martyr. Do you see that hand?" and he exposed a palm about as broad as a deal-table, with five horribly-damaged fingers starting from its edges. "Them tells the tale. All of them busted time and again. Had 'em driven in clear up to the second joint, and pulled out with tweezers dozens of times. Every finger broke in six places; five times six, thirty; thirty breaks on the right hand, thirty on the left. Three thirty, sixty; five twelves, sixty. Five sin't worth a continental. Pulled in for gazing and meditating on a prize bat. This is to hard!"

"It is indeed hard," said the court. "Do you want me to put an apparatus on my countenance? Looks as though it was too big for my face, don't it? I sacrificed her. Once it was the beautiful nose as ever your eyes set on, but a ball took her on the fly, with three fingers. I'd say, as he went through the door, that he knew he would be called up to die for the cause some time, to save it from disgrace."

He is a German, and he drops into the office nearly every day. He came in yesterday just at our busiest moment, and began: "Dot sdory 'bond Greenfodder's Glock said so. I know all 'bout dot. I told yer, and I vaud dot misgoreed by der Kintsh. Ven I was a leedle poy my greenmorder's hoopstawn a gredd pig clock. Der horse was doo pig for id, id was so large, and dey had doo put id on a shellul. Greenmorder's hoopstawn a condensation mood signd' agood, I vaud, he dink more proud dot glock as he did py five cend."

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Anecdotes of Moses Cheney. When the Hon. Moses Cheney was a member of the Legislature, at Montpelier, Vt., his eccentricities were continually peeping out, and his originalities were often made to bear with telling force upon certain members that he thought were not on the square. Pride and affectation were particularly obnoxious to him, and he never let a chance of giving a hit when he saw any person putting on airs. On one election day a chaplain for the session was to be elected. One by one the resident clergymen of Montpelier were nominated, but all declined serving. Mr. Cheney rose in his seat, and in a deep, sonorous voice, exclaimed: "What various hindrances we meet, in coming to the altar!"

There was a sudden hush fell on the assembly. The next clergyman that was nominated accepted the office. "The next clergyman that was nominated accepted the office. One day an important motion was under discussion. The members dilly-dallied over it all the forenoon session, then it was voted upon the table. A second time it was handled in the same way. The third time it was brought up Mr. Cheney arose, and said: "Mr. Speaker, I want to tell a story before this measure is discussed. Parson Noble, who resided in Chelsea, was a man who was not afraid or ashamed to work. He had his winter's wood cut sled length in the woods, and borrowed a yoke of oxen from one of his neighbors to haul it to his yard. But he was troubled with the very first load he got on the sled; the oxen could not, or would not, draw it an inch. The old parson coaxed and whipped, and whipped and coaxed, but there they were, and there they stood. His neighbor, the owner of the oxen, thought they had been gone a long time, and got anxious, so he jumped on his horse and rode out to the woods to see what was the trouble. Parson Noble was sitting on a log wiping the perspiration from his face upon his handkerchief. "Is trouble, Mr. Noble?" "Yes, these confounded oxen won't do a thing."

"Let me take the whip. Stand one side, sir." "The old parson gladly gave up the whip and place. The farmer walked around the sled, saw that there was nothing to hinder the load from starting, took his place by the side of the oxen, gave one smart blow with the whip, at the same time giving a yell that shook up the echoes in every direction. Of course the load started, the parson trotted on behind, filled with wonder. "There, sir," handing back the whip, "just let them know that their Redeemer liveth, and there will be no more trouble in getting along."

The motion was carried after a few minutes' discussion. S. H. R. He is a German, and he drops into the office nearly every day. He came in yesterday just at our busiest moment, and began: "Dot sdory 'bond Greenfodder's Glock said so. I know all 'bout dot. I told yer, and I vaud dot misgoreed by der Kintsh. Ven I was a leedle poy my greenmorder's hoopstawn a gredd pig clock. Der horse was doo pig for id, id was so large, and dey had doo put id on a shellul. Greenmorder's hoopstawn a condensation mood signd' agood, I vaud, he dink more proud dot glock as he did py five cend."

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The Green-Eyed Monster. Lt. Kroger was tranquilly eating his breakfast recently, when his boy broke the silence by asking him for fifty cents to go to the minstrels with that night. Mr. Kroger promptly refused, on the ground of hard times.

"Mr. Kroger's boy is more than a boy, and when sets his heart on having anything he generally succeeds in getting it; so, when his father refused to comply with his request, he moved over by his mother, and said: "I guess I'll tell ma what the cook said to you last night." "Mrs. Kroger's eyes flashed like two balls of fire. "You're a nice man," she said, sarcastically, "to come home and get me, and kiss me, and then go and receive the caresses of the cook. You miserable, frog-eyed runt, for two pins I'd go over there and rake the eyes out of you!" "I, ah!" stammered the lord of the manor, when his wife broke in, "and turning suddenly to the boy, she demanded an explanation of the whole affair. "Will you give me fifty cents?" "Yes," she responded, "what did she say to him?" "Give me the fifty cents first!" said young hopeful. "I'm opening the year on the C. O. D. principle." He soon had the money, and relieved his mother by telling her: "Last night the cook came up to pop, and getting pretty close to him and— "O, you wretch," hissed Mrs. Kroger. "And when she got beside him she smiled very sweetly, and said: "The boy moved cautiously toward the door, and his mother yelled: "Come out with it!" "And when the cook got pretty close to him, she whispered: "Mr. Kroger, get your potatoes as getting pretty low, and you had better get another barrel in a day or two." "Then the boy got outside as fast as possible, while his mother sank into a chair. Mr. Kroger lifted his morning paper before his face to veil the smile which made it look like a calcium light.

Fighting Vanderbilt. The City of Rochester, N. Y., and Vanderbilt are at sword-points just now, and if the fight between the two parties is not compromised soon, there may be serious trouble. Several weeks ago the Common Council of Rochester instructed the Mayor to enforce the ordinance prohibiting the running of the trains of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad through the city at a rate exceeding eight miles an hour, or switching cars across any street of the city. The Mayor is enforced, as the depot is on the road to comply with the ordinance, and the Superintendent said he would conform as to the requirements as to the rate of speed of passenger trains, but the up-grade west rendered it almost impossible to get freight trains out of the city at that rate of speed. In reference to the ordinance prohibiting the company from using or occupying any portion of the street, lane, alley or square within said city for the purpose of switching up any train or switching any car or cars, under a penalty of \$50 for each offense, he said it could not conveniently be obeyed; and neither could the one prohibiting loading and unloading passengers or freight on any public highway or premises. Several arrests have already been made for violating the above ordinance. But the Mayor and the railroad officials declare that it is impossible to keep passenger trains going if the law is enforced, as the depot is in the heart of the city, and the tracks cross all north and south thoroughfares. Mr. Vanderbilt says the whole action is a piece of malicious spitework because he refused to build an elevated railroad through the city at his own expense, which would amount to about \$1,000,000, which he could not do. He offered to build the road if the city would pay half the cost, but the representatives of the city wanted him to pay all. He says if this prosecution is kept on, he will carry the track around the city; but he does not think the people of Rochester would be so indifferent to their own interests as to compel him to do this.

How a Toad Undresses. A gentleman sends to an agricultural paper an amusing description of "How a Toad Takes off His Coat and Pants." He says he has seen one do it, and a friend has seen another do the same thing in the same way. "About the middle of July I found a toad on a hill of melons, and not wanting him to leave, I hoed round him; he appeared sluggish and not inclined to move. Presently I observed him pressing his elbows against his sides and rubbing downward. He appeared so singular that I watched to see what he was up to. After a few smart rubs his skin began to burst open straight along his back. Now, said I, old fellow, you have done it; but he appeared to be unconcerned, and kept on rubbing until he had worked all his skin into folds on his sides and hips; then grasping one hind leg with both his hands, he hauled off one leg of his pants the same as anybody would, then stripped the other hind leg in the same way. He then took his cast-off cuticle forward between his fore-legs into his mouth and swallowed it; then, by raising and lowering his head, swallowing as his head came down, he stripped off the skin underneath until it came to his fore-legs, and then grasping one of these with the opposite hand, by considerable pulling stripped off the skin; changing hands he stripped the other, and by a slight motion of the head, and all the while swallowing, he drew it from the neck and swallowed the whole. The operation seemed an agreeable one and occupied but a short time."

A Seal that Would not Starve. An Egyptian desert snail was received at the British Museum on March 25, 1846. The animal was not known to be alive, as it had withdrawn into the shell, and the specimen was accordingly gummed, mouth downward, on the table, duly labeled and dated, and left to its fate. Instead of starving, this contented gastropod simply went to sleep in a sack of cards, and never woke up again for four years. The tablet was then placed in tepid water and the shell loosened, when the dormant snail suddenly re-enscated himself, began walking about the basin, and finally sat for his portrait, which may be seen at the British Museum. Woodward's "Manual of the Monusca." Now, during those four years the snail had never eaten a mouthful of any food, yet he was quite as well and flourishing at the end of the period as he had been at the beginning.

Small Change. We were bridesmaids at a funeral a few evenings since, and everything went merry until the minister, who had just returned from church, mistook our coat for his own and hunted through the pockets for his Bible. He fished up a pack of cards, a paper of fine cut, and a flask which some evil disposed person had placed there. We looked at the groom, shook our head deprecatingly, and told him that he shouldn't have worn that coat at such a time. All eyes were focused on him, and he turned as red as a danger signal. We didn't get a smidgen of the wedding cake.

The very simple reason why the world is full of gossip is, that those who indulge in it have nothing else in them. They must interest themselves in something. They know nothing but what they learn from day to day in intercourse with, and observation of, their neighbors. What these neighbors do, what they say, what happens to them in their social and business affairs, what they wear—these become questions of supreme interest.