

WEEKLY CORVALLIS GAZETTE.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE STATE

OFFICIAL PAPER FOR BENTON COUNTY

Corvallis, Oct. 10, 1879.

W. B. CARTER, EDITOR.

YAKUINA BAY EXAMINATION—TRIP OF SENATOR SLATER.

Last Friday morning, at 7 o'clock, Senator Slater, Dr. J. R. Bayley and ye editor of the GAZETTE, in one of Sol. King's best livery rigs, started for Yakuina Bay. Private business prevented other members of the escort committee from accompanying Mr. Slater. The day was pleasant, and although the roads were not equal to summer season, yet we made good time, arriving at Pioneer, 45 miles distant, at 6 p. m.; spending over an hour for dinner at the Summit post-office—Mr. Geo. L. Crain's. Having business at Elk City, and it not being convenient for the steam launch to go down that evening, we procured a small boat and an Indian to take us down to Elk City—some two and half miles. Mr. M. W. Simpson, E. M., heartily welcomed us, although his family were absent from home. Mr. S. soon proved himself an adept in the culinary art, by preparing us an excellent supper, to which all did ample justice. After a pleasant chat, being somewhat fatigued with the trip, we all retired and were soon in dreamland. At 4:45 o'clock, in the morning, our genial host announced breakfast ready—and were soon ready for it. After breakfast, the steam launch, M. T. Crow, Captain and "Stormy" Jordan, engineer, was at the wharf, and soon we were steaming down the Yakuina river toward the Bay, which is some 24 miles distant, via river, but scarcely half that distance on an air line. Mr. W. W. Davis, of Pioneer, accompanied us; also Mr. E. A. Abbey, of Elk City; upon reaching Toledo, Mr. Wm. Mackey also joined our party. Arriving at Oheenta, we found that Mr. Allen Parker had preceded us to Newport an hour or so. We arrived at Newport about half past ten o'clock, and were cordially received by numerous citizens who were on the look out for us. We were soon in comfortable quarters at the Bay View House, where P. M. Abbey, the genial host, always makes his guests feel at home.

Notwithstanding the afternoon was very unpleasant, and we were greeted with a drenching rain, the citizens, generally, called upon Mr. Slater, and made his visit through brief, exceedingly pleasant. Mr. Slater saw the bay and bay at its roughest. Next morning the bay was calm and smooth, but the breakers, of course, rolled upon the bay, which, notwithstanding the fearful storm at sea, was comparatively quiet, and Mr. S. thought any substantial craft could have crossed without danger. He seemed to be very much, but agreeably, surprised to find the entrance to the harbor so favorable, and the bay and river so large and deep. Mr. Slater visited Yakuina lighthouse, and conversed freely with the citizens of Newport and the Bay, also Capt. Wass, keeper of the light at Foul weather, and seemed delighted with his visit to the Bay, despite the stormy weather.

Imperative business calling him back to Corvallis on Monday evening, so as to take Tuesday's train from Albany to Portland, we found it necessary to return to the head of tide, Pioneer, Sunday afternoon, and proceed part way upon our homeward trip. We came out as far as Mr. M. L. Trapp's, where we found excellent accommodations. Next morning at 6 o'clock we started over the mountains, making Mr. Crain's for dinner, and reached home at 6 p. m. The day was quite stormy, but we made the trip without accident or serious inconvenience. Dr. Bayley proving himself an expert reinsman and very careful driver.

Mr. Slater registered at the Occidental Hotel, upon his return to the city, and next morning was conveyed to Albany, in a buggy, by Hon. Judge Burnett, thus making a hurried visit to this part of the country. Mr. S. exceedingly regretted that his engagements would not allow him time to visit the Alsea country and Siletz Indian reservation, which he greatly desired to do. Hopes to have more time upon his return to Oregon, next summer.

River across of land in Union county, yielded 500 bushels of oats this year.

New telegraph poles have been put in place of the old ones along the railroad between Portland and Corvallis.

Dr. Watts will shortly visit Pendleton and other points in Eastern Oregon for the purpose of organizing Blue Ribbon clubs.

AGRICULTURE, OUR ONLY HOPE.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Dear Sir: We have neither the time nor inclination to annoy your readers by offering them captions nonsense for argument, but desire to say, in a word, that to look at the policy of protection, to understand its bearings upon all interests, two qualifications are necessary, viz: common sense and honesty. Under this egotism remark: There are a few important landmarks which stand out prominently in our history the past fifteen or twenty years, and which will force attention in the adjustment of this question. First, that in the financial crash of 1873 neither agriculture or labor had anything to do with bringing the crash about. Second, that notwithstanding the burdens placed upon agriculture, it was the only golden spot visible in those times, and, continuing its faithful toil to this day, has forced the business interests of the country to a position so marked, as to attract the attention of the civilized world.

The reasons which may be assigned for this advent of a new prosperity are, the industry and self denial of those engaged in agriculture, and the bountiful crops secured. To this may be added the misfortunes of those countries which have failed to secure the customary harvests, necessitating the purchasing from us what the seasons have denied them. Here, then, are important facts to be noticed; our return to prosperity cannot be laid to the superior legislation of "sagacious statesmen;" not to protection, not to monied institutions, nor to the iron interest, which has received millions of bounty the past fifteen years, but to the hard working and ever toiling farmer, and kindred pursuits. If then agriculture is the saving interest of the country? If all other interests had to wait till the farmer dragged them out of the troubles they had brought about, is it reasonable that, with this great benefit, it should also be called upon to pay unjust tribute to either the iron or any other interest?

When the party which passed high protective tariffs appeared before the people and asked to be entrusted with the government of the country, among the promises pledged was, that in the encouragement of the business interests of the country, the laboring man and agriculture are especially mentioned; yet, in the face of this, not a mile of railroad has been built in the country under this tariff but has cost some \$3,000 per mile more than was necessary, and this amount has gone into the pockets of iron men, bankers, bondholders, etc., and this interest (agriculture) which, without protection, though promised it, has not only pulled the country through its financial embarrassments, but has had to pay the tribute congress placed upon it for the benefit of the iron interests. We should not be doing justice to our farmer friends, nor to the principles we advocate, if we should rest here; and suggest, that in the period of history we have named, neither agriculture nor free trade are responsible for black Fridays, for Jay Cooke's disasters, for the existence of Molly Maguires, or Pittsburgh riots, nor for the kindred disturbances occurring recently in a neighboring State. It is through such dark days of gloom and disaster, agriculture has sustained and ever resound the country. Shall her shackles remain? R.

THE SCHOOL FUND.

It appears to us that the question of our irreducible fund is one that should occupy the attention of the school teachers throughout the State. That there has been a very large amount of school land sold; that the amount of funds reported on hand from such sales is very small, we all know; and therefore, we think that the State Teachers' Association should make it a part of their duty to see where and how this fund is managed; and if mismanaged, to "go after" somebody. It is very generally believed that there is a large amount of this fund in the same condition that the investigating committee appointed by the last Legislature found other portions of public interest. It will be remembered that Congress, immediately after our Legislature appropriated two hundred thousand dollars to build the locks at Oregon City, raised the question as to the right of the State to appropriate the funds arising from the sale of the five hundred thousand acres of land given by act of Congress to this State for internal improvement, but was, by a provision of our State Constitution, made a part of the Common School fund, Congress consenting thereto—and which had been treated as a part of the school fund by the State up to the passage of the act creating the office of State Register. It was claimed that Congress had not consented to that provision by act of Congress the State into the Union; whereupon Congress, in order to settle all questions upon this subject, passed a joint resolution to prevent any further disposition of the fund arising from the sale of these lands. We now ask this question: If this fund belongs to the State School fund, by what right do the State authorities continue to appropriate the same for other purposes?—Resources of Oregon & Washington.

Pendleton Independent: Capt. Simmons and Mr. Gray, two gentlemen recently from England, were in town the first of the week, the object of their visit being to take a look at our country and select a suitable location for settlement. These gentlemen inform us that a large number of their countrymen intend making Oregon their future home. They were very favorably impressed with our town and the surrounding country and say they intend visiting us again. Thus is Oregon acquiring trained and thrifty farmers who are driven from England by bad crops, high rents and the hosts of evils which have recently caused business distress and disaster.

OREGON STATE FAIR.

EDITOR GAZETTE: Salem's gala week is at hand, and notwithstanding adverse circumstances we, as citizens, are doing our level best to make every one happy and at the same time line our pockets with the filly lucre. It is a season the average capitalist looks forward to, from one year to another, in anticipation of making sufficient money to ek out a livelihood during the remainder of the calendar year, preparations therefore are usually made on a grand scale. This year's preparations were no exception to the general rule, save in one respect, they were, if any thing, more enlarged in anticipation of a larger attendance of visitors from abroad. Merchants increased their stocks, butchers their orders for beef, hotel and restaurant proprietors for provisions, and bakers for flour. Dry goods merchants laid in an extra supply of calico, delaines and ribbons in anticipation of an immense trade in women fashions. The housekeepers—outside of those who had mercenary views had erected extra beds in hopes of securing roomers—made arrangements to accommodate and entertain their friends from abroad until there was scarcely a house in the city that showed no signs of expected increase of numbers, and one and all prepared to do the grand.

The indications of fair weather were anxiously watched for and Martin's barometer was eagerly scanned by parties directly and indirectly interested in the success of the Oregon State Fair. Each day's changes were closely watched and the probabilities solemnly discussed. Autumn's opening month went out in a storm, which, by the weather wise, was considered a harbinger of good, and nearly every one prophesied good weather for the fair. The vases on the church steeples were carefully watched and a shade of disappointment crept across the face of the mayor born Webster as he noticed a continuance of a south wind, and the barometer's predictions for fair weather were accepted with no little degree of uncertainty. Wednesday was advertised as the opening day and thousands, no doubt, arose from their beds and looked to see which way the wind was blowing, and like us regretted to find that it still remained in the south where we realized only too well it would hasten clouds and rainstorms. In spite, however, of these indications we kept our courage up and hoped for the best. A visit to the grounds on the day in question disclosed an activity therabouts that was encouraging, to say the least. A large number of campers were already there, and as it remained cloudy, without rain, those in attendance were in comparatively good spirits and matters looked decidedly encouraging. The display of live stock was somewhat meagre as was also the exhibition of articles in the new pavilion. A word in regard to this latter improvement before we go further. The new building, although hurriedly constructed and necessarily incomplete in elegance of finish, is nevertheless an immense improvement on the old one and is calculated to meet a want long felt by exhibitors who have heretofore been crowded into narrow quarters and compelled to take whatever was offered them. Under the commodious roof of the new structure, however, matters are far different. Every thing is arranged with an eye single to the comfort and convenience of exhibitors and lookers on. It is, in fact, a monument to the energy and enterprise of that indefatigable worker, E. M. Waite, Esq., Secretary of the Society, to whom is due the credit of carrying it forward to a successful termination, aided by the liberal contributions of the citizens of Salem.

We notice, by the way, that the Pacific Christian Advocate, a religious journal of Portland, recently contained an unwarrantable and no less contemptible attack on the managers generally, and Mr. Waite in particular, charging them with wilfully squandering the Society funds, conniving with the gamblers in robbing the dear people, etc., etc., to an infinitely disgusting extent. The source of the attack is alone sufficient to condemn it, without its object of attack having the hearty endorsement of the society and the hearty co-operation of the public. We are pleased to note the appointment of a committee to investigate these charges and we doubt not that our old friend Waite will pass through the fiery ordeal unscathed.

Outside of the races there was little to interest or entertain on the first or second day and of them we can give but an outline naming conditions, entries, winning horse and time. The first race took place on Tuesday last it being a single 2 mile dash for a purse of \$150. Entries Mattie Glade, Sixty Seven, Junga, Popeye, Sixty Six, May Flower, Old and Sank Owen. Won by May Flower. In the trotting race, mile heats three in five for double teams for premium of \$250, the entries were Red's Parrott and Pedro; Kennedy's Bellflower and Katie Synch and Wisner's Nellie Patchen and Lady Fashin. Won by Parrott and Pedro. Time 2:40. With a glance at the grounds, will embrace all of interest to be noted on the two first days.

The pavilion is fast filling up and embraces a confused mass of products home and foreign. Among those of the former class we would mention the magnificent display of harness, saddlery and leather, by the Capital Leather Manufacturing Company of this city, whose shops are located at the penitentiary. They are entering into a lively competition with outside trade and are, we are pleased to announce, meeting with encouragement in their efforts to supply the market with home made goods. Abell, of Portland, appears to have full sway in the photographic line and his display is a silent but expressive endorsement of his skill as an artist. Pfander is on hand, represented by Harry McCormick, and the Oregon Bood Purifier is gaining an enviable reputation as is shown by the crowd that continually swarms about his stand. Musical honors are apparently about equally divided between Prentice, of Portland and Gardner Bros., of this city, the rival firms vying with each other in furnishing first-class vocal and instrumental music for the assembled multitude. Beck, the proprietor of the Pioneer sportsman's emporium at Portland, is on hand with a fine lot of goods, his firearms especially attracting attention. Henley's Oregon Kinney Tex occupies a conspicuous place and excites no little interest. Several candy stands display their tempting

stock in trade and appear to be doing a nice little business. The press reporter's quarters, near the entrance, affords the Bohemians ample opportunity to write out their essays on matters and things in general, provided they can shot themselves up in themselves and close their ears to the complimentary remarks and curious gaze of passers by, who consider them something out of the ordinary line. Sam. A. Moreland and N. J. Davidson, the irrepressible, represent the Oregonian. E. K. Henderson and Mrs. C. S. Woodworth of this city, the Standard, W. L. Eppinger the Bee and his own interesting journal, The Oregon Farmer. S. A. Clarke, the Willamette Farmer, beside a dozen or more additional representatives of the weekly press throughout the state. It is surprising to note the number of newspaper men one will naturally run across at a place of that kind; and the man who owes the printer has a hard time in dodging them, for while he is slipping to one side to avoid a \$2.50 creditor he will rush madly into the arms of some publisher whose paper he has been taking for years, perhaps, without a thought of what it costs the printer, and then he realizes indeed, that "The way of the transgressor is hard." A stroll around the booths shows, at a glance, they are well filled and the proprietors more than desirous of securing custom. Candies and cigar vendors all you wish in kind of honey words, and you can hardly make yourself believe that a fellow is prevaricating when he assures you, with tears in his eyes, that this is the place to get five pure Havanas cigars for a quarter of a dollar. Enter an oyster booth and compute, if you can, the depth you will be compelled to dive into your stew to rescue therefrom the solitary fish. There are tricks in all trades but ours, we are more than ever firmly convinced as we casually contemplate our surroundings. There appears a scarcity of lottery schemes on grounds this year but it may be because it is too early in the week and we may have no cause for complaint before the fair is over. There is the usual blind feller, and we must confess he is an improvement on the average, and it is really amusing to listen to some of his songs, which are in many cases original and more or less humorous. The book agent is here, in all his glory, and were we to subscribe for them all, it would not only break us up in business but it would render us in a fit condition to be examined on a charge of insanity, and we are already weak and faint from over exertion in dodging them.

The receipts at the gates on the first two days aggregated about \$1,400. The third day of the fair, which was Friday, was marked by rain in all departments, although lowering clouds kept many away, and old Sol's benign face, as it peered forth occasionally, failed to dispel the gloomy predictions by the still prevailing south wind. The various department clerks have been kept sufficiently busy to keep them warm in entering articles for exhibition. Geo. S. Downing, Esq., chairman of the fair, and every where, while Secretary Waite is omnipresent, as it were. Everybody predicts a way up time, provided it don't rain, a proviso by the way that it is well enough to state. The campers this morning look somewhat demoralized. Their abodes at best are far from comfortable and the rain drops festively sporting in odd corners and often penetrating the myriads of the family circle, are apt to breed discontent and cause campers out to wish they had never heard of such a thing as an Oregon State Fair. Contemplate, if you can, the inconveniences of the situation. The retire at night weary and worn out, for hours, perhaps, court Morpheus, in vain. A perfect pandemonium of noises reigns supreme in the tent and it is not until the early morning hours arrive that they can close their eyes in undisturbed sleep. Meanwhile the constant patter, patter of the rain on the tent sounds ought to be pleasant to care for or otherwise. Soon a monstrous drop works its way through the crevices and falling hits the old man plump on the end of his rum colored proboscis. He starts up, and with a gasp, an oath, and a curse, rouses the old lady who in rolling over gives the young one a dig in the ribs and it sends up a yell. The older children hear the hubbub and they awake to find the bed clothes saturated with rain and themselves almost frozen. Then they commence grumbling and the dog sets up a yelp, which others in the camp take up, until the combined wailing sets the horses to neighing and a disheartened mule takes up the refrain and sets things up lively until the inmates of every camp in the neighborhood are fully aroused and endeavor to get out of the tent. The women folks busy themselves in covering up, and thus protecting the edibles from the inclemency, while the old man makes himself generally disagreeable in finding fault with everybody in general and the weather clerk in particular. Ascertaining, beyond a doubt, that sleeping is a thing of the past the old brute finally flings out and endeavors to kick up a peck. The wood is wet, the matches are wet and the devil is to pay generally. Securing a few live coals, from a less unfortunate neighbor, he blows them into a flame and at the same time blows the old woman up for ever sanctioning the idea of camping out. Breakfast is finally ready, and such a breakfast. I dare not even attempt a description of it. Suffice to say that the eating of everybody in the tent over and they all start out to see the sights in a mood anything but enviable in its general character. This, however, is the gloomy side of the picture, which, in the utmost sunshine will dispel and create the utmost harmony and contentment in a heretofore utterly disorganized family. The pictures are not overdrawn. In fact, I too can testify to the fact. I've failed almost ignominiously in depicting the miseries of a camp on the fair ground during the rainy weather.

Friday's races were of an interesting character. The first being a running race, mile heats, best 3 in 5 for a purse of \$500; \$400 to the first and \$100 to the second horse, the entries being as follows: Allen's 3 Co, Win-lam, by Holcomb; Georgia A, by Porter, and Haidee, by Miller & Bybee. Georgia A took the first two heats, and Winters the last three. Best time, 1:50. This proved the prettiest race of the week, on the result of which considerable money changed hands. Georgia A having been first choice in the pool. Winters is a Walla horse and of good bottom. In the trotting race, mile heats, 3 in 5, Parrott, Patchen and Faustina were named; Parrott winning; best time, 2:30.

The gate receipts on Saturday amounted to something over \$1,000. A terrific rain came down at 10 o'clock, and the same instant storm prevailed in the afternoon, which drove people into the pavilion, where the time was pleasantly spent in viewing the sights, meeting and conversing with old friends and listening to the music emanating from the rival piano firms.

In the way of amusements, we have Maguire's dramatic troupe, at Reed's opera house; Cleave's troupe, at Army hall; Hill's variety troupe, on the grounds, as well as the double-headed woman. This latter has proved an attractive card, the tent being well filled all times when open. She is, indeed, a curiosity, and the entire audience is one well worthy of patronage. She is about 28 years of age, some 5 feet in height, with two well formed heads; four arms, four legs and but one body. The two heads converse on different topics, the two different ears and to all intents and purposes, are separate and distinct. When eating, the two heads are alike, and at the same instant pick up the same article of food. Holding one in conversation and permitting the other to eat, the appetites of both will be satisfied. She dances jigs, waltzes, etc., and is apparently intelligent. Brief time and space warns me to draw this to a close, and will delay further comments until my next letter. Salem, Oct. 7, 1879. NED.

THE WEST IN STORY TELLING.

It is no use for an eastern man to try to tell a big story when there is a western man about. Causeur has tried it and got beaten, clean out of sight. He thought he could spin a yarn that would test any one's credulity, but he always found that a western man could go him one better. "When I was a young man," said Col. B., "we lived in Illinois. The farm had been well wooded, and the stumps were pretty thick. But we put the corn in among them, and managed to raise a fair crop. The next season I had my share of the plowing. We had a 'sulky' plow, and I sat in the seat and managed the horses, four as handsome bays as ever man drew rain over. One day I found a stump right in my way. I hated to back out, so I just said a word to the team and if you'll believe it, they just walked that plow right through that stump as though it had been chiseled. Not a soul expressed surprise. But Major S., who had been a quiet listener, remarked quietly, 'it's curious, but I had a similar experience myself once. My mother always made our clothes in those days, as well as the cloth they were made of. The old lady was awful proud of her home-spun—said it was the strongest cloth in the state. One day I had just plowed through a white-oak stump in the way you speak of, colonel. But it was a little too quick for me. I came together before I was out of the way, and nipped the seat of my trousers. I felt mean, I can tell you, but I put the string on the ponies, and if you'll believe it they just snaked that stump out roots and all. Something had to give, you know.'—Boston Transcript.

MAXIMS FOR HARD TIMES.

"Take care of the pennies." Look well to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor. The art is not in making money but in keeping it. Little expenses are like mice in a barn, when they are many. Hair by hair, heads get bald; straw by straw the sheath goes off the roof and drop by drop the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon emptied if the tap leaks but a drop in a minute. When you begin to save begin with your mouth; many thieves pass down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep tight in compass. Never stretch your legs farther than your blankets will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing—never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it takes a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard when you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

UPON examining the edge of the sharpest razor with the microscope, it will appear fully as broad as the back of a knife—rough, uneven and full of notches and furrows. An exceedingly small needle resembles an iron bar. But the stung of a bee seen through the same instrument exhibits everywhere the most beautiful polish, without a flaw, blemish or inequality, and ends in a point too fine to be discerned. The threads of a fine lawn are coarser than the yarns with which ropes are made for anchors; but a silk worm's web appears smooth and shining, and everywhere equal. The smallest dot that is made with a pen appears irregular and uneven; but the little specks on the wings of insects are not only found to be perfect and regular, but to often show elaborate designs of a detail which is the admiration of the microscopist.

VERDICT FOR DEFENDANT.—The Portland Bee of Sept. 27th says: The lawsuit for \$40,000 damages brought by Mr. Edward Cartwright against the Oregon and California railroad for injuries received by a train jumping the track, was decided in favor of the railroad company at Oregon City yesterday. The jury remained out but a few minutes. The cause of such a quick verdict was the proof elicited that Mr. Cartwright had previously injured the arm which was amputated while exercising in a gymnasium at Washington City.

The Cornelius Courant has suspended. Scariatina has appeared in the vicinity of Weston. Wheat was \$1.06 per bushel at Hillsboro on the 3d.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remainder in the post office at Corvallis, Benton County, Oregon, Oct. 1, 1879. Persons calling for the same, will please say, "advertized."

LADIES' LIST.
Gladway, Lucy A.
Miller, Mrs. Ellen
Palmer, Miss Sarah

GENTS' LIST.
Burgh, J. J.
Davidson, James
Hill, Wm. P.
Hale, Richard
Lang, Theodore P.
Loren, T. M.
Miche, R. S.
Oster, M. L.

Crain, G. L.
Grinn, John S.
Hill, Wm. P.
Kilgusworth & Co.
Mullen, T. B.
Smith, George
R. E. HANSEN, P. M.

DIED.

At the residence of S. Moore, in this county, Sept. 21st, 1879, of bilious fever and inflammation of the stomach, Nancy Hill, aged 67 years, 10 months and 30 days.

Deceased was born in Madison county, Alabama. Her maiden name was Nancy Briggs. Was married to G. V. Hill Jan. 12, 1834, and moved to Missouri. Her husband started for California in 1850, but died on the plains. In 1865 she crossed the plains to Oregon, and settled in Benton county, where she has resided until her death. She leaves three daughters and two sons to mourn their loss. She was a Baptist, and a true believer in God, a tender-hearted mother, and firm in her friendships. A. M.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

THE WEEKLY

Corvallis Gazette,

FOR

1879!

VOL. SIXTEEN.

OFFICIAL PAPER

FOR

OREGON

AND

BENTON COUNTY!

THE GAZETTE

18 A

LIVE LOCAL PAPER,

Has a Large, and Constantly Increasing circulation, and is one of the BEST ADVERTISING

MEDIUMS in the State, being published in the heart of the

WILLAMETTE VALLEY.

\$2 50 Per Annum.

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Advertisements inserted at Reasonable Rates.

All kinds Plain and Ornamental Printing executed with neatness and dispatch. Justices' Blanks constantly on hand.

W. B. CARTER

Proprietor and Publisher,

Corvallis, Oregon.



HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER.
Has been in constant use by the public for over twenty years, and is the best preparation ever invented for RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOR AND LIFE.
It supplies the natural food and color to the hair glands without staining the skin. It will increase and thicken the growth of the hair, prevent its falling out, and thus AVERT BALDNESS.
It cures itching, eruptions and dandruff. As a HAIR DRESSING it is very desirable, giving the hair a silken softness which all admire. It keeps the head clean, sweet and healthy.



BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS.
Will change the beard to a BROWN or BLACK at discretion. Being in one preparation it is easily applied, and produces a permanent color that will not wash off.
PREPARED BY R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the best of a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You need try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. \$100,000 worth of complaints of hard times who have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. 16341

Ame's Process

KEEPS MEATS, FISH, BUTTER, Eggs, Vegetables, and Fruits sweet and good without salting, cooking, drying, or sealing up. It also stops fermentation in Cider or Wines, cures the scab on sheep, and is excellent for other purposes. It is not injurious to the health, and costs but a trifle. Family rights \$10. County and District rights on reasonable terms. Written guarantee given. Money refunded in case the Process cannot be made a success. Genuine testimonials from prominent men testifying to its healthfulness and success. For further particulars inquire of G. D. MATTOON, Corvallis, Benton county, or Albany, Linn county, Oregon, general Agents for the Pacific coast. Corvallis, July 25, 1879. 16304f

SOUTH END STOVE, TIN & HARDWARE STORE

J. H. PENN.

HAS, and will keep on hand, a full line of cook, parlor, and office stoves, gotten up on the latest improved patterns, and fuel-saving principles. Also, a line of

GENERAL HARDWARE.

Worker in copper, sheet-iron and tin. Jobbing a specialty. Having had long experience in this line, we are satisfied that we can give satisfaction. All work and stoves warranted to give satisfaction.

WE WANT WORK.

Our prices to suit the times. Call and see our Goodspeed Store and Orient Range, at Corner of Second and Madison Streets.

CORVALLIS, OREGON.

16294f

NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

NEW STAGE COACH.

From Corvallis to Newport.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAILS.

New Steam Launch.

A GOOD SUBSTANTIAL Stage Coach, driven by a good team, in care of a good, careful, sober driver, with leave of absence to Corvallis at 1 o'clock, A. M., on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, connecting with the new Steam Launch at Pioneer at 8 o'clock. The Steam Launch leaving Pioneer on the first trip, arriving at Newport in three hours. Only 15 hours running time. Tickets for Corvallis at 6 o'clock, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Through tickets \$5.00; reduction for families. Good accommodations for passengers at Pioneer. Prompt attention to express business and fast traveling than have ever been on the route to the new shore. The boat is managed by competent men, namely, Ed Carr and Mack Crow. We expect to receive public favor by first class accommodations and close attention to business. M. M. & M. T. CROW. 16294

NEW BUSINESS! LISTEN FOR THE BELL!

THE UNDERTAKERS' PROPOSAL TO ESTABLISH A MILK DAIRY
For the purpose of supplying the citizens of Corvallis with Pure Fresh Milk at the very reasonable rate of 25 Cents per Gallon.
He intends starting a Delivery Wagon on or before the 1st day of June next, when he will be glad to supply all demands for Pure, Fresh Milk, at the above rate. Patrons are respectfully requested to call on him for the Bell. A. G. MULKEY. Corvallis, May 29, 1879. 16291f

EGLIN & LOMER, LIVERY, FEED,

AND EXCHANGE STABLE.

On the corner West of the Engine House.

Good Teams and Saddle Horses to Let. Boarding horses a specialty. Horses bought and sold. 16294f