

TERMS:
(CASH.)
Per Year, \$2.50
Six Months, 1.50
Three Months, .75
INvariably in Advance.

CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.

M. S. WOODCOCK,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
CORVALLIS, OREGON.OFFICE ON FIRST STREET, OPP. WOOD-
COCK & BALDWIN'S Hardware Store.
Special attention given to Collections, For-
closure of Mortgages, Real Estate Cases, Probate
and Road matters.
Will also buy and sell City Property and Farm
Lands, on reasonable terms.
March 20, 1879. 16-121**J. K. WEBBER,**
Main St., Corvallis, Oregon,
DEALER INStoves, Ranges,
FORCE AND LIFT PUMPS,HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE,
Constantly on hand, the
NEW RICHMOND RANGE,
Best in Market. The
BONANZA COOK STOVE,
Something New. And the New
VECTA PARLOR STOVE.
Jan. 1, 1880. 17-11**J. R. BRYSON,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW.All business will receive prompt
attention.
COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY.
Corvallis, July 14, 1879. 16-291**J. W. RAYBURN,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CORVALLIS, OREGON.OFFICE—On Monroe street, between Second and
Third.
Special attention given to the Collection
of Notes and Accounts. 16-11**JAMES A. YANTIS,**
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
CORVALLIS, OREGON.WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS
of the State. Special attention given to
matters in Probate. Collections will receive
prompt and careful attention. Office in the Court
house. 16-11**DR F. A. VINCENT,**
DENTIST.
CORVALLIS - OREGON.OFFICE IN FISHER'S BRICK - OVER
Max. Friendly's New Store. All the latest
improvements. Everything new and complete.
All work warranted. Please give me a call.
15-23**C. R. FARFA, M. D.**
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE—OVER GRAHAM & HAMILTON'S
Drug Store, Corvallis, Oregon. 14-261**W. C. CRAWFORD,**
—DEALER IN—
WATCHES, CLOCKS,
JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, SILVER WARE,
etc. Also,
Musical Instruments &c
Repairing done at the most reasonable
rates, and all work warranted. 14-501**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 CH-MICAL P. INT,
SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER

The Corvallis Gazette.

VOL. XVII.

CORVALLIS, OREGON, FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1880.

NO. 18.

CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHENOWETH & JOHNSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
CORVALLIS, OREGON.

September 4, 1879. 16-361

ALLEN & WOODWARD,
Druggists
and
Apothecaries,
P. O. BUILDING, CORVALLIS, OREGON.Have a complete stock of
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OIL,
GLASS, ETC., ETC.**School Books, Stationery, &c.**
We buy for Cash, and have choice of the
FRESHEST and PUREST Drugs and Medicines
the market affords.
Prescriptions accurately prepared at half
the usual rates. 2-May 16, 1880**FRESH GOODS**
—AT THE—
BAZAR OF FASHIONS
Mrs. E. A. KNIGHT.
CORVALLIS, OREGON.Has just received from San Francisco, the large
and best stock of
Millinery Goods,
Dress Trimmings, Etc.,
Ever brought to Corvallis, which I will sell at
prices that defy competition. 2-May 16, 1880**Woodcock & Baldwin.**
(Successors to J. R. Bayley & Co.)
KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND AT THE
old stand a large and complete stock of
Heavy and Shelf Hardware,
IRON, STEEL,
TOOLS, STOVES,
RANGES, ETC.
Manufactured and Home Made
Tin and Copper Ware,
Pumps, Pipe, Etc.
A good Tinner constantly on hand, and all
Job Work neatly and quickly done.
Also agents for Knapp, Burrell & Co.,
for the sale of the best and latest im-
proved FARM MACHINERY,
of all kinds, together with a full assort-
ment of Agricultural Implements.
Sole Agents for the celebrated
ST. LOUIS CHARTER OAK S'OVES
the BEST IN THE WORLD. Also the
Norman Range, and many other patterns,
in all sizes and styles.
Particular attention paid to Farmers'
wants, and the supplying extras for Farm
Machinery, and all information as to such
articles, furnished cheerfully, on applica-
tion.
No pains will be spared to furnish our
customers with the best goods in market,
in our line, and at the lowest prices.
Our motto shall be, prompt and fair
dealing with all. Call and examine our
stock, before going elsewhere. Satisfac-
tion guaranteed.
WOODCOCK & BALDWIN,
Corvallis, May, 12, 1879. 14-521**J. C. MORELAND,**
(CITY ATTORNEY.)
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PORTLAND, OREGON.OFFICE—Monaster's Brick, First street,
between Morrison and Yamhill. 14-381**THE STAR BAKERY,**
Main Street, Corvallis,
HENRY WARRIOR, PROPRIETOR.**Family Supply Store!**
Groceries, Bread,
Cakes, Candy,
Toys, Etc.,
Always on Hand.
Corvallis, Jan. 1, 1877. 14-21

LANDS! FARMS! HOMES!

**I HAVE FARMS, (Improved and unim-
proved.) STORES and MILL PROPERTY,
very desirable.****FOR SALE.**
These lands are cheap.
Also claims in unsurveyed tracts for sale.
Soldiers of the late rebellion who have, under
the Soldiers' Homestead Act, located and made
final proof on less than 100 acres, can dispose
of the balance to me.
Write (with stamps to prepay postage).
R. A. BENNELL,
Newport, Benton county, Oregon. 16-21**H. E. HARRIS,**
One door South of Graham & Hamilton's,
CORVALLIS, OREGON.**GROCERIES.**
PROVISIONS.
—AND—
Dry Goods.
Corvallis, Jan. 3, 1878. 16-11**DRAKE & GRANT,**
MERCHAND TAILORS,
CORVALLIS, OREGON.WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A LARGE
and well selected stock of Cloth, viz:
Wool of England Broad
Cloths, French Cassimeres,
Cotton Twines, and
American Suits.
Which we will make up to order in the most
approved and fashionable styles. No pains will
be spared in producing good fitting garments.
Parties wishing to purchase cloth and have
them cut out, will do well to call and examine
our stock. DRAKE & GRANT,
Corvallis, April 17, 1879. 16-161**Boarding and Lodging.**
Philomath, Benton Co., Oregon.
GEORGE KISOR,
RESPECTFULLY INFORMS THE TRAV-
eling public that he is now prepared and in
readiness to keep boarders as may choose to
give him a call, either by the
SINGLE MEAL, DAY, OR WEEK.
Is also prepared to furnish horse feed. Liberal
share of public patronage solicited. Give us a
call.
Philomath, April 23, 1879. 16-181**CORVALLIS**
Livery, Feed
—AND—
SALE STABLE.Main St., Corvallis, Oregon.
SOL KING, - Prop'r.**OWNING BOTH BARN I AM PREPARED**
to offer superior accommodations in the Liv-
ing line. Always ready for a drive.
GOOD TEAMS
At Low Rates.
My stables are first-class in every respect, and
competent and obliging hostlers always
ready to serve the public.
REASONABLE CHARGES FOR HIRE.
Particular attention Paid to Boarding
Horses.
ELEGANT HEARSE, CARRIAGES AND
HACKS FOR FUNERALS
Corvallis, Jan. 3, 1879. 16-11**\$300**
A MONTH guaranteed. Twelve
dollars a day made at home by
the industries. Capital not re-
quired; we will start you. Men,
women, boys and girls make money faster
at work for us than at anything else. The work is
light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go
right at. Those who are wise who see this notice
will send us their address at once and see for
themselves. Costly outfit and terms free. Now
is the time. Those already at work are laying
up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO.,
Augusta, Maine.**\$66**
A WEEK in your own town and no
capital risked. You can give the
business a trial without expense.
The best opportunity ever offered for
those willing to work. You should 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 you work. Women make as much as
men. Send for special private terms and par-
ticulars, which we mail free. \$5 outfit free.
Don't complain of hard times while you have
each a chance. Address H. H. HARRIS & CO.,
Portland, Maine. 16-21**FRANKLIN CAUTION, M. D.,**
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Corvallis, Oregon.Special attention given to surgery and diseases
of the Eye. Can be found at his office, in rear of
Graham, Hamilton & Co's Drug Store, up stairs,
day or night.
June 3, 1879. 16-21

VALERIE'S PROPOSAL.

BY ETHELIND RAY.

It was a very warm day. So very
warm, in fact, that Allan Weber could
not help indulging in the thought that
existence was not exactly a pleasure that
afternoon.He arose from the luncheon-table,
sawed idly across the room, and
stood by the window as least fifteen
minutes, yawning and trying to decide
whether to go down town in a street car,
or smoke a fragrant Havana in the cool,
back parlor.To tell the truth, Mr. Weber had, that
afternoon, received a visit from those
tormenting, life-darkening little angels
of Satan, known to all modest people, un-
der the appellation of "blues," and oh,
wonderful! all because Fortune
was not smiling upon his little love-
dream, which he was then dreaming,
with a great many heart-thrills, heart-
aches, sighs, etc., which, I am sure, my
dear reader (or good reader, or kind
reader, or any other sort of a reader)
you, yourself, have sometime in your
life, experienced, and will, therefore,
sympathize with his poor hero.Valerie Church, the object of his
adoration, was the prettiest and most
charming young lady in the whole city—
an heiress and an accomplished coquette
—and poor Allan often wished, in despair,
that she was not quite so pretty and sweet,
for then, perhaps, she would not have so
many admirers, and he might stand a bet-
ter chance.While he was still staring moodily out
of the window, his sister, Winnie, came
to his side and rested her head on his
arm."Allan," she said mischievously,
"Valerie is coming over to spend the
afternoon. 'If I ask her to stay to tea,
will you take her home?'""Well," said Allan, flushing, and it
was wonderful how rapidly his desire for
a street car vanished. "I rather think I
will, if I get a chance.""Well," said Winnie, turning away
with a smile, "I am going up-stairs for a
while, and when she comes you must
send for me.""Oh, yes; I'll send for you, in your
mind!" thought the ungrateful fellow, as
he lounged into the back parlor and threw
himself on a sofa.How nice and cool and shady it was
in there, and how sweetly the perfume
from the hyacinths out in the garden
was wafted in by the soft zephyrs. The
stillness, the fragrance, the sweet visi-
ons of the past, all had their influence upon
Allan, and before he knew it, he had
drifted off into a sweet, dreamy slumber,
and was living in a little rose-colored
world all his own and Valerie's.His heart came back to him with visi-
ons by the closing of a door, and, half-
opening his eyes, he saw the object of
his thoughts—Valerie—coming across
the velvet carpet in a trailing, white dress.She was not looking at him, and, with
remarkable presence of mind, he closed
his eyes again and lay perfectly still,
his heart beating so loudly that he was
afraid she would hear it.She came to the sofa, and
stood looking down at him a moment,
then drew an ottoman to his side and
seated herself, leaning her arm—she had
beautiful arms—upon the sofa.Imagine poor Allan's emotion! know-
ing that the woman he loved so passion-
ately was so near, and yet oh, so far
from him!He could feel the dimpled elbow
pressing his pillow; in imagination he
could see the white sleeve falling away
from the round, snowy arm; the soft,
dusky shadows playing in her dark
eyes, and the wicked, provoking smile
wreathing her red lips.Valerie had a bewitching, tormenting
way of keeping her admirer at a dis-
tance, and none knew this better than
Allan.He was well aware that did she know
he was awake, she would never forgive
him for deceiving her, and as Valerie
had been present at his sweet vision
of the window and refused to re-
turn, and before Valerie had time to
scream, as most young ladies would
have done upon being detected in such an
act—though there are not many more
ladies as audacious as Valerie, more
the pity—she was clasped in his arms,
and the stolen kiss was repaid with com-
pound interest.But alas! Allan's happiness died an
abrupt and ignominious death.
"Mr. Weber!" said Valerie, recovering
from her astonishment and indignation,
and drawing her slight form up, with all
the majesty and hauteur of an empress,
"you have forgotten yourself entirely;
will you please release my hand?""But Valerie, dear Valerie," pleaded
Allan passionately, "I could not help it—
I have loved you so long—but until to-
day, I have been afraid to speak! But now, darling, say I love not
in vain."Valerie laughed—a cold, heartless
laugh that struck a bitter pang at Allan's
heart."Love!" she echoed lightly, "what is
it—what does it mean? Men have loved
me before, but I did not understand them!
Want you please explain?""Do not trifle with me, Valerie," said
Allan, turning suddenly white. "I know
now that you love me—you have given
me proof; you are the fairest woman I
have ever asked to accept my name—and
it is a good old name too.""And don't you forget it!" interrupted
Valerie, with a wicked little demon of
mischievous flashing in her dark eyes."Really, Mr. Weber, your conceit ex-
ceeds your good sense in the ratio of
about a thousand to one; one would think
you considered it quite an honor to be a
Weber!""And so I do," returned Allan laugh-
ingly. "Valerie, this is the last time I
shall ask you—will you be my wife?""No," said Valerie, in a cool, but
troubling tone. "I must decline that
honor, great as it is!"And gathering up her trailing, white
dress in one hand, she sauntered out of
the room, singing softly to herself:
"I wonder why it is that men never
know (at least very seldom) how to ask a
girl to marry them. They generally
commence all right, but the slightest
hesitation or coquettishness on the fair
one's part, arouses their slumbering con-
ceit, and they have an immense amount
of that quality in their composition, and
they generally lose the victory."No matter how much a girl love a man,
if she has any pride, she does not like
him to take it for granted that she is
ready to "fall into his arms" at a
moment's warning.And so Allan, having fallen into this
common error, and so lost the victory,
threw himself on the lounge, angrily
consigning all the women—Valerie in
particular—to a far more tropical region
than this.And Valerie, going slowly down the
stairs, said to herself, with the color
fading swiftly out of her face,
"He will never ask me again, and I—I
—love him!"

The Trials of an Engaged Girl.

After all, the yoke of marriage is an
apparatus that should sit on two pairs of
shoulders; and there is nothing very
seemingly in seeing a girl wait to wear her
own part of it until it has been nicely
padded with quilted satin. Looking at
the matter from a less elevated point of
view, long engagements are rather tire-
some in restricting the liberty of girls.
Miss Jenny, who is going to marry Mr.
Simpson as soon as that hopeful young
man gets a living, is obliged in that mean-
while to deny herself many pleasures.
Simpson should take offense, she must
eschew balls; she must take care that
nobody makes love to her; and for
this purpose she is obliged to let all
chance comers be speedily informed of
her engagement. Unhappily, the sym-
bolism of rings is almost unregarded,
else the chance comers might discover
the fact for themselves by looking at the
second finger of Miss Jenny's left hand.
If Jenny has no sisters to talk of her be-
travels, and if her mother does not ac-
cept timely hints to mention it on every
necessary occasion, or the engagement is
not announced in the *Home Journal*, the
girl is rather embarrassed for words in
which to convey the news delicately to
strangers. She cannot allude to Mr.
Simpson as "Johnny"—that would be
too familiar; she cannot speak of him
as "Simpson," for this would sound
strange; but if she refers to him fre-
quently as "Mr. Simpson," strangers
might draw undesirable inferences from
her apparent familiarity with a person
thus coldly specified. Then the engaged
girl has to put up with a great deal of
chaff, which is only pleasing for a while,
and afterwards becomes intolerable. The
trials of matrimony are frequently com-
mended to her impatient attention by
way of paternal rebuke. "Ah, my dear,
you will find out that I was right when
you are a wife yourself!" and so forth;
or a snub is put upon her too hasty wish
to consider herself free by the reminder
that she is not married, and that there is
many a slip between cup and lip. Some-
times Simpson is actually held up to
her as a bogey: "My dear, I don't
think Mr. Simpson would quite approve
of your wearing that cherry ribbon."
"Jenny, dear, I think Mr. Simpson would
be sadly grieved if he heard you express
those opinions;" or, "Jenny, I am sure
Mr. Simpson would not think it proper
that you should play croquet with Cap-
tain Maltby." There is enough in all this
to make a girl sit down and scream.
—Home Journal.A Leap Year Proposal
Not many miles from San Juan—not
more than fifteen—resides a young
farmer, who is not more than twenty-five
years of age. He has considerable of the
requisite, the coin. Up to within a short
time he had led a lonely life, but thanks
to the year 1880, which has brought his
salvation, a young lady has proposed to
him and he is now enjoying her society
as a wife. The following is the way it
was brought about: The young man had
every qualification for a good busi-
ness man, but, notwithstanding all this,
was extremely bashful and blushed clear
to his ears every time he caught sight of
a young lady. Moreover, he imagined
he was a fright to behold, and no girl
would condescend to look with favor
upon him. In fact it was his opinion
that he was destined to lead a single life
of blessedness all the days he might wan-
der about this terrestrial sphere. One
day, however, he stepped out into the
house where resided a lovely girl. She had
seen how shy he was on the occasion and
became infatuated with the peddler of
garden truck, and was determined that
the ice should be broken, as leap year
had arrived, which gave her privilege in
this particular granted to the sterner
sex. The young lady, therefore, walked
up to him as he stood by the well, and
calling the young man by his given
name, asked him why he did not get
married. He replied with characteristic
non-esteem that he didn't think anybody
would have him. "Why," replied the
young lady with great fervency, "I will
have you." The young man turned pale
and stammered by turns, but finally did
manage to tell her "All right." Arrangements
were made at once for the marriage
ceremony, and in less than a week they
were living together as man and wife,
happy as birds in a nest.—San Juan
(Cal.) Herald.BIRDS FROM EVERY CLIME.—The can-
ary birds bred in Germany not only
possess naturally a song of fine quality,
but quickly learn new ones as well as the
tricks which fanciers delight in. It is
said to be true especially of the Hartz
Mountain canaries. Those bred in the
vicinity of St. Andreasburg; where great
exercises in the mating of choice
specimens only command attention by
the compass of the notes acquired. As
soon as they are old enough to be taken
from their nests their songs are cultivated
and multiplied in number by keeping
them in a room with a nightingale or
other songsters, whose song they learn
to imitate.The bullfinch is a bird which has no
natural song, but is gifted with the abili-
ty of imitating with some accuracy, in a
sweet, flute tone, any air repeatedly
whistled in its hearing. It is a great
favorite among collectors of birds. Its
training begins as soon as the birds are
taken from the nest. The tune it is
desired to imitate is whistled or played
on some instrument by the trainer sev-
eral times during each day until it learns
to pipe the same.Birds in favor just now as the pet and
household ornaments are the numerous
fancy breeds of finches, which are usually col-
lected in one immense cage forming an
aviary of from twenty to thirty birds. To
Africa, Asia, Australia and Japan we are
indebted for these little creatures com-
monly known under the names of African
finches and Japanese finches. These birds
seem to be thoroughly happy in each
other's society, and incline to sit in rows
packed closely together, their plumages
of various hues forming a rainbow effect.

A Cincinnati Horse Auction.

"Here, gentlemen," said the auc-
tioneer, "is a horse—"
Bystander—Glad you told us it was a
horse, or we might have taken it for a
sheep.Auctioneer—That wouldn't be so very
strange if it had your head on. You see
before you, gentlemen, a family horse.Bystander—He's got the bunch on his
knees from kneeling down at family
prayers, didn't he?Auctioneer—You'll never have any
bunches on your knees on that account.
A horse, gentlemen, that any family
might well be proud of. Look what an
eye he has.Bystander—What has become of the
other eye?Auctioneer—Gone! To look after an-
other small dog, you see. Like old
dog Tray, so comically described by
the sweet singer of Michigan.
Bystander—He's gentle and his kind.
Auctioneer—The kind.You'll never never die.
Bystander—He would be fined by any
court in Christendom for spring-haltering
and interfering generally.A better horse than this old gray.
Old gray horse is ever faithful.
But we cannot waste our time on
poetry, although the noble steed before
you is the poetry of motion. How
much for him? What do I hear?Bystander—Nothing, if you can't hear
more than he does.Auctioneer—Among horses, gentlemen,
this is the very ne plus ultra—
Bystander—Knock-nee-plus-ultra, you
mean.Auctioneer—And the sine qua non—
Bystander—Compos mentis.
Auctioneer—The ridges you see run-
ning down his eyes, gentlemen, are not
an indication of a want of flesh; they are
simply a wise provision of Providence
for carrying off the rain-water from his
tail.Bystander—What's the matter with his
tail?Auctioneer—He was formerly owned
by a violin manufacturer, and he pulled
out all the hairs for fiddle bows. What
do I hear?But we had heard enough to satisfy us
that our friend was right, and that it
was absurd to squander money on shows
as long as these horse auctions are kept
up to their present level.Old Characters at Washington.
A character who up to a few months
ago was a daily visitor to the Capitol,
says the Washington Star, was Colonel
Maurice Pinchover. This man has a
grievance. He seems to be haunted with
the phantom of Colonel Tom Scott, the
railroad king. He declares that Colonel
Scott years ago robbed him in a railroad
transaction, stole his money and reduced
him to penury. He states that he has
usually a tin case about two feet long and
six inches in diameter, in which is a
drawing of some land. One day last
summer, when the House was engaged in
an exciting political debate, Pinchover
came to the Capitol with a wolcott shirt
saturated with blood, and which he de-
clared was the shirt worn by him when
he was assaulted by Tom Scott on the
plains of Colorado. Pinchover also has
a claim, that the House should redress
in explaining is that it is for a million
dollars, and is connected with a mine of
some kind, which Scott robbed him of.
At times he is dangerous. Journal Clerk
Smith on one occasion called the man in
and carried with him a revolver. When Pin-
chover discovered it he became unincor-
porated, and would have done Smith bodily
injury had he not fled ineffectually out
of range.Another persistent claimant who comes
to Congress every year is John C. Mc-
Connell. His claim is for \$17,260, and
has made its appearance in every Con-
gress for years. It has for a basis the
alleged fact that the United States had
served to the United States in recruiting
three hundred men in Maryland for a
Massachusetts regiment. Last summer
General Bragg, Chairman of the War
Claims Committee, in reporting ad-
versely upon it, said: "The claim has
been rejected at the War Department and
the vouchers, now alleged to have been
lost, were in existence, it has
since been rejected by the Committee on
War Claims, and now presents itself to
this Committee, having only one merit
in its favor—unblushing persistence. It
is time this claimant should be re-
jected. The Committee report adversely."THE LATEST DOG STORY.—The sweet-
est and most original study for a dog
story is given to the voracious exchange
scissors of the American press by the
Reading Times and Dispatch. The own-
ers of the faithful hound are man and
wife, each sixty years of age. He was
born deaf and dumb, and she became
deaf when about six years old. He con-
verses in the sign language, and she is
able to hold extended talks with a few
intimates by watching closely the move-
ment of their lips. She also, somehow,
manages to answer callers' inquiries.
They have a pet dog that is an essential
element in their domestic lives. As
neither of the old people can hear, the
dog becomes by its superior instinct a
means of communication. When the
door bell rings it will go up to its mis-
tress and pull her dress, then run before
her toward the door. The dog has
learned to know the time of the arrival
of the milkman who serves them, and
can actually distinguish the sound of the
milkman's bell. The dog will sit in the
attitude of attention, head up and ears
thrown forward, as soon as it catches the
first sound of the bell, and will wait till
the milkman has driven up in front of
the door before it moves. At the ringing
of the bell or gong, it will go to her, and
by signs or by pulling her dress an-
nounce the milkman's arrival. She fully
understands its movements, and pre-
ceded by the dog, will go to the milk
wagon, obtain the dog's supply, hold a
brief conversation with the man, and re-
turn to her domestic duties.—New York
Tribune.