

Corvallis Gazette.
PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
—BY—
W. B. CARTER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
TERMS:
(COIN.)
For Year, \$2.50
Six Months, 1.50
Three Months, 1.00
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 Bond matters.
Will also buy and sell City Property and Farm
Lands, on reasonable terms.
March 20, 1879. 16-124

J. K. WEBBER,
Main St., Corvallis, Oregon,
DEALER IN

Stoves, 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
ECTA PARLOR STOVE.
Jan. 1, 1880. 17-114

J. R. BRYSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
All business will receive prompt
attention.
COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY.
Corvallis, July 14, 1879. 16-294

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. 16-114

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. 16-114

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.
15-344

G. R. FARFA, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE—OVER GRAHAM & HAMILTON'S
Drug Store, Corvallis, Oregon. 14-294

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.
Corvallis, Dec. 13, 1877. 14-504

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
ever brought to this place.

AGENTS FOR THE
AYER'S CHEMICAL PAINT,
SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER.

**Physicians' Prescriptions Care-
fully compounded.** 14-24

The Corvallis Gazette.

VOL. XVII.

CORVALLIS, OREGON, FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 10.

NO. 26.

CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.

Corvallis Lodge No. 14, F. & A. M.
Holds stated Communications on Wednesday on
or preceding each full moon. Brethren in good
standing cordially invited to attend. By order
W. M.
Barnum Lodge No. 7, I. O. O. F.
Meets on Tuesday evening of each week, in
their hall, in Fisher's brick, second story. Mem-
bers of the order in good standing invited to at-
tend. By order of N. G.

F. A. CHENOWETH. F. M. JOHNSON.
CHENOWETH & JOHNSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
CORVALLIS, OREGON.
September 4, 1879. 16-364

ALLEY & 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 PUREST Drugs and Medicines
the market affords.
Prescriptions accurately prepared at half
the usual rates. 2May16:1879

FRESH GOODS
—AT THE—
BAZAR OF FASHIONS
Mrs. E. A. KNIGHT.
CORVALLIS, OREGON.
Has just received from San Francisco, the largest
and Best Stock of
Millinery Goods,
Dress Trimmings, Etc.,
Ever brought to Corvallis, which I will sell at
prices that defy competition.
Agency for Mrs. E. A. Knight's reliable
Patterns. 25Apr16:1879

Woodcock & Baldwin
(Successors to J. R. Bailey & 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 time, and at the lowest prices. A
share of the public patronage respectfully sol-
icited.
Our motto shall be, prompt and fair
dealing with all. Call and examine our
stock, before going elsewhere. Satisfaction
guaranteed.
WOODCOCK & BALDWIN.
Corvallis, May, 12, 1879. 14-444

REES HAMILIN. EMMETT F. WREN.
DRAYAGE!
DRAYAGE!
Hamlin & Wrenn Prop'r's.
HAVING JUST RETURNED FROM
Salem with a new truck, and having
leased the barn formerly occupied by James Eg-
lin, we are now prepared to do all kinds of
DRAYING AND HAULING,
either in the city or country, at the lowest living
rates. Can be found at the old truck stand. A
share of the public patronage respectfully sol-
icited.
Corvallis, Dec. 27, 1878. 15-524

J. C. MORELAND,
(CITY ATTORNEY.)
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
PORTLAND, OREGON.
OFFICE—Monaster's Brick, First street,
between Morrison and Yamhill. 14-384

THE STAR BAKERY,
Main Street, Corvallis.
HENRY WARRIOR, PROPRIETOR.
Family Supply Store!
Groceries,
Bread,
Cakes,
Pies,
Candies,
Toys,
Etc.,
Always on Hand.
Corvallis, Jan. 1, 1877. 14-24

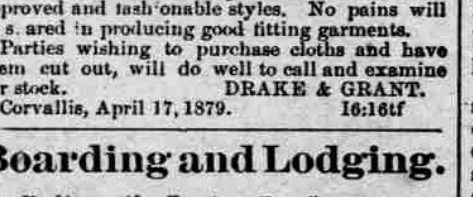
LANDS! FARMS! HOMES!
I HAVE FARMS, (Improved and unim-
proved,) STORES and MILL PROPERTY,
very desirable.

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. BENSELL,
Newport, Benton county, Oregon. 16-124

H. E. HARRIS,
One door South of Osham & Hamilton's,
CORVALLIS, OREGON.
GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS.
—AND—
Dry Goods.
Corvallis, Jan. 3, 1879. 16-141

DRAKE & GRANT,
MERCHAND TAILORS,
CORVALLIS, OREGON.
WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A LARGE
and well selected stock of Cloth, viz:
West of England Broad
Cloths, French Cassimeres,
Cottons, Tweeds, and
American Suitings.
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. 16-164

Boarding and Lodging.
Philmath, Benton Co., Oregon.
GEORGE KISOR,
RESPECTFULLY INFORMS THE TRAV-
eling public that he is now prepared and in
readiness to keep such boarders as may choose to
give him a call, either by the
SINGE MEAL, DAY OR WEEK.
Is also prepared to furnish horse feed. Liberal
share of public patronage solicited. Give us a
call.
Philmath, April 28, 1879. 16-184

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 room. 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 BIRE.
Particular attention Paid to Boarding
and
ELEGANT HEARSE, CARRIAGES AND
HAIKS FOR FUNERALS
Corvallis, Jan. 3, 1879. 16-141

\$300
A MONTH guaranteed. Twelve
dollars a day made at home by
the industrious. 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 do
right at. Those who are wise who see this notice
will send us their addresses at once and see for
themselves. Costly outfit and terms free. Now
is the time. Those already at work are saying
up large sums of money. Address TRUS & 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 good pay for
every hour you work. Women make as much
as men. Send for special private terms and par-
ticulars, which we mail free. \$6 outfit free.
Don't complain of hard times while you have
such a chance. Address H. HALLITT & CO.,
Portland, Maine. 16-314

FRANKLIN CAUTHORN, 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 2, 1879. 16-284

FLORENCE'S BRIDEGROOM.

It was Wednesday evening, dull, with
low, hanging clouds of hopeless gray. A
raw east wind blowing damply, and earth,
and air, and sky were full of the gloomy
pressage of the coming storm.

Thursday evening, at this self-same
hour, the marriage ceremony of Florence
Marion and Harvey Callender would take
place, and on this gloomy, depressing
night Florence had taken herself away
from the household of guests that had been
arriving all day, and had gone away by
herself into the silence and gloom, and
loneliness of the long-deserted western
corridor, where portraits of the dead and
gone—Marions hung by scores—where
statues of marble and bronze, and black
marble and brass, stood in defiant relief
on their pedestals.

It had always been a favorite resort of
hers, in times of joy and times of sorrow.
She and Leon Marion used to walk there,
by the hour, that one blessed summer-
time when she seemed to Florence there was
fully that it seemed to Florence there was
no further happiness left her in all the
world—no further happiness, and no possi-
ble misery.

And, to-morrow she was to be married
to Harvey Callender—handsome, grave,
dignified, of high social and financial
position, a gentleman twenty years her
senior, whom she respected thoroughly
and intended to do her duty by in every
respect.

Two years ago she had bade her hand-
some cousin good-bye. He had taken her
in his arms, and held her so closely to his
heart that she felt as if she would merge
her personality into one.

He had kissed her on lip and brow, and
radiant hair, and lingered longest at her
quivering mouth. He had made her tell
him, over and over again, how she loved
him, and she would be ready for him
when he returned, after a year's service on
his ship in foreign waters, and they had
parted.

But Florence lived in all over again, as
she nestled up in a little heap on the
cushioned seat that veiled the oriel win-
dow, and drew the hangings of leaf-green
satin damask around her, shutting herself
out from the world.

Her portrait had followed right
then, when her stately mother, whom the
girl had revered, and feared, and admired
all her life, more as one reveres and wor-
ships a sovereign, than as a girl loves and
adores a mother—when Mrs. Marion re-
ceived a letter from somewhere, from
somebody (Florence never dared ask
from where or whom), and soon called her
daughter to her and told her that from
that time Leon Marion's name was to be
forever unspoken between them—from
that hour, Leon Marion was to be to her
as though he never had been!

She never understood why she was
forced to accept her mother's ultimatum.
No letter ever reached her from the man
she loved, and would so long as her heart
beat.

Her portrait was turned, face toward the
wall, and, except for that deathless agony
of hopelessness that attended her endur-
ance of life, it was as if Leon Marion had
never crossed her path.

Then her mother's friend—her mother's
choice—was presented to her; a gentleman
whose attentions and devotions were an
honor to any woman; and, just two years
from the day when her lover had gone
away, she was to be married to Mr. Call-
ender.

Of late days, Florence's obedient passiv-
ity had been deserting her. To-night, she
had rushed away from the gay company in
the parlor, where she had been sitting, and
alone with her thoughts on this her wed-
ding eve.

It is not given to many young girls to
appreciate the height and depth of passion
as it was given to Florence. Usually, such
capacity comes with maturer years;
but, crouching there in the starless
dusk, with the heavy satin curtains shut-
ting out all the world, and especially
shutting out the man she loved, she was
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would be Harvey Callender's wife! But
she shrank away. "Is this my Florie?" he asked, in a tone
of tender reproach that hurt her so keenly.
"Dear, I have been strong in hope and
trust, or else I should have never risked
so much in coming to you to-night. I have
traveled a good many miles to save you
from being the wife of a man I know you
do not love—to tell you I want you to be
my wife, dearest. Don't you hear? Are
you glad, as I am, to be my wife, Florie?"
She grew pale and frightened. Somehow
it seemed to her that some awful crisis in
her life had come.

"Tell me, what you mean," she said,
piteously, "for I don't at all understand."
"It is just this," he said, he laid his hand
caressingly on her arm, "you love me, Flo-
rence, and I love you. That is enough,
my thinking, to effectually prohibit you
from the awful sacrifice you have been led
into so nearly making. But aside from
this, dear, there is a reason why you
should not marry Harvey Callender—why
no good, pure woman should marry him!"
"What do you mean? Don't you see
you frighten me awfully!"

Such a look of compassionate tenderness
came into his handsome eyes!
"My darling little girl! When I would
cherish and comfort you all the days of
your life!"

"But you must not talk so, Leon. Only
Mr. Callender has that right now. And if
there is no reason why, I will marry him."
She hesitated, blushing faintly.

"By Jove, there is a reason why he
should not speak to you. And he shall
not! Florie, Harvey Callender is a rogue
and a deep-dyed villain! He passes him-
self off for a widower, when, as God hears
me, his wife is alive for I saw her myself
not a week ago!"

A little stifled cry pulsed up from her
lips, and her face paled with horror.
"Oh—oh, Leon! do you know what a
dreadful thing you are saying to me? His
wife alive! No, no! Why, he is to marry
me to-morrow. It could not be—that awful
fact!"

"Dear, I see you do not believe me—
rather do not realize it. Nevertheless, it
is true. Go to Mr. Callender, and ask him
where his wife is, and let your belief be
based on his answer—not on mine, the man
who loves you—who will save you if
you will let him!"

She rose from her chair, looking so aw-
fully concerned, so bewildered and dis-
tressed.

"Florie, you haven't let me see so much
as touch you; you haven't let me kiss you.
Come, dear! remember how much we love
each other—remember how false and base
he is!"

But there was a look in her face that
silenced him.

"No—until I know that he is what you
say, only I have the right. Don't look at
me so, Leon!" she waived out, in sudden,
fierce pain. "It is all too terrible to con-
sider—too horrible, and it can't be true,
for he was to have made me his wife to-
morrow!"

It was the second time she had said it,
as if no man could have had reason to
trust her, of all women, so cruelly.

"It is true," Lieutenant Marion said
quietly, "and I have risked being refused
to this house to save you. Go
ask him. Then come back to me, dear-
ly for always!"

And this girl, who thought she would
rather have died than been Harvey Cal-
lender's wife, went rapidly into his pres-
ence with little, fierce prayers in her heart
that might not be so awfully true.

Mr. Callender looked up from the
library table, instantly springing to his
feet at sight of her deathly face.

"Child! what has happened to
you?"

She went straight up to him, in an in-
tense, desperate way.

"Mr. Callender, is it true that you al-
ready have a wife?"

Her point-blank question brought the
deep red blood to his face. The cords on
his forehead started suddenly into em-
barrassed prominence. Then, under her
glaring eyes, all agitation vanished, and
his voice was even, gentle, patient.

"Florence, I have no wife. If I had, do
you think I would have dared ask you to
marry me?"

"I am told you are a married man.
I am told by a party, who saw your
wife very lately. Mr. Callender, as God
hears you, is it true? Have you a wife?
Were you ever married?"

Mr. Callender looked back at her
with such a look that she was dismayed
to her very soul.

"Let me send for your mother, Flo-
rence," he said gravely, as he rang the bell;
and a moment later, Mrs. Marion came
in, her stately dignity unflinching, when
Mr. Callender, in a few, well-chosen words,
repeated to her what Florence had asked him.

"My daughter," she said quickly, "a
word or so will explain to you what I
hoped you would not know, until, as Mr.
Callender's loving and loved wife, you
would have received the knowledge as
you cannot be expected to receive it to-
day. Mr. Callender has no wife—in the
eyes of the law, in the sight of God and
a just people. He has been married—the
law granted him absolute divorce and he
is the man your mother respects and
recommends to have the keeping of her
darling's happiness; and, Florence, the
reason why your cousin's portrait is faced
wall-ward—why his name is never spoken
—is because it was he, Leon Marion, who
was the woman's lover."

Florence stood still as a stone, her sweet
face deathly, with an agony that was more
than a thousand deaths.

"I would have spared you all this," Mr.
Callender said, his rich, grave tones warm-
ing into passionate tenderness. "I wanted
to save you the painful knowledge, my
pure, white lamb. Your mother knew it
all—her counsel and my feelings were in
perfect harmony. Florence, dear, will you
forgive me, if you are grieved at the
silence we have kept?"

She bowed her head, as some fair, fragile
flower droops its petals when a gale
passes over it—only a moment or so,
when, by God's sweet mercy, he revealed
it all to her.

Then she lifted it again, all look of tem-
perament emotion forever gone from it—
an abiding, almost saintly peace in her
lovely eyes.

"I am so sorry for you, I have never loved you
as I should have done. You know that;
and I—I thought I loved my cousin. But"
—and such a look swept across her face—

"It is all changed to me now. I would
rather you had told me all, with gentle
dignity; but, perhaps, you and mamma
knew best. At any rate, I am very
sorry for you, and—and"—a soft, roseate
glow, crept into her pale cheeks—"I am
not so sorry as I was that I am to be your
wife."

Nor in days to come, did she ever regret
it; although there is a place in memory—
a dark, silent place, where her thoughts
will sometimes carry her performance, and
where a few tears will drop; and then she
comes forth, thankful, content and happy.

Saqui, the Rope Walker.

The most famous rope-dancer of re-
cent times was undoubtedly Mme. Saqui,
and her long career would seem to show
that if the practice of rope-dancing
brings some of its profession to a sudden
end, it must in itself be far from un-
healthy. We may fairly infer that in
her case it was conducive to longevity;
for she had already made her reputation
at the end of the eighteenth century,
and was still dancing less than twenty
years ago, when she had attained the
age of 76. According to some authori-
ties, the subject of "Genevieve de
Brabant," the part of Genevieve's child
being confided to the debutante. It was
as a dancer on the ordinary boards that
the youthful Saqui made her first ap-
pearance in public; but she soon aspired to
higher things, and after the troupe of
the "Grandes danses de Paris" had
been broken up at the time of the revolution,
she took a regular course of lessons
in rope-dancing from a friend of the fam-
ily, who divined the bent of her genius.
The counselor and instructor who dis-
covered and fostered her talent for bal-
ancing herself on the tight-rope was, or
had been, a medical student, who, to
escape the tediousness of lectures, had
turned acrobat; and it was through his
earnest representations that the parents
of the future rope-dancing celebrity
were prevailed upon to allow their daughter
to quit the regular stage for a less
dignified arena.

The child practiced with ardor, and
was soon able to maintain herself firm
and steady on the rope without the as-
sistance of the balancing-pole. Her
debut was attended with the most bril-
liant success, and for upward of half a
century this prima donna of the dancing
art traveled from capital to capital, ap-
plauded and fettered, wherever she per-
formed. There was no town in France,
no country in Europe, which she did not
visit. After a time she established a
theater of her own in Paris. The Em-
peror Napoleon, who appreciated her
talent, and was personally much pleased
with her, named her "first acrobat of
France"—a title which so pleased her
that she had it inscribed on the wagon
containing her costumes and apparatus
by which her traveling coach was fol-
lowed. Napoleon used to engage her per-
formances, and frequently invited her
to perform at his own private enter-
tainments. She was the spoiled child,
moreover, of all the princes and dukes,
all the marshals and generals of the em-
pire; and she was as great a favorite
with the people as with the members of
the imperial court. No Italian singer,
even in our own day, enjoyed such
popularity as fell to the lot of Mme.
Saqui.

For some time her star seems to have
faded, or perhaps, rather, she remains
more of an incident in the life of the
founder of the present dynasty. Taken
prisoner, when still in a private, at the
capture of Pondichery, he found him-
self among a batch of some 1,300 or 1,500
prisoners, suffering more or less
from fever and dysentery. General von
W— in passing through their camp,
noticed the intelligent face of the young
soldier, and, taking an interest in the
youthful prisoner, he took him into his
house as an extra orderly, and for several
months Bernadotte performed the hum-
ble office of *brasseur*; however, homesick,
he begged to be included in exchange of
prisoners, and he left for France.
Years after General von W— was in
command of a small German fortress be-
sieged by the French; after a heroic re-
sistance they had capitulated. One
may imagine his surprise when, on de-
livering his sword to the Prince of Po-
tence, the French Marshal thrust him-
self in his arms, exclaiming: "Vous ne
reconnaissez donc pas votre jeune *brasseur*?"
Later on when called to the throne of
Sweden, the King invited General von
W— repeatedly to his capital, and
never failed to relate that he (the King)
had once been cleaning the boots of his
gallant guest.

Cards are never "sent in" when the
persons called on are at home. The gen-
tleman should give his name distinctly
to the servant, who will announce him.
If only the lady is at home, he should on
his departure leave his card in the hall
for the master of the house.

Duclos: The more woman have dared,
the more ready they are to sacrifice them-
selves still further.

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