

PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
—BY—
W. B. CARTER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:
(COIN.)
For Year, \$3.50
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 Road matters.
Will also try and sell City Property and Farm
Lands, on reasonable terms.
March 20, 1879. 16-17y1

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
VECTA PARLOR STOVE.
Jan. 1, 1880. 17-11y1

J. R. BRYSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

All business will receive prompt
attention.
COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY.
Corvallis, July 14, 1879. 16-29y1

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. 16-11y1

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. 16-11y1

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.
15-31y1

C. R. FARRA, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE—OVER GRAHAM & HAMILTON'S
Drug Store, Corvallis, Oregon. 14-39y1

W. C. CRAWFORD,
—DEALER IN—

WATCHES,
JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, SILVER WARE,
etc. Also,
Musical Instruments at the most reasonable
rates, and all work warranted.
Corvallis, Dec. 15, 1877. 14-50y1

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

AVERRILL CHEMICAL PAINT,
SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER

Physicians' Prescriptions Care-
fully compounded. 14-2y1

The Corvallis Gazette.

VOL. XVII.

CORVALLIS, OREGON, FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1880.

NO. 29.

CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.

Corvallis Lodge No. 14, F. & A. M.
Holds stated Communications on Wednesday
or preceding each full moon. Brothers in good
standing cordially invited to attend. By order
W. M.

Sarum 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. 16-36y1

ALLEN & WOODWARD,
Druggists
and
Apothecaries,
P. O. BUILDING, CORVALLIS, OREGON.
Have a complete stock of
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OIL,
GLASS, IT., 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. 23-May16:18y1

AUGUST KNIGHT,
Cabinet Maker,
CORVALLIS, OREGON.

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

Keeps constantly on hand all kinds of
FURNITURE
COFFINS AND CASKETS.

Work done to order on short notice, and
at reasonable rates.
Corvallis Jan. 4, 1877. 11-11y1

Woodcock & Baldwin
(Successors to J. R. Bayley & Co.)
KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND AT THE
old stand a large and complete stock of
Heavy and Light 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, Burdell & 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 OAKS 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. 14-4y1

REES HAMLIN, EMMETT F. WREN,
DRAYAGE!
DRAYAGE!
Hamlin & Wrenn, Prop's.

HAVING JUST RETURNED FROM
Salmon with a new truck, and having
leased the barn formerly occupied by James
Eglin, 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 solici-
ted.
Corvallis, Dec. 27, 1878. 15-32y1

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, (over
Graham, Hamilton & Co.'s Drug Store), Corvallis,
day or night.
June 3, 1879. 16-29y1

CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.

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 160 acres, can dispose of
the balance to me.
Write (with stamps to prepay postage).
R. A. BENSELL,
Newport, Benton county, Oregon.
16-2y1

H. E. HARRIS,
One door South of Graham & Hamilton's,
CORVALLIS, OREGON.
GROCERIES.
PROVISIONS.
—AND—
Dry Goods.
Corvallis, Jan. 3, 1878. 16-1y1

DRAKE & GRANT,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
CORVALLIS, OREGON.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A LARGE
and well selected stock of Cloth, viz:
West of Graham & Hamilton's
"Cottons," "Tweeds," and
"American" cutting
Which we will make up to order in the most
approved and fashionable styles. No pains will
be spared in procuring good fitting garments.
Families wishing to purchase cloth and have
them cut out, will do well to call and examine
our stock. **DRAKE & GRANT.**
Corvallis, April 17, 1879. 16-15y1

Boarding and Lodging.
P. H. HARRIS, Prop'r.
GEORGE KISOR,
RESPECTFULLY INFORMS THE TRAV-
eling public that he is now prepared and in
readiness to keep such travelers as may choose to
give him a call, either by the
ST. C. & M. R. R. OR WEEK.
He is also prepared to furnish horse feed. Liberal
share of public patronage solicited. Give us a
call. **GEORGE KISOR.**
Philomath, April 28, 1879. 16-18y1

CORVALLIS
Livery, Feed
—AND—
SALE STABLE.

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
of horses.

ELEGANT HEARSE, CARRIAGES AND
HACKS FOR FUNERALS
Corvallis, Jan. 3, 1879. 16-1y1

J. C. MORELAND,
(CITY ATTORNEY.)
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE STAR BAKERY,
Main Street, Corvallis.
HENRY WARRIOR, PROPRIETOR.
Family Supply Store!
Groceries,
Bread,
Cakes,
Pies,
Candies,
Toys, Etc.,
Always on Hand. 14-2y1

\$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 laying
up large sums of money. Address **TRUE & CO.,**
Augusta, Maine.

DR. MOLTON'S MOTHER.

The clock on the mantel had just
 chimed one short, musical stroke.
Through the half closed blinds shone
the silvery light of the fast-waning moon;
the candle had burned low in its socket;
the log of wood had converted itself to
ashes; but of all this Dr. Bernard Mol-
ton saw or heard nothing, as he sat in his
office chair, lost in thought. If the moon
had bidden the world good-night, if the
candle's feeble existence had entirely
ceased, and even the red glow in the
grate had died away, he would still have
seen only the picture of the woman's face
whom he loved.

It was with him now as it had been
with him for hours past, since the mo-
ment when he had placed his fate in Vi-
olet's keeping, and she had accepted it.
No wonder that it all seemed new and
strange to him—that he was heedless of
time and space. She was such a delicate,
high-born lady, and he—ah, the hangings
came before him now, the gathering about
her mouth, so rich and ripe, and sweet.
So the question at his heart found words,
and he scarcely himself knew the innate
irritation they betrayed.

"Mother, why did you not let me know
you were coming?"
"I meant to surprise you, my boy,"
she answered fondly. "Can it be that I
have done wrong?"
"No, no," he hastily replied. "Come,
you must eat and go to bed. You need
a rest."
But long after he had bidden her good
night, he sat and thought.

His mother had come to make her
home with him. This was clear. If he
told her he would it otherwise, she
would obey him.
For a time he planned it out—how he
would tell her the life life was not
adapted to her needs; and then Violet
need never know of the plain, humble
little woman—who had not shamed to
toil with her own hands that his might
be the hands of a gentleman.
Oh, shame to him! Could he ever
wash them clean, even of the thought?
No, Violet should know the truth! He
could bear the scorn now in her eyes and
in her voice, as she would question him
how dared he look up to her, but his
mother should share his home and heart
to the end.

It was too late now to visit Violet to-
night, but he went up-stairs, and softly
turning the knob of the door of the
room where his mother slept, he noise-
lessly approached the bed, and, bending
down, touched his lips to the old with-
ered forehead reverently.
She started up, with a glad sob of joy.
"My boy! my boy! who I thought was
not dead to see his mother!"
He quivered at last, wondering why
his own heart felt so light, and she fell
asleep with his hand tightly clasped in
hers.

"You did not come last night," said
his betrothed, when, next morning, he
stood in her presence.
"No, Violet," he answered, "but I
came to-day to tell you how unworthy I
am of your love. Last night my mother
came to me. Nay, do not start. It was
no visitation from the spirit land, but an
actual reality. I have never told you of
my mother. Think of it, Violet—the cruel,
blessed, and yet dumb! All her life she
toiled with poverty—for whose sake
think you? Her son's—that she might
make him a gentleman. God prospered
him, and enabled him to take all the
education from her old shoulders, and so
he thought he had done his duty. He
fed the body but let her heart starve.
Last night, in the desperation of her
hunger, she sought me out. For a mo-
ment—oh, bitter humiliation!—my heart
rebelled. Think of it, Violet—the cruel,
unnatural pride which would bring into
a man's cheek a blush for the woman
who bore him! I thought of you, with
your pretty, dainty ways, side by side
with her plain and homely ones. I knew
the two never could be reconciled, and
so, Violet, I have come to ask you to for-
get me. My heart, my home, are my
mother's, henceforth and forever."

Had the man some lingering hope
that the girl before him would refuse to
sacrifice? Certainly, an added look of
suffering grew into his eyes as he an-
swered nothing, only laid her hand in
his moment, as if in farewell.
His visits seemed very long, very
weary, all that day, but, as he crossed
the home threshold at nightfall, he
smiled at the frown from his brow as he
remembered:
"She must suspect nothing."
He would find her, he knew, in his
study. As he softly opened the door he
anticipated her cry of, "My boy!" as she
fondly reached to greet him; but at the
door he had anticipated the picture which
met his gaze.

His mother was sitting, indeed, in the
arm-chair by the fire, but at her feet, her
head resting in her lap, while the old
fingers caressingly stroked the luxuriant
clever hair, was another figure, which
rose, instead, to welcome him:
"Bernard," the sweet voice whispered
in his ear, "I lost my mother when I was
a baby. It has been so sweet to find one
again! You said, 'Henceforth your
home and heart was hers.' Oh! my
love, may we not share the boon?"
Just like a youngster. An event
occurred at the Broadway Church, Nor-
wich, before the morning service, one
Sunday, which greatly amused the con-
gregation. The people had assembled
and were awaiting the arrival of their
pastor, when a stray two-and-a-half year
cub, nearly skinned, with a man's
hat on his head and a mop in his hand,
walked up the broad aisle and took a
seat in the empty pew of a well known
citizen. After sitting a while, it took to
its feet and pattered down the aisle,
waving the mop aloft, and halted in front
of the pulpit to view the congregation.
Then it passed up the side aisle and was
invited into a pew, where it kept its seat
until the janitor called for and restored
it to its frightened parents. It had
strayed from a Broadway yard.—Nor-
wich Bulletin.

would perhaps brush his cheeks with
their velvety caresses.

He sprang to his feet to seek her, when
the door softly opened, and turning he
saw—could it be a dream conjured up by
his restless fancies of the night before—
his mother? Close behind her was the
wholly wondering, half-apologetic face
of his mother. It took him a full minute
to realize it was no dream, and then,
honor to his mahood, a sudden, over-
whelming tenderness swept away all else,
and with a glad cry of "Mother!" he
clasped her to his heart.

When she had grown calmer and more
at rest, beginning to look around and
wonder and admire, a little feeling of ir-
ritation began to grow at his heart.
Why had she come? Had he not made
himself comfortable for the night? Here
she would be constrained, unnatural.
And Violet. He could picture the as-
tonished look which would creep into
her eyes when he said to her, "This is
my mother;" nay, more, the hangings
came before him now, the gathering about
her mouth, so rich and ripe, and sweet.
So the question at his heart found words,
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until the janitor called for and restored
it to its frightened parents. It had
strayed from a Broadway yard.—Nor-
wich Bulletin.

Business men should pause and think
how great is the power of printers' ink.

THE BIG CHIEF.

Our group of veterans were again gath-
ered for a camp-fire talk and smoke,
when the ex-paymaster, having lit his
cigar, remarked, "Boys, did you ever
hear of the 'Big Chief,' Sergeant Ack-
ermann?" It happened that none present
remembered to have heard of him.
"That's strange," said the ex-paymaster.
"I thought he was known all through
the army. But, after all, there were so
many men to be talked about those days
that a sergeant, though he was a notable
person, might easily be lost in the crowd.
I wouldn't be much surprised, for a fact,
if half a hundred or so of our generals
were forgotten by the time we get a good,
readable history of the war." "No, no,"
was the unanimous response. "Well,
let's support the government," said an-
other, "and then, major, you tell us
another, 'and I'll take it sour this time.'"
The licensed collector of the in-
ternal revenue supplied the party with
the beverages called for, made his collec-
tion and retired; when the ex-paymaster
relit his cigar and proceeded with his
story.

It was in the early days of the great
German immigration to this country,
perhaps as late as 1850—that a party of
westward bound emigrant was journey-
ing over the plains beyond Leavenworth.
In the party was a German family named
Ackermann, the youngest of which was a
small boy just learning to talk freely
with his parents. The train was attacked
by Indians and every one killed except
this boy, Andrew Ackermann. Him the
Indians adopted, and he grew up among
them, trained to their ways and speaking
only their language. He was large of
build and strong, and was enterprising and
bold, so that he was regarded by the In-
dians as one of their most promising
young hunters and warriors, and had
considerable influence in his band.

In the spring of 1858 or '59, a large
body of these Indians were again in the
vicinity of the overland route, and Ack-
ermann was one of a party sent to ambush
an emigrant train their scouts had re-
ported to be on the road. The party ap-
proached the emigrants' halting place at
night time, and was waiting for the
most favorable hour to make an attack,
in the morning when Ackermann, who
had approached quite near to the emig-
rants, heard some of the early risers in
conversation. They were Germans, and
he, who had not heard a word of his
native language for nine years,
recognized it as the language of
his father and mother. He was,
except in the color of his skin, a savage
in appearance as well as in training and
habits, but he knew that the word of
white race, the speech of which was un-
like that of the few whites he had seen
during his life with the Indians. He
had not had a desire to seek out the peo-
ple from whom he came, or thought till
now of leaving his life among the In-
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