

Corvallis, July 8, 1881.

WHO SETS THE FASHIONS.

Who sets the fashions, I'd like to know. For the little people beneath the snow? And are they working a weary while, There's a Primrose who used to be The very picture of modesty; Plain were her dresses, but now she goes With crimps and fringes and furbelows. And even Miss Buttercup puts on airs Because the color in vogue she wears; And as for dandelion, dear me! A vain creature you ne'er will see. When Mrs. Poppy—that dreadful flirt— Was younger, she wore but one plain skirt; But now I notice, with great surprise, She's several patterns of largest size. The fuchsia sisters—those lovely belles! Improve their styles as the mode compels; And, though everybody is loud in praise, They ne'er depart from their modest ways. And the Pansy family must have found Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe underground; For in velvets and satins of every shade Throughout the season they're all arrayed. Finks and Daisies and all the flowers Change the fashions, as we change ours; And those who knew them in olden days Are mystified by their modern ways. Who sets the fashions, I'd like to know, For the little people beneath the snow? And are they busy a weary while Dressing themselves in the latest style? —Independent.

LETTER FROM PORTLAND.

VILLARD'S ANACONDA—THE THOMPSON-SIMON SQUABBLE—STATE OF BUSINESS, &c.

EDITORS GAZETTE.—Portland is now emphatically a city of great expectation. Ireland of the Astorian used to liken the town to a "fat duck," setting upon the edge of a sea of glory, and gobbling the good things which the winds and waves of circumstance and fortune wafted to its nest. (P. S. Since Ireland has settled in Astoria he gone back on this unctious simile.)

In nothing is the future prospects of the town more manifest than in the prices of real estate, which is now said to be as high here as in San Francisco with its quarter of a million population. And there can be no doubt that the prices of real estate are now much above the margin of a reliable rent value, and pushed into the region of speculation, from which point the reaction will send it down in a crash as in 1872.

Business however is not so satisfactory as these high prices of real estate might indicate. The low price of the last crop of wheat and the deficit in the salmon catch is telling upon the merchants; thus showing after all that it is labor—well paid labor—on the farm and fisheries which give solidity and buoyancy to all departments of trade. And it is for this reason that the interests of the farmer, as the foundation of our prosperity, should be carefully protected against the extortion of monopolies and the taxes of unjust tariffs.

The latest sensation here is the incorporation of the "Oregon and Trans-continental Railroad Company," not inaptly dubbed by some "Villard's Anaconda." The capital stock is placed at the small sum of Fifty Million dollars, and your correspondent had high hopes of being allowed to take a million or so of it, when it is announced that the stock has already been taken in N. Y. City and commands a premium. So that we see the good things of this country are not for the Oregonians. Villard could see as everybody else did, and that the load of bond debts and capital stock of the various corporations he had secured control of, aggregating not less than one hundred and fifty million dollars, was more than any man except Vanderbilt could carry. And as he devised this new scheme as a sort of wrecking machine, or "devil fish," to be conveniently at hand, and with its beak and success fastened in the heart and vitals of these corporations, it will draw in with its long arms and slowly but surely absorb their substance and leave the chaff and shell to the confiding bondholders. Thousands of bond purchasers will lose their savings and investments to the extent of many millions of dollars, while a little ring of half a dozen will acquire immense fortunes. Oregon is interested in this game to the extent of getting railway connection with the eastern states and with California, and it will no doubt soon get it. But having these railroads are still more interested in the manner of their management.

We certainly do not want "King Stork" to eat us little mice all up. The Oregonian says this corporation "will control the destinies of the north west." Let that proposition be rejected; and have it understood

once for all, that we, the people, will rule the destinies of the northwest, and that the corporations created under our laws shall exercise their powers for the promotion of the public welfare. Villard however will hardly have the field to himself, as it is quite evident that Jay Gould will push his Union Pacific Branch into our state and possibly the coast. Here possibly is the opening for your Oregon Pacific company. It would be a God send to the state to secure so strong a competing power as this Union Pacific branch extended to the Willamette Valley.

Portland is enjoying a long drawn out fight over the election of Mayor. From the certificates sent up by the judges of the election in the different wards, it appeared that Joseph Simon was elected by nine votes. From one ward the judges sent up with their certificates what purported to be the tally sheets of the clerks, from which sheets it appeared that a mistake after the votes had been made in counting, and that rectifying that mistake Thompson would be elected by one vote. The returning board took the responsibility of ignoring the literal statements of the election judges certificates, corrected the alleged error and gave the certificate of election to Thompson. The matter is now before the Circuit Court on a writ of Mandamus, asking that the returning board be directed to issue the certificates of election to Simon.

A good deal of bitter feeling has been engendered by the fight and which will crop out still further in the state election next June; for it is really a fight for Senatorial advantages in the legislature delegation from this county next year. The Mayor has large influence and patronage under the new charter, which can and no doubt will be used to advance the interests of himself or "his man."

And the same course would have been taken if the other fellow had got in, for and on behalf of his man. Both parties have been charging each other with all manner of badness, showing the great need of brother Hallenbach with his revival at this particular time. But this letter is already long, and I will tell you the balance next time. X. Y. Z.

One morning last week as Mr. James Hackney, the father of the lost boy, was standing near the front door of his restaurant, No. 132 First street, Portland two boys stepped quickly to him, one of them having a hat in his hand which he handed to Mr. Hackney, with the remark: "Here is your boy's hat we found it Sunday night floating in the water near the stark street slip." Instantly the boys disappeared, and before the astonished father could recover from his surprise and start to follow them, the boys were out of sight. The hat, Mr. Hackney says, is the one his boy wore when he went away. The mystery gathering around this singular disappearance appears to thicken. That there has been some foul play in the affair is now almost certain, but how and for what motive or cause time alone can determine if the mystery is ever unraveled.

"Yes, I knew him," the Texas Sheriff remarked, when somebody asked him about Red-handed Bill; "I never met him but once; he came down here last February, riding another man's mule, and he came in and left the measure of his neck with me for a larriat." "Did you fit him?" asked the traveler. "Not very well," said the Sheriff, "blamed thing was too tight, but he never said anything about it after he tried it on, so I didn't change it." And then the committee rose and reported the bill to the house, which shortly afterward took a recess until the evening session.—Burdette.

An ingenious mother who has long been bothered by the fastidiousness of her children at table has at last discovered a method of circumventing them. She places what she wants each child to eat before its neighbor at table, and of course each cries for what the other has, and the ends of justice are promoted.

"So you married old Heavypenny's eldest, I hear," said the friend. "Yes," said young Infortit, "I have." "Good match?" asked the friend. "I guess so," sighed the bridegroom, wearily, "heaps of brimstone in it." And the years go by.—Hawk-Eye.

The White House china is described as having designs representing the kinds of food which should go on each dish, so that you may eat an oyster and see a pictured shell, and so on.

Said a lady to her husband, "My dear, what is cotton duck?" "Oh," said he, carelessly, "a kind of canvass back."

It was a little three-year-old who remarked that she didn't want to kiss her papa because he had "fringed on his mouth."

Mr. Hemming is the appropriate name of the great English needle maker.

JAY GOULD AT GOULDSBORO.

Jay Gould used to live not far from here, and when he came to Scranton the other day with Sam Sloan and Sidney Dillon there was a general desire to see him. He did not stay very long, however, to make or renew acquaintances. His train came thundering down from Moscow at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and the order, "Clear the track!" went through from here to Oswego as soon as his party came in sight.

Here he found time to step out on the platform. The only new acquaintance he made was W. R. Storrs, general coal agent of the Delaware, Lackawanna and western Railroad. Storrs is an austere, thorough-going, hard-working man, who has general supervision of the mines in this section. When Gould and he were introduced, he asked after Gould's health, and the latter replied by asking, "What's your capacity?" He meant for producing coal. Mr. Storrs understood, and promptly answered, after which the party boarded their special train, and went flying through the North.

An old man who saw Gould on the platform, and heard that he could not remember whether he gave his check for five millions or ten millions when he gathered in a little telegraph stock, said: "I worked with him more than a quarter of a century ago up the mountain at Gouldsboro. He got into a snarl with the authorities there about the ownership of the old tannery, and the military had to be called out to drive him from possession. He was as hard to fight then as he is to-day. The whole region was excited about it, and the affair was known all over the country as the 'Gouldsboro rebellion.' A big lawsuit grew out of it. Charley Pike of Wilkesbarre defended Gould, and got him off all right."

The scene of the tannery warfare of which the old man spoke is a short distance south of this city, on the Pocono Mountain. When Gould passed through it the other day he is said to have remarked to Sloan: "This place don't seem to have changed much since I ran the tannery here."

In Scranton Gould feasted his eyes on the glittering lines of coal cars laden with anthracite and drawn up in line ready for market. The visit was made principally to look over the ground with a view to increasing the railroad facilities of the place, so as to meet the demands which the completion of the New York, Lackawanna and Western will make on the road. It is thought that, to obviate the congregating of coal cars in the company's yard, planes will be constructed along the hillside north and south of the city to take the coal out of the valley and connect at convenient points with the main lines of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western.—N. Y. Sun.

A LONG NAME AND A STRONG DRINK.

He had been found in the street early yesterday morning so drunk that he had to be taken to the Essex Market Police Court in a cart, when he was brought to the bar he had recovered sufficiently to pronounce his name.

"Tell him to give it again," said Justice Smith to the interpreter. "Tschai korokorowsky," replied the prisoner.

"The cool weather is favorable to the pronunciation of such a name," said Justice Smith, "but to shorten the proceedings I'll call you Tschaiky. How did you get so drunk, Tschaiky?"

"He says, your Honor, he only drank five cents' worth of rum," said the interpreter.

"How does he account for getting so drunk on five cents' worth of rum that he had to be brought here in our elegant coach and four?"

"He says, your Honor, the rum was strong."

"Tell him that five cents' worth of rum will cost him five dollars."

"He says, your Honor, he'd rather be locked up five months than pay five dollars."

"I'm sorry, Tschaiky, that I can't grant your request," replied Justice Smith; "I can only give you four days."

Words of a dying cannibal—"Write me down as one who loved, his fellow men."

A New England Puritan mob killed the first elephant that landed in this country.

A man who drinks lightly now is called "a Durham"—because he is of the "short-horn" breed.

There is a man in Colorado who signs himself "T. Pot." It is said that the least thing makes him boil over.

There are about five hundred thousand lace workers in Europe, one-half of whom are employed in France.

A NEW FASHION IN FUNERALS.

A new fashion, destined yet to become popular, is being quietly introduced into the funerals in New York. For years the press and pulpit have shown the folly of expending large sums of money on caskets, flowers and carriage processions. While a considerable outlay may not affect well-to-do people, the poor, a ways desirous of following "the style" as far as possible, imitate the pomp and extravagance in a degree that is positively injurious.

In many American cities the Catholic clergy have attempted to check the increasing disposition to make a show by limiting the number of carriages to two, four or six, according to the circumstances of the family; and Funeral Reform Associations have been a feature of social life in London and several other large cities of England for years.

The fashion of putting after advertised invitations to funerals the words, "It is requested that no flowers be sent," was a step in the way of funeral reform; and he more recent adopted announcement, "Interment at the convenience of the family," was another important one. These innovations have reduced considerably the cost of funerals, the last being particularly appreciated by rich and poor alike, as constituting an effective barrier against the professional mourners, who attend all possible funerals for the sole purpose of having a ride to the cemetery and back.

While it has been frequently remarked of our business men that they drive through everything as if they had not a single moment to spare, even to die, sometimes becomes evident that they have not the time to attend the funeral of a partner, a friend, or an esteemed public servant. To the men who belong to secret benevolent societies and trade organizations a funeral of an associate in the morning or afternoon involves the loss of at least a half-day's work; and because there are thousands who cannot afford this pecuniary sacrifice, the remains of men who in life counted their friends by the hundred are not infrequently followed to the grave by a dozen or less comrades.

The latest innovation gives all the friends of a deceased person an opportunity for participating in appropriate ceremonies. It also does away with the necessity, whether real or assumed, of firing a long string of coaches to accompany the body to the grave.

The new fashion provides simply for holding funeral services in the evening. Business men, society men, employees and employes can then attend without losing a moment of office or factory time. In the morning the remains, accompanied by the immediate family, may be taken to the place of interment and laid at rest.—New York Sun.

Young man, don't swear! Swearing never was good for a sore finger. I never cured the rheumatism nor helped draw a prize in a lottery. It isn't recommended for liver complaint. It isn't safe against lightning, sewing-machine agents, nor any of the ills which beset people through life. There is no occasion for swearing outside of a newspaper office, where it is useful in proof reading and indispensably necessary in getting orders to press. It has been known, also, to materially assist the editor in looking over the paper after it is printed. But otherwise it is a very foolish and wicked habit.—Washington Republic.

When Boulton, the engineer, partner of Watt, stood in the presence of George III., to open to him the mystery of the steam engine, and the King asked him, as he might a paddler, "What do you sell, sir?" Boulton replied, "What Kings, sire, are all fond of—power."

A man who had brutally assaulted his wife was brought before a Justice, and had a good deal to say about getting justice. "Justice?" replied the Judge, "you can't get it here. The court has no power to hang you."

AUGUST KNIGHT, CABINET MAKER,



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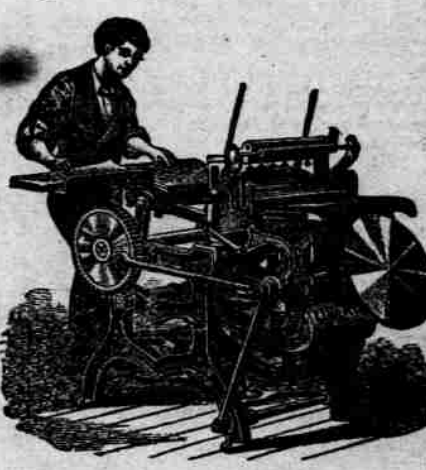
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