

Corvallis, July 22, 1881.

THE PARSON.

It was a dark and tempestuous night, a night to fill the soul with fright; and the lightning flashed, the wild beasts squealed, when a poor preacher of the gospel was wending his way through the dismal intricacies of a western forest, many years ago.

The poor man felt anything but comfortable, for he was wet through to the skin, and almost tired to death. He had been tramping about since morning, besides he had lost his way, so the reader can imagine what state of mind he was in, and also appreciate the sudden transition from despair to hope which he experienced on seeing the glimmer of a light ahead. He quickened his flagging feet and soon came up to the light, which issued from the only window of a solitary log cabin in the forest.

Remembering the scriptural injunction, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you," he did so, but without any response. He rapped again, louder than before, and this time a rough female voice asked:—

"Who's there?"

"It is I," was the indefinite reply of the rain-soaked parson.

"Well, who are you, and what do you want?" asked the voice, gruffly then before.

"A poor, benighted preacher of the gospel, who has lost his way, and who wishes to stay here all night," answered the preacher, in a dolorous voice.

"Well, stay there—don't see what's to hinder you."

"But I'm almost starved, and will pay you liberally for some supper," he responded, his teeth chattering with cold, not at all appreciating the joke.

The words "liberally pay" acted as a charm, and after a few moments of delay, caused by the unfastening of the door, it was opened, and our pastor entered.

He found himself in a rough apartment, with a large fireplace at one end, on which a log was blazing; a rough deal table and three chairs, besides a box filled with dry flax, comprised the furniture.

But all minor deficiencies seemed to be made up by the landlady of the house, for she was full six feet in height, and weighed nigh on to three hundred pounds.

After having placed some food on the table, she turned to the parson, who stood shivering before the fire, making futile attempts to warm himself, alternately turning one side and then the other to the fire.

"Now I want you to eat this grub as quick as you know how and then tramp, as it is utterly impossible for me to keep you here over night."

"But, my good woman," said the parson, anxiously, "I shall perish in this inclement weather. I have been wandering in this fearful storm since morning, and if you have any compassion or pity at all, you will try and give me some place where I can be sheltered from the storm of the night," and he offered a five-dollar bill.

"Well," said the woman avariciously clutching the money, "if you think you can stay in the garret, maybe you can stay; but hurry up, for I expect my husband home every minute, and it's as much as your life is worth, if he should catch you here; he would think no more of murdering you than of shooting a grizzly bear."

The woman produced a small ladder as she spoke.

There was a small trap-door in the ceiling, which raised of its own accord on the parson pressing it upward, and not without some difficulty he managed to squeeze himself through the aperture. After he was up, the woman told him to shut the trap, and not to make any noise, for his life, and then, taking the ladder the parson was left to his own reflections.

Wet and uncomfortable as he was, his fatigue was such that he had almost fallen asleep, when he was disturbed by some one knocking at the door.

Being somewhat curious to know what kind of a looking man his unknown guest was, he rose and peeped through a small crack in the door to the room underneath. He saw the man open the door cautiously, and, after admitting a short, thick-set man in a heavy cloak, lock it again.

From the mysterious actions and whispering that ensued, our parson rightly concluded that the person who had just entered was not the woman's husband, but had taken ad-

vantage of his absence to pay her a nocturnal visit.

After whispering together for a while, the woman went to the cupboard, and produced a bottle of whiskey and a plate of ham and bread, which she set on a table, and the twain were soon engaged in a loving repast.

While the parson was watching the couple, there came a thundering rap at the door, which caused them both to jump to their feet in the greatest consternation. Without a moment's loss of time the woman ran to the box of flax and emptied it upon the floor. Then she bade the man, who was almost scared to death, to get into the box, which he was only too glad to do, and when he was in, she rapidly covered him with the flax. The woman then ran to the door and opened it, all the time rubbing her eyes, as if she had been asleep.

"I was asleep and did not hear you before," whispered the woman. "And don't for God's sake, curse so much, for there's a Methodist minister, in the garret."

"Who cares for a Methodist minister, I'd like to know. But I'll soon have him out of his hole. Here, you old canting hypocrite, come out of this and show yourself, or I'll make you," he exclaimed with many imprecations, as he set the ladder before the trap-door.

The poor parson almost dead with fright, slowly descended the ladder, looking as white as a ghost, for, from the ruffian's manner, he would be a ghost soon.

"Don't hurt the poor man. See how sickly he looks!" exclaimed the woman, pitying the poor creature's distress.

"You shut up, and mind your own business, or it will be the worse for you," was the gracious reply of her lord; then turning to the trembling parson, he asked:—

"Are you a Methodist minister, and do you believe in hell and the devil?"

The parson replied in the affirmative. "Well, by the Eternal, I don't, and if you believe in the devil, you'll either have to make him appear, or I'll cut your lying throat, and make you appear before him!" and he drew his bowie knife in a threatening manner.

The poor preacher was in anything but an enviable situation, and thoughts of another world began to fill his mind with anxious foreboding.

"Are you most ready?" asked the ruffian, raising his knife, as he saw the other hesitate. "I'll give you just three minutes, and if the devil is not here, you will be with the devil!"

"My friend," said the pastor, into whose head a brilliant idea had popped, "that there is a hell is a well-established fact, as I can prove by hundreds of writers; and that the devil exists allows of no contradiction; and that I have the power to make him appear is also true; but dreadful to you will be the consequences if he does! Better for you had you never been born, than to see Satan face to face in the wicked state in which you now are!"

"Stop preaching and call the old boy! I'll stand the consequences for the time is up."

The parson went to the fireplace and took a brand which he applied to the box of flax. It blazed up almost like gunpowder, and the unearthly yell that issued from the poor devil in the box was truly appalling. With acrobatic power, of the possession of which he was himself unaware, he leaped out of the box, covered from head to foot with burning flax.

With roars and howls of agony, he made straight for the door; but he was not so quick as the owner of the premises, for with one look of terror at the burning figure, he fled out of the house, closely pursued by his Satanic Majesty.

When they were both gone, the parson gave his hostess a short, but effective lecture on conjugal duties, after which he seated himself before the fire.

When the husband returned, he treated the parson with the greatest respect, fully convinced that he had the power to raise the devil at will.

James Bice was committed to jail last week at Portland for burglarizing a house while the family were all away from home. The jailer immediately recognized him to be a room-mate of another man who had roomed at his house before. The officer was put on his track and soon arrested him. He gave his name as McManus. Upon searching him a lot of stolen goods were found on his person.

Says the Oregonian of July 18th: Early Friday morning an unsuccessful attempt was made to set fire to Multnomah block, at the corner of Fifth and Morrison streets. This is the sixth attempt to commit arson made within one week.

STATE NEWS.

Two surveying parties left Eugene City last week for the purpose of operating in Wasco and Lake counties.

The State Journal says: Thousands of young carp can be seen in one of the fish ponds on Mohawk. They are the coming piscatorial food.

Says the Statesman: E. P. McCormack, Clerk of the Board of School Land Commissioners, left for Eastern Oregon on Friday last to spend a short time in recreation.

The O. R. & N. Co. will proceed immediately with the work of bridging the Willamette at the upper end of Ross Island. The lumber is already ordered for that purpose.

The Journal says that Deadman and Dodson fished, using a skiff, from five miles above Hendricks' to the mouth of McKenzie, catching in two days 305 fish. The most of them were not less than 14 inches long.

On July 1st the silver wedding of Judge and Mrs. L. F. Mosier was celebrated at their home at Roseburg. The guests numbered about 100, by whom many elegant and costly presents were given to the wedding parties on this pleasant occasion.

Gold has been discovered recently by Andy Wyland, John Officer and others, on the Molalla. It is supposed that the bars will be worked during the coming summer. It is estimated to pay from four to five dollars per day to the hand.

Pythian hall, soon to be built at Astoria, will be 98x48 on the ground, three stories high. The first story will be 16 feet in the clear, and used for stores; the second 14 feet, intended for offices, and the third 18 feet, for a hall.

QUITE ILL.—Mr. Frank E. Hodgkin received a telegram last Friday morning stating that his son Charlie, who is with his mother at Payton's Mineral Springs, is very sick, and requesting him to come immediately. Mr. Hodgkin left on the 10:20 train.

The Yamhill Reporter says: About six months ago a little daughter of Mr. Ed. Baxton swallowed a quarter of a dollar, from the effects of which she has occasionally suffered until about a week ago, when she vomited it up. The quarter must have been counterfeit, otherwise it would have passed.

Statesman: Moses Titcomb, a superintendent of the document room of the United States Senate for over a quarter of a century, died June 26th, at Franklin Falls, New Hampshire, aged 80. Titcomb watched over Calhoun in his last sickness, and laid out with his own hands the body of Henry Clay, in Washington, in 1851.

Captain Bendire, Lieutenant Good and ten men from company K, left Walla Walla a few days since for John Day county on a trip of scientific investigation. The orders state that they shall pay especial attention to prospecting for mastodons, that extinct race of animals that once inhabited this country.—Statesman.

George, son of G. W. Lawson, is the possessor of a small toy pistol, and on Wednesday tried the experiment of shooting bullets from the same, which proved successful. To be satisfied that the ball came out of the pistol, he put his hand over the muzzle and is now fully satisfied that it did. Only a small piece of the third finger is gone.—Statesman.

The Oregonian say that Dr. H. Carpenter of this city, who has recently been appointed advisory physician to the Board of Building Commissioners to supervise the sanitary requirements of the new insane asylum building at Salem, contemplates visiting a number of the eastern asylums during the ensuing summer, with a view of familiarizing himself with their workings.

L. W. Robertson's dog jumped from the second story of Vandryn & Smith's new brick last week. The last official bulletin announces his pulse 500, respiration 5, temperature 1000. Secondary hemorrhage coming on nicely. The doctors think if they can induce gangrene of the liver he will be convalescent soon. It is considered very nearly a "dog-gone" case.—Riverside.

It is reported that a company has been formed with a capital stock of \$200,000 for the purpose of purchasing the Salem Flouring Mills. The stockholders are said to be Wm. Reid, W. Scott of Liverpool, W. S. Sisson, Robert Bell, W. S. Ladd, A. Bush, Mr. Cochran of Dundee, Mr. Lawson of Dundee, Wm. Dunbar and Geo. Beattie. The Directors are Wm. Reid, Pres.; Robert Bell, Secretary, and W. S. Ladd, A. Bush, and Geo. Beattie.

TOO MANY PASSENGERS.—The United States Marshal last week arrested Captain James Harney, of the British ship Taunton, for bringing fourteen more Chinese passengers than the law allows to vessels of the Taunton's tonnage. He was tried by Judge Deady in the U. S. Circuit Court and pleaded guilty and was fined \$700. In explanation of the offense the Captain says that in calculating the number of passengers he figured his tonnage according to British measurement. In consideration of these facts execution of sentence was suspended for three months, or until the pleasure of the President of the United States can be known on the defendant's application for pardon, which has been forwarded to Washington.—Telegram.

HEAD BARELY CRUSHED.—On Thursday of last week, says the Telegram, as the West-side train was about leaving Hillsboro, H. A. Morgan, agent for the railroad company, met with a severe and perhaps fatal accident. He was in the act of coupling a flat car loaded with lumber with a box car. The lumber projected over the front of the car, and when the two came together Mr. Morgan's head was caught between the ends of the projecting lumber and the car in front and badly crushed. It was at first thought that the injuries were fatal, but later advice bring the information that the injured man shows symptoms of recovery. No blame is attached to any one except Mr. Morgan himself, who failed to notice the condition of the lumber projecting over the front of the flat car, had he done so he could easily have coupled the cars and escaped unhurt.

Two cases of variceloid have appeared at one of the hotels in Portland.

Mr. Jona. Williams of Salem, is lying dangerously ill at his home at that place with but little hopes of recovery.

It is reported that the snow is all off the road over the Barlow route, and that the road is in good condition.

Prof. Francis P. Vinton, a well known and highly accomplished teacher of music, died at the Astworth hotel at Portland last week.

Several soldiers have deserted the garrison at Walla Walla, who seem to have been the most steady and trusted soldiers among them.

On August 3d a sociable will be given at Albany for the purpose of establishing a public library at that place. No entrance fee or collection will be taken, but every attendant on the occasion will be expected to contribute a book of some kind to the library.

The Yakima Record says: While at Ellensburg this week we handled some large nuggets of gold, taken from the claim of Messrs. Pike & Price on the Swank. Something like 54 ounces was taken out in the last run. One large nugget was valued at \$277, another \$106, and a smaller one at \$72.

Hon. P. C. Sullivan and family formerly of Dallas but now of Colfax, W. T., while out lately enjoying a buggy ride, the team became frightened and run away. The vehicle was upset and Mrs. Sullivan had one leg badly fractured and was otherwise badly bruised. A daughter of Mrs. Sullivan escaped with only a few scratches.

A few days ago while Hon. Robert Clow, of Polk county, was plowing near his house, a colt which was running loose got hemmed in near the porch and when Mr. Clow passed kicked with both hind feet, one foot hitting him on the nose, inflicting a very painful wound; the other hit him on the shoulder. The kick was so vigorous that Mr. Clow was laid out for a few moments, but soon recovered.

The Oregon extension of the Union Pacific to Baker City will be about 600 miles of road, upon which it is now proposed to issue \$12,000,000 of 5 or 6 per cent. bonds (\$20,000 to the mile) and \$12,000,000 of Oregon extension stock. The Union Pacific treasury will retain one-half the stock and give each 100 shares of the Union Pacific stock the right to subscribe \$2,000 of bonds with a bonus of 20 per cent. or 10 shares of Oregon extension stock. The road is almost an assured success from the start, and its bonds may sell in the neighborhood of par, but if the public does not at present estimate the new stock at \$25 the "rights" are worth but \$5 50 per share. If the new stock is considered worth \$25 the "rights" will be worth \$5, and this is probably the maximum.—Standard.

Says the Telegram: The remains of the Brotherton family murdered by the Modocs in Lake county will shortly be removed from the cemetery at Linkville and reinterred at Jacksonville. It will be remembered by those familiar with the tragedies of those times that the father and two sons were murdered while pursuing their daily avocations on the frontier farm and that the house with the two remaining children was defended by the mother with her Henry rifle for four days against the savages before the assistance arrived. In concluding a narrative in verse of this butchery and the heroic conduct of Mrs. Brotherton upon this occasion Hon. O. C. Aplegate says:

"And now on guard we found her
When four long days had fled,
Half crazed with sleepless watching,
And sorrow for the dead,
And still, that fearless mother
When we came, a saving hand,
Stood by the open doorway,
With her rifle in her hand."

A special to the Walla Walla Journal under date of Spokane, July 11th, gives the following: Yesterday a young man named Griffith was riding about a mile from Spokane Falls when he was stopped by a drunken Indian, who demanded some matches. The young man had none on his person, and after searching his pockets without result, the Indian became very abusive and made some threats, after which he started off. When some distance away the young man leveled his needle gun, which he had with him, and shot the Indian, who died this morning. The town has been full of drunken Indians since the shooting, and they are making much fuss about the affair, and threatening vengeance. The case was thought so justifiable by the authorities that the young man was not arrested. The authorities may regard killing under such a state of facts justifiable, but the law undoubtedly will not.

RAILROAD NOTES.

The Dallas Times says: The cars arrived at Spokane river on the 7th.

The railroad reached Walla Walla, W. T., last Thursday noon.

Track laying between Umatilla and Pendleton will commence in a few days.

As soon as the grade is completed to Pendleton, the men will be put at work between this city and Portland.

The new Corlies engine in the car shops is now in position. It is 150 horse power diameter of wheel 12 feet, width 2.

Four hundred and ninety-six car wheels were received at the shops in this city from the cargo brought out on the Willamette.

A gang of 80 men were sent out Sunday night to change all the iron on the track to 56 pound between Colilo and Walla Walla. Herebefore 31 and 48 pound iron have been used.

The track was within six miles of Dayton Sunday night, and they were laying two miles a day, with a prospect of reaching that place to-night. Mr. Thilman has ordered abundant supplies forwarded to this point.

One of the workmen fell over the bluff at Mitchell's Point, 150 feet, last Wednesday. He was taken on board by some of the men belonging to the Idaho, and brought to the hospital, but in spite of the best of medical care, he passed away on Friday, and was carried to his last resting place without a friend to shed a tear over his grave.

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