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All notices and advertisements intended for publication should be handed in by noon on Wednesday.

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OFFICE—OVER GRAHAM, HAMILTON & CO'S Drug Store, Corvallis, Oregon.

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OFFICE IN FISHER'S BLOCK—OVER MAX Max. Friendly's New Store. All of the latest improvements. X-ray apparatus and complete. All work guaranteed. Please give me a call.

N. B. AVERY, D. D. S., DENTIST.

Have located permanently in Corvallis I desire to inform the public that I am ready to do all kind of dental work. My instruments are all new and of the latest improved style. All work insured and satisfaction guaranteed or the money refunded.

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The oldest established Dentist and the best outfit in Corvallis.

All work kept in repair free of charge and satisfaction guaranteed. Teeth extracted without pain by use of Nitrous Oxide Gas.

277 Loops up-stairs over Jacobs & Neugass' new Brick Store, Corvallis, Oregon.

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KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A LARGE assortment of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc. All kinds of repairing done on short notice, and all work warranted.

MRS. O. R. ADDITON Will be pleased to receive Pupils for PIANO or ORGAN.

At her residence corner of 4th and Jefferson Streets, Corvallis, or will visit them at their homes for the purpose of instructing them. Terms reasonable.

The study of Harmony a Specialty.

LEGAL BLANKS Kept in stock and for sale at the Gazette Office.

The Corvallis Gazette.

VOL. XIX. CORVALLIS, OREGON, APRIL 14, 1882. NO. 16.

BENTON COUNTY REAL ESTATE And Loan Agency.

Money to Loan! We have money to loan on good farms in Benton County in sums to suit borrowers. LOW INTEREST AND LONG TIME.

FARMS FOR SALE! We have a large list of Good Farms and Ranches situated in various portions of Benton County, for sale on easy terms.

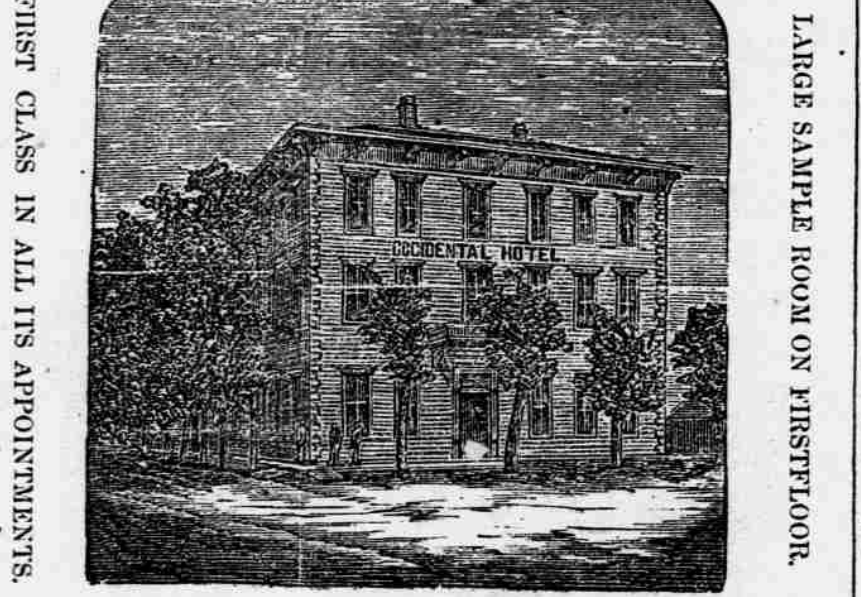
BRYSON & YOUNG. OFFICE:—Up-stairs in Jacobs & Neugass' New Brick, opposite Occidental Hotel, Corvallis, Oregon.

WOODCOCK & BALDWIN, COOK STOVES, RANGES, PARLOR & BOX STOVES. The largest and Best Stock ever offered in Corvallis. BEDROCK PRICES.

HEAVY AND SHELF HARDWARE! Tin and Copper Ware, Granite Ware, Pipe, Pumps, Iron Steel, Rope, Tools, Sheet Iron, Zinc, Etc.

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OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, MRS. N. C. POLLY, Proprietress, CORVALLIS, OREGON.



The Occidental is a new building, newly furnished, and first class in every particular. Stages leave this Hotel daily for Albany, and Yaquina Bay on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

THOMAS GRAHAM, Druggist and Apothecary, AND DEALER IN PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, GLASS, PUTTY, TRUSSES.

Wheat and other Grain Stored on the best of Terms by T. J. BLAIR, AT Corvallis and Booneville. SACKS FURNISHED TO PATRONS.

Farmers will do well to call on me before making arrangements elsewhere.

EPICRAMMATIC. He wins at last who with his trust in loving words and actions just. The winter blast is stern and cold, Yet summer has its harvest gold.

THE NEW GIRL. "Now, Charlie, you'll be sure to remember."

"To remember what?" said Mr. Meredith with a hopeless expression of insanity on his countenance. Kate Meredith dropped both hands despairingly at her sides.

"And the two ounces of double zephyr wool." "Exactly."

Mr. Meredith slapped one hand on the table. "She is coming to-day; I declare to goodness!" he ejaculated.

And Mr. Meredith rushed off to catch the 8:30 express, with kaleidoscopic confusion of grapes, zephyr wool, depot hacks, oysters and serving maids careering through his brain, which boded ill for Mrs. Meredith's domestic plans.

While that lady, clasping both hands over her head in a sort of tragic despair, rushed down into the kitchen, where a very good looking young man of two or three and twenty was on his knees, in front of the range, trying to coax a most unwilling fire to burn.

"Tom," cried she, hysterically, "can you make a lobster salad?" "Like a book," said Tom.

"Then you don't know what you are talking about," said the lady, with some asperity.

"Nonsense!" interposed Mrs. Meredith. "Go pick that lobster out of its shell, and leave off romancing. You are a deal better at poetry and newspaper sketches than you are in the kitchen; though to be sure, with a twinge of conscience, 'goodness knows what I should do without you just at this particular emergency, you dear old darling.'"

hair, was dusting the little drawing room, when there came a ring at the door bell.

"Who is there?" she demanded in a high contralto. "Does Mrs. Meredith live here?"

"Come in," said she, opening the door wide, "I am so glad that you are punctual, my good girl. From St. Clair's intelligence bureau, I suppose? No, don't take your things off here; the servant's room is down stairs; so you might just as well come immediately down to the kitchen."

"My name? Oh, it's Martha," replied the stranger, in still greater confusion.

"Martha?" critically repeated Mrs. Meredith; "What an ugly name! I think I shall call you Pattie. Have you good references?"

"I think," said Mrs. Meredith surveying her from tip to toe, "you are a little over dressed for your situation, Pattie; but of course you have some plainer clothes in your trunk, when it comes?"

"Do you keep a man cook?" asked the girl. Mrs. Meredith drew herself up.

"Certainly not. This is my brother, Mr. Selwyn, who is kindly assisting me to make a salad."

"And now, Pattie, I will show you where the things are, and leave you to get up as nice a lunch as you can, for at 2:30 o'clock we are expecting my husband's cousin from Philadelphia. I want every thing in perfect order."

"I will finish that salad," said Tom, who had secretly been observing the pretty face and trim figure of the new domestic, "now that I have commenced it. But you need not look perturbed, Pattie, if that is your name. I will be careful not to get in your way. And you ask my sister if I am not a handy sort of a fellow around the kitchen."

"Providence must provide," sighed the matron. "There's an old chintz-colored rooster in the barnyard. If I could catch him, I'd have a chicken stew."

"Tom, did you ever make a chicken stew?" "No."

"But I tell you she is not a common kitchen girl."

"How provoking," said Kate, "Miss Meredith must have missed some connecting train. Charlie will

beso vexed. But, however, I do not see much mind company coming in at any time, now that I have got an excellent girl."

The dinner of excellently roasted quail and rabbit fricassee, with a dessert of custard and jelly, was duly served at precisely seven o'clock, at which hour Mr. Meredith bounced in, hot and flushed with the haste he had made.

"Where is she?" "Where is who?" cried Kate. "My cousin from Philadelphia?"

"That I forgot all about the oysters and the zephyr wool and the servant girl."

"Forgot?" "Yes—forgot! Isn't that plain English?"

"But you did not forget," remonstrated Mrs. Meredith. "She is here now in the kitchen."

"Then who did send her?" ejaculated his wife slowly. "Ring the bell. Let us have her up here. Who knows but she is one of those confiding women with an eye to the forks and spoons?"

As he spoke he jerked the bell cord with some energy. In a minute or two the new girl came up courtseying.

"Why, it is Martha Meredith!" shouted he. "It is my cousin from Philadelphia."

"I wish she was my cousin from Philadelphia," he uttered, in a stage whisper, aside.

"Oh, good gracious!" she cried, clasping her hands nervously, "and I took her for a cook."

"I am a cook when occasion requires, cousin Kate," said pretty Martha Meredith, making her peace with a kiss. "Don't be vexed with me for humoring the joke; indeed I could not help it. And I will show you how to make meringues, giances, and the Neapolitan to-morrow."

"A Wild Woman in the Woods. A Frenchman who recently visited a place called Bear's swamp, near Stamford, Vermont, on a hunting expedition, tells the following story, and the marks on his face to some extent corroborated his statement:

After traveling about the woods, with varying success, for about half an hour, the hunter was startled by a sudden noise in the thicket near by, seeing a strange apparition, which he at first sight imagined was a bear, he started on a run for the nearest tree. A wild, maniacal laugh greeted him, and the black, hairy creature disappeared, walking, as he thought, on its hind legs. The sound emitted from the creature's lungs led the hunter to believe that it was something other than a bear, and musing as much courage as he could command, he started to investigate. He had gone but a short distance into the brush when he caught sight of the black figure leaning over a spring and drinking, its back toward the hunter. The time had arrived for action, and throwing away his gun the man rushed to the creature, clasping his arms around what proved to be the waist of a woman, perfectly nude,

Rates of Advertising.

Table with columns: SPACE, 1 W, 1 M, 3 M, 6 M, 1 Yr. Rows: 1 Inch, 2 Inch, 3 Inch, 4 Inch, Columns.

Notices in Local Column, not less than 25 cents for each notice. Exceeding this amount 10 cents per line for each insertion.

Transient and Legal Advertisements \$2.00 per square for first and \$1.00 for each subsequent insertion. No charge for ad-vertisements of publication.

Transient advertisements to be paid in ADVANCE. Professional or business cards (1 square) \$12 per annum.

No deviation in the above rates will be made in favor of any advertiser.

except for a heavy growth of black hair that covered every portion of her body, except a part of her breasts. The hug was a short one, however, for, turning upon him, the creature pierced and tore the inquisitive hunter's face, until he was glad to release the woman and run for his life.

SENSELESS RESOLUTIONS. Passed by the Linn county Business Council:

Resolved, That this Council is pleased to hear that the Albany Farmers' Company proposes to place in their warehouses at Albany a sufficient number of run of burrs to grind all the wheat stored with them, and believing that the building of such flouring mills is of great benefit to the producers of this county, and to our people at large, we extend to this Company our hearty support.

Resolved, That the newspapers generally throughout this county have been in the habit during political campaigns of publishing unbecoming and wholly uncalled for statements against the private character of the nominees of either political party, and as we believe such conduct is prejudicial to the morals of the people and beneficial to none, therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Council that all slanderous and indecent documents should be refused publication, and the Council respectfully requests the newspaper proprietors to refrain from giving them a place in their papers.

THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL. The dome of the capital at Washington is the most ambitious structure in America. It is 108 feet higher than the Washington monument in Baltimore, 68 feet higher than the Bunker Hill monument, and 23 feet higher than the Trinity tower in New York. It is the only considerable dome of iron in the world.

It is a vast hollow sphere of iron, weighing 8,000,000 pounds. How much is that? About 4,000 tons, or a weight of about 70,000 full grown persons, or about equal to 1000 coal cars, which, holding four tons each, would reach two miles and a half. Directly over your head is a figure of bronze "America," weighing 14,985 pounds. The pressure of the iron dome upon its pier and pillars is 72,447 pounds to the square foot.

St. Peter's presses nearly 20,000 pounds to the square foot, and St. Genevieve at Paris 77,000 pounds more. It would require, to crush the supporters of our dome a pressure of 557,290 pounds to the square foot. This dome cost in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000.

RAILWAY JOURNAL. The Railway Journal, a newspaper containing the latest intelligence, is printed and published daily in the trains running between New York and San Francisco. All the news with which its columns are filled is telegraphed from different parts of the States to certain stations on the line, there collected by the editorial staff traveling in the train, and set up, printed, and circulated among the subscribing passengers, while the iron horse is persistently traversing plains and valleys, crossing rivers and ascending mountain ranges. Every morning traveler may have his newspaper served up with his coffee, and thus keep himself informed of all that is going on in the wide world during a seven days' journey covering over three thousand miles of ground. He who pays his subscription at New York, which he can do at the railway ticket office, receives the last copy of his paper on the summit of the Sierra Nevada.

The production of a news sheet from the flying printing office at an elevation of some ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, is most assuredly a performance worthy of conspicuous record.—Exchange.

The British bark Wanlock, recently hauled alongside the dock at Astoria to discharge her cargo of tin, coal and coke. When the stevedores opened the main hatch the ship's hold was full of smoke and gas, and it was feared the coal was on fire below. Stevedores and men worked all night and every effort was made to limit the damages.