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NO. 7.

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CORVALLIS, July 1, 1883. 19-27yl

DEATH'S HARVEST.  
The field grows white in the reaper's sight  
The summer blossoms fall  
On the ripened wheat and the blossoms sweet,  
And Heaven smiles down on all.  
But the reaper slugs while the hot air rings  
With the rattle of his sickle chime  
"Oh, I rest and bind whatever I find,  
And garner my sheaves at will!"

The grain grows high, but what care it!  
I walk with a giant's pace,  
Men shiver and cry as I hurry by,  
And shrivel from my terrible face,  
And the mold grows white in dumb fright  
At my hisses, damp and chill;  
But my arms are bold to have and to hold,  
And I garner my sheaves at will!

The air that roves through their orange groves  
Is thick with their coming doom;  
I bring them death in the heavy breath  
Of the fair muscadel bloom.  
Where once, through a flood of tears and blood  
I gathered my greedy fill,  
I come again, and through weal and pain  
I garner fresh sheaves at will!

Great Lord of the harvest, stay his hand!  
Bid the cruel labor cease,  
Leave the little grain that shall yet remain  
To ripen and fall in peace.  
Bid the prayers that rise reach pitying skies,  
Bid the fearful storms "Be still!"  
Touch the stricken land with thy healing hand,  
For the reaper hides thy will.

BENTON COUNTY.  
Description of Its Appearance and Present  
Condition by Voting Precincts.

Written Expressly for the Gazette by a  
Thirty Years Resident of  
the County.

ALSEA PRECINCT No. 6

Extends from the divide between  
the waters of Big Elk and Alsea rivers  
to the south boundary of the county  
and from the divide between the Wil-  
amette valley and the Alsea on the  
east to Tide Water precinct on the  
west, being about 15 miles from north  
to south and some 12 miles from east  
to west. This embraces what is  
known as the Alsea valley. This is a  
beautiful valley some eight miles in  
length, and about one mile wide.

Near the upper end of the valley the  
north and south forks of the river  
unite, causing a widening of the val-  
ley to near four miles. This is a level-  
prairie thickly settled, surrounded by  
timbered covered hills. The valley  
was settled some thirty years ago, there  
being about thirty claims taken under  
the donation law. This embraced all  
the lands not covered with brush, and  
as no one thought of clearing off the  
brush at that time, it was supposed  
that every thing was occupied that  
was worth having, but of late, many  
are going into the brush and demon-  
strating the fact that such lands can  
be profitably improved and are thus  
making themselves good homes. On  
the low rich hills surrounding the val-  
ley the soil is of the very best quality  
yielding excellent crops of grain and  
vegetables. The best crops of flax  
ever produced in the country were  
grown in this valley. The people  
practice a mixed husbandry consisting  
of grain and fruit growing and cattle  
sheep and hog raising, which they find  
more profitable than wheat growing  
alone.

The Alsea valley ever since its set-  
tlement has been noted for the quan-  
tity and quality of the butter produced,  
the climate and herbage being particu-  
larly favorable for dairying. Formerly  
much wheat was hauled over the  
mountains to the Corvallis market,  
but of late the farmers are adopting  
the more lucrative practice of feeding  
their grain to hogs, and the valley is  
rapidly assuming the position of the  
chief pork producing precinct of the  
county.

Surrounding the Alsea valley is a  
great deal of good country and parti-  
ally settled. South of the valley for  
some eight or ten miles is a rolling  
country more or less open, with a pro-  
ductive soil, at that distance the Lob-  
ster creek is reached, partly in Benton  
and partly in Lane county. This val-  
ley has been attracting settlers for a  
few years past, quite a number have  
located there but there is still room  
for more. East of the valley along  
the line of the south road is also a  
good open country. Also on the north  
fork of the Alsea river. Communi-  
cation is had with the Willamette  
valley by two roads. One up the  
north fork of the Alsea and down the  
south fork of Mary's river, a distance  
of about twenty-five miles to Corvallis,  
the county seat, has been the only  
road out of the valley for a good many  
years, but recently the citizens have  
succeeded in opening a new and what  
is claimed a better road farther south  
in the direction of Monroe in the south  
part of the county. For years it has  
been a very tedious operation to haul  
the produce of the valley over the  
mountainous road to Corvallis, but  
within a few years a trade has sprung  
up by way of the river with the lower

river and bay. The produce of the  
valley consisting largely of hams, flour  
and butter, is now loaded on scows and  
carried down the river during the  
higher stages, where a good market  
is found. The boats are then disposed  
of as the current is too rapid to return  
them.

There is a trail before spoken of  
down the river to Tide Water. Sur-  
rounding the valley is a great abun-  
dance of excellent timber. Near the  
head of the valley David Ruble has  
a flouring mill and also a saw mill.  
On the head of the south fork of the  
Alsea river in the eastern portion of  
the precinct and near the Summit, are  
two other saw mills, the lumber from  
which is hauled over the mountains in  
to the Willamette valley. There is in  
the precinct one postoffice supplied  
by a mail twice a week from Dallas in  
Polk county. There is also a mail  
route carried weekly from Alsea down  
the river to Waldport. There are  
three school houses in which school is  
kept up a good part of the year. Re-  
ligious service is regularly held in the  
different school houses there being no  
church buildings. The population is  
about 350 consisting of an industrious  
and peaceable class. Among the early  
settlers of the valley and not least in  
shaping its destiny was our present  
efficient County Commissioner James  
Edwards. Another early settler was  
Edward Winkle. Many will remem-  
ber him as he appeared with moccasins  
on his feet, and his ever present trusty  
ride on his shoulder and his butcher  
knife in his belt. Where his in-  
clination led there he went, through the  
mountains, without regard to roads  
or trails depending on his ride for  
food. On one occasion in order to  
attack a bear bayed by his faithful  
dog, it became necessary to crawl un-  
der the brush for some distance and  
finally to pass under a log, when just  
as he straightened up and before get-  
ting his gun out he found himself con-  
fronted by the bear, which struck him  
on the breast, tearing off his clothing  
and lacerating the flesh in a frightful  
manner. Fortunately his dog came  
to his rescue, the bear turned upon  
the dog and succeeded in getting him in  
his grasp and was about to end his  
career when Winkle with feeling that  
his dog had saved his life, considered  
that it was but justice that he should  
return the favor, closed in on the bear  
with his knife, and succeeded in killing  
him. Man and dog were hardly able  
to crawl to their cabin where they lay  
for several days before help accident-  
ally came.

The following contains a list of the  
names of the persons paying tax upon  
property in Alsea precinct No. 6, and  
the amount of tax paid by each, as  
shown by the last assessment roll for  
Benton county:

J. G. Clark	7 74
J. E. Geef	7 61
Robert Geer	17 61
David Hawley	6 34
R. G. Mires	4 42
Thomas Hayden	19 93
Peter Hoover	1 35
J. L. Holgate	1 53
B. F. Hoover	2 25
Silas Howell	3 16
W. H. Hammerly	2 40
J. K. McCormick	44 03
J. H. Mason	50 79
Thos. J. Phillips	6 82
Squires L. Rycraft	50 56
James H. Russell	9 86
W. W. Ryder	3 53
Joseph H. Rycraft	11 10
G. H. Rycraft	8 00
J. T. State	16 74
Wm. A. State	46 89
Alexander Strow	5 70
Henry H. Starr	12 80
James Spencer	1 65
Mrs. Sarah Steppow	2 56
F. M. Seitz	2 56
W. H. Seitz	2 45
D. R. Tom	6 71
R. B. Trenholm	6 69
Mrs. C. Taylor	7 50
W. Warfield	4 94
P. V. Wustrow	8 80
Total	\$370 82

The migration of birds seems to  
be more a question of food than  
anything else. A migration of rob-  
bins, whose good supply had been re-  
duced by the dry season, was not-  
iced during July and August of last  
year.

SEE COULDN'T WAIT.  
A buxom German girl hailed a  
street car at Fifth street and Avenue  
about eleven o'clock on Saturday  
night. It was so crowded that she  
hesitated about getting on. The  
conductor told her to hurry, saying  
that he couldn't afford to wait all  
night.

"You needn't wait," said the girl,  
"I can get by der Grand-street ferry  
before dot gar."

The car started off, and the girl  
returned to the sidewalk, where she  
broke into a lively run. Her pro-  
gress was unimpeded by tight shoes,  
or other fashionable attire. She ran  
with a freedom and grace that won  
the applause and admiration of all on  
the car. Young men on the rear  
platform shouted encouragingly to  
her, and waived their hats. People  
on the sidewalk stared at her in  
wonder.

The car stopped on Second street  
to let a woman out. The girl also  
stopped, in the interests of fair play.  
She started again when the car did,  
keeping up the same pace. She  
bounced through Houston street like  
a trained pedestrian, receiving ap-  
plause and encouragement all along  
the route. She stopped whenever  
the car stopped. When the car  
turned into grand street she was still  
even with it. The young men on  
the rear platform shouted to her to  
keep it up, and passengers inside put  
their heads out of the windows to  
see her. She passed the Grand street  
terminus of the route thirty feet  
ahead of the car, and disappeared  
through the ferry gate, laughing  
merrily.—New York Sun.

The Post-Intelligencer, a most  
ably-conducted paper, in a recent  
editorial gives some good, practical  
ideas on diversified farming. It  
says:

Every man who owns a 20-acre  
farm in this country ought to salt his  
own pork, cure his own bacon, put  
up a barrel or two of prime corned  
beef, for home consumption, dry or  
salt his own salmon, can his own  
fruit, be independent of the world in  
the matter of butter, eggs, chickens,  
turkeys, ducks, geese, and vegetables  
of all descriptions. People do these  
things, all except the salmon, which  
they cannot catch or get a Siwash  
to catch for them, in California on  
ten acres, in some cases on five acres,  
where they have to pay high rates  
for irrigating facilities.

Our people ought to do these  
things on 20 acres, and have a large  
surplus to dispose of, a surplus the  
money value of which would buy all  
the clothes, books, sugar, coffee and  
tea and other household supplies  
needed.

Until the diversified farming—and  
it must be conducted industriously,  
intelligently and economically—takes  
the place of the present system,  
which looks in too many cases to one  
staple as the source of supply for all  
things; years of superabundance will  
continue to alternate with years of  
pinched scarceness, and the number  
of cozy farmhouses built with refer-  
ence to the comfort of all their in-  
mates, and adorned with all the use-  
ful modern improvements will de-  
crease rather than increase. Pasture  
lot, pig pen, orchard and fowl house,  
potato field, stable, berry patch and  
kitchen are each one a necessary and  
inseparable adjunct of the well-con-  
ducted farm, the diversified branches  
of which the intelligent farmer will  
find fully as much pleasure as profit  
in. The tendency of the farm of to-  
day however, and of this region is,  
we are sorry to say, too much in a  
different direction. We look and  
hope for a change of front all along  
the line.

THE BACHELOR JUNIOR.  
A gentleman who is given to  
story-telling, relates the following:—  
When I was a young man I spent  
several years in the South, residing  
for a while at Port Gibson, on the  
Mississippi river. A great deal of  
litigation was going on there about  
that time, and it was not an easy  
matter to obtain a jury. One day I  
was summoned to act in that capac-  
ity, and repaired to court to get ex-  
cused. On my name being called, I  
informed his honor, the judge, that  
I was not a freeholder, and therefore

not qualified to serve. "I am stop-  
ping for the time being at this place."  
"You board at the hotel I presume?"  
"I take meals there, but have rooms  
in another part of the town where I  
lodge." "So you keep bachelor's  
hall?" "Yes, sir." "How long have  
you lived in that manner?" "About  
six months." "I think you are qual-  
ified," gravely remarked the judge,  
"for I have never known a man to  
keep bachelor's hall the length of  
time you name who had not dirt en-  
ough in his room to make him a  
free-holder. The court does not  
excuse you."

If Bachelorette Were a Mule.  
[Hawkeye]

No wonder the mule is a kicker.  
Were I a mule, love, I, too, would  
kick. Every time I got a chance I  
would lift somebody higher than a  
kite. I know just exactly what kind  
of a mule I would be. A bay mule.  
One of these sad eyed old fellows  
that lean back in the breeching and  
think. With striped legs like a ze-  
bra. And a dark brown streak down  
my back, and a paint brush tail.  
And my main cut short, and my fore-  
top banged, and a head as long as a  
flour barrel, and I would be worth  
two hundred and a half in any mar-  
ket, and I'd wear a flat harness and  
no blinders, and some day, when  
some man hitched me up to a dray,  
and piled a ton and a half of pig iron,  
a cord of wood, six barrels of flour,  
a good load of household goods and a  
steamboat boiler, I would start off  
with it patiently and haul it steadily  
until I got to the top of the grade  
on the new road around North Hill  
and right about there, and then a  
falling maple leaf, fluttering down  
in a spark of gold and crimson, would  
scare me all but to death, and the  
authorities would have to drag the  
Mississippi river six weeks to find all  
that load and some of that drives  
while in three minutes after the emote  
I would be tranquilly browsing on  
the grassy heights that smile  
above the silver flowing river. That  
is the kind of a mule I would be.

TO SMOKERS.

An English workingman, just past  
the middle age, found that his pipe,  
which for many years had been a  
great comfort to him, was beginning  
to seriously affect his nerves. Be-  
fore giving it up, however, he deter-  
mined to find out if there was no way  
by which he might continue to smoke  
without feeling the effects to an in-  
jurious extent. He accordingly in-  
quired to a medical journal and was  
recommended to fill the bowl of his  
pipe one-third full of table salt and  
press the tobacco hard down upon it  
as in ordinary smoking. The result  
was very satisfactory. During the  
process of smoking the salt solidifies,  
while remaining porous, and when  
the hardened lump is removed at the  
end of a day's smoking it is found to  
have absorbed so much of the oil of  
tobacco as to be deeply colored. The  
salt should be renewed daily.—  
N. Y. Sun.

THE GAME LAW & FAILURE.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—As we gener-  
ally think editors know everything  
I therefore seat myself upon my three  
legged stool to pen you, or any other  
man a few questions.

Now in the first place our wise law  
makers saw fit to make a game law,  
now this was very kind of those good  
and wise men, to protect the poor  
deer, for instance, now you see if I  
should have no meat in the house and  
my children crying with hunger and  
I should take down my old rifle and  
slip out and shoot down a fine buck  
to appease my childrens hunger, then  
and there I have committed a misde-  
meanor and am liable to fine or im-  
prisonment, well so far all right, we  
need a strict game law and it en-  
forced.

But Mr. Editor suppose my neigh-  
bor has about four or five long eared  
canines they can go into the woods  
and hunt and run not only fat bucks  
but poor helpless does, and they  
may continue to chase, harass, catch  
destroy, and run into the river and  
drown them, as they have done and  
are doing now and they do all this  
with perfect impunity and without  
fine or fear of imprisonment. Now  
Mr. Editor according to all this I  
was a black top-eared hound more

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patronage.  
G. A. WAGGONER,  
T. J. BUFORD,  
20-5yl

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rights and privileges than a white  
man.

I am well satisfied that it is far  
easier to sit awa up here on the  
blossom end of a easy Chuck and  
find fault than it is to make laws.  
But my opinion about dogs is this.  
That every dog within the State  
should be considered property and  
taxed as such; then hold the owner  
responsible for the damage his dog  
may do, and also that the owner of  
the dog might recover for any dam-  
age done to the dog. I know Mr.  
Editor to talk about taxing dogs is  
a grand insult to a great many people  
it seems the dog has been a privileged  
character and household pet ever  
since the dog licked poor old Lazar-  
us' sores when he lay at the rich  
mans Gate. Now if some one will  
please tell me what is to be done  
about these dogs violating the law.  
I am sure there will be one bald  
headed man sleep better for a while  
week.

A HUNTER.  
Greasy Creek Oregon.

ADULTERATING FOOD.

The Ohio Legislature is having its  
attention directed to the adultera-  
tion of food and medicines, says the  
Cincinnati Gazette. Of course every  
body knows that liquors are gener-  
ally adulterated, but there is a law  
against this which is not enforced.  
There seems to be an impression that  
people who use intoxicating liquors  
are served right if they take a portion  
of poison with their brandy, wine,  
beer or whiskey; but when it comes  
to poisoning food, that is a matter of  
the most serious importance. Tea,  
coffee, sugar and syrups are now largely  
adulterated, and the little enter-  
prise into family cooking is not  
entirely innocent.

It is used to be considered safe to  
eat honey in the bomb, but now  
nearly all this is manufactured. At  
first the pure honey was extracted  
from the comb and the bees fed on  
glucose, from which the comb was  
rapidly refilled; but now artificial  
bombs are produced, and bees are  
being fed on glucose so-called honey  
is turned out in comparatively large  
quantities, and bees at the time are  
being demoralized.

It used to be that everybody con-  
sidered it safe to eat eggs—whatever  
else might be doctored, surely an egg  
in the shell could not be tampered  
with; but now, behold, eggs are chem-  
ically produced. The last heard of  
this modern invention is, that success  
has been achieved in producing the  
contents and that the shell would  
soon also be a success. The enter-  
prising inventor, however, was in-  
formed by the hotel proprietors that  
if he furnished the yolk and the  
white he need not trouble himself  
about the shell.

It may not be generally known  
that all the syrups used in soda and  
mineral waters are imitations. There  
is no such thing as genuine syrups  
or flavoring extracts. All are chemi-  
cal preparations.

Next to the adulteration of food  
the most iniquitous practice is that  
of adulterating medicine. This is a  
heartless business, because it often  
neutralizes the efforts of physicians to  
check or cure disease.

It is reported of quinine pills which  
are warranted by reason of coating  
not to be unpleasant to take, that  
half or three-quarters of the quinine  
is withheld, and people who take the  
prescribed dose often wonder, no  
doubt, why the expected result is not  
produced.

Upon the whole, the Legislature  
in tackling the business of adultera-  
ting food and medicine has under-  
taken a very heavy business, and if  
an efficient law could be framed and  
enforced much good would be accom-  
plished; but we have more faith in  
the framing of such a law than in its  
enforcement.