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ORIGIN OF THE ROSE. In its green pastures sporting. A lamb in hoodless glee Toss from a thorny twig Its fresh green drapery.

The twig in its sharp fingers, Stabbed from the tender ewe A little tuft of fleece To clothe itself anew.

A nightingale came scolding Soft things to line her nest, And through his snowy fleece Was prattled and best.

"Oh give to me the fleece, To line my nest," said she, "And when I've finished it I'll sing my thanks to thee."

It gave; the nest was finished; And as the sweet bird sang, Out of the lamb her joy True lovely rose-leaf sprang.

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.

KING'S VALLEY PRECINCT. Extends from the county line on the north to Marys river on the south a distance of about eight miles and from what is known as the Norton hill on the Yaquina road, the divide between the Willamette waters and the Luckiamute, an average width of about eight miles.

Being bounded on the north by the county line, on the east by Soap Creek, on the South by Philomath and on the west by Summit precincts.

Rising to the northwest, near the source of the Siletz river, in an almost unexplored and impenetrable portion of the Coast Range of mountains, the Luckiamute flows in a south-easterly direction, entering near the northwest corner of the precinct to a part near the center of the precinct where it turns abruptly to the north, forming the famed Kings Valley, and leaves the precinct near the middle on the north.

This valley is about six miles long and two miles in width. In the early days of the settlement it was considered one of the best grass producing valleys in the county, and in later years, equally good for the production of the cereals.

In the northwest, in the bend of Luckiamute, is a chain of moderately high hills, the general course of which is nearly north and south, these are more or less open, mostly covered with fern and yield good feed for cattle or sheep.

A good portion of this hill land can be cultivated and yield good winter wheat to the highest points.

To the east of the valley is a high ridge, forming the divide between the Luckiamute and Willamette waters, which runs north and south. This divide extends to a point within three miles of the north fork of Marys river, where a spur runs off to the southeast, and the main divide turns suddenly to the west and joins the divide between the north fork and Luckiamute thus completely closing in the King's Valley with the exception of the outlet to north.

Along the fork of Marys river is some excellent valley land, the arable land extending well up on the foot hills and also up all the small streams putting into the river.

A short distance to the southwest from King's Valley and laying considerably higher is Blodgett's Valley, where William Blodgett located his claim more than thirty years ago, his 640 acres of land embracing the greater portion. It would take the eye of an artist to take in all the beauties of this valley and his pencil to portray it. But for the practical man, it would probably be sufficient to know that in all probability no other section of land in the county has yielded greater remuneration for the labor bestowed than has this. North from Blodgett's Valley the hills are low, mostly covered with a good quantity of green timber. Between the head of Mary's river and the Luckiamute the hills are low and open giving good cattle and sheep runs.

King's Valley when first settled was devoted almost entirely to grazing, but as the native grasses gradually yielded the over-feeding to which it was subject, and as the demand for grains, vegetables and fruits increased, the husbandmen naturally yielded to the demand and for a number of years it has been a grain producing section, although stock raising has not been entirely neglected.

The road from Corvallis to Newport passes through the southern portion of the precinct through Blodgett's Valley. A road passes through King's Valley

leading out at the lower end of the valley in the direction of Dallas in Polk county. This road forks near the upper end of the valley, the more eastern fork passes over the divide and joins the Corvallis road near what is known as the Wrenn-bridge on Mary's river, the other fork joins the same road at the east end of Blodgett's Valley, in the direction of the bay.

Another road leads from the lower end of the valley over the divide in an easterly direction towards the Willamette Valley. From near the Wrenn bridge there are two roads to Corvallis, one over what is known as the Key's hill past Philomath, the other over the Cardwell hill.

There is one post office, known as King's Valley, supplied twice a week each way by the route from Dallas to Alsea via Philomath. All the southern portion of the precinct depend upon Philomath for mail supplies.

There are two school districts in King's valley, one near the Wrenn place and one in Blodgett's valley at all of which good schools are kept. The Evangelical church has an organization, and a very neat church building in King's valley, where regular service is kept up. Cattle raising formerly attracted a great deal of attention, and some of the early settlers manifested a commendable zeal in introducing improved breeds. Nahm King, who settled in the valley in the spring of 1846, brought a number of short horn cows, having had a very fine bull killed by the Indians on the plains, and the late James Watson who settled a year later brought with him a number of Short horn cows. Our present Sheriff Sol King, and Moses Wright imported 28 head of Short horn cattle in 1859. These were amongst the earliest introductions of improved cattle into the state, and certainly no finer have been brought by any one. These importations, though not profitable to these individuals have been of incalculable benefit to cattle raisers throughout the country, and scarcely a herd of cattle can be found within miles where the impress of this improved blood can not be found. We scarcely know what we owe to such public spirited men. Nahm King with his sons Isaac, Stephen, and Solomon, and son-in-law Rowland Chambers, crossed the plains in 1845, and about the 1st of April 1846 settled in this valley followed later in the same season by Lazarus Nanheber and the year following by James Watson, Charles Allen and others. In the fall of 1857 Wm. Pitman commenced the first saw mill in the valley, on the site of what is known as the France and Connor mill. In 1854 Rowland Chambers put up his flouring mill. These have laid the foundation of a peaceable and prosperous population of about 700.

The following contains a list of the names of persons paying tax upon property in King's Valley precinct and the amount of tax paid by each as shown by the last assessment roll of Benton County.

Table listing names and tax amounts: J. C. Alexander \$60.34, R. F. Alexander 27.18, George Baine 37.64, Wilson Bump 11.83, Wm. M. Burgett 3.81, Asenath Blodgett 25.61, Adaline Ballard 12.00, Nancy E. Buti 48.00, R. B. Blodgett 6.23, Conner & Crosno 66.91, Charles Cooper 5.00, M. J. Connor 60.23, James Chambers 10.66, Louisa Chambers 196.90, Franklin Chambers 40.99, Josiah Caves 13.78, Mrs. M. E. Cline 2.75, James M. Cross 18.39, G. M. Fowler 13.10, T. J. Fary 62, S. P. Frantz 18.66, C. A. Frantz 5.16, Philo Frary 48.00, Frantz & Conner 39.73, David Grubles 137.02, H. P. Harris 104.08, Meredith Howland 10.08, Fred Herzig 4.96, G. W. Huffman 9.21, John Hergewrother 1.76, C. Kirkness & Bro 7.66, Chas A. King 47.24, James A. Kibbie 22.87.

Table listing names and amounts: Samuel King 3.56, David Kibbie Jr 18.76, J. L. Lilly 153.25, Gabriel Long 16.32, Wm Lynch 2.60, H. P. McCullough 17.43, W. A. McCullough 10.68, John McGee 8.67, Isaac Miller 24.14, C. R. Mays 5.28, Asa Miller 20.73, A. C. Miller 2.92, Wiley Norton 29.72, Isaac Norton 23.25, Mrs. Howestill Norton 29.33, Nathan 5.05, James Plunkett 8.78, J. H. Peterson 2.22, Henry Portooz 2.88, W. L. Price 30.38, Alex. Patterson 11.18, Mrs. N. C. Patterson, J. H. Patterson agent 3.25, Samuel Rice 35.65, James Robinson 139.74, C. E. Rice 6.72, M. Siefert 3.98, John Siefert 9.81, James M. Townson 20.12, Mrs. Serana Fatem 4.32, Bradley Troxel 5.61, Lazarus Vanbeber 95.07, James Vanmeter 75, Charles Witham 45.00, Oliver Witham 46.34, Hiram Wood, Sr 22.83, Paulina Wood 3.54, James M. Watson 23.71, M. F. Watson 28.57, H. F. Wood 80, S. M. Wood 2.82, Mrs. Melissa Wood 5.60, Jasper Wood 8.49, J. H. Welch 1.36, O. H. Welch 1.65, A. J. Zumwalt 40.74, L. S. Zumwalt 14.59.

Total \$2107.26. WASHINGTON LETTER. (From our regular correspondent.) Washington, March 3, 1883.

The Capitol is, by far, the most popular resort in Washington this week, and the evening session of Congress are the most attractive to visitors, for then the galleries are packed with strangers accompanied by their city friends. The house draws the largest crowds. Buncome and parrot speeches are the rule, which, with monkey gesticulations, make so good a show that the spectators get the worth of their money, since the seats are free. They enter heartily into the spirit of the turbulence below, which has reached its climax this week, in a perfect uproar of noisy, stormy, wholly unintelligible discussion. At times, nearly every member will be on his feet, and two dozen of them addressing the chair at the same time, amid cheers, applause and laughter, which render not only their own words, but the utterance of the chair man audible. Of course the chair man refuses to recognize anyone until they can come to order, but no recognition is asked for or desired. But, in spite of all this fun and fury these last days of the forty seventh Congress will never be remembered by the soon departing members with unmixed pleasure. Home, rest and relaxation will doubtless (for a time at least) be a boon to all of them, for their souls are being sorely tried now by a train of grievance following close upon their heels and dogging every step, in the shape of those sands of constituents just arrived in the city, aided by thousands of others already here, and all wanting a thousand little matters attended to before Congress adjourns. These pilgrims are from every section of the United States, from Maine to Texas, from Florida to California; each has his pet project. It may be the passage of a little bill, or the obtaining of a little office, but no matter how small to the rest of the world it is a life and death scheme to him and at this high pressure stage of the session he asks his congressman to run it through at once. Every Senator and Member is ransacking his brain for invention to elude this ubiquitous mob, which in turn is manoeuvring how to intercept him on his way from his bedroom to his breakfast table, and at each successive movement he makes during the

day, until he places his distracted head upon his pillow at night for a short, distracted repose, his stolen slumbers even being haunted by visions of his vigilant pursuers. When he starts for the Capitol he is tugged, pulled, button-holed and talked at until constrained to break away by force and take horse-car or carriage as his case may be. When he arrives at the Capitol he has to run another gauntlet before he can reach the cloak-room. Once upon the floor, he finds half a dozen of the privileged class, the ex-congressman, waiting to make other impossible request. Every few minutes he is handed a card from some influential person from his own state, (perhaps his next door neighbor when at home), for whom he has the highest regard, and who cannot, with politeness and safety to his political existence, be denied the "few words" that invariably lengthen into an interview of fifteen or twenty minutes. He tries to glance at his letters on his desk, but his fellow members surround him and ask his assistance in furthering their projects, for each in turn assailed in the same way. He is forced to listen over and over again to the same questions, requests and inquiries as to the probable result of the cherished scheme, until his once active brain is added and his clear understanding muddled. Truly, the last days of the Congressman are hard.

Washington will undergo a great change in its general crowd and aspect between the fourth and fifth days of March. Many of the Senators and Representatives will leave the city with their families on Sunday, having secured seats and berths on the train for that day. Political life in Washington is said to exercise a most demoralizing influence upon the averaged Congressman by destroying relish for, and adaption to private life forever afterwards.

More than half of the present Congress will soon have a chance to test the truth of this, and meditate over the ephemeral character of political influence. The city now so abounds in greatness, that you rub against it at all public places, jostle in on the street corners, confront it on the Avenue, see it everywhere; but much of it is on the point of vanishing, to return to its original insignificance, and will leave no trace or footprint here.

FUGENT AND PERHAPS PITY. Against the grain. Widow woman to chemist (who was weighing a grain of calomel in dispensing a prescription for her sick child):—"Man, ye needna' be sae schrimpy wi' t' be for a pair fatherless bairn!"

It may be set down as an axiom that when a person grows fat he grows wasteful. An American and an Englishman were discussing the relative size of the Thames and the Mississippi. The American finished the argument thus:—"Why, sir there ain't enough water in the Thames to make a gargle for the mouth of the mouth of the Mississippi!"

"What papers off my writing-desk are you burning there?" cried an author to the servant. "Oh, only the papers what's all written over, sir. I hain't touched any of the clean," was the comforting reply.

A gentleman at a theatre sits behind a lady who wears a very large hat. "Excuse me, madam; but unless you remove your hat I can see absolutely nothing." Lady ignores him. Excuse me, madam; but unless you remove your hat, something unpleasant will happen. Lady ignores him again. Gentleman put on his own hat. Loud cries from the audience, Take off that hat! Take off that hat! Lady thinks they mean her hat and removes it. Thank you, madam.

"Please, ma'am is that me your drawing milking the cow in that picture?" "Why, yes, my little man but I didn't know you were looking." "Cez, it's me," continued the boy, ubiquitous mob, which in turn is manoeuvring how to intercept him on his way from his bedroom to his breakfast table, and at each successive movement he makes during the

"Look here!" said he; "I dell you

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vat it is, you petter dont dake no stock in dem wender bredditions. Dose people dont know nothin. They can't tell no petter as I can." "But, my dear sir," said a person present "they foretold the storm we have just encountered," "Well dat ish zo," replied the German, contentedly; "but I dell you vat it is dat storm would have come yust do same if it had not breddited."

A lady had in her employ an excellent girl who had one fault. Her face was always in a smudge Mrs. tried to tell her to wash her face with out offending her; and at last she resorted to strategy. "Do you know Bridget," she remarked in a confidential manner, "that if you wash your face every day in hot, soapy water, it will make you beautiful?" "Will it?" answered the wily Bridget. "Sure, it is a wonder you niver tried it, ma'am."

A new rival brass band was hired to play at the funeral of a Connecticut deacon. They were playing a slow and solemn dirge at the grave when suddenly the trombone man shot out a blast that started the hearse horses and broke up the whole procession. The leader, turning upon him fiercely, asked what he was doing that for. He answered, with a smile: "Wall, I thought it was a note and it wasn't nothing but a boss dy; but I played it."

The Arkansas Traveller tells of a St. Louis man whose feet were so large that when he undertook to use the forks of a county road for a boot-jack he split the road wide open and spoiled the entire geography of the neighborhood.

THE ZODIAC. (Boomerang.) Very few people know the significance of the various signs peculiar to the title page of the almanac, and some of them are not exactly clear to us. In the first instance, the man who stands in the centre with his vest unbuttoned in such a manner as to expose his alimentary canal, has always been a mystery to us. Why in every almanac for the past century this man, with his works exposed to the cold night air should be given the most prominent place in a literary work like the almanac, we are unable to clearly understand. He certainly can claim no great degree of consideration for this act. It does not entitle him any amount of prominence, for the public do not thirst for a view of a man who has made an autopsy of himself, and is apparently proud of it. When the planets have to do with the cardiac orifice we do not at this moment know positively, or why astronomy and the gastric juice should have anything in common.

Again we must come out and confess our ignorance as to the bearing that the ram or the tarantula, or the twins, or the crab, or other astronomical delirium tremens may have upon the weather. Of course it is stupidity, and we ought to be ashamed of it, but we are in that fix and we cannot help it. When our sons get old enough to look into these things we will see that they aren't left to grope along through life and make a mortal show of themselves as their fathers did.

SUGAR CANE. Minnesota farmers are cultivating sugar cane with great assiduity. Those who raised crops say they make more money in that way than in any other kind of farming, and it is believed by many experimenters that the industry will prove even more lucrative than in the South. The seed grown from Northern canes is also valuable. For feeding animals it is esteemed as good as corn, and it is better adapted for the manufacture of glucose. It is stated that there is no such compensating returns from the productions of the Southern cane. Steps are being taken towards the erection of large sugar factories in several of the Western States, with some of which will be connected works for the manufacture of glucose. Some enthusiastic Northern cane-growers predict that we will soon be able to produce enough sugar to supply our people, who now pay \$100,000,000 a year for that staple to foreign nations.—Ex.