

EVERYONE SAYS SO.
The GAZETTE is the most popular paper published in Benton county.

The Corvallis Gazette.

BEST CIRCULATION.
The GAZETTE has the largest bona fide circulation of any county paper.

VOL. XXV.

CORVALLIS, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1888.

NO. 42

THE YAQUINA ROUTE.

Oregon Pacific Railroad and Oregon Development Co.'s STEAMSHIP LINE.
235 Miles Steamer Service. Less time than by any other route. First class through passenger service from Portland all the way to the Willamette valley and from San Francisco to Portland.

The steamer, Wm. M. Hoag, will leave Portland for Albany on Friday, July 27th, after which date, in account of very low water in the Willamette river, our boats will not run until further notice.
C. C. HOGUE,
A. G. F. and P. A.
July 24th, '88.

TIME SCHEDULE (Subject to change.)
Leaves Albany 1:30 p. m. Leaves Yaquina 6:45 a. m.
Leaves Corvallis 1:10 p. m. Leaves Albany 11:10 a. m.
Arrive Yaquina 5:30 p. m. Arrive Albany 11:10 a. m.
Oregon & California Steamer Line connects at Albany and Corvallis. The above trains connect at Yaquina with the Oregon Development Co.'s steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.
Steamship Schedule:
NOTICE—The proposed sailings of the S. S. Willamette for November, are as follows: From San Francisco, Nov. 1st, 8 a. m.; Nov. 12th, 4 p. m.; Nov. 24th, 10 a. m. From Yaquina, Nov. 6th, Nov. 12th, Nov. 30th.
This Company reserves the right to change sailing dates without notice.
N. B.—Passengers from Portland and all Willamette valley points can make close connection with the trains of the Yaquina route at Albany or Corvallis, and if destined to San Francisco should arrange to arrive at Yaquina the evening before date of sailing. Passenger and freight rates always the lowest. For information apply to D. Cummins, freight and ticket agent, Corvallis, or to C. C. HOGUE, Acting Gen. F. and P. Agent, Oregon Pacific Railroad Co., Corvallis, Or.
C. H. HASWELL, Jr., Gen. F. and P. Agent, Oregon Development Co., 304 Montgomery St., S. F., Cal.

OVERLAND TO CALIFORNIA

VIA Southern Pacific Company's LINES.

Time Between ALBANY AND SAN FRANCISCO 39 HOURS.

California Express Trains Run Daily ALBANY AND SAN FRANCISCO
LEAVE ALBANY ARRIVE
Portland 4:00 p. m. San Francisco 7:30 a. m.
San Francisco 6:30 p. m. Portland 10:40 a. m.
Local Passenger Daily Except Sunday.
LEAVE ALBANY ARRIVE
Portland 8:00 a. m. Eugene 2:40 p. m.
Eugene 9:00 a. m. Portland 3:45 p. m.

Pullman Buffet Sleepers.

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS
For accommodation of second class passengers, attached to express trains.

The O. & C. R. R. Ferry makes connection with the regular trains on the East Side Division from West of F street.

West Side Division.

BETWEEN PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS.

Mail Train Daily Except Sunday.
LEAVE ALBANY ARRIVE
Portland 7:30 a. m. Corvallis 12:25 p. m.
Corvallis 1:30 p. m. Portland 6:15 p. m.
At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of the Oregon Pacific Railroad.

Express Train Daily Except Sunday.

LEAVE ALBANY ARRIVE
Portland 4:50 p. m. McMinnville 6:00 p. m.
McMinnville 6:45 a. m. Portland 9:00 a. m.

For full information regarding rates, maps, etc., call on company's agent.

E. P. ROGERS, Asst. G. F. & P. Agent.
R. KOHLER, Manager.

OREGON RAILWAY & NAVIGATION CO.

"Columbia River Route."
Trains for the East leave Portland at 10:40 a. m. and 2 p. m. daily.

TICKETS to and from principal points in the United States, Canada, and Europe.

ELEGANT PULLMAN PALACE CARS

Emigrant sleeping cars run through on Express trains to

OMAHA, COUNCIL BLUFFS, and ST. PAUL.

Free of Charge and without Change.

Close connections at Portland for San Francisco and Puget Sound points.

For further particulars inquire of any Agent of the Company or A. L. Maxwell, G. P. and T. A., Portland, Oregon.
A. L. MAXWELL,
G. P. and T. A.
W. H. HOLCOMB,
GEN'L MANAGER.

MISCELLANEOUS

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. AARON, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.
THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

S. A. HEMPHILL,

Manufacturer and Dealer in.....



SADDLES,
HARNESS,
COLLARS,
WHIPS,
ROBES,
CURRYCOMBS,
BRUSHES,
—and—
Everything connected with a first-class harness shop.

Trimming and repairing a specialty....Prices at bottom figures.

—MAIN STREET—
CORVALLIS, OREGON.

Garland STOVES and RANGES,

Superior to all others. For Sale by

Woodcock & Simpson,

Wholesale and retail dealers in Heavy and Shelf Hardware, Tinware, Copperware, and Granite-ware, Iron pipe and plumbers goods. The celebrated Steel Grub luggies and Carriages, Rain Wagons, agricultural implements, etc. Pumping and tinwork a specialty by one of the best workmen in the state. Every inducement offered in the way of discounts for cash in hand. Thirty to ninety days time will be given to parties who pay bills promptly when due thus giving the customer the advantage of reliable goods for the moderate prices of a prompt paying cash system.
8:10-11.

FOUND

That the best and cheapest place in Corvallis to buy all kinds of

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Tools, Iron, Nails
Pumps, Rubber hose, Iron and Lead Pipe, Rope, Barb Wire,
STOVES RANGES.
Granite ware, Stamped ware, Tin ware, Japanese ware and House Furnishing goods; or to get all kinds of job work in the line of sheet metals or plumbing done is at the Hardware and Stove store of
SIGN OF THE PADLOCK
J. D. CLARK.
CORVALLIS COLLEGE
—Will open—
SEPTEMBER 12, 1888.
Correspondence with persons having daughters to educate is solicited. For particulars address REV. D. A. ATKINS.

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

Still sits the school house by the road
A ragged tattered sunshade;
Around it still the sunshade grow,
And blackberry vines are running.
Within the master's desk a scene,
Deep scarred by rans' official;
The warping floor, the battered seats
The jackknife-carved stool.
The charcoal freeness on the wall;
Its doors worn all braying
The feet, that creeping side to side
Went storming out to play.
Long years ago, a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western windows
And low eyes icy fretting.
It touched the tangled golden curls
And eyes with grief overflowing.
Of one who in her steps was dazed,
When all the rest were going.
For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor sought;
His cap pulled low upon his face,
Where pride and shame were mingled.
Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left he lingered,
As restlessly he tried to follow,
The blue-checked apron fingered.
He saw her lift her eyes he felt
The soft hands light as snow;
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.
I'm sorry that I split the word;
I hate to go alone you,
Because—the brown eyes lower fell—
Because you see I love you.
Still memory to a great old man
That sweet child-face is showing;
Dear girl, the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.
He lives to learn in the land of the
How few who pass give him
Lament their triumph and his loss
Like her because they love him.

OLD-FASHIONED MUSTER.

Bill Arp thus discusses old times in Georgia and the old-fashioned training day scene:
"An old-fashioned muster was equal to a modern 'Mardi Gras.' The governor was the commander-in-chief, but he could not be personally present. The militia were reviewed by proxy. Every county had an aide-de-camp with the rank of colonel. He held his rank and title as long as the governor held his office, and he was expected to holler for him and boom him, and, if necessary, he must fight for him on a suitable occasion. If the governor failed of re-election, these colonels had to retire too, and a new set were appointed, but the old set never lost their title, and so the state in course of time got pretty full of colonels. On muster day the colonel wore a cockade hat and a red plume and epaulets and a long brass sword and big brass spurs, and horse pistols in the holsters of his saddle, and he and his personal staff rode up and down the lines reviewing the militia, who were drawn up in a double crooked straight line in a great big field that was full of gullies and broom sage. Some wore coats and some didn't; some wore shoes and some didn't; but none wore boards, for in those days none wore beards but gamblers. Some were armed with shotguns and some with rifles or muskets, but most of them carried sticks and cornstalks and umbrellas, and they stood up or squatted down at pleasure, and about half the time were hollering for water.
The colonel and his staff rode up and down the lines on fine horses that danced and pranced like there were tacks under the saddles. The roll of each company was called and every man answered to his name whether he was there or not. Then the colonel took a central position and faced the long audience and waved his glittering sword and exclaimed:—"Attention, battalion! Shoulder arms, right face, march!" Then the kettle drum rattled and the fife squeaked and some guns went off half cocked, and militia gave three cheers for the colonel and were disbanded until the next muster. Old man Brooks was the

chief musician in my day, and would not have exchanged his office with the king of England. He always played "Brooks' March" for the militia to locomote by. They never marched or kept step by the music, but they got along somehow by walking and trotting and pacing and fox trotting by turns.
Old Father Brooks played his part well in the drama, or farce, or whatever it was. He magnified his office. He loved music. He said his life was his life and his fiddle was his riddle. On his last bed he sent for my father to come and see him. Old and wrinkled and cadaverous, he motioned to be propped up in his bed, and then, with an inverted chair behind his pillow, he pointed to his fiddle that lay upon the shelf near by, and it was handed to him. Hugging it to his old bosom he smiled amid his tears and whispered:—"I wish that I could play you one more tune." That night the old man died, with his left hand closed hard and rigid around the neck of his violin.
After the muster was over then came the horse racing on quarter nags and horse swapping, and of course some pugilistic exercises in front of the groceries.
Jim Bowles was the centre of a crowd from his beat, and stripped to the waist he pranced around and popped his fist in the palm of his hand, and jumped up and cracked together three times before they struck the ground, and gave a wild Indian whoop and exclaimed:—"I'm the best man in Pinkneyville district." About that time big Jim Robinson jumped up in the centre of another crowd, and gritted his teeth and shook his hair and yelled:—"Gentlemen, my Betsey Jane says I'm the best man in Rockbridge district, and I reckon she ought for to know."
It was just like gamecocks crowing in the barnyard, and like the cocks, two of them soon got together and went to fighting, and everybody stood around and shouted, "Hands off, gentlemen; stand back, gentlemen. Hands off, let 'em fight fair and square." And they fought hard and fought long, and when one of them got to be the bottom dog in the fight and hollered "enough," the show was over, unless the victor dared to crow again, and had to tackle another rooster. I have known Nick Rawlins to whip three brag men in one evening, and Nick was no bad man either. Everybody liked Nick. He had fit and fought and fought until he had lost a finger and a snip out of his nose and a piece of his left ear, but he was never mad. Nick told me not long ago that he never did love to fight, but when he courted Betsy Jane she loved that when she married a man he had to be a man all over, inside and out, and so he got to fighting on her account.
But these old times are gone—gone never to return. Even the preachers who used to take off their coats in the pulpit have conformed to more polite customs. Their sing-song sermons are heard no more—nor the nasal attachments that were something between a snuffle and a snort. Old Father Dannelly and his wooden leg are dead and so is old Barny Pace, who said to the Rome girl who went out to hear him just for the thing:—"If that town gal with the green bonnet on her head and the devil's martingales around her neck and his stirrups in her ears,

don't quit her gigglin', I will pint her out to the congregation." We have more manners now, though our morals may be at a discount.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

A TRYING PROFESSION.

"Ours is a profession that tries men's souls," said a train despatcher. "Notwithstanding that in late years the different railways have adopted rules which thoroughly systematize the business, even with all the safeguards a little bit of carelessness or dereliction of duty is liable to cause trouble, and not only loss of property, but in many instances is attended with loss of life.
"I remember, some years ago, when I had charge of the trains on a Southern road, where telegraph offices were few and far between, of giving an order to an operator at a certain station to hold the north-bound passenger train for orders, so that I might help the south-bound passenger train to make its meeting point, the latter being somewhat late. The operator repeated the holding order, for which I gave him 'O. K.' I then gave the south-bound train an order to use some of the north-bound train's time to make the meeting point. Instead of holding the north-bound train for orders, the operator let it go by him. The road was crooked, and both trains were between telegraph stations, I started to walk the floor and wait until I should hear of their coming together. The suspense was terrible, almost unfitting me for my other duties. As good luck would have it, the north-bound train, which had undisputed right of the road, was delayed before reaching the meeting point. When the first train reached a telegraph station I felt relieved, but the strain had been so terrible on my nerves that I was not good for much for several days, and the experience will ever remain in my mind.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

COST OF POLICING BRITISH CITIES.

According to a recent English Parliamentary return, the total cost of the police in the metropolitan and in boroughs in Great Britain with over 100,000 inhabitants is as follows: The cost in the metropolitan police district is £527,025, City of London £109,206, Liverpool £134,076, Glasgow £100,480, Birmingham £49,387, Manchester £77,773, Leeds £37,117, Sheffield £31,274, Edinburgh £42,765, Bristol £31,738, Bradford £21,369, Nottingham £22,317, Salford £30,840, Kingston-on-Hull £30,840, Newcastle-on-Tyne £26,308, Blackburn £10,322, Bolton £16,564, Dublin metropolitan police district £150,531.

HOW A JOURNALIST MET HIS END.

"So you are from Arizona?"
"Yes."
"How is the Tombstone Hooter coming on?"
"Busted."
"What busted it?"
"A prominent citizen shot the editor."
"What for?"
"You see he wrote 'Horrible Blunder' as a headline to go over an account of a railroad accident, but the foreman made a mistake and put it over an account of a wedding.
The facetious father of a pair of twin babies complained that although they filled the house with music, he could not tell one heir from another.—Binghamton Republican.

LOST AT SEA.

From the date of the disappearance of the ill-fated President down to the sinking of the Geiser the other day, the annals of Atlantic travel are marked thickly with episodes of disaster, suffering and death. Some of the finest and staunchest steamships that have ever been built, figure on the long sad roll of the lost. Some of them have been run down and sunk in a collision, like the Arctic, the Ville du Havre and the Geiser; others have been destroyed by fire like the Amazon, the Sheridan and the Austria; many have rushed headlong on the rocks in a log or a dark night, like the Schuler, the Mosel, like the Atlantic; a few have floundered at sea in a gale or a cyclone, like the City of Vera Cruz; others have been wrecked on sunken ice, like the Canadian, while several, like the President, Pacific and the magnificent City of Boston, have mysteriously disappeared leaving not a trace behind to indicate the cause of their loss.
It is certainly a startling fact that in the space of forty-seven years since the unfortunate President left New York, March 11, 1841, never again to appear to mortal ken, nearly a hundred fine steamers have been utterly destroyed while on their passage across the Atlantic.
Of these eight after leaving port mysteriously disappeared and have never since been heard of, ten were run down in collisions, five were burned, one ran on sunken ice in the Straights of Belly Isle, another went down in a field of ice, three floundered in mid ocean, and the remainder of the melancholy list were wrecked either on the Irish and British coasts, those of America or on rocks off them. Fully ten of these ran in foggy weather on the shores of Nova Scotia or New Foundland on their way westward—a sufficient warning, it might be supposed, to captains to give a wide berth to these latitudes. Only one, the Iowa, an American steamer, was wrecked on the French coast, near Cherbourg, in 1864. It is generally supposed that shipwrecks are caused by the rage of the elements, but of all the vessels that went ashore only three or four appear to have directly suffered in consequence of heavy weather. Miscalculations as to distances run and course steered, clouded skies, dark nights and, more than all, dense fogs, were the primary causes of the disasters. Comparatively few of these shipwrecks occurred without serious loss of life, at least 5600 persons having perished among the passengers and crew who were on board. When the Atlantic was wrecked on Meagher's Head, off the fatal Nova Scotian coast, in 1873, no less than 562 persons were drowned. With the City of Glasgow 480 people disappeared; with the President, 120; with the Pacific, 186; and with the City of Boston, the last of the missing steamships, 191. When the Austria was burned in mid ocean 470 lives were lost; with the Arctic, 323; with the Angle-Saxon, 372; with the Ville du Havre, 226; with the Borussia, 200; with the Schiller, 311. The destruction of other vessels caused the loss of fewer lives than the vessels named, as happily fewer passengers were on board; but with several on the list from 100 to 200 beings perished. In 1873 no less than six large steamships were wrecked, run down, or disappeared, the most disastrous losses being those of the Atlantic and the Ville du Havre, a total loss of 788 lives.—Harper's Weekly.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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