

The Corvallis Gazette.

VOL. XXVI.—NO. 19.

CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1889.

The GAZETTE is now the only All-Home Print Newspaper in Benton County or Corvallis.

RAILWAY AND NAVIGATION.

THE YAQUINA ROUTE.

Oregon Pacific Railroad and Oregon Development Co.'s STEAMSHIP LINE. 235 Miles Shorter; 20 Hours Less time than by any other route. First class through passenger and freight line from Portland all points in the Willamette valley to and from San Francisco, Cal.

Willamette River Line of Steamers.

The Wm. M. Hoag, N. S. Bentley, and Three Sisters, are in service for both passenger and freight traffic between Corvallis and Portland, and intermediate points, leaving Company's wharf at Corvallis, and Messrs. Hulman & Co.'s wharf, No. 20 and 22, Front street, Portland, three times a week, as follows:

NORTH BOUND—Leaves Corvallis on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 8:00 a. m., arriving at Salem at 3 p. m. Leaves Salem on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 6 a. m., arriving at Portland at 3:30 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND—Leaves Portland on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 6 a. m., arriving at Salem at 7:15 p. m. Leaves Salem on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 6 a. m., arriving at Corvallis at 3:30 p. m.

Boats make close connections at Albany with trains of the Oregon Pacific R. R.

TIME SCHEDULE (except Sundays.)

Leave Albany 1:30 p. m. | Leave Yaquina 6:45 a. m.
Leave Corvallis 10 p. m. | Leave Corvallis 10:25 a. m.
Arrive Yaquina 5:30 p. m. | Arrive Albany 11:10 a. m.

Oregon & California trains connect at Albany and Corvallis. The above trains connect at Yaquina with the Oregon Development Co.'s line of steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.

Steamships Sail:

From Yaquina: Willamette Valley, Thursday, May 23rd, Saturday, June 1st, Sunday, June 9th. From San Francisco: Willamette Valley, Sunday, May 19th, Tuesday, May 28th, Wednesday, June 5th.

This Company reserves the right to change sailing dates without notice.

N. B.—Passengers from Portland and all Willamette valley points can make close connections 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. W. Cummings, freight and ticket agent, Corvallis, or to C. H. HASWELL, Jr., Agent Gen. F. and P. Agent, Oregon Development Co., 304 Montgomery St., S. F., Cal.

OVERLAND TO CALIFORNIA

VIA Southern Pacific Company's LINE.

THE MT. SHASTA ROUTE.

Time Between ALBANY and SAN FRANCISCO 35 HOURS.

California Express Trains Run Daily PORTLAND and SAN FRANCISCO.

SOUTH. Lv. Portland 4:00 p. m. | Lv. San Francisco 7:00 p. m.
Lv. Albany 4:15 p. m. | Lv. Albany 6:45 a. m.
Lv. San Francisco 7:45 p. m. | Ar. Portland 10:45 a. m.

Local Passenger Train, Daily, except Sunday

Lv. Portland 8:00 a. m. | Eugene 9:00 a. m.
Lv. Albany 11:40 p. m. | Lv. Albany 11:35 a. m.
Ar. Eugene 2:40 p. m. | Ar. Portland 3:45 p. m.

Local Passenger Train, Daily, except Sunday

8:30 p. m. | Lv. Albany | Ar. 6:30 a. m.
9:05 p. m. | Ar. | Lv. Lebanon | Lv. 11:35 a. m.
12:50 p. m. | Lv. Albany | Ar. 2:45 p. m.
1:36 p. m. | Ar. | Lv. Lebanon | Lv. 2:00 p. m.

—Pullman Buffet Sleepers.—

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS, For accommodation of second-class passengers, attached to Express Trains.

The S. P. Co.'s Ferry makes connection with all the regular trains on the East Side Division from feet of F street.

West Side Division.

BETWEEN PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS.

Mail Train, Daily Except Sunday.

LEAVE. Portland 7:30 a. m. | Corvallis 11:25 a. m.
Corvallis 1:30 p. m. | Portland 6:30 p. m.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of the Oregon Pacific Railroad.

Express Train, Daily Except Sunday.

Portland 4:50 p. m. | McMinnville 8:00 p. m.
McMinnville 5:45 a. m. | Portland 9:20 a. m.

THROUGH TICKETS

to all points South and East via California.

For full information regarding rates, maps etc., call on company's agent at Corvallis or Albany.

R. P. ROGERS, Asst. G. F. & P. Agent, H. ROEBLER, Manager.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE CORVALLIS GAZETTE, the oldest paper in Benton co. One year, \$2

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. ALCORN, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FORSALE!

A DESIRABLE FARM

Situated two miles above Mehama, Marion county, Or., and three miles from the line of the Oregon Pacific railroad.

—THIS PLACE—

Consists of 452 acres of both hill and level land, containing rich, black soil for meadow purposes. There are about 200 acres that are covered mostly by small underbrush such as hazel, willow, and small firs, which can easily be grubbed up fixing it ready for the plow; the other portion is partly mountain sides and heavy timber but is splendid pasture; eighty acres of this has had the firs slashed and burnt off and is now covered with nice orchard and timothy grass, the seed having been sown five years ago.

A GOOD HOUSE, with the necessary outbuildings, is already erected on the farm close to a running brook; and a barn suitable for most any farmer, is also built; also sheep sheds, etc.

THE ORCHARD consists of about 200 trees of choice varieties—prunes, apples, cherries, etc.; they are now 8 years old and will soon furnish large quantities of fruit. Quite an amount of small fruit also.

There is about fifteen acres seeded to Timothy grass for hay and about THIRTY acres ready for plowing purposes.

THE FENCES are all substantial, ranging from seven to nine rails high; a county road passes along by the place. The north side for over 2 miles is bounded by the clear, running waters of the Little North Fork of the Santiam river, in which is an abundance of mountain trout, and in April and September salmon inhabit the river.

THE PRICE asked is a very reasonable one, and will be made known to any person, desiring to purchase, upon application to F. S. CRAIG, at the office of THE CORVALLIS GAZETTE, Corvallis, Benton Co., Oregon.

C. I. HENKLE, E. B. BIER

HENKLE & BIER,

Dealers in—

SEWING MACHINES



Needles and Oil.

SPORTING GOODS

Of all Kinds.

Shotguns, Rifles, Pistols, Pocket Cut.ery, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle etc. All kinds of Powder kept constantly on hand. Violin Bows, Strings, etc.

GENERAL RERAIRING a Specialty.

Work Warranted ..Opposite Spencer's barber shop, CORVALLIS, OR

HE WAS GOOD AT RHYMING.

Miss Blodgett, teacher of a country school, had a scholar who was given to making rhymes. One morning during prayers she found him writing the following lines on his slate.

A little mouse ran up the stairs,
To hear Miss Blodgett say her prayers.
"Now, William," said she, wishing
to apply a homeopathic cure,
"I will give you five minutes to
write two lines to add to those
you have just written, and if you
do not I will give you a severe
whipping."

At the end of two minutes William had written the following:

Here I stand before Miss Blodgett,
She's going to strike and I'm to dodge it.

Hair balls are found in the stomach of cattle of all ages and in sheep and goats. They are produced by the animals licking themselves or one another and swallowing the hair that is loosened in this way. These balls vary in size from one inch in diameter up to three inches or even more. One found in the stomach of a buffalo was five inches in diameter.

It is reported, says the Fall River Mail, that Charley Hill has a freak in the shape of an animal with a calf's head and hoofs, a bear's body and a cougar's tail. The feet though cloven like a calf's resembles a bear's paw considerably. The animal is said to be lively and will probably grow all right.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said counsel in an agricultural case, "there were thirty-six hogs in that lot—thirty-six. I want you to remember that number—thirty-six hogs—just three times the number that there are in the jury-box."

NOT A PIMPLE ON HIM NOW

Bad with Eczema. Hair all gone. Scalp covered with eruptions. Thought his hair would never grow. Cured by CUTICURA REMEDIES. Hair splendid and not a pimple on him.

I cannot say enough in praise of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. My boy, when one year of age, was so bad with eczema that he lost all of his hair. His scalp was covered with eruptions, which the doctors said was scald head, and that his hair would never grow again. Despairing of a cure from physicians I began the use of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and, I am happy to say, with the most perfect success. His hair is now splendid, and there is not a pimple on him. I recommend the CUTICURA REMEDIES to mothers as the most speedy, economical, and sure cure for all skin diseases of infants and children, and for that every mother who has an afflicted child will thank me for so doing.

MRS. M. E. WOODSUM, Norway, Me.

A Fever Sore Eight Years Cured.

I must extend to you the thanks of one of my customers, who has been cured by using the CUTICURA REMEDIES, of an old sore, caused by a long spell of sickness or was fearful he would have to have his leg amputated, but is happy to say he is now entirely well,—sound as a dollar. He requests me to use his name, which is H. H. CASON, merchant of this place.

JOHN V. MINOR, Druggist, Gainsboro, Tenn.

Severe Scalp Disease Cured.

A few weeks ago my wife suffered very much from a cutaneous disease of the scalp, and received no relief from the various remedies she used until she tried CUTICURA. The disease promptly yielded to this treatment, and in a short while she was entirely well. There has been no return of the disease, and CUTICURA ranks No. 1 in our estimation for diseases of the skin.

Rev. J. PRESSLEY BARRET, D. D., Raleigh, N. C.

Cuticura Remedies

Are a positive cure for every form of skin, scalp, and blood disease, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula, except possibly ichthyosis.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the HOPKINS DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

Send for "How to cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S SKIN AND SCALP preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

EVERY MUSCLE Aches Sharp Aches, Dull Pains, Strains and Weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing, strengthening plaster. 25 cts.

EIGHT DOLLARS A WEEK.

He worked for eight dollars a week. So his prodigal wants were repressed; But he had an imposing physique, Which he longed to keep thoroughly dressed.

A superb and commanding physique, He was bound to keep thoroughly dressed.

But his suit, it was never complete; If he had an immaculate hat, And the daintiest shoes on his feet, He would have a dejected cravat; Wear twelve dollar shoes on his feet, And a pique-sue style of cravat.

If he bought a cravat that was new, Then his shoes would be out of the toes, Let him struggle the best he could do, He'd wear some disreputable clo'es— Let him torture the best he could do, He'd have some unconventional clo'es.

If his beaver was shiny and sleek, And his coat and his ulster on fait— Yet he worked for eight dollars a week, And his trousers were rusty and gray— He toiled for eight dollars a week: Hence his trousers were bragg and gray.

But at last his whole suit was complete, And he walked forth in glory and pride, Well dressed from his head to his feet; But the very same night he died— Well dressed from his head to his feet— In the hour of his triumph he died.

—Yankee Blade.

More Than Her Match.

Madge Le Barn walked home through the gathering twilight with a frown on her pretty face.

"I shall be back by the 7 o'clock train," Lyndhurst Barrington had said to her the night before, and she had been down to the station to meet him, but he had not arrived. That was the reason she looked angry.

Madge had been a flirt all her life, and she had come into the country that summer prepared to carry on that pleasant vocation. Then she met Barrington and was compelled to confess that he interested her as no man had ever done.

The next evening Madge went down to the evening train again, prepared to give her lover a good talking to.

"How kind of you to come to meet me, after my disappointing you so," Barrington said, as he advanced to her.

"How did you know I was down here last night?" she asked. "I happened to be strolling by, and I remembered that my aunt said she might come down any day, so I thought I would stop a moment and see who was on the train."

He looked at her with a puzzled expression on his face, but he said nothing until they entered the wood.

"I have often wondered," he said slowly, "if you cared for me at all," pausing before her. "I want a simple answer to a simple question—yes or no. Do you love me, Madge?"

"If I cannot say 'yes,' perhaps I cannot say 'no.' I think friendship does not justify an abrupt 'no.'"

"I don't want equivocation," he broke in. "If you love me, eyes, lips, voice, acts, all would blend into 'yes.' It must be 'yes' or 'no' I say."

"I do not ask you to be un lady-like; I do not say you are. I asked a question and have received an answer" and they walked the rest of the way to the villa without a word.

Miss LeBaron was very gay that evening, knowing that Lindhurst Barrington was in love with her. She made up her mind that theirs should be no prosy engagement, that she should still flirt whenever she wanted to, and not give up a bit of her freedom.

The trouble with her plans was that he never came near her from that time forth. He was up at sunrise and off fishing or hunting all day, and when he returned he generally asked the gentlemen of the house up to his room, where

they spent the evening singing and playing cards and enjoying themselves.

One evening Madge curled herself up on a sofa and looked at the matter squarely. She must out-general him. But how? She had tried hauteur, and it had signally failed. Now she would try a dash of "giving in," even though it hurt her so to do. She would plant herself on the old footing.

Just then Lyndhurst stepped into the room, cautiously at first, as if fearing her presence. She immediately arose to meet him. He did not start, but looked her over from head to foot without a word. She gayly said:

"Don't you think your Highness is overdoing things a trifle?" Then she lost control of herself and showed her vexation. "Sing to me," she cried, "walk with me, do any thing to obliterate this doleful week."

"Well, Miss LeBaron," he answered coolly, "suppose we walk and talk. I'll say under the stars what I said under the oaks, and you shall give me a true answer."

She looked at him a moment, then fairly blazed:

"I never saw such persistence. Thank heaven, I go home to-morrow, where gentlemen know what is due to a lady, and take 'no' for 'no,' without getting sullen. Good night, Mr. Barrington, and good by. If you ever consent to be less boorishly persistent I shall be glad to see you in New York."

He watched her out of the room and then sat down to the piano.

She tried to think of going home as a pleasure soon at hand. Home! What had she there? Only an old aunt, who dozed in a lace cap, with a cup of chocolate at her elbow half the time. The memory of the pleasant days spent here would drive her wild in that gloomy house. Than she acknowledged it would be terrible without—without—

She jumped to her feet.

"He will drive me wild," she cried, "banging in that way on the piano."

She passed into the hall and looked into the drawing room, where he sat placidly sat playing. "Poor fellow," she thought, "how can I call it obstinacy; it looks like misery written all over his features. And isn't he superb looking? Why, New York has never approached, and he will be mine if I say it."

Suddenly—can you comprehend it—she walked straight into the parlor and stole up behind him, got her arm about his neck, and pressed her cheek against his.

Not a word was said for some minutes. But his fingers fell from the keys, his head sunk lower and lower on his breast, and Madge felt a mist gathering in her eyes, a mist of happy tears.

"Come out under the stars," she whispered; "I want to say 'yes' to you."

"I am answered, Madge," drawing one of her hands over his shoulder and talking with it against his lips. "Let us not mar this moment of surprise and joy by a single word."

"I do not think you will find me a tyrant," he said, kissing her. "But come out, Madge, and let us compare our mutual miseries during the week."

He led her through the low window, holding back the swaying vines for her to pass. There arm in arm, under the stars, let us leave them.

LET HER RETIRE.

The announcement that all the stage scenery, effects and properties belonging to Mrs. Langtry are to be sold at public auction shortly will be received with a sense of gratification by those of the American people who endeavor to defend the stage from the charges of immorality, made by many people. The announcement is construed as indicating that the so-called "Jersey Lilly" contemplates retiring permanently from the American stage, which can well afford to lose her.

Mrs. Langtry has done more to debase stage art in this country than probably any other even pretended first-class actress. She came here from England with a bad personal reputation, which, though it is anything but creditable to the people of this country, excited the curiosity of Americans to such a degree that she, for awhile, drew crowded houses whenever she appeared, though she did not for once command the respect of her audiences. No one ever accused her of being an actress, but her success was entirely due to the desire of the people to see a beautiful woman, so notoriously bad as Mrs. Langtry.

In this country Mrs. Langtry, although a married woman, has traveled over the continent living in open intimacy with a man to whom she is not related. Her conduct has been an outrage upon propriety and decency, and it is pleasing to note that the people of the United States have become so thoroughly disgusted with her actions that her theater audiences have fallen off so greatly as to become unprofitable. She is also shunned by decent and respectable actresses, and there are few to regret the determination of this unclean woman to abandon the stage. Let her also retire from this country to her English home, never to return; and may those who are ambitious to gain wealth and "fame" by imitating her, be warned that in this country disreputable practices and art do not make a combination popular with the people.

The Boston Herald says that one-third of Boston is now resting on spruce stilts, some 112 feet in length, though in ordinary cases a length of thirty feet is sufficient. But in certain localities "mud holes" occur which require piles of over 100 feet long to reach firm bottom. The piles lately driven at Ruggles and Westminster streets were made up of hard pine sticks 10x10 inches square and 42 feet long. The sections were spaced by banding both ends, and inserting an iron plate and completing the splice with four pieces of oak, 2x10 inches. A 1,800 pound hammer was used in driving.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says that if she were asked to define the meaning of a successful man, she would say "a man who has made a happy home for his wife and children. No matter what he has not done in the way of achieving wealth or honors, if he has done that he is a grand success. If he has not done that and it is his own fault, though he be the highest in the land he is a most pitiable failure. I wonder how many men, in the mad pursuit for gold which characterizes the age, realize that there is no fortune which can be left their families so precious as the memory of a happy home."

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.