

# The Corvallis Gazette.

VOL. XXVI.—NO. 23.

CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 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.

Remember the Oregon Pacific popular summer excursions to Yaquina. Low rate tickets are now on sale, good every Wednesday and Saturday from Albany, Corvallis, and Philomath.

TIME SCHEDULE (except Sundays.) Leaves Albany 1:00 p. m. Leaves Yaquina 8:45 a. m. Leaves Corvallis 1:40 p. m. Leaves Corvallis 10:25 a. m. Arrive Yaquina 6:30 p. m. Arrive Albany 11:15 a. m.

SAILING DATES.—The new dates for the O. D. Co.'s steamers: From Yaquina: Willamette Valley, Tuesday, June 18; Wednesday, June 26; Friday, July 5. From San Francisco—June 13, June 22, Sunday June 30th.

Passengers from Portland and all Willamette valley points can make close connection with the trains of the Yaquina and Albany, or Corvallis, and if destined to San Francisco should arrange to arrive at Yaquina the evening before date of sailing.

Acting Gen. F. and P. Agent, Oregon Pacific Railroad Co., Corvallis, Or. C. H. HANWELL, Jr.

## OURELAND TO CALIFORNIA

Southern Pacific Company's LINE.

## THE MT. SHASTA ROUTE.

ALBANY AND SAN FRANCISCO 35 HOURS.

California Express Train Run Daily PORTLAND and SAN FRANCISCO.

Lev Albany... 4:00 p. m.	Lev San Frisco... 7:00 p. m.
Lev Albany... 12:40 p. m.	Lev Albany... 11:35 a. m.
Ar San Frisco... 7:45 p. m.	Ar Portland... 10:45 a. m.

Local Passenger Train, Daily, except Sunday

Lev Portland... 8:00 a. m.	Lev Albany... 9:00 a. m.
Lev Albany... 12:40 p. m.	Lev Albany... 11:35 a. m.
Ar Eugene... 2:19 p. m.	Ar Portland... 10:45 a. m.

Local Passenger Train, Daily, except Sunday

—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 the regular trains on the East Side Division from foot of F street.

West Side Division.

BETWEEN PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS.

Mail Train, Daily, except Sunday.

LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
Portland... 7:20 a. m.	Corvallis... 12:25 p. m.
Corvallis... 1:30 p. m.	Portland... 6:20 p. m.

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

Express Train, Daily, except Sunday.

LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
Portland... 4:50 p. m.	McMinnville... 8:00 p. m.
McMinnville... 8:45 a. m.	Portland... 10:00 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.

E. P. ROGERS, Asst. G. F. & P. Agent, B. KORHLER, Manager.

FREE Sewing Machine... The best sewing machine in the world... Free!

### 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. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## FOR SALE!

### 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 fir, 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 first slash 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—peaches, 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

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

GENERAL REPAIRING a Specialty.

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

### WHAT DAKOTA CONTAINS.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, who has been studying Dakota statistics, says the territory contains 250,000 horses, 250,000 milch cows, 800,000 cattle, 230,000 sheep, 600,000 hogs. They are worth \$50,000,000, and to this grand fortune at 10 per cent. accretion must be added every year. At this moment a harvest is growing there, with every promise of happy realization, of 35,000,000 bushels of corn, 70,000,000 of wheat, 5,000,000 of flax, 10,000,000 of barley, 50,000,000 of oats and 5,000,000 of potatoes. And in the imperial domain, stretching from a central point 200 miles north, east, south and west of the 96,000,000 acres that constitute these states, barely 7,000,000—less than one-thirteenth have felt the harrow's touch. The correspondent allows that this sounds like a fairy tale, coming from a region that has been open for settlement but a few years.

Only one real dwelling house remains on Broadway, New York.

### PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

A Positive Cure for every Skin, and Blood Diseases except Ichthyosis.

Poriasis 8 years. Head, arms, and breast a solid scab. Back covered with sores. Best doctors and medicine failed. Cured by the CUTICURA Remedies at a cost of \$37.50.

I have used the CUTICURA REMEDIES with the best results. I used two bottles of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, three boxes of CUTICURA, and one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, and an cure of a terrible skin and scalp disease known as psoriasis. I had it for eight years. It would get better and worse at times. Sometimes my head would be a solid scab, and was at the time I began the use of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. My arms were covered with scales from my elbows to my wrists. My breast was almost a solid scab, and my back covered with sores varying in size from a penny to a dollar. I had doctored with all the best doctors with various and many different medicines without effect. My case was hereditary, and I began to think incurable, but it began to heal from the first application of CUTICURA. ARCHER RUSSELL, Deshler, Ohio.

Skin Disease 6 Years Cured.

I am thankful to say that I have used the CUTICURA REMEDIES for about eight months with great success, and consider myself entirely cured of salt rheum, from which I have suffered for six years. I tried a number of medicines and two of the best doctors in the country, but found nothing that would effect a cure until I used your remedies. Mrs. A. McCLAIN, Merette, Mo.

The Worst Case of Scrofula Cured.

We have been selling your CUTICURA REMEDIES for years, and have the first complaint yet to receive from a purchaser. One of the worst cases of Scrofula I ever saw cured by the use of five bottles. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, CUTICURA, and CUTICURA SOAP. TAYLOR & TAYLOR, Drug Gist, Frankfort, Kan.

Cuticure Remedies.

Cure every species of agonizing, humiliating, itching, burning, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula, except possibly ichthyosis. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

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

### PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Weak, Painful, Backs, Kidney and Uterine Pains and Weakness, relieved in one minute by the CUTICURE Anti-Pain Plaster. New, instantaneous, infallible. 25 cents.

### MAX. CAPLAN, MERCHANT TAILOR,

Shop in the room formerly occupied by S. N. Wilkins as a paint shop. First-class fits and first-class work guaranteed. A fine line of imported cloths from which to select. Give me a trial. 3-15-89-yr.

### CLIMAX Spray Pumps

The best tree sprayer in the market. All complete ready for use. Highest endorsed. Send for circulars and prices. CLIMAX SPRAY PUMP, 18 California st., San Francisco, Cal.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

### Lost in a Ravine.

The boys and girls who play together in front of their homes in town, or in the parks, can hardly realize how a little fellow, only four years old, would manage to get on all by himself, with a whole wide prairie to play over. Many such children there are, however, living in the lonely ranches of the west.

Last fall in the Indian Territory (called generally the "Nation,") a bright little chap toddled out from the ranch where he lived with his father, mother and baby sister, to amuse himself as best he could. His father had ridden out early with the cowboys to attend to some stock. His mother was in the house looking after her household duties, and keeping an eye on the baby. She was used to her little boy's playing about on the bluffs near the house, and had no fear of anyone's doing him harm, for save the men on the ranch, who loved him and played with him when they had time, no human creature lived within many miles.

It was a fine bright day in the Indian summer. The boy took his dog along—a very little, lively English terrier. He did not feel lonely or wish for companions, for in his short life he had had no playmates, and so did not miss them.

With his little dog, then, he made a tour of inspection around the ranch. They visited the barns and the dog started a black snake. That kept them both excited for a little time. They had a little fun with an old black sow, who was privileged to go where she pleased. Then they went out by the haystacks, and finally rambled out on the bluffs. There were a great many wild flowers to be plucked here, and after a few minutes to be thrown away again. That sort of fun did not please the dog, though, so he proceeded himself to look for adventures. Soon his wild barking attracted the little fellow's attention and he ran as fast as he could to share the amusement. The dog had killed a gopher and was worrying it. The boy was interested for a time, but soon something else took his attention, and off they both went again.

So by little and little, they wandered farther and farther from home. Now the boy tried to make friends with a little, yelping prairie dog, but he jumped into his hole. Then the dog started a jack rabbit, but he was soon out of sight. Once, at some distance, they saw a solitary deer, but only for a moment. Soon the prairie looked less familiar and the ranch was long out of sight. Still the boy and his faithful companion rambled along, too much interested in what they came across to notice how late it was getting.

At last, when the boy began to get hungry, they turned to go back. Over the bluffs and into ravines, across a little creek and through patches of sage brush, and yet they couldn't find the ranch. Darker and darker it grew, and the little fellow cried loudly for "mamma," but she could not hear him. The dog ran ahead and barked and leaped on his little master and encouraged him to go on, but the boy was tired out. He sat down on the ground and cried. An ugly black buzzard sailed heavily over him. A coyote howled not far away. The warning note of a rattlesnake startled the dog, but the child just cried

aloud for "mamma!" The sun had gone down. It was completely dark. He was lost on the prairie, and he was only four years old.

When the ranchman rode home that night, in company with his men, he found the mother anxious about her boy. He had often wandered off, being an adventurous child, but had never stayed so long away before.

"We'll soon find him, mother," the cowboys cried cheerily, and without waiting to eat their supper they jumped on their ponies again, and, taking different directions, sallied out to find the wanderer. They had no doubt that they would bring him in within an hour at most.

"Such a bit of a kid couldn't get far," they said.

After awhile, when it was quite dark, one rode back.

"Have they brought him in yet?" he cried as he dismounted.

The disappointed mother only shook her head. One after another they came in, all without the boy. They looked very grave, for there are some ravenous animals about that country—coyotes and a few wolves and mountain lions. Cowardly brutes they all are, but the child would fall asleep when tired out and he could not even light a fire for himself.

Last of all came the father, who was so fond and so proud of his little boy. He looked very much worried, but cheered his wife with a caress and a few words, and then, after a cup of coffee and a bite of meat, they took fresh ponies and all rode out into the night.

With the morning they came back again, but—without the boy. Then the poor mother became helpless from doubt and grief and they were unable to conquer her alarm, for the men themselves were now almost worn out.

About a day's march from the ranch lies a military post called Fort Supply. At it there were three troops of cavalry. A cowboy rode off to the post to ask the soldiers to help him. Another informed a neighboring ranch of their loss. Very soon, considering the distance, a detail came from the post and more cow-boys from the other ranch. Meanwhile the father still roamed the prairie, hunting every ravine and wildly crying aloud for his boy.

Two of the officers' wives also came out from Fort Supply, and relieved the child's mother from all trouble about the needs of the house. The poor woman was by this time verging on insanity. All that day and all that night the prairie was scoured. Soldiers and cow-boys vied with each other who should be first to restore the child. All that day and all that night man after man came riding into the ranch for things they needed and from each the hysterical mother's eager queries were met by the same grave shake of the head. Perhaps they had ridden within a few yards of him. They could not tell. It is so easy for a little thing to lie hidden and unnoticed among the bluffs of the plains. He was now too weak to cry out, they argued, and probably—he was dead.

But the weather showed signs of changing from warm to cold; from sunshine to wind and snow. A last, desperate effort must be made before the coming blizzard would render it impossible to search. Every available man of the cavalry, about one hundred, mounted on horses at 9 o'clock of the third night, and under command of an officer, rode out to the

ranch. It was almost impossible that a little four-year-old boy should have lived so long unsheltered and unfed, but no one could rest until they found him, living, or cold and still.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The soldiers formed skirmish lines, that is, they opened out to within about twenty yards of each other, and systematically explored every inch of the country they thought it probable the boy could have reached. Night and day they searched, cow-boys and soldiers together, and the weather grew colder and colder and each minute made the search more hopeless.

Once they came where a mark in a sandy bank showed that little feet had slipped down it. Then they came to a little pond of muddy water, where the little footsteps had stumbled down to get a drink. One could even note the prints of the little dog's feet as it faithfully followed its little master. This pond was twenty miles from the ranch. Poor weary little feet. How they must have wandered in three days and nights in their pitiful search for home and mamma!

Another day's search. The pale, haggard, weary father, who had been in his saddle all this time gave up hope. They looked now only for the boy's dead body. The soldiers, slowly riding along, dismounting every now and then to look more closely into some hidden ravine, began to get disheartened. They all feared that some wolf or mountain lion had slain the child. How could he have protected himself for so long?

Two soldiers, toward the end of the fourth day, riding together, arranged to ride up the bed of a dry creek, on either side of which small ravines jutted out. They were joined by a cow-boy. They were to take sides of the creek and search each little ravine.

Further and further up the creek they rode, each gulley being searched in its turn. The evening was coming on and it was getting dark. One rode nearly to the head of the creek. He passed up a small gully, thickly grown with sage-brush. He was turning to come back, when he thought he surely heard something further up. He listened again. Soon there came to his ears the faint, pitiful whine of a dog. He jumped from his horse and made his way over the rocks to where the sound came from.

There, lying silent in the brush, lay the lost boy, while the little dog whined above him. He was covered with mud and dreadfully thin and worn, but as the soldier lifted him to the saddle, in front of him, and the dog barked gladly, he nestled wearily against the man's breast and moaned weakly: "Mamma!"

I should like to end this little true story cheerfully, but I cannot. The boy was restored to his parents alive, after wandering for four days and three nights without food, and troubled by what fears and dangers we can only imagine. But he died soon afterwards from the exposure. We buried him in November in the little cemetery on the bluff above Fort Supply, where lie, on the lonely and desolate prairie, a few dead soldiers and ranchmen.

So, when you boys and girls were merry-making at home, there was a very sad Christmas passed, at the lonely ranch in the "Nation." —EX.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.