

The Corvallis Gazette.

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CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 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 O. P. R. R.
popular summer excursions
to Yaquina. Low rate tick-
ets are now on sale, good ev-
ery Wednesday and Saturday
from Albany, Corvallis, and
Philomath.

TIME SCHEDULE (except Sundays.)
Leaves Albany 1:00 p. m. | Leaves Yaquina 6:45 a. m.
Leave Corvallis 1:40 p. m. | Leave Corvallis 10:35 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 be-
tween Yaquina and San Francisco.

Steamships Sail:

WILLAMETTE VALLEY.—From Yaquina:
Saturday, Aug. 3.
Tuesday, " 13.
Thursday, " 22.
Saturday, " 31.
From San Francisco:
Tuesday, July 30.
Thursday, " 8.
Sunday, " 18.
Tuesday, " 27.

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. W.
Canning, freight and ticket agent, Corvallis,
Or., or to C. C. HOGUE,
Acting Gen. F. and P. Agent, Oregon Pa-
cific Railroad Co., Corvallis, Or.
C. H. HANWELL, Jr.,
Gen. F. and P. Agent, Oregon Develop-
ment 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. NORTH.
Lv Portland 4:00 p. m. | Lv San Francisco 7:00 p. m.
Lv Albany 8:15 p. m. | Lv Albany 6:45 a. m.
Ar 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 12:40 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
8:20 p. m. Lv Albany 6:30 a. m.
9:05 p. m. Lv Albany 11:35 a. m.
12:50 p. m. Lv Albany 2:45 p. m.
1:35 p. m. Lv Albany 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
foot of F street.

West Side Division.

BETWEEN PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS.

Mail Train, Daily Except Sunday.

LEAVE. ARRIVE.
Portland 7:30 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 5:45 a. m. | Portland 9:00 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.
R. KOEHLER Manager.

F. M. JOHNSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CORVALLIS, OR.

Does a general practice in all the courts. Also
agent for all the first-class insurance companies. 2-24

THE "ELIXIR OF LIFE."

Dr. Brown-Sequard, of Paris,
who occupies a very prominent
position in the scientific world,
claims to have discovered that a
preparation of selected portions of
the rabbit or guinea pig may be so
administered "as to keep a man
twenty or thirty years younger
than he really is."

This claim of Dr. Sequard's has
been laughed at and ridiculed by
physiologists and physicians gen-
erally, but Dr. William Hammond,
of Washington, D. C., now comes
to the French doctor's assistance.
Dr. Hammond made an experi-
ment, it is said. He took selected
portions of a lamb—preferring that
type of vitality to the rabbit or
guinea pig—and after pounding it
in a mortar mixed it with water
and filtered the compound through
fine Swiss filtering paper. His
patient, 60 years old, whose arm
had been paralyzed for a year, re-
covered the use of that limb after
using one injection of Dr. Ham-
mond's mixture. The learned in-
vestigator modestly admits that
this single instance does not es-
tablish the scientific truth of Dr.
Brown-Sequard's theory, but he is
inclined to accept it as affording a
strong presumption in its favor.

Of course these experiments
will arouse considerable interest,
but we are not inclined to place
any faith in the "Elixir of Life"
until these physicians have estab-
lished many more instances where
men's youth has been restored.
There are many old women in
this country who can tell of their
wonderful cures by applying a
red herring to the heel of a boot
worn by a man whose arms were
paralyzed with rheumatism. Dr.
Hammond's and Dr. Sequard's
cures are about on a parallel with
the old women's.—Ex.

The Dr. George celebrated electric body
battery for sale by J. Wm. Will, resident
agent, for Benton county.

A DEMOCRATIC BLUFF.

John L. Sullivan, whose foul and
loathsome crime consists of punch-
ing a professional brother with his
fists in a prize ring, has been held
under bonds of \$2,000 to appear
for trial for violating the laws of
the state of Mississippi. Governor
Lowry, boiling over with indigna-
tion, and determined that the full
penalty of the law should be
visited upon the man who so
grossly insulted the people and
outraged the laws of that state,
has pursued this graceless offender
with ceaseless vigor, until he now
has the satisfaction of knowing
that he is within his grasp. True,
the arrest and conviction will cost
the people of the state of Missis-
sippi several thousand dollars, but
peace and dignity must be main-
tained and justice satisfied.

Since Gov. Lowry has occupied
Mississippi's gubernatorial chair
there have occurred in that state
numerous political murders and
outrages which the governor has
not even protested against; but
Governor Lowry evidently draws
the line at prize fighting. It may
be possible, however, that the gov-
ernor, by his relentless pursuit of
Sullivan—Sullivan traveling open-
ly the entire time—wishes to sig-
nify an intention to punish all
lawbreakers from this time on. If
this be true he deserves much
praise, and his past actions can be
partially overlooked. But we
venture to predict that in Missis-
sippi, as well as other southern
states, the regular butchery of re-
publican voters at the next
election will take place. There is
but little doubt that his pursuit of
the fighter was a "bluff." How-
ever, but few northern people
will place any confidence in
Governor Lowry's sincerity, and
will continue to demand protec-
tion for republicans in the south.
—Telegram.

FAIR PLAY.

Ah, husband, do not scold your wife
And make her poor heart ache,
Because she can't build pies like those
Your mother used to make.

That is, unless you're quite prepared
To see the whole thing through,
And buy her hats and dresses as
Her father used to do.

A VERY PLEASING SIGHT.

She's fairer than a lily,
And she's sweeter than a rose;
And she knocks the neighbors silly
When she wields the garden hose.

She lifts her skirts from danger
With her left hand, while her right
Grasps the nozzle, and the stranger
Gets a very pleasing sight.

The neighbors' eyes all twinkle
And their interest daily grows,
For they like to see her sprinkle
And they like to see the hose.

An Amateur's Holiday.

It was a beautiful day in De-
cember, and the air had a crisp-
ness in it which made one's blood
tingle. I was in the midst of some
frightfully tangled work. I had
tugged at it with desperate ear-
nestness, or rather earnest desper-
ation, but it was obstinate, and
would not allow a single ray of
daylight to penetrate. My brain
felt as if it were slowly undergoing
ossification, with the process pretty
well advanced. As I stood look-
ing out of my window, which
commands a view of the Jersey
hills, I felt an undefinable draw-
ing. "Perhaps," I said to myself,
and then I cast my eyes inquiringly
on the tripod. That too seemed
to say "perhaps," and my camera
really looked as though it were
laughing for "a day out." So I
at once set about packing up, not
enthusiastically, but with a feeling
that I must have a change in order
to stop this transmutation of my
brain into molten lead. Half an
hour afterward I was on the Wee-
hawken ferry-boat.

I had somehow got the impres-
sion that at Weehawken I could
take the cars up the river—the
present station had not been built
—for a dozen miles or so, but I
soon found out my mistake. I
made inquiries, and found that
there was no station and no rail-
road, and that I had wandered in-
to a section of Deutschland. Not
even a condemned vessel was in
sight on which to try my "pre-
tence hand," nor a specially ragged
urchin to grin at me while I took
his picture. Here was a dilemma
indeed. Shanties there were, but
they were dreadfully common-
place. In my desire I sought in-
formation in a beer saloon, which
seemed to be so filled by a levithan
of a woman and an ichthyosaurus
of a man that there was hardly
room for me to sit down. They
paid no sort of attention to me at
first, regarding me perhaps as a
pedler wanting to barter his wares
for Schweizerkase and Schwarzes
Brod.

"Is there any stable near by?" I
ventured to ask.
"Nein," replied the Leviathan,
in a voice which seemed to say that
I was in good condition to be
served up as Kalbfleisch.

"But," I persisted, "isn't there
a horse in this region I can hire?"
"Only one, and he is mine,"
answered she.

"Could you have him tackled up,
and convey me to the nearest rail-
way station?" I asked.
"Yah," very deliberately; "per-
'aps."

"How much?"
She looked at me, wondering
whether I was pedler or prince,
and then, as though she had struck
an average, replied, "Two tol-
lar."

Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.

"Good! Fetch him along, and
I'll be off."

The boy driver and I reached
Schuetzen Park in due time, travel-
ing the dreariest road, and mean-
dering through acres of swamp.

"Good place for fever and chills,"
I suggested.

The little sphinx at my side
gave the horse a resounding blow
with his whip and simply answered,
"You bet."

When we reached the park I
persuaded the youth to stand at
the horse's head, and in a few
minutes I had a picture of the
funniest boy, the largest horse,
and the most dilapidated wagon
imaginable.

Then came the hunt for sub-
jects. I saw a group of men
standing on the platform of the
station-house, so I brought my
lens to bear on them, and cried
out, with true professional em-
phasis—
"Gentlemen, one instant, if you
please."

One, two, three, and the work
is done. "Thanks, gentlemen;"
and I began to pack up.

Then I took a bit of winding
road, at a point where two arching
trees interlaced their branches,
and it was no sooner done than up
came a troop of wild, laughing
girls from the silk factory on their
way to lunch. They gathered
about me like so many bees.

"Shall I take you, girls?" I
asked.

Such a scream! and off they
scampered. The feminine gender,
however, has peculiarities which
no mere man can comprehend,
and in a few minutes they came
rushing back, stood together in a
very pretty group, and said in
chorus, "Mister, you may." Of
course I complied.

By this time I was tired,
healthily and gloriously tired.
The sun was bright, the air was
brisk and fresh, and the appetite,
which had been dormant, began
to resemble that of the Ursus
Americanus in the spring, after
winter's hibernation. My whole
interior being—moral, physical
intellectual—began to feel the
effects of the tramp and the new
experience, and I almost renewed
my youth. I am assured that a
photographic apparatus, with its
delightful allurements, is a more
valuable possession than Aladdin's
lamp, or an ounce vial of the
alchemist's elixir vitae. Well, I
had just one dry plate left. I was
wondering what I should do next,
when I heard a voice behind me,
attuned to the true Celtic ac-
cent.

"Say, mister; say, mister!"

I turned to find a youngish wo-
man, meanly clad, but with a
bright gleam in her eye and great
eagerness in every feature.

"Well, my good woman, what is
it?"

She summoned all her resolu-
tion, and while the blood mantled
her cheek, she asked, with an out-
burst of motherly affection,

"Misther, will ye take me
baby?"

I confessed to being touched by
the pathos of that appeal. I had
suddenly come into contact with a
genuine bit of the best kind of
human nature. Of course I melted
at once.

"It will give me great pleasure,
madam, to take a picture of your
baby," I answered.

She actually cantered on her
way back to the shanty which the
husband and child had converted
into a home. One thing, however,
and a very important one, she had
altogether forgotten. It did not
occur to her, so great was her

eagerness, until she nearly reached
the house, and then she came to a
stand-still as suddenly as though
she had run against a stone wall.
I felt in my heart that some
strange contingency had arisen,
and the feeling was confirmed
when, with pathetic tremulousness,
she cried out,

"Misther, how much will it be?"

The desire to have the picture
of that "baby" had partly crowded
out the fact that this is a merce-
nary world. I determined that
the mercenary side should not be
visible, on this occasion at least, so
I screamed back,

"Nothing, madam, nothing at
all."

She started once more into the
canter, but I heard her say, "Thank
God, chape enough!" and I chuckl-
ed to myself at being taken for a
professional seeking the dimes and
quarters of poor people.

I took both mother and child,
and the picture is one of my best,
and also one of my most valuable
souvenirs of travel.

When I reached my study in
town I was thoroughly worn out
and jaded. The sun had dissap-
peared below the Jersey hills,
which made my horizon line, and
I was gloriously and refreshingly
used up, with a five hours' jaunt
behind me. I had a good story to
tell my friends who called in the
evening, six pictures which I
wouldn't part with for money, and
the precious memory of a happy
mother's face. The fresh air was
in my lungs, and that night I slept
the sleep of a man who had done
his duty to his fellows and him-
self. When I wrestled with the
tangled problem, the next morning,
I was surprised to find that it
was not so much of a problem after
all.

I have but one bit of advice for
all men of sedentary habits, viz.,
go and do likewise.

FARM LIFE IN CHINA.

A farmer may be hired by the
year for from eight to fourteen
dollars, with food, clothing, head
shaving and tobacco. Those who
work by the day receive from eight
to ten cents, with a noonday meal.
At the planting and harvesting of
rice wages are from ten to twenty
cents a day, with five meals, or
thirty cents a day without food.
Few land owners hire hands ex-
cept for a few days during the
planting and harvesting of rice.
Those who have more land than
they and their sons can till lease it
to their neighbors. Much land is
held on leases given by ancient
proprietors to clansmen whose de-
scendants now till it, paying from
seven to fourteen dollars worth
of rice annually for its use. Food
averages little more than one dol-
lar a month for each member of a
farmer's family. One who buys,
cooks and eats his meals alone,
spends from one dollar and a half
to two dollars a month upon the
raw material and fuel. Two
pounds of rice, costing three and
one-half cents, with relishes of salt
fish, pickled cabbage, cheap vege-
tables and fruits, costing one and
one-half cents is the ordinary
allowance to each laborer for each
day. Abernethy's advice to a
luxurious patient, Live on sixpence
and even it," is followed by nearly
every Chinaman. One or two de-
pendent relatives frequently share
with him the sixpence.

Now ready, a large and replete stock of
the latest and best shot guns and rifles,
and all necessary extras at the lowest
market prices. Ammunition and cartridges
included, by J. Wm. Will.

Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.