

The Corvallis Gazette.

VOL. XXVI.—NO. 31.

CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 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 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 4:45 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 between 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. Cummins, freight and ticket agent, Corvallis, or to C. C. HOGUE, Acting Gen. F. and P. Agent, Oregon Pacific Railroad Co., Corvallis, Or.
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 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.
9:06 p. m. | Ar Lebanon 11:35 a. m.
12:50 p. m. | Lv Albany 2:45 p. m.
1:36 p. m. | Ar Lebanon 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.
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.
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.
R. 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. 2-26

A LONDON NEWSPAPER.

The newspaper of London is a great institution. Each daily runs up its news in a big card placed in a public position around the city—a new placard for each edition—all posted over the city like circus bills. The London Times has one queer custom. It costs six cents per number, the others but one or two cents. Large numbers subscribe only to the sending of the Times a certain hour daily. A carrier delivers to his reader at a certain hour, and then takes it back and delivers it to another reader. This costs but two cents, and begins at six and ends at twelve, noon. So one paper serves six persons, and the carrier gets twelve cents and has the paper left. A carrier with twenty patrons makes a good living. And this is one of the many thousands of ways of making a living in a great city, and shows that cities must grow greater so long as a portion of their people are prosperous creators of wealth. They will need the others to serve them in some way. He saw wonderful things in the Times office. Among other things a man sits with a telephone to his ear receiving the debates of parliament and setting them up with a type setter, played like a type writer; it is justified by hand, proof read, locked, sent to the stereotype room for a paper machine impression and carried to one of the eight matter presses constantly running. In like manner all the news is gathered from the street and telephoned with editorials to the printer.

A BOSTON RAT.

A waiter at the Metropolitan hotel on Washington street says there is a rat of unusual intelligence which haunts the hotel kitchen, and when occasion offers steals food from the cook. He says this rat ought to be caught

and exhibited as a marvel at the dime museums. Several stories of sagacity are told about this rodent, of which the following is one:

"A few evenings ago," said the waiter, "I had occasion to go down into the kitchen. It was dusky when I arrived and as soon as my eyes would permit me to get used to the light I saw a large rat walk deliberately up to a dish of doughnuts and begin to take them out one by one and string them on his tail as you would string beads. When he had put on five and loaded his tail all up he turned around, took the end of his tail between his teeth, add walked off as if he were going to muster."

WHERE COWBELLS ARE MADE.

Collinsville, Ill., is a great place for cattle bells. That cow bells are made and do not grow on trees or elsewhere seems to surprise some people, but there are four establishments in the United States which are exclusively devoted to the manufacture of that resonant article, and two of these are in Collinsville. One hundred and fifty dozen are turned out daily, and thousands of them dangle from the necks of unfortunate cows all over the dairies of North and South America. The manufacture of cow bells is entirely distinct from that of other bells. Instead of being molded the metal is run into sheets, cut into symmetrical polygons, which, when folded, are pressed into their well-known form. Having been riveted, they are next packed in clay and brought to a white heat. When suddenly cooled these steel bells are found not only to be tempered but also beautifully brazed.

Connecticut will be the next state to vote on prohibition. An amendment to the constitution will be voted on in October, and its defeat is regarded as a foregone conclusion.

IN THE ORCHARD.

A mass of stones by the roadside
Half covered with fleecy balls,
And delicate sprays of beauty
Where clematis softly falls,
Like drapery fine and shenay
On the stones of the orchard walls.
In the orchard old trees are holding
All their crooked limbs wide-spread,
Where globes of fragrance and sweetness
By the air and sunshine fed,
Hang out from the boughs like lanterns,
With a fire of gold and red.
A squirrel from yonder woodland
Flits in and out 'mong the trees,
And the song of autumn's coming
Is chanted by every breeze.
A pang that summer is dying
Thrills nature in days like these.
And the trees whose dainty blossoms
Grew pink in the early May,
Yield now their treasures of harvest
To the bright September day.
As blossom and fruit must vanish
So their leaves must pass away.

THE THREE GRACES.

FAITH.
With eager appetite I fix mine eye
Upon the piece of huckleberry pie.
HOPE.
How similar the berry and the fly!
And yet, mayhap, it is a berry.
CHARITY.
Into its depths I peer, and pass the pie
Unto my hungry neighbor sitting by.

Three Days in a Coffin.

"It was horrible, horrible, sir—I lay in that coffin alive, and just as conscious of what was going on around me as I am at this moment. I have always been of a hysterical temperament, and on one grievous occasion had lain in a cataleptic state for twenty-four hours. This last time I lay for three days perfectly conscious, as I said before, but to all appearances as dead as Caesar."

The speaker was a well-known attorney of St. Paul, says the Globe, who related the story of his thrilling experience with catalepsy conditionally that his name be withheld from publication.

"It has been said," continued the hero of this blood-curdling adventure, "that there are infallible signs which denote death and are unmistakable to the practiced eye of the medico. I deny that such is the case, and no one has had a better opportunity of judging than I have. When I died, or rather when three of the best-known medical men in Boston asserted that I was dead, I had been for three days previous to my supposed demise in a condition of violent hysteria, bordering almost on insanity, owing to the death of a sister whom I loved to distraction. At the expiration of that time I subsided into the condition I have previously described. My death was attributed by the learned disciples of Aesculapius to disease of the heart. The three old fogies held a consultation over me, and I heard them discuss the advisability of a post-mortem examination, there being a slight difference of opinion among them as to what was the actual cause. At this time I was laying on a board, perfectly rigid, and fully realized the fact that I should be buried alive if I couldn't brace up and explain matters within the next few hours. I immediately blessed my mother and brother for their refusal to allow those old butchers to go for me with their knives. That's all that saved me, I tell you. This seems a wild story, but just the same it's a true one. Why, I can even remember laughing quietly to myself to think that the windows had been opened all around the room. It was devilish cold weather, too, but I could not feel the cold much. I knew, however, that those windows had been opened to prevent the decomposition of my ill-used frame. How did I get out of the fix? Well, it was just by the skin

of my teeth. When the undertaker and his fool assistant brought the coffin and I was lifted into it I knew at once that the coffin was too short and just ached to say so, but I couldn't speak a word to save my life. I was tongue-tied; hadn't control of a muscle. The merest accident in the world prevented my being buried alive. I had been lying in this awful condition I have described for over three days when the beast of an undertaker came around again to screw up the coffin. A tack had been left sticking out from the drapery gracing the interior of the sarcophagus, and the fellow in the coffin business commenced a series of vicious jabs at it with a sharp-edged screwdriver. On one of these the instrument struck a nail-head and, flying off at a tangent, took me on the jaw with considerable force. The blood spouted forth and I instantly regained the use of my limbs. I wanted to knock seven kinds of blue fire out of the coffin man, and was out of it in no time. The undertaker skipped, but I put it all over his assistant, I am ashamed to say, for the man was too horrified at my resurrection to defend himself in the least. Now you can just bet I am as healthy a man as the most of them nowadays, and I've issued strict orders that in the event of my death I am not to be buried until an artery has been opened and my decease absolutely proved."

QUEEN BAROMETERS.

"I can always tell when it is going to rain half a day ahead of any change in fair weather," said champion George Slosson, as he was knocking around billiard balls in the Columbia rooms just after the recent deluge.

"How's that?" asked a bystander getting interested directly.

"Why, there isn't a better barometer in existence than an ivory billiard ball or a good billiard cue," the billiard expert replied; "they are better than a favorite corn."

"How d'ye tell?"

"A ball always rolls slow and with difficulty when it is going to rain. Ivory is so sensitive to changes of temperature, particularly from dry to moist, that the effect is felt almost instantaneously. The cue will get cranky, too, when there is going to be a change, long before the dampness is perceptible in any other way. Another peculiarity of the ivory globes is their tendency to become egg shaped. They contract at what are called the top and bottom poles and swell out at the sides, so that you might as well play with potatoes. If you don't watch their idiosyncrasies. They are worse than old men in their susceptibility to draught. A draught will crack the ivory and make it chip off quick as a wink and, like old folks, you can never get the spheres acclimated to these draughts. Just take a billiard ball and study its behavior, and you can beat the clerk of the weather prophesying. You can bet on your own prophecy every time.—N. Y. Sun.

A man in Whitneyville, Maine, bought a lot of rockets which wouldn't go off, and his Fourth of July was a failure. But a few days later he put the worthless shells in the cook stove with some kindling wood, and he had a Fourth of July and a circus all in one. A patient waiter is no loser—in some cases—but in this affair the man lost a \$19 cookstove and a teakettle.

A MUCH NEEDED INVENTION.

One of the most needed contrivances is a perfectly effective, smoke consuming furnace for house, factory and engine use. Besides the dirt and inconvenience there is a tremendous waste of fuel caused by the escape of smoke into the air. Professor Chandler Roberts has made some very extensive figures in reference to this waste. He calculates that the weight of the cloud of smoke pouring daily into the atmosphere of London amounts to fifty tons of solid carbon and 250 tons in the shape of hydro carbon and carbonic-oxide gases. From the results of tests made by the Smoke Abatement Committee the value of coal wasted in smoke from domestic grates in a population of 5,000,000 amounts to \$11,282,000 per year. The aggregate waste of unconsumed carbon in the city of London is estimated at \$13,000,000 per annum and the damage to property caused by the smoky atmosphere is put down at \$10,000,000. This is purely the economic estimates as to the loss of mere property. What an enormous waste is found when we begin to calculate the waste of human life and human health.

The transformation of the city of Pittsburg in Pennsylvania from a black, dingy city to a bright and beautiful place when it changed from a coal consuming to gas burning city was a fine object lesson on this subject.

There are many inventors working on the problem of a smoke-consuming engine and when an engine of that kind is perfected the principle can easily be extended to ordinary furnaces. We need such engines for railroad motors and road motors particularly. It does not seem possible that the necessary discovery will be long postponed.

COST OF AMATEUR FARMING.

This is the season when the amateur farmer is in his glory. He invites his friends down to the farm and they inspect his fields, tilted by improved methods, and admire his blooded stock and Jersey cattle to his heart's content. I have had several invitations of this kind lately, and hope to avail myself thereof. But I always think of a remark made by a worthy New York business man of bucolic tastes some years ago. I was one of a party who visited his "farm" down on Long Island. It was a warm day, and when, after a dusty drive, we were ushered into a cool dining-room, two large napkin-covered protuberances at either end of the table attracted our attention. Removing the snowy coverings the host revealed at one end an immense cooler, in which several "magnums" of champagne reposed. At the other end was a vessel full of rich cream packed in ice. "Now, boys," said he, cheerfully, "here's champagne and there's cream. Drink whichever you please; they both cost me the same."—New York Star.

The belief that a hog will thrive on any kind of feed, if he has an abundance of it, and the shiftless, reckless way of feeding practiced by so many, is the immediate and sole cause of much of the disease that prevails among the swine.

The smoke cloud that overhangs London is said to contain 800 tons of carbon. The waste involved in this is estimated at \$13,000,000 a year and the damage to buildings as \$10,000,000 a year.

Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

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

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SEWING MACHINES

Needles and Oil.

SPORTING GOODS,

.....Of all Kinds.....

Shotguns, Rifles, Pistols, Pocket Cutlery, 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.