

The Corvallis Gazette.

VOL. XXVI.—NO. 34.

CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1889.

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

JAY GOULD says that for the first year of his married life he lived on \$100, got up at daybreak, went to church every Sunday, and was as happy as a boss bumble bee in sweet clover.

THE Mississippi river commission estimates that it will take \$4,000,000 next year to carry on the work of repairs, etc., on the Mississippi from its head to the mouth of the Ohio.

THE full magnitude of the calamity in Johnstown has been carefully calculated. The losses in Pennsylvania alone from the floods of May 30 to June 1, amounted to \$30,000,000 and 6,500 lives.

A BROOKLYN man who has made a calculation of the sums of money which Americans have distributed during the last ten years to those suddenly deprived of property, has estimated that \$20,000,000 have been contributed.

THE county of Custer, in Montana is the largest county in the United States. It contains 13,569,920 acres and is 150 miles long and 125 miles wide. It is a place of historic interest, containing, as it does, the site of the great battle of the Little-Big Horn, where Custer and his force were massacred.

STARTLING EVIDENCES.

Of the Cure of Skin Diseases when all other Methods fail.

Poriasis 5 years, covering face, head, and entire body with white scales. Skin red, itchy, and bleeding. Hair all gone. Spent hundreds of dollars. Pronounced incurable. Cured by Cuticura Remedies.

My disease (poriasis) first broke out on my left cheek, spreading across my nose, and almost covering my face. It ran into my eyes, and the physician was afraid I would lose my eyesight altogether. It spread all over my head, and my hair all fell out, until I was entirely bald-headed; it then broke out on my arms and shoulders, until my arms were just one sore. It covered my entire body, my face, head and shoulders being the worst. The white scales fell constantly from my head, shoulders and arms; the skin would thicken and be red and very itchy, and would crack and bleed if scratched. After spending many hundreds of dollars, I was pronounced incurable. I heard of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and after using two bottles CUTICURA RESOLVENT, I could see a change, and after I had taken four bottles, I was almost cured; and when I had used six bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT and one box of CUTICURA, and one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, I was cured of the dreadful disease from which I had suffered for five years. I thought the disease would leave a very deep scar, but the CUTICURA REMEDIES cured it without any scars. I cannot express with a pen what I suffered before using the CUTICURA REMEDIES. They saved my life, and I feel it my duty to recommend them. My hair is restored as good as ever, and so is my eyesight. I know of a number of different persons who have used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and all have received great benefit from their use.

Mrs. ROSA KELLY.
Rockwell City, Calhoun Co., Iowa.

Cuticura 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, excepting possibly ichthyosis.

Sold everywhere. 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 treated by CUTICURA SOAP.

It Stops The Pain.
Back ache, kidney pains, weakness, rheumatism, and muscular pains relieved in ONE MINUTE by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PASTER, the first and only instantaneous pain-killing plaster.

CITY LAUNDRY!
Jm Sing and Doc You, Proprietors.

Having lately made an entire change in the management of the wash-house, just south of the Hemphill house, we are prepared to give satisfaction in our line. We also conduct an intelligence office. sept 13

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

MATRIMONIAL.

(Married people will please read as written, single ones can read the first line, then the third, and then the second, and finally the fourth, in each verse.)

That man must lead a happy life,
Who's freed from matrimonial chains;
Who is directed by his wife
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no solid peace,
When Eve was given for a mate—
Until he saw a woman's face,
Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female face appears
Hypocrisy, deceit and pride;
Truth, darling of a heart sincere,
No'er known in woman to reside.

What tongue is able to unfold
The falsehood that in woman dwells;
The worth in woman we behold
Is almost imperceptible.

Cursed be the foolish man, I say,
Who changes from his singleness;
Who will not yield to woman's sway,
Is sure of perfect blessedness.

Having The "Horrors."

No, I never had 'em but once, and not having any undue proportion of pork in my composition, I don't want to have 'em again. In the sublime language of the Psalmist, I've got enough. I have heard of other comical performances. The sight was so irresistibly amusing that I involuntarily burst out laughing.

I was living in Detroit, Mich., at the time, says a writer in the Jacksonville Times-Union; had splendid bachelor quarters at the Russell, an income up in the four ciphers, and neither kith nor kin; spent my time mostly at the club and the races when in season, first nights at theaters, and so on.

I had been drinking very heavily for about two months, but what started me on such a colossal toot I don't remember now. It might have been because a woman jilted me, or I broke my pet meerschaum, or some other such trifle; but, at any rate, I was two lengths ahead and still going like a house afire. About this time I concluded I'd sober off, and found, to my great surprise, that I couldn't do it.

Were you ever so drunk you didn't dare get sober? No? Well, then, all I've got to say is that you have missed one of the most peculiar fascinations of sporting life, however, that is the condition I found myself in, and I made up my mind I'd try a trip in the country, and see if I couldn't gradually get down to bedrock again.

I took the first train to Ann Arbor, and I put up at the West House, a good, comfortable hotel, where the bar had some of the finest old rye I ever drank. I took a couple of cocktails and a half tumbler of brandy, and then went in to supper. On the table were some delicious fried chicken, hot biscuits and a lot of other truck, but I couldn't eat a mouthful; appetite all gone, and my own voice sounding far off to me.

I got up from the table, making some excuse for having a headache and went to the bar and took a couple more drinks, and started out for a walk along the lake. Great heavens! how nervous I was. I kept stepping high, never sticking to the path, and once or twice got nearly into the lake. That wouldn't do, you know. I didn't care about furnishing the piece de resistance for some country corner, so I went back to the hotel, bought a bottle of whisky and a bunch of cigars and went up to my own room. Here I sat by an open window, drinking and smoking until I got calmed down, when I went to bed and in about ten minutes fell into a profound slumber.

In about an hour I woke up and lay there, every sense active and alert. It was a bright moon-

light night, and my room was light as day. Hearing a slight rustling at the end of my pillow, I turned my head and saw a most curious looking lizard peering at me.

It was about six inches long, and half its body lengthwise was green, and the other half purple. Its head was snow white, and one eye yellow, the other red as fire.

It would peep at me a few seconds, and then dart back behind the pillow. I watched it without a particle of alarm, but with a sort of strange curiosity. After a while it grew bolder and came entirely out on the pillow. Of all the funny creatures this was the funniest.

It stood on its head, flitted its tail back and forth, sat up on its hind legs, put its fore foot up to its nose and wiggled it at me, opened its mouth so wide I thought it was going to swallow itself, and went through a lot of other comical performances. The sight was so irresistibly amusing that I involuntarily burst out laughing.

Instantly the lizard ran across the pillow into my mouth and down my throat. It was followed by hundreds, yes thousands, of other lizards of all sizes and colors. Some were hardly a half inch long, others at least ten inches. Some were black, some red; one, I remember, had a blue body, a green tail and yellow side whiskers.

Great heavens, what a sight! I leaped out of bed hardly suppressing a shriek, and making to the bottle of whisky, filled a goblet brimming full and drank it at one draught.

There was no more bed for me that night. I sat by the window until morning, ordered my horse and buggy before breakfast, and by 9 a. m. was back in Detroit. I at once took a bath, and some anchovy sandwiches, and felt like a new man.

On Saturday afternoon I started out with a chum for a walk along Woodward avenue. We had gone about a square when I noticed a bug on my coat sleeve, near the cuff. I brushed it off and thought no more about it. A little further on, however, and the same bug was on my elbow. I brushed at it, but missed, and it crawled up on my shoulder. I whirled around at it with a tremendous slap, and nearly jostled my chum off his feet.

"For God's sake, Bill, what's the matter with you?" said he.

"Didn't you see that bug?" I said angrily. "It was right on my shoulder—there it is again," I said making a frantic blow at it.

"For heaven's sake, Bill, be quiet," said my companion. "Quit cutting up that way; see how the people are looking at us."

Sure enough, two or three persons had stopped and were looking at me curiously, and a police man was crossing the street toward us.

There was a saloon near by, and my friend hurried me into it. Here I took a huge drink of brandy, and in a few minutes was all right again. While ordering a drink I had glanced in the glass behind the bar, and saw a white face with wild, staring eyes.

Well, to cut a long story short, we got back to my quarters, and as my chum bade me good-by he said, "Go to bed and sober up, old fellow."

Sober up! Why, I had been wanting to do that for a month, and didn't dare make the effort.

Telling my servant not to let

me be disturbed, and locking my door, I went to bed, the most depressed and unhappy man in the world. I was laying on the bed, every nerve in my body twitching, the perspiration pouring off me in streams, when the door slowly opened and in came the most savage animal I ever saw.

It was a mad dog, with eyes red and glaring, every hair on its body bristling with rage and flecks of foam falling from its champing jaws. It went unsteadily about the room, snapping and snarling at every obstacle in the way.

I kept still as death, almost breathless, hoping that the dog would not see me, but it did, and crouching down, leaped straight at my throat. As it struck the bed I grasped it by the throat with both hands, and then ensued a most fearful struggle. The beast's eyes shone right in my own, and my hands and the bed were spattered with bloody foam. I shrieked for help; but no help came.

Summoning all my strength for one last desperate effort, I hurled the dog through the open window, and with a yell of triumph, fell fainting to the floor.

At this moment my door was burst open with a crash, and four men, led by my perfidious servant, whom I tried in vain to reach and kill, rushed in, grasped and put me back on the bed. The last thing I remember was some one saying, "Now put the morphine into him, doctor." Then I lost consciousness.

When I came to I found myself with shaven head, strangely weak, and the good old doctor gazing complacently at me.

"How long have I been sick, doctor?" I asked in a thin, far-off voice.

"Two weeks to-day. You have had a hard pull for it, William, but are all right now. Promise me you will give up whisky, William."

Boys, right then and there I made a solemn vow that I would never again touch the stuff, and I have kept that vow inviolate. Since that time not a drop of whisky has passed my lips.

What'll I take? Oh, you can make me a gin cocktail, bartender; gin is good enough for me.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.

The roll of the next house of representatives has been made up and it gives the republicans 164 members and the democrats 161. This only includes those in the last congress and those elected to fill vacancies since the adjournment of congress, and of course leaves out the members who will come in from the new states. This will give the republicans a majority of three, which, while not large, is enough to begin work. The new states will increase this majority. North and South Dakota and Washington are sure to send republican representatives, and it is very probable that Montana will do likewise. But assuming that Montana does send a democratic congressman, the republicans will gain a member from Washington and three from the two Dakotas, giving them 168 and the democrats 162, a republican majority of six. This will not allow any carelessness on the part of the republicans, but it will be sufficient to permit the direction of wise and patriotic legislation.

Dr. Vanderpool's headache and liver cure is a grand blood purifier. ag 23-m

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



LACTATED FOOD
150 Meals for \$1.00
FOOD

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS
THE PHYSICIAN'S FAVORITE.
Possesses many important advantages over all other prepared foods.
BABIES CRY FOR IT.
INVALIDS RELISH IT.
Perfectly nourishes a baby with or without the addition of milk.
Three Sizes, 25c. 50c. \$1.00.
A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids" free.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.




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

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kinds Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

T. C. CASE, THE BARBER.



Ladies' and Children's haircutting in the latest and best styles.
Call in and get work done

Rooms next door to R. Graham's drug store, Main street, Corvallis,—the place formerly owned by F. S. Davis. The finest shop in the city. 11-19-11.

CASE'S HAIR TONIC. 75 cents per bottle. TRY IT.

GREAT OVERLAND ROUTE!

NORTHERN PACIFIC
—Railroad—

Two fast trains daily! No change of cars!

Shortest line to Chicago and all points east, via ST. PAUL and MINNEAPOLIS.

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 1:30 p. m.	Leaves Yaquina 4:45 a. m.
Leaves Corvallis 1:40 p. m.	Leaves 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:	
Monday, Sept. 9.	
Tuesday, " 17.	
Wednesday, " 25.	
From San Francisco:	
Wednesday, Sept. 4.	
Friday, " 13.	
Saturday, " 21.	
Sunday, " 29.	

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.

C. H. HASWELL, Jr., Gen. F. and P. Agent, Oregon Development Co., 304 Montgomery St., S. F., Cal.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL
Corvallis Oregon.
M. A. CANAN Proprietor

THE OCCIDENTAL is a new building, newly furnished, and is first class in all its appointments.

RATES LIBERAL.

Large Sample Room on First Floor for Commercial Men. 19-35 1y

FREE 19 SILK AND SATIN NECKTIES.
Agents Snap box and outfit, 12 cts. THE NECKTIE CO., Augusta, Me. Please state what periodical you saw our advertisement in.