

**LOCAL AND GENERAL**

**Jerry Legrang Killed by a Falling Tree.**

**IN THE BULRUSHES.**

**Thigh-Bone Broken—Resigned—A Quotation applicable to Modern Times—Other Matters.**

The Wetas club still continues to hold weekly meetings at the gun store of Henkle & Kriebel's.

To-morrow, February 22nd, the anniversary of the birth of George Washington. Had he lived his age would be 158 years.

Chas. McCullough, the engineer, has been called on to attend the fixing of the temporary bridge across Mary's river here—it has the piles.

A dramatic society has been organized in Corvallis, and their rooms are in the Farr block. Among the members are David and Mrs. Osburn, Miss Maud Hoffman, Miss Jessie Waggoner, and others.

Wednesday's west side freight train, due here about 3:30 p. m., did not arrive until after 9, owing to the forward trucks and front drivers of the engine jumping the track at McMinnville, while making a flying switch.

Evangelical Church.—Preaching in this city on Sunday at 11 a. m. by Rev. J. W. Parker, and at 7 p. m. by the pastor. Preaching at Evergreen on Saturday night, and at Beulah on Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. J. M. Dick.

J. A. Knight has lately added a steam carving machine to his furniture factory, and is prepared to do most any kind of work in this line. Remember that he has an excellent line of furniture—home and foreign made.

Farmers, or anyone else, having property for sale will do well to place it with the Corvallis, Willamette Valley, State Land and Loan company, as no more reliable corporation exists on this coast. Their new office rooms will be thrown open just as soon as the furniture arrives from Portland. They are ready for business now, using a portion of F. M. Johnson's law office in which to transact business.

Several Albany young men have been in Corvallis during the past week.

Usual prayer meeting of W. C. T. U., on Feb. 27th, at reading room parlor.

Work is progressing on the temporary bridge across Mary's river at this city.

The republican state central committee is called to meet in Portland on March 5th.

Yesterday, the 20th, was the twenty-sixth anniversary of the establishment of the order of the Knights of Pythias.

The grade down into the Oregon Pacific wharf, at the foot of Monroe street, has been repaired and the dock has been washed out.

Graham Glass, Jr., has sold the Yamhill County Reporter of McMinnville, to F. H. Barnhart, a man of many years' experience.

Snow still covers the foothills and mountains west of this city. On Monday morning about an inch of the "stuff" fell in Corvallis.

J. R. Neil, a capitalist of Crete, Nebraska, arrived here on Monday last. He has been visiting with some relatives in this county this week. He may locate here.

The Congregational ladies will give a social and supper at Mrs. F. G. Clark's on next Tuesday evening. Supper from 5 to 7 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

At the Congregational church next Sunday the pastor will speak in the morning on "The Search for Good," and in the evening will again answer questions. A cordial welcome to all who attend.

Henry Carlile, brother of Justice D. Carlile of Corvallis, died at his home in Stubenville, Ohio, in January last. He was in this city last summer visiting with relatives and looking over the country.

The bonded indebtedness of Astoria is \$57,050, and the city's indebtedness is \$14,668. In addition to this it is proposed to add \$22,950 to the amount of the bonds, to run for 20 years at 4 per cent.

Services at the M. E. church next Sabbath as usual, by the pastor. Text at 11 a. m., Hab. 3:17-19. Subject at 7:30 in the evening "Should the Bible be restored to our public schools?" H. P. Satchwell.

An advertisement extolling the virtues of a new make of infant's feeding bottle winds up as follows: "When the baby has done drinking it must be

unscrewed and laid in a cold place, say under a tap." Poor baby."

The mothers' meeting held last Thursday was unusually interesting. Three thoughtful papers were read. The next meeting to be held on March 13th; topic to be considered: "How can our public school be best used in building up character?"

Adam Baumberger, who is supposed to be the fellow who robbed H. McKenzie of \$7 and over last week, (mention of which was made in the GAZETTE), is now in the county jail where he will remain until the next grand jury meets. His bonds were placed at \$300.

Wm. Grant, of Forfar, the new town site on the coast between Seal Rocks and Newport, was in Corvallis on Tuesday accompanied by his brother Simon Grant, of Corni, Illinois. The latter has been in Oregon visiting for the past six weeks, and started on his return trip last Tuesday. Wm. went as far as Portland with him.

A work train in charge of G. V. Stevens left Albany on Monday on the Oregon Pacific with about fifty men on board, who will be put to work placing the road in good condition to the front, so that the work of construction can be resumed as soon as the weather will permit. Regular trains will commence running to Gates about Wednesday or Thursday from Albany.

The recent trip of Nellie Bly and Miss Bisland has set a French savant to calculating the time required for different journeys around the earth, with the following result: A man, walking day and night, without resting, would take 423 days. An express train would take 40 days. Sound at a medium temperature, 32 1/2 hours. Light, a little over one-tenth of a second. Electricity, passing over a copper wire, less than one-tenth of a second. An American author adds that a lie will travel so fast that no instrument is capable of timing it.

**KILLED BY A FALLING TREE.**—Last Saturday, news was brought to Corvallis that Jerry Legrang, who lives on the Clancy farm, about five miles west of this city, had been found dead. Late in the forenoon of Friday he went out to do some work in one of the fields and had occasion to fell an oak tree. And, taking the position in which he was found on the ground, he was struck on the head by a limb as the tree was falling and his skull crushed. Not coming to supper on Friday night a search was made for him but he was not found until Saturday afternoon. D. Carlile, acting coroner, and Dr. H. Pernot went out to hold an inquest over the remains, but as the killing was found to be accidental, they returned without holding any. The remains were buried in the Catholic cemetery.

**IN THE BULRUSHES.**—There has been all kinds of rumors in the air in Corvallis during the past ten days. This reporter has heard about Moses (the gentleman who smote the rock) being placed in a basket when a tiny wee thing, about his experience while floating on the waters of the pond, and how Pharaoh's daughter discovered him, etc., but, this week, rumor has it that another Mose was found floating on the bosom of Mary's river near a clump of bushes, south of Corvallis. It has not yet been ascertained whether Faro's girl is connected with this affair or not, but—some one is. Await future developments.

**THIGH BONE BROKEN.**—Last Saturday Dr. J. B. Lee was called to the residence of Geo. Porter, situated about sixteen miles south of Corvallis, to set a broken limb of his 7-year old son, Fay. The boy had been playing in the barn and was on the top of the hay mow, when he accidentally fell off going down through a hole in the second floor and striking on his right side on the floor below. Upon being picked up it was found that the right thigh bone had been broken about four inches below the hip joint. He was suffering terribly, when the Dr. arrived, but, after having the fracture set, is recovering slowly.

Fine photographs of the "hood" at Pernot Bros.

**SHE'S A LALLAH.**—They have a hog of the female kind at Oregon City which is now known as the "gow of '90"—she having been christened during the first week of February. It seems that this sow was the mother of several pigs and they were quietly occupying a pen in the backyard of a resident of Canemah, which is situated above the falls. While the late flood was at its highest this "family" suddenly found themselves out on the bosom of the beautiful Willamette headed for McGinty's destination, and as the pen floated through the rapids of the falls it was torn to pieces and poor old sow and little piggies were scattered to the waves; of course they were given up as lost, and the owner was miquis about 300 pounds of pork. One day last week the aforesaid owner had occasion to do some work a short distance from the rear of his property and, while busily engaged, heard a grunting noise in close proximity to him, and on looking around saw that very same sow coming towards him. How she ever got out of the river alive is still puzzling the brain of the owner and others down at the falls' city, and about the only way imaginable is that, the water being so very dirty she simply walked on it to shore. The pigs were not so fortunate—they succumbed, and have by this time been taken in by some sea shark.

**A LONG TRIP.**—Mrs. G. P. Mims and two children, of West Virginia, arrived in Corvallis on Saturday last, by the passenger train from Portland. Her husband came to Oregon a few months ago and located at Oakland going into the mercantile business. After getting settled, he sent for his family. Mrs. Mims and children upon arriving here had been just forty-five days coming. They were on one of the Central Pacific trains in the great blockade in the Sierras, after that were held in northern California by the S. P. snowslides and were compelled to return to San Francisco and take the steamer for Portland. Arriving at Frisco one day after the sailing date, were compelled to remain there four days or more. After Portland was reached they could not get to Oakland via east side on account of damage by the high water, and upon the repairs to the west side being made, came here to cross over to Albany and take the local train there. Mr. Mims had started to meet them in Portland and, on arriving here by the afternoon train on Saturday from Albany, was happily surprised to see them.

**THE TEAM FELL.**—While going to the S. P. depot on Monday noon, the driver of the Hemphill house buss was compelled to run his horses on account of the train arriving earlier than expected. While the team was going it at a fast rate one of the horses stepped into a chuck hole and fell, throwing the other down, breaking the tongue and banging up things in general. The animals were not injured but were somewhat plastered with mud. While the repairs are being made to the hack a carriage is being used to convey the arrivals to and from the trains.

**SCANDALOUS.**—One day this week the GAZETTE received a short epistle through the post office with no name signed. It is the rule of this paper not to publish anything from an outside party unless accompanied by his own signature, but, in this case the rules will be suspended—and here is the epistle: The scandal-monger is around and, among other things, says that the following lines from Tam O'Shanter will apply to the proprietor of one of the leading newspapers of the city:

"The landlady and Tam grew gracious, With favors sweet, secret and precious."

**LETTERS.**—Advertised for February 21, 1890: Tony Cedarbrand, 2, J. B. Owenby, W. H. Parrish, Jennie E. Ripsineker, F. A. HELM, P. M.

**SCRUTINIZE THIS.**

**A Thrilling Experience told in Ten Chapters.**

**A DISCOVERY MADE.**

The News Spread like Oleomargarine on a Summer Day—Peace be Still—Rats in the Woodshed.

**CHAPTER I.**

The fore part of the hind part of the winter had arrived.

**CHAPTER II.**

The beautiful Willamette, which, but a few weeks ago, was a raging, roaring stream, carrying destruction before it in the effort to chase Mc. to the sea, was slowly flowing past the "heart of the valley" after rounding the horse-shoe just above. The wind was sighing through the limbs of the tall timber which surmount the eastern banks, and all was serene—just like it always is in Corvallis.

**CHAPTER III.**

In the city the electric incandescent lamps were sending forth their sparkling beams, and the cocks were beginning to announce the approaching hour of midnight. Occasionally their crowing would be disturbed by the heart-rending notes of an old horse-fiddle, the bucolic cries of the prompter, and the infernal tread and teeing of three or four maidens and the same number of the gentry kind, as a "grand" dance was going on in the region of the ferry.

**CHAPTER IV.**

Michus Crowbaram Twaddelegger was leaning against a lamp post. He had come over from Albany to see the sights and enjoy himself in the "core" for a few days. He had his pockets lined with satine, his wallet showed no sign of having been undone, and he was enjoying himself as best he could under the terrible effort of bracing up a lamp-post; knowing full well that he was out of the reach of his papa and his best girl. He presented a woeful looking appearance standing there in this ungallant position with no one near to keep him company.

**CHAPTER V.**

Just across the thoroughfare, standing under one of the shade trees which border along the edge of the sidewalk, a black object could be seen trading softly to and fro as if, itself, communing with nature. At times the object was seen to stop and, after assuming a position fronting toward the lamp-post, held up by Michus Crowbaram, would remain so a short length of time, and afterwards resume the slow movements again. It, too, was a sight to behold.

**CHAPTER VI.**

This is all for what occurred afterwards during the dark and stilly night afore-mentioned. Let the scene be changed.

**CHAPTER VII.**

It was a regular Oregon day; the air above was full of moisture, occasionally there would be a precipitation of rain and snow, and now and then the clouds would break away and old Sol would send forth some of his pleasant rays. The hour of three o'clock had arrived and in a certain portion of the city several madams had gathered together and that stuff, better known as gossip, was flying like wild-fire from their pretty wrinkled lips. They talked of this and that until the air was fairly black with the misdeeds and miscreant actions of their friends who were pursuing their daily movements in different parts of the city. They had heard of the characters mentioned in the preceding chapters and, woman-like, had devoted a portion of their time to a conversation concerning the creatures. Of course, Michus Crowbaram was found guilty of doing some terrible deed or being to fresh with the object across the street, (which they imagined resembled their kind). The news spread like wild-water and every other person whom you met always knew about it and a great deal more.

**CHAPTER VIII.**

M. C. Twaddelegger, at this hour, is still alive. He is not a very bad creature. The fairy-like madames are

ready for another "affair," this time something right bad is wanted.

**CHAPTER IX.**

Who will condescend to become the hero for them to work upon? All that is necessary in order to have that title conferred upon you is to simply pursue the even tenor of your way, attempt to confer a favor on a friend, or resent from doing something mean, and you will immediately be branded as a "character."

**CHAPTER X.**

This is the end; no poetic effusion can be found to place here. No epitaph is necessary. The author is not dead, but simply sleeping. The trap is being shaved. McCarthy is down.

**AT OREGON CITY.**—H. L. Hatch, of Salem, was in Corvallis on Monday and Tuesday, having come up for the purpose of putting in a bid on the work of placing the steamer Three Sisters into the Willamette river—she having been left on the roadway about halfway between Canemah and Oregon City. He says, as also do others, that great damage was done by the high water at the city. The road way between the edge of the "basin" and the railroad track is all dug out, and rocks of large size were moved down stream as easy as though little grains of sand. The weatherboarding of the Imperial flour mills, as high up as the water reached, is completely torn off and nearly all the structures between the mills and the woolen factory are gone. On some places where there only one dwelling house stood there are now two or three standing, and sidewalks and fences are scattered everywhere. The Enterprise, printed there estimates the loss to the city as \$154,495, and for the county in general it will be much greater, and says the highest water was on Wednesday, the 4th, when it was fifty feet and six inches above low water mark.

**BURNED OUT.**—At Junction City on Saturday morning, about 5 o'clock a fire, started in the Babir block, which is used as a hotel, opera house, and store, and soon the whole building was consumed. Across the street was the post-office, which also took fire and was consumed, the government property all being saved. Lee & Kirk were occupying the storeroom at the time and their losses was about \$1,500 with \$1,000 insurance. No insurance on the Babir block, but the hotel contents were about one-half insured. Mat Wilkins, brother to the Wilkins' residing here, was the proprietor of the hotel at the time. The supposed cause of the fire is that it was caused by a defective flue in the kitchen.

**RESIGNED.**—It is learned that F. W. Bowen, the assistant manager and superintendent of the Oregon Pacific railroad, has tendered his resignation, the same to take effect on March 1st. Mr. Bowen has been with this company now nearly two years. He intends going to San Francisco to make his home in the future, where he is interested in another business which will require all his time. During the time he has been a resident of Corvallis he has made many friends, all of whom will regret his departure.

**NEW PAINTING ESTABLISHMENT.**—Wm. Edwards and T. S. Barnhart have formed a partnership and this week opened a paint shop in the Horning building at the south end of Main street. They are prepared to do all kinds of carriage and sign painting, and when the dry season arrives will take orders for painting residences, etc. In connection with this business they intend to keep a stock of fine wall paper and, as Mr. Edwards is a splendid paper hanger, they will be ready to do work for you in their line.

**GRANTED.**—During this week County Clerk Wilson has issued two marriage licences, one to Hermann Hoff and Minnie Straege, and one to H. H. Pament and Emma Miller.

Have you heard from McGinty?

**CONCERNING FLAX-RAISING.**—The Portland linseed oil company has an advertisement elsewhere in the GAZETTE. This company is desirous of having a largely increased acreage in the Willamette valley sown to flax, as they say they will require over 100,000 bushels of flax seed next season. As inducements to those willing to put in a crop they offer to furnish seed, specially cleaned, at \$1.50 per bushel in Portland, payable on or by October 1st without interest. They will pay \$1.40 per bushel, of 60 pounds, in sacks, for all clean merchantable flaxseed delivered at Portland. If the farmers prefer, they will receive it at any railroad station, where the quantity will be not less than a full carload, paying the above price less the freight to Portland. W. H. Honeyman, the manager, was in this city yesterday seeing if any farmers in this vicinity would contract to grow the flax. Certainly, their should be more flax raised in Oregon, as the demand for it is becoming greater every year. Then there is the oil cake and meal which is excellent for feeding stock.

**LOCAL PEDESTRIANS.**—Last Friday W. S. McFadden had an occasion to attend to some law business in Albany, and was compelled to remain until after the train left. Desiring to be here that evening, he ran across Ala Harris, who was in the same fix, and proposed to him to turn pedestrians and walk home. Ala agreed to it and at 4 o'clock they started from the Albany side of the bridge and began their journey. At three minutes to 6 they arrived at Monroe street where it crossed the track in this city—traveling about eleven miles in one hour and fifty-seven minutes. This is "fast" time considering the weather; probably they could have arrived earlier had the distance been much less.

**ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY.**—Among the new incorporations, which have filed papers in the secretary of state's office at Salem during the past week, is the Corvallis electric light and power company, with L. L. Hurd, Johnson Porter, Z. Job, W. C. Corbett, and G. Lilly, as incorporators. The capital stock is placed at \$20,000 divided into 200 shares—L. L. Hurd, 100 shares; Johnson Porter, 42; Z. Job, 25; W. C. Corbett, 17; G. Lilly, 16. At an election of officers the following were chosen: President, L. L. Hurd; secretary, J. Porter; treasurer, Zephin Job.

**NEAT WORK.**—Jesse Spencer has had one of his barber chairs fixed over by Philip Weber, the furniture dealer. The wood work has all been varnished and the cushion, headrest, foot stool, etc., all re-covered with handsome mohair plush. It is an excellent piece of work, and, together with Jesse's smiling countenance, will please all his customers.

After being detained eighteen days at Yaquina owing to the shifting sands on the bar, the Willamette Valley and the Farallon crossed out on Monday last, bound for San Francisco.

Highest of all in Leavening Power—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

**Royal Baking Powder**

ABSOLUTELY PURE