

So many new subscribers to the GAZETTE were received in December, that it is possible some errors were made in changing the mailing galley.

TWO IMPORTANT ISSUES.

There is a tendency, in debating partisan politics, to neglect more important matters. More to the people of Benton County than the fusion movement, the Simon schemes, the Mitchell talk, is the needs of the Agricultural College and the improvement of Yaquina harbor.

The Agricultural College has outgrown its present buildings. The state is under contract with the national government to provide the college with adequate buildings. Fifty thousand dollars a year Uncle Sam dispenses yearly in Oregon through the Agricultural College.

The reorganization of the O. C. & E. railroad is proceeding steadily and in the spring the extension to Idaho will be rapidly pushed. If Yaquina harbor is improved we will be on the main line of an important railroad system, if not we will be only on a "feeder."

These are important matters that we cannot afford to neglect, but which we are apt to overlook in the excitement of political campaigns.

SAID IN KINDNESS.

This paper does not care a continental sixpence, as far as its own immediate interests are concerned, which faction controls the republican party in Oregon, nor does it begrudge the local self-promoters any hardly earned apparent victories.

But every citizen should feel that he is personally interested in the coming election, for it means more than mere office obtaining. The voice of Oregon will be hailed as an omen by the people of the whole nation and every loyal republican should be determined that that voice be not lifted in repudiation of the McKinley administration.

ACCORD.

The Oregonian is a fine newspaper, and its editorials are clean cut and incisive, but when it attempts to be a dictator and a disturber, the republicans of Oregon will read it and repudiate it.

The Oregonian cannot be a dictator to any party; neither attempts to be nor desires to be. But, since it is an independent journal and critic, it perhaps is a disturber. Such, indeed, it wishes to be, and such it intends to be, if it can.

A SENTENCE.

If the few self-constituted personal guardians of the gold standard, who believe that the whole burden of supporting the principles of sound money rests on their shoulders, are right in their contention that all those who do not endorse their personal ambitions, are opposed to the gold standard and are not good republicans, common humanity would suggest that such a pitiful handful of egotistical political warriors be urged to abandon a hopeless campaign against such a mighty host as they conceive is arrayed against them.

Culls and Comments.

Politics, practical politics, is very largely a matter of personality. The Ego permeates every political discussion and every political maneuver.

Republicans have neither the right nor the power to "keep Simon and Mitchell out of politics." Any talk of preventing these gentlemen from becoming candidates for any office is absolutely idiotic.

On the initiative and referendum and purely populist platform the fusion movement will alienate many democrats who voted for Bryan.

The meaning of harmony seems to be misunderstood by some republicans. They seem to think that it consists in talking compromise and acting intemperately.

The Portland Lantern wisely remarks: "The regular republican (Mitchell) county committee will soon file a reply to the answer of the regular republican (Simon) county committee and then the ease will come up on the demurrer of the republicans themselves."

Some of the suggested republican material for governor: Gov. Lord, Judge Moore, Judge Lowell, T. T. Geer, Virgil Conn, Binger Hermann, Judge Flynn, Tilman Ford, Capt. Apperson.

PHILOMATH NEWS LETTER.

Ed Bryan is attending court at Toledo this week.

Miss Eva Akin, of Monroe, was in the city over Sunday.

Prof. J. J. Bryan is having a serious time with tonsillitis.

Miss Deanie McFarland went to her home at Summit Monday.

A. M. Anstin has built a neat fence in front of his residence.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Bryan visited friends in Corvallis last week.

Miss Annie Mulkey, of Corvallis, is visiting relatives in the city.

Mrs. Vaughn, of Jefferson, is visiting with her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Bryan.

Supt. Denman visited our public school last week and made instructive talks to the pupils.

The young people have been having fine sport with toboggans on the hills west of town.

Mrs. M. B. Davidson and Mrs. W. S. Gilbert, of Eugene, attended the funeral of Aunt Ritt Mason, Saturday.

Thos. Cooper has purchased of D. M. Hoolbrook the confectionery department of the racket store, and has brought on a fine stock of new goods.

Ethel Fewton was the champion speller at the spelling school Thursday evening. Prof. Outhrie will have a spelling school each Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

Married—January 21, 1898, at the residence of J. A. Hawkins, Nora Hawkins and Perry Prettyman, of Fairmount. Rev. B. E. Emerick, officiated.

The primary department of the public school, under the management of Mrs. J. J. Bryan, had appropriate closing exercises for the term ending January 15th, consisting of songs, recitations, etc.

The Odd Fellows hall was filled by an interested crowd on the afternoon of January 19th, to listen to a trial in Recorder Spaulding's court. D. M. Hoolbrook had caused the arrest of five students that he supposed had been engaged in a "te he" serenade, thereby disturbing the peace and quiet of said Hoolbrook. N. P. Newton, J. E. Henkle, B. F. Ellsworth, Joseph Emerick, Wm. Brady and Alfred Gray acted as jurors.

Prof. Homer Wyatt appeared for the city, while the defense was ably conducted by Ed L. Bryan. Six witnesses were examined for the prosecution, which failed to produce any evidence connecting the young men with the "te he" serenade. After argument the case was submitted to the jury, who in a few minutes returned a verdict of not guilty.

WELLS ITEMS.

H. A. Hecker and family, of Scio, have been visiting here for the past week.

The ground is covered with snow and coon hunting is the pastime for the small boy.

The populist leader here, Felix Dodele, is strongly in favor of fusion, while the democratic leader, A. J. Hall and Sam McMurry, are opposed to it.

Smith and Horning, of Corvallis, shipped a carload of beef cattle from Wells this week. John Smith also shipped a carload, which shows that our stock men are taking advantage of high prices.

Fannie A. Johnson.

Mrs. F. A. Johnson, wife of F. M. Johnson, died at her home in this city Sunday afternoon. The funeral services, simple and beautiful were held at the home Tuesday, conducted by Dr. Thompson, assisted by Dr. Plummer and Rev. Krause. Interment was made in the Odd Fellows cemetery.

The following words of Dr. Thompson, spoken at the house services, are a just tribute to the memory of Mrs. Johnson:

Fannie Alma Ray, oldest child of John and Lucy Ray, was born July 30, 1852, in Mendon, Adams county, Ill., and died in Corvallis, Oregon, January 23, 1898. April, 1857, her parents removed to Fontenelle, Neb., a few miles north west of Omaha, where a colony of Illinois people located to build homes, schools and churches among the Indians. Here as a child she attended school. In 1862 her parents moved to a farm 3 miles from Fontenelle, from which Fannie with her eldest brother traveled to school both summer and winter.

In '66, the family removed to Fremont, Nebraska. From here she went to Bishop Clarkson's school, called Brownell Hall, in Omaha. Here she received her literary and musical education, which gave her a very prominent position in the musical world during her whole life. Very early did she exhibit a marked talent for music, and her intense love for the "art divine" and her unmarred devotion to its study soon gave her among the music-loving people of Iowa, Illinois, Kansas and Nebraska the name of "Nebraska's song queen."

November 13, 1873, at her parents home in Fremont, Neb., she was married to F. M. Johnson, and with her husband, settled in Tekamah, Neb., where they resided until June, 1879, when they moved to Corvallis and where she has lived until her death. The husband and father, with Marion, Mabel and Mildred, her precious children, are here today to mourn the loss of a devoted wife and faithful and loving mother. As in her Nebraska home, so in Corvallis and the region round about, Mrs. Johnson was a favorite in music, both as a singer and player, and as an instructor has few if any equals in this community. In 1880, she was elected organist of the choir in the Presbyterian church, and most faithfully and acceptably filled the position, with scarcely a Sabbath interruption, until about a year ago, when failing health compelled her to seek rest and medical aid.

Mrs. Johnson has also been prominently connected with the Ladies' Aid Society of this church, being one of its officers for some time, and for years was one of the most successful teachers in the school. Her class still remains in the Sunday school and bears her name. She was a prominent member of the W. R. C., having been state installing officer one year.

Dear friends, this is only a brief, a very brief sketch of a good, true, noble woman. As I stand in this presence, today, beside the coffin home of this dear friend, with the bereaved and broken-hearted family, bereft of their best earthly friend; as I look into the faces of these parents, upon whom the years bear heavily, and the sorrow seems all so severe because a dear, loving child has been taken; yes, as I almost feel the heart-throb of brothers and sisters, as they too wait in the shadow of the precious sister's death; I say, as I stand amid such surroundings, I would speak the most comforting words my own bleeding heart could prompt. Your loved one was my dear friend and helper and I am a mourner with you today.

I shall not soon forget the kind welcome she gave me in the years that are gone, in the old church up yonder, where first I met her. There at that old organ and then at the new, has she ever been a faithful, tireless, cheerful leader and helper; I never had one moment of anxiety or care about the music when Mrs. Johnson was in charge, and many and many an extra call has been made upon her time and strength for special occasions, but always most cheerful would she respond if to any one in need or affliction she could be of any service.

mination in any work she undertook.

She was a stranger to defeat, and when she committed herself to the accomplishment of an object, into that undertaking she threw her whole self and never ceased her endeavors until that object was attained. Her will could not be broken, and to her discouragement was almost unknown. Few characters have I met where these elements of fortitude were more prominent than in her. She was kind, but persistent; quick to note mistakes, but patient to correct. She had faults in common with all, but she did not seek to conceal them, rather to overcome them.

I would bring the best tribute today and place it upon her casket. Her loyalty and faithfulness and sacrifice for the church, so dear to my heart, in its days of weakness and want, will be held in enduring memory. To her and her faithful family gratitude from many hearts is expressed, and the sympathy and prayers of a church bereaved go out to these bleeding hearts today. Ten years ago with her family she entered the Presbyterian church, and has been true and faithful all the while.

Before sickness laid its cruel hand upon her, or disease had weakened her strength, it was Mrs. Johnson's highest delight to make her home the brightest, happiest and most cheerful spot around, and even after her health was weakened, she still offered a pleasant welcome to whoever might come.

But toil and cares and anxieties and sacrifices at last broke her down and made her an easy prey for that dire disease, pneumonia. Still patiently and bravely she battled as best she could with this terrible enemy. But when she found herself vanquished and death in sight, peacefully and sweetly she fell asleep in Jesus. The fond and loving daughter, the true and faithful wife, the devoted, self-sacrificing mother, the firm and uncompromising friend, now rests from all care and trouble and sorrow. At last the hands which have been warm with love and full of kindly deeds, have fallen by the side; at last the heart wearied and worn with care, but full of devotion, has ceased to beat; at last the voice so often heard at sweetest song, is hushed; at last she sleeps. And when she awakens, it will be morning land, for heaven is now begun. I need add but a word of counsel to these breaking hearts. To these dear weeping parents, this desolate and bereaved husband, these precious, motherless children, these brothers and sisters so wrung with the agony of grief, human words are empty; human sympathy almost unavailing. But let me tell you God is your refuge, a very present help in time of trouble. Flee to Him, be sheltered by the shadow of His everlasting wings.

Listen to the words of inspiration, sweetly and tenderly singing: "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." Yes, he careth for you and will keep you under the shadow of His sheltering wing. Happy is the child who feels that God cares for him, that he is constantly under His guidance and protection. Dear stricken hearts, if you can just now realize that your heavenly father is saying to each one of you, "Cast your care, your burden, your sorrow on me, for I will care for you;" if you can feel this, then you can dwell in the very realm of restfulness. He who ever carries with him this sense of God's loving providence, is fitted to pass through fire, through flood, through all the bitter conflicts of life's battles. God cares for you, then you cannot live too long, you cannot die too soon, for heaven lies all about you. God cares for you. From every storm there is a harbor in the eternal heart and a place for refuge in the everlasting arms. God cares for you, therefore his smiling providence is in every cloud, and in the wild and stormy night he shall come to these walking upon the waves, bidding the storm be still, saying sweetly and tenderly, "It is I, I am not afraid." God cares for you this very moment; therefore thou shalt see His angels sitting at the door of Sepulcher digging in thy life's garden. Oh dear christian hearts, all riven with grief, because God cared for your beloved He has taken her to his everlasting mansion, and his love yearns for your home going. Just now let every thought and feeling sing as an aolian harp giving music to every wandering wind. Put away care, fear and distrust, because thou art children of providence and love, thou shouldst also be the children of hope, trust and faith. God careth for you, therefore live truthful, happy, Christ-loving, God-centered lives, meeting storm with calm, adversity with fortitude, trial with faith, death with hope of immortal life. The grief of the circle now broken by death is pitiful, but it is not without hope. The clouds will pass away and they, whose sight is now blinded with tears, will look into the serenity that lies beyond the pale of mortality, and then see with clear vision, her, whose strong character and sweetly sacrificed life gave fragrance to the memories that are cherished of her as daughter, wife, mother and friend.

I have thought that these sweet words of Tennyson were perhaps the dying prayer of Mrs. Johnson, when at the close of that beautiful Sabbath day when she sailed out upon the eternal sea. We all remember what a bright morning last Sabbath was. How gloriously God opened the gates of the day, and how the sun shone in upon this world of beauty. It was then that we thought this child of suffering was going home, but no, God kept her yet a little to tell the story of her dying love to the hearts so dim, and not until the sunset hour did heaven open its pearly gates before her waiting soul. Thus the poet sings:

Sunset, and evening star
And one clear call for me;
And say there be no mourning of the bar
When I pull out to sea;
But such a tide, as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam—
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
Lies deep,
Turns again home.

Twilight, and evening bell,
And after that the dark;
And say there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For though 'till from out the bowels of time and space,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope, I hope to see
My plot, face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.

There then came to me as I knelt with these dear ones at the bed side of their departed one just gone home, these words of my own heart. They are the last words I speak of her casket here:
Sleep on beloved, sleep and take thy rest;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast.
We loved thee well, but Jesus loved thee best.
Good night, good night, good night.
Calm is thy slumber as infant's sleep,
And thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep.
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep.
Good night, good night, good night.
Until the shadows from this earth are cast;
Until he gathers in his shrouds at last;
Until the twilight gleam be over—past.
Good night, good night, good night.
Only "good night" beloved, not farewell.
A little while and all his souls shall dwell
In hallowed union indissoluble.
Good night, good night, good night.
Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the splendor robes He gives His own;
Until we know, even as we are known,
Good night, good night, good night.

County Finances.

Treasurer Buchanan has issued another call which will reduce the county debt over \$1,200, and redeem 22 warrants. There is over \$1,000 more on hand, but Mr. Buchanan has been requested by the Pauley Jail Co. to pay part of their warrants, so he will pay two of the jail orders. Of course he could not well advance their warrants over those prior issued, were the county paper at a discount, but since it is at a premium holders prefer that the calls do not include their warrants.

The jail warrants which amount to \$2,940 were issued in November, 1894, and Mr. Buchanan states that he is interested up to yesterday, on them, amounted to \$756.57. It is the interest that has made taxes so high, rather than the expenses of the county. When these jail orders are paid there will be but one warrant of any considerable amount still out, that for bridge work in Alsea, amounting to about \$800.

The treasurer says he thinks that nearly all the taxes this year will be paid in money, since warrants are worth more than their face and interest, and that nearly all the old debt will be wiped out.

What pleasure is there in life with a headache, constipation and biliousness? Thousands experience them who could become perfectly healthy by using DeWitt's Little Early Balm, the famous little pills. Allen & Woodward.

After years of untold suffering from piles, B. W. Purcell of Knitersville, Pa., was cured by using a single box of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Skin diseases such as eczema, rash, pimples and obstinate sores are readily cured by this famous remedy. Allen & Woodward.

It is because its readers are of the well-to-do class that the Corvallis Gazette is the most profitable medium for advertisers in Benton county.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF CHARLES H. FLETCHER IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

Advertisement for 900 Drops Castoria. Fac-simile signature of Charles H. Fletcher is on the wrapper of every bottle of Castoria. It is a vegetable preparation for assimilating the food and regulating the stomachs and bowels of infants and children. Promotes digestion, cheerfulness and rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Forestry and Burns.

Hon. John Minto, of Salem, the old pioneer who gave the name to Minto Pass, addressed the students at the college Tuesday night on the subject of the "Forestry Reserves." His paper was largely controversial, Mr. Minto taking issues with the gentlemen at Washington, who are so anxious to prevent sheep grazing on the forest reservations set apart by President Cleveland. He is an authority on this subject and his address was based on scientific thought and practical experience.

After the address Mr. Minto read and recited from the poems of Burns. Himself a native of the "land o' cakes" he could properly interpret Bobby, the poet. Prof. Fulton sang Robin Adair to the manifest delight of the audience.

Advertisement for CATARRH. Local disease and is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes. It is cured by a pleasant remedy which is applied directly into the nostrils. Ely's Cream Balm.

Whopping cough is the most distressing malady; but its duration can be cut short by the use of One Minute Cough Cure, which is also the best known remedy for croup and all lung and bronchial troubles. Allen & Woodward.

Administrator's Notice. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Henry Gerhard, has this day been appointed administrator of the estate of Leo Gerhard, deceased. All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified as required by law, at the office of Yates & Yates, Corvallis, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

It is because its readers are of the well-to-do class that the Corvallis Gazette is the most profitable medium for advertisers in Benton county.

Advertisement for THE RESORT. Thos. Whittemorn, Prop. W. H. McBrayer and Old Crow Whiskies, Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF CHARLES H. FLETCHER IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

Advertisement for YATES & YATES LAWYERS. G. R. FARRA, M. D. Office upstairs over F. L. Miller's store. Residence on Third street in front of courthouse.

Advertisement for Clearance Sale In Clothing. BIG REDUCTIONS! GREAT REDUCTIONS! We are now making our usual NEW YEAR'S CLEARANCE SALE and have on our bargain counters a number of all Wool Suits ranging in price from \$8.00 to \$20.00. We intend closing these suits out at half price. We mean business. Call and See Us. KLINE'S, The Regulator of Low Prices.

Advertisement for OREGON CENTRAL & EASTERN R. R. CO. Yaquina Bay Route. Steamship "PRESIDENT". STEAMSHIP "ALBANY".

Advertisement for HOLGATE & SON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. CORVALLIS, OREGON.

Advertisement for Union Laundry Co., PORTLAND, OR. All white labor work guaranteed.

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