



POLICE RAID.

The "Chinks" Have a Pipe Dream That is no Dream.

There was a breeze of excitement on the streets Tuesday, when it became known that the police had raided a China house on Main street during Monday night, and had there found opium smokers, one of whom was a young woman.

Monday afternoon the officers were given a "tip" that opium smoking was going on at this joint from the hours of one to four a. m., and acting on this information it was decided to surprise the pigtail celestials at their den at 2:30 Tuesday morning.

Upon entering the place several chinamen were found lying about the rooms, and in response to a knock on a closed door, "Butterfly" a 70-year old, hideous old chinamen appeared, and the officers entered the apartment. Crosswise on one end of the bed lay Rachel Depew, an Indian girl who was formerly employed at a local hotel. In the middle of the bed was an opium smoking outfit with pipes, and old "Butterfly" had apparently been stretched across the other end of the bed it is supposed, both he and the girl smoking. The woman was ordered by the officers to get up and accompany them, and went into another room to dress. Awaiting a reasonable time an officer knocked at the door when it was suddenly opened and a vial thrown out, the girl saying something to the effect that "they would not get her this time." She then began coughing and strangling. Examination of the vial showed it to have contained Buckingham's hair dye, only a small portion having been swallowed by the girl.

She was taken to the county jail and a physician hastily summoned who pronounced the poison in the dye to have been, in his opinion, nitrate of silver. It produced swelling of the tongue and general irritation of the throat, but the quantity was not sufficient to cause death. An attempt was also made by Miss Depew to lacerate her wrist with a case knife, but she stated that it was "too dull."

Two of the Chinamen were arrested, Butterfly and another named Ling, and lodged in the city jail. A number of opium pipes and other fixtures, besides several cans of opium, were taken by the police. Other arrests are likely to be made.

From indications it seems that the girl had been a resident of the China house for some weeks, at least, a fact never mistrusted by police, citizens nor even by the ladies of the W. C. T. U. free reading room, next door.

Later: Before the affair was ended three Chinamen were involved. Tuesday they were all before Police Judge Yates and they plead guilty. Two of the celestials paid a fine of \$20 each and the third enriched the city to the extent of \$50.

Time to Dip.

Writing the Agriculturist, Barnett Y. Roe, of Washington county, Oregon, gives the following interesting experience in the matter of dealing with lousy goats:

In a recent issue you invited suggestions relative to dipping lousy goats in mid-winter. From our experience I would unhesitatingly say; Dip, and dip well.

A year ago our goats were so lousy that the lice were causing them to die, by reducing their flesh, vitality, and strength and vigor. Considering it a case where a desperate ailment required a desperate remedy, we dipped—with Little's sheep dip.

We fed them a heavy feed of grain to give them strength a few hours before we dipped them and grained them heavily afterwards. We warmed the dipping

water by heating about one-sixth of it to boiling heat, that is, we put one barrel of hot water into five barrels of ordinary creek water.

We were careful to keep the goats out of the cold, and sheltered them well at night. Within three days after dipping, they acted like a different band of goats; began to gain in flesh and strength, and became more active and in better heart and spirit. With proper precautions, I unhesitatingly say, "Dip."

Resolutions.

Whereas, It has pleased Divine Providence to remove from our midst, and from her home, our beloved comrade, Mrs. Elizabeth Buxton, whose qualities as a friend and comrade placed her in the highest esteem of all; and

Whereas, It is right and proper for us sympathizing comrades in this dark hour of trouble to pay our highest tribute to the memory of our departed friend and comrade; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Order of Washington, deeply feel the loss of her who has proved herself worthy of our respect and regard and extend our heart-felt sympathies to the bereaved family and relatives; and be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be placed on the records of our order and that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased, and also to each of the Corvallis papers for publication.

Dated this 13th day of January, 1906.

J. W. INGLE,
MAUD MATTLEY,
MRS. T. W. DILLY,
Committee.

Died.

At her home, 537 Bartwick street, Portland, Jan. 7, Mrs. Phoebe Hendrickson, aged 50 years and 17 days, died of heart failure. Deceased was born in Bellair, Iowa, December 22, 1855, and in 1857 her parents crossed the plains to Oregon and settled in Marion county near the present site of Turner.

In the fall of 1861 they moved to Benton county where she grew to womanhood. July 2, 1872, she was united in marriage to Franklin J. Hendrickson, who with five children, have preceded her to the Great Unknown.

Deceased is survived by six children, Mrs. Hattie Gretzschman, of Lebanon, Oregon, Minnie, Elwood D., Willard C., Cora and Macil, of Portland, and the following brothers and sisters: William Emrick, of Merlin, Oregon; George W. Emrick, Corvallis; Jos. H. Emrick, Mrs. Jacob Turner, Mrs. J. M. Crider and Mrs. H. D. Carnine, all of Portland, Oregon. She was a daughter of the late Henry and Jane Emrick, former residents of Corvallis.

Thus we are called one by one over to the other shore, where grief, pain and sorrow are felt and feared no more.

History Repeats Itself.

The following bit of historical romance will be understood readily by our readers, even though written in "hog latin":

- Boyibus kissibus
- Sweet girlorum,
- Girlorum likibus
- Wantie somorum.
- Popibus hearibus
- Kissi sororium,
- Kickibus boyibus
- Out of the dorum.
- Darkibus nightibus;
- No lightorum,
- Climbibus gateibus
- Breechibus torum.

—Ex.

Have your job printing done at the Gazette office.

Take THE GAZETTE for all the local news.

C. P. BLAIR.

Still Active Although More Than 100 Years Old.

PENDLETON, Ore., Jan. 6.—"Everyone will get old if he lives long enough," was the aphorism framed by centenarian Colbert P. Blair to The Spokesman-Review correspondent upon being interviewed as to how it feels to be 100 years old. The aged man continued speaking in a rambling manner, trying to recall the past when he was a lad in North Carolina, then passing swiftly to the events 50 years later, when, after living for varying periods in Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, he "emigrated" to "the Oregon country" arriving in the Willamette Valley in 1853.

Mr. Blair's chief pleasure is to relate experiences with the Indians. He has no sympathy with the red man, and even now grows enthusiastic when telling of the Indian wars in which he served and recounting the number of warriors he "fetched down." He served through the Black Hawk war in 1833-4 and escaped unharmed. He was in the battle of the meadows of the Rogue river Indian war in 1853-56, one of the fiercest fights with the red men on record. In this battle he acquitted himself with great bravery, receiving high commendation from the commanding officer.

"In those days I would sooner fight than eat," said he. "Somehow I never liked Indians. They were never fair, and for treachery, well, they had a monopoly on that. They are only good when dead," smilingly concluded Mr. Blair.

Mr. Blair was one of the first friends that the late Senator Mitchell had in Oregon. While in Benton county Mr. Blair was active in politics, having been elected to the state legislature in 1862. Later when Mitchell commenced to become a factor in Oregon politics, he found no truer friend and no stronger supporter than Mr. Blair.

"Senator Mitchell is one of the few great men of Oregon," said he. "He has done more for the state than any other man. He is sincere and conscientious."

Mr. Blair referred to the late senator in the present tense, not knowing of his recent death nor of his conviction in the federal court of conspiracy to defraud the government of public lands. Mr. Blair still believes that Mitchell is alive and attendant upon his duties at Washington. If apprised of the disgrace and death of the senator it is believed the aged man would be unable to endure the shock, so deeply has he been wrapped up in the life of Senator Mitchell.

Mr. Blair is no burden to his granddaughter, Sawtell, at whose home he has lived for fifteen years. He occupies an upstairs room and walks up and down stairs from six to ten times each day. He takes care of the room himself declaring that "no one can make his bed to suit him." He eats heartily and says he is always hungry. He has never been ill a day in his life.

"If a person wants to live long," he says, "he must be regular in his habits and get plenty of fresh air and sunshine. Irregular living and dissipation are sure suicide." He has spent an active, vigorous life, his occupation having been farming.

One week ago last Friday he celebrated the centenary of his birth, having been born in North Carolina, December 29, 1805, the year of the Lewis and Clark expedition. He says he expects to live many more years, but as soon as he becomes a care to his family he will be ready to die.

He is the father of eight children, four of whom are dead. The living are: James H. Blair and Mrs. Neeky Clapp, of Lincoln county; T. J. Blair, of Pendleton and J. B. Blair, who has been a resident of Lake county 33 years, but who is now on his way to Montana, where he will reside.

A peculiar coincidence connected with Mr. Blair's family is found in the ages of the members of four generations. A

grandson, Royal G. Sawtell, of Athens, is 25 years old; a granddaughter, Mrs. F. H. Sawtell, of Pendleton, is 50 years old; a son, T. J. Blair, of Pendleton, is 75 years old, and Mr. Blair himself is 100 years old.

"Uncle Cob," as he was familiarly known, resided for about fifty years in Benton county. For thirty years of this time he was court bailiff for this county. Several years ago he went to Pendleton to make his home. The above sketch gives his birthday as December 29, but friends residing here who have known the old gentleman many long years declare that he was, according to his own statement, born December 31st (New Year's eve) 1805. In either case he is now more than 100 years old. He is a remarkable man.

Lost Purse.

W. G. Emery was the victim of an unusual and unpleasant experience Monday evening while returning from Portland to his home in this city. He came up from Portland by way of Albany and when he went to purchase a ticket at the latter city to ride over the C. & E. to Corvallis, he made the startling discovery that his purse was missing and that he had lost it out of his pocket in some manner while on the overland train.

Here our townsman was anchored hard and fast and was becoming about desperate enough to walk home when Neil Newhouse, who was coming home on the same train, acted the Good Samaritan and in due season Mr. Emery rode into his home city. On arrival here he went to the telephone office and sent a call for the conductor of the overland train when he should arrive in Eugene. Mr. Emery chanced to be personally acquainted with this conductor. In due season the latter gentlemen answered the call and Mr. Emery explained regarding the loss of his purse.

The conductor said he had not heard of anybody on the train finding the purse, but for Mr. Emery to hold the phone and that he would look through the various coaches for the purse. This he did and in a few minutes phoned our photographer that he had found the missing purse.

The following day Mr. Emery received his purse containing money and papers. Mr. Emery had been down to Portland to attend a meeting of the executive board of the Photographers' Association of the Pacific Northwest, being secretary-treasurer of that body, and aside from some \$30 or \$40's had some of the Association's paper in his purse that he did not want to lose.

But this is a case where all's well that ends well, and this ended O. K.

Oregon Boundary Line.

Some little time ago we printed the announcement that the State of Washington was bringing suit against Oregon to settle a dispute regarding the boundary line between the two states. The following dispatch bearing on this subject was sent out from Salem, Tuesday:

Attorney-General Crawford completed his answer in the boundary line case between Washington and Oregon this morning. The brief is very short. It disputes the contention of Washington as to the location of the boundary line on all points, and is accompanied by a map marked "Exhibit 1," which shows the location of the line as claimed by Oregon to be from two and a half to five miles north of the line as fixed by Washington. Sand Island, according to the Oregon map, is in Oregon. On the Washington map it is two miles north of the Washington line. The brief is signed by A. M. Crawford, Attorney-General; Isaac H. Van Winkle, Assistant Attorney-General, and Harrison Allen, special counsel for Oregon. This case will be heard before the United States Supreme Court at Washington some time next Spring.

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