

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

**GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS**  
Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

The Kind You Have Always Bought  
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

# Lincoln's Boyhood



By  
**WARD HILL LAMON,**  
His Friend,  
Partner  
and  
Bodyguard

### Longest and Strongest.

In the meantime Abe had become not only the longest but the strongest man in the settlement. Some of his feats almost surpass belief, and those who beheld them with their own eyes stood literally amazed. Richardson, a neighbor, declares that he could carry a load to which the strength of three ordinary men would scarcely be equal. He saw him quietly pick up and walk away with "a chicken house made of poles pinned together and covered that weighed at least 600, if not much more."

At another time the Richardsons were building a corncob. Abe was there, and, seeing three or four men preparing sticks upon which to carry some huge posts, he relieved them of all further trouble by shouldering the posts single handed and walking away with them to the place where they were wanted. "He could strike with a mail," says old Mr. Wood, "a heavier blow than any man. He could sink an ax deeper into wood than any man I ever saw."

For hunting purposes the Pigeon Creek region was one of the most inviting on earth. The uplands were all covered with an original growth of majestic forest trees, while on the hill-sides and wherever an opening in the woods permitted the access of sunlight there were beds of fragrant and beautiful wild flowers, presenting, in contrast with the dense green around them, the most brilliant and agreeable effects. Here the game had vast and secluded ranges, which, until very recently, had heard the report of no white man's gun.

In Abe's time the squirrels, rabbits, partridges and other varieties of smaller game were so abundant as to be a nuisance. They devastated grainfields and gardens, and, while they were seldom shot for the table, the settlers frequently devised the most cunning means of destroying them in great quantities in order to save the growing crops. Wild turkeys and deer were the principal reliance for food, but besides these were the bears, the wildcats and the panthers. The scream of the latter, the most ferocious and bloodthirsty of the cat kind, hastened Abe's homeward steps on many a dark night as he came late from Dave Turnham's, "Uncle" Wood's or the Gentryville grocery. That terrific cry appeals not only to the natural fear of the monster's teeth and claws, but, heard in the solitude of night and the forest, it awakens a feeling of superstitious horror that chills the heart of the bravest.

Everybody about Abe made hunting a part of his business. His father and Dennis Hanks doubtless regarded Abe continually with wonderful stories of their luck and prowess, but he was no hunter himself and did not care to learn. It is true that when a mere child he made a fortunate shot at a flock of wild turkeys through a crack in the wall of the "half faced cabin"

and that when grown up he went for coons occasionally with Richardson or watched deer ticks with Turnham, but a true and hearty sportsman he never was.

### Abe as a Wrestler.

As practiced on this wild border, it was a solitary, unsociable way of spending time which did not suit his nature, and, besides, it required more exertion than he was willing to make without due compensation. It could not be said that Abe was indolent, for he was alert, brisk, active, about everything that he made up his mind to do. His step was very quick, and, when he had a sufficient object in view, he strode out on his long, muscular legs, swinging his bony arms as he moved along with an energy that put miles behind him before a lazy fellow like Dennis Hanks or John Johnston could make up his mind to start. But when he felt that he had time to spare he preferred to give it to reading or to talk, and of the two he would take the latter, provided he could find a person who had something new or racy to say. He liked excessively to hear his own voice when it was promoting fun and good fellowship, but he was also a most rare and attentive listener. Hunting was entirely too "still" an occupation for him.

All manner of rustic sports were in vogue among the Pigeon Creek boys. Abe was especially formidable as a wrestler, and from about 1828 onward there was no man far or near that would give him a match. "Cat," "throwing the mail," "hopping" and "four corner bull pen" were likewise athletic games in high honor.

All sorts of frolics and all kinds of popular gatherings, whether for work or amusement, possessed irresistible attractions for Abe. He loved to see and be seen, to make sport and to enjoy it. It was a most important part of his education that he got at the corn shuckings, the log rollings, the shooting matches and the gay and jolly weddings of those early border times. He was the only man or boy within a wide compass who had learning enough to furnish the literature for such occasions, and those who failed to employ his talents to grace or commemorate the festivities they set on foot were sure to be stung by some coarse but humorous lampoon from his pen.

In the social way he would not suffer himself to be slighted with impunity, and if there were any who did not enjoy his wit they might content themselves with being the subjects of it. Unless he received some very pointed intimation that his presence was not wanted he was among the first and earliest at all the neighborhood routs, and when his tall, angular figure was seen towering among the hunting shirts it was considered due notice that the fun was about to commence.

**Crawford's Blue Nose.**  
"Abe Linkern," as he was generally called, made things lively wherever he went, and at Crawford's blue nose had-

pened to have been carried to the assembly it quickly subsided on his arrival into some obscure corner, for the implacable "Linkern" was apt to make it the subject of a jest that would set the company in a roar. But when a party was made up and Abe left out, as sometimes happened through the influence of Crawford, he sulked, fumed, got mad, nursed his anger into rage and then broke out in songs or chronicles, which were frequently very bitter, sometimes passably humorous and invariably vulgar.

At an early age he began to attend the preachings roundabout, but principally at the Pigeon Creek church, with a view to catching whatever might be ludicrous in the preacher's air or matter and making it the subject of mimicry as soon as he could collect an audience of idle boys and men to hear him. A pious stranger, passing that way on a Sunday morning, was invited to preach for the Pigeon Creek congregation, but he banged the boards of the old pulpit and bellowed and groaned so wonderfully that Abe could hardly contain his mirth.

This memorable sermon was a great favorite with him, and he frequently reproduced it with nasal tones, rolling eyes and all manner of droll aggravations, to the great delight of Nat Grigsby and the wild fellows whom Nat was able to assemble. None that heard him, not even Nat himself, who was anything but dull, was ever able to show wherein Abe's absurd version really departed from the original.

The importance of Gentryville as a center of business soon began to possess the imaginations of the dwellers between the two Pigeon creeks. Why might it not be a great place of trade? Mr. Gentry was a most generous patron; it was advantageously situated where two roads crossed; it already had a blacksmith's shop, a grocery and a store.

Dennis Hanks, John Johnston, Abe and the other boys in the neighborhood loitered much about the store, the grocery and the blacksmith's shop at Gentryville. Dennis ingeniously remarks, "Sometimes we spent a little time at grog, pushing weights, wrestling, telling stories." The time that Abe "spent at grog" was, in truth, a "little time." He never liked ardent spirits at any period of his life, but he did take his dram as others did.

He was a natural politician, intensely ambitious and anxious to be popular.

For this reason and this alone he drank with his friends, although very temperately. If he could have avoided it without giving offense he would gladly have done so. But he coveted the applause of his pot companions and, because he could not get it otherwise, made a faint pretense of enjoying his liquor as they did. The "people" drank, and Abe was always for doing whatever the "people" did. All his life he held that whatsoever was popular—the habit or the sentiment of the masses—could not be essentially wrong. But, although a whisky jug was kept in every ordinarily respectable household, Abe never tasted it at home. His stepmother thought he carried his temperance to extremes.

### The Great Jones.

Jones, the great Jones, without whom it was generally agreed that Gentryville must have gone into eclipse, but with whom and through whom it was somehow to become a sort of metropolitan crossroads—Jones was Abe's friend and mentor from the moment of their acquaintance. Abe is even said to have clerked for him—that is, he packed and unpacked boxes, ranged goods on the shelves, drew the liquids in the cellar or exhibited the stone and earthenware to purchasers; but in his service he was never promoted to keeping accounts or even to selling the finer goods across the counter.

But Mr. Jones was very fond of his clerk—enjoyed his company, appreciated his humor and predicted something great for him. As he did not doubt that Abe would one day be a man of considerable influence he took pains to give him correct views of the nature of American institutions. An ardent Jackson man himself, he imparted to Abe the true faith, as delivered by that great democratic apostle, and the traces of this teaching were never wholly effaced from Mr. Lincoln's mind.

While he remained at Gentryville his politics accorded with Mr. Jones', and, even after he had turned Whig in Illinois, John Hanks tells us that he wanted to whip a man for traducing Jackson. He was an eager reader of newspapers whenever he could get them, and Mr. Jones carefully put into his hands the kind he thought a raw youth should have. But Abe's appetite was not to be satisfied by what Mr. Jones supplied, and he frequently borrowed others from Uncle Wood, who lived about a mile from the Lincoln cabin and for whom he sometimes worked.

What manner of man kept the Gentryville grocery we are not informed. Abe was often at his place, however, and would stay so long at nights, telling stories and cracking jokes, that Dennis Hanks, who was ambitious in the same line and probably jealous of Abe's overshadowing success, got mad at him and cursed him. When Dennis found himself thrown in the shade, he immediately became virtuous and wished to retire early.

John Baldwin, the blacksmith, was one of Abe's special friends from his boyhood onward. Baldwin was a story teller and a joker of rare accomplishments, and Abe, when a very little fellow, would slip off to his shop and sit and listen to him by the hour. As he grew up the practice continued as of old, except that Abe soon began to exchange anecdotes with his clever friend at the anvil. Dennis Hanks says Baldwin was his particular friend and that "Abe spent a great deal of his leisure time with him." **Stations.**

plethipotentaries, famous commanders, have many times made the White House at Washington ring with their laughter over the quaint tales of John Baldwin, the blacksmith, delivered second hand by his inimitable friend Lincoln.

### Lincoln as Good Samaritan.

Abe and Dave Turnham had one day been thrashing wheat—probably for Turnham's father—and concluded to spend the evening at Gentryville. They lingered there until late in the night, when, wending their way along the road toward Lincoln's cabin, they espied something resembling a man



ABE TOOK THE BIG MAN IN HIS ARMS.

lying dead or insensible by the side of a mud puddle. They rolled the sleeper over and found in him an old and quite respectable acquaintance hopelessly drunk. All efforts failed to rouse him to any exertion on his own behalf.

Abe's companions were disposed to let him lie in the bed he had made for himself; but, as the night was cold and dreary, he must have frozen to death had this inhuman proposition been equally agreeable to everybody present. To Abe it seemed utterly mon-

strous, and, seeing he was to have no help, he bent his mighty frame and, taking the big man in his long arms, carried him a great distance to Dennis Hanks' cabin. There he built a fire, warmed, rubbed and nursed him through the entire night, his companions of the road having left him alone in his merciful task. The man often told John Hanks that it was mighty "clever in Abe to tote him to a warm fire that cold night" and was very sure that Abe's strength and benevolence had saved his life.

Abe was fond of music, but was himself wholly unable to produce three harmonious notes together. He made various vain attempts to sing a few lines of "Poor Old Ned," but they were all equally ludicrous and ineffectual. "Religious songs did not appear to suit him at all," says Dennis Hanks, but of profane ballads and amorous ditties he knew the words of a vast number.

When Dennis got happy at the grocery or passed the bounds of propriety at a frolic he was in the habit of raising a charming carol in praise of the joys which enter into the Mussulman's estate on earth, of which he has vouchsafed us only three lines—  
The turbaned Turk that scorns the world  
And struts about with his whiskers curled  
For no other man but himself to see.

It was a prime favorite of Abe's, and Dennis sang it with such appropriate zest and feeling that Abe never forgot a single word of it while he lived.

Another was:  
Hail Columbia, happy land!  
If you ain't drunk, I'll be d—d—

a song which Dennis thinks should be warbled only in the fields and tells us that they knew and enjoyed all such songs as this. Mrs. Crawford says that Abe did not attempt to sing much about the house. He was probably afraid to indulge in such offensive gayeties in the very habitation of the morose Crawford. According to Dennis Hanks, his melody was not of the sort that hath power to charm the savage, and he was naturally timid about trying it upon Crawford. But when he was freed from those chilling restraints he put forth his best endeavors to render "one that was called 'William Riley' and one that was called 'John Anderson's Lamentations' and one that was made about General Jackson and John Quincy Adams at the time they were nominated for the presidency."

The Jackson song indicated clearly enough Abe's steadiness in the political views inculcated by Jones. Mrs. Crawford could recollect but a single stanza of it:

Let auld acquaintance be forgot  
And never brought to mind,  
And Jackson be our president  
And Adams left behind.

In the text of "John Anderson's Lamentations," a most distressful lyric to begin with, Abe was popularly supposed to have interpolated some lines of his own, which conclusively attested his genius for poetic composition.

(To be Continued.)

## COUNTRY CORRESPONDENCE.

OAK GROVE

The primaries have come and gone, but still there's more to follow.

Geo. Anthony, of Linn county, spent a few days at the old home the past week.

B. C. Wyatt has moved his house from the elevated ground which it occupied to lower land. Pete Rentner, of Albany, was the man who did the work.

George Beamis, while playing around the stock, was kicked by one of the horses on the side of his head, inflicting a painful though not serious wound.

P. E. Johnston, justice of the peace of Fairmount precinct, was called to Corvallis Saturday by Clerk Moses as one of the board to make the official court of the election returns.

Mary a rich man is to be miserable; marry a poor one and get a heap of 'un out of this old world of gumbolls and sorrows.

Do you run a store bill? Well keep poultry and quit. The old hen is a whole grocery store herself.

If you give you boy a pig or a calf and later sell them and pocket the money, don't join the church until you have squared things up with the boy. If you do it will be a hard matter for you to keep him from playing with the cat's tail while you conduct family worship.

The man with the bayonet makes the other fellow do his bidding whether he wants to or not—pile brick or any old thing. The writer lived in a state for three years under martial rule and he knows what martial law means. It means the bayonet; nothing more, nothing less. Yet there are conditions that arise which cannot be met by civil, hence military authority takes the reins and the conditions at San Francisco is an instance.

William Bailey is quite sick. He has been laid up for several days with tonsillitis. Dr. Trembil, of Albany, was called Sunday morning and went out to the Bailey home. Mr. Bailey is subject to throat troubles which has bothered him for several years.

There will be a basket social given at the Oak Grove school house next Saturday, May 5th. The receipts will go toward paying the preacher in charge at this point. Everybody has a cordial invitation to be present, as the young ladies will have many fine, well-filled baskets for sale. Come and be one of the number and help a good cause along.

### The Man From Iowa.

We have a man from Iowa—  
Who came out west to stay;  
He bought a farm of 25  
But yet he's nix fustay.

So far and so happy is this man  
He sings the livelong day;  
While others take the dollars in,  
His is got the other way.

But what for dollars does he care?  
He likes the glorious Weer;  
For here he aims to live and stay,  
And do his very best.

And when he sells his Eastern farm,  
He'll bring the money o'er;  
And buy a farm in Oregon,  
And live here evermore.

His troubles then will all be o'er,  
With this good Eastern man—  
There never was a man before,  
Who did things just like Sam.

—T. B. Williamson.

The city election will be held this year on the same plan, as it always has been. Under the new law there is no provision made for independent candidates for municipalities under 25,000 people. Therefore, we shall follow the same old style.

### Real Estate Transfers.

Abstract of Benton county filings for week ending April 28, 1906:

Chris Stimson and wife to Amy A. Humiston, land near OAC; \$1,056.

R J Watts and wife to A P Johnson, 2 lots in Corvallis; \$650.

State of Oregon to Ed Cannon, 40 acres of land west of Monroe; \$50.94.

R C Wills and wife to Ellsworth Erwin, small tract of land near C & E depot; \$250.

R C Wills and wife to City of Corvallis, deed, dedication of part of Jefferson street; \$1.

W S Mulkey to M J Nortos, 80 acres of land near Blodgett; \$1.

J W Berreman and wife to W F Caldwell, lot in Philomath; \$625.

M P Rycraft to Chas A Rycraft, 1/2 interest in 359 acres of land in Alsea; \$1.

Call on Zierolf for early Dent corn—Oregon raised. 35tf

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS:

Fifteen words or less, 25 cts for three successive insertions, or 50 cts per month; for all up to and including ten additional words, 1/2 cent a word for each insertion.

For all advertisements over 25 words, 1 ct per word for the first insertion, and 1/2 ct per word for each additional insertion. Nothing inserted for less than 25 cents.

Lodge, society and church notices, other than strictly news matter, will be charged for.

## FOR SALE

MISCELLANEOUS LOT OF WIRE cable new and second hand, any length, price of any description and size, machinery to suit anybody, write for prices on anything; metal, scrap iron and all kinds of junk and machinery bought and sold. Address: 37-44 M. Barde & Son, Portland, Ore.

DISPARENE SPRAY FOR FRUIT trees and shrubbery. See Montgomery & Newton. For sale by Thatcher & Johnson. 31-8f

BALED HAY FOR SALE INQUIRE P. O. box 344 or Ind. phone 429. Corvallis, Oregon. 23 tf.

## HOMES FOR SALE.

HOMES NOW COMPLETED, OR will build them to order in Corvallis, Or., and sell same for cash or installments. Address First National Bank, Corvallis, Or. 34tf

WILL FURNISH LOTS AND BUILD houses to order in Newport, Lincoln Co., Oregon, and sell same for cash or installments Address M. S. Woodcock, Corvallis, Or. 34tf

## HELP WANTED.

A MIDDLE AGED LADY TO DO house work on a farm near Corvallis, Ore., and assist in caring for three children. She can arrange if she desires to assist in caring for chickens and other duties in farm work commonly done by ladies. If the lady has a husband, son, or other male relative, who is a good worker in farm work, he can have work at least part of the time. In answering send references. Address: P. O. Box 344, 37tf Corvallis, Oregon.

## ATTORNEYS

J. F. YATES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office up stairs in Zierolf Building. Only set of abstracts in Benton County  
S. R. BRYSON ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Post Office Building, Corvallis, Oregon.

## WANTED

WANTED 500 SUBSCRIBERS TO THE GAZETTE and Weekly Oregonian at \$2.50 per year.

## BANKING.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF Corvallis, Oregon, transacts a general conservative banking business. Loans money on approved security. Drafts bought and sold and money transferred to the principal cities of the United States, Europe and foreign countries.

## Veterinary Surgeon

DR. E. E. JACKSON, V. S., WINEGAR & Snow livery barn. Give him a call. Phones, Ind. 328; Residence, 389 or Bell phone. 12tf

## PHYSICIANS

B. A. OATHEY, M. D., PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Rooms 14, Bank Building. Office Hours: 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. Residence: cor. 5th and Adams Sts. Telephone at office and residence. Corvallis, Oregon.

## MARBLE SHOP.

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS; curbing made to order; cleaning and repairing done neatly; save agent's commission. Shop North Main St., Frank Vanhoosen, Prop. 92tf

## House Decorating.

FOR PAINTING AND PAPERING SEE W. E. Paul, Ind. 488 14tf

## The Life Insurance

Muddle has started the public to thinking. The wonderful success that has met Ballard's Household Syrup in its crusade on Coughs, Influenza, Bronchitis and all Pulmonary troubles—has started the public to thinking of this wonderful preparation. They are all using it. Join the procession and down with sickness. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by Graham & Wortham.

## Do You Love

Your baby? You wonder why he cries. Buy a bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge and he will never cry. Most babies have worms, and the mother don't know it. White's Cream Vermifuge rids the child of worms and cleans out its system in a pleasant way. Every mother should keep a bottle of this medicine in the house. With it fear need never enter her mind. Price 25c. Sold by Graham & Wortham.

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