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CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1906.

NO. 69

## THE OVERLY CURIOUS.

Attend Funerals as a Pastime and  
Ask Questions That Offend.

You find them in every avenue of life, the people whose bump of curiosity is abnormally developed, who meet you with a question and leave you with a question, while all their conversation is punctuated with interrogation points.

These people do not stop at the ordinary affairs and happenings of life, but they pry and question on subjects that are not a particle of their business; if they fail in one question they come at you from another quarter; they ask about your business affairs, the price of your hat, what you paid for your dressgoods, the sort of shoe polish you use, how much your false teeth cost, what size shoe you wear, if your husband or wife is agreeable to get along with; how much you spent at the coast, how old you are and of what nationality—in short, they pry into your private affairs much as a hungry flea bores for blood when he lands on the human anatomy in dog days, and their attack is just about as uncomfortable.

This is vulgar curiosity, and it is certainly bad enough, but some people go still farther and carry their over-developed nerve even into the sacred presence of the dead, intruding in the hour of deepest heart-anguish, and thrusting themselves to the front at the very brink of the grave.

The friend or neighbor who goes in a spirit of love and helpfulness to offer assistance in the hour of sorrow and death is a boon to humanity and such are not the ones referred to in this article. Rather is it the one who goes to see and to find out, that she may tell her neighbors later just what was done, and how the family acted; what the mourners wore and how long the preacher prayed, who brought flowers and just how the choir performed.

Then, at the grave, these curiosity fiends crowd to the very edge of the circle and with eyes that see everything, stare first at one and then at another of those whose hearts are almost breaking.

Do you think the picture over-drawn? Do you doubt that such people reside in Corvallis, and in every other town on earth, for that matter? Then you are mistaken, for they are ever present. There are those who never miss a funeral if it is possible to go, and why? Not from love for humanity, but from vulgar curiosity, for in many cases they have nothing in common with the afflicted family and do not even have a speaking acquaintance with the members, usually belonging to an entirely different class.

There seems to be no remedy for the aggravation, unless someone has the temerity to sometime inform these hangers-on that their presence is offensive in the hour of trouble.

## What is It?

This is a question that is asked by some in regard to a new house that is about completed out on what is known as the Johnson tract of land, about ten miles southwest of Corvallis.

The house is not of the ordinary sort, but is large and roomy and finished in fine style. It is said that 35,000 shingles will be required to cover the building, which gives some idea of the size.

This tract of land was purchased about a year ago by R. S. Hughes, of Portland. It seems that there are 1,500 or 1,700 acres in the tract, and according to report a wire fence is to be put around the place. In winter it is said that feed will be put out for ducks and other wild game and that no hunting will be allowed, which fact leads to the

idea that the intention of the owner is to maintain a private game preserve, and that the handsome, roomy mansion is to be a modernly-equipped clubhouse for the owner and his friends to enjoy during the hunting seasons.

Mr. Hughes is a man of means. He came up from Portland, Friday, to visit the place and to attend to business connected therewith.

## Might Have Been Serious.

An accident that might have had a most serious termination occurred on Main street Saturday morning. E. R. Rice and wife, lately from California, were riding along in a carriage and when opposite the place where workmen were engaged at the task of tearing down the old building occupied by the Centennial Meat Market something frightened the animals and they shied suddenly and broke the carriage tongue.

In an instant the mischief was done; the frightened horses began kicking and attempted to run. Mr. Rice kept his head and did his best to control the excited animals until several bystanders went to his assistance. Finally, after quite a struggle, the horses were subjugated without greater damage than a broken buggy tongue. Mrs. Rice passed through the ordeal with the appearance of outward calm, but quitted the carriage at the first favorable opportunity. It was fortunate that the outcome was not more disastrous.

## Who Will Win?

Two Benton county girls are bending every energy these days to the task of securing subscribers for the Pacific Northwest, the reward for the largest list being a free trip to the Jamestown, Virginia, exposition next May.

The contestants are Miss Alda Metcalf and Miss Anna French, who have been endorsed by the Benton County Citizens' League. Miss Greta Harrington was one of the first to enter the race, but she decided to give it up and her place was taken by Miss Metcalf, who is doing splendidly in spite of her late start. The subscription price of the Pacific Northwest is 50c per year, or three years for \$1. Each subscription counts one in the contest, there being no "point" system to the arrangement.

One young lady from each county in Oregon will go on the free trip, and each winner will carry literature from her own county, and do all in her power to advertise at Jamestown the resources and attractive features of her particular section of Oregon.

It is to the best interests of every farmer, every business man and every loyal citizen to subscribe for this magazine which is published in the interests of the West exclusively, and to aid in sending a suitable representative from Benton county to the big exposition.

## Card of Thanks.

We desire to extend our heart-felt thanks to the neighbors and friends, also Friendship Lodge A. O. U. W., for their very kind assistance and sympathy during the sickness and death of our beloved son and brother. There will ever be a warm spot in our hearts for the dear friends who have been so kind to us in our bereavement. J. S. SINGER, MARY E. SINGER, IVAN P. SINGER, ONA C. SINGER, A. B. SINGER.

## Don't Be Blue

And lose all interest when help is within reach. Herbine will make that liver perform its duties properly. J. B. Vaughn, Elba, Ala., writes: "Being a constant sufferer from constipation and a disordered liver, I have found Herbine to be the best medicine for these troubles, on the market. I have used it constantly. I believe it to be the best medicine of its kind, and I wish all sufferers from these troubles to know the good Herbine has done me."—Sold by Graham & Wortham.

## TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE.

People Flee While Stricken City Burns.

New York, Aug. 17.—The city of Valparaiso, the metropolis of Chili, was destroyed by earthquake last night. Fires immediately burst out in a score of places and are raging unchecked among the ruins of the city. Hundreds of people met death in the crumbling buildings and the loss of life is appalling. Along the narrow strip of shore on which the business part of the seaport was built and upon the steep hillsides where clustered the thousands of villas and homes the devouring flames are still consuming the fragments of state-ly structures that but yesterday were the pride of Chili. It is a repetition of the San Francisco disaster. Panic reigns among the inhabitants who are madly fleeing into the hills.

The earthquake was felt in all South American cities, and it is feared that many remote towns have suffered extensively. It was heaviest along the west coast, Valparaiso suffering worst. At Washington the seismograph was violently agitated for four hours. The tremors were slow, covering from eighteen to forty seconds and finally ceased about midnight, but indicated the severest disturbances of the earth's surface since the San Francisco quake. Practically every building in Valparaiso was severely damaged, many of the palatial government structures being demolished. The quake began in the early evening and the shock continued at frequent intervals throughout the night. Cable operations have been interrupted, but are now restored. All night flames raged among the ruins and hundreds of the dead and injured were burned where they lay pinioned beneath the debris.

## Burned His Grain.

A breeze of excitement swept over the town Saturday afternoon when a phone message announced that Off Wilson's wheatfield was on fire and that fears were entertained that the handsome country residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson would go up in smoke.

A number of men were sent to the scene by August Fischer, and several others hurried out from town, and by hard work the flames were soon under control.

Fortunately the Roy Rickard thrasher was in operation in a nearby field, while the Bodine hay baler was running in another close at hand. The two crews went to the fire and to their timely aid is probably due the triumph over the conflagration.

In the field that was fired there was a pile of grain, including 105 sacks of wheat and 30 sacks of oats. The flames swept over these, burning the sacks entirely off, excepting 50 sacks of wheat. The grain was somewhat charred but is not thought to be seriously damaged.

Besides this a quarter of a mile of fence was consumed by the fire and the straw stack went up in smoke. The damage, however, was trifling, and the affair certainly ended well. The origin of the fire is unknown.

## Terrible Forest Fire.

Many Corvallis people spent the Fourth this year at Breitenbush and Detroit, but they will never see the same scenes again that they saw on that trip. The following from the Lebanon Criterion explains:

A strip of timber seven miles long and a mile wide, the village of Berry, two logging camps and several mountain cabins have been destroyed by a fierce forest fire which is raging in the Cascade Mountains near the terminus of the Corvallis & Eastern railroad. The town of Detroit is now safe, and the railroad

bridge across the Breitenbush has escaped destruction. The flames are running eastward on both sides of the North Santiam river from ridge to ridge, through a canyon a mile wide, and a branch of the big fire is running up the Breitenbush river. It is the worst fire ever experienced in that part of the mountains, and nothing but rain can stop it.

The fire started Saturday afternoon and swept four miles of timber in two hours. Everything in the station of Berry, near the mouth of the Breitenbush river was soon destroyed except the big hotel. The buildings burned include a store, some dwelling houses, two old saw-mills, not in use, and a bunch of deserted houses and cabins formerly used by a logging camp.

Fanned by a strong wind, the flames ran straight toward the town of Detroit, the terminus of the Corvallis & Eastern, and a village of 200 people. The town is surrounded by a large clearing and this saved it, but for hours smoke was so thick in Detroit that one could not see twenty feet, and the citizens had a hard fight for their homes.

## Another Death.

Claud Senger, aged 22 years and 8 months, died at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Senger, in this city, Thursday evening.

The young man came home from Newport a week ago last Friday and was at once confined to his bed. He had been ill two weeks before his return but was able to be about. The ailment was at first thought to be typhoid fever, but symptoms of uraemia appeared and death resulted from uraemic poisoning.

Deceased was born in Brownsville and came to Corvallis with the family three years ago; the past year, however, he has been at the bay.

Brief funeral services were held at the residence of the parents at 10 o'clock Saturday morning, Rev. C. L. McCausland officiating. The remains were then taken to Brownsville for interment.

Claud Senger was an unassuming young man and had many friends by whom he will be mourned.

The immediate survivors are the parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Senger, and three brothers.

## Real Estate Transfers.

Mt Union Cem to S C Dixon, lot 46 in Mt Union cemetery; \$12.

A A Vincent to R O Vincent, 551 acres acres, Kings Valley; \$1.

T T Vincent to R O Vincent, 133 acres Kings Valley, \$1.

F W Jones et al to V E Elliot and wife, 118 acres NW Philomath; \$2300.

N Castle and wife to J W Law, lots 149 and 156, block 38, Browns Addition to City of Philomath; \$360.

Mt Union Cem to L W Hill, south 1/2 of lot 111, Mt Union Cem; \$7.

S H Moore and wife to Ole Paulson, blocks 18 and 23, W IIs & McElroys Add Corvallis, and lot 20 College Hill Add Corvallis; \$5500.

J E Banton and wife to W A Whitney, 100 acres in Albion; \$1250.

Mrs Katie Hanson to J E Poir, 40 acres near Summit; \$1.

## Board of Equalization.

The Equalization Board of Benton county will meet in the office of the county clerk of Benton county, at the court house in Benton county, Oregon on Monday, the 27th day of August, 1906, for six days from said date to correct any errors or double assessments on said roll.

T. H. Davis,  
Assessor of Benton County.  
Dated August 3, 1906. 66-70

## A Terrible Accident.

Clifford Nye, of Bellefontaine, met with a shocking accident Friday morning, which may yet prove fatal.

Mr. Nye is a single man, and has been employed with the Kyle-Persinger-Belknapthresher. The machine was at work in the Belknap settlement, and early Friday morning Mr. Nye was sitting on the engine, putting on his shoes. Something caused him to jerk his foot, by which he lost his balance and fell, alighting on a blunt piece of iron which penetrated the groin to a depth of three inches.

Dr. Bennett was summoned, and the injured man was removed to the Bradley home, where he is resting comfortably. The physician stated that had the iron gone a half inch deeper death would have certainly resulted.

Mr. Nye has a brother residing in the mountains about eight miles southwest of Bellefontaine, and as soon as he is able to be moved he will be taken to his brother's home.

It is thought the injury will not prove serious, unless blood poisoning results, but it is little short of a miracle that the young man was not killed.

## Fatal Accident.

Horace B. Gedding, aged 15 years, shot and killed himself at Shotpouch, Saturday morning.

With Mrs. Pittman, young Gedding was in search of the cows that had strayed away in the mountains. With a shot gun in one hand he made his way through the underbrush and over logs, until suddenly in drawing the gun over a log there was a deafening report, and the boy fell, the blood gushing in torrents from the right side of the neck which had been completely torn away by the load of shot. Without a word or a struggle the injured lad lay where he fell until death resulted from loss of blood.

Horace Gedding was living with his brother, his parents being in Aberdeen, South Dakota. The elder Gedding is a land speculator and recently purchased 5000 or 6000 acres of land between Corvallis and Yacoma. The family will move soon to Albany to reside.

bany to reside.

The verdict returned by the jury was that death resulted from the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of deceased.

The remains will be buried at Albany today, the services to be conducted by the Methodist minister of that city.



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Albert J. Metzger

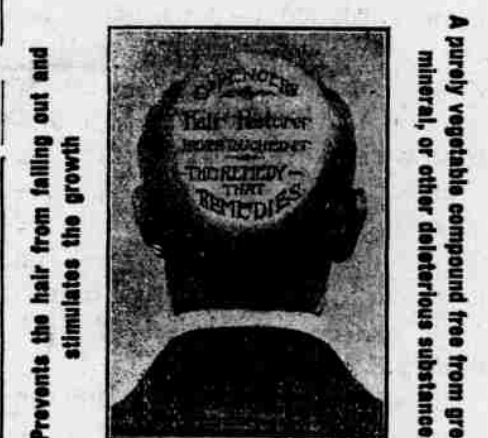
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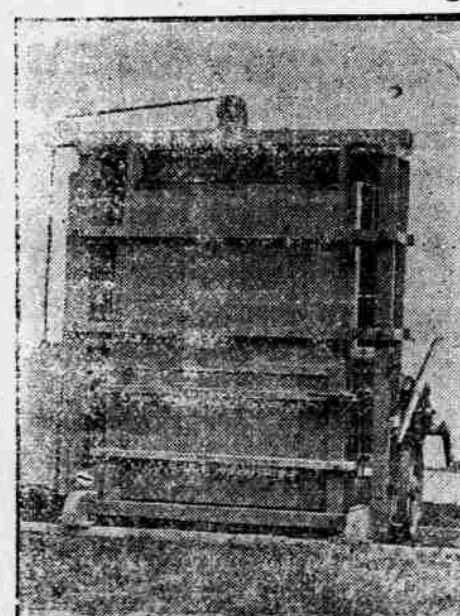
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