

BUILDING COLONIES.

Timely Advice for Beekeepers Who Are Desirous of Obtaining a Good Crop of Honey.

We want to build all our colonies of bees up strong, for those that are strong in numbers are the only ones we can count on to store a good crop of surplus. One of the greatest drawbacks to successful bee keeping is that there are so many weak colonies on hand at the beginning of the honey flow that it takes them through the short honey harvest to become strong enough to store honey. Each and every hive should be overflowing with bees at the beginning of the principal honey harvest, for when they are thus very populous they can be depended upon to do good work, if the season is good.

Too many colonies run short of provision during spring when they are building up, and the result is that they are crippled in force, for they cannot rear a brood without plenty of food in the hive or have daily access to a flow of honey. Feeding is the only method that will bring them up to standard requirements, hence they should be liberally fed.

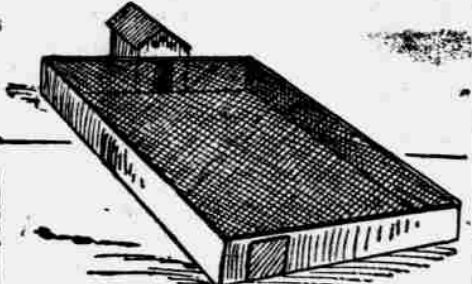
Weak colonies may be brought up strong very rapidly by giving them some brood from the stronger ones, but we must exercise care in this or we will cripple the strongest ones and be no better off than before. Draw only on extremely strong colonies to strengthen weak ones. If we have colonies that are in danger of swarming before the honey season is properly on, we can draw from them and thus check them from swarming.

It is always in order to save frames of honey over from one season to another for the purpose of supplying the bees with honey in spring. This is the most simple and easiest way of doing it, besides the most sure. Keep off all surplus boxes during spring and confine the bees to the brood chamber until near the approach of the honey harvest.—A. H. Duff, in Farmers' Voice.

SAFE CHICKEN COOP.

An Arrangement Which Affords Perfect Protection from Hawks, Cats and Other Thieves.

In the illustration is shown a good arrangement for protecting half-grown chickens from hawks and cats. The wire netting is two-inch mesh, and the side and end boards may reach any height. The coop at the end gives protection at night and during the day from sun and rain. Of course it



COOP WITH HAWK-PROOF RUN.

may be made of any dimensions to suit convenience. We have seen such runs only one foot high and we have seen them five feet high. Such an arrangement is quite costly, but it gives perfect protection, and saves all trouble with birds flying over.—Farmers' Review.

BRAN IS EXCELLENT.

Poultry Thieve on It Because It Contains a Generous Proportion of Rich Lime.

Bran is excellent for poultry, and one point in favor of bran is that it contains a much larger proportion of lime than any other cheap food derived from grain, and as the shells of eggs are composed of lime it is essential that food rich in lime be provided. It may be urged that the use of oyster shells will provide lime, but it will be found that it is the lime in the food that is most serviceable, because it is in a form that can be better digested and assimilated than carbonate of lime, says the American fancier.

Clover is also rich in lime; and when a mess of cut clover and bran is given the fowls they will need no oyster shells or other mineral matter as a source from which to draw the supply of lime for the eggs. Do not forget that in summer, however, the use of all kinds of foods should be used with judgment. If the hens have a free range give no food at all as long as they are laying, but if they begin to fall off, let bran be the leading ingredient of the food allowed. In winter the bran and clover are even more essential, as the fowls cannot then secure green food on the range.

Have Learned a Lesson.

Those who stick to the old method of setting hens, and there are many thousands who do, have learned valuable lessons from the incubator. First: They have learned to choose eggs of uniform size and of perfect shape, with sound shells. As incubator chickens do not have lice, they have learned, secondly, to dust thoroughly their hens before setting, and two or three times during the period of incubation. Thirdly: They have learned to use clean nest boxes and clean bedding. They confine the hens to coops and take great pains to place proper food and water before them. Fourthly: Many test the eggs under hens, following the example of the machine men, and after testing three sittings, for example, and throwing out the infertile eggs, place the live eggs under the two hens and re-set the third, thus gaining time and compelling "Biddy" to do her full share of the work.

THE OTHER MAN

By FREDERIC REDDALE

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"All very fine!" Rick sneered. "Now that you've got the title, I suppose you think you'll capture the lady besides. But don't be too sure!"

The caddish tried to. The baronet quivered, and then steadied himself as does a good fencer when his enemy's foil touches a vital spot. His eyes blazed, yet still he kept admirable outward control of his temper. With cool and cutting irony he rejoined: "If the lady gets you, I shall be the first to congratulate her on her exceedingly wise choice. She might do better. I do not see how she could do worse!"

Then he passed out to the grass, paused, and again turned to where Richard stood, speechless with rage and chagrin, saying as though to a mere caller:

"I will order the gig round in an hour. There is a train at 12:40. I would not hurry you, or hint that I am the master here, but doubtless you will be glad to leave Denecroft."

And with a slight bow he passed round a turret angle, and Richard saw him no more. Thus the brothers parted.

Half mad and blind with rage, mortification, and self-condemnation Richard went to his room, tossed his traps



"MARCIA," HE WENT ON, "BEFORE I GO YOU MUST CHOOSE ONCE FOR ALL BETWEEN THE RICH BARONET AND THE POOR BARRISTER."

into his bag, left directions for the gig to bring it after him, and then started to walk to the station.

Long before he reached London his better self regained the ascendancy, and bitterly he rued the wrong he had done his brother and the mess he had made of things. Pride forbade him to go back and apologize as he ought. Not a penny of that cursed money would he touch. He would leave England and carve out an independent fortune for himself.

But at first he must see Marcia and find out if she too were among the things he had that day lost.

Fortunately he found her "at home" and alone. It was the first time they had met since his father's death, and as she rose and came forward with outstretched hands to welcome him she said:

"I knew you would come to me first upon your return."

Her words and her manner fell like balm on his storm-tossed and angry spirit, and something like a sob had to be gulped down before he could speak, and even then his eyes were suspiciously moist.

"Yes," he said, leading her to a seat, "and even now I am come to say good-by. I am leaving England," he continued in answer to the mute and appealing inquiry in her eyes.

"Leaving England!" she replied in deep contralto tones; "and why?"

"To make my fortune," he answered as faintly as he could.

"But surely—" she began, when he took the words out of her mouth.

"Oh, yes, Sir Arthur has done the handsome thing so far as money is concerned, but we've had a beastly row, and I can't touch a penny. So I'm going away."

"A quarrel with Sir Arthur—going away!" she repeated dully, with dilated eyes.

He nodded. "But it was all my fault; I acted like a cad. I was mad with doubt and uncertainty. Arthur behaved like a Dysart—practically ordered me off the premises, just as I'd have done if he had checked me. I've only myself to thank," he concluded gloomily.

Richard was very, very young, or he would have known that one of the surest ways to a woman's heart is self-depreciation, especially when that woman is in love with a man. Because then she has the satisfaction of proving, among other things, that her idol is not made of clay.

For Rick it was a relief thus to make confession, to look into her troubled eyes, their depths stirred for him, as he felt, and to divine that she at least would not be indifferent to his going.

Marcia laid her cool palm on his hot hand, and unthinkingly left it there. In a moment he had covered it with the other, and held it imprisoned.

"I own I was in the wrong," he reiterated. "But I was wild at the thought

that perhaps I had lost everything. Marcia," he went on, "before I go you must choose once for all between the rich baronet and the poor barrister. You know what I mean, dear!"

The warm color rose to her cheeks; her bosom palpitated; her breath came and went in fitful unison with its throbbings. He held her hands insistently, nor did she strive to withdraw them. Raising her eyes to his she said, while a half smile dimpled her mouth:

"You foolish boy! the choice was made years and years ago, and—it isn't the baronet!" she faltered, as her head sunk on his shoulder.

"My darling!" he exclaimed, as he strained her yielding form to him, "do you mean it?"

"Yes," she sighed blissfully; "it seems as if I had always loved you, Rick!"

"And will you wait for me, Marcia?" he queried.

"For ever and always!" she rejoined, gladly and proudly, smiling at him through her happy tears.

And thus they parted, plighting their troth. In a week Richard Dysart sailed for Cape Town, to try his luck in the diamond diggings.

CHAPTER III.

It is a far cry from the African veldt, with its tragedies and its strenuous struggles for Nature's crude wealth, to the neighborhood of the most respectable Old Lady of Threadneedle street, yet under her beneficent shadow there are equally fierce strivings for financial prestige and power.

In a richly and newly furnished suite of offices in Mincing Lane there sat one morning a man whose word and fiat had in less than a year become a power in the "city." Upon the outer door was emblazoned in severely plain script the name "Rossiter Kane."

His outer office was besieged, even as early as ten o'clock, by a motley crowd—stock-brokers, promoters, solid men, with here and there a titled name, speculators, clerks, and messengers. The air teemed with suppressed excitement, and rumors of vast deals, enterprises of monetary pith and moment, flew from lips to eager ears. The weekly press printed the wildest gossip concerning the man, and even in the West End clubs one caught his name tossed and bandied about from group to group.

"Most astonishing personality," said the veteran stock-jobber, Marmaduke Ashby, to some of his cronies. "How much is he worth? Ask me something easy, dear boy; I know he cleared a hundred thousand in Tires alone. Everything he touches turns out well. Kane's lead is good enough for me!"

"Who is he, and where did he come from?" queried another, not so well informed.

"Says he's an American," was the answer, "but I know he came here direct from South Africa. He must have been in the diamond fields, for he marketed some of the finest uncut stones ever seen in Europe."

"Yes, and that makes me think of another funny thing," broke in young Lord Appleby; "he doesn't seem to know any of the African gang. Wonder if he was ever an I. D. B.?" these cabalistic letters standing for "illicit diamond buyer."

"Rot!" rejoined Ashby. "He doesn't belong to the Barney Barnato crowd, that's all. Everything he does is well done, and there's none of their heathenish display and barbaric 'push' about Kane. He's a gentleman at heart, whatever his origin, or I miss my guess. Why he goes everywhere, and you'll find his name on the subscription list of every hospital and charity in London."

"I'd like to know how he does it," sighed young Appleby, who took an occasional flyer in stocks.

"Why don't you ask him?" said one of the group jokingly.

"I did," was the naive reply. "Says he, 'I've starved, I've tramped, I've almost begged, but things came my way at last!'"

"Sort of Orphic revelation, that," laughed Rennis. "Do you suppose it can be true?"

"Shouldn't wonder a bit; I'll wager a hat that those cool eyes and that smooth face have looked on some rare doings."

When Kane threw open his Park Lane mansion all the world and his wife flocked thither, no less to be seen than to see the enigma of a man who had literally captured the realms of fashion and finance single-handed.

As he stood to receive his guests, with polished ease, as though to the manner born, one saw a man five feet ten inches in height, of rather spare yet hardy frame, delicately chiselled features cleanly shaven as an abbé's, with hair closely cropped, slightly tinged with gray at the temples, and a pair of blue eyes that had a curious trick of dilating and contracting, of darkening and lightening, according to the mood that possessed their owner. In age he might be anywhere from 35 to 50.

On being presented to his host old General Scarlett remarked—

"They tell me you have been quite a traveler, Mr. Kane?"

"I have seen quite a little of the world," was the smiling reply, "but very few know the ups and downs that have fallen to my lot. I was born in America, but my father I never saw

to remember him. I was a walf, an outcast of the Sierra camps, adopted by an old miner who had nothing to give me but his name and surname."

But for the interruption occasioned by the arrival of more guests Kane might have added that he had been a veritable Jack-of-all-trades—teamster, mail carrier, prospector, miner and gambler in that free-for-all country known as the "West." Drifting around the world to South Africa, he successively clerked in an up-country store, dealt faro and played the piano in dance-houses in Kimberley and Johannesburg, where he had also picked up some knowledge of the diamond country.

"How had he come by his wealth in diamonds?" Found them, like many another man, of course. Success had come to him very suddenly—a "strike," he called it—and then changed the subject.

Men sought his society for the market "tips" he could give; women liked him for the air of quiet power which pervaded every word and action.

Said one titled dame to some intimates over their afternoon tea:

"My dears, his house is a marvel of chaste elegance, and his weekly dinners are a dream! In his waking hours he is surrounded by crowds of clients, guests, or dependents. How he stands the pace is more than I can fathom, yet he is always smiling and debonaire, cool and collected, and never at a loss for a timely word or a suitable remark. De Lacy says he seems equally at home with dowagers or debutantes, with dukes or cab-drivers, with money-kings or crossing-sweepers."

And it was true, every word of it. One episode, widely reported at that time, throws a flood of light upon the character of this much-canvassed personage.

Kane had manipulated a big corner in "Cochineal Consols," one of the fancy stocks of the day, and had the market at his mercy. Among the "shorts" was a small speculator named Ackerly, who on more than one occasion had run foul of Kane and his schemes. When "settling day" came, Ackerly stood to be ruined if Kane chose to force matters. It so happened that his daughter, Rose Ackerly, who had been studying music, was to make her professional debut the same night at Queen's Hall.

Upon the eventful morning that would seal her father's fate she drove up to Kane's office and besought an interview with the great man. Her eyes suffused with tears, and her voice trembling with emotion, she begged the financier's indulgence for her father.

"Women should not meddle with such matters," was Kane's curt and stern comment. Then—

"Does your father know of this visit?"

"No, oh, no, sir," was the tremulous but evidently truthful reply.

"You must understand, I am sure, Miss Ackerly, that it is merely the fortune of war, and ordinary usage in the city is no respecter of persons," said Kane quietly, and then with a sudden change of manner and a genial smile he went on: "But such a sweet supplicant must not go unrewarded. You may leave it to me—your father shall not suffer."

He stopped her thanks with a wave of the hand, and then rejoined:

"And how is your recital coming along? Can I be of any assistance there?"

"If you only would!" the girl began, timidly. "One needs so much influence in London, you know."

"Say no more," said Kane, quickly. "I see how it is; you shall have a good house."

Hardly was she gone, a new light shined in her pretty eyes, than Kane dispatched a messenger for 50 guineas' worth of seats, and put his secretary at work addressing notes to the more influential of his friends, begging their acceptance of the tickets enclosed, and beseeching their attendance at the musicale. As a consequence, Rose Ackerly's fortune was made.

"I can be hard as nails," Kane said when taxed with soft-heartedness about this performance; "Ackerly's a cur and richly deserved to be made to equal; but every man should know how to temper justice with mercy. I've been in too many tight places myself not to realize how it feels to be jumped on!"

So there you have the unique personality, outward and inward, then newly launched in the cream of English society.

No smart function was complete without him, and in response to his own lavish entertaining in town during the season, he was deluged with invitations to visit some of the most exclusive country houses in England for the shooting season. Being a bachelor, "with not a relative in the world," as he said, he was naturally regarded as a big fish in the matrimonial swim, and might have married a titled beauty before the summer was over, thus reversing the accepted Anglo-American procedure in recent years.

In course of time Rossiter Kane's round of autumn visits brought him to Denecroft.

Three years had passed from the date of Richard Dysart's self-expatriation. Time had brought no outward change in the lives of those hitherto concerned in this story. Stella Dysart was still reigning mistress at Denecroft. Sir Arthur, as may be imagined, lost no time in putting the all-important question to Marcia Churchill, only to be met with a gracious but firmly refusal and the tidings that his brother had been beforehand. Thenceforward he remained single, nor showed no signs of transferring his affections elsewhere.

Marcia kept her troth, although little had been heard from the absent lad. A brace of letters in the first six months; then a long silence; finally a single impassioned appeal, enclosing

his picture, for which she had asked, reiterating his undying love, begging her to wait for him, hinting at all sorts of bad luck, but intimating that a certain venture then impending would make or break him. After that, silence and suspense.

True to his word, Sir Arthur paid in £2,000 to Richard's credit at the family banker's, but it was never drawn against. Whatever he was doing, the boy was clearly determined to sink or swim by his own unaided efforts. The Baronet, on his part, felt too deeply wounded to write or make any overtures at a reconciliation.

So Marcia waited, her beauty enhanced and spiritualized by her faithful love and daily hope.

"He will come back," she said for the hundredth time.

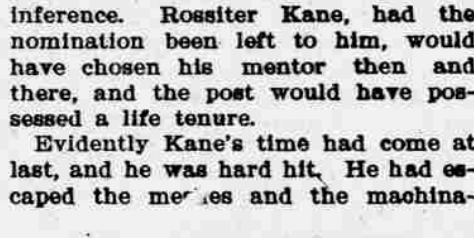
"Of course he will," echoed Stella, for Rick had been her favorite brother, and in these latter days she and Marcia learned to love each other as sisters, and jokingly vowed to live together as old maids to the end of the chapter.

Rossiter Kane had met Stella Dysart in town, likewise Marcia Churchill. With the former he appeared to be at once an empress, and it would be hard to say which of the two girls liked him best. With Sir Arthur, too, he got along famously, for his was the happy faculty of adapting himself, chameleon-like, to the surroundings or the person with which or with whom he happened for the moment to be brought in contact. He could interest himself in Sir Arthur's old manuscripts and early Italian canzonets, although, as he quietly confessed to Stella, he had no personal appreciation of their beauty or their value.

"I started too late in life, Miss Dysart," he would say, "and what I need most is some kind person to take pity on me, become my mentor, and lick me into shape, as we used to say out west."

It needed no oracle to interpret the inference. Rossiter Kane, had the nomination been left to him, would have chosen his mentor then and there, and the post would have possessed a life tenure.

Evidently Kane's time had come at last, and he was hard hit. He had escaped the meshes and the machinery



MORNING AFTER MORNING FOUND HIM AT HER SIDE IN LONG RIDES.

tions of managing mammas all through the season, only to surrender at discretion to this motherless girl whose thoughts were more for her absent brother than for the chances of picking up a husband.

And, then, of course, she had not known him very long or very well. But this was a matter that could readily be remedied by a mastermind, and Kane took care that Stella Dysart should have plenty of chance to become acquainted with him in the two weeks he spent under the Baronet's roof.

Day after day, although a splendid shot, he would decline to go out with the other guns; morning after morning found him at her side in long rides through the Dorset woods and uplands; night after night in the drawing-room he strove, like Othello, to awaken her interest by recounting strange tales of adventure by flood and field of which, it is but fair to say, he was only occasionally the hero.

Nor were his efforts wholly in vain. Stella Dysart was half-won when her curiosity was excited and her expectation aroused by the many moods of this extraordinary man.

From the instant of their first meeting, Rossiter Kane determined to win her for his wife. Thenceforward life had but one object for him, and if ever a pure and unselfish affection for a spotless maiden could redeem a man and lift him out of his lurid past, here was certainly such an occasion.

Akin to every other man born of woman, Rossiter Kane was a compound of good and evil, with the evil predominating at times, not from love thereof, but from force of circumstances.

A modern satirist has registered the truthful saying that it is easy to be virtuous on five thousand a year. Kane the pariah, the outcast, forced to live by his wits, took life at a vastly different view-point from Kane the millionaire. A change of fortune killed off the weeds, and gave the innate and dormant good in his character a chance to fructify.

If he could only have blotted out certain cruel memories of stratagems and spoils his present outlook would have been serene and full of promise.

CHAPTER IV.

Over the Karroo Desert the stars paled and the dawn broke swiftly. From every kloof there floated pale wisps and wreaths of silver mist, out of which the flat-topped kopjes rose

like islands in a ghostly sea. The surface of the Mooi river was hidden by a thicker pall of this same fog.

With the coming of the sun there came a merry breeze, which swept kloof and kopje clean as with an invisible besom, and anon the waters of the little river sparkled and rippled in the glorious sunshine of a new day.

But it was yet cold—horribly cold—reminding one of the hill country of North India. Gradually the sun gets in his work, and the chill of the air gives place to a genial warmth which before the meridian will turn to an oppressive heat.

An antelope and its mate came trotting to the water's edge to drink, but ere quenching their thirst sniffed the air suspiciously, and then galloped off down-stream, their hard little hoofs rattling like castanets over the stones. A hundred yards off the wild creatures halted and gazed timorously back.

On the bank, by the gray embers of a dead fire, lay a ghastly thing, huddled shapelessly in a heap, the clothing soiled and dusty, a great reddish-brown stain on the khaki jacket, the ends of a waving brown beard matted and clogged with the blood which had dripped and coiled and discolored the light, clayey soil.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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