

The City and Vicinity

Housekeeping rooms to let at 520 South Fourth street. 8-4-4t.

Complete outfits for camping parties at Blackledge's furniture store. 8-3-tf

Acme Quality Paints and Floor Varnish that wears at A. L. Miner's. 5-17-tf.

Ice cream delivered on thirty minutes notice by Winkley's Palace of Sweets. 8-4-4t.

For Sale—Kitchen range in good order. Call at once, 429 Sixth street. 8-3-tf.

O. T. Beals went to Alsea this morning to visit at the home of his brother, E. M. Beals.

Wanted—Position as cook on threshing car. Call 215 Seventeenth street, or phone 2369. 8-2-4t-d-1tw.

Call Thursday at Kline's and see demonstration of Booth's Crescent Mackerel; also something new for salads.

Shough & Sons, the woodsawyers, will make special price of 40 and 50 cents per cord on woodsawing. Call 3rd & Polk. Phone 489. 6-28-tf

Dr. Virginia V. Leweaux, who announces in the Gazette-Times that regular visits will be made to Corvallis, is a graduate of the Los Angeles College of Osteopathy.

Eat Golden Rod Flakes, They are better for breakfast, Than old-fashioned corn cakes, And five minutes time, Is all that it takes At Kline's. 6-12-tf

Mrs. E. E. McVicker and son, Palmer, go to Newport tomorrow for a three weeks' outing. Mr. McVicker and Miss Jennie will join them on Monday, his church having given him the usual summer vacation.

Floyd E. Bogue went to Dallas yesterday to be in attendance at the funeral of Frank Ellis, the man accidentally killed in the Josephine county cave, details of which were given in the Gazette-Times yesterday. Mr. Bogue is a cousin of the unfortunate man.

E. J. Harrington has decided to take a trip east for the first time in twenty years and will leave next week on a three months' trip that will include stops at Seattle, points in British Columbia and throughout the central west, returning by way of Colorado and California.

Mrs. L. E. Manlove, of Kansas City, Mo., accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. W. S. Haynes, is here visiting her cousin, Mrs. H. H. Glassford. The ladies are looking over this part of the country with a view of moving out later to reside permanently. They will visit the Seattle fair before returning home.

A party composed of the Drydens, Mrs. Echnor and daughter Adelaide of Salt Lake City, Mrs. J. A. Yeatman and daughters Sara and Irene of Oakland, Calif., Miss Kline, Miss Thorpe and Mrs. N. R. Moore, were guests of Mrs. Carver on a trip to the timber at the end of the C. & A. railway today. They went out on the Shasta Limited this morning.

Peter Rickard's thrasher will start today on his own crop.

Special sale today at Macy's of fancy stick candy at 25 cents per pound.

Scott & Buchanan's threshing outfit started up Tuesday on J. M. Currier's place at Inavale.

Dr. Virginia V. Leweaux, Osteopathic Physician, will arrive at Corvallis Saturday, August 7, and will be at Hotel Corvallis. Dr. Leweaux is located at Albany Oregon, 15-17 Brenner building, but will make Corvallis two days in the week, Tuesdays and Saturdays. All visits and phone calls will be promptly attended to. 8-4-4t

County Superintendent H. L. Mack returned yesterday from the Alsea country when he attended a meeting of consolidated school district No. 7, at which a special three mill tax was voted to cover the cost of constructing a modern four-room building and a one and one-half mill tax to provide for the transportation of pupils throughout the district. The new school house will be finished in readiness for the opening of the fall term.

W. H. Kerr and W. R. Boone arrived home last night from their trip to Alaska. En route to the north pole they saw all there was to see in Seattle, and then some. Both are enthusiastic Elks and were with the antlered herd when that bunch of royal spirits invaded the Pay Streak at the A.-Y.-P.-E. They helped turn that amusement place wrong side out. They went to Victoria, hob-nobbed with King Edward's Lords High Chancellor of Everything and were prevented from bringing the Arctic circle back with them only by the fact that they couldn't "square it" with a captain of one of the tubs going northward. All the vessels bound for the pole were turning away would-be passengers instead of accepting them. About this time the finances began to run a little short, also, and a terrible longing for Hotel Corvallis grub started them for the famous Willamette and the little old college town by which Albany locates itself when writing to strangers. Messrs. Boone and Kerr tried to get here in time to vote against the new charter, but as the vote was not close enough for theirs to count, they are not grieving. They expect to settle down here for two days at least. In an interview both gentlemen expressed themselves as being highly pleased with Corvallis, only Hoboken, Ky., and Patterson, New Jersey, being comparable to this future metropolis of Oregon.

Smith's New Prices

Ship your produce to us. We will pay you the following prices. We do not charge commission:

Dressed Veal up to 140 lbs.	9c
(Large veal less)	
Dressed Pork	11c
Spring Chickens, large	16c
Spring Chickens, small	18c
Hens	15c
Eggs, candled	26c

FRANK L. SMITH MEAT CO., "Fighting the Beef Trust," Portland, Or.

J. B. Bowen, editor of the Baker City Democrat, was in town today enroute with his family to Newport.

N. B. Travis, tinner for Houston the past few years, leaves in a few days for Mt. Angell where he will open a shop of his own. He sold his farm west of this city.

The combined harvester and thrasher of Watkins, Newman, Meek and McBee is doing excellent work and is giving good satisfaction. It is now at work on the Bruce place.

There was a slight fire on the Roy Rickard place yesterday afternoon, the blaze running along the right of way of the C. & A. Ry. It caught from sparks from the locomotive and was discovered by mail carrier Martin, who informed Mr. Rickard and he, with some help, put it out before any damage was done.

C. T. Briggs, of Lisbon, Ohio, has just assumed charge of the Houston plumbing and shop department. He is reputed to be an expert. This is his first trip west of the Missouri and he is quite pleased with what he saw enroute to Seattle and Corvallis. Mr. Briggs' family will arrive shortly.

An auburn haired cherub of masculine gender put in his appearance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Cate at 5 o'clock this morning. The young man is good looking, having the features of his mother. The father says the boy can do all but talk at the present time and insists that he is destined to become a city councilman or President of the United States.

W. S. Brown and L. G. Stickney returned recently from a 225 miles saddle horse trip through the mountains north of Yachats, fishing. They had some "rip-snorting" times but the G.-T. can only refer interested readers to Hon. George Washington Denman, who met them on the road and tells of their experiences with considerable enthusiasm.

Through the Robinson-Cate agency this morning, C. W. French, of the Seattle vicinity, bought of A. M. Bristow a four-year lease on the McBee farm, together with his stock, dairy cattle, horses, machinery, etc. Mr. French is a stock-buyer and bought this ranch for use as a pasture. He will be here about Sept. 1 with three or four car loads of sheep. Within an hour of his purchase here he sold ten cows for \$1030.

J. F. Scott, mail carrier who has just returned from a visit to his father, J. H. Scott at Tangent, brings with him several apples of the "Lady" variety picked last year that are now in an excellent state of preservation. This is a summer apple and that they are so well preserved at this time is quite remarkable. The one cry of other apple sections is that Willamette valley fruit will not "keep" but constant evidence of the falsity of this claim is being produced.

Oswald West, state railroad commissioner, who has been taking a vacation at the coast, recuperating from the shock and injuries received in a runaway accident near Corvallis some time ago, returned to Salem yesterday to see how things were going at the state house. Mr. West has fully recovered and says that he is feeling fine. He returned to the coast this morning, where his family, is, and will remain there for a week or so longer.

J. T. Hummer, carpenter of Philomath, was in the city today. Mr. Hummer is a Michigan man who has been in this county since 1893, and while he remembers old Michigan with pleasure he prefers the climate here. He has taken his home paper from Constantine twenty-nine years and has been a subscriber to the Times since his arrival here. Speaking of Philomath, he says that more than a few residences are being built there this year, and many of them are nice ones. While crops are much better than was expected in the spring, they are not quite so good as the crops of last year.

A telephone message from Emery J. Newton to Police Judge Denman yesterday revealed a sad case in the Alsea country. Emery and his family are in the wilds on a fishing trip, and, confident of his piscatorial ability, the county recorder refused to take along any particular amount of provision. He had visions of eating trout six times a day, and every day in the week. But the fish are not there or Emery's luck went back on him and for the past ten days the whole bunch has been gnawing the bark off the trees. The old shoes made good soup and finally a gum coat was served as flap-jacks. These lasted well but the sustaining power was weak and finally the horse harness was boiled. This left them in such awkward shape that they couldn't leave, and, when starvation stared them in the face, Mr. Newton swallowed his pride, the only thing left, and telephoned Denman to sent out some meat by special messenger. From the weakness of Emery's voice as he talked over the phone, Mr. Denman concluded that it would take an entire beef to bring him back to normal health, so he started a boy off with a young heifer, with the instructions to kill her before Emery could chop a steak from her flank. Further news is anxiously awaited by friends in Corvallis.

OCEAN TRAVEL

Luxury That Greet the Passengers on an Atlantic Liner.

The luxury of ocean travel has reached such a state of perfection that land bred and timid passengers may almost delude themselves into thinking that they are still on shore when they are in the middle of the ocean.

When the luncheon bugle sounds you go in to tidy your hair. The sun is shining in through your window or at least one of the windows, for there are two in your drawing room, one in the bathroom and one in the bedroom beyond. Your drawing room—which might be in the Winter palace, Nice, for all the resemblance it bears to a ship's cabin—is furnished in old gold and white. A soft carpet of old gold, a sofa piled luxuriously with cushions, several chairs, a table, a wonderfully equipped desk, on which rests a drop light, are at your disposal. You stop a moment to admire the panels and etchings and the hangings, which are embroidered with drooping wistaria in faint green. An electric grate fire, with a genuine mantel, lends an air of spaciousness to the room. You notice that your gowns have been hung in one closet and your blouses in another and that shoes, slippers, umbrella, etc., have been carefully stowed away in places provided for them.

The third day out, if the weather is fine, is the social height of the trip. The ship's types are by this time all fully developed. The bridge fiends have become known to each other, and they never leave their game except for meals. There is the usual contingent that each morning comes around to tell you how early they were on deck. You have stood at the prow and watched the schools of dolphins jumping straight for the ship, you have rushed excitedly to the rail to watch a passing steamer with which your vessel exchanges salutes by running up innumerable little flags, and you have marveled at the land birds that always follow the ship across, and perhaps you ask the steward to get out some fresh water and a plate of crumbs for them.

If you enjoy spontaneous vaudeville the hour in the ship's gymnasium will be your regular rendezvous every morning, and aside from the fun which you will have in watching the others perform unaccustomed stunts on the frisky camel, the spirited horse or with the vibrators you will receive direct benefit from the exercises, which are the best thing to be recommended for the maintenance of sea legs.—Harriet Quimby in Leslie's Weekly.

ALDEN'S NAPLES STORY.

A Glass of Capri Wine and a Statue That Nodded.

The late W. L. Alden, the humorist, was one of the most abstemious of men—in fact, he was pretty near being a teetotaler. I don't know that I ever saw him take wine or spirits in all the years I knew him except a glass of claret at the midday and evening meals during his last illness.

During the later years of his life he spent the winter abroad, sometimes in Genoa, sometimes in Naples and once, I think, in Cairo, and usually his four or five months' residence on the shores of the Mediterranean would not cost him more than £50.

Once on his return from Naples I remember his telling me this story: "L., a brother novelist, was in Naples also and asked me one night to dine with him at one of the big hotels on the water front just outside Naples—one of those hotels along that massive stone embankment against which the waves of the sea often break in showers of spray thirty or forty feet high.

"After dinner we went for a walk along the embankment, and we got pretty well drenched with the spray. Soon we reached a statue, and, lo, it nodded gravely toward us!

"'Did you see that statue nod?' said L. to me.

"'I certainly did,' said I.

"'Well,' said he, 'I'm going back to the hotel and to bed before I get run in. It's that confounded Capri wine.' "So, ashamed of ourselves, back we went and sneaked up to bed. But at breakfast table next morning both of us seemed to be amazingly fresh considering our dissipation of the night before, and we could not understand why we had such good appetites until the waiter said:

"'Did the gentlemen feel last night's slight earthquake?'—Pearson's Weekly.

A Medal of Blood.

Garibaldi was once presented with a medal made of his own blood. The giver was Dr. Manini of Naples, who was well known as a petrifier and preserver of the human body. Dr. Manini in offering his gift to Garibaldi said that whenever the general looked at it it would brace him up for the last fight, and across the medal were engraved the words, "The Blood of Garibaldi Is Forever Red." The strange medal is preserved by the general's descendants.

An Eye to Business.

"Bigsbee is a terribly melodramatic fellow, isn't he? He said he'd drain his heart's blood for the woman he loved. Do you think he meant it?" "Why, I guess so. Bigsbee is agent for a drain and sewer pipe concern."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

All He Knew.

Officer (to recruit who has missed every shot)—Good heavens, man, where are your shots going? Recruit (tearfully)—I don't know, sir; they left here all right!—London Punch.

Habit is the deepest law of human nature.—Carlyle.

Two Bargains in City Homes

Two corner lots, with one house of 7 rooms under construction. Bath, pantry, large closets, two bed rooms, linen closets, halls up and down stairs, fire place, basement full size of house, which is 24x36 feet, plumbing and electric light complete, septic tank, concrete sidewalk and small barn.

Also one inside lot and 7-room house, bath, pantry, sewing room, closets to bed rooms, halls up and down stairs, basement 24x36 feet, full size of house, electric light complete, some plumbing, concrete walks.

This property is in good location, two blocks from College, four blocks from public school. No agents. Call on or address

OWNER, 320 North Tenth Street, Corvallis, Oregon.

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Congo Roofing and Quick Meal Ranges

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