

BESTED WILLAMETTE

OAC ELEVEN PLAYED BALL AT THE STATE CAPITAL AND WON.

The Score was Twenty one to Naught—Nash Injured in the Game. Comment of Newspapers on the Oregon Championship.

The OAC football team played a game with Willamette University at Salem last Saturday, and made a score against their opponents of 21 to naught. One touchdown was made in the first and three in the second half. During the game Nash, who played left half suffered a slight fracture of a small bone near the ankle, but it is not deemed certain that the mishap will disable him for the Albany game. Tomorrow the team is to meet the Forest-Grove eleven on OAC field in a contest that will be the last seen at the college this season.

Eugene Guard:— Manager Wright has received the following telegram from Corvallis: Elmer M Wright, Manager of University of Oregon football team, Eugene: "While we make no claim to the northwest championship, we will accept your challenge as stated in today's Oregonian, provided Albany does not accept ours by tomorrow noon. If Albany accepts, will play you on the following Saturday."

CHARLES L. JOHNSON, Manager Agricultural College Eleven.

This has the appearance of being just what the University of Oregon's management was looking for, but it is not. It will be remembered that the challenge spoken of was addressed to teams making a claim to the northwest championship. Manager Johnson, curiously enough, prefaces his acceptance with the phrase, "while we make no claim to the northwest championship, we will accept your challenge, etc." The challenge was for the purpose of securing a game with the northern competitors who really have a claim to the coveted title. The University of Washington is steering clear of Eugene, profiting by past experience. A game might be arranged in Portland the second Saturday in December but it is doubtful. A list of the colleges who are to enter for championship should be made every year and a schedule arranged as in the baseball league the winning team would be then very easy to pick by the percentage system.

University of Washington, Seattle, Nov. 21.—The challenge of the University of Oregon, printed in a late issue of The Telegram, offered to play the winner of the Thanksgiving game between the University of Washington and the Washington Agricultural College to determine who has the right to claim the Northwest championship is not favorably considered by the management of the local team.

Washington expects to win from the W. A. C. In order to make it fair for all, Oregon should meet the W. A. C. and the University of Idaho and defeat them. Then it would be entitled to play with Washington for the Northwest championship. As it is, Whitman College is the only institution of prominence whose colors have been lowered on the football field of the U. of O. this season. If the proposition of Oregon should be considered, and by some ill luck Washington should lose, Oregon would claim the championship of the Northwest and at the same time would have met only four of the leading colleges in the Northwest.

While a game might be arranged, a game to decide the championship could not be considered because it is evident that Oregon has not proven itself to be in Washington's class. In fact, Oregon has not been able to defeat the numerous smaller colleges of the state. Albany college has just as much right to ask for a game to decide its own superiority over the other teams in the Northwest as Oregon has. The sentiment of the local team is that a team should be victorious in its own section of the country before attempts to conquer those who are victorious over teams in many sections of the country.

Now the Seattle Daily Times comes out with a great harangue on the northwest championship, in which it is clearly shown that the University of Washington has no intention of meeting the University of Oregon this season. The Times gives several reasons why the local University is under no obligations to meet Oregon, and they are about as follows: In the first place U. of O. has no repu-

tation this year; she has not been able to defeat the teams at home therefore she should not be looking abroad for competitors; secondly, the students of Washington have not forgotten the insult offered by last season's track team; thirdly the University of Washington is the athletic dictator of the northwest, and will choose her own company. The above is only the gist of a long statement in the Seattle paper, for it took a great many words to justify the stand the University of Washington has taken. It is absurd for Washington to say that the Oregon team has no reputation. Both OAC and Whitman scored on the U. of W. team while they could not score on the U. of O. As for the statement that the U. of W. cannot pardon the unsportsmanlike conduct of the Oregon track team, that is all rot. The fact of the matter is, the U. of W. team has won only three games of any note this year, and these victories were due mainly to the great kicking of Spiedell. Eugene Register.

AT PHILOMATH

Purchased Property—Professor Resigned—City Election Coming on.

The Public school now has 140 pupils enrolled.

T. Chandler who was a member of the firm of Moses & Chandler and sold out two years ago, returned this week and purchased the residence of Mr. Gregory and will make this place his future home. During his absence Mr. Chandler has conducted a very successful business at Albany.

Bishop Barkley came to Philomath last Saturday on business connected with the College of Philomath, and preached Sunday evening to a large congregation at Keezel's chapel.

Rev. Haskins has resigned his professorship in Philomath College and accepted the pastorate of a church at his old home in Nebraska.

Mr. Judson Weed and Mr. W. J. Bryan are both spoken of in connection with the mayorship, for next year.

Marsh Allen, Douglas Davis, O. V. White and A. E. Taylor are all possible candidates for the office of marshal.

This is the first city election for several years in which the case of Ingle against the City will cut no figure. The taxpayers having settled with Ingle outside the city council.

San Francisco, Nov. 21.—Mrs. Colonel B. T. Dickinson of Alameda an aunt of Mrs. Gore, was seen to-night, and declared that her niece did not commit suicide. Mrs. Dickinson states that she is in receipt of several letters from Mrs. Gore, stating that Rydzewski was infatuated with her and had threatened her. On September 22nd, Mrs. Gore wrote to her aunt as follows: "I hear that Mr. Rydzewski is coming at the end of the week. In a way I am sorry he is to be in Paris this winter. I can see by his letters that he intends to take up as much of my time as possible. I shall take a firm stand and keep him at distance. I wrote him that I am here to study seriously and that I shall be unable to see him often, but then one might as well talk to an avalanche seconding on one. I shall tell my servants that I am not at home to him."

New York, Nov. 21.—Judge Adams in the United States court today directed the jury to find for the government in the case of Mrs. Ida Harrison Dulles from whom a \$26,000 pearl necklace was taken on her arrival from Europe some months ago. Judge Adams and Mrs. Dulles had failed to comply with the requirements of the customs service, and therefore the pearl should be forfeited. Mrs. Dulles in her defense said she intended to declare the necklace but that she desired to consult her husband on the steamship dock before doing so. While she was talking to her husband the treasury agent stepped up and asked her to hand him the necklace which she was wearing.

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 21.—Mrs. Albert Sechrest, of Kansas City, principal witness for the state in case of Dr. Louis Zorn, a dentist charged with killing her husband, was found here today at the home of her parents, and admitted that she had been in hiding there for the past five days. Mrs. Sechrest wished to avoid testifying at the trial and last Monday threw a note pinned to a hat in the river at Leavenworth, stating that she had drowned herself and baby. "I meant to kill myself and baby," she said today, "but the water was too cold."

Woolly Wisp

By John Harold Hamlin.

THE mere fact that he was a sheep gave him a woolly reputation. He had not always flocked with Virginia's denizens, yet he lived there when that place reeked of wild, western life, and the sheep seemed not at all out of his element on the gay Comstock Lode. Woolly was a derelict, a lone lamb when first he entered Virginia's precincts, abandoned by a careless shepherd and pursued by coyotes into the very heart of that bustling mining camp. The miners were just changing shifts when the lambkin darted down C street, night shadows threw a gloom abroad, and the diminutive, fitting white object mystified the miners as they trooped homeward. One thick-tongued individual shouted out: "Look at it, boys! 'Tis a will o' wisp!"

The "wisp" bleated pitifully, and the merry men laughed loudly as they beheld a timid lamb. "Not will o' wisp, Slimps, but a decidedly woolly one, man!"

In such fashion did the sheep come by his name, and from that date Woolly Wisp played a privileged role in Virginia's circles. No one person claimed him. He was public property, and consequently Woolly's bringing up lacked a certain proportion of home influence so essential to the proper training of young things. The first real wicked deed Woolly enacted endeared him to the whole bevy of school children. If the sheep had reasoning powers, one would be inclined to believe he maliciously planned his assault against Prof. Wigstie, principal of the Virginia schools. The principal adhered to the "rod" motto, and the pupils hated him much and feared him more. Prof. Wigstie was partial to fan shoes; he cared not what style they were so long as the color gleamed yellow. His most recent acquisition in shoe leather made glad his heart—a glaring saffron shade, and soles that squeaked in a minor key, thus attracting not only the eye but the ear as well.

Woolly Wisp stood in a side street one bright morning. The hang of his head bespoke dejectedness; a battered tin can, suffixed, explaining his bad mood. Woolly frequently rattled tin-ware through the precipitous streets on Mt. Davidson's slopes. It always ruffled his temper, which was pretty average bad at its best. While brooding in this ugly state of mind, a tall, spare man with vividly yellow and noisy shoes adorning his pedal extremities squeaked by in insolent complaisance. Woolly stamped his foot; the can clattered behind him—off he went, not like, but in reality, a battering ram. Prof. Wigstie sprawled quite across C street. Many of his irrepresible pupils gathered about the fallen owner of yellow shoes and lost dignity. Woolly Wisp tarried not, but continued on his career at a rattling pace.

After that star performance of the sheep, no youth in any of the Virginia "cliques" ever again attached things to his tail. He was, in their eyes, a creature to be revered as the hero who "downed" the terrible Wigstie. In such guise Woolly commanded all due respect from the younger generation, and his future popularity was assured simply by that one daring act.

Woolly wasn't a traditional lamb, for he never ventured near the schoolhouse. The truce established between himself and the school children occurred at a too recent date to carry any weight with him. He distrusted impulsive youth, and many times he betook himself to the outskirts of Virginia City that he might be entirely out of sight and hearing of rough youngsters.

Prof. Wigstie lived near the town's edge, in a house that looked three stories high, front view, and a mere shed, back view. The steepness of the side-hill site accounted for this disparity. The small front yard blazed with big sunflowers and brilliant dahlias. Woolly admired this rare garden-spot, and forced an entrance one luckless afternoon. The professor, returning from school, espied the trespasser; his wrath flared forth, and he bore down upon the sheep in a frenzy. Woolly realized that safety lay in flight, and he immediately took that course. Away went pedagogue and ram, careening down the mountain. At a moment when the race seemed lost to Prof. Wigstie, a dire calamity befell the pursued. An old mining shaft, partially obscured by sagebrush, yawned directly in the sheep's path. He disappeared down its black depths. No sign, no sound could Prof. Wigstie detect of the ingulfed torment.

"Good enough! That blasted beast is a hoodoo, and it's good riddance of this petted Woolly Wisp."

The removing of the \$700,000,000 worth of silver and gold from the heart of Mt. Davidson necessitated a wonderful amount of excavation. To say that the whole mountain is honey-combed is a plain statement of truth. A force of men picking in a tortuous drift heard a muffled ba-a, ba-a. They stopped work; caught the sound again, and, with a few strokes of picks, broke through into an old shaft. Rather an emaciated-looking sheep met their surprised gaze. One of his horns had been broken off; he appeared slightly fazed—but they recognized in him the mysteriously disappeared Woolly Wisp.

"Poor Woolly! You're a sorry sight, but we are right glad to see you again," said Slimps, he who first discovered this will o' wisp.

It didn't take long to get the sheep out of his underground prison, nor did it consume much time for him to regain his normal sprightliness.

One lives in Virginia City but a brief period ere one learns that the wind blows fiercely and frequently. Jocularly termed Washoe zephyrs are these sweeping breezes that lift and carry tin roofs, capsize houses and deftly pick box cars clear off the tracks.

Prof. Wigstie was an imported teacher. His peculiarities were extremely at odds—that is, he adored yellow shoes, as hereinbefore mentioned, and, although past 50, had luxuriant, curly, black hair. On a Sunday, several days after Woolly's rescue, the professor and his wife were coming home from church. The morning had dawned beautifully, so Prof. Wigstie took much pains with his toilet. Shoes a burnished yellow, hair an oily mass of curls. A Washoe zephyr sprung suddenly out of the west, even as the congregation poured forth from the holy edifice. It blew and raged and rampaged with vim. It twisted gowns awry, and caught up an occasional hat, or kerchief, or loose wrap. Prof. Wigstie held on to his head-gear faithfully; abruptly turning a corner, he let go his hat, threw up his hands and shouted: "Sarah, Sarah, look at it! That demon of a sheep! Why he is a thousand feet—"

The sentence went unfinished. A boisterous gust snatched the professor's hat, and at first thought one would imagine his hair arose from fright at the spectacle of Woolly Wisp's ghost. Not so; his hair lacked anchorage—'twas false. And there, in sight of the whole congregation, Prof. Wigstie stood, a hatless, hairless individual; while his wig—strange coincidence that Wigstie should wear a wig—whirled gayly on the wings of the wind.

"Hoodoo sheep! Hoodoo sheep!" The words ran through his mind and slipped audibly over his tongue. The "hoodoo" sheep saw the tangled black ball of hair rolling swiftly toward him. He jumped aside then in funny stiff-legged leaps he took after the object. His low ba-a, ba-a, accompanied every jump.

A jolly crowd of miners stepped out of a saloon. They observed the details of the Sabbath street-show and how they did hoot! Some one grabbed up the wig—with mock courtesy it was returned to the dazed, chagrined pedagogue. Prof. Wigstie silently resolved that vengeance should be his; that this sheep and he could not live peacefully together in Virginia City.

He thought of shooting the beast—no, that could not be; for the handling of pistols alarmed him as much as his wielding of a strap terrified the scholars. "Poison! I'll lay it in my garden, leave the gate open and Woolly's appetite will do the rest."

That evening the professor saw the undaunted sheep eying his oasis-like flower-garden. "Delays are dangerous," quoted Wigstie, oracularly, and he quickly procured strychnine and deftly placed it here and there on the choicest plants.

Owing to the dilapidated condition of the wind-tossed wig, the professor had ordered a new crop of hair. The same arrived late in the evening of this day on which Wigstie plotted against Woolly's life. Visitors happened to be at his house, and he laid the package on his bureau without examining it. Mrs. Professor—a woman, and curious—opened the bundle, smiled approvingly and whispered to herself: "Dear Henry, he has at last overcome his pride for his youthful looks. Bless his dear heart! This gray wig will be so becoming to him." She placed the wig on the stand where Henry always kept his hair, and quite forgot it.

In the wee early hours of morning Prof. Wigstie awoke with a start. He listened apprehensively. An unusual pattering noise filled the room. He reached over in the dark and grabbed his wig, clapped it on his head, leaped out of bed and rushed to the window. He saw—Great Scott!—he saw Woolly Wisp multiplied an hundred-fold! There were sheep in his garden; sheep racing down the street; sheep scattered all over the side-hill. What could it mean? Was he dreaming? He trembled as the word "hoodoo" flashed through his mind. Pale moonbeams flooded everything. They cast a ghastly pallor upon the sleeping, sheep-haunted city. Prof. Wigstie turned aside. A mirror stood in the niche by the faintly illuminated window. Horror upon horrors! His hair—his false hair—had actually turned white!

It is a wonder the man didn't go stark, staring mad. His wife tried to explain the miracle—but failed utterly. She did explain, though, to the trustees, why her husband could not attend to his school duties; for he vanished completely, nor was he again ever heard of by Comstockers.

Mrs. Wigstie languished for a few weeks in her lonely house. Several letters addressed to Prof. Wigstie arrived, among which she discovered one from the hairdresser—who supplied him with his ruffish furnishings. It read like an apology; a mistake had been made; his wig was sent to another party, and the other party—an old man—received his, the professor's, black curls. Mrs. W.—shook her head, murmured something about "poor, puzzled dear" and silently wept.

When a letter came, shortly afterward, she cheered up amazingly; bade a few friends good-by, and—it was rumored—joined her husband, who came to his senses, but could not muster up enough courage to come back to the scenes of his mortifying experiences with Woolly Wisp.

Woolly, fickle creature, deserted his happy home and wandered off with the flock of sheep that passed through Virginia's streets on the night of Wigstie's hallucinations.

Not knowing what became of Prof. Wigstie, we cannot say whether Woolly persisted in being his "hoodoo," or whether, which is more likely, he went the way of all ordinary muton-sheep.—San Francisco Argonaut.

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