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# The Corvallis Gazette.

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**SOCIETIES.**  
A. F. AND A. M.  
Corvallis Lodge, No. 14, A. F. and A. M., meets on Wednesday evening, on or preceding full moon.  
ROCKY LODGE, No. 75, A. F. and A. M., meets on Wednesday evening after full moon.  
R. A. M.  
Ferguson Chapter, No. 5, R. A. M., meets Thursday evening on or preceding full moon.  
WALLACE HADWIN, H. P.  
K. O. F.  
Valley Lodge, No. 11, K. O. F., meets every Monday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock, at the residence of C. C. JAS. HEADMAN, JR., K. R. S.  
I. O. O. F.  
Barnum Lodge, No. 7, I. O. O. F., meets every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.  
T. C. ALEXANDER, N. G.  
A. G. U. W.  
Friendship Lodge, No. 14, A. O. U. W., meets first and third Thursdays in each month.  
E. B. BERRY, M. W.  
W. C. T. U.  
Regular business meetings first Saturdays in each month, at the residence of Mrs. J. H. BERRY, in each month at the College Chapel, by the Rev. F. F. Davidson. Services begin at 11 a. m., and 6:30 p. m. All are invited.  
MRS. T. GRAHAM, Sec.

**CHURCH DIRECTORY.**  
BAPTIST CHURCH SERVICES.—Preaching every second and fourth Sabbath in each month at the College Chapel, by the Rev. F. F. Davidson. Services begin at 11 a. m., and 6:30 p. m. All are invited.  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Regular services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and Sunday school at 9 a. m. each Sabbath. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Public cordially invited.  
EVANGELICAL CHURCH.—Services regularly every Sabbath—morning at 10 o'clock, and Sunday school at 9 a. m. each Sabbath. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Public cordially invited.  
M. E. CHURCH.—There will be public services at the M. E. Church every Sabbath at 11 o'clock in the morning. Sabbath school at 9 o'clock each Sabbath. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.  
M. E. CHURCH SOUTH.—Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. on the College Chapel. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Public cordially invited.  
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**PATENTS.**  
Obtained, and all business in the U. S. Patent Office, or in the courts, attended to by ROBERT L. FRAZER. We are opposers of the U. S. Patent Office, engaged in PATENT BUSINESS. We obtain patents in less time than those who resort to Washington. When model or drawing is sent we advise as to patentability free of charge, and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS WE OBTAIN PATENT. We refer, here, to the Post Master, the Sup't. of the Money Order Div., and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circulars and terms, and references to actual clients in your own state and county, address, C. A. SNOW & Co., 123 Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.  
**Real Estate for Sale.**  
Will sell a farm of 473 acres for less than \$18 per acre, being one of the choicest and best farms in the best country situated a mile west of Monticello, 2 miles from a good school, in one of the best neighborhoods in the state with church privileges handy. About 130 acres in cultivation, and over 400 can be cultivated. All under fence, with good two story frame house, large barn and orchard; has running water the year around, and is well suited for stock and dairy purposes. This is one of the choicest farms in the Willamette Valley.  
Also, two improved lots in the main business street with small stable, woodshed and a good, comfortable dwelling house containing seven good rooms. These lots are nicely situated for any kind of business purposes.  
A valuable farm all under fence only 23 miles from Corvallis of 150 acres, 80 acres now in cultivation, the balance of it can be cultivated; about 20 of it now in wheat with a fair house, good barn and granary, will be sold at a bargain.  
Two unimproved lots in Corvallis. One of the choicest building places in the city for a small residence.  
Four unimproved lots except fenced in Corvallis. The choicest building place in the city for a large residence.  
For further information enquire at the GAZETTE OFFICE.

**NERVOUS DEBILITY.**  
A Sure Cure Guaranteed.  
R. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spasmodic Impulsions, Irritability, Sensitiveness, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment, one dollar a box, six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by  
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For starting children and others in the culture of Music. It overcomes the drudgery of learning the elements of Music by pleasant amusement. This new method teaches you all about the Musical Staff, Degrees of the Staff, Clefs, Notes and Rests, Scale, Intervals of the Scale, Location of Letters on the Staff, and their relation to the Keys of the instrument (This is very important with children) Flats and Sharps and their use. All the different Keys, how to form Chords or musical words. It teaches the syllables, Do, Re, Mi, etc., in singing. It contains a complete musical catechism. It is MULTUM IN PARVO. All this is learned while the learner is amusing himself by playing familiar tunes. Persons with no MUSICAL TALENT may play the tunes, as the guide is such that he cannot strike the wrong key. Full directions and four pieces of music accompany the Method. Sent by mail for \$1.00. Address,  
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SHILOH'S COUGH and consumption cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. Sold by Graham.  
CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath restored by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sent by mail. Sold at T. Graham's, Corvallis.  
SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's cure is ready for you. Sold by T. Graham.  
ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Diarrhea, Loosening, Yellow Skin, Shiloh's Vitallin is a positive cure. Sold at T. Graham's.

**ATTORNEYS.**  
M. S. WOODCOCK,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
CORVALLIS, - - OREGON.  
KELSA & KEESEE,  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
CORVALLIS, - - OREGON.  
E. H. HOLT,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
CORVALLIS, - - OREGON.

**PHYSICIANS.**  
F. A. JOHNSON,  
Physician, Surgeon,  
And Electrician.  
Chronic Diseases a specialty. Catarrh successfully treated. Also Oculist and Aurist. Office in Fisher's Block, one door west of Dr. F. F. Davidson's dental office. Office hours from 8 to 12 and from 1 to 6 o'clock. 19-27 y 1

**PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.**  
T. V. B. EMBREE, M. D.,  
Office 2 doors south of H. E. Harris' Store, CORVALLIS, - - OREGON.  
Residence on the southwest corner of block, north and west of the Methodist church. 19-21 y 1.

**PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.**  
G. R. FARRA, M. D.,  
Office—OVER GRAHAM, HAMILTON & CO'S Drug Store, Corvallis, Oregon. 19-25 y 1

**F. J. ROWLAND,**  
Blacksmith & Wagonmaker,  
Philomath, Oregon.  
Mr. Rowland is prepared to do all kinds of wagon-making, repairing and blacksmithing to order. He uses the best of material every time and warrants his work. 19-23 y 1

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Boot and Shoe Maker,  
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I always keep on hand superior material and warrant my work. I ask an examination of my goods before purchasing elsewhere. 19-23 y 1

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Stationery,  
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19-26 m 3

**C. W. PHILBRICK,**  
GENERAL  
Contractor and Bridge Builder,  
Corvallis, Oregon.  
Will attend promptly to all work under his charge. 19-27 y 1

**OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.**  
Corvallis, Oregon.  
CANAN & GIBLIN, PROPRIETORS.  
THE OCCIDENTAL is a new building, newly furnished, and is first class in all its appointments.  
RATES LIBERAL.  
Stages leave the hotel for Albany and Yaquina Bay Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.  
Large Sample Room on First Floor for Commercial Men. 19-35 y 1

**PORTER, SLESSINGER & CO.,**  
Manufacturers and Jobbers of  
THE CELEBRATED  
**IRON CLAD**  
BOOT & SHOE.  
These Goods are Warranted not to rip.  
All Genuine have the trade mark "IRON CLAD" stamped thereon.  
117 Battery Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
GOODS FOR SALE AT  
**MAX FRIENDLY'S**  
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**THE YAQUINA HOUSE!**  
Is now prepared to accommodate travelers  
**IN FIRST-CLASS STYLE.**  
MEALS AT ALL HOURS FOR  
ONLY 25 CENTS.

**HORSE FEED**  
Constantly on hand, at the  
LOWEST LIVING RATES.  
Situated on the Yaquina Road, half way from Corvallis to Newport.  
19-12 y 1. P. BRYANT.

**W. C. Crawford,**  
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KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A LARGE & assortment of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc. All kinds of repairing done on short notice, and at work warranted. 19-33 y 1

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Best in the world. Get the genuine. Every package has our trade-mark and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE. 50 y

**CORVALLIS**  
Photograph Gallery.  
PHOTOGRAPHS FROM MINATURE TO LIFE SIZE.  
First Class Work Only!  
Copying in all branches. Use of all kinds and finished taken at cash prices. E. HESLOP.

**E. H. TAYLOR,**  
DENTIST  
The oldest established Dentist and the best outfit in Corvallis.  
All work kept in repair free of charge and satisfaction guaranteed. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas.  
No Rooms up stairs over Jacobs & Neugans' new Brick Store, Corvallis, Oregon. 19-27 y 1

**E. C. VAUGHAN,**  
New Store. New Goods.  
Main Street, three doors south of Bank CORVALLIS, OREGON.  
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, CROCKERY, ADGLASSWARE, etc.  
Our lowest and best prices. From produce taken in exchange. O'Connell's Cash Sales and Small Profits. Goods delivered free to any part of the city. 19-35 y 1

**AUGUST KNIGHT,**  
CABINET MAKER,  
Cor. Second and Monroe Sts.,  
CORVALLIS, OREGON.  
Keeps constantly on hand all kinds of  
**FURNITURE**  
Coffins and Caskets.  
Work done to order on short notice and at reasonable rates.  
Corvallis, July 1, 1881. 19-27 y 1

**UNDERTAKER.**  
Cor. Second and Monroe Sts.,  
CORVALLIS, OREGON.  
Keeps constantly on hand all kinds of  
**FURNITURE**  
Coffins and Caskets.  
Work done to order on short notice and at reasonable rates.  
Corvallis, July 1, 1881. 19-27 y 1

**The Stolen Will.**  
When they told Ethan Van Wirt that his days were numbered, the first thing he said to his attendant was—  
"Send for Miss Work; I must see Effie Work before I die."  
Singular as the demand was, no one thought of questioning it. Miss Work was sent for.  
Effie turned quite white when the strange, imperative summons first came and she was told that he who sent her was dying.  
"Dying!" she whispered, her blue eyes dimmed with tears.  
"What can he want? Shall you go, Effie?" asked Pauline Ruble who was visiting her.  
"Oh, yes, yes. Poor old man! I am so sorry for him! Certainly I will go."  
But I am so frightened, Pauline, "I never saw any one die."  
The pretty childish creature was trembling from head to feet. Pauline put her arm around the slim figure and drew the golden hair down upon her shoulder. She was several inches taller than Effie, and much handsomer in her own opinion. "Little fool!" she thought as she caressed the pale face with her white hand. "Of course it is something about Louis Van Wort." Aloud she said insinuatingly, "I had better go with you, dear. Don't you think so, "Oh, if you only would!" Effie cried eagerly.

Mrs. Work was an invalid, and could not accompany her daughter, so she was glad to have Pauline go with her. As the carriage drove off with the two girls she sank back upon her couch with a thoughtful look. "It must be something about his grandson. I do hope Effie won't be silly."  
The girls were shown at once into the sick man's room.  
"I wish to see you alone, Effie, my child," said he, with a frown toward Pauline.  
"I'll wait for you in the next room, darling," said Pauline, and withdrew.  
"Mr. Louis has come, sir," the servant said as he was leaving the room in obedience to an impatient gesture from his master.  
The night being warm, the windows were open. The sick room and the one next to it both looked out upon a wide veranda, which ran across the front of the house. It was easy for Pauline to step out upon this and go to the window of the sick room.

"I want to know what he wants of her, and she is such an obstinate bit sometimes, she might not tell me."  
"I have sent for you, Effie, to ask you if you love my grandson," the dying man was saying.  
Effie, poor child, was trembling so she could hardly stand.  
"My dear, I am dying or I would not ask you this question. If I die without a will my property falls to him as the natural heir; but the boy has taken to wrong courses lately. He gambles, I hear. This is a taste he inherits. It came near being my ruin at this very age. But I promised the woman I married that I never would touch cards again if she would have me, and I never did. My grandson loves you. In that is my hope. Am I wrong in thinking you care for him?"  
Effie's lips opened, but she could not utter a word.

"If you love Louis, and promise me that before you consent to marry him you will exact from him the same pledge my wife did from me, he shall be my heir. If not, the money goes away from him. I want your answer, child. My lawyer waits to make my will."  
Effie burst into tears.  
"I do love him, I will promise anything. But—what if he does not care for me as you think?"  
"I know he does. All I ask of you is your promise not to marry him till he has sworn he will never touch cards again. Give me your hand, child, and say the words after me."  
Effie obeyed him. More calmly than might have been expected in her nervous state.  
"God bless you! You have made my last hours almost happy," he said, as he let her go.

As Effie quitted the room, sobbing Pauline was about to join her, when she heard the sick man, mutter—  
"I am not sure, after all, that a will would not make everything safer."  
Then he ordered the attendant to go and bring Mr. Scribe.  
"Can he make a will?" wondered Pauline. "I will wait and see."  
To her amazement she heard the sick man dictating a will to his lawyer, in which he left everything he possessed to Effie, absolutely. Mr. Scribe remonstrated, but it was of no use.  
"I know what I am about," the old man said, and would hear nothing. "The will duly sealed and witnessed, he told the lawyer to put it in his desk, which stood within view.  
"Is it safe here?" Mr. Scribe asked, "I do not see any key."  
"Who would touch it? It would benefit no one but the Van Wirts, and they are not thieves, whatever else they may be. Besides, I may want to destroy it yet. Go now, please, and tell them to send Louis to me."

On going to seek Effie, Pauline found her so nervous and ill that the housekeeper had made her lie down, and was now sitting with her. Pauline took the housekeeper's place by her friend's bedside, and in a short time Effie fell asleep. As she sat there watching the white face of the girl she pretended to love, her mind was filled with wicked and envious thoughts. Why must Effie be who was rich already, have the Van Wirt property? And then she envied her the handsome lover, with whom she was herself half in love.  
"But if course he will have to marry her now," she thought bitterly.  
Suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of some commotion in the house. She sat and listened a few moments. Then she arose, and gliding down stairs, slipped through the open door and passed swiftly along the veranda until she came to the window where she had listened before. One glance at the bed told her that all was over. A sudden fear seized her. She was about to flee the spot, when her eyes fell upon the desk in which she had seen the will placed.  
"I wonder if it is there yet?" she thought.  
No one was in the room, but the door was open and she could hear voices.  
"I am sure I can reach it from here. I should know it at a glance," she mused.

An evil thought crossed her mind, what if she took it? The lawyer would think Mr. Van Wirt had destroyed it; and besides, that will in her hands might help her to win Louis after all. At the thought she snatched the document, and hiding it in the folds of her dress, softly traced her steps to the room in which her friend still slept.  
Ethan Van Wirt had been dead about a month, and the grandson had taken possession of his estate. There were rumors about a will, but when it could not be found, Mr. Scribe concluded that the old man had destroyed it, and he refused to tell who was mentioned in it.  
Pauline was still visiting Effie, though her welcome had grown somewhat cold, both on Effie's and her mother's part, Louis Van Wirt came to their house as often as formerly, but it was apparently to see Pauline. He scarcely spoke to Effie except in the most formal manner; and though the gentle girl strove to feel the same toward her false friend, she could not quite.

There was a certain rejected suitor of Effie's, Robert Lester, whom she had never liked, but who, in spite of her coldness, seemed to be always beside her now, and more than once she had fancied that Pauline had contrived to fasten him upon her for the evening.  
"I must bring matters to a crisis soon," thought Pauline one night, as she wreathed her face with smiles and pretended not to perceive Mrs. Work's coldness toward her.  
Presently, when Louis called, she was watching him, and drew him at once into the garden.  
"I want to tell you something,"

she said, in her insinuating voice, "and beside, Effie and her lover are so happy in there by themselves, it would be a pity to disturb them."  
The young man's handsome face turned quite pale.  
"Has she consented to marry him at last, then?" he asked, bitterly.  
"Of course; I told you she would. He is such a very moral young man, and dear Effie is so strict in all her ideas. I know if she thought he had ever touched a card she would not have him now."  
Louis winced.  
"Do you know to whom your grandfather left his money in that will that has never been found?"  
"I do not."  
"I can tell you."  
"You!"  
Pauline smiled.  
"He left everything to Effie."  
"Impossible!" he said, yet, looking at her uneasily.  
"How do you know?"  
"Never had, I do know. Moreover, that will is in existence."  
Again he looked at her uneasily.  
"I know where it is."  
"Would you like to see it?" slipping her hand into her pocket.  
"Yes."

"How shall you like to see Effie and Robert living at Van Wirt House?"  
Louis ground his teeth with rage. That decided the bold, false girl.  
"Louis Van Wirt, it that will could be put in your possession to do what you like with it, would you marry a woman who loves you better than Effie ever could?"  
She felt him start as she leaned upon his arm, and her hand, tightened upon the will in her pocket.  
His answer came after some moments, but in a voice so husky and changed she would scarcely have known it.  
"I would."  
Trembling with joy she drew out the paper and he took it, looked at it a moment, and thrusting it into his pocket, began to go swiftly toward the house. An awful misgiving seized Pauline as she tried to keep up with him.  
"What are you going to do?"  
"You shall see," he answered sternly, and there was a hard look in his eyes.  
"What a fool I was!" she muttered, and made one effort more.  
"Effie and Lester won't thank you or interrupting them."  
No answer, as he walked on and entered the drawing room, through one of the open French windows. Effie sat there with her mother. No one else was in the room. He laid the will on her lap.  
"I find," he said hurriedly and in a shaken tone of voice, "that my grandfather left his money to you. There is the will that has been missing so long. I hope, Effie, that you will be a great deal happier as the wife of Mr. Lester than mine. But he cannot love you any better than I do."  
Effie was white and speechless with bewilderment.  
Effie detests Robert Lester," said Mrs. Work, taking in the situation at once. She has never cared for any one but you, Louis, and you ought to know it."  
"O, my darling, ejaculated Louis, wildly, extending his arms, "is it true?"  
In another instant Effie was sobbing on his shoulder.  
Pauline went to her room and spent the rest of the night in packing.

When, the next morning, she announced her intention of going away, no one objected.  
Louis looked a trifle embarrassed when Effie told him of the promise she had made his grandfather the night he died.  
"I don't think I am in danger of being a gambler, but I am willing to pledge myself never to play again."  
"Thank you, my love—my lover."  
Advice to a Young Man.  
Don't be lazy; my boy. Fly around and do something, if it's only to pound sand. Put in all your minutes in honest hard work, tranquil meditation, or healthful recreation. Easy to meditate? Be careful, my

boy, or you'll choose the hardest lot of all. A lazy man stretches himself out in the sun and dozes, but he doesn't meditate. He doesn't think. Edison, sitting beside his fireless forge with his idle hands folded on his lap, may be apparently as listless as the fellow sitting on a log in the sunshine, dreamily "fishing for cat." But telephone, the electric light, the quadruplex instrument came from the reams of one, while the other only catches the ague, and serves him right.  
Why, my boy, you waste times time enough build a house. We waste time because it slips by so pleasantly. We can't realize it. I have wondered sometimes if a man had in his room a great glass, an hour glass, loaded with the sands of his life, so that it might be before him every time he entered his room; if he knew that not one grain of the steadily dropping sand could be turned back, if he could watch the diminishing above and piling up below; if, when he closed his eyes he knew that all night long it would run steadily, no faster, no slower; if when he came home from a journey he could always see how much had run away; if he could stand before it, held by a strange fascination, and watch its running sand; if he could always realize that those grains of sand numbered the seconds of his life; if he could see that sleeping or waking, going or staying, sick or well, eating and drinking, working or idling, remorselessly the sand run through, I wonder if he could not improve the time better? I wonder how many of those grains would turn to gold as they passed through the funnel of his industry.

A Georgia Teacher.  
Nine-ten years of teaching experience. I have had many large and small schools. I have had children before they were two years old. They are fathers of twins for they are proprietors of two pairs of pants, and the little girl they marry are old women before they are twenty years old. Occasionally one of these marriages turn out all right; but it is a clear case of luck. If there was a law against young galoots sparring and marrying before they have all cut their teeth, we suppose the little cusses would evade it in some way; but there ought to be a sentiment against it. It is time enough for these bantams to think of finding a pullet when they have raised money enough to buy a bundle of laths to build a huck-house. But they see a girl who looks cunning, and they are afraid there is net going to be girls enough to go around and and then they begin to get ill their work real spy; and before they are aware of the sanctity of the marriage relations they are bitched for life, and before they own a cook-stove or a bedstead, they have to get up in the night and go after the doctor, so frightened that they run themselves out of breath and abuse the doctor because he doesn't run too, and when the doctor gets there there is not enough linen in the house to wrap up a doll baby.

Alcohol and Tobacco  
Every normal palate rejects alcohol as well as tobacco; any, a child not artificially fed or reared will never relish meat, and instead of the daintiest dishes of refined cookery will prefer fruit as it grows on bush or tree, as the most palatable food and the only thing fit for man to eat. And it is only necessary for us to encourage this natural taste of children, and there will be no chance whatever for dyspepsia or indigestion to get hold and pervert the physical, ethics and aesthetics of their persons. But just listen to the way in which the full-grown speak to the wide awake boys who are quick in improving upon the educational basis of their superiors. If parents intended to inculcate dipsomania they could not more strongly eulogize tobacco and brandy. When the youngsters want to try it they are at first refused, but on insisting they are at last allowed a drop or a puff, and this the taste for alcohol is acquired which in a short time becomes a full-grown dipsomania which must then be recognized as a bodily disease, the etiology of which, however, has to be set down as a mental origin and a moral kind.

When craziness is universal we may not call it madness. But seeing people, be they ever so many, style as enjoyment, a habit that they not only have to get accustomed to, but endure with a great deal of inconvenience, one cannot help looking at them as not very far from being—crazy.  
—Medical Tribune.

Pauline was about to join her, when she heard the sick man, mutter—  
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"I am sure I can reach it from here. I should know it at a glance," she mused.

An evil thought crossed her mind, what if she took it? The lawyer would think Mr. Van Wirt had destroyed it; and besides, that will in her hands might help her to win Louis after all. At the thought she snatched the document, and hiding it in the folds of her dress, softly traced her steps to the room in which her friend still slept.  
Ethan Van Wirt had been dead about a month, and the grandson had taken possession of his estate. There were rumors about a will, but when it could not be found, Mr. Scribe concluded that the old man had destroyed it, and he refused to tell who was mentioned in it.  
Pauline was still visiting Effie, though her welcome had grown somewhat cold, both on Effie's and her mother's part, Louis Van Wirt came to their house as often as formerly, but it was apparently to see Pauline. He scarcely spoke to Effie except in the most formal manner; and though the gentle girl strove to feel the same toward her false friend, she could not quite.

There was a certain rejected suitor of Effie's, Robert Lester, whom she had never liked, but who, in spite of her coldness, seemed to be always beside her now, and more than once she had fancied that Pauline had contrived to fasten him upon her for the evening.  
"I must bring matters to a crisis soon," thought Pauline one night, as she wreathed her face with smiles and pretended not to perceive Mrs. Work's coldness toward her.  
Presently, when Louis called, she was watching him, and drew him at once into the garden.  
"I want to tell you something,"

she said, in her insinuating voice, "and beside, Effie and her lover are so happy in there by themselves, it would be a pity to disturb them."  
The young man's handsome face turned quite pale.  
"Has she consented to marry him at last, then?" he asked, bitterly.  
"Of course; I told you she would. He is such a very moral young man, and dear Effie is so strict in all her ideas. I know if she thought he had ever touched a card she would not have him now."  
Louis winced.  
"Do you know to whom your grandfather left his money in that will that has never been found?"  
"I do not."  
"I can tell you."  
"You!"  
Pauline smiled.  
"He left everything to Effie."  
"Impossible!" he said, yet, looking at her uneasily.  
"How do you know?"  
"Never had, I do know. Moreover, that will is in existence."  
Again he looked at her uneasily.  
"I know where it is."  
"Would you like to see it?" slipping her hand into her pocket.  
"Yes."

"How shall you like to see Effie and Robert living at Van Wirt House?"  
Louis ground his teeth with rage. That decided the bold, false girl.  
"Louis Van Wirt, it that will could be put in your possession to do what you like with it, would you marry a woman who loves you better than Effie ever could?"  
She felt him start as she leaned upon his arm, and her hand, tightened upon the will in her pocket.  
His answer came after some moments, but in a voice so husky and changed she would scarcely have known it.  
"I would."  
Trembling with joy she drew out the paper and he took it, looked at it a moment, and thrusting it into his pocket, began to go swiftly toward the house. An awful misgiving seized Pauline as she tried to keep up with him.  
"What are you going to do?"  
"You shall see," he answered sternly, and there was a hard look in his eyes.  
"What a fool I was!" she muttered, and made one effort more.  
"Effie and Lester won't thank you or interrupting them."  
No answer, as he walked on and entered the drawing room, through one of the open French windows. Effie sat there with her mother. No one else was in the room. He laid the will on her lap.  
"I find," he said hurriedly and in a shaken tone of voice, "that my grandfather left his money to you. There is the will that has been missing so long. I hope, Effie, that you will be a great deal happier as the wife of Mr. Lester than mine. But he cannot love you any better than I do."  
Effie was white and speechless with bewilderment.  
Effie detests Robert Lester," said Mrs. Work, taking in the situation at once. She has never cared for any one but you, Louis, and you ought to know it."  
"O, my darling, ejaculated Louis, wildly, extending his arms, "is it true?"  
In another instant Effie was sobbing on his shoulder.  
Pauline went to her room and spent the rest of the night in packing.

When, the next morning, she announced her intention of going away, no one objected.  
Louis looked a trifle embarrassed when Effie told him of the promise she had made his grandfather the night he died.  
"I don't think I am in danger of being a gambler, but I am willing to pledge myself never to play again."  
"Thank you, my love—my lover."  
Advice to a Young Man.  
Don't be lazy; my boy. Fly around and do something, if it's only to pound sand. Put in all your minutes in honest hard work, tranquil meditation, or healthful recreation. Easy to meditate? Be careful, my

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