Highest of all in Leavening Power .- U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.



LITTLE FEET.

Patter, patter, little feet, Making melody so sweet; Music we all love to hear, Charming to the list'ning ear; Never weary in the light, Tireless in the shades of night; Restless little feet at play, Patter, patter all the day.

atter, patter, little feet, Chasing butterfiles so neat, O'er the fragrant lawn and les, Busy as the toiling bee; Dancing where the sunbeams fall, tunning quick at papa's call; Iappy, sportive at your play, atter, patter all the day.

Patter, patter, little feet, Mong the roses blooming sweet, Where the robin sings his lay And the precious children play; Summer skies above the glow Bright as baby's eyes below, Winsome little feet that stray, Patter, patter all the day.

Patter, patter, little feet, Btraying where the brooklets meet, Flitting o'er the meadows fair, Flitting o'er the meadows fair, Seeking pleasure everywhere; Fondly anaw'ring love's sweet ~~ll, Bringing bliss of life to all. Precious little feet at play, Patter, patter all the day. ore D. C. Miller in New York Weekly.

TWICE TEN YEARS.

I remember it as well as if it were yesterday. The carriage stood at the door that was to take me back to school for the spring term. My mother gave me innumerable instructions, smoothed my collar and adjusted my cap on my head properly, then gave me a kiss and stood looking wistfully at me as I went down the walk and got into the carriage.

A month or two later-it was in June, I think-after a hard struggle one afternoon with some figures, all about a ship and a cargo and the profit and all that, I went out to join the boys. When I reached the play ground they were gone, and there was nothing for me to do but amuse myself as best I could. I strolled around the house with my hands in my pockets (which my mother had told me distinctly I must not do), and suddenly remembering her instructions took them out again; then, for want of better amusement, I began to whistle.

Next to the school there was a pretty cottage separated from the school house by a board fence. The two houses were not 100 feet apart, and I could look right through under the trees, and there on the croquet ground stood a girl, a trifle younger than myself, looking straight at me.

Now, when a boy suddenly finds himself observed by a girl he feels very queer. I remember that very well. My the planks it was to his boat chained to the end. hands went right into my pockets, but remembering that was not the correct thing to do in the presence of a girl I took them directly out again. Then I concluded that it would be a good way to show how little I was embarrassed by turning twice around on my heel, a movement on which I greatly prided myself. After that I don't remember now-it was so long ago-what new capers I cut. But one thing is very cerone. tain. I was soon hunting for something I pretended to have lost in the grass beside the fence.

fault.

came part way back and called to her to

"Oh, no," she said; "I'm afraid." "Afraid! You little goose! with me to hold on to?"

Betwixt her fear and a disposition pliable to a boy older and stronger than herself, it was not long before I was leading her out on the dam.

"Don't you see it's nothing?" I said. She shrank back as I led her along. I determined that she should go to a point where the water poured over a portion of the dam lower than the rest. I turned way. my back to step up on the post. It was but a moment. I heard a cry, and saw Julia in the flood. The expression that was in her eyes is to this day stamped

clearly on my memory—an expression of mingled reproach and forgiveness. I could scarcely swim a dozen strokes, but not a second had elapsed before I

was in the flood. I swam and struggled and buffeted to reach her; all in vain. An eddy whirled me in a different direction. My strength was soon exhausted. I was borne down the river, sinking and rising, till I came to a place where I caught a glimpse as I came to the surface of a man running along some planks extending into the river and raised above the water on posts. My feet became entangled in weeds. I sank. I heard a great roaring

in my ears, then oblivion. When I came to I was lying on my back. I remember the first thing I saw was a light cloud sailing over the clear blue. There was an air of quiet and peace in it that contrasted with my own sensations. Then I saw a man on his knees beside something he was rubbing. I turned my head aside and saw it was a little figure-a girl, Julia. She was cold and stark.

My agony was far greater than when I had plunged after her-into the stream. Then I hoped and believed that if she were drowned I would be also. Now I saw her beside me lifeless, and I lived. Then some men came, and the man who was rubbing Julia said to them, "Take care of the boy; the girl is too far gone." They took me up and carried me away and laid me for awhile on a bed in a strange house. Then I was driven to the school.

The next day my father came and took me home. I was ill after that, too ill to ask about Julia, but when I recovered what a load was taken from my mind to know that by dint of rubbing and rolling and a stimulant she had been brought to and had recovered. I also learned that the man who cared for us had seen Julia fall and had rescued her? When I saw him running along

Paris than in any city in the world. A

low tone of voice that the audience were nable to hear him. He was lecturing MRS. GRAHAM' upon a geographical subject, and copies of a map about three feet square had been generally distributed.

CADDO MILLS, Texas. June 5, 1891.— From my own personal knowledge I can recommend Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera through it and out on the river bank. There was the water and the dam;

and Diarrhoea Remedy for cramps in the stomach, diarrhoea and flux. It is the best medicine I have ever seen used and the best "Did you ever try to walk out there?" asked. "Once, when I was a child, I came selling, as it always gives satisfaction.--K. SHERILL, Twenty-five and 50 cent bottles for sale by T. GRAHAM. ere with a boy, and we walked to where the water pours over. I met with an accident. I fell in."

"The boy overpersuaded you, I sup-

everything as it had been.

ing a boat down the river.

him for his noble effort."

and the second sec

A story is related of the celebrated It was difficult for me to conceal a cergrammarian, Urbain Domergue, who tain trepidation at the mention of my "No, I went of my own accord." "He certainly must have been to blame. He was older and stronger than

had an abscess on his throat, which broke in a fit of passion with which he fell on his physician for committing a solecism in grammar.—American Notes and Queries. "On the contrary," she said, with a slight rising irritation, "he jumped after me like the noble little fellow that he At the Cometery. She-Dear, what do you think of all

the stuff that is carved on tombet He-I think it is all epitaffy .- Pitts-I turned away on pretense of examin ourg Bulletin.

His Rage Saved His Life.

"At any rate he must have begged Mrs. Burton Harrison, author of The Anyour forgiveness on his bended knees glomaniacs, has written for the Ladies' Home Journal two lengthy and what are said to be the most thorough articles on "Sofor permitting you to go into such a danger." "I never saw him again. He went cial Life in New York" ever written. Mrs. cial Life in New York over which the peo-Harrison treats Gotham society and the peo-I fancied—at least I hoped—I could detect a tinge of sadness in her voice. "I have often wished," she went on, "that he would come back, as the other

scholars sometimes do, as you are now.

GENERAL BUTLER'S forthcoming and let me tell him how much I thank book will be one of the largest historical autobiographies ever

"Julia," I said, suddenly turning and published. It will contain about facing her, "this is too much. I am that boy. I led you into the wood. I forced one thousand large pages, printed you to go out on the dam with me. upon high grade paper and illuspermitted you to fall in." "And more than atoned for all by risktrated with several hundred wood ing your life to save me!" engravings. It will be published Ah, that look of surprised delight which accompanied her words! It was in English, German, and French.

worth all my past years of suffering, of The best artists are now employed fancied blame; for in it I read how dearly on the work. The Dickinson type she held the memory of the boy who had at least shared the danger for which he foundry is casting type especially was responsible. for it. The typography and press-

I do not remember if she grasped my hand or I grasped hers. At any rate work will be by the Barta Press of we stood hand in hand looking into each Boston, the first edition to be not other's faces.

less than one hundred thousand; I blessed the Providence that ended my punishment; I blessed the good forprobably double that number. tune that had led me to a knowledge of the kindly heart beside me. Of all the moments of my life I still count it far of Beston. The J. Dewing Co., the happiest. 813 Market street, San Francisco,

Then we walked back through the woods, over the intervening field, and Cal., exclusive agents for Califorstood together leaning against the fence between the old school and her home. nia, Washington, Idaho, Oregon, Nevada, Montana, Utah, Arizona We did not part after that for another and New Mexico.

ten years. Then she left me to go whence I can never recall her. Yet HOTEL TO LET .- A first-class hotel situated in an excellent locality and

there is a trysting place in the woods, through which we once passed as chil-dren, and often afterward as lovers. There I watch the flecked sunlight and doing a business which pays from mark the silence; and it seems to me that I can "hear it be still." More than that, \$3500 to \$4000 per year to lease for a term of years. This is a good op-I know the pure soul looks at me through the honest eyes.—F. A. Mitchel. portunity for some-one. The furniture must be sold with the lease. Reasons

A Positive Hint. for leasing, on account of poor health. A man can be more politely insulted in Address "L. N." Gazette office, Cor-

gentleman who undertook to speak in vallis. Oregon. public there expressed himself in such a



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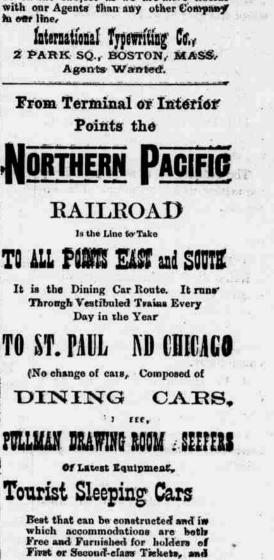
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THE CORVALLIS GAZETTE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1891.

"I it's your knife you've lost," I heard a little voice say, "it isn't there. I picked up a knife there a week ago, but it was all rusty and no good."

"Oh, never mind," I said, looking up into two eyes away back in a sunbonnet "it wasn't much of a knife anyway, and Tve gotanother."

"Are you one of the boys at the chool?"

"Yes." "What reader are you in?", "The Fourth." "Do you study geography?" "Yes."

"What's the capital of the United States?"

I scratched my head.

"I don't remember that," I admitted reluctantly. "I'm first rate on capitals," but I can't recollect that one."

"Why didn't you go off with the boys?"

"I was behind with my sums. I expect they've gone to the river. I like the woods pretty well, they're full of squirrels."

"And snakes," she added.

"I'm not afraid of snakes." "And lizards."

"Nor lizards. I suppose you're afraid

to go there." "No, I'm not."

"If you want to go there now, and are afraid, I don't mind going along, just to keep off snakes and things."

She looked wistfully out at the wood. I can see her now leaning on her mallet, deliberating—if such a process can be called deliberation where the conclusion is predetermined-the straight, lithe fignre poised between the mallet and one foot, one little leg crossed on the otherpeering out at the forest. Suddenly, without any warning, she dropped the mallet and started for the wood.

We were not long in crossing the field and were walking in the dense shade when she stopped, and looking at me with her expressive eyes said: "How still it is in here! It seems to

me I can almost hear it be still."

"Yes, it is pretty solemn," I replied. "Let's go on; the river winds around down there and we can see the water go over the dam."

I heard a distant voice calling "Julia." It was very faint; she did not hear it; I st vod a moment hesitating. "Come, let's go," I said, starting for-

"Julia," I heard again, more faintly than before.

I hurried her on, fearing she would at school." pear the voice and turn back. Presently we emerged from the wood

and stood by the river. I was familiar you be?" with the ground, and led my little friend directly to the dam.

"Most of the boys are afraid to walk ut on that dam," I said. "Id be afraid."

She thought a moment, then turned and looked out at the wood. With the quick motion with which she had made the same move as a child ahe started for-"But you're only a girl; a boy oughtn't to be afraid." With that I started holdiy out, occasionally standing on one foot and performing sundry antics to show what a brave boy I was. Then I ward.

That summer my father removed with his family to the Pacific coast. He was obliged to wait some time for my recov-Presently one of the audience rolled ery, but at last I was able to travel, and up his map in the form of a very long attenuated lamplighter, inserted the small end in his ear and turned the other left without again seeing the little girl whom I had led into danger. I only heard that I had been blamed by every

end toward the speaker. It was a rather Indicrous performance, but not a laugh Ten years passed, during which I was constantly haunted by one idea; that was to go back to New England, find Julia and implore her forgiveness. The years that I must be a boy and dependent seemed interminable. At last I came of age and received a small fortune

that had fallen to me, and as soon as the papers in the case were duly signed and sealed I started east. It was just about the same time of the

year and the same hour of the afternoon as when I first saw Julia that I walked into the old school grounds. I had fully intended to go in next door and call fer her, but my courage failed me. I had heard nothing of her for years. Was she dead? Was she living? Was she in her

old home, or far away? These thoughts chased each other through my mind and I dreaded to know.

I was standing at the school entrance with my hand on the bell when I heard a door in the next house open and then shut. From that moment I could feel. that Julia was near me. She came out

of the house a slender, graceful girl of nineteen, and picking up a croquet mal-let commenced to knock the balls about I wanted to make myself known, but dreaded the horror with which she would regard me when she should know who I

"I beg pardon," I said, raising my hat, "can you tell me if the school is still there?" pointing to the house.

"It was moved some years ago," she replied, regarding me with the old honest gaze.

there.

antly:

"I was one of the scholars."

"Indeed!" She spoke without any further encouragement for me to go on. "I see the wood has not been cut away," I added, glancing toward it. "No, it does not seem to be." "Were you ever there?" "Oh, yes, often."

"And is that old dam still across the river?" "I believe it is."

"Were you ever on the dam?" She looked at me curiously. I went

"Thank you," I replied, "but I hoped you would show me the way."

on without waiting for a reply: "Would you mind showing me the way to it? It is a long while since I was there." on without waiting for a reply:

She drew herself up with a slight hauteur. Then thinking that perhaps I A Conscientions Oysterm Tourist-I have always understood was unaccustomed to the conventional that oysters are not good in months ways of civilized life, she said pleas-

without an r. Oysterman-Well, most gen'rally they ain't. "You have only to walk through the wood straight back of the house and you will come to it."

Tourist-When do you begin gather-

She looked puzzled. "Miss Julia," I said, altering my tone, A prominent New York theatrical man, who is quite homely but very con-ceited, went into a photograph gallery to get some photographs he had had taken. The photographer produced them, and the man declared them elegant. Said he: "It is an excellent picture. It is me all over. It is life itself." "That is so," responded the candid artist, with a dismal expression of coun-tenance, "they are so lifelike that I can't afford to put one of them in the show window, as I intended to. I can't afford to shock the public that way."-Texas Siftings. "I once met you when I was a boy here "I knew a number of the scholars," she said, more interested; "who may

We walked side by side to the wood,

Elder Flower

was heard among the polite assemblage. In two minutes, however, every map in the audience was turned into an ear trumpet, and the speaker saw himself confronted with a sort of mammoth porcupine, whose nearest quills almost touched him. He at once spoke louder. —Exchange. The Figure "4" is Grevy's Life. The figure "4" was curiously associ-ated with the life of the late French president. M. Grevy died after four days' illness, four years after his re-moval from the preddency, at the sge of tighty-four. He lived under four sov-ereigns in the earfier part of his life. was heard among the polite assemblage.

ereigns in the earlier part of his life. Then came the revolution of 1848, and Sample Bottle mailed free to any lady on stamps to pay for postage and packing. Lady age te wanted. four governments then succeeded each

other before he was elected president. Lastly, he died under the fourth presi-MRS. CRAHAM'S Bleach Face dent of the present republic. M. Grevy, when in practice at the bar, received

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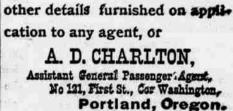
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I dreaded to tell her. "If you will pilot me to the dam," I said, "I will in-form you."



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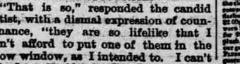
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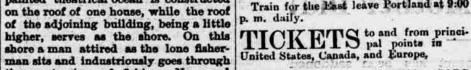
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