

COLLEGE FOOTBALL.

College football is all right, but it should be college strictly. Players should be genuine college men, and the boys themselves ought to guard against anything savoring of professionalism in their own team and insist on equal strictness in other eleven.

Football among so-called amateur athletic clubs, has degenerated into transparent professionalism. College teams should avoid competition with club men, and avoid their methods. Genuine amateur football is neither brutal nor brutalizing.

PIPES IS A BRICK.

Pipes is a brick. In making this assertion we intend no reference to "Jeems Pipes, of Pipesville," as the song writer, Stephen C. Massett, used to be called in his days as a monologue showman.

The Chicago platform was too much for Pipes' ordinarily robust stomach. He came from a good old war democrat family that behaved in the right of Abraham Lincoln to govern this country.

Last Saturday's Oregonian contains a speech made by him in the city of Portland, on the previous night, which would have been telegraphed verbatim to the New York papers had it not been made by either Boutelle or Speaker Reed.

"I will not vote the Chicago ticket. I am in favor of a civilized government. I will not vote for a government that cannot carry its own mails to its own people. I am in favor of a government that protects me. I will not vote for a government that cannot see me safely across my own country."

"I will not vote for a government that can be held up on its highway without the legal right to strike down the highwayman and pursue the tenor of its way. I am in favor of order. I will not vote for disorder. I am in favor of a president who quells riot, and I will not vote for a president who incites riots."

"The speech teems with utterances quite as forcible as the foregoing. It was replete with logic and full of a clever type of wit that was never suffered to deteriorate into buffoonery. Had Mr. Pipes made such a speech in Los Angeles as that, the people would have unhitched the horses from his carriage and drawn him home by hand. We shall need a visit from that gentleman at the gubernatorial election of 1898, and shall expect from him a fitting speech to close up 'the greatest state campaign ever held since California was admitted into the Union.'" - Los Angeles Times.

It is said America is under the influence of the planet Mars. Mars' head is evidently level on the financial question.

EXIT ALTGELD.

His official behavior and sentiments have caused all decent and respectable men in Chicago and Illinois to hang their heads in silent shame when he has been denounced by respectable citizens of other states. But he had to be endured to the end of his term. There was no help for it.

The people of the state of Lincoln and Grant had put up with cynical misconduct, his criminal sympathies, his anarchistic tendencies, his fostering of evil, his industrious, sedulous efforts to breed social discord in the state, and patronage and protection of Debsism, free riot, and state sovereignty. He stood for all the essential doctrines of Jeff Davis and Herr Most.

He is the author of the worst declarations of the Bryan-Chicago platform—the war on the supreme court, protection of free riot against the rights of the United States government in violation of its constitution, and he was at the bottom of the 16-to-1 ratio for free silver coinage without any international assistance. He was the Mephistopheles of the convention; Bryan was merely one of his talking, babbling tools and henchmen. He was the power behind that convention. His final aim and purpose was to unite the democratic party to the wild harum-scarum populist party, and with their united strength to overthrow law and order, the rights of property and conservative government in the United States. He is the enemy of the constitution, and what it stands for, and would substitute his own revengeful malice and dreams of disorder and discord.—Chicago Tribune.

The Tribune has stood almost alone among the country newspapers of this state against any change in the monetary system of the country, and it is now receiving its reward in reading under flaring headlines such expressions as "rah for sound money," in newspapers that only a few months ago vied with one another in their abuse of the Tribune, because it opposed their stupid scheme of independent free coinage and denounced those who held to such views as nothing more than populists.—Pendleton Tribune. Certainly, And how large was that McKinley majority in Umatilla county?

The sidewalks of Corvallis are in a shameful condition. The crosswalks are in good shape, but it is no relief to a man who has broken his leg over a loose plank, to know that the city keeps the crossings walkable.

Alsea Jottings.

Wet! Very wet!! Too wet to talk about!!! Mr. Childs was called to Corvallis to court. We are told that Mr. C. made oath that his foster son Frank Childs is 21 years of age.

Mr. W. Vidito went to Corvallis last Friday with a load of passengers and has not at this writing returned, but his team was seen to return with the passenger. Mr. V. is reported to have remained in the city to take in the grand ratification and the foot ball game.

A very comical little side issue occurred at Corvallis the other day. It seems Mr. T. R. Chandler and Mr. Seth Childs and John Henry had hired passage home from that place and Mr. Childs unfortunately is an old Union soldier and a republican, and the old man began to sing patriotic songs, which so incensed our precious pops that they told the old gent that he must stop his singing or get out of the stage, and he got out. Very generous spirit, to say nothing about common humanity and respect for the aged. Mr. Childs is an old man. We wonder if Mr. Chandler or Mr. (Clark) John Henry had a father.

Our very ardent popocrat, John Henry, left us for the county seat last week, on a very honorable errand. He was blood thirsty, he was wild, he was furious. What for? Because the unfortunate foster son of Seth Childs went to the polls and vote on election day and when questioned as to his age, he swore his vote in, and oh horrors, he voted for McKinley. Oh, how the pops popped, and hopped, and trotted threw up their heads and snorted, and scented. Was it treason? No. Was it breach of our law? No. Was the pen for the young man? No. Well, then what was it? It was this, they have a tool in the form of J. C. Phillipps, who was sent to Corvallis, to enter complaint before the grand jury, and then the subpoenas were served on pops as follows: John Henry and T. R. Chandler, for witnesses in the case. Now do you see what they scented? It was a fee from the county fund. We remember very distinctly that John Henry allowed Ed. Taylor to vote two years ago, knowing as well as did the boy's own mother that he was not 21 years of age, and did not challenge his vote, but Ed. is a democrat, that is different. John Henry being judge of election at the time.

OLD INNOCENCE.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of a new and useful invention? We have a reward of \$1000 for the best idea that will be patented and sold in quantities of 100,000. Send your idea to the Editor of the Corvallis Gazette, Corvallis, Oregon, for consideration. Send list of two hundred inventions wanted.

STORMS AND FLOODS.

Clouds Unburdened Themselves and the Rivers Rise.

A week of heavy incessant rain, after several weeks of intermittent showers, brought up the Willamette and Marys rivers to the booming point. The Willamette reached its highest mark 8 o'clock Tuesday morning; about 2 1/2 feet above low water mark. Marys river was a raging flood and all minor streams were swollen.

The water rose very rapidly Monday night, and several families were aroused from sleep by water rushing through the houses. The beach family, about 4 o'clock Tuesday morning fired signals of distress and boatmen, going over, found nearly a foot of water on the floor. The family were brought over to town.

Damages, so far reported, are not as heavy as might be expected. The county will have several small bridges to replace and roads to repair. Jas. Taylor lost some beef cattle and Rube Kiger thinks he will be about 100 sheep loser by reason of the high water. Several men lost their cord wood and logs. In town, G. H. Horsfall had a thousand feet of clean lumber washed away, and about a dozen of the Electric Light company's poles floated off. The O. R. & N. wharf is greatly damaged.

Several washouts were reported on the S. P. lines on the east side and the through trains came by way of Corvallis on the O. C. & E. from Albany. The latter road suffered a washout near Summit and the trains were delayed. Monday night about 11 o'clock snow began to fall and continued until Tuesday morning. Then the weather changed and Tuesday night the sky was clear and the air cold. Present indications are for clear, cold weather.

Incoming Tied.

Several marriage licenses were issued by the county clerk the past week. George Grimshaw and Rosa Nicholas, H. E. Moore and Miss R. R. Castile, John Price and Minnie Tatum, and Jay Butord and Mabel A. Wheeler, were the parties touched by Cupid's darts. George Grimshaw and Mabel Wheeler, being under legal age, their fathers filed with the clerk, their written consent to the issuance of the licenses.

His Girl's Shoes.

An editor in a Willamette valley town called on a young lady Sunday night. She lives in the suburbs and his visits are frequent, but Sunday night's visits will linger longer in his memory than previous occasions of that nature. The suburb was flooded and the sidewalks were floating. When the editor arrived at the domicile of the fair one, his nether limbs were clothed with water-soaked garments, so he had to visit with papa in the kitchen while his shoes, stockings, pants, etc., were drying out. About 11 o'clock they seemed fit to wear again and he started to dress. It went all right until he came to the shoes. The wetting and drying process had swollen his feet and shrunk the shoes. He struggled manfully and was ably assisted by papa, but it was a case of "two into one, you can't," and the contest was declared off. The editor borrowed his girl's shoes and went home to reflect.

Wells Items.

There has not been much fall grain sowed here this fall. Turkey shooting match at Sver on the 25th. Come and get a Turkey for Thanksgiving. The recent rains have raised the river and Soap Creek until all the low lands are overflowed.

There was a leap year dace at Robert Steel's on the 13th. Quite a number were present and it was an enjoyable affair. There will be a Chrysanthemum social at the Grange Hall on Thanksgiving evening for the benefit of the school organ. Everybody invited.

WELLS.

Cheap for cash, a typewriter in A1 condition. Apply at this office.

NERVE-LIFE THE GREAT RESTORER Restores perfect health, vigor and manhood and restores all ailments to marriage. Restores the entire nervous system and stops all vital losses. Removes effects of the sins of youth and excesses of later years. Removes all effects of dissipation and restores all waste places. Cures Insomnia and restores refreshing sleep. Cures Impotence and restores full vital power. Cures all wasting diseases and restores vitality. NERVE-LIFE is the only purely scientific treatment and affords relief from the first day's use. It removes the cause and assists nature to effect a cure. Cures guaranteed. Special diagnosis free. One month's treatment, 25 cents. Free in plain sealed wrapper for two cents. Send stamps for this paper. NERVE-LIFE MEDICAL CO., KALAMAZOO, MICH.

AN OVER-CUTS FOR.

He is a populist farmer, and lives near Salem. He is not one of those practical matter-of-fact farmers, who attribute the result of their own carelessness or misjudgment, or the ill-favor of nature, to the proper cause, but is rather one of those professionally honest, down-trodden farmers whose every ill is caused by corrupt legislation and the Jews of Lombard street.

He was visited by a sewing machine agent a few months ago who explained to him and his wife the merits of his article. The farmer decided not to buy and the agent left the house. Then a brilliant thought took possession of the old boy's brain. He had a note for \$75.00 on a neighbor who wasn't worth 5 cents. He would trade that note for a machine for which the agent asked \$65.00. Pale with excitement he hurried to the door and called back the agent.

"Well," he said to him, "my wife is dreadful anxious to get that three machine and I haint got no money, but I've got a note for \$75 on a neighbor that'll be due in about three months, and I'll trade even just to please the old woman." "Is the man good?" Asked the agent. "You bet. Good as gold," replied the pop.

"Of course," said the agent, "I don't know the man, and don't like to take it without investigation. However, if you will give me your old machine and the note I will let you take the new machine." The farmer gleefully agreed. "Now," said the agent, "just sign your name on the back of the note, to show that I got it all square, and the bargain is finished." The cute farmer signed and the agent departed with note and the old machine. The farmer spent the following day in telling his neighbors how he had "worked" the agent.

Saturday he received a notice from a Salem bank, that a note for \$75 had gone to protest, and requesting him to take it up. He did so. His righteous anger against corporations and the money power is stronger than ever.

CORVALLIS MARKET REPORT.

Corrected weekly by Corvallis Commission Company. Poultry—Hens per dozen, \$1.75 to \$2.25; young roosters, full grown, per dozen, \$1.25 to \$2.00; broilers, per dozen, \$1.50 to \$2.00; ducks, per dozen, \$2.00 to 2.50; turkeys, live, 7 to 10 cents, according to condition; dressed, 9 to 11 cents; geese, per dozen, \$4.00. Eggs—Per dozen, 20 cts. Butter, 40 to 50 cents per roll. Bran, \$13.00. Shorts, \$14.50. Flour, \$3.70 per barrel. Potatoes—Per bushel, 25 to 30 cts. Oats—Choice white, per bushel, 25 to 27 cts; gray, 23 to 25 cts. Wheat—Per bushel, 72 cts. Cascaro Bark—\$1.25 to \$1.50. Hops—New crop, 12c. Cheat seed, 1 1/2c per lb. Hogs, dressed, \$3 to \$3.50, owing to size. Sides 7 1/2 to 8c. Lard, 7 1/2 to 8 cents. Geese, 10 cents. The recent advance in wheat brought flour again up to the \$1 mark per sack, with fair indications to remain so for a time. So far there has been no material change in the poultry market for Thanksgiving. A great deal of dressed poultry is generally put in the market with the expectation of realizing larger prices for Thanksgiving, thereby overstocking the market. The recent stormy weather, blocking transportation in different ways, will have more to do with advancing the market than the approaching holiday.

A RATIFY.

It was not a night for a howling success, but there was a McKinley celebration in Corvallis. A delegation from Albany arrived by special train about 6:30 p. m., and were escorted to the Opera House by the H. & L. Band, the flambeau club and citizens with transparencies. There were fireworks and red fire galore. Ralph Davidson presided at the mass meeting, with dignity combined with affability. Short stirring addresses were made by Messrs. Davidson, Hamilton, Waggoner and J. Fred Yates of Corvallis and J. R. Wyatt of Albany.

The Bach Quartette sang delightfully, and the McKinley Quartette sang two political songs in a style that won applause. Miss Mabel Johnson rendered the Star Spangled Banner, spiritedly. Wayman Mason sang a fetching version of "Just tell them that you saw me" and little Lura Flett captured the audience with her song. The meeting was an enthusiastic and enjoyable one throughout.

A Wife Equal to a Gold Mine.

Will some of your readers give me a good recipe for making cold starch? I am selling self-heating flat irons and iron a little at every house and want to know how to make good cold starch. My husband was in debt and I being anxious to help him thought I would sell self-heating flat irons, and I am doing splendidly. A cent's worth of fuel will heat the iron for three hours, so you have a perfectly even heat. You can iron in half the time without danger of scorching the clothes as with the old iron, and you can get the most beautiful gloss. I sell at nearly every house, as the iron saves so much fuel, everybody wants one. I make \$1.50 on each iron and have not sold less than ten that I worked. My brother is doing well and I think anyone can make lots of money selling irons. J. F. Casey & Co., St. Louis, Mo., will start anyone in the business, as they did me if you will address them. Mrs. A. RUSSELL.

Churning Done in One Minute.

I have tried the Lightning Churn, you recently described in your paper, and it is certainly a wonder. I can churn in less than one minute, and the butter is elegant, and you get considerably more butter than when you use a common churn. I took the agency for the churn here and every butter maker that I sell it to buys one. I have sold three dozen and they give the best of satisfaction. I know I can sell 100 in this township, as they churn so quickly, make so much more butter than the common churns and are so cheap. Some one in every locality can make two or three hundred dollars selling these churns. By addressing J. F. Casey & Co., St. Louis, you can get circulars and full information so you can make big money right at home. I have made \$800 dollars in the past two weeks and I never sold anything before in my life. A FARMER.

Gray Hair Made Dark.

I saw in your paper statement that Zulu Vaher would restore any head of hair to natural color in three weeks. As I was very gray, I sent for a sample package, and in less than three weeks my hair was perfectly restored to natural color. My wife's hair was a light red, and by using Zulu Vaher, her hair is now a beautiful black. Any one can get a sample package of Zulu Vaher by sending 21 two-cent stamps to Wilson & Co., New Concord, Ohio, and if it does not restore the hair to natural color in three weeks they will return your stamps. It is not only Zulu Vaher that will restore the hair, but the falling out immediately and is one of the best hair tonics made, and you take no risk, and if it does not satisfy you perfectly they will return your stamps. A READER.

Scoff and Cough. The man who scoffs at friendly advice to "take something for that cough," will keep on coughing, until he changes his mind or changes his earthly residence. Singular, isn't it, how many stubborn people persist in gambling, with health as the stake, when they might be effectually cured of cough, cold, or lung trouble, by a few doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook" with a hundred others. Free. Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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