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5 Drawer Singer Machine
\$29.00,

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G. A. PRICE,
AGENT.

He Staid at Home.
A Bristol man besought his wife, he being but three years married, for the privilege of a night key.

"Night key!" she exclaimed, in tones of amazement. "What use can you have for a night key when the 'Woman's Emancipation League' meets Monday night, the 'Ladies' Domestic Mission' Tuesday, the 'Sisters of Jericho' Wednesday, the 'Woman's Science Circle' Thursday, the 'Daughters of Nineveh' Friday, and the 'Suffrage Band' on alternate Saturday nights? You stay at home and see that the baby doesn't fall out of the cradle." He stays, —Tit-Bits.

Inscrincity.
Our civilization demands a greater or less degree of mendacity," remarked the abstruse person. "We are constantly encountering some empty phrase, some conventional remark which is absolutely devoid of sincerity."

"That's right," answered the book agent. "That's perfectly true. I am reminded of it every time I walk up to a front step where there is a door mat with the word 'Welcome' on it." —Washington Star.

Giving Even.
Westfield—I got even with that mean old Lawmbo to-day.

Plainfield—That so? How?

Westfield—I pretended to make up with him, and told him to save a seat alongside of him in the train for me. Then I missed the train. As long as he lives everybody in that car will consider him a liar and a hog.—N. Y. Weekly.

Tommy's Frank Opinion.
Tommy (just after the maternal scolding and a paternal spanking)—Pshaw, pa!

Pa—Well, what do you want, Tommy?

Tommy—"F I'd been ma I wouldn't married you; an' I'd bin you I wouldn't a-married ma.—Indianapolis Journal.

Cheerful Idiot.
I have a chance to get an automobile cheap," said the elderly boarder, "but I'm afraid it might be too frisky. I would like to own one of them if I could be assured that it would not be erratic."

"In other words, you want a not too mobile automobile," said the cheerful idiot.—Indianapolis Press.



MRS. CECILIA STOWE,
Oraitor, Matre Nons Club.

176 Warren Avenue,
Chicago, Ill., Oct. 22, 1902.

For nearly four years I suffered from ovarian troubles. The doctor insisted on an operation as the only way to get well. I, however, strongly objected to an operation. My husband felt disheartened as well as I, for home with a sick woman is a disconsolate place at best. A friendly druggist advised him to get a bottle of Wine of Cardui for me to try, and he did so. I began to improve in a few days and my recovery was very rapid. Within eighteen weeks I was another being.

Tales of Woe.
Newitt—That's Borroughs. He's quite an adept in the art of constructing short stories.

Ascum—He doesn't look like a literary man.

Newitt—He isn't. You misunderstood me. You can tell he's broke in more different ways than any other man I ever met.—Philadelphia Press.

His Bright Prospects.
Day talk about de money,
But I doesn't want it, Honey,
Per soon I will be comin' ter de scratch;
Per de moonlight will be shinin'
Whar I'm plinnin'—des a-pinnin'
Per de melon in de middle er de patch.
Atlanta Constitution.



As Others See Us.

The Dallas Observer, in speaking of the Dallas-Corvallis basketball game ends with the following: The only cause of regret among the Dallas people who visited the game is the rough and ungentlemanly treatment to which they were subjected as the train was leaving Corvallis. Not content with sealing the signal lanterns on the train, cutting the bellcord and piling cordwood under the car wheels, a band of hoodlums lined up along the track, and as the train began to move, threw mud upon the passengers by the handful.

Several persons standing on the platforms were struck by rocks, and many suits and overcoats were ruined by the volley of mud that was thrown. At every street crossing from the depot to the north end of town this disgraceful performance was repeated, and when the train reached the suburbs many of the passengers who had been unable to crowd into the coaches were plastered with mud from head to foot. The excursionists were so surprised and astonished at such a display of ruffianism in a town where they had gone as friendly visitors that they could scarcely realize what had happened.

This surprise gave way to indignation when it was recalled by many passengers that among the rowdies making the cowardly assault were a large number of young men wearing the caps and uniform of the college. Noblaume is attached to the good people of Corvallis, to the college team, or to the college faculty for the disgraceful conduct of this band of young ruffians, and the Observer has but one word of suggestion to report it. He printed a list of rejected lovers half a column long under the heading "Among Those Who Also Ran." —N. Y. World.

Sporty.
Walker—The bride was quite a popular girl, wasn't she?

Watkinson—Yes, indeed. The Evening Scarifier sent its sporting man to report it. He printed a list of rejected lovers half a column long under the heading "Among Those Who Also Ran." —N. Y. World.

An Argument.
Mamma—Didn't I tell you, Willie, that you were not to go out in a canoe?

Willie—But, mamma, the man told me that was one of the best ways in the world for me to learn how to swim.—Brooklyn Life.

After the Ceremony.
Country Bridegroom—How much do ye git, parson, for marrying folks?

Meek Parson—Well, the law allows me one dollar and a half.

Country Bridegroom—So? Then here's 50 cents; that'll jest make two dollars.—Judge.

Fiendish.
She—These Chinese seem to be perfect fiends! Why, they torture a man to death by keeping him awake. How do they do it?

He—The old way; they give him the baby to mind at night.—Brooklyn Life.

Evils of Drink.
Mrs. Dodds—So your husband is at home with a headache. What is the matter?

Mrs. Dodds (a confiding woman)—Too much icewater. He drank three glasses this morning before breakfast.—N. Y. Weekly.

Necessity Knows No Law.
"How did Mrs. Winkleton come to give such a large party?"

"It was a matter of obligation on her part to invite all the people that she wanted to get even with."—Brooklyn Life.

Not Headquarters.
"What did her father say?"

"He said he couldn't understand why I came to him—all his property was in his wife's name."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Saw Him First.
"Did you see Jones? He was looking for you."

"Yes; I saw him, but I managed things so he didn't see me."—Chicago Record.

Hooked.
Dorothy—Mr. Spooner always says he feels like a fish out of water when he's with me.

Kitty—Then you've hooked him, have you?—N. Y. World.

A Simple Explanation.
"Why in thunder is he firing off pistols like that?"

"Oh! I suppose both he and the pistol are loaded."—Puck.

Rubbing It In.
Miss Pass—I dread to think of my fortieth birthday.

Miss Pass—Why? Did something unpleasant happen then?—Tit-Bits.

It Seems So Occasionally.
"Do you—aw—believe in the—aw—theory of evolution, Miss Williamson—that we all—aw—spring from apes, don't you know?"

The beautiful girl hesitated.

"I never used to," she replied finally.

"Perhaps I—aw—could convince you," he suggested.

"You have already," she answered.

"Since I have known you I have decided either that all human beings descended from apes and that some few haven't descended very far or else that we are drifting back toward that primitive condition and that some few are much in advance of the rest of us."

"Aw—so pleased, don't you know, that my influence should be so—aw—strong."—Chicago Post.

Unsympathetic.

He complained of a terrible, ghastly pain in his stately dome of thought, and he knew that her sympathy he would gain.

If she loved him as she ought.

But, alas, just as the throbbing in his head, its horrors were not allowed.

When that unsympathetic maiden said:

"Tis bought but an aching void."—Harlem Life.

A POLITE REQUEST.



The Boy—Mister, did you run away dis butt?

The Man—Yes; why?

The Boy—I likes it so well I'd like to know where you buys 'em!—N. Y. World.

Relief.
"The reedbird season's done," exclaimed The sparrow in the tree.
"And gunners now, I hope, will cease Their making game of me."—Philadelphia Press.

The Rival's Opinion.
"You say that everyone, even the most abandoned villain, has some good in him somewhere, do you? Well, I know a fellow who's an unmitigated scoundrel, without a single redeeming trait."

"Hello! I didn't know you had any rival for Miss Darlington's favor."—Harper's Bazar.

Sporty.

Walker—The bride was quite a popular girl, wasn't she?

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HARDWARE

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PAINTS

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A full line of Win-

dow Glass.

Harness, Wagons, Buggies

and Farm Machinery.

PHILOMATH • OREGON.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Benton County, Oregon, on the 1st day of April, 1904, of the last will and testament of Gustav Hodes, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the county court of Benton County, Oregon, on the 1st day of April, 1904, of the last will and testament of Gustav Hodes, deceased, and all creditors of the said Gustav Hodes must present their claims, with the proper vouchers, to her at her home in Corvallis, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated at Corvallis, Oregon, January 7, 1904.

MINNIE L. DENMAN, Executrix of the Estate of Gustav Hodes, deceased.

CHARLES MCHENRY.

Member Oregon Mining Stock Exchange, Chamber of Commerce Building, Portland, Oregon.

5,350 Shares of LeRoy at 6c,
2,000 Shares of Oregon Se-cu-
rities at 20c.

This Company has an electric power plant and mill and these Companies will soon pay dividends.

Write me if you want a safe investment.

WARREN B. HARTLEY,

Member Oregon Mining Stock Exchange, Chamber of Commerce Building, Portland, Oregon.

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