CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Five lines, or less, 25 cents for three insertions, or 50 cents per month.

WANTED

OAK LOGS AND CEDAR POLES, BY the Corvallis Sawmill Company. North Main street.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR all kinds of Poultry also dressed Pork. Smith & Boulden. Corvallis, Oregon, next to GAZETTE office.

A THREE OR FOUR ROOM HOUSE AT NYE CREEK, (furnished) during July and August. State price and how furnished. Address, E. E. Martin, care Oregonian, Portland, Oregon.

ROOMS WANTED

ROOMS FOR LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING, for man and wife, for the Summer. Apply at Gazette office.

FOR SALE

2¼ ACRES FINE GARDEN OR fruit land in Corvallis; nice large house, good barn, warehouse, and outbuildings, 2 good wells, pleasant and healthy location. Will sell at a bargain if taken soon. Inquire of or address, J. H. Mattley, Corvallis, Or.

FOR SALE OR WILL EXCHANGE for choice Corvallis property or small tract near city, 100 acre farm in Linn county, 60 acres in cultivation, good house and barn and stream living water runs through place. See A. J. Johnson.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE. SMALL tract of good land, well improved, adjoining Corvallis. Enquire at this office.

REGISTFRED POLAND CHINA PIGS for sale. Grade Poland China Pigs let out on the shares or for sale. M. S. Woodcock, or enquire of T. J. Thorp on the farm, Corvallis, Oregon.

FRESH JERSEY MILCH COWS FOR sale. Inquire of Clyde Beach, one mile east of Corvallis, or at this office.

LOST.

A PAIR OF EYE GLASSES DROPPED in seat on the Sunday morning Excurdion train from Corvallis to Yaquina, July 10. Suitable reward for return to GAZETTE office.

A point-lace handkerchief, at the O. A. C. alumnal banquet June 15. Finder will please return to this office and receive reward.

CALL AND SETTLE.

HAVING DISPOSED OF MY INTEREST in the Pioneer Bakery to C. Read, all parties owing me are requested to make immediate settlement to C. Read, who is authorized to receipt for same. H. W. Hall.

STAGE LINE.

ALSEA STAGE. MY STAGE MAKES connection with all trains on the C. & E. R. R. at Philomath. All persons wishing to go or return from Alsea and points west can be accomodated at any time. Fare to Alsea $1,00 Round trip same day $2.00

M. S. RICKARD.

LIVESTOCK

P. A. KLINE, LIVE STOCK AUCTIONEER, Corvallis, Oregon, Office at Huston's hardware store. P. O. address Box 11. Pays highest prices for all kinds of livestock. Twenty year's experience. Satisfaction guaranteed

PHYSICIANS

L. G. ALTMAN, M. D., HOMEOPAthist. Office corner of Third and Monroe streets. Residence Corner Third and Harrison streets. Hours 10 to 12 a. m. 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Sundays 9 to 10 a. m. Phone residence 315.

B. A. CATHEY, M. D., PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Rooms 14, Bank Building. Office Hours: 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. Residence: cor. 5th and Adams Sts. Telephone at office and residence. Corvallis, Oregon

C. H. NEWTH, M. D., PHYSICIAN and Surgeon, Office and Residence, on Main street, Philomath, Oregon.

DRS. W. H. & MAUD B. HOLT, Osteopathic Physicians. Residence 2nd door north of electric light plant. Phone 653.

ATTORNEYS

E. R. BRYSON ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Post Office Building, Corvallis, Oregon.

JOSEPH H. WILSON, ATTORNEY-at-Law. Notary, Titles, Conveyancing. Practice in all State and Federal Courts. Office in Burnett Building.

W. O. W.

MARYS PEAK CAMP No. 126, W. O. W., meets second and Fourth Fridays, in Woodmen Hall.

C. W. Fuller, C. C.

J. L. Underwood, Clerk.

TEMPERANCE.

BEWARE OF THE BAR ROOM BANK.

Beware of the bar-room bank, my boy!
Deposit no money there;
Though profits accrue, they are not for you—
Nothing but sorrow and care.
The bar-room bank you should never choose,
Depositers there have so much to lose!

Beware of the bar-room bank, my boy!
It's a place to loathe and abhor,
For honor and truth, independence and youth,
Come not from its open door;
But a sad procession of sorrow and care
Comes staggering forth to eternal despair!

Beware of the bar-room bank, my boy!
God gives us talents of gold—
Hope, honor and health, contentment or wealth,
And promise of joy untold.
In the bar-room bank, if we hide them away,
What account can we give at the Judgment Day?

Beware of the bar-room bank, my boy!
And help us to close the door;
If people to-day would vote as they pray,
We'd close it forever more.
And homes would be happy and hearts would be light,
For want would depart like a dream in the night!

Beware of the bar-room bank, my boy!
Deposit no talent there;
Though profits accrue, they are not for you,
But yours is an awful share
Of sorrow, remorse, and eternal despair—
Oh, my boy, of the bar-room bank beware!

—James Albert Lutz, in N. Y. Witness.

PLEDGED WITH WINE.

What the Beautiful Bride Saw in the Crystal Goblet.

"Pledge with wine—pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harry Wood. "Pledge with wine," ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come—she pressed her white hands together and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder. From her childhood she had been most solemnly opposed to the use of wines and liquors.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the judge, in a low tone, going toward his daughter; "the company expect it, do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette—in your own home act as you please; but in mine, for this once please me."

Every eye was turned toward the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivalist, but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with trembling smiles toward Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gratefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh, how terrible!" "What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and

"OH! HOW TERRIBLE!"

was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet, listen; I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lonely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce; trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there, a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows, and in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deathly; his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him; I should say kneels, for he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins. Oh, the high, holy-looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws the damp curls! See him clasp his hands! Hear his thrilling shrieks for life! Mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! Oh, hear him call piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the judge fell, overpowered upon his seat; "see! his arms are lifted to Heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushing through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping, awe-stricken; the dark men move silently and leave the living and dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly toward the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct. She still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of the father and sister—death is there. Death, and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one conclusive shudder! He is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster, and her voice more and more broken, "and there they scoop him a grave, and there, without a shroud they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother, a victim to the deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old judge was convulsed with agony. He raised his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered: "No, no, my child, in God's name no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movements, and instantaneously every wine glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying: "Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand, who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile, was her answer.

The judge left the room, and when an hour later he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests. No one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to dash the enemy at once and forever from his princely rooms.

Those who were present at that wedding can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour foreswore the social glass.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

The Lutheran Observer says: "The church will never reach the masses until it first reaches the saloons."

Dynamite is safer for children to play with than is beer or any form of alcohol.—National Temperance Advocate.

One bad habit overspreads a brilliant education; it is as the drop of ink in a glass of clear water. So the one bad habit of intemperance mars many a good character.—Christian Work.

Enough money is squandered in the saloons of Greater New York every year to pay all the expenses of the big city, all expenses of the state government, and leave a surplus of $53,105,803 besides.—N. Y. Voice.

If a man wants to be recognized as a Christian let him act like a Christian. To indorse, even in the remotest degree, a policy that perpetuates the infernal liquor traffic is certainly not a Christ-like act.—Corner Stone.

More than three-fourths of our expenditures for police, jails, poorhouses, children's homes and the like are due to the liquor traffic. But this expense is not assessed upon the traffic. It is paid by the public. Do you say the saloon does not hurt you and your family?—Wayne County (O.) Herald.

The tyranny of the drink habit is proverbial. The drunkard is often by nature a generous and affectionate creature, but slavery to his appetite degrades him to a lower level than the brute beast that perishes, leading him to drink the clothes from his wife's back, the food from his children's mouth and all happiness from his home.—Central Christian Advocate.

Three Ways to Deal with the Evil.

Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, who during the past summer has made some wholesome utterances in regard to town and village hoodlumism and resulting crime, commenting upon the recent wholesale butchery by rum-crazed ruffians in the town of Gorham, N. H., said: "The conditions that produce such crimes should be met in three ways.

"First, a quickened sense of the responsibility of parents for the restraint or control of their children.

"Secondly, a quickened sense of the responsibility on the part of the town officers for the checking of evils at their very beginning.

"Thirdly, a quickened sense of responsibility on the part of the law-obeying and church-going portion of the population in respect to the conditions and character of the community to which they belong."

Cry Aloud.

Intemperance threatens our homes, its labor, our manhood and our souls, and must we not cry aloud for protection? Never mind if men call this fanaticism, interference with personal liberty, destroying legitimate business. We are simply exercising the right of self-defense to protect ourselves from the abuses by which evil threatens all we hold dear.—Mgr. Conaty.

Following Up the Argument.

"Dr. Fourthly, does the performance of one good act make a good man?"

"By no means."

"Then why should the committing of one sin make a man a sinner?"

"Well, suppose a man is covered with fleas. If you remove one flea from you you don't make him happy, do you?"

"No."

"Yet if he has just one flea on him he's a miserable man, isn't he?"—Chicago Tribune.

Strictly Useful.

"Our church fair was a splendid success," said young Mrs. Torkins.

"Did you sell lots of things?"

"Yes."

"Anything useful?"

"Yes, indeed. Everything was ever so useful; I can't think of a single article that couldn't be saved up and donated to be sold at the next fair."—Washington Star.

In the Geography Class.

The teacher was slightly deaf, and the bad boy known as Dick Bunkus meanly took advantage of the fact.

"Richard," she asked, "what is the shape of the earth?"

"Like a cocoanut," said Dick, "same as your head."

"Correct, Richard," she said, "but speak a little louder please."—Chicago Tribune.

What He Would Do.

"Colonel," the beautiful grass widow asked, "what would you do if you were to find yourself all alone on a desert isle?"

"Draw a good, long breath and consider it a mighty lucky escape," he answered, edging back toward the crowd.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Wooden.

"There, George Ferguson! You've let that dry-goods package fall into the mud, just as I expected! You're of no more account than two sticks."

(Stiffly picking up the bundle) "You will oblige me, Mrs. Ferguson, by not using such stilted language when you address me."—N. Y. World.

Rich But Charitable.

Mrs. Newbride (with an air of triumph)—Really, I was greatly surprised to get a wedding present from the Van der Gilds. They are so exclusive, you know.

Mrs. Jellus—Yes; but they are very charitable, I believe.—Tit-Bits.

One Great Advantage.

"What is the advantage of knowing a foreign language, anyway?" demanded the aggressively American woman.

"Why, it enables you to say unkind things about a great many people right in their presence," answered the wise one.—Chicago Post.

As He Passed Out.

"Yes," said the man who had been sent to break the news to the widow, "he died without a struggle."

"Then," she replied, "somebody must have been kind enough to keep the bottle full and within easy reach."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Willing to Dodge It.

"I've got a notion to knock you into the middle of next week," growled the belligerent person.

"Go ahead," said the other man. "I've got a date with the dentist for next Saturday."—Judge.

Worse Looking Than He Felt.

Baboony—Me boy, you look as if you had just stepped out of a fashion-plate.

Crimsonbeak—That so? I knew I had rheumatism, but I didn't suppose I was as stiff as that!—Harlem Life.

In Use.

Mamma (at the breakfast table)—You always ought to use your napkin, Georgie.

Georgie—I am usin' it, mamma; I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it.—Motherhood.

Winter Phenomena.

If Christmas should be a warm day
Like those which so often we feel,
Old Santa, they say,
Will abandon his sleigh,
And start out in an automobile.
—Washington Star.

HARD LUCK.

"Naw, I ain't goin' ter hang up me stockin's dis year. I done it las' year, and blamed if some one didn't steal 'em!"—Chicago American.

His Reply.

Old Gentleman—Are you sure you love my daughter, sir?

Young Man—Well, if I don't, sir, she is the worst fooled girl in this town!—Puck.

The Title Is the Thing.

He—Would you marry a foreign nobleman?

She—No; not for love or money.

He—Of course not; but would you marry one?—Judge.

Right in Line.

"But is he fashionable?"

"Well, I guess! He has an automobile and the pneumonia."—Chicago Record-Herald.

All Surprised.

Bessie—I was surprised when Mr. Dashleigh asked me to marry him.

Tessie—Everybody else was!—Ohio State Journal.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. **and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.**

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

AUSTIN & THOMAS,
GENERAL BLACKSMITHS,
WAGON and HACKMAKERS.
One door North Farm

J. E. HENKLE,
MILLINERY, MERCHANDISE,
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
PRODUCE BOUGHT AND SOLD.
PHILOMATH, OR.

FURNITURE
Musical Instruments Bedroom Suites
Springs Mattresses Tables Chairs
Bamboo Furniture
BLACKLEDGE
Sewing Machines Sideboards Go-Carts
Wall Paper Rockers Shades Poles
South Main St., Corvallis
MUSIC STORE

..TAILOR..

I hereby extend to my old friends and customers a cordial invitation to call and see me in my new stand. A new and attractive line of fine woolens just received. Pressing and repairing neatly done. Prices to suit. Give us a call.

R. C. CRAVEN,
OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

FREE BUS FREE SAMPLE ROOM
OCCIDENTAL HOTEL
H. M. BRUNK, Prop.
Leading hotel in Corvallis. Newly furnished with modern conveniences. Rates $1, $1.25 and $2 per day.