

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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

WANTED

A FEW SETTING HENS WANTED by Dr. Bowen Lester, Corvallis, Ore.

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

WANTED 500 SUBSCRIBERS TO THE GAZETTE and Weekly Oregonian at \$2.50 per year.

THE HOME SAVINGS BANK CAN be obtained at the First National Bank Corvallis. Its use encourages habits of economy and thrift. It is an ornament to any household. Write for printed description. 204f

AN ENERGETIC LADY CAN SECURE the agency for this city and surrounding country for a high-grade line of Flavoring extracts, Perfumes Toilet Articles, Toilet Soaps, etc., by addressing the Pearsall Mfg. Co., Des Moines Ia. Write them for sample outfit. They allow a big commission, also give premiums. 194f

H. M. STONE, REAL ESTATE AND Intelligence office—After 42 years in Benton and Linn counties, I feel justified in coming before the home-seekers of Oregon, and feel that I am competent to locate all such as wish to buy homes here, with judgment and competency. For 27 years I was a bridge builder in Benton, Lane, Polk, Yamhill and Linn counties. I have property in the above named counties to sell, and am thoroughly conversant with the same. I ask no exclusive right of sale unless property is sold by me I ask no pay. Parties wishing to employ help or looking for a position, will find it a convenience to phone or call at the office. Kindness and courtesy extended to all. Office, South Main street, Corvallis, Oregon. Office phone 378, res. phone 66.

FOR SALE

A 3-INCH BAIN WAGON, NEARLY as good as new, and some other farming tools. J. I. Taylor, Corvallis, 194f At C. & E. Crossing.

THE "VAPOR BATH CABINET" FOR sale at Graham & Wells, with printed instructions for administering the bath at home to cure numerous ailments without use of medicine internally. Applications can be made at home without aid of experts. Try one, the price is small.

NEW TIRES PUT ON BABY BUGgies and go-carts, at Dilley & Arnold's.

SOFT-SHELLED ENGLISH WALNUTS outyield all other varieties. If you desire trees write for price and particulars to Bert Brooks, McMinnville, Or., R. F. D. No. 2.

FOR SALE, AN I. O. C. REGISTERED boar, one mile north of Corvallis. W. G. DAVIS 15-22*

SHORT ON PERUNA BUT LONG ON Prunes. Italian Prunes, 50 lb. boxes, \$1.50. Come quick. F. L. MILLER.

BABY CARRIAGE FOR SALE—ALmost new combination carriage and go-cart with silk parasol and rubber tires for sale at a bargain. Enquire at this office.

FOR SALE—ONE FULL-BLOOD Jersey bull, subject to register from first-class milk stock. Address, M. S. Woodcock, Corvallis, Or.

TWO REGISTERED OXFORD DOWN Rams and four half-breeds. Peter Whitaker.

SEVERAL QUALITIES OF HAY FOR sale by M. S. Woodcock.

POULTRY.

5000—THOROUGH-BRED PLYMOUTH Rock and Brown Leghorn hatching eggs for sale at \$1 per setting, if obtained at residence north of Mechanical Hall. These fowls were bred for full egg baskets and not for the show room. You are invited to inspect the breeding pens. Otto F. L. Herse, Corvallis, Ore. 21-28

THOROUGH - BRED BARRED Plymouth Rock Cockerels at \$1 each. Call on F. A. Barnes, south of Granger Station, or address Corvallis R. F. D. 1. 19-27*

COLLEGE VIEW POULTRY FARM, Barred Plymouth Rocks, Brown Leghorns. Eggs, \$1.00 per 15, at yards. My Barred Rock hens are of the best laying strain on the coast. I have added cockerels from Park's world's best egg strain. Brown Leghorns are good as the best. S. H. Moore, Corvallis, 194f Indp Phone 555.

THOROUGH-BRED BARRED PLYMOUTH Rock Cockerels for sale cheap at \$2.00. J. I. Taylor, at C. & E. crossing.

MUSIC.

PIANO INSTRUCTION GIVEN IN any grade of advancement. Also piano tuned and repaired in first-class manner. Ind. phone No. 405. F. A. White.

LOST.

SORREL MARE, TRIM BUILT, long tail, 3 years old, pacer, broke to ride; strayed from my place last Saturday night. Anybody returning mare or information leading to her recovery will be paid for their trouble. C. H. Barnell, O. 9, Jackson St., Corvallis.

DENTISTS

E. H. TAYLOR, DENTIST. PAINLESS extraction. In Zierolf building Opp. Post Office, Corvallis, Oregon.

STAGE LINE.

PHILOMATH AND ALSEA STAGE—Stage leaves Alsea 6:30 a. m.; arrives at Philomath at 12 m.; leaves Philomath 1 p. m.; arrives at Alsea 6:30 p. m. All persons wishing to go or return from Alsea and points west can be accommodated at any time. Fare to Alsea \$1.00 Round trip same day \$2.00. M. S. RICKARD.

PHYSICIANS

B. A. OATHEY, 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.

J. H. KEWTH, M. D., PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office and Residence, on Main street, Philomath, Oregon.

MISS DEETTA JONES, A GRADUATE nurse of Portland Sanitarium—six years' experience. Private patients. Independent phone No. 334. Post office box 247. 124f

AUCTIONEER

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

ATTORNEYS

W. E. YATES, THE LAWYER, Both Phones. CORVALLIS, OR.

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.

EXPRESSMEN.

WELL! WELL! HERE'S JOHN Lenger. Known him 22 years. Still carries Uncle Sam and baggage. John is an accommodating man and always can be found at his post—Allen's Drug Store, or phone 251.

MISCELLANY.

GAZETTE—Bell phone No 341.

Umbrella work at J. K. Berry's.

Olives in bulk at P. M. Zierolf's.

GAZETTE—Independent phone No 433.

All work guaranteed at J. K. Berry's.

Umbrellas recovered and repaired at J. K. Berry's.

Get your ribs fixed at J. K. Berry's.

Do not fail to see P. M. Zierolf's line of holiday china.

Get your school books and school supplies at Graham & Wells.

Lewis and Clark souvenir plates at P. M. Zierolf's.

Silk and woolen goods a specialty at Corvallis Steam Laundry.

OAC souvenir dishes at P. M. Zierolf's.

All kinds of grass seed at P. M. Zierolf's.

Send your lace curtains to Corvallis Steam Laundry.

Patronize home industry—Corvallis Steam Laundry.

Startling Mortality.

Statistics show startling mortality, from appendicitis and peritonitis. To prevent and cure these awful diseases, there is just one reliable remedy, Dr. King's New Life Pills. M. Flannery, of 14 Custom House Place, Chicago, says: "They have no equal for Constipation and Biliousness." 25c at Allen & Woodward, druggist's.

At Squatter's Gulch

By THOMAS B. MONTFORT

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

JOE COUSINS was seated in front of his cabin up in Sequatchie Gulch. He was weary and discouraged, for he had just added another to a long series of days of hard and futile effort in his search for gold.

Presently another man came down the road, topped out in his Sunday attire. He was humming a light air, his head well up and a satisfied expression on his face. Joe Cousins watched this man for a moment, a scowl on his countenance, then to himself he said: "D—him."

When the man came even with Joe he stopped and, for an instant, stood silent, eyeing him closely. There was something of an air of triumph in his manner that was exasperating.

"Well," he said, presently, "how's things?"

"Oh, about so," Cousins replied, with forced calmness.

"Struck nothing yet?"

"No."

"Too bad, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know. It takes time to strike a fortune. Things will come around all right, I guess."

"Maybe so. I hope they will, anyhow; but you can't always tell. You missed your chance up there at Ruggie's Point. If you had done as I did you would be on Easy street now."

"That's true, I guess; but I prefer to get money in some other way. I'd rather remain poor all my life than rob a helpless old man."

"Oh, it wasn't robbery, Joe. Nothing like it. It was just merely a sharp stroke of business. It's done every day."

"Perhaps it is; but that doesn't make it right," Joe replied. "It may be business in the eyes of some people, but to me it looks like dishonesty."

The other laughed.

"Well, look at it as you please," he said. "You have that right. I'm afraid, though, you'll never get on in this world if you're always going to be so particular. It don't pay. Such high notions of honor are commendable no doubt, but they don't buy anything. Well, I'm off for town. Anything I can do for you down there?"

"No."

"I may see Miss Harmon. Just barely possible, you know. If there is any word you want to send her I'll be glad to take it."

Joe's face darkened again.

"Very much obliged," he said. "There is nothing you can do for me."

The other hesitated for a moment, then, with an exasperating air of self assurance, said:

"I want to be square with you, Joe, so I'll tell you something. I'm going to ask Miss Harmon to marry me."

Joe stood up, a flash of anger in his eyes. With an effort he controlled his feelings and calmly replied:

"So far as I can see that is none of my business. If you want her, and she is willing to have you, marry her."

"Of course. But knowing that you are in love with her, I thought I ought to tell you. I don't want to appear to take any advantage of you, you know."

"You are very considerate, Jim; very. But it is not necessary for you to bother about me. You have a perfect right to marry Miss Harmon—if you can get her."

"Thanks! I am glad you feel so about it. Of course, I know you can not expect to win her—not in your financial condition you know. That is one of the great disadvantages of being poor, isn't it?"

The half-smiling, wholly patronizing tone in which these words were uttered was highly trying to Joe. Drawing himself up to his full height he said, warmly:

"Poor as I am, Jim Lewis, I would not exchange places with you for the world. Money is a good thing to have, but a clear conscience is better. Ever for the sake of winning Miss Harmon I would not want to get a dollar dishonestly."

"No! Well, I hope you may find much happiness in your high ideas, Joe. For my part, I'll risk finding my happiness in plenty of money and the woman I love. So long."

Jim Lewis resumed his walk down the road. His manner was that of a man thoroughly satisfied with himself and the world in general. His bearing was that of a victor.

Joe Cousins returned to his seat, and, placing his elbows on his knees, dropped his face into his hands. He was very unhappy. He loved Jane Harmon, and he believed he could win her if he dared to try. But he was poor, and he was too proud to ask any woman to marry him and share his poverty. He had toiled faithfully for years and fortune had not smiled on him. So far as he could see, there was not the slightest indication of any improvement in his financial prospects. For this reason he remained away from Miss Harmon, giving Jim Lewis the field.

He had been sitting in the same dejected attitude for an hour, brooding over his ill-fortune, and wondering whether it paid, after all, to be honest, when a strange but hearty voice accosted him. Looking up he saw an old man, with long hair and an unkempt beard, standing before him.

"Hal! I thought I couldn't be mistaken," the old man cried. "I'd remember that face anywhere. I never forget a good, honest countenance. How are you?"

Joe arose and met the stranger

hand, at the same time looking at the old man in a puzzled way.

"I believe you have the advantage of me," he said. "I can't just place you at once."

"So! Don't you remember an old fellow up at Ruggie's Point? A young chap, your friend, named Lewis, beat him out of a claim by jumping it while he was sick. He wanted you to jump another claim and you refused. Don't you remember?"

"Yes, now I do."

"That was a mean trick in Lewis. He made \$10,000 out of it, though. Hope he may enjoy it. It didn't hurt me much. Got plenty without that. The other mine turned out big. Made me rich. How you doing?"

"Well, a little slow, I'm afraid."

"So? Haven't struck anything down here, then?"

"Not yet."

"Too bad. What would you think if I was to tell you that you are rich?"

"I should think you were joking, of course."

"I never joke. You are rich."

Joe shook his head and smiled sadly.

"Don't believe it, eh?" the old man cried.

"I can't imagine any possibility by which such a thing could be so," Joe replied.

"Can't you? Do you remember the claim you abandoned up there at the Point?"

"Yes, I remember that. I ought to, after wasting nearly a year on it."

"That claim is still yours, and there is a fortune in it. It's worth \$100,000 any day. I prospected it for you. Been offered that for it. Where's your friend—Lewis?"

"He's gone to town. Are you sure about that claim of mine?"

"Of course. You can have \$100,000 for it any day. I'm going back, and I want you to go with me. I just came down for a day or two. Got a daughter, and heard she was down at town. Came to meet her. Maybe you know her?"

"I may, but I believe I have forgotten your name. Or did I ever know it?"

"I guess not. Everybody called me Shortcut. The way I talk, you know. Remember?"

"Yes. Your real name is—"

"Harmon. Zach Harmon."

Joe gave a start, and his face paled and flushed. The old man saw nothing however, and presently he rattled on:

"I haven't seen my daughter for five years. Haven't heard from her for a long time. I used to write to her back home, but got out of the habit. Not much mail going up there, you know. I heard last week she was down here. A man from down here told me. He said she had come in to hunt me up if I was still living. Fine girl, and I am anxious to find her. Do you know her?"

"What is her first name?" Joe asked.

"Jane."

Joe was silent a moment, then he answered, quietly:

"Yes, I think I know her. At least I know a lady of that name."

"So? Then it is my daughter. Where is she?"

"Down in town."

"Yes. How far from here?"

"About three miles."

"So? Well, I must get on. Anxious to see her, you know. Five years is a long time. I'll see you to-morrow."

Joe hesitated a moment, then he said:

"Perhaps I ought to tell you something before you go, Mr. Harmon."

"Well, what is it?"

"Lewis is down there."

"Down there? With my girl, you mean?"

"Yes."

"What for? Want to marry her?"

"I think so."

The old man's eyes blazed.

"The scoundrel!" he cried. "I'll soon settle him, though. Guess she don't know that he robbed me. Why didn't you tell her?"

"I didn't know who you were. I never dreamed of you being her father."

"That's so. Well, must hurry. Would you come with me? Wish you would, to show me the way."

"I'll come, if you wish it."

"All right, come on."

They passed out of the gulch as the night began to fall. They went down the mountain in the darkness. There was comparative silence between them. Now and then the old man jerked out a short sentence and Joe answered. That was all.

"Can I win her?" he said to himself.

"Or is it too late?"

He remembered Lewis' air of confidence, and he sighed, and in his heart there was a feeling of fear.

"This is the house," he finally announced.

Without making his presence known, the old man threw open the door and walked in. Joe followed. They came upon Lewis and the girl, sitting together, and the former was declaring his love. The old man walked straight up to Lewis and rapped him over the head with his cane.

"Hal! Scoundrel, villain, thief!" he cried. Then, turning to the girl, he added: "Jane, don't you know me? I'm your father."

She gave a little glad cry and went to his outstretched arms. There was a long and impressive silence, then the old man pointed to Lewis and said:

"Jane, are you going to marry that man?"

"No, father," she replied. "Never!"

"Hal! Good! He's a scoundrel!" He paused a moment, then, pointing to Joe, added: "Now, there's a man who's honest. Do you know him?"

"Yes, I know him," she said, softly.

"Do you like him?"

She did not answer. It was not necessary. Joe knew he would not have to win her.

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 Diarrhoea 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.

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Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

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During November and December, 1903, one fifth of the deaths in New York and Chicago were from pneumonia. Foley's Honey and Tar not only stops the cough but strengthens the lungs and prevents pneumonia, so do not take chances on a cold wearing away when Foley's Honey and Tar will cure you quickly and prevent serious results, for sale by Graham & Wortham.

We have in stock all the standard line of wheels made by the Pope Manufacturing Co., at prices to suit all. D. & A.

The Original

Foley & Co., Chicago, originated Honey and Tar as a throat and lung remedy and on account of the great merit and popularity of Foley's Honey and Tar many imitations are offered for the genuine, ask for Foley's Honey and Tar and refuse any substitute offered as no other preparation will give the same satisfaction. It is mildly laxative, it contains no opiates and is safest for children and delicate persons. Sold by Graham & Wortham.

Reduction in Fare.

Commencing Nov. 7, rates between Corvallis and Portland, via C. & E., Albany, and S. P. will be reduced to \$2.60, same as West Side rate. Tickets on sale by C. & E. agent and all offices in Portland.

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stops the cough and heals lungs

ROYAL Baking Powder Makes Clean Bread

With Royal Baking Powder there is no mixing with the hands, no sweat of the brow. Perfect cleanliness, greatest facility, sweet, clean, healthful food.

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