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WANTED-MEN TO CUT 300 CORDS of fir wood. Address Jens Peterson, Philomath, Or.

HIGHES" ASH PRICE PAID FOR all kind. Poultry also dressed Pork. Smith & Boulden, Corvallis, Oregon, - VETTE office.

WANTE WO SUBSCRIBERS TO THE GAZETTE and Weekly Oregonian at \$2.50 per year.

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AN ENERGETIC LADY CAN SEcure the agency for this city and sur-rounding 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.

H. M. STONE, REAL ESTATE AND Intelligence office—After 42 years in Beaton 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, Yambill 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 sa e and unless property is sold by me I ask no pay. Parties wishing to employ help or if 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

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A 3-INCH BAIN WAGGON, NEARLY as good as new, and some other farming tools.

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At C. & E. Crossing. ing tools.

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

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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. 9tf Indp' Phone 555,

THOROUGHBRED BARRED PLYMouth Rock Cockerels for sale cheap at \$2.00. J. I. Taylor, at C. & E. cross-

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PIANO INSTRUCTION GIVEN IN the pany grade of advancement. Also the pianos tuned and repaired in first-class semi-

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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.

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PHILOMATH AND ALSEA STAGE— Stage leaves Alsea 6:30 a. m.; arrives at Philemath at 12 m; leaves Philo-math 1 p. m., arrives at Alsea 6:30 p. m. 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.

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

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Statistics show startling mortality, from appendicitis and peritonitis. To prevent and cure these awful diseases, there is just one reliable remedy, Dr King's

Succeribers to the CORVALLIS GAZETTE can brain the following papers in combination sub-criptions with the GAZETTE, at the very low rices stated below; cash in advance always to accompany the order. Those wishing two or more ublications named with the GAZETTE, will please with the GAZETTE, will please with the GAZETTE.

#### & WATELNE

Sim Watkins was a chap who used to get his feelin's hurt Most every time he turned around; he thought folks done him dirt If they'd neglect to run across the street to shake his hand; He used to have a notion that folks

shake his hand;
He used to have a notion that folks set
around and planned
To slight him everywhere he went; most
everything you'd say
He'd twist till it would seem to be a siur at

At parties when the girls would get alone

and giggle, Sim
Was always sure to think that they were
makin' fun of him;
At meetin' when the preacher threw out

hints, as preachers do.
Sim always took 'em to himself, kept puttin' on the shoe;
If folks would count the change he'd give It made him mad, you see He thought by that they had their doubts about his honesty.

He's dead and gone, he didn't leave a grea deal when he went, In lookin' high and low for slights his time

was mostly spent,

And I suppose, if he's above, where people
get their wings,

And draw the tickets for the harps and
golden crowns and things,

He's settin' back and thinkin' that the

happy angels there laughin' at the way he looks in wha E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Suspicion of Ezra By BYROR ROBERT WILLIAMS

ZRA NORTON was the model elerk E ZRA NORTON was the model elerk at Bington's grocery, and usher in the Mount Hope Saviour church.

"Hank" Somers was the not always genteel cow-puncher out at Big Man's Elbow, and he chewed plug!

Ezra did not chew plug, but circumstances forced him to sell it—and that is why, on this particular raw fall day in Platts Corners, Ezra and "Hank" faced each other over the chocolate-colored counter and exchanged pastoral

"Cold enough for you, Hank?" queried the clerk, shoving the packages toward his customer, graciously.

"Purty durned chisely, Ez," fumbling beneath the bunglesome overall for a roll of bills in his hip pocket. "How much?"

"Tobacco, \$1.10; sugar, 20 cents; coffee, 40, and candy, 5-\$1.80 all told. How's things out on the Elbow?"

"Things is-bad. Ef we don't git a warm spell of Injun summer, fust thing we know they won't be a bushel o' corn in this hull county. Frost'll git 'er, sure! Well, so long, Ez!" and Henry slouched off to the hitching rail alongside the town park, to get his team and lumber away over the country roads towards his shack in the Moquin valley to the north.

In the village store, Ezra Norton, shivering at the sudden inclemency of Boreas, opened the door of the cavernous sheet-iron stove and peered within its sooty maw. The accumulated debris from the sweepings half-filled the heater, and would make a wholesome blaze with the scattered whittlings left by the dilatory loafers of the village during the morning, as they whittled and sailed the ship of state.

"Every little belps!" mused the clerk in ancient axiom, reaching for the

"Goin' to freshen 'er up a bit, be ye?" store and rubbing his blue hands vig-"Hey, there! Wait a minute! Look-

a-here!" and Alf. wobbing quickly to the floor, picked from amidst the shavings a plump roll of bills!

"Don't ye care nuthin' fer this sort o' truck, Ez, or are ye gittin' so dodgasted rich ye kin afford to burn 'er like corncobs?"

Ezra Norton gasped!

"That's a risky place for Hetty Brown to be losing her money, Alf!" excitedly, after a moment's hesitation. "She's just left, too! Here," hurriedly thrusting the money into his pocket, "you watch the store a minute and I'll just run and catch her! She leaves for Denver tonight!"

"Sure, Ez, sure! Skip! I won't suck no eggs while yer gone! Git!"

Norton slammed the door behind him, and Alf, raising the lid to the cheesebox with alacrity in his heart and wa ter in his mouth, cut off a liberal "hunk" of cheese. Cramming this into his cheeks, he speared a half dozen olives, took a splinter of cod-fish and an apple, and grinned!

"Keepin'-store's-a'right," between munches, "ef yer-hungry-an' I (swallow) most (swallow) allus am!" (gulp). Norton's face was aglow when he re-

"Hetty was mighty glad to get her money back!" he panted. "Said she couldn't have gone west without it. Lucky, wasn't it?"

"How-how (choking) how muchwas—they?" gasped Alf, striving to clear his strangling and outraged throat from its last superhuman gulp, and looking

a bit sheepish.
"Oh, there wasn't much, but she was mighty glad to get it, just the same!" "Looked to me like it 'ud most choke a cow," grinned Alf, gazing longingly

at the cheese-box. "One-dollar bills, I s'pose, mostly!" "I suppose so," acquiesced Erra.
"Have a cigar, Alf?"

"N-o, thank ye," reaching eagerly for it, "I don't smoke ac-gars any more, 'ceptin' when I kin git 'em! Haw! Haw!" and Alfred laughed immoderately at his waggishness as he scratched the match where it would do the most good, and "lit up."

Stience and smoke.
Then: "When's th' boss comin' home,

"Well, I'm goin'. Good-day, Ba." "Good-day, Alf."

Grocer Bington and Clerk Norton were talking it over, earnestly, as became the subject in hand.

"Ezra, we've belonged to the same church for ten years, you've been a good clerk, and I ain't never found nothing wrong, and personally I don't believe you took that money-

"I didn't," interrupted Exre, doggedly

-"I didn't!" "And while, of course, there's a lot of talk going around about Hank suing you, and some folks are criticising me for keeping you here till it's cleared up. I just tell you what I'd do," and Grocer Bington brought down his fat hand on the top of a sugar barrel. "If I had that money, I'd confess, and give it up-but if I didn't, I'd see 'em in H-h-Hanover

first! That's what I'd do!" "And that's just what I'm going to do, Mr. Bington," answered Ezra, a gleam of determination in his eye. "Let me off to-day, and I'll get my defense ready and begin the fight. It's rainy, and bad, anyhow, and there won't be much doing. What do you say-can I

"Of course you can, Ezra. I'm just as anxious as you are to get this thing settled," agreed the grocer, "and the sooner it's settled the better!"

It was dusk of the same rain-whipped day. The lone shack of Henry Somers could scarcely be seen from the main road, now inches deep with wet, slippery clay, but a sopped and bedraggled pedestrian turning in at the gateway made straight for the hut. A vigorous rapping brought "Hank" to the door, candle in

hand, and a cob pipe between his teeth. "Well, Ezra Norton!" cried the ranch-"be you plum crazy? Come right

"'Hank,' " blurted Norton, "I-No, I ain't coming in-'Hank,' I hear that you say I got the \$80 you lost in town last week - but, 'Hank,' I-I didn't! I didn't find your money, and I ain't guilty," tremblingly, "but this talk and suspicion is killing my wife, and it's hurting me. As a member of the church. and an honorable citizen, I'd-I'd rather pay you this money than be called a -thief! I ain't got it now, but I'll get it and pay you next week when you come to town-No, I won't come in, and I'm going back now the way I came. I just wanted you to know, that's all."

And before the astonished and halfconvinced Henry could interfere, Ezra Norton had turned toward the ten miles of black and sticky road, and was swallowed by the plutonian darkness.

"Well, I swan!" growled Somers, "ef that feller don't beat me!"

Grocer Bington was reading the morning paper when, three weeks later, 'Hank" Somers, much excited and evidently bursting with concealed intelligence, clandestinely slipped through the rear door of the store and beckoned cautiously to Bington to follow him into the

"Got all three of 'em this mornin'been sick and couldn't git in afore-had the rheumatiz! This un's mailed on the 7th, this un on the 9th, and this un on the 11th," and "Hank" thrust three letters, one by one, into the hands of Bington.

The groceryman, bewildered, wonderingly, opened the first letter, written in a cramped and unruly hand, and read:

"Deer Sur: My gilty conshuns is cate petrublin me. Now, Hank Somers, I found tham. yer mony miself atween the kofe kar quired Alf. Scuiggs, forging into the an the pickul keg an i hearn you air trin to lay this on Ezri Norton who never done it. My conshuns wont stand it and im sendin you \$30 today and im goin to keep sendin fassi kin.

"Yours truely, The Guilty One." "An the hull \$80 is in the three letters," whispered "Hank," joyously, "but," his face falling perceptibly, "I'm mighty sorry fer layin' this here job up agin Ezra Norton-an'-an'-say, Bington. I ain't much on beggin' pardons, ain't never done much o' that, but you jest git a nice pair o' mittens out o' th' stock and giv' 'em to Ezra with my compliments, an'-oh, yes, I want about 85 cents' wuth o' Big Hatchet plug-and then I'm off!"

Grocer Bington studied the letters ong and carefully, scrutinizing the writing and the paper, but at last he gave it up as beyond his power to ferret out the guilty person. In his heart, however, he rejoiced that the stigma attached to the good name of his clerk could now be lifted. He would put the letters in the safe and save the surprise until evening, when the village "strategy board" met about the grocery stove to settle "pints" of state! He would then bring out the evidence, and, having rendered it, would hand over the mittens to Ezra with a nice little speech, and the incident would be closed with the clerk's complete vindication!

Thrusting the proof of Norton's innocence into the safe, he slammed shut the ponderous door. As the mass of iron and steel settled into its place with a jar, a notebook fell from behind the safe to the floor!

Bington picked it up absently. He did not remember of having such a pad. Opening the cover carelessly, the groceryman gave a sudden start. Glancing about hurriedly, he reopened the safe and took from the pigeon-hole where he had placed them, Henry Somers' letters! Holding one of the sheets to the light alongside a sheet from the notebook, the honest merchant

gasped! The water mark, "XX Niblick Mills," showed plainly in both pages. He picked up the pad, and, turning the cover backward, quickly scanned the stubs. Three sheets, and three only, had been removed!

"Guilty, by thunder!" he whispered, feelingly Going to the journal, Grocer Bing ton erased a charge from the day's accounts. It was this item:
"Henry Somers, one pair mittens for Exra Norton, \$2.25."—Retailers' Jour-

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Rought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his per-Rot H. Heltcher: sonal supervision since as many.
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Foley & Co., Chicago, originated Honey and Tar as afthroat 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 & Wor-

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 n Portland.

FOLEYS HONEYARD TAR

2825 Keeley St., CHICAGO, LLL., Oct., 2, 1902. I suffered with falling and con-gestion of the womb, with severe pains through the groins. I suf-fered terribly at the time of men-struction, had blinding headaches and rushing of blood to the brain. What to try I knew not, for it seemed that I had tried all and failed, but I had never tried Wine of Cardui, that blessed remedy for sick women. I found it pleasant to take and soon knew that I had the right medicine. New blood seemed to course through my veins and after using eleven bottles I

### maude Buch

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