

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of 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.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

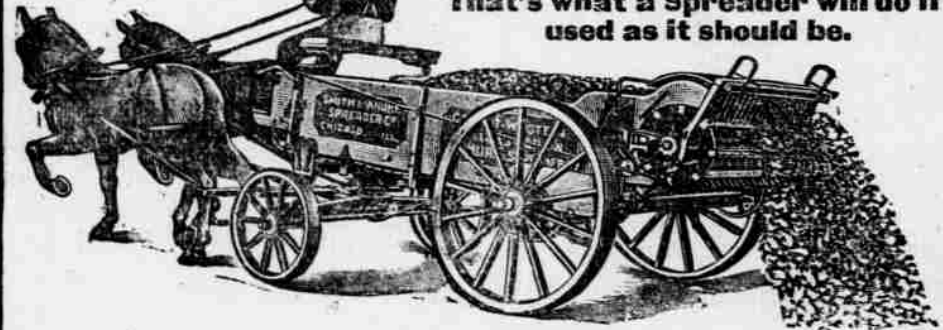
The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

\$4.00 To \$8.00 GAIN PER ACRE.

That's what a Spreader will do if used as it should be.



If you have 125 loads of manure to spread and you are going to plant 25 acres of corn or wheat, or have a 25 acre meadow we will tell you how you can increase the value of your crop this year from \$4.00 to \$8.00 per acre or more than enough to pay for a spreader. We issue a 48-page book entitled "Practical Experience With Barnyard Manures," which explains the whole situation. Our Plan is not a theory. It is an actual fact, backed up by actual experiments extending over a period of 18 years. To give you an idea of what this book contains, we show results of experiments made with various crops where 5 loads of manure were spread per acre by the old method, and 5 loads by the new method, on corn ground. The latter shows a gain of \$4.80 per acre. On another field and in another state, it shows a gain of \$5.60 per acre, and on a clover and timothy meadow, a gain of \$8.00 per acre.

This Book will be sent free to anyone writing us. It is worth \$100.00 to you, but it won't cost you a cent. If it doesn't do you any good, it won't do you any harm. Write us now and let us mail it to you. It is brimming full of valuable information.

The Smith Great Western

Endless Apron Manure Spreader

Spreads all kinds of manure, straw stack bottoms and commercial fertilizer regardless of their condition. Spreads as much in a day as 12 men can by hand. Spreads the largest load in 5 to 4 minutes. Makes the same amount of manure go three times as far and produce better results; makes all manure fine and immediately available for plant life.

Non-Bunchable Rake forms a hopper, holds all hard chunks in contact with beater until thoroughly pulverized.

Endless Apron is one continuous apron, (not a 1/2 apron) therefore always ready to load. You don't have to drive a certain distance to pull it back into position after each load or wind it back by hand; it is a great advantage in making long hauls.

There is no Gearing about our Endless Apron to break and cause trouble, it is always up out of the way of obstructions as it does not extend below axle. Spreads evenly from start to finish and cleans out perfectly clean.

Head and End Gate keeps manure away from beater while loading; prevents choking of beater and throwing out a bunch when starting and acts as wind shield when spreading. It has a graduating lever and can be regulated while in motion to spread thick or thin, 3 to 25 loads per acre.

Light Draft because the load is nearly equally balanced on front and rear axles. The team is as near the load as it can work. Front and rear axles are the same length and wheel tracks; beater shaft runs in ball and socket bearings, therefore no friction. Beater is 23 inches in diameter, seat turns over when loading. Machine turns in its own length.

Simplicity. There are only two levers on our machine. One which raises the hood, locks it and throws the machine in gear at the same time. It can then be thrown in and out of gear without lowering the hood. One lever which changes feed to spread thick or thin, making it so simple that a boy who can drive a team can handle it.

Strength and Durability is one of the most important points to be considered in a manure spreader. The Great Western has a good, strong, durable wheel. Extra strong spoke and rim, heavy steel tires. Strong, well braced box with heavy oak sill. Oak tongue, heavy doubletrees, malleable castings, gears and sprockets all kept on. Galvanized hood. Every part is made extra strong, regardless of cost. It is made for the man who wants the best, made in four sizes, 35, 50, 70 and 100 bushel capacity.

Guarantee. Should any part break, wear out or get out of order within one year we replace free of charge. Send for free catalog, showing latest improvements. It tells how to apply manure to secure best results.

Write just these words on a postal card or in a letter—"Send me your book 'Practical Experience with Barnyard Manures' and catalogue No. 17758." They will be mailed to you free. Do it now before you haul your manure or prepare for any crop.

Smith Manufacturing Co., 162 Harrison St., Chicago

The Smile

Only 82 Years Old.

That won't come off, appears on baby's face after one bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge, the great worm medicine. Why not keep that smile on baby's face. If you keep this medicine on hand you will never see anything else but smiles on his face. Mrs. S.—Blackwell, Okla., writes: "My baby was peevish and fretful. Would not eat and I feared he would die. I used a bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge and he has not been sick a day since. Sold by Graham & Wortham."

"I am only 82 years old and don't expect even when I get to be real old to feel that way as long as I can get Electric Bitters," says Mrs. E. H. Brunson, of Dublin, Ga. "Surely there's nothing else keeps the old as young and makes the weak as strong as this grand tonic medicine. Dyspepsia, torpid liver, inflamed kidneys or chronic constipation are unknown after taking Electric Bitters a reasonable time. Guaranteed by Allen & Woodward, druggists. Price 50c."

THE PILLAR of LIGHT

... By ...
Louis Tracy,
Author of
"The Wings of the Morning"

Copyright, 1904, by
Edward J. Clode

CHAPTER I.

ALL night long the great bell of the lighthouse, slung to a stout beam projecting seaward beneath the outer platform, had tolled its warning through the fog. The monotonous ticking of the clock-work attachment that governed it, the sharp and livelier click of the occulting hood's machinery, were the only sounds which alternated with its deep boom. The tremendous clang sent a thrill through the giant column itself and pealed away into the murky void with a tremolo of profound diminutions.

Overhead the magnificent lantern, its eight ringed circle of flame burning at full pressure, illumined the drifting vapor with an intensity that seemed to be born of the sturdy granite pillar of which it was the fitting diadem. Hard and strong externally as the everlasting rock on which it stood, replete within with burnished steel and polished brass, great cylinders and powerful pumps, the lighthouse thrust its glowing torch beyond the reach of the most daring wave. Cold, dour, defiant it looked. Yet its superhuman eye sought to pierce the very heart of the fog, and the furnace white glare, concentrated ten thousand fold by the encircling hive of the dioptric lens, flung far into the gloom a silvery cloak of moonlike majesty.

At last an irresistible ally sprang to the assistance of the unconquerable light. About the close of the middle watch a gentle breeze from the Atlantic followed the tide and swept the shivering wraith landward to the northeast, while the first beams of a June sun completed the destruction of the routed specter.

So once more, as on the dawn of the third day, the waters under the heaven were gathered into one place and the dry land appeared, and behold, it was good.

On the horizon the turquoise rim of the sea lay with the sheen of folded silk against the softer canopy of the sky. Toward the west a group of islands, to which drifting banks of mist clung in melting despair, were etched in shadows of dreamy purple. Over the nearer sea floor the quickly dying vapor spread a hazy pall of opal tints. Across the face of the waters glistening bands of emerald green and serene blue quivered in fairy lights. The slanting rays of the sun threw broadcast a golden mirage and gilded all things with the dumb gladness of an English summer's day.

A man, pacing the narrow gallery beneath the lantern, halted for a moment to flood his soul afresh with a beauty made entrancing by the knowledge that a few brief minutes would resolve it into maturer and more familiar charms.

He was engaged, it is true, in the unromantic action of filling his pipe, a simple thing, beloved alike of poets and navvies, yet his eyes drank in the mute glory of the scene, and, captive to the spell of the hour, he murmured aloud:

"Behold the chariot of the fairy queen! Celestial coursers paw the unyielding air; their filmy pennons at her word they furl and stop obedient to the reins of light."

The small door beneath the glass pane was open. The worker, within, busily cleaning an eight inch burner, ceased for an instant and popped his head out.

"Did you hail me?" he inquired.

"The matter of fact words awake the dreamer. He turned with a pleasant smile.

"To be exact, Jim, I did hail somebody, but it was Aurora, Spirit of the Dawn, not a hard bitten sailorman like you."

"Oh, that's all right, cap'n! I thought I heard you singin' out for a light."

The other man bent his head to shield a match from a puff of wind, thus concealing from his companion the gleam of amusement in his eyes. His mate sniffed the fragrant odor of the tobacco longingly, but the Elder Brethren of the Trinity maintain strict discipline, and he vanished to his task without a thought of broken rules.

He left a piece of good advice behind him.

"If I was you, cap'n," he said, "I'd turn in. Jones is feelin' A1 this mornin'." He comes on at 8. You ought to be dead beat after your double spell of the last two days. I'll keep break-

fast back until three bells (9:30 a. m.), an' there's fresh eggs an' haddick."

"Just a couple of whiffs, Jim. Then I'll go below."

Both men wore the uniform of assistant keepers, yet it needed not their manner of speech to reveal that one was a gentleman born and bred and the other a bluff, good natured, horny handed A. B., to whom new laid eggs and recently cured fish appealed far more potently than Shelley and a summer dawn at sea.

He who had involuntarily quoted "Queen Mab" turned his gaze seaward again. Each moment the scene was becoming more brilliant, yet nearer to earth. The faroff islands sent splashes of gray, brown and green through the purple. The rose flush on the horizon was assuming a yellowish tinge, and the blue of sky and water was deepening. Twenty miles away to the southwest the smoke of a steamer heralded the advent of an Atlantic liner, and the last shreds of white mist were curling forlornly above the waves.

The presence of the steamship, a tiny dull spot on the glowing picture, peopled the void with life and banished poetry with the thin sheeted ghosts of the fog. In a little more than an hour she would be abreast of the Gulf Rock light. The watcher believed—was almost certain, in fact—that she was the Princess Royal, homeward bound from New York to Southampton. From her saloon deck those enthusiasts who had risen early enough to catch a first glimpse of the English coast were already scanning the trimly rigged outlines of the Scilly isles and searching with their glasses for the Land's End and the Lizard.

In a few hours they would be in Southampton; that afternoon in London—London, the Mecca of the world, from which two years ago he fled with a loathing akin to terror. The big ship out there, panting and straining as if she were beginning, not ending, her ocean race of 3,000 miles, was carrying eager hundreds to the pleasures and follies of the great city. Yet he, the man smoking and silently staring at the growing bank of smoke—a young man, too; handsome, erect, with the clean, smooth profile of the aristocrat—had turned his back on it all and sought and found peace here in the gaunt pillar on a lonely rock.

Strange how differently men are constituted. And women! Bah! A hard look came into his eyes. His mouth set in a stern contempt. For a little while his face bore a steely expression which would have amazed the man within the lantern, now singing lustily as he worked.

But, as the harp of David caused the evil spirit to depart from Saul, so did the music of the morning chase away the lurking devil of memory which sprang upon the lighthouse keeper with the sight of the vessel.

He smiled again, a trifle bitterly perhaps. Behind him the singer roared genially:

"Soon we'll be in London Town,
Sing, my lads, yee ho-
And see the king in his golden crown,
Sing, my lads, yee ho!"

The man on the platform seemed to be aroused from a painful reverie by the jingle so curiously apropos to his thoughts. He tapped his pipe on the iron railing and was about to enter the lantern—and so to the region of sleep beneath—when suddenly his glance, trained to an acuteness not dreamed of by folk ashore, rested on some object seemingly distant a mile or less and drifting slowly nearer with the tide.

At this hour a two knot current swept to the east around and over the treacherous reef whose sunken fangs were marked by the lighthouse. In calm weather, such as prevailed just then, it was difficult enough to effect a landing at the base of the rock, but this same smiling water race became an awful, raging, tearing fury when the waves were lashed into a storm.

He pocketed his pipe and stood with hands clinched on the rail, gazing intently at a white painted ship's lifeboat, with a broken mast and a sail trailing over the stern. Its color, with the sun shining on it, no less than the vaporous eddies fading down to the surface of the sea, had prevented him from seeing it earlier. Perhaps he would not have noticed it at all were it not for the flashing wings of several sea birds which accompanied the craft

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Even yet a landsman would have stared insolently in that direction and declared that there was naught else in sight save the steamer, whose tall masts and two black funnels were now distinctly visible, but the lighthouse keeper knew he was not mistaken. Here was a boat adrift, forlorn, deserted. Its contour told him that it was no local craft straying adventurously from island or mainland. Its unexpected presence, wafted thus strangely from ocean wilds, the broken spar and tumbled canvas, betokened an accident, perchance a tragedy.

"Jim!" he cried.

His mate, engaged in shrouding the gleaming lenses from the sun's rays, came at the call. He was lame, the result of a wound received in the Egyptian campaign; nevertheless, he was quick on his feet.

"What do you make of that?"

The sailor required no more than a gesture. He shaded his eyes with his right hand, a mere shipboard trick of concentrating vision and brain, for the rising sun was almost behind him.

"Ship's boat," he answered laconically. "Collision, I expect. There's bin no blow to speak of for days. But they're gone. Knocked overboard when she was took aback by a squall. Unless them birds!"

He spoke in a species of verbal shorthand, but his meaning was clear enough, even to the sentence left unfinished. The craft was under no control. She would drift steadily into the bay until the tide turned, wander in an aimless circle for half an hour thereafter, and then, when the ebb restored direction and force to the current, voyage forth again to the fabled realm of Lyonesse.

(To be Continued)

Additional Local.

The absence of a sea breeze was probably all that saved the Strong saw mill and lumber yard from destruction by fire, Wednesday afternoon. The smokestack at the mill blew out, scattering sparks in all directions, and almost instantly there were fires in a dozen or fifteen places. The sawdust dump was ignited, as was also the slab pile, the mill roof and many other places. Fortunately there was no breeze and the promptness of the fire department and their good work saved the day. The damage was very slight.

The lawn social given by Miss Marjorie Richards at Cauthorn Hall, Wednesday night, was a very enjoyable affair for the large party of guests present. Games and refreshments were features and the occasion was voted delightful. An unfortunate incident was a badly sprained ankle sustained by Miss Merle Hollister, who stepped in a hole on the lawn.

At their meeting this week the Rebekahs installed officers, had a banquet and a general good time. The new officers are: N. G., Miss Lillian Ranney; V. G., Miss Lulu Spangler; Sec., Mrs. Maud Hays; Treas., Mrs. Fannie Oren; Conductor, Mrs. Flora Hodges; Warden, Mrs. Agnes Young; Chaplain, Miss Belle Ranney; inside guardian, Mrs. Ellen Mundy; outside guardian, John Young. The installing work was done by District Deputy President, Sadie Dixon.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Things Doing in the Busy Bellefontaine Neighborhood.

Mrs. Vic Buckingham of Roseburg is visiting at the homes of Gus and John Buckingham, this week.

L. N. Edwards has a new mower at work in his field these days. He has a fine crop.

Charles Cartwright had a valuable colt severely cut on a barbed wire fence this week. It is not known just how the accident occurred.

Mrs. Cartwright has gone to Salem and Portland for a week's visit with her sisters.

Farmers are well along with mowing and some are beginning to haul hay.

Some of the farmers expect to begin binding some of the early oats in a few days.

Mr. Barnes who has been living on the Wheeler place about 1 1/2 miles south of Bellefontaine, is going to move to Eugene in the near future. L. A. Peek has bought the place and will move on it this fall.

T. L. Reader, who has been farming the M. C. Starr place, returned a couple of weeks ago from a visit to Washington, and thinks he will rent a place some 200 miles southeast of Seattle.

About twenty of the Bellefontaine young folks went over to Mercer's Saturday evening and had an enjoyable swim.

Twenty-year Battle.

"I was a loser in a twenty-year battle with chronic piles and malignant sores, until I tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve, which turned the tide, by curing both, until not a trace remains," writes A. M. Bruce, of Farmville, Va. Best for old Ulcers, Cuts, Burns and Wounds. 25c at Allen & Woodward's, druggists.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS:
Fifteen words or less, 25 cts for three successive insertions, or 50 cts. per month; for all up to and including ten additional words, 1/2 cent a word for each insertion.
For all advertisements over 25 words, 1 ct per word for the first insertion, and 1/2 ct per word for each additional insertion. Nothing inserted for less than 25 cents.
Lodge, society and church notices, other than strictly news matter, will be charged for.

HOMES FOR SALE.

WILL SELL LOTS IN CORVALLIS, Oregon, on installment plan and assist purchasers to build homes on them if desired. Address First National Bank, Corvallis, Or.
WILL SELL MY LOTS IN NEWPORT, Or., for spot cash, balance installments, and help parties to build homes thereon, if desired. Address M. S. Woodcock, Corvallis, Or.

Veterinary Surgeon

DR. E. E. JACKSON, V. S., MORRIS' blacksmith shop. Residence, 1011 Main st. Give him a call. 12tf

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.

House Decorating.

FOR PAINTING AND PAPERING SEE W. E. PAUL, Ind. 488. 14tf

MARBLE SHOP.

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS; curbing made to order; cleaning and repairing done neatly; save agent's commission. Shop North Main St., Frank Vanhoosen, Prop. 92tf

ATTORNEYS

J. F. YATES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office up stairs in Zierolf Building. Only set of abstracts in Benton County.
E. R. BRYSON ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Post Office Building, Corvallis, Oregon.

WANTED

WANTED 500 SUBSCRIBERS TO THE GAZETTE and Weekly Oregonian at \$2.55 per year.

BANKING.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF Corvallis, Oregon, transacts a general conservative banking business. Loans money on approved security. Drafts bought and sold and money transferred to the principal cities of the United States, Europe and foreign countries.

A Tragic Finish.

A watchman's neglect permitted a leak in the great North Sea Dyke, which a child's finger could have stopped, to become a ruinous break, devastating an entire province of Holland. In like manner Kenneth Melzer, of Vancouver, Me., permitted a little cold to go unnoticed until a tragic finish was only averted by Dr. King's New Discovery. He writes: "Three doctors gave me up to die of lung inflammation caused by a neglected cold; but Dr. King's New Discovery saved my life." Guaranteed best cough and cold cure. At Allen & Woodward's. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Your Liver

Is out of order. You go to bed in a bad humor and get up with a bad taste in your mouth. You want something to stimulate your liver. Just try Herbine, the liver regulator. A positive cure for Constipation, Dyspepsia and all liver complaints. Mrs. F.—Ft. Worth, Texas, writes: "Have used Herbine in my family for years. Word's can't express what I think about it. Everybody in my household are happy and well and we owe it to Herbine." Sold by Graham & Wortham.

Subscribe for the Gazette.

All The World

Knows that Ballard's Snow Liniment has no superior for Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Cuts, Sprains, Lumbago, and all pains. Buy it, try it and you will always use it. Anybody who has used Ballard's Snow Liniment is a proof of what it does. All we ask of you is to get a trial bottle. Prices 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Graham & Wortham.

The Gazette for Job Work

Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.

\$10,000 Capital Stock

CORVALLIS ICE & BUTTER CO.

G.A. SEELEY Pres.
J.T. CRESON V. Pres.
B.D. ARNOLD Sec. & Treas.

Corvallis, Oregon.

Highest Market Price Paid for Butter Fat.