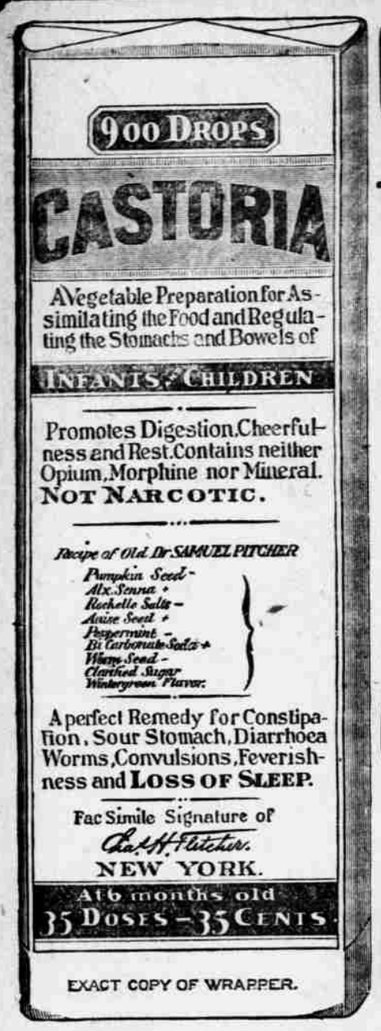

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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 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 15 men can by hand.* Spreads the largest load in 2 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 ½ 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.

Hood 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 wheels track;* 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, hickory* doubletrees, malleable castings, *gears and sprockets all keyed 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

Children in Pain

Never cry as do children who are suffering from hunger. Such is the cause of all babies who cry and are treated for sickness when they really are suffering from hunger. This is caused from their food not being assimilated but devoured by worms. A few doses of White's Cream Vermifuge will cause them to cease crying and begin to thrive at once. Give it a trial. Sold by Graham & Wortham.

Galveston's Sea Wall

Makes life now as safe in that city as on the uplands. E. W. Goodloe, who resides on Dutton street in Waco, Texas, needs no sea wall for safety. He writes: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption for the past five years and it keeps me well and safe. Before that time I had a cough for years which had been growing worse. Now it's gone." Cures chronic coughs, la grippe, croup, whooping cough and prevents pneumonia. Pleasant to take. Every bottle guaranteed at Allen & Woodward's drug store. Price 50c and $1. Trial bottle free.

A Mystery Solved.

"How to keep off periodic attacks of biliousness and habitual constipation was a mystery that Dr. King's New Life Pills solved for me," writes John N. Pleasant of Magnolia, Ind. The only pills that are guaranteed to give satisfaction to everybody or money refunded. Only 25c at Allen & Woodward's drug store.

Real Estate Transfers.

J M Porter and wife to A J Johnson, lot 12, block 5, original town of Marysville, now the city of Corvallis; $7,000.

Hubert Hodes and wife to A J Johnson, south 6 feet, lot 11, block 5, Corvallis, $610.

M Wright to Etta E Downer, lot 3, block 13, Corvallis; $1,125.

Alfred McClure and wife to S A McClure, 20 acres near Monroe; $450.

J W Walters and wife to Monroe Mill Co., 160 acres of land west of Monroe; $1.00.

Charles Pernot to Onus C Senger, lots 9 and 10, block 3, Avery & Wells' Add to Corvallis; $175.

Don't Grumble

When your joints ache and you suffer from rheumatism. Buy a bottle of Ballard's Snow liniment and get instant relief. A positive cure for rheumatism, burns, cuts, contracted muscles, sore chest, etc. Mr. I. T. Bogy, a prominent merchant at Willow Point, Texas, says he finds Ballard's Snow Liniment the best all round liniment he ever used. Sold by Graham & Wortham.

THE PILLAR of LIGHT

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

Copyright, 1904, by Edward J. Clode

"With your pretty face and saucy ways, Enid," he said, "I shall have trouble enough to keep you in the nest without worrying as to the manner of your leaving it. Work at your drawing, by all means. Avoid color as the bane of true art. But where Connie and I live you shall live, until you choose to forsake us."

No wonder these girls thought there was no other man in the world like "dad." Their delightful home was idyllic in its happiness, their only sorrow that Brand should be away two months out of three on account of the pursuit in which he passed his hours of leisure during recent years.

Neither dared to look at the other. They could not trust themselves even to speak. There was relief in action, for thought was torture.

The docile Daisy steadily forged through the waves. The spasmodic clang of the bell came more clearly each minute. Pollard, kneeling in the bows, peered into the gloom of the swirling snow. He listened eagerly to the bell. With right hand or left he motioned to Constance to bring the boat's head nearer to the wind or permit the sail to fill out a little more.

Enid, ready to cast the canvas loose at the first hint of danger, consulted her watch frequently. At last she cried:

"Twenty minutes, Ben."

What a relief it was to hear her own voice. The tension was becoming unbearable.

"Right y' are, missy. No need to slack off yet. 'Tes clearin' a bit. We'm heave to alongside the rock in less'n no time."

The fisherman was right. His trained senses perceived a distinct diminution in the volume of snow. Soon they could see fifty, a hundred, two hundred yards, ahead. On the starboard quarter they caught a confused rushing noise, like the subdued murmur of a mill race. The tide had covered the rock.

"Luff et is!" roared Ben suddenly. "Steady now!"

Out of the blurred vista a ghostly column rose in front. Smooth and sheer were its granite walls, with dark little casements showing black in the weird light. The boat rushed past the Trinity mooring buoy. She held on until they heard the sea breaking.

"Lower away!" cried Ben, and the yard fell with a sharp rattle that showed how thoroughly Enid had laid to heart Pollard's tuition.

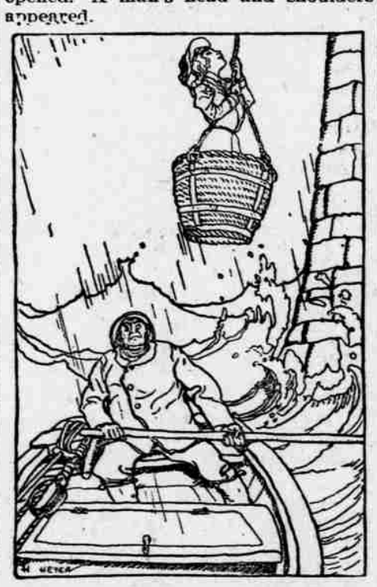
Constance brought the Daisy round in a wide curve, and Ben got out the oars to keep her from being dashed against the reef.

Enid's eyes were turned toward the gallery beneath the lantern.

"Lighthouse ahoy!" she screamed in a voice high pitched with emotion.

There was no answering clang of the door leading from the room on a level with the balcony. Not often had the girls visited the rock, but they knew that this was the first sign they might expect of their arrival being noted if there were no watchers pacing the "promenade."

"Help us, Ben," cried Constance, and their united shouts might be heard a mile away in the prevailing stillness. A window halfway up the tower was opened. A man's head and shoulders appeared.



"Dang me, but they're two plucky 'uns."

It was Stephen Brand.

"Thank God!" murmured Constance.

Enid, on whose sensitive soul the storm, the signal, the hissing rush of the boat through the waves, had cast a spell of indefinite terror, bit her lip to restrain her tears.

Brand gave a glance of amazement at the three uplifted faces, but this was no time for surprise or question.

"I am coming down," he shouted. "Providence must have sent you at this moment."

He vanished.

"What can it be?" said Constance, outwardly calm now in the assurance that her father was safe.

"Must ha' bin a accident," said Ben. "That signal means 'Bring a doctor.' An' there ain't a blessed tug in harbor, nor won't be till the tide makes."

"That will mean delay," cried Enid.

"Five or six hours at least, missy."

The main door at the head of the iron ladder clamped to the stones swung back, and Brand leaned out. He had no greeting for them, nor words of astonishment.

"When will the tug reach here, Ben?" he asked.

The fisherman told him the opinion he had formed.

"Then you girls must come and help me. Jackson scalded his hands and arms in the kitchen, and Bates was hurrying to the storeroom for oil and whitening when he slipped on the stairs and broke his leg. We must get them both ashore. Ben, you can take them?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Now, Constance, you first. Hold tight and stand in the skip. Your boat cannot come near the rock."

He swung the derrick into place and began to work the windlass. Constance, cool as her father, whispered to the excited Enid:

"Let us divide the parcels and take half each."

"Oh, I should have forgotten all about them," said Enid, stooping to empty the lockers.

Constance, without flickering an eyelid, stepped into the strong basket with its iron hoops and, having arranged some of the plethoric paper bags at her feet, told her father to "hoist away."

She arrived safely. Enid followed her, with equal sang froid, though a lift of forty odd feet while standing in a skip and clinging to a rope is not an everyday experience.

"Dang me," said Ben, as Enid, too, was swung into the lighthouse, "but they're two plucky 'uns."

The great bell tolled away, though the snow had changed to sleet, and the heights beyond the Land's End were dimly visible, so its warning note was no longer needed. The sky above was clearing. A luminous haze spreading over the waters heralded the return of the sun. But the wind was bitterly cold; the fisherman watching the open door, with one eye on the sea lest an adventurous wave should sweep the Daisy against the rock, murmured to himself:

"'Tes a good job the wind's i' the norrard. This sort o' thing's a weather breeder or my name ain't Ben Pollard."

And that was how Enid came back to the Gulf Rock to enter upon the second great epoch of her life.

Once before had the reef taken her to its rough heart and fended her from peril. Would it shield her again—rescue her from the graver danger whose shadow even now loomed out of the deep? What was the bell saying in its wistful monotony?

Enid neither knew nor cared. Just then she had other things to think about.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE comes a time in the life of every thinking man or woman when the argosy of existence, floating placidly on a smooth and lazy stream, gathers unto itself speed, rushes swiftly onward past familiar landmarks of custom and convention, boils furiously over resisting rocks and ultimately, if not submerged in an unknown sea, finds itself again meandering through new plains of wider horizon.

Such a perilous passage can never be foreseen. The rapids may begin where the trees are highest and the meadows most luxuriant. No warning is given. The increased pace of events is pleasant and exhilarating. Even the last wild plunge over the cascade is neither resented nor feared. Some frail craft are shattered in transit, some wholly shaken, some emerge with riven sails and tarnished embellishments. A few not only survive the ordeal, but thereby fit themselves for more daring exploits, more soul stirring adventures.

When the two girls stood with Stephen Brand in the narrow entrance to the lighthouse, the gravity of their bright young faces was due solely to the fact that their father had announced the serious accidents which had befallen his assistants. No secret monitor whispered that fate in her bold and merciless dramatic action had roughly removed two characters from the stage to clear it for more striking events.

Not once in twenty years has it happened that two out of the three keepers maintained on a rock station within signaling distance of the shore have become incapacitated for duty on the same day. The thing was so bewilderingly sudden, the arrival of Constance and Enid on the scene so timely and unexpected, that Brand, a philosopher of ready decision in most affairs of life, was at a loss what to do for the best now that help, of a sort undreamed of, was at hand.

The case of Jackson, who was scalded, was simple enough. The board of trade medicine chest supplied to each lighthouse is a facsimile of that carried by every seagoing steamship. It contained the ordinary remedies for such an injury, and there would be little difficulty or danger in lowering the sufferer to the boat.

But Bates' affair was different. He lay almost where he had fallen. Brand had only lifted him into the storeroom from the foot of the stairs, placing a pillow beneath his head, and appealing both to him and to Jackson to endure their torture unmoved while he went to signal for assistance.

The problem that confronted him now was one of judgment. Was it better to await the coming of the doctor or endeavor to transfer Bates to the boat?

He consulted Ben Pollard again. The girls were already climbing the steep stairs to sympathize with and tend to the injured men.

"Do you think it will blow harder, Ben, when the tide turns?" he asked.

The old fellow seemed to regard the question as most interesting and novel. Indeed, to him some such query and its consideration provided the chief problem of each day. Therefore he surveyed land, sea and sky most carefully before he replied:

"It may be a'most anything afore night, Masser Brand."

At another time Brand would have smiled. Today he was nervous, distraught, wrenched out of the worn rut of things.

"I fancy there is some chance of the doctor being unable to land when he reaches the rock. Do you agree with me?"

His voice rang sharply. Ben caught its note and dropped his weatherwise ambiguity.

"It'll blow harder, an' mebbe snaw ag'in," he said.

"I shall need some help here in that case, so I will retain the young ladies. Of course you can manage the boat easily enough without them?"

Pollard grinned reassuringly.

"We'm run straight in wi' thiccy wind," he said.

So they settled it that way, all so simply.

A man sets up two slim masts a thousand miles apart and flashes comprehensible messages across the void. The multitude gapes at first, but soon accepts the thing as reasonable. "Wireless telegraphy" is the term, as one says "by mail."

A whole drama was flowing over a curve of the earth at that moment, but the Marconi station was invisible. There was no expert in telepathic sensation present to tell Brand and the fisherman that their commonplace words covered a magic code.

Jackson, white and mute, was lowered first. The brave fellow would not content himself with nursing his agony amid the cushions aft. When Bates, given some slight strength by a stiff dose of brandy, was carried with infinite care down three flights of steep and narrow stairs and slung to the crane in an iron cot to be lowered in his turn, Jackson stood up. Heedless of remonstrances, he helped to steady the cot and adjust it amidships clear of the sail.

"Well done, Artie," said Brand's clear voice.

"Oh, brave!" murmured Enid.

"We will visit you every day at the hospital," sang out Constance.

Jackson smiled—yes, smiled—though his bandaged arms quivered and the seared nerves of his hands throbbed excruciatingly. Speak aloud he could not. Yet he bent over his more helpless mate and whispered hoarsely:

"Cheer up, old man. Your case is worse'n mine. An' ye did it for me."

Pollard, with a soul as gnarled as his body, yet had a glimpse of higher things when he muttered:

"D'ye think ye can hold her, mate, whiles I hoist the cloth?"

Jackson nodded. The request was a compliment, a recognition. He sat down and hooked the tiller between arm and ribs. Ben hauled with a will. The Daisy, as if she were glad to escape the cascades of green water swirling over the rock, sprang into instant

"D'ye think ye can hold her, mate?"

animation. The watchers from the lighthouse saw Ben relieve the steersman and tenderly arrange the cushions behind his back. Then Brand closed the iron doors, and the three were left in dim obscurity.

They climbed nearly a hundred feet of stairways and emerged on to the cornice balcony after Brand had stopped the clockwork which controlled the hammer of the bell.

What a difference up here! The sea, widened immeasurably, had changed its color. Now it was a sullen blue gray. The land was nearer and higher. The Daisy had shrunk to a splash of dull brown on the tremendous ocean prairie. How fierce and keen the wind! How disconsolate the murmur of the reef!

Brand, adjusting his binoculars, scrutinized the boat.

"All right aboard," he said. "I think we have adopted the wiser course. They will reach Penzance by half past 2."

His next glance was toward the Land's End signal station. A line of flags fluttered out to the right of the staff.

"Signal noted and forwarded," he read aloud. "That is all right, but the wind has changed."

Enid popped inside the lantern for shelter. It was bitterly cold.

"Better follow her example, Connie," said Brand to his daughter. "I will draw the curtains. We can see just as well and be comfortable."

(To be Continued)

Additional Local.

Clifford Kerr and family leave Sunday for an outing at Newport.

Prof. Margaret Snell of OAC left yesterday for a month's visit in California.

Rev. and Mrs. Handsaker arrived home Wednesday from a visit with Eugene relatives.

Fred Barden and wife are to move today into the A. E. Wilkins house on Third street.

Robert Steele left yesterday for his home at Twin Falls, Idaho, after a visit with relatives at Wells.

Mrs J. H. Howard and son Joseph leave today for Eastern Oregon to be absent a month or six weeks.

George Bryant, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bryant, is suffering with typhoid fever. A trained nurse from Salem is at the bedside.

A dormer window and other repairs are being made to the Osburn house on North Main street, this week. Bryant Young is doing the work.

Miss Jennie Martyn, a former Corvallis girl, arrived yesterday from Portland and left in the afternoon with Mrs. Newhouse and daughter, for Newport.

Mrs. Johnny Johnson and child of St. Johns arrived Wednesday and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Irvine. Mr. Johnson formerly operated the Corvallis steam laundry.

A. K. Miliner and family leave today or tomorrow for Portland, where they will take up their residence. The Milners are widely and favorably known in this city and county, and their departure will be regretted by many friends.

Mrs. C. C. Huff and daughter and Mrs. Reuben Kiger and daughter leave today for the coast. They will pitch their tents at Nye Creek, and the first of next week Prof. Berchtold and family will join the party and go into camp for a vacation rest.

A draft on the First National Bank of San Francisco, that had been through the fire, was displayed on the street by August Fischer, Wednesday. It had been taken from the vault after the disaster and was burned by the intense heat until it was brown and brittle, although it could still be read. Placed between two paste boards to keep it from crumbling to ashes, it was sent back to Mr. Fischer with the request for a duplicate draft.

Hair Raising Experience.

S. H. Moore arrived home during the first of the week from a trip to the Coos Bay country. In getting out from that section Mr. Moore was obliged to stage about 75 miles over the mountains to Roseburg. Almost railroad time is made by the drivers on the route.

A most remarkable adventure befell Mr. Moore and three of his companions on the way out. In coming down the last large mountain one of the lead horses shied suddenly and a tug came unhooked. Something was doing very suddenly and in some way the driver was thrown from his high seat, taking the reins with him.

Mr. Moore, who was riding with the driver, was left on the perch unable to do anything but hang on and ride, and ride he did down the mountain side as fast as frightened horses could race and a coach run.

All other passengers flew the coach one after another, but still our townsman kept his seat.

Finally he worked over to the brake and set it hard. In time the animals came to a bit of level ground and the brake got in its work—the team stopped. Nobody, not even the driver was seriously hurt, nor was there any other damage done worthy of mention. It was a miraculous escape.

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FOR SALE AT

Don't Be Blue

And lose all interest when help is within reach. Herbine will make that liver perform its duties properly. J. B. Vaughn, Elba, Ala., writes: "Being a constant sufferer from constipation and a disordered liver, I have found Herbine to be the best medicine, for these troubles, on the market. I have used it constantly. I believe it to be the best medicine of its kind, and I wish all sufferers from these troubles to know the good Herbine has done me.—Sold by Graham & Wortham.

The Gazette for Job Work