

**CONDENSED STORIES.**

Examples of the Keen Wit of the Late William M. Everts.

The Hon. William M. Everts, secretary of state during President Hayes' administration, was celebrated not only as a statesman and a lawyer, but also as a great wit.

On one occasion he was at a large stag dinner given by Edward Potter in New York. The five Potter brothers were among the numerous dinner guests.

Toward the end of the dinner Mr. Everts was called on for a speech, to which he responded:

"As I look around this table I am reminded of a story of a young Pres-



EVERTS GAZED AT THE MUDDY WATERS. byterian divine, recently licensed to preach, who was holding his first service.

"In leading the first prayer the nervous young clergyman began: 'We thank thee, O Lord'— He stopped, cleared his throat and then went on:

"We thank thee, O Lord— 'Again he paused and then in desperation said:

"We thank thee, O Lord, that thou art the clay and we are the Potters!"

The guests were convulsed, and his speech was an instantaneous hit, although none but Mr. Everts would have dared to do it.

On one of his trips abroad Mr. Everts landed at Liverpool. The steamer was proceeding slowly up the river to the wharf, and Mr. Everts was standing on deck looking meditatively at the muddy waters of the Mersey.

Suddenly he turned to his companion and, with a quizzical gleam in his eye, said:

"Evidently the quality of Mercy is not strained." — Washington Post.

**The Mirage of Marriage.** Miss Marie Cahill chose the chorus girls for her new play, "Marrying Mary," by measurement. The Bertillon system was employed.

"By this excellent system of measurement," said Miss Cahill the other day, "one gets in a chorus girl the real thing. Mirage is avoided. You know what a mirage is? Quite sure? Well, at any rate, I'll point out its meaning to you with a story:

"A boy looked up from his book one night.

"Father," he said, "what is a mirage?"

"The father answered glibly from behind his paper:

"The union of a man and woman till death or the law them do part."

"But," said the boy, "that's marriage, ain't it?"

"Same thing, sonny; it's the same thing," replied the father. "A man imagines he sees wonders and delights where there is nothing. Fight shy of 'em both, my boy."

**On the Links.**

Eben M. Byers, Pittsburg's famous golfer, was talking at a dinner about dawdling players.

"Nothing is more vexatious," Mr. Byers said, "than to follow one of these dawdlers over a course. They all should be served as a bow legged chap was the other day.

"He was playing at Englewood. His play was as slow as it was poor. Setting his warped legs wide apart, he would miss the easiest ball three or four times hand running. He was retarding half a dozen good, brisk players, but this he didn't seem to mind at all.

"Finally one man, having drawn very near, lost patience and with a neat shot sent his ball flying directly between the slow player's bow-legs.

"The slow player jumped back in a great fright. Then he yelled angrily:

"Say, do you call that golf?"

"No," said the other, "but I call it pretty good croquet."

**FOR THE LITTLE ONES.**

Matching Colors is an Amusing Game For Small Folks.

For this game each guest is presented with a wee strip of bebe ribbon, each of a different color, and instructed that it is to be his color. A curtain or sheet is suspended in the space between tolding doors as if for a donkey contest.

On the sheet are painted circles or squares of the various colors worn which distinguish the little guests. Each child is then given a rosette of his or her own color, which he or she is required to pin upon the appropriate spot on the curtain.

The feat is, of course, performed after being blindfolded. All children who succeed in pinning the ribbons on spots of the same color are allowed to draw for the prizes given at the conclusion of the game. Should none succeed wholly those coming nearest to it can draw.

**How Crows Open Clams.**

"Caw, caw, caw!" called Mr. Crow from his nest in the high tree.

"What is that?" asked Abner as he and papa were strolling along the edge of the woods near the seashore.

"It's a crow," answered papa, pointing to the tree where perched the great black bird. "Look! There are some more crows on the flats! Be quiet, and we will watch them."

"It looks very much as if they were digging clams in the same way the fishermen do," observed Abner.

"I believe that is just what they are doing," answered papa, somewhat surprised. "Just watch."

The crows dug the clams. Then each would take one in his bill and fly to the shore, where there was a ledge, letting it fall and thus breaking the shell. Then he would fly down, pick up the clam and eat it.

"Rather a novel way of opening clams," observed papa.

**A Pig Book.**

If you would like to have a perfect treasure house of amusement to show to your friends get up a "pig book." But what in the world is a pig book? Get a book made up of forty or fifty pages of blank paper, and then ask forty or fifty different persons each to draw, with his or her eyes shut, a picture of a pig on one of the pages. The amateur artist will probably succeed pretty well until he comes to putting on the pig's tail. That appendage is sometimes drawn in the most impossible place, and the result is very amusing. You have no conception of the fun you may have out of a pig book until you get one. Try it.—Chicago News.

**Reviving a Tired Honeybee.**

The honeybee is proverbially industrious. When everything goes well with it no form of animal life has more vigor, works more zealously or defends its home more bravely. But the bee soon loses its activity when separated from its home so that it cannot return, as, for example, when it gets into a room and fails to find its way out. Cold rain or lack of food also soon puts it into a feeble or exhausted condition, making it appear as if it were discouraged. But nearly all of its usual activity may be restored by a little sugar or honey.—St. Nicholas.

**Riddles.**

Why is an author the most wonderful animal in the world? Because his tail (tale) comes out of his head.

Why was Bulwer more likely to get tired of novel writing than Warren? Because Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning" Warren wrote only "Now and Then."

When is it a good thing to lose your temper? When it is a bad one.

**Sammy Tan-kee.**

He was a queer little Chin-ee. He wore a long cue down his back. His nose would sputter and foam. And his shirt hung loose like a sack.

His papa did wash-ee-wash-wash all day at a very big tub. The suds would sputter and foam. As the elder Tan-kee would rub-rub. And little Tan-kee said each day, "I shall grow up as fast as I can. And soon be big like papa. And become a rich wash-ee-wash-man!" —Washington Post.

**Hanging Gardens of Babylon.**

The hanging gardens of Babylon appear to have been constructed, each of them, in the form of an amphitheater, one rising above the other, and supported by steps, the whole structure supported by huge arches raised on arches.

**ALL THOUGHT THE SAME.**

P. A. B. Widener tells this story on himself. It is the custom of one of the railway board of directors of which he is a member to pay, each director, a retainer for a board meeting \$20. The money due the absentees is divided among those present.

On one blizzard day when the board was scheduled to meet Mr. Widener figured that the snow and cold would keep the other members away from the meeting, and he determined to attend and thus secure the fees of all the absentees as well as his own fee. Not that Mr. Widener needed the money, but he chuckled as he thought of the joke he would have on his fellow directors. So he put up with the inconveniences and dangers of the storm and made his way to the board's meeting place. His amazement was complete when he entered the room and found that every other member had preceded him. The intended joke was too good, and he frankly told of his purpose in turning out on such a wretched and death inviting day.

The other board members laughed heartily, and before many minutes had elapsed all had confessed that they were present as a result of the same mental figuring. Each had thought as Mr. Widener had—that he would capture his own and all his fellow members' fees. But each had to be satisfied with the usual \$20.—Philadelphia Record.

**Shaw's Splendid Dinner.**

George Bernard Shaw, critic, dramatist and novelist, asserts that he has no more home instinct than a milk can at a railway station. He admits, however, that he has an address at 10 Adelphi terrace, London. "These chambers," he explains, "constitute the real center of my domesticity, because my wife lives there. My official residence, qualifying me as a vestryman, is in Fitzroy square. My mother lives there. I live nowhere." He says that any place that will hold a bed and a writing table is as characteristic of him as any other. At one of the Socialist conferences when the delegates assembled after lunch the well known writer came in, rubbing his hands and giving thanks for the splendid dinner he had just had. Some one asked him what he had for dinner. "Ah," replied Mr. Shaw, with all the serenity of a well fed man, "I've had seven bananas!"

**Comet Superstitions.**

Has this year's comet affected the weather? A century ago the answer would have been yes. Thus to the charge of the comet of 1811 were laid the facts not only of the excellent vintage and abundant crops of that year, but also that wasps were then few and flies blind and that a shoemaker's wife in London had four children at a birth. Besides such calamities as invasions, pestilences and the like, the comets of various years were considered responsible for many minor tragedies, including the destruction of a church clock by a meteoric stone, a fit of sneezing that became prevalent in Germany and in 1668 an epidemic among cats in Westminster.—Chicago News.

**A Famous Brigand.**

Servia's most famous brigand, Karajitch, has been shot near his hut on the summit of Mount Kaoni. He had fourteen murders, two abductions and countless robberies to his account. Deeply devoted to his mother, he supplied all her wants from the day she was stricken with paralysis. He told her recently that he would not let himself be caught until his head was rated at \$2,500 instead of \$500. Further, he promised her that he would endeavor to be taken in some poor man's cabin rather than let the "man hunters" (police) get the reward. He was, however, unable to carry out his good intentions.

**Marie Corelli and Marriage.**

Marie Corelli, the famous writer, is greatly annoyed by a little story now going the rounds of the press. The form it generally takes is this: "She was asked the other day why she does not marry. She replied: 'I have three pets at home which together answer the same purpose. I have a dog which growls all the morning, a parrot which swears all the afternoon and a cat which stays out at night.'" Miss Corelli possesses neither a dog nor a parrot nor a cat, and she has never yet met any one bold enough to ask her why she is unmarried.—Chicago News.

**He Didn't Vote.**

There is a little story going round the house of commons about a certain member who abstained from voting on the deceased wife's sister bill. Questioned by one of his friends as to the reason for his abstention, he replied: "Well, my dear fellow, it's just like this—my wife has a sister."—John Bull.

**CAUTIOUS.**

National guard officers throughout the state are enjoying a good little story at the expense of one of their number who has climbed rather high on the ladder of political preferment. He is a careful and deeply considerate man, cautious in everything he does and says and dislikes to make a positive statement. Nearly every declaration he makes is qualified in some way. Recently he was elected to a higher office and had to undergo an examination as to his tactical knowledge. The examination was conducted by Adjutant General Thomas J. Stewart and several other general officers. "At what distance is deployment made in approaching an enemy's position?" he was asked. "About 2,000 yards," he answered. And so it went, every answer instead of stating anything positively being qualified by the word about, seeming to indicate a lack of certain knowledge, although as a matter of fact the answers were correct. Becoming annoyed by the frequent repetition of the "about so far," General Stewart looked up and said, "Can you tell me of any place in the regulations where the word about is used?" After a few moments of deep pondering the officer replied: "Yes, sir. It occurs in the command 'About face!'" General Stewart was forced to join the laugh, and the story spread throughout the guard.—Philadelphia Record.

**A German View of Our Pie.**

The Berliner Tageblatt in a recent number of its illustrated supplement has a picture showing "the finish in an American pie eating contest." A Dresden paper in commenting on the scene says: "Pie is a purely American product. It is not kuchen, pastete or stolle, but all three in one. Pie cannot be described. It must be seen, and it cannot be understood until it has been eaten. It varies in size from four to fifteen inches in diameter, and its upper and lower crusts are filled with fruit jams and with pastes which have no other use. Pie is as essential to an American dinner as bread is to ours, and in one part of the United States known as the pie belt it is eaten at every meal. All Americans agree that pie is indigestible, but this does not affect the consumption, and, although it is made in every household, there are large bakeries in every city where only pies are produced."

**Chinese Justice.**

Wrongdoers in China bring misfortune on all their relatives. Not long ago a man murdered Governor An Min of Anhui. The murderer himself was caught and beheaded, and now the law demands that his female relatives be sold into slavery, that his male relatives sixteen years old and above be decapitated and that his male relatives younger than that be compelled to serve in the imperial palace. The ancestral graves of the rebel are also to suffer. The tombs are to be razed and despoiled and the bones and dust within scattered to the four winds. It is hoped, however, that the authorities will not exact the full penalty of the law.

**The Kaiser's Useless Arm.**

Emperor William's recent horseback accident is by no means his first experience of the kind, though the greatest care is taken by the master of the horse (oberstallmeister) to provide the emperor with the safest mounts, which are trained to be as easy and docile as a circus steed. The reason is that the kaiser has no power whatever in his left or bridle arm, and that when he is leading past a regiment with drawn sword he has practically no means of controlling his charger. His majesty looks as if he were holding the reins with his left hand, but this is mere appearance.

**A Beethoven Manuscript.**

Among life's largest ironies is the fate that often befalls the manuscript of a genius, says the Delinicator. Of no one is this truer than of Beethoven. When this greatest of composers was alive he was incessantly in financial difficulty. After his death all his manuscripts were sold at auction—over 200 of them there were, yet they brought hardly \$500. This would be at the rate of about \$2.50 apiece. The other day the manuscript of his G major sonata for violin and piano, written in 1812, was sold by a man in Leipzig to a man in Florence for \$10,200.

**A Cool One.**

Senator Albert J. Hopkins was praising in Aurora, Ill., the imperious coolness of a young Chicago politician. "The boy reminds me," said Senator Hopkins, "of one of the great Disraeli's colleagues. 'This man in the course of his maiden speech in parliament paused to yawn.' 'He'll do,' said Disraeli, chuckling."

**PHILOMATH SNAPSHOTS.**

Queer Stranger Causes Excitement—Other News.

It's too stormy and cloudy to give very clear snapshots. Everything is quiet and moving on woolly with our citizens.

A little excitement was manifested throughout the vicinity last Monday evening when a suspicious character neared the southern limits of our burg, after startling a number of the residents of the Evergreen neighborhood. He was an entire stranger and supposed to be a foreigner. His approach was heralded by mutterings and cursings in all stages of profanity and naturally was terrifying to the women and children. Towards evening he was located on the Alford premises and the authorities were notified. He was forthwith escorted to the city's bastille as a guest for the night. The sheriff was notified and he authorized the officers of Philomath to hold the stranger until morning when the case would be investigated, as he was supposed to be an insane person, possibly an escape from Salem. He acted quite sane, however, that evening and the next morning, and being found to have some money with him and not destitute he was permitted to go on his way.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Taylor of Corvallis were guests at the W. T. Caldwell home from Tuesday until Wednesday. On that day they proceeded south to visit Mrs. Taylor's parents.

Roy McGee of Summit visited with relatives and friends for a few days last week.

The revival meetings conducted at the Liberal U. B. church for the past few weeks are eliciting much interest with no sign of waning. They will be continued indefinitely. The college pastor, Rev. P. O. Bonebrake, is in charge.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Clark, in the old Radical parsonage, on Wednesday morning, a daughter.

Mrs. R. A. Clark is not improving in health as well as wished for. Miss Maggie Daniels of Beaver Creek has been at the Clark home for the past two weeks.

W. N. Alford departed for Bellefontaine last Wednesday to remain for several days, intending to repair and re-fence his property at that place.

Elmer Caldwell of Eugene visited at the home of his uncle, W. F. Caldwell, from Monday until Wednesday.

The Ladies' Aid Society opened its Christmas sale in W. T. Caldwell's real estate office on Wednesday at 10 a. m., for the day. Everything seemed favorable for a profitable sale.

Mrs. Hannah McDonald's sister, a Mrs. Ross of Wisconsin, is in Philomath and expects to remain with her sister for the winter. She revels in our mild December weather.

"Grandma" Mason, the aged mother of Mrs. S. W. Gibbons and our townsman, "Uncle Tom" Mason, accompanied Mr. Gibbons here from Kansas to remain with relatives for some time.

Mrs. J. R. Fehler and daughter, Metha, are expected to arrive home from an extended visit at the state capitol and state metropolis, Wednesday. Miss Cora Fehler went to Corvallis to meet them.

**Consolidated Farms.**

To make one large farm out of several small ones may prove a good disposition for cheap farm properties in some localities. Large consolidated farms seem to be doing well in many instances and to have less trouble with the labor problem than do the smaller farms.—American Cultivator.

**A Confidential Letter.**

This story is told on Speaker Cannon, who is a very poor writer: One day a member of congress received a letter from him but was only able to make out a word or two. Disliking to annoy Mr. Cannon, the recipient of the letter took it to several of his friends, who together were able to make out all but one word, which was of great importance because it was underscored. Finally in despair the congressman went to Speaker Cannon with the letter to have that one word interpreted. After looking at it and then at the congressman, Cannon said, "Why, you fool, that word is confidential."

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