

WE sold lots of goods last year and we are going to sell more this year and at a lower price. Cotton goods were never cheaper in the United States than they are today. We have a large stock on hand. Note the following prices:

Medium Prints..... 10c per yard
Standard Prints..... 10c " "
Extra Prints..... 10c " "
(Over 2000 yards on sale)
Fruit of Loom muslin..... 10c
Cabot W muslin..... 10c
Cabot A muslin..... 10c
L.L. muslin..... 10c
"Viegna," best flannelette in the market..... 10c

S. E. Young & Son

ALBANY, OREGON

E. O. HYDE, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

SCIO, OREGON
Calls promptly attended day or night. Office one door south of postoffice.

T. J. WILSON,

Attorney at Law and Notary Public

SCIO, OREGON.

WANTED—SEVERAL TRUSTWORTHY persons in this state to manage our business in their own and surrounding counties. Monthly office work conducted at home. All day attendance, no travel, no salary. Monthly \$25. References: American Express, Chicago, Ill. Agents, M. Chicago.

Pasting of a Pioneer.

One by one those sturdy old pioneers, who crossed the plains with slow and sure feet, and endured privations almost equal to death itself, and by their untiring labors and strenuous efforts laid the foundation for this grand and glorious country, are passing into the land beyond from whence no traveler returns. The last to join this numberless multitude was George W. Bilyeu.

Mr. Bilyeu came to Oregon in 1852, crossing the broad plains with the regulation ox team. He settled with his family on a donation claim a few miles from this city, and there spent the greater part of his life. Mr. and Mrs. Bilyeu were hard-working people. About two weeks ago, while engaged in their usual avocations, Mr. Bilyeu was suddenly seized with a severe attack of pneumonia, which he had contracted during his last illness. He was taken to the hospital at Salem, where he remained for several days, but he was unable to recover. He died on the 15th inst. at the advanced age of 79 years. The remains were brought here Sunday, and the funeral services were held at the Baptist church Monday, conducted by G. L. Sutherland. Mr. Bilyeu leaving requested Mr. Sutherland some time ago to conduct funeral services over his remains when death should overtake him. The remains were laid to rest in the Masonic cemetery and were followed to their last home by a large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends.

A Photograph Free.

The Britain Photo Co., as an inducement, to get a fine collection of samples distributed among the people of this vicinity, that the people may see what they can do, will give away a "Home Photograph," of the latest pattern, complete. A ticket given with each 50 cents worth of work, and as soon as 50 tickets are out the lucky number will draw the "talking machine."

Mrs. Cordelia Watkins has just been sentenced in San Francisco for killing a person back in New Jersey. She will go to jail in California for a New Jersey murder.

Dawson's family herb tea the best on the market.

NERVITA Restores VITALITY, LOST VIGOR, AND CURED NERVOUSNESS. Cures Impotency, Night Emissions and wasting diseases, all effects of self-abuse, or excess and induration. Aueronic acid blood builder. Brings the pink glow to pale cheeks and restores the fire of youth. By mail 50c per box; 4 boxes for \$2.00, with a written guarantee to cure or refund the money.

NERVITA MEDICAL CO., Clinton & Jackson Sts., CHICAGO, ILL. For sale by Peery & Peery, Scio, Or.

M. C. Gill and Son

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

Hardware

Agricultural Implements, etc., Stoves and Thware.....

Special attention to tin work of all kinds. Agents for Columbia bicycle

tion. Deceased was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Large, and leaves a sorrowing husband and five children to mourn her untimely death. She was about 35 years of age. The funeral services will be held today, Friday, at Providence, conducted by Rev. Osborne, of Independence.

The snow which has covered the ground for the past week was all taken off by a good shower of rain which began falling Tuesday morning. The weather up to that time had been extremely cold, the thermometer going down as low as 2 degrees below zero on two occasions. This is just a little cooler than the average wintertime likes to see, or even has an opportunity of experiencing very often. The large amount of snow which had fallen, and which was melted by the rain, caused the creek to rise and for a time it was feared that some high water would result.

The Britain Photo Co., who just located in Scio last week, are arranging to do something in the photograph line, and their prices are low for first-class work. These people have come to Scio to locate and become permanent residents, and should receive a liberal patronage. Their work is equal to any done in the large cities. A good photograph is something worth keeping, and to have a set of classed photos among one's things is quite a credit to the city. Those who want work in this line should take advantage of the cut in prices for the next few days, and have their photos taken at once.

John Marshall, who resides alone in a cabin north of Lebanon, was killed on Saturday evening or Sunday from the effects of which he died Tuesday morning. He had evidently lain down by the fireplace and his clothes had ignited, and he was killed. It seems that after being severely burned he had crawled into bed, where he was found Monday. Medical aid was summoned, but could do nothing for him, and he died Tuesday. Marshall has had his share of misfortune. Some years ago he was badly frozen while in the mountains, and as a result lost one of his arms and both feet were badly crippled. He was well known throughout the county.

Scio's sportive inclined citizens had all the fun they wanted hunting coons on the hills south of town. Several of his coonship who had taken refuge in hollow trees were dislodged and had to be hunted for their lives—and few had the pleasure of escaping. On one occasion nearly every one in the crowd of hunters were bitten by the captured coon, which they were attempting to bring to town alive. Luke Jennings managed to get one home and now has him safely nailed up in a box, and will endeavor to make a pet of him. Coon hunting is all right for them who like it, but some of those who indulged in the sport last week still have marks to show for it.

Last Saturday evening the bond of Welch Brothers was accepted and the contract signed for the construction of a new house. Most of the sub-contracts were let to Albany people. No county in the state is in greater need of a good court house than this county, and what attempts to bring to town alive. Luke Jennings managed to get one home and now has him safely nailed up in a box, and will endeavor to make a pet of him. Coon hunting is all right for them who like it, but some of those who indulged in the sport last week still have marks to show for it.

The meeting called last week, to be held in Albany to devise ways and means for holding a county fair adjourned to meet again on February 18, at once closed for the time. The weather will permit all who can make it convenient to do so to attend this meeting. At the meeting last Friday very few were present, and the only one attending from Albany, and it was thought best not to make any definite arrangements until a meeting at which all parts of the county were represented. The county would have a fair, and in order to have one representative of Linn county it will be necessary to have representatives from all parts of the county. Let all who can do so attend the meeting on February 18, at once closed for the time.

Last Sunday James Abbott drove to Jefferson to bring up the remains of G. W. Bilyeu, and as he was returning one of his horses stepped through a hole in the Santiam bridge and was killed. It is hoped that the horse could be gotten free. It was necessary to unhitch the team and back the horse away, and then procure a saw and cut away several boards in the bridge. This sawing had to be done under the bridge, and was by no means an easy task. The only wonder is that the horse did not break its leg, and had this occurred the loss would have been a serious one. Such holes in public bridges should be looked after and not allowed to long remain as a death trap for valuable stock.

Death of Mrs. Washburn.

Mrs. Eliza Emily Washburn, wife of N. B. Washburn, died at her home in Shelburn Thursday February 9, 1890, aged 49 years and eight days.

Deceased leaves a broken hearted husband, two sons and four daughters, and a host of friends to mourn her death, by which they have been compelled to yield to God a loving mother, true friend and kind neighbor. The children who are motherless are Mrs. A. P. Hiron, of Shelburn, Mrs. R. W. Swink, of Parker, Jennie, Emma, George and James Washburn.

The death of Mrs. Washburn was particularly sad, and came so suddenly that it was with difficulty that its truthfulness could be realized. A short time ago she was taken ill with measles, and when about recovered the miliary turned to brain fever, and although medical aid was constantly at hand nothing could be done to remove the certainty of the result.

The funeral services were held at one o'clock today, Friday, at the Miller cemetery.

PURELY PERSONAL

Dr. J. L. Hill of Albany, was in Scio yesterday.

C. H. Harnish, of Albany, was in Scio over Sunday.

H. Green, of Albany, was in Scio this week, visiting.

P. L. Bilyeu of Corvallis was in Scio this week, visiting.

Mrs. V. Johnson is visiting her mother in Salem this week.

Miss Bertha Worrel, of Albany, is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Geo. W. Phillips.

Mrs. A. W. Flekin was quite ill the first of the week, but is much improved today.

Liveryman R. D. Calavan, of Albany, was in Scio this week, visiting.

A. J. Johnson was in Salem this week attending a meeting of the state board of agriculture, of which he is president.

Mrs. C. C. Jackson and Mrs. John Nemchek, of Halsey, were called to Scio Monday, by the death of their father, G. W. Bilyeu.

R. L. Bilyeu was down from Brownsville on Monday, attending the funeral of his father, G. W. Bilyeu, which occurred here Monday.

Rev. S. A. P. Hamilton returned from Brownsville Monday, where he has been visiting for a couple of weeks. He held several meetings in that vicinity during the time.

W. H. Hull, of Shelburn, was in Scio Monday. Mr. Hull reports an accident on Monday, where he had five cases at almost every home in that vicinity.

Clarence Young is on the sick list this week, laid up with the measles. He was obliged to remain indoors all last week, while the entire population of boys were skating and coasting, and it didn't go very good with Clarence.

E. C. Phelps, of Albany, is visiting in Scio this week, the guest of his son, A. Phelps. The chap who prints THE NEWS, at \$1.50 a year and gives THE Household one year as a premium to all new subscribers.

Mr. and Mrs. John Adimechik and four children, arrived from Texas on Tuesday of this week, and will make their home in this vicinity.

Mr. Adimechik is the gentleman who purchased part of the Shelton farm some time ago and will move onto the place in a short time.

Mr. W. R. South and Miss Effie Peery were married at the home of the brides parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Peery, near Larwood Sunday last, Rev. W. Elmore officiating.

Many happy people have a host of friends who wish for them a long and happy journey through life.

H. H. Quigley returned last week from Yreka, California, where he has been for the past couple of months, doing a little prospecting.

The young people have a great number of friends who wish for them a long and happy journey through life.

H. H. Quigley returned last week from Yreka, California, where he has been for the past couple of months, doing a little prospecting.

Scio people when visiting Albany by team should not forget that Calvan is one of Scio's former citizens and will always be found ready to wait upon the citizens of his former abiding place.

FROM THE COUNTRY.

An Old Lady's First Visit to a Great City.

The last passenger to leave the 4:30 train for Chicago, Michigan, said after it drew to a standstill one afternoon recently was a little old woman in black. A wisp of gray hair straggled from under an old-fashioned poke bonnet, and a pair of kindly blue eyes looked out from behind her hooded rimmed spectacles. In one hand she carried a huge, shiny valise, the key of which was tied to the handle with a strip of calico cloth. When she was part of the platform she stopped with a troubled look and watched the baggage men to be with their loaded trucks. Presently she dropped the valise and opened a big black bag which was fastened to her waist by a velvet ribbon. After she had waited some time one of the depot ushers came along and asked if he could be of any service to her.

"Why, thank you, I think not," she answered. "I'm waiting for 'Dick' Robinson."

The depot usher hurried on and paid no more attention to the little old woman. When he came back a half hour later, she was still standing where he had left her, gazing fawningly herself with the black bag. "Has your friend come yet?" asked the usher.

"No," she answered. "His watch must have been slow."

"Did he expect you by this train?"

"Well, you see, it's this way. Last summer, Dick and his wife came over to Griggburg to visit the Cooperses. While they were there they came over often to my place to get a drink of buttermilk. Well, we got friendly and Sarah told me a lot of things about Chicago, and that she couldn't, by no manner of means, get buttermilk in the city. Before 'Dick' went back he came around and says: 'Mrs. Boggs, just take a run up to Chicago next summer and visit us. Let us know when you're coming, and I'll meet you at the depot.' And so I'm here, and I've got three jars of fresh buttermilk for them in that bag."

The depot usher helped the little old woman to get in the waiting-room, and then he searched the directory for Richard Robinson. His charge couldn't help him much because she didn't know Dick's occupation.

"All I know," she explained, "is that he's a grocer, and if he had got my letter he'd be here."

The usher made a list of two or three addresses and put the woman in charge of a trusty cabman with instructions to find "Dick" two hours later the driver came back with the report that his fare was delivering her buttermilk.—Chicago Record.

Dawson's is the cheapest drug store in the valley. Second Street Albany.

The Famous Coon Hunt.

The day was fine, the atmosphere was bracing, the sky was tinged with gray and shrouds of cloud reefs with the sun's rays dimly peering through and glistening upon the beautiful white snow, gave such an example of beauty as is seldom seen in this far famed "Webfoot country. But such was the day on which occurred the tragic event I am about to describe.

There was a commotion in the neighborhood and men and boys were collecting in squads, and a hurrying of messengers to and from different parts of the community, told in terms plainer than words of some awful event about to happen. Soon the squads began to accumulate at the farm of Mr. A. R. McDonald into one grand army, and the firearms, the rattle of shot and shell, the clank of bowie knives and matchets, caused a strange feeling to come over me, and I felt just as if I wanted to see my "mammy." And in a state of excitement I exclaimed: "Have the Spaniards broken out on us again." With a laugh of uncontrolled joy they answered: "No, it was about the capture of a coon that we are going to take place." This answer relieved me so much that my pulse was soon down to a normal ratio of beating, and then with some animation I asked Captain A. R. McDonald: "If I might go along and witness the event and narrate that would occur on such a hunt, to which he answered in his usual dignified manner, no only able bodied men could take part in this campaign.

Of course this answer was very humiliating to me, but I said not a word. The possession was now ready and the Captains order was given to shoulder arms. Forward, march and that gallant army moved off to the north, and the appearance of that chivalrous array of Oregon manhood would have caused old David Crockett or Kit Carson to step aside and let them pass;—or even Geo. Cooke and his great army would have quaked in their boots at the appearance of this momentous army.

As the procession moved off I gave them a little motherly advice in these words: "For God's sake spare two coons to propagate the species for the future generation of Oregon." To which the Captain replied, "we're doing this coon hunting, and we'll do 'em up brown."

After the column had crossed Thomas Creek, a detachment was sent to crest the hills and this was under First Sergeant Norman W. Long, who was expected to drive all the coons on the hills into the valley that the main body under Captain McDonald might scoop them up at one clatter. About the time Sergeant Long was under full headway in the performance of the task assigned him, he heard a distant rumbling like thunder and soon the right hand of the column, which was the signal for them to come to the rescue of the main army. With one accord they made a furious dash down the hill, Sergeant Long exclaiming at every jump, "Run boys! Run! were going to the rescue!" In a very short space of time they arrived on the scene of action and indeed the place looked very much like the old battle field of Bull Run or wilderness for the most part. Great holes in the ground, and logs three and four feet in diameter shot and cut to pieces and in the heat of the action they willfully and mercilessly killed the only regular rabbit known to be living at this time.

Sergeant Long and his detachment again created the hills and a final grand charge along the whole front was now ordered by Capt. McDonald on all "coons" in the valley. The result was a general rounding off of all the coons in one massive fir tree. A corporal guard was left with the coons and he tried to see that neither of them got away and the Captain ordered refreshments for his men, which were duly served. After refreshments the captain ordered the heavy field pieces loaded and to prepare for a final assault on the besieged tree, but after a consultation it was decided to attack by climbing, and Second Sergeant Chas. Rhoda was ordered to lead down and mount the crest of the lofty fir, which he did with a faint heart and trembling footsteps, but when about half way up his heart failed him entirely and down he came. So the coons were much to wish for boys of the captain's size and about sundown the company returned to the camp and down cast countenances after one of the greatest day's tournaments and many hair breadth escapes of modern times, having killed one rabbit and one squirrel. And this ended that wonderful coon hunt.

"BILLY THE REJECTED."

don't be alone Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Casareta, Candy Cathar the clean your blood and keep it clean, by using the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 10c or 25c. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Casareta, beauty for ten cents. All drug stores, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Corvallis & Eastern R. R. Co.

WILLAMETTE RIVER DIVISION

Steamer Wm. M. HOAG...

(Capt. Geo. Raabe.)

Running regularly between Portland and Corvallis, stopping at all way landings.

RIVER SCHEDULE—

Down river, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Leave Corvallis 7 A. M., Albany 7 A. M.; Buena Vista 8 A. M.; Independence 9 A. M.; Salem 10 A. M.; Kottow 12:30 P. M.; arrive at Portland 4:30 P. M.

Up river, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Leave Portland 6 A. M.; Newberg 10:30 A. M.; Salem 12:30 P. M.; Independence 2:30 P. M.; Buena Vista 7 P. M.; Albany 9:30 P. M.; arrive at Corvallis 11:30 P. M.

This steamer has been equipped with first class accommodations, including an elegant piano. Unsurpassed for carrying both freight and passengers.

J. TURNER, Agent, Albany Ore

EDWIN STONE, Manager, Albany, O. G. KOKER, Agt., Portland, foot of Yamhill street.

PEOPLE .. . Can't be Gulled!

We are still at the old stand, and selling loads of goods. People appreciate RIGHT prices. We buy our goods as cheap as MONEY will buy them, and sell them accordingly. Many good people tell us, after comparing, that our goods are yet cheaper than our comped's after they take off their alluring "20 per cent discount." And that's the size of the matter. The fellows are just coming to the prices we have always sold at when they make a reduction of twenty per cent....

ROSS E. HIBLER

Orad of Thanks.

We, the bereaved husband and children of Eliza Emily Washburn, hereby tender our thanks to the many friends and neighbors who so generously assisted us in ministering to, and caring for, our beloved wife and mother, during her late sickness, death and burial.

N. B. WASHBURN AND FAMILY.

Gentlemen: Take your shirts collars, and cuffs, to the express office, where they will be sent to the Salem Steam Laundry, every Monday morning: First class work guaranteed.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic. Full of life, nerve and vigor, take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They make weak men strong. All druggists, 10c or 25c. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, 10c, 25c, 50c.

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Is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c a copy. By mail \$2 a year.

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CLOSING OUT SALE!

Having purchased a stock of goods at Monmouth it is my intention to take possession of same on April 1st, and I will, in order to close out my goods here, offer my entire stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Furnishing Goods and Notions at.....

Actual Cost...

For Cash or Produce.....

My cost mark is:

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Come early and make your selections before the best goods are gone. I expect to keep up my stock of groceries and staples in dry goods and these will be sold at regular prices until remainder of stock is closed out. Sale begins Monday, January 30, 1899.....

S. M. DANIEL SCIO, OREGON