

The Sanction News

VOL. II

SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1899.

NO. 44.

Bank of Scio

CAPITAL, \$20000

OFFICERS
President—A. J. Johnson
Vice President—J. W. Gaines
Cashier—C. V. Johnson

Does a general banking and exchange business. Loans made at current rates, and drafts issued on principal cities.

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HENRY HASSLER, Proprietor.

A choice line of fresh meats, in variety, constantly on hand.

Will do a strictly Cash business.

A. W. HAGEY

WATCHMAKER

RNB

JEWELER

SCIO, OREGON.

All kinds of watches clocks and jewelry repaired promptly.

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VIA

The Shasta Route

—of the—

Southern Pacific Company.

Express Trains Leave Portland Daily.

South.
8:00 P. M. Lv. Portland. Ar. Scio 11:15 A. M.
8:30 P. M. Lv. Astoria. Ar. Scio 10:00 P. M.
10:15 A. M. Ar. San Francisco. Lv. Scio 11:30 P. M.

The above trains stop at stations between Portland and Scio, Tumalo, Madras, Harrisburg, Astoria, Clifton, Eugene, Cottage Grove, Grants, and all stations from Roseburg south to and including Ashland.

Roanoke Mail Daily.

8:00 A. M. Lv. Portland. Ar. Scio 10:30 P. M.
8:30 P. M. Lv. Astoria. Ar. Scio 10:00 P. M.
10:15 A. M. Ar. Roseburg. Lv. Scio 1:00 A. M.

Lebanon Branch.

Daily except Sunday.

7:00 A. M. Lv. Albany. Ar. Lebanon 8:30 A. M.
8:00 P. M. Lv. Lebanon. Ar. Albany 9:30 P. M.

Woodburn-Springfield Branch.

Daily except Sunday.

7:00 P. M. Lv. Woodburn. Ar. Albany 10:30 P. M.

8:00 P. M. Lv. West Scio. Ar. Albany 11:00 P. M.

8:00 P. M. Ar. Lebanon. Lv. Albany 7:00 P. M.

8:30 P. M. Ar. Lebanon. Lv. Albany 7:00 P. M.

Dining Cars on Ogden Route.

Pullman Buffet Sleepers

—AND—

SECOND-CLASS SLEEPING CARS

Attached to through trains.

West Side Division.

Between Portland and Corvallis.

Mail trains daily except Sunday.

Portland Lv. Portland Ar. Corvallis Lv. 1:30 P. M.

Corvallis Lv. Corvallis Ar. Portland Lv. 11:30 P. M.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with train of the U. S. & N. P. Railroad.

Express trains daily except Sunday.

7:50 P. M. Lv. Portland Ar. Albany 11:20 P. M.

7:50 P. M. Lv. Corvallis Ar. Albany 11:20 P. M.

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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT

SCIO, LINN CO., OREGON.

By IRA A. PHELPS.

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Entered at the postoffice at Scio, Oregon, as second-class mail matter.

BY THE EDITOR

The San Francisco Bulletin says that Dewey has to thank the republican party for the war: spot which he occupies in the hearts of the American people. Well, perhaps he does, but if we judge rightly we doubt if he wishes to thank anybody for the privilege of killing human beings as he was compelled to do in carrying on the war with Spain. If the republican party desires any thanks for bringing about this war they can have it. It is our opinion that if the war had not occurred the nation would have been better off, and if the republican party could have settled the difficulty without bloodshed the thanks of not only Dewey but the whole world would have been due it.

England is getting another war on her hands with the Boers in South Africa. A war with these people is a serious affair, even for a great nation like England. When the English and the Boers have a battle there are no bulletins sent out giving a result of one killed and four wounded after four hours of severe fighting. The Boers do not go to war simply to burn powder. They are straight shots and they shoot to kill. Oom Paul is a hard man to get the better of in either diplomacy or war. England has fought all over the world, and with all races and tribes, but man for man, it is doubtful if she ever found a harder people to defeat than these South African Dutehmen.

Thos. B. Reed has resigned his position as speaker of the house of U. S. representatives, and for which he has the thanks of every man in the United States, or should have, at least. He has held his position for a long time against the wish of the people and has defied all attempts to get rid of him. He justly earned the title of "czar" by his unjust methods and his willingness to obey the wishes of the money power—and more particularly those who gained their wealth and power through by controlling congressmen of the Reed stripe.

It is difficult to predict with any surety the outcome of Dreyfus trial. It is not probable that France will dare to sentence him to the same punishment as formerly intended. The case is a deplorable one for that government in that Dreyfus is a Jew. France can neither afford to offend the army and anti-Dreyfusards nor can the administration invite the enmity of the money power. She is between two fires.—Woodburn Independent.

Tastefully Decorated Schoolrooms.

A page of pictures of "Attractive Decorations for the Schoolroom" is shown in "The Ladies' Home Journal" for September. The pictures are from photographs submitted in response to the prize offer made by the Journal a short time ago. The page is timely, and presents many new ideas for making the schoolroom cheerful.

A Safe Method of Removing Warts.

Get from the druggist a solution of chromic acid two drachms to one fluid ounce of water. Dip a silver of wood, as a match or a toothpick, in the solution and touch the warts with it. The process may be repeated every day or two for three or four times. Warts sometimes disappear without treatment which accounts for the supposed efficacy of some of the charms used to remove them.—September Ladies' Home Journal.

A Terrible Warning.

A \$2 bill came into the hands of a lady in Boston which speaks volumes on the horrors of strong drink or the traffic in it. There was written in red ink on the back of it the following:

"Wife, children and more than \$10,000 all gone; I alone am responsible. All has gone down my throat. When I was twenty-one I had a fortune. I am not yet thirty-five years old. I have killed my beautiful wife, who died of a broken heart. I have murdered my children with neglect. "When this bill is gone I do not know how I can get my next meal. I shall die a drunken pauper. This is my last money and my history. If this bill comes into the hands of any man who drinks, let him take warning from my life's ruin."

The news of both hemispheres—in The Weekly Oregonian.

BY THE SCISSORS

Alex. Macaulan, formerly a resident of Lebanon, but now of Scio, has been placed on the total disability list of the Macabees, and this week Geo. Rice, R. K. of Linn tent No. 7, received a check for \$300 for Macaulan, as first annual payment.—Lebanon Critic.

This is what the Northern Agriculturist of Minneapolis, Minn., says: "And the people of Oregon—what are they like? They are like the restless sea, in energy, like their own great forest trees, in bigness of heart; like their boundless torrents of rain falling upon the just and the unjust in their cordiality to all who come to them as friends or as guests."

Cuba is becoming daily more in favor of the United States retaining the control of the islands. Under Spanish rule they had no railway mail service and no postal money order system. Now they have both a successful operation and the gratifying fact comes to us that they are paying their way besides giving the people a better service than they ever knew before.

New measurements have recently been made of the highest mountains of the Andes in South America. The highest peak of the Nevada de Sorata is 21,700 feet above sea. This is not quite so high as the old geographical give. Aconagua the highest mountain in America, was found to be about 23,200 feet high, and the measurement of Aconagua was not exact, but only approximate. It cannot however vary very much from these figures.—Word and Works.

The Salem city council has ratified the contract to be entered into with the Salem Light & Traction Co. for the operation, beginning September 10, of 15 1200-ampere lamps on the streets of the city for the coming year of 1900. Forty five lamps were formerly used at a cost of \$5000 a year. The ordinance authorizing the issuance of \$65,000 a year refunding bonds in America, was found to be about \$2,200 feet high, and the measurement of Aconagua was not exact, but only approximate. It cannot however vary very much from these figures.—Word and Works.

The classic Long Tom is to be fixed. For four months in the year that elegantly named stream is to be navigable for river boats. The money will be used in paying outstanding warrants drawing 8 percent interest.—Sentinel.

The people of Havana are astonished to find their city free from yellow fever at this season. Because of this happy condition they no doubt see the wisdom of the methods of sanitation Havana has always been the headquarters for yellow fever, and the disease in that city has been more deadly and tenacious as a contagion than anywhere else. In the West Indies many places have each a local brand of yellow fever among which are some that are comparatively mild, as the Santa Cruz fever, while others approach but do not equal the Havana variety in deadliness.

There is a great deal of showing as to some of the characteristics of poor human nature in a little story that comes across the sea. It says that at Lammoye, a town in Paris in the old days the crowd in their enthusiasm took Gen. Lafayette's horses, as the famous soldier was turning home the service, out of the vehicle and drove his carriage, his hotel, with no end of evidences of enthusiastic love and admiration. The scene was a most stirring one and a friend some weeks afterward, said, "You must have been very much pleased." "Yes," said a whimsical smile said. "Yes I was very much pleased, indeed, but my dear friend, I never saw anything more of my horses."

It is pitiable news that nine soldiers of the Twenty-fourth regiment have been drowned in a river in Luzon. That regiment has had an eventful career in the last fifteen months. They, side by side with the Sixteenth, stormed San Juan with a courage that was irresistible. Then when the victory was won and contagion assailed the army, they volunteered as nurses, and for weeks took care of the sick in the yellow fever hospital. Now, on the other side the world they are holding up the flag and it is too bad that nine of the brave fellows should be drowned. It would not have seemed half a bad thing to have read that they went down in battle, with their faces to the foe.

Chronic Diarrhoea Cured.

This is to certify that I have had chronic diarrhoea ever since the war. I got so weak I could hardly walk or do anything. One bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cured me sound and well. J. R. GIBBS, Fincastle, Va.

I had chronic diarrhoea for twelve years. Three bottles of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cured me. S. L. SHAYER, Fincastle, Va.

Both Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Shayer are prominent farmers and reside near Fincastle, Va. They procured the remedy from Mr. W. E. Casper, a druggist of that place, who is well acquainted with them and will vouch for the truth of their statement. For sale by Peery & Peery.

W. T. Loofburrow has moved his stock of goods from Tallman to Hamilton creek, where he will continue in business.

A TRUE ENDEAVOR

BY D. R. H. GOODALE.

"I hadn't try any longer; it's no use," said Frank, passionately. Albert only screwed up his mouth in his characteristic fashion, as if he were having a struggle with himself not to speak too quickly, perhaps it was so. But after a little space of silence on the part of both boys, the looked quietly at Frank with those beautiful brown eyes of his and said, quietly: "I never can find any chance to stop trying."

Frank laughed, a forced laugh that sounded as if it would be rather easier to cry. "Well, I can; I've got a good chance now." Albert shook his head, close-cropped and brown. "Two'n't work Frank. Come along; we have a game of ball; you'll feel better to-morrow." The two boys went out together. They had been lingering in the school library; but Frank Alcott was too much out of sorts for wholesome sport, and he started in a mood half morose, half reckless. He was a moody boy, that cannot be denied. With less self will and more application he would easily have led his class, for he was a boy of fine natural endowments. He was diligent and the last to forget any new principle or important fact brought up in study. His mother was a widow, only too anxious for his real good; perhaps that anxiety did him harm, by making too much of both his faults and his virtues. She was too openly distressed when anything went wrong, and on these occasions Frank was very apt to go from bad to worse.

Albert hardly was the oldest of eight children, and naturally, when he was high charge of one or several of his brothers or sisters, he was left somewhat to himself. He had, besides, an even, thoughtful disposition, slow to take or give offense. Frank Alcott was high spirited and somewhat overbearing, and made few friends among boys. While everybody liked Albert, therefore, Frank was both feared and disliked, but between themselves there was the best possible understanding. Albert traded hours with his books over his shoulder, not caring for the ball game, since Frank wouldn't play. "Poor fellow!" he said to himself, "I must contrive some way to help him out of these scrapes."

You see that the "scrape" was no unusual occurrence. Miss Atwater was the history teacher. She was a tall, dignified person, in gold glasses, with light hair neatly combed and parted above a rather high forehead, and sometimes overbearing in all her ways, she liked exact statements and exact knowledge. Now Frank Alcott had a true love of the study of history; he had an unusual knowledge of the subject, too, for a school boy. He had read a considerable number of important historical works in the fine library left him by his father. But with vivid imagination and unusual power of generalization, he cared more for the large effects than the small details. He grasped firmly the real connections in the story of the nations and loved to dwell upon the growth and development of governments and institutions; but he was indifferent to the dates of battles, or of the birth and death of any prominent man. Miss Atwater did not see that this interest made him her most promising scholar; she found him lacking, too often, in the precise information she required, and she did not hesitate to prove him severely for indolence and carelessness. Nor was this all. He had a habit of asking questions and bringing up subjects for discussion in class, which she resented as interruptions, and which she considered, therefore, that although history was his favorite study, and he was conscious of deeper and more thorough preparation than most members of the class, Frank was doing himself no credit in it, but, on the contrary, was repeatedly marked as having failed, and marked, as it appeared to him, most unjustly.

All this rankled deeply, and as he walked home Frank Alcott was as thoroughly miserable as a boy who is, at heart, anxious to do right, can be. Like most villages, Hillsdale had its Christian Endeavor club. The young women of the Twenty-fourth were almost an oracle, had planned a course of lectures, and one of the best was to come off that evening. The two boys usually went together, and Albert called punctually for Frank. He found him in a very gloomy humor, and it required a good deal of persuasion to get him out. Mrs. Alcott's face, too, showed signs of tears. "I wouldn't be hired to worry over this night and day, as you and your mother do," Albert exclaimed, as soon as they were out of doors. "It's beastly!" was the brief response. "I'll tell you, Frank, I've been puzzling over it all the afternoon myself. I say, let's do our history together after this; you come home with me one day and I'll go with you the next; we'll take it the first thing after our grub. We'll do it brown! I'll put you through on the dates and what next points, and you can enlighten me on

general ideas. I tell you, we'll beat the crowd."

Frank hesitated—half from a proud sensitiveness which made him quick to refuse any help, but at that moment Albert's hand slipped through his arm affectionately; the scale tipped. "All right, Albert begin to-morrow?" To be a boy is not to lack feeling, but often it is his greatest care to hide it.

The lecture was a good one—on character building. The two boys were in an impressive condition and some of the sentences struck home. "Keep right with yourself, then nobody can rattle your temper." And he quoted from Marcus Aurelius: "Whatever anyone does or says, I must be good, just as if the gold or the emerald, or the purple were always saying this. Whatever anyone does or says, I must be emerald and keep my color."

What was it that roused in Miss Atwater a sudden sense of having fallen beneath her true standard? Was it that just then she caught sight of Frank Alcott, in an attitude of absorbed attention, with the two bright spots of red in his cheeks that sometimes showed so vividly in class, that vivid color which she always regarded (too hastily) as a mark of "temper"?

If she was somewhat rigid, she was a woman who strove to live in obedience to conscience. "Have I wronged that boy?" The question filled her with dismay. The audience poured out. The side walks were slippery with ice, and, as it happened, the two boys were just behind Miss Atwater, who walked on, rather gingerly, by herself. They all turned off the main street at the same corner. But a few steps further on she suddenly slipped, caught herself, hesitated for a moment, evidently in pain, and after a few halting steps, looked about for some assisting piece. "What is it, Miss Atwater?" said Albert, at her elbow. "It's a sprain—that's all," but her face was very pale; and the boys, half-frightened, yet brave and manly, one on each side, supported her and almost carried her along to her own door, fortunately not far away.

Once in her own armchair, she still held Frank's arm; she was not one to lose time when she saw her way. "Wait a minute," she insisted. "Then, after a few moments' struggle with the pain," Frank. "I think that lecture was meant for me. I haven't done you justice."

"I haven't done myself justice, Miss Atwater; I'm going to take a new start," said Frank, bravely. "And so he did not alone, for perhaps it was Albert who was the true endeavorer."

A New Yorker cited the fact that a Wall Street firm has recently done a thriving and profitable business in old Spanish cannon to prove that Wall Streeters have their money-making facilities abnormally developed. The firm in question bought from the government of Spain, just before peace was declared 500 antiquated brass cannon, paying a little more than their worth as old metal for them, and has sold nearly all of them to American museums, schools, parks, and private parties, to be exhibited as souvenirs of our victory over Spain, at a profit that would have made Shylok blush. These guns were taken from Moro Castle and other Spanish fortifications and should have belonged to us as spoils of war, but Spain's sold them at auction before the treaty was signed. This government protested against the sale, but afterwards concluded not to push the protest.

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