

The Scio News.

VOL. IV.

SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1901.

NO. 39.

...GO TO THE...

Keystone Shaving Parlors

C. L. VINCENT, Prop.

Only First-Class Shop in the City

Shaving 15 cents
Hair Cutting 25 "
Shampooing 15 "
Baths 25 "

All work guaranteed first-class.

DR. J. W. VOGEL

Specialist for Refraction and Defects of the Eye.

PORTLAND, OR.

Will make regular trips to Scio. Watch local column for date of visits.

Commercial House

J. BEARD, Prop.

Newly Furnished and Refitted

Throughout.

Our tables are supplied with the best markets afford.

South of Bridge. SCIO, OREGON

J. J. BARNES & SON

General Blacksmiths and

Wagonmakers.

We buy our stock in large quantities and keep a full line of carriage and harness material. All kinds of work in our line done on short notice.

Shop Opposite

Livery Stable

BANK OF SCIO

CAPITAL, \$20,000.

OFFICERS:

President.....J. W. Gaines
Vice-President.....W. A. Ewing
Cashier.....R. Shellen

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

A. W. HAGEY

WATCHMAKER and JEWELER.

All kinds of watches, clocks and jewelry repaired promptly.

SCIO OREGON.

Corvallis & Eastern R.R.

TIME CARD.

No. 2, for Yakima.....12:30 P. M.

Train leaves Albany.....1:40 P. M.

" " arrives Yakima.....3:50 P. M.

No. 1, returning.....7:00 A. M.

Leaves Corvallis.....11:35 A. M.

Arrives Albany.....12:15 P. M.

No. 3, for Detroit.....12:00 P. M.

Leaves Albany.....1:30 P. M.

Arrives Detroit.....6:30 P. M.

No. 4, from Detroit.....5:30 A. M.

Leaves Albany.....10:30 A. M.

Arrives Corvallis.....11:15 P. M.

Trains 3 and 4 between Albany and Corvallis

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday only. All

other trains daily except Sunday.

Train 1 and 2 arrive in Albany in time to

connect with the N. P. south bound train in

Albany and the N. P. north bound train in

Portland.

Train 3 connects with the N. P. West Side

train at Corvallis crossing for Independence,

McMinnville and all points north to Portland.

EDWIN STONE, Manager.

J. TURNER, Agent, Albany.

EAST AND SOUTH

—VIA—

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

Shasta Route

Trains leave West Side for Portland and way

stations at 10:45 a. m. Leave for Albany at 3:45

p. m.

Leaves Portland 8:30 a. m., 7 p. m.

Albany 12:30 p. m., 10:30 p. m.

Leaves Albany 12:30 p. m., 11:30 a. m.

Sacramento 9 p. m., 4:30 a. m.

San Francisco 7:45 p. m., 4:15 a. m.

Ogden 3:40 a. m., 11:40 p. m.

Denver 9 a. m., 9 p. m.

Kansas City 7:20 a. m., 9:30 p. m.

Chicago 7:40 a. m., 9:30 p. m.

Port Worth 6:30 a. m., 4:30 p. m.

City of Mexico 9:30 a. m., 9:30 p. m.

Houston 4 a. m., 4 p. m.

New Orleans 6:25 p. m., 6:25 a. m.

Washington 6:42 a. m., 6:42 p. m.

New York 12:45 p. m., 12:45 p. m.

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XIX.

The morning train bound for Albany started in the depot, waiting the signal to start, and just before the final "all aboard" was sounded a handsome equipage drove slowly up, and from it alighted Mr. Lincoln, bearing in his arms his daughter, whose head rested wearily upon his shoulder. Accompanying him were his wife, Jenny and a grizzled man, the family physician. Together they entered the rear car, and instantly there was a hasty turning of heads, a shaking of curls and low whispers, as each noticed and commented upon the unearthly beauty of Rose, who in her father's arms lay as if wholly exhausted with the effort she had made.

The sight of her, so young, so fair and apparently so low, hushed all sound ofings, and a gay bridal party who had taken possession of the ladies' saloon immediately came forward, offering it to Mr. Lincoln, who readily accepted it, and laying Rose upon the long settee, he made her as comfortable as possible with the numerous pillows and cushions he had brought with him. As the creaking engine moved slowly out of Boston Harbor, the window might be raised, and leaning upon her elbow, she looked out upon her native city, which she was leaving forever.

Toward midday of the next day they reached Glenwood, and Rose, more fatigued than she was willing to acknowledge, now that she was so determined to get well, was lifted from the carriage and carried into the house. Mrs. Howland hastened forward to receive her, and for once Rose forgot to notice whether the cut of her cap was of this year's fashion or last.

"It's a lovely cap," she said. "Lay me where I can rest." And with the grand-mother leading the way, and the father carrying her child to the chamber prepared for her with so much care.

"How do you feel?" "I feel as if I were a bird," she said. "I feel as if I were a bird." Mrs. Howland, returning to the parlor below, where her daughter had thrown herself with a sigh upon the chintz-covered lounge. "It's a deal worse than I thought," she said. "I caught cold, or been exposed some way."

"Not in the least," returned Mrs. Lincoln, twining the golden stopper of her smelling bottle. "The foundation of her sickness was laid at Mount Holyoke, and the whole faculty ought to be indicted for manslaughter."

Jenny's calm, truthful eyes turned toward her mother, who frowned darkly, and continued: "She was as well as any until she went there, and I consider it my duty to warn all parents against sending their daughters to a place where neither health, manners nor anything else is attended to except religion and housework."

Jenny had not quite got over her childish habit of occasionally setting her right on some points, and she could not forbear saying that Dr. Kleber thought Rose had injured herself by attending Mrs. Russell's party.

"Dr. Kleber doesn't know any more about it than I do," returned her mother. "He's always meddling other folks' business, and so are you. I guess you'd better get upstairs at once, and see if Rose doesn't want something."

Jenny obeyed, and as she entered her sister's chamber, Rose lifted her head languidly from her pillow, and pointing to a window, which had been opened, she said: "Just listen; don't you hear that horrid croaking?"

Jenny laughed aloud, for she knew Rose had heard "that horrid croaking" more than a hundred times in Chicopee, but in Glenwood everything must necessarily assume a glooming form. Seating herself upon the foot of the bed, she said: "Why, that's the frogs. I love to hear them croak. It makes me feel both sad and happy, just as the crickets do if they sing under the hearth in our old home at Chicopee."

Jenny's whole heart was in the country and she could not so well sympathize with her nervous, sensitive sister, who shrank from country sights and country sounds. Accidentally spying some tall loc branches swinging in the evening breeze before the east window, she again spoke to Jenny, telling her to look and see if the tree leaned against the house, "for if it does," said she, "and creaks, I shan't sleep a wink to-night."

After assuring her that the tree was all right, Jenny added: "I love to hear the wind howl through these old trees, and were it not for you, I should wish it might howl so that I could lay awake and hear it."

When it grew darker and the stars began to come out, Jenny was told "to close the shutters."

"Now, Rose," said she, "you are making half of this for you know as well as I that grandma's house hasn't got any shutters."

"Oh! mercy, no more it hasn't. What shall I do?" said Rose, half crying with vexation. "That coarse muslin stuff is worse than nothing, and everybody'll be looking in to see me."

"They'll have to climb to the top of the trees, then," said Jenny, "for the ground descends in every direction, and the road, too, is so far away. Besides that, who is there that wants to see you?"

Rose didn't know. She was sure there was somebody, and when Mrs. Howland came up with one of the nicest little suppers on a small tea tray, how she was shocked to find the window covered with her best blankets, which had been packed away in the closet adjoining.

"How was afraid somebody would look in and see her," said Jenny, as she read her grandmother's astonishment in her face.

"Look in and see her!" repeated Mrs. Howland. "I've undressed without curtains these forty years, and I'll be bound nobody ever peeped at me. But come," she added, "set up and see if you can't eat a mouthful or so. Here's some bread and butter, a slice of toast, some currant jelly that I made myself, and the swiftest cup of black tea you ever see. It'll enliven bear up an egg."

"Sweetened with brown sugar, ain't it?" said Rose, sipping a little of the tea. In great distress the good old lady replied that she was out of white sugar, but some folks loved brown just as well.

"Ugh! Take it away," said Rose. "It makes me sick, and I don't believe I can eat another bite," but, in spite of her belief, the food rapidly disappeared, while she alternately made fun of the little silver spoons, her grandmother's bridal gift, and found fault because the jelly was not put in porcelain jars instead of the old blue earthen teacup, tied over with a piece of paper.

Until a late hour that night did Rose keep the whole household on the alert, doing the thousand useless things which her nervous fancy prompted. First the front door, usually secured with a bit of white-shingle, must be nailed, "or somebody would break in." Next the windows, which in the rising wind began to rattle, must be made fast with divers knives, scissors, combs and keys, and, lastly, the old clock must be stopped, for Rose was not accustomed to its striking, and it would keep her awake.

"Dear me!" said the tired old grandmother, when at about midnight she repaired to her own cozy little bedroom, "how fitful she is. I should of 'sposed that 'live in' in the city so, she'd got used to noise."

In a day or so Mr. Lincoln and Jenny went back to Boston, bearing with them a long list of articles which Rose must have made fast with divers knives, scissors, combs and keys, and, lastly, the old clock must be stopped, for Rose was not accustomed to its striking, and it would keep her awake.

"All this time the thankless girl upstairs was fretting and muttering about her grandmother's stinginess in not having a better carpet than the old, faded thing, which looked as if manufactured before the flood!"

CHAPTER XX.

On the same afternoon when Rose Lincoln left Boston for Glenwood Mrs. Campbell sat in her own room, gloomy and depressed. For several days she had not been well, and besides that Ella's engagement to Henry Lincoln filled her heart with dark forebodings, for rumor said that he was unprincipled and dissipated, and before giving his consent Mrs. Campbell had labored long with Ella, who insisted that "he was no worse than all the world, and I shall help him to reform."

"I don't believe your sister would marry him," continued Mrs. Campbell, who was becoming much attached to Mary.

"I don't believe she would either, and for a good reason, too," returned Ella, pettishly jerking her long curls. "But I can't see why you should bring her up, for he has never been more than polite to her, and that he assured me was wholly on my account."

"She isn't pleased with your engagement," said Mrs. Campbell, and Ella replied:

"Well, what of that? It's nothing to her, and I didn't mean she should know it, but Jenny, like a little tattler, must needs tell her, and so she has read me a two hours' sermon on the subject. She acted so queer, too, I didn't know what to think of her, and when she and Henry are together they look so funny that I almost believe she wants him herself, but she can't have him—no, she can't have him."

And secure in the belief that she was the first and only object of Henry's affection, Ella danced out of the room to attend to the seamstress who was doing her plain sewing.

After she was gone Mrs. Campbell fell asleep, and for the first time in many a long year dreamed of her old home in England. She did not remember it herself, but she had so often heard it described by the aunt who adopted her that now it came vividly before her mind with its dark stone walls, its spacious grounds, terraced gardens, running vines and creeping roses. Something about it, too, reminded her of what Ella had once said of her mother's early home, and when she awoke she wondered that she had never questioned the child more concerning her parents. She was just lying back again upon her pillow when there was a gentle rap at the door and Mary Lincoln's soft voice asked permission to come in.

"Yes, do," said Mrs. Campbell. "Perhaps you can charm away my headache, which is dreadful."

"I'll try," answered Mary. "Shall I read to you?"

"If you please; but first give me my salts. You'll find them there in this drawer."

Mary obeyed, but started as she opened the drawer, for there, on the top, lay a small, old-fashioned miniature of a fair young child, so nearly resembling Franky that the tears instantly came to her eyes.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Campbell, and Mary replied:

"This picture—so much like brother Franky. May I look at it?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Campbell. "That is a picture of my sister."

For a long time Mary gazed at the sweet, childish face, which, with its clustering curls, and soft brown eyes, looked to her so much like Franky. At last, turning to Mrs. Campbell, she said, "You must have loved her very much. What was her name?"

"Ella Temple," was Mrs. Campbell's reply, and Mary instantly exclaimed: "Why, that was my mother's name!"

"Your mother, Mary? your mother?"

said Mrs. Campbell, starting up from her pillow. "But no; it cannot be. Your mother has never been to Chicopee, and Ella, my sister, died in England."

Every particle of color had left Mary's face, and her eyes, now black as midnight, stared wildly at Mrs. Campbell. The sad story, which her mother had once told her, came back to her mind, bringing with it the thought which had so agitated her companion.

"But," she continued, without noticing what Mrs. Campbell had said, "my mother was Ella Temple, and she had two sisters, one her own, and the other a half-sister—Sarah Fletcher and Jane Temple—both of whom came to America many years ago."

"Tell me more—tell me all you know," whispered Mrs. Campbell, grasping Mary's hand. "And how it came about that I thought she was dead—my sister?"

Upon this point Mary could throw no light, but of all that she had heard from her mother she told, and then Mrs. Campbell, pointing to her writing desk, said:

"Read again to me. I must read that letter again and again."

Mary obeyed, and taking out a much-soiled, blotted letter, Mrs. Campbell asked her to read it aloud. It was as follows:

"Daughter Jane—I now take this opportunity of informing you that I've lost your sister Ella, and have now no child saving myself, who, if you behave well, clear, large eyes, are much like your own. You were here, for it's impossible living alone, but I suppose you're better off where you are. Do you know anything of that girl Sarah? Her cross-grained uncle has died in the almshouse. Be you'll never leave me now, for all that I have is yours—yours and Ella's."

The thought of Ella touched a new chord, and Mrs. Campbell's tears were less bitter, for the knowledge that she had cared for, and been a mother to, one of her sister's orphan children.

"I know now, why, from the first, I felt so drawn toward Ella, and why her larger eyes concerned her. I think the last darling's, and even you, Mary—"

Here Mrs. Campbell paused, for proud as she now was of Mary, there had been a time when the haughty lady turned away from the little orphan child, who begged so piteously "to go with Ella" where there was room and to spare. All this came up in sad review before Mrs. Campbell, and as she recalled the incidents of her sister's death, and thought of the noble little Frank, who often went hungry and cold that his mother and sisters might be warm and fed, she felt that her heart would burst with its weight of sorrow.

"Oh," said she, "to die so near me—my only sister, and I never knew it—never got near her. I with all my wealth, as much hers as mine—and she dying of starvation!"

Wiping the hot tears from her own eyes, Mary strove to comfort her aunt by telling how affectionately her mother had always remembered her. "And even on the night of her death," said she, "she spoke of you, and bade me, if I ever found you, love you for her sake."

"Will you, do you love me?" asked Mrs. Campbell.

Mary's warm kiss upon her cheek, and the loving clasp of her arms around her aunt's neck, was a sufficient answer.

"Do you know aught of my Aunt Sarah?" Mary asked at last; and Mrs. Campbell replied:

"Nothing definite. From father we first heard that she was in New York, and then Aunt Morris wrote to her, making inquiries concerning her. I think the Fletchers were rather peculiar in their dispositions, and were probably jealous of our family, for the letter was long unanswered, and when at last Sarah's uncle wrote to her, she had received a good marriage and gone West, and that he was intending soon to follow her. He neither gave the name of her husband nor the place to which they were going, and as all our subsequent letters were unanswered, I know not whether she is dead or alive; but often when I think how alone I am, without a relative in the world, I have prayed and wept that she might come back; for though I never saw her that I remember, she was my mother's child, and I should love her for that."

"To be continued."

Not Enough Men.

"Say!" cried the first longshoreman, "ain't ye got any better sense than to be smokin' while we're handling these kegs of powder? Don't ye know there was an explosion last week that blew up a dozen men?"

"Faith," replied Cassidy, "that cud never happen here."

"Reckase there's only two av us workin' here,"—Philadelphia Press.

The Dead Come to Life.

Mr. Thirtieth—The jokes the funny men perpetrate nowadays are nothing like those that delighted me when I was a boy.

Mr. Fortieth—Walt 'ill you're a little older. They're now using the ones that delighted my boyhood. And, by the way, don't say "perpetrate." "Perpetrate" is the word.—Philadelphia Press.

A Smooth Answer.

He—Do you think you really need a new dress now?

She—You don't know anything about it. I wish I had known before I married you what a stupid you are.

He—You might have guessed it easily when I offered to marry you.—Pittsburgh Courier.

Self-Taught.

"Learning the cornet, is he? Who's his teacher?"

"He has none. He's his own teacher."

—Philadelphia Times.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD.

A Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week Presented in a Condensed Form Which is Most Likely to Prove of Interest to Our Many Readers.

The Havana drydock may be towed to Sulig bay, Luzon.

Aguinaldo is irritated by his continued imprisonment.

The steel trust will attempt to open several plants this week.

Friendly relations between Russia and Thibet have been opened.

Hot weather continues in the British Isles, but relief is predicted.

Another heat wave has visited the corn belt of Kansas and Nebraska.

Peasants of the Volga, Russia, provinces are on the verge of starvation.

General Davis has relieved General Kobbe in the southern Philippine islands.

Mrs. Kruger, wife of ex-President Kruger, of the Transvaal republic, is dead.

International Epworth League convention at San Francisco has adjourned.

It is almost certain that the stationary firemen's strike will soon be at an end.

Major O'Neill, the third mayor of the city of Portland, is dead at his home in Spokane.

It is feared that disorder and distress will follow opening of government lands in Oklahoma.

The next official map of the United States will show the Lewis and Clark route and incidentally advertise the 1905 fair.

No move has been made to settle the steel strike.

General Daniel Butterfield died at his home at Craigside, N. Y.

Earl Russell will enter the plea of guilty to the charge of bigamy.

One man was killed and 50 wounded in religious riots at Saragossa.

L. S. J. Hunt has abandoned project to establish a newspaper at Seattle.

International convention of Epworth League has opened in San Francisco.

The American Sugar Refining Company has reduced the price on all grades of sugar.

Italy is investigating representations regarding alleged lynching of two Italians in Mississippi.

The British and French navies will unite in a series of maneuvers in order to see which can out general the other.

The tinworkers' union has refused to handle non union plates, thus coming to the support of the striking tinplate makers.

The relief from drought in Kansas was only temporary. The weather has again turned warm and all crops are withering.

United States loses suit against Northern Pacific Railroad to cancel patents to about 300,000 acres of land in Washington.

Two steamers off New London, Conn., collided, damaging one of the vessels so that she had to be beached in order to save her from sinking. All the passengers were transferred without mishap.

Count Tolstoy is seriously ill.

The financial affairs of Porto Rico are in good condition.

A woman shot at the French minister of Public Instruction.

Porto Rico will have free trade with the United States after July 25.

One man held up two stages in California and secured about \$400.

The United States pension rolls increased \$69,000 during the past year.

MAJOR O'NEIL DEAD.

Third Mayor of the City of Portland, 1856-7—Passed Away at Spokane.

Spokane, Wash., July 22.—Major James O'Neill, one of the earliest pioneers of the Northwest, died at 11 o'clock last night. He was the third mayor of Portland. At the time of his death he was deputy clerk of the federal court. He was born at Dunsmuir, Schenectady county, N. Y., February 8, 1826. In 1853 he came west to Oregon. He settled in Oregon City, but soon went to Portland and became agent for Wells, Fargo & Co. He was elected the third mayor of Portland and held that office during 1856-7. In 1861 he went to Lapwai, in the Nez Perce reservation, as superintendent of education, and next year took full charge of the agency under a commission issued July 6, 1862, by President Lincoln, appointing him United States Indian agent for the territory of Idaho.

In 1866, Major O'Neill passed through this country on his way to select land for a reservation, and the land then chosen constitutes the present Coeur d'Alene Indian reserve. He retired from his position in 1868, and May 10 of the following year went back to New York state, riding on the first through train on the Central Pacific Railroad from Sacramento to Ogden. He remained about nine years at his native place. In 1878 he returned to the West, locating at Chewelah, Stevens county, Wash., where he was sub-Indian agent, having charge of the Coeur d'Alenes. In 1887 he was elected auditor of Stevens county. He served two terms. He was then elected to the state senate to represent Stevens and Spokane counties. In 1892 he was appointed deputy clerk of the United States district and circuit courts of the eastern division of Washington, which he held at the time of his death.

WEARY OF PRISON.

Aguinaldo is Chafing Under His Long Continued Restraint.

Manila, July 23.—Aguinaldo is considerably irritated at his continued surveillance by the American authorities. Whenever he signs his name he must add the word "prisoner."

He refused the request of his friends to write to the insurg