The Santiam News.

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The Santiam News.

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SCIO, LINN CO., OREGON.
By IRA A. PHELPS.

TERMS

Per annum, invariably in advance..... $1 50
Six months, " " " 1 00

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No. 2, For Yaquina:—
Train leaves Albany ..... 12.50 P. M.
" " Corvallis ..... 1.50 "
" arrives Yaquina ..... 5.45 "

No. 1, returning:
Leaves Yaquina ..... 6.00 A. M.
Leaves Corvallis ..... 11.30 "
Arrives Albany ..... 12.12 P. M.

No. 3, For Detroit:—
Leaves Albany ..... 7.00 A. M.
Arrives Detroit ..... 12.15 P. M.

No. 4, from Detroit:—
Leaves Detroit ..... 12.45 P. M.
Arrives Albany ..... 5.40 "

Train No. 1 arrives in Albany in time to connect with the S. P. south bound train, as well as giving two or three hours in Albany before departure of S. P. north bound train for Portland.

Train No. 2 connects with the S. P. West Side train at Corvallis Crossing for Independence McMinnville and all points north to Portland.

EDWIN STONE, Manager.

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Trains leave West Scio for Portland and way stations at 10.45 a. m. Leave for Albany at 3.05 p. m.

Leaves Portland 8.30 a. m., 7 p. m.
" Albany 12.30 p. m., 10.30 p. m.
Arrives Ashland 12.33 a. m., 11.30 a. m.
" Sacramento 5 p. m., 4.35 a. m.
" San Francisco 7.45 p. m., 8.15 a. m.
" Ogden 5.45 a. m., 11.45 a. m.
" Denver 9 a. m., 9 a. m.
" Kansas City 7.25 a. m., 9.30 a. m
" Chicago 7.45 a. m., 9.30 a. m.
" Los Angeles 1.20 p. m., 7 a. m.
" El Paso 6 p. m., 6 p. m.
" Fort Worth 6.30 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
" City of Mexico 9.55 a. m., 9.55 a. m.
" Houston 4 a. m., 4 a. m.
" New Orleans 6.25 p. m., 6.25 a m
" Washington 6.42 a. m., 6.42 a. m
" New York 12.43 p. m., 13.43 p.m.

Pullman and Tourist cars on both trains. Chair cars Sacramento to Ogden and El Paso, and tourist cars to Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and Washington.

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Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It is unequalled for all stomach troubles.

It can't help but do you good

Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago
The $1. bottle contains 2½ times the 50c. size.

Old Slouch's Dilemma

There was once a young fellow who prided himself on being the champion long-distance author of the world. It was his proud boast that he had once written two complete and hair raising novels of about 200,000 words each within the space of six working days, and he was wont to aver with confidence that he could repeat the performance with one hand tied behind him.

He was known to tens of thousands of youthful readers of red, yellow and pink fiction as "Old Slouch," and he wrote of strange and weird happenings in strange and weird places in a manner yet more strange and weird.

Old Slouch had started life as a printer's "devil" in the office of the Fireside Reflector, but he was ambitious and soon became an office boy. Then he took to night school and made such progress in the three "R's" that his culture was recognized in due time by an advance to the position of copy reader, in which capacity he was called upon to read several million words from the accomplished pen of "California Charlie," who was at that time the mainstay of the fiction department of the Reflector.

His chance came one night when a messenger arrived in hot haste from the lodgings of "California Charlie" to report that the gifted author was unable to finish the concluding installment of his thrilling novelette entitled: "Three-Fingered Steve; or, The Cowboy's Curse," for the reason that he was greatly incommoded by the presence in his room of three pink-and-blue zebras with yellow polka dots and six old-gold lizards with purple tails.

The editor was in despair, for the Reflector must go to press in six hours, until the new copy reader volunteered to finish the story from the point where the lizards had so incontinently interrupted it. This he was allowed to do, and he accomplished his task with such success that when, a few months later, California Charlie's acquaintanceship with reptiles and such landed him in the incurable ward the future Old Slouch stepped easily and gracefully into his place.

Probabilities never hampered Old Slouch. What his readers wanted were improbabilities, nor would they even balk at an occasional impossibility, which was just as well. In the most successful of his works, a tale of romance and adventure entitled: "Wicked Bill; or, The Dauntless Hero of Bloody Gulch," the talented author landed his people on the rocky shores of one of the Fiji islands, shipwrecked, starving, and defenseless. Up rushed a band of cannibals bent on a good meal. Did they get it? "Over my dead body," said Old Slouch to himself and he wrote:

"It so chanced that our hero had once known a Fiji islander in San Francisco and from him had learned the language of those parts. He therefore addressed the leader of the band in the vernacular. Amazement seized the savage cannibals. They dropped their cruel weapons, grasped Bill's horny hand, and hailed him as a brother. They were saved!"

But with assured success languor overtook Old Slouch. Only when he was penniless could he be induced to write, and that was why he sat one May morning with his feet upon the window sill, looking out over the neighboring chimney pots, although he had just received an urgent demand for the first chapters of "Shivering Sara; or, The Counterfeiter's Stratagem." He had 36 cents in his pocket. Why should he toil? Why, indeed?

It was at this moment that he had a call from his friend Jake Rosenthal, whose father ran a pawnshop around the corner. He often took delight in inquiring of the guileless how it could be that Jake's father was his uncle, although he himself was not related to Jake. Jake had a holiday and he was planning a sailing party. A friend of his had loaned him a catboat that lay some few miles up the sound, and Jake and his sister were going to take a sail. Wouldn't Old Slouch join them? Old Slouch thought of the 36 cents and guessed he'd better not.

"Oh, come on," coaxed Jake. "It's a fine day and Tim Monahan's going and Sally Paterson, too. What's the matter with you, anyhow?" Had it been anybody but Jake Old Slouch would have had no compunctions about borrowing, but he did not care to borrow from Tilly's brother because—well, there were reasons.

At the mention of Tim's name, however, Old Slouch pricked up his ears. He shrewdly suspected that Tim was not far behind him in his appreciation of the good points of Jake's sister. Moreover, he was quite sure he could borrow from Tim certain coin of the realm. At length he decided to go, and Jake departed with an injunction to be sure and meet the others at the Long Island City station at ten o'clock.

One cent for a morning paper, five cents for an elevated ticket, and three cents for a ferry ticket landed Old Slouch at Long Island City with 27 cents in his pocket. He had taken good care not to be on hand first, in the hope that somebody might buy his ticket. Alas for that bright hope! The first words that greeted him from the radiant Sally were:

"Oh, here you are at last. Just time to get your ticket. Hurry up, now."

In vain he tried to catch Tim's eye. Tim was too busy trying to catch Sally's. So he rushed hopelessly to the ticket office and, turning his back to the others, asked the man for a time table, which he thrust hurriedly into his pocket and hastened after the rest, who had started for the train.

They were all laughing and chattering light-heartedly, the very embodiment of good spirits. Poor Old Slouch felt very much downcast as he followed them through the gate. He thought of simulating a sudden illness, but he did not want to frighten Tilly, and then that scamp of a Tim was sticking so persistently to her side!

So he rattled his 27 cents bravely in his pocket and clambered doggedly aboard the train. He even squandered two precious nickels in the purchase of peanuts, for, thought he, "27 cents are no more use to me than 7. Let me therefore cultivate a reputation for liberality."

While the rest were chatting with all the enthusiasm of cats-free youth Old Slouch sat miserably trying to figure out some plan of campaign. If Wicked Bill had been in his shoes Old Slouch could have saved him without turning a hair. "At this critical juncture," he would have written, "Bill anxiously thrust his hand into the pocket of his coat. His index finger discovered a hole in the lining, and at the bottom of the aperture, he felt something flat and hard. Breathlessly our hero drew it forth. It was a twenty-dollar gold piece!"

But fertile as Old Slouch was in resource for the relief of suffering bandits and imprisoned and impoverished heroes, he was absolutely barren of invention in his own behalf. So disturbed was he that when the bright-eyed Tilly turned from the attentive Tim and called to him across the aisle he answered her so absent-mindedly that she was piqued and turned again to Tim before he could repair his error.

"Tickets!" said the conductor, sharply. The dreaded summons had come and found him still unprepared. Old Slouch began to fumble through his pockets. Everybody else had the necessary pasteboards, but Old Slouch still fumbled, getting redder and redder every moment. The conductor looked at him with increasing sternness.

"I—er—I'm afraid," murmured Old Slouch, faintly, when his search had obviously become a farce, "I'm afraid I've lost my ticket."

"Didn't you drop it on the floor?" suggested Jake. All hands scrutinized the floor.

"Well, well!" said the conductor, impatiently. "You'll have to pay your fare then."

"To be sure," said Old Slouch, miserably, and he felt for his 27 cents. "Well, I declare," he exclaimed in well-simulated amazement. "I haven't any money."

"What!" roared Tim. Had Old Slouch been himself he would have detected something very like consternation in his friend's tone. As it was, he saw only ridicule and he took a fatal step.

"That is to say," he went on, pulling himself together, "nothing but a $50 bill."

"Oh!" said Tim, plainly relieved.

"That's all right," said the friendly Jake. "I'll pay it. Here you are." And he gave the conductor 40 cents.

Tim rose and sauntered up the axle.

"Come and have a smoke?" he said to Old Slouch. The latter responded with alacrity. Here was his opportunity at last. But as the door of the smoker closed on them Tim broke out:

"Say, old man, you nearly scared me into a fit. I had only enough to buy my ticket one way, but I came along because I knew I could borrow a dollar or two from you."

Old Slouch collapsed. "I near fell on the floor," his tormentor went on, "when you said you didn't have any coin, but when you mentioned the fifty, why, I knew it was all right."

"But it ain't," Old Slouch replied, weakly.

"No?" roared the other.

"Not a cent," said Old Slouch, huskily. "I was going to borrow from you."

"Well," said Tim, when he had partially recovered from the blow, "you'll have to touch Jake."

"Rather not," said Old Slouch, shortly. "You do it."

"Rather not myself." Here the two looked in opposite directions.

"One of us has got to," said Tim at last.

"Match you for it," from the distinguished author. So they matched and Old Slouch lost.

It spoiled his day. Tilly was disposed to be nice to him, but he was so taciturn, thinking all the while of the unpleasant task that awaited him, that she turned in despair to Tim, who had never been in better spirits in his life. It was a beautiful moonlight night and they planned to return to the dock in time to catch the last train for town, which left at ten o'clock.

They were about a mile from shore when the wind died out. They drifted idly for half an hour. Jake looked at his watch.

"We'll miss the train and have to stay all night at a hotel, if there is one in the place." Horrible visions of hotel bills crossed Old Slouch's mind. Then he had an inspiration.

"Let's row for it," he suggested. And row they did—rowed as they had never rowed before, he and Tim. The night was warm, and the two oarsmen were perspiring and breathless when the boat finally ran her nose on shore. At the same moment they heard the whistle of the approaching train. All hands ran for it and scrambled aboard just as the train pulled out.

"All due to your splendid rowing," said the panting Tilly as she sank into her seat. "It was awful good work. I'll ask you both to my wedding for that."

"Wedding!" shouted Old Slouch and Tim in chorus.

"I'm to be married to Mr. Jimmy Greenner in the fall," said the blushing maid.

Silence fell upon the downcast editors—a silence deep and wide.

"Tickets!" said the conductor.

Old Slouch fled to the smoker in pursuit of Jake. He had no objection to borrowing from him now. Alas!—N. Y. Times.

SHEARED

The President has asked congress to appropriate $200,000 for the expenses of a commission to investigate and report on a Pan-American railway to run down the axes of the American continents and connect North, Central and South America.

Maryland has a new law which prohibits the use of the American flag or any representation of it for advertising purposes. There are similar laws in Massachusetts and other states. It is a law which every state should adopt.

Work will soon be completed on the 16-inch gun which will be placed in New York harbor. This is the largest and most powerful gun in the world and experts are awaiting the test with interest. It will hurl a 3,000 projectile 21 miles, using 1,000 pounds of powder at a charge. The Krupp factory is skeptical as to its practicability.

Carnegie says: "I have never yet met a man who fully understood two different kinds of business."

The late Secretary of Agriculture J. Sterling Morton opposed the free distribution of seeds as being too paternalistic for this form of government, and on that score found himself at odds with congress, where the seeds were used as political perquisites.

Dewey Day, May 1st., the anniversary of the battle of Manila Bay, was not celebrated in Washington in any way. Even the local papers, for the first time on the anniversary, failed to mention Admiral Dewey.

With beef prices 30 to 40 per cent higher than usual, and butter prices rising, there is a quandary in many families whether to kill the cow or give her a reprieve on condition that she will prove her worth as a butter maker.

Twenty-five years ago the banana was a curiosity in this country, and last year our import bill for this fruit was $7,000,000. One-third of the crop came from the British West Indies and the rest from the different states of Central America.

C. E. Boachgrevink, the Norwegian explorer whose Antartic investigations have made him famous, has just applied at Washington for naturalization papers as an American citizen. He will hereafter prosecute his explorations under the stars and stripes.

All the leading navies of the world use oars made exclusively of Louisiana ash, and the British government has just contracted for 10,000 pairs. Very few of the oars are actually made in Louisiana and the profits to the state would be very much increased if they were.

Almost all the small turtles that are used in ornamental squariums of the country come from the Potomac river flats at Washington, D. C., and about 4,000 of these young terrapins, ranging from the size of a five cent piece to a silver dollar, are shipped over the country every day in the spring.

American colleges and universities have large views in these times. Columbia's latest idea is to buy a nine-acre athletic field if $2,000,000 can be raised for the purpose.

MOTHERHOOD

The greatest ambition of American men and women is to have homes blessed with children. The woman afflicted with female disease is constantly menaced with becoming a childless wife. No medicine can restore dead organs, but Wine of Cardui does regulate derangements that prevent conception; does prevent miscarriage; does restore weak functions and shattered nerves and does bring babies to homes barren and desolate for years. Wine of Cardui gives women the health and strength to bear healthy children. You can get a dollar bottle of Wine of Cardui from your dealer.

WINE OF CARDUI

168 Market Street,
Memphis, Tenn., April 14, 1901.
In February, 1901, I took one bottle of Wine of Cardui and one package of Thedford's Black-Draught. I had been married fifteen years and had never given birth to a child until I took Wine of Cardui. Now I am mother of a fine baby girl which was born March 31, 1901. The baby weighs fourteen pounds and I feel as well as any person could feel. Now my home is happy and I never will be without Wine of Cardui in my house again. Mrs. J. W. C. SMITH.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Spring Suit Styles

Any particular nice thing to wear that you want you will find right here. There will be just the correct number of buttons on your coat—just the right roll to the lapels—just the correct curve in your trousers. They would be just the right width and shape. It will be a hard matter for you to find fault with your Spring Suit if you get it here, for we believe that our suits are just right in every way—as well as being just right in price.

Not a link is missing in our chain of attractive suits.

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