The Santiam News.

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The Santiam News.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT SCIO, LINN CO., OREGON.

By IRA A. PHELPS.

TERMS

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Six months, " " 1 00

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" arrives Yaquina	6 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.

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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., 12.43 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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Life of T. Dewitt Talmage, by his son, Rev. Frank Dewitt Talmage and associate editors of Christian Herald. Only book endorsed by Talmage family. Enormous profit for agents who act quickly. Outfit ten cents. Write immediately Clark & Co., 222 S. 4th St. Phila., Pa. Mention this paper.

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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.

The Love of Col. Pilkington

By D. H. TALMADGE.

(Copyrighted, 1902, by Authors Syndicate.)

COL. LEROY PILKINGTON, aged 60, irongray of hair and beard, gruff of voice and kind of heart, paused one afternoon in the course of a stroll upon the streets of a great western city to gratify a whim. He plunged his hand (he had but one) into his pocket and drew forth a nickel, which he inserted in the slot of a picture machine. After which he put his eyes to the holes provided for the purpose, and saw things.

Capt. Dilforth, who was with him at the time, states that for an instant he thought the colonel's intellect had collapsed, for the colonel, after a brief period of attention to the scene the nickel had revealed to his gaze, gave utterance to an exclamation indicative of shock, immediately succeeding which he executed a most undignified and unmilitary dance, while his face became distorted with emotion.

"The rose!" he cried. "The rose! At last! New York! Great heaven!"

"Yes," said the captain, taking him gently by the arm; "yes, yes, I know. Come, now. People are stopping to stare at us."

"Let 'em stare," vociferated the colonel; "it is none of their business."

"Captain," he said, in a choked voice, "were you ever in love?"

The captain beheld a mental image of a certain dwelling, in which he was wont to associate with a numerous collection of family and family's family, and replied promptly in the affirmative.

"I know, I know," the colonel went on; "hang it! I've gone a bit daft, I think. Your dreams have all come true, while mine—by George! I'm not sure but mine are coming true also. I've never married, captain. You may have observed that I have retreated in good order at the first suggestion of an engagement with a woman. I have a reputation, I believe, as a hater of the sex. My mind has been made up for 20 years to die a bachelor. I have been reconciled. But now—"

He looked about him, and perceiving a restaurant near by he made a motion towards it with his hand.

"Let us go in there while I tell you about it," he suggested. "I must tell some one or I shall blow up."

The captain was nothing loath, and they entered the refreshment place, calling for viands which they did not eat.

"I fell in love with a girl when I was a very young man," the colonel began. "She was a beautiful creature, winsome as clover to a fiery colt, such as I was then, but, like the rest of the sex, I presume, in disposition. She was mettlesome and inclined to shy at the prospect of restraint. I proposed to her. She did not refuse me. "I am not certain that I like you well enough for that," she said, placing the most adorable emphasis upon the final word. "Let me wait and think it over." So I let her wait and think it over for a long time—a week, as I remember it—and then I pressed her for an answer. "Not yet," she said; "dear me, I've not had half time enough." And three times more this happened, but the last time was slightly different from the others for she told me that she had nearly decided and that I should have a definite answer at the May day festival, which was two weeks distant. "If I decide to marry you, sir," she said, with two dimples showing in her cheeks and one in her chin, "I shall wear a white rose here," and she lifted her hand to her head; "but if I decide not to marry you," and the expression of her face changed to one of gloom, and tears came to her eyes, "the rose will be red."

"Very well," said I, a trifle coldly, for I was exasperated, being naturally short of temper, as you know, and did not take kindly to a further postponement. In fact, I had resolved that in case she refused me an answer on this particular instance, I would drop the matter entirely, pain or no pain, and go away to the war and get shot full of holes. I was rather foolish."

"You were," assented the captain. "My wife acted in much the same manner towards me, and I simply took her by storm. It required more courage than was required to lead the old troop into action at Shiloh; but I did it, and, by Jove, sir, it was precisely what she wanted me to do."

"The colonel grinned. "I see my mistake," he said. "I saw it long ago. I should have known by the dimples had my perspicacity not been so completely outweighed by my jackassity. But instead of doing what I should have done, I went off to the war without seeing her again. I did not attend the May day festival. I imagined that I was a devil of a fellow, which was true in a sense; and for months I kept my neck stiff and nursed my idiotic pride, or whatever it was, with considerable satisfaction. I drew fanciful pictures of the scene which would ensue upon my return to the old town. I saw myself, courteously dignified, paying the girl back in her own coin; and taking her at last, condescendingly, as my wife. I heard myself saying, ironically: 'Why, my dear! Where is the rose you were to wear? Is the time not yet come for me to know my fate?' And I gloated in the tears I saw her shed. Dear, dear! How differently it all came about!

"When I returned she was not there. She had gone to visit a relative in California, and I was compelled to rejoin the regiment without having seen her. I wrote to her at the address they gave me at home; but we were ordered away to Georgia then, and if she ever sent a reply to my letter I did not get it. I did not go home again until the war was over. She was not there, and the aunt with whom she had lived was dead. None seemed to know where she had gone. She had left no forwarding address at the post office. She had told her friends that she was going west, that was all.

"So for ten years thenceforth I labored most strenuously for money, and spent it in searching for her. I visited California, where I obtained a slight trace; the girl had been there, but had sailed away on a boat, together with her relatives. I went here and there and everywhere, taking no one into my confidence, and of course getting no reward. Finally I gave up. For 20 years I have been—well, you know what I have been, captain; a moderately successful man, as the term is used; a modest patron of the arts and sciences and of the manly sports; but to woman—adamant. This afternoon in that picture of a New York street gathering I saw her face, and upon her bonnet was a rose. It may have been white or it may have been red—I could not tell its color. I recognized the locality by the buildings. It seems to me more than likely that she lives in that quarter of the city, and, such being the case, it will not be difficult to find her. I go to New York to-night. It may be—"

The captain involuntarily extended his hand and the colonel grasped it warmly. Then they arose and passed into the street.

"It may be," continued the colonel, clearing his throat and throwing back his shoulders, "that I am to come in for a share of love's young dream after all. I am no longer young, to be sure; but it is the same dream. Ah—er—ahem—captain, will you oblige me by information relative to the state of my cuticle? Do I blush?"

"You do not," replied the captain, frankly.

"Is not my pulse somewhat accelerated?" asked the colonel, presenting his wrist to the other's grasp.

"Nary," returned the captain; "it is like an eight-day clock."

"I go to New York to-night, at any rate," said the colonel, a bit disgustedly. "I shall write you, captain; and in the event of my bringing home a bride I shall look to you to make fitting arrangements for our reception. See to it personally that we have the bridal suite at the Grand Union, nicely warmed and ventilated and perfumed and all that sort of thing, you know. And a good carriage waiting at the station for us. And your wife and a few female friends to smile at us when we step from the Pullman might have a good effect and convey a heap of joy to the young wo—er—the bride's heart."

"I shall be only too happy to make the arrangements," declared the captain. "I trust you may have your fondest hopes realized, my dear friend. You certainly deserve immense happiness. God bless you, sir."

"May He bless you, sir," returned the colonel.

And then they parted, the captain charging home at a double quick to tell his wife the story, while the colonel marched rapidly but with dignity to his apartments to prepare for his journey.

He was absent six weeks. At the end of the second week a letter came from him to the captain. It was very brief:

"Have not found her yet," it said. "Have obtained copy of slot machine photograph, and am determined to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

At short intervals thereafter other letters came, all brief, all to the same effect, and the captain began to fear that his friend was doomed forever to disappointment. But at last, at the close of the fifth week, came a letter the very outside of which shrieked triumphantly. The captain's hands trembled with much violence as he opened it, and thrice his eyeglasses sprang from his nose.

"I have found her," were the first words that greeted him from the hastily scribbled page. "I have found her, and the rose she wore in the picture was white. I have talked with her face to face after all these years, and I have seen her face dimple as it used to dimple, though, alas! the dimples now are all but lost in wrinkles and the sparkle of her eye is but a suggestion of the long ago. She wept when she saw me, and I wept—d—n you, sir, I did, and I am proud of it—when she told me that she had worn a white rose upon her head every day for 30 years. And after awhile she introduced me to her husband, a retired sea captain, comfortably provided with this world's goods, whom she met in California; and to her children, of whom she has three; and to the five of her nine grandchildren, who are at home. She has been the companion of her husband in his voyages, else I should probably have found her and made a thundering ass of myself. She has been around and around the world—and she has not failed for a single day to wear a white rose. Talk of fidelity! Great heaven! Is it not wonderful? I seem hardly worthy of it. I have enjoyed my trip. Shall return next week. Do not trouble yourself about the bridal suite. Want to see you. Want to rest. I am not so young as I once was, but, by George, I have got a big load off my mind! Have not felt exactly right about that girl for 30 years. Do not suppose she has felt exactly right, either. She gave me the rose she had in her hair. She is not going to bother about wearing it any more. Thirty years is a very long time. Whoop!"

"Well, I'll be blowed!" ejaculated the captain.

He handed the letter to his wife, and then departed, somewhat precipitately, for the nearest telegraph office, where he scrawled upon a blank the word "Congratulations," which action he has been ever since at a loss to explain.

SHEARED

By the readjustment of salaries of clerks in Presidential postoffices in Oregon, in the Salem office one clerk gets a raise from $500 to $600, and two from $700 to $800. The raise will take effect July 1st.

W. D. Wheeler, of Macleay precinct, has resided in three states and yet he has never lived outside of Marion county. This seems a story of a riddle. He has resided in Marion county, Indiana; Marion county Iowa, and Marion county, Oregon.

The beef trust is getting it in the neck these days. Karl Mann, the vegetarian, has won the International pedestrian race from Berlin to Dresden, 125 miles, in 27 hours, 13 minutes and 14½ seconds. He was 45 minutes ahead of the next man, a meat-eater.

Great is Oregon. The crop and weather report indicates that there are various kinds of climates in the different sections of this state. The report from Table Rock, Jackson county, says "there has not been enough rain to do any good." There has been enough in some other sections to do a great deal of good, not to say possibly a little harm. At Sumpter it has been snowing.

Hints For Women.

For the girl whose shoe laces are constantly untying there has come a blessed relief in the form of a tie with a tough little strap, which laces through eight oblong eyelets and buckles at the top, where the old laces used to tie.

The buckle is smooth and polished so that it doesn't harm the skirts as much as an ordinary shoe lace.

* * *

Peacock feathers must have lost their ill-omened significance. Over in Paris just now there is a rage for all manner of curious ornaments done in richly blended peacock colors. There are buckles and collar clasps and even whole belts, besides numerous small trinkets, made in blue and green enamel.

* * *

Thirty grains of pulverized borax, dissolved in two and one-half ounces of lemon juice, makes a lotion that is very effective in keeping freckles in abeyance, if it agrees with the skin. It should be applied at night after the face has been thoroughly washed with a good soap and rinsed with warm water.

Arms of Venus of Milo.

A letter is published at Paris from the aged Admiral Reveillere to the effect that Brest, a former French consul at Milo, who was influential in the Levant, having heard of the discovery of the famous statue of the Venus of Milo, which is now in the Louvre, immediately opened negotiations for its acquisition by France, which, thanks to his exertions, were successful. Admiral Lespes, who touched at Milo during the Crimean war, found Brest indignant that no mention of him was made at the Louvre in connection with the statue. He exclaimed, vehemently: "I know where the arms of the Venus are, but no one shall ever see them." Admiral Reveillere adds that it is strange no steps were ever taken to test the truth of Brest's statement concerning the arms.

STOPS PAIN

Athens, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1901.

Ever since the first appearance of my menses they were very irregular and I suffered with great pain in my hips, back, stomach and legs, with terrible, bearing down pains in the abdomen. During the past month I have been taking Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Draught, and I passed the monthly period without pain for the first time in years. ——NANNIE DAVIS.

What is life worth to a woman suffering like Nannie Davis suffered? Yet there are women in thousands of homes to-day who are bearing those terrible menstrual pains in silence. If you are one of these we want to say that this same

WINE OF CARDUI

will bring you permanent relief. Console yourself with the knowledge that 1,000,000 women have been completely cured by Wine of Cardui. These women suffered from leucorrhœa, irregular menses, headache, backache, and bearing down pains. Wine of Cardui will stop all these aches and pains for you. Purchase a $1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui to-day and take it in the privacy of your home.

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