The Santiam News.

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The Santiam News.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT
SCIO, LINN CO., OREGON.
By IRA A. PHELPS.

TERMS

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

Advertising rates at fair, living rates, to be paid monthly.

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All work guaranteed. Estimates promptly furnished.

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FINE CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

All kinds of SOFT DRINKS, and LUNCH GOODS

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Keystone Shaving Parlors

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Only First-Class Shop In The City

Shaving.....15 cents
Hair Cutting.....25 "
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Ladies Hair Dressing on Tuesday afternoon of each week.

Undertaking..

A Full Line of Caskets, Coffins, and Robes always on hand at reasonable prices, at the

Scio Planing Mills

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 wagon material. All kinds of work in our line done on short notice.

Horseshoeing a Specialty

8 hop Opposite Livery Stable Scio, Ore.

Corvallis & Eastern R. R.

TIME CARD.

No. 2, For Yaquina:
Train leaves Albany.....12.50 P. M.
" " Corvallis.....1.30 "
" arrives Yaquina.....5.45 "

No. 1, returning:
Leaves Yaquina.....6.00 A. M.
Leaves Corvallis.....11.20 "
Arrives Albany.....10.15 P. M.

No. 3, For Detroit:
Leaves Albany.....7.00 A. M.
Arrives Detroit.....11.10 P. M.

No. 4, from Detroit:
Leaves Detroit.....12.45 P. M.
Arrives Albany.....5.30 "

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 running for Independence McMinnville and all points north to Portland.

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

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All kinds of watches, clocks and jewelry repaired promptly.

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Get a FREE LUNCH and a glass of Good Beer at

The Gem Saloon.

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—VIA—
Southern Pacific Co.
SHASTA ROUTE.

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 12.35 p. 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 9.30 a. m., 9.30 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.

Connecting at San Francisco with several lines for Honolulu, Japan, China Philippines, Central and South America.

See Mrs. M. E. Woodsmeer, agent at West Scio station, or address

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Scio - - Oregon

Has always in stock a choice line of Wines Liquors and Cigars.

ALBANY BEER ON DRAUGHT.

AGENTS WANTED.

Life of T. DeWitt Talmage, by his son, Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage and associate editors of Corbalies Herald. Only book endorsed by Talmage family. Enormous profit for agents who act quickly. Outfit ten cents. Write immediately Clark & Co., 737 S. 4th St. Phila., Pa. Mention this paper.

Kodol
Dyspepsia Cure

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 unequaled 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.

THE LITTLE MINSTREL.

His hands are soiled, his throat is bare,
His face is stressed with dirt and thin,
And many a slip is in the air
His place upon his violin.
A sullen frown within his eyes,
The shoes are ragged on his feet,
And scoffers stop to criticize
The little minstrel in the street.

There by the curb he plays away
Where flakes float past and winds blow chill,
And music, as the critics say,
He takes the interest critic's skill—
But now and then a little strain
Played fastidiously and neat and sweet
Floats up from where he stands out there—
The little minstrel in the street.

Say, ragged little minstrel, why
Must people listen but to hear
The false note, ever passing by
The strain that rings soft and clear?
Oh, it seems well were we all we
Might in our own ways mind the sweet
And faultless notes as oft as he—
The little minstrel in the street.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

THROUGH A PENSTOCK

By ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

WHILE on a railway journey between Springfield and Boston a few months ago I shared my seat with a quiet, well-dressed man of middle age. Some trivial circumstance engaged us in conversation, and I learned that my fellow passenger was an assistant superintendent in a Maine pulp mill.

On his watch chain hung a wooden charm, a dog's head, carved with such grotesque and peculiar ugliness that I had difficulty in keeping my eyes away from it. Whenever he looked out of the window my glance returned to the charm. At last I could restrain my curiosity no longer, and with an apology made some comment on the strangeness of the ornament. He took my inquisitiveness in good part, and was kind enough to tell me the story of the charm.

"Yes," he said, "it's a queer-looking piece of wood. It was carved for me 20 years ago by a friend who had a knack for that kind of work. It's the only thing I have to remember him by, and so I think a good deal of it. But I've another strong reason for recalling the birch snag he whittled it from, and it may interest you to hear it.

"When I was between 25 and 30 years old I was at work in a mill on the Kenebec river. My regular position was that of foreman of one of the departments, but as I was very handy with tools, I often did odd jobs to accommodate the superintendent.

"One August morning there was trouble with the wooden grate that kept drift stuff from getting into the penstock, which is, as you know, the great tube of iron or banded plank conveying the water from the mill race to the wheel. In the last high water a log had broken one of the upper spruce bars.

"The mill was running overtime to fill extra orders, and the company did not wish to close it for half a day unless it was absolutely necessary. So I was asked to repair the damage without shutting the gate at the head of the race. I looked at the break and saw that it would be no very difficult task to patch it while the water was on, provided the grate were swung back against the side of the conduit. So I went for my tools and went to work.

"It was a drowsy midsummer morning. Dragon flies and swallows were darting over the surface of the river, and from the stubble fields on each side came the shrill rasping sound of the grasshopper. In the street above a group of little girls were laughing and playing. Several hundred feet up the river, under a grove of leaning willows, was a swimming hole, where a half dozen boys were disporting themselves.

"If I had not been interrupted three of four times by messengers from my department in the mill, I should have finished the job in less than an hour. As it was, it was almost noon before the break was repaired to my satisfaction. The hot sun beat down on my head as I worked away at the grating; below, the smooth, brown water ran steadily into the flume.

"With my back to the race, I was putting a few final touches on my work close to the water, when something happened that for a minute frightened me horribly. There came a sharp clutch at my sleeve.

"I whirled round in surprise, and saw something like a lean brown arm rising from the water! I shook it off, and another arm rose slowly and deliberately and seemed to make a mechanical effort to grasp me, while the first as slowly sank out of sight.

"They were the long roots of a water-soaked stump that had lain for months, perhaps years, on the river-bottom, and had now been swept by the current to the head of the flume. It was against just such unwelcome visitors as this that the grate was designed to be a barrier.

"Now appeared a huge octopus-like body, revolving gradually in the flood. It hung for a moment at the opening of the penstock, and then disappeared down the dark cavity, its roots scraping against the sides and top as it rolled over.

"I snatched a boat-hook that lay on the embankment and made an effort to fix its steel tooth in the slimy stump. For a moment I thought I had succeeded. I leaned over a little farther; the earth crumbled under me, and I fell head foremost into the race!

"As I fell I caught with my hands at the lower part of the grating. My weight swung it out into the current, which immediately whirled it to and there I hung, my body falling off into the penstock, dragged down by the clutch of the water.

"My position was a terrible one. I was holding on merely by the tips of my fingers, which were hooked round one of the wooden bars. The current lashed my body from one side of the pipe to the other. If I loosed my grip in the slightest I should be swept to death. Below me was the thousand feet of steel tube, through which an irresistible torrent was shooting; and at its end was the great wheel, revolving with the swiftness of light, and ready to lacerate and mangle whatever might be hurled against it.

"The penstock was perfectly straight, and about eight feet in diameter. For the first hundred yards a gradually decreasing portion of its top was above ground. Just where it disappeared beneath the earth was an open manhole, covered by a heavy wire screen. For the remainder of its length it was buried at an increasing depth beneath the surface, till it passed through the foundation wall of the mill and came out in the lowest basement, to pour its flood into the wheel-pit. There was another open manhole a few feet from the end of the pipe.

"As I clung to the grating, with my face barely above the surface, I could see the little twigs and chips drawn into the current and sucked down the smooth incline. I tried to pull myself up to the grating in the hope that I might climb out of reach of the water that was dragging me down.

"But so slight was my hold that I could not get sufficient purchase to do this; and I was afraid to relax my grip in the least for fear that I might be swept away before I could regain it.

"It was plain that this state of affairs could not last very long. The strain was in nowise violent or rough, but it was steady. Far behind me down the long tunnel I could hear the water falling on the wheel. My fingers were growing numb. Little by little the strength was leaving them. I could not hold on much longer. Would no one come to rescue me? I thought of my wife and children, and clung with renewed energy. I shouted. But who could hear me, imprisoned as I was in the mouth of the pipe?

"Suddenly steps approached outside, and through the top of the grating above me I saw a red-whiskered face looking down. It was the Scotch engineer. I could see the little beads of sweat standing out on his forehead, and two or three wisps of thin red hair plastered down on his flushed skin.

"'Heaven preserve us!' I heard him say. 'It's Bickmore! Hold on, man, and I'll save ye!'

"He waved his hand to encourage me, and disappeared. I heard him running swiftly toward the mill. Then the sound of his footsteps died away.

"At the upper end of the channel that fed the penstock was the heavy wooden gate, operated from the engine-room by a system of rods and levers I knew that Sandy was hurrying to close this gate and cut off the flow of the water into the race.

"But he had come too late.

"Not five seconds after his face disappeared my numbed fingers lost their grip, and I was swept like a feather down the penstock.

"The stream was only about four feet deep, and flowed with very little sound or turmoil. I managed to keep my head above the surface, and occasionally my feet touched bottom as I was borne along. But to stop my progress was simply impossible. The current was too strong and too swift.

"Occasionally I was dashed against the iron sides of the pipe, and involuntarily threw out my hands to clutch at them. Vain effort! for the sides were smooth and slimy; and even had I been able to arrest my course, my arms would have been torn from their sockets by the resistless power that was hurrying me along.

"Overhead a square of light flashed by. I had already gone a hundred yards and passed under the open manhole. Through its frame I caught what I felt was probably my last glimpse of blue sky. The branch of a poplar hung above the opening, and I saw its green leaves bright in the sun. Then darkness came again.

"On through the cylinder I rushed. I do not know how long it took me to traverse that thousand feet. It was probably in the neighborhood of two minutes. I remember looking back and seeing the round, white, grated mouth of the penstock growing steadily smaller and farther off. And every second the roar at the other end was becoming louder and louder. From the utter darkness in front the roar of the beaten water boomed up the narrow tunnel. In a few seconds all would be over.

"The end came before I had expected it. With a shock that drove the breath out of my body, I was flung against something rough and sharp and hard, something that seemed to clutch me with several arms, bruising and wounding me. I knew nothing else, for at that moment I lost consciousness.

"When I came to myself, I was lying on a heap of paper waste in the basement of the mill. Half a dozen of the workmen were around me. I felt sick and weak. My clothing was torn in several places, and I was covered with bruises. But to me the miracle was that I was still alive and that my bones were whole.

"The very thing that had been the cause of my peril had in the end proved to be my safety. The birch stump had been swept down the penstock, until within a few feet of the wheel its roots had caught on the edge of the last manhole. The shock of my body had dislodged it, but fortunately for me its hold was not entirely loosened until the engineer had closed the gate of the race and stopped the wheel. Just as the last root gave way the force of the water abated.

"I had been found insensible in the very end of the pipe. Death had been only a few seconds away from me. This watch-charm was carved out of a piece of the stump that saved my life."—Youth's Companion.

Real Estate Transfers.

Tax sale, sheriff, to S J Carman, 3 lots, Lebanon, 10c.

U S to J M Marks, 160 acres, Patent.

V B Goin to Lizzie Wesely, 2 lots, Scio, $1250.

C E Sox, trustee, to M V Bilyeu, 210 acres, $16.

E d Hudson, to E M Snow, 160 acres, $750.

Theo Goitz to E B Linnbeck, 10 acres, $250.

Tax sale, sheriff, to F J Carman, 1 lot and 86 feet, lebanon, $5.

Christine Newbold to Edward O'Neil et al, 137 acres, $800.

J W Cusick to H B Cusick, lot 7 bl 13, E Albany, $1.

Tax sale, sheriff, to P. H. Morlay, 2 lots, bl 66, Albany, $29.

P H Marley to W C Sullivan, last above, $1.

F J Carman to C J Walters, 3 lots, Lebanon, $70.

W W Haines et al to Wm Winegert, 160 acres, $1.

J E Love to E R Huston, 1 lot, bl 38, H's 2nd ad, Albany, $150.

U S to Christine Newbold, 160 acres, Patent.

U S to W R Suenfield 160 acres $1.

D P Crabtree to W W Crabtree, 67 acres, $1000.

J H Washburn to W C and Jennie Templeton, 5 acres, $600.

Location of the Grant claim in Santiam district by C E Sox.

MINE HAS FABULOUS RICHES.

Arizona Property That Will Probably Make Senator Clark Wealthiest Man in the World.

The American Mining News contains the following article about the great United Verde mine, the property of Senator W. A. Clark, which, if correct, would indicate that it is probably the richest mine and he the richest man in the world:

"It has only lately come to light that the average value of the ore taken from the United Verde is $75 per ton in all values—gold, silver and copper. This mine, so far as has been developed, including explorations and diamond drilling below the present workings, shows an immense ore chimney, 400x600 feet across, that has been explored by shafts, tunnels and drill holes to a depth of 1,400 feet.

"Just how far it will be possible to work this mine down before the heat limit is reached is hard to say, but a reasonable estimate would be 3,000 feet. An estimate by one of the best mining engineers in this country shows that the mine to the depth of 1,400 feet contains 338,000,000 cubic feet of ore, and estimating 11 cubic feet to the ton there is practically 23,000,000 tons in sight.

"If we carry these figures a little further on the present four values of the United Verde we have the average value of the ore equaling $2,500,000,000. The present owner of the property has refused $500,000,000 for the mine."

Pickpocket (nonchalantly)—Oh, not more than two or three months.

Lawyer—Only two or three months, eh? How do you expect the court to believe that statement in view of the fact that it has had police testimony to the effect that you are an expert?

Pickpocket (smilingly)—Oh, well, you must remember that I had the benefit of a three years' previous practice in your profession.—Richmond Dispatch.

HOUSEWORK

Too much housework wrecks women's nerves. And the constant care of children, day and night, is often too trying for even a strong woman. A haggard face tells the story of the overworked housewife and mother. Deranged menses, leucorrhœa and falling of the womb result from overwork. Every housewife needs a remedy to regulate her menses and to keep her sensitive female organs in perfect condition.

WINE OF CARDUI

is doing this for thousands of American women to-day. It cured Mrs. Jones and that is why she writes this frank letter:

Glen Jean, Ky., Feb. 10, 1901.

I am so glad that your Wine of Cardui is helping me. I am feeling better than I have felt for years. I am doing my own work without any help, and I washed last week and was not one bit tired. That shows that the Wine is doing me good. I am getting stronger than I ever was before, and sleep good and eat heartily. Before I commenced taking Wine of Cardui, I used to have to lay down five or six times every day, but now I do not think of lying down through the day. MRS. BURGESS JONES.

$1.00 AT DRUGGISTS.

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.

Blain Clothing Co.

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We are prepared to fill all orders. Lumber delivered if desired. We have now all kinks of

ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER

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Stewart & Sox Hwd. Co.

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Studebaker Wagons, Buggies and Hacks

Fine Guns, Rifles, Ammunition and Fishing Tackle, Agricultural Implements, Coal, Iron and Steel, Rubber and Leather Belting, Rubber Hose, Etc.

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OF ENGLAND.

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This Company has been writing Insurance in the United States since 1848, and has paid losses to the amount of $82,000,000

BLAESING GRANITE COMPANY

PORTLAND, OREGON,

Have on hand 100 tons of new

Artistic Monuments

To be sold at special low prices to save cost of moving.

M. N. RICHARDSON, Salesman,

SCIO - - - - - - - OREGON

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IRVINE & CALAVAN, Props.

Our Rigs Are First-Class and Our Horses Are Good Drivers.

Hack Connects with all trains at West Scio and morning train at Munkers.