The Santiam News.

VOL. V. SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, JULY 4, 1902. NO. 36.

The Santiam News.

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

By IRA A. PHELPS.

TERMS

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

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

Transient advertisements must be paid for when the order is given for their insertion.

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

T. J. WILSON,

Attorney at Law and Notary Public

SCIO, OREGON.

J. H. STEWART, D. M. D.,

DENTIST

SCIO, OREGON

R. SHELTON,

REAL ESTATE BROKER

Justice of the Peace. Notary Public

SCIO, OREGON

J. M. MOORE

House, Sign and Carriage PAINTER

SCIO, - OREGON

All work guaranteed. Estimates promptly furnished.

F. H. MAULDING.

(Successor to L. W. Richardson.

DEALER —IN— FINE CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

All kinds of SOFT DRINKS, and LUNCH GOODS

Go To The

Keystone Shaving Parlors

Wm. BILYEU, Prop.

Only First-Class Shop In The City

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

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

ScioPlaning 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

Shop Opposite Livery Stable Scio, Ore

AGENTS WANTED.

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.

Corvallis & Eastern R. R.

TIME CARD.

No. 2. For Yaquina:—
Train leaves Albany.....12.50 P. M.
" " Corvallis.....1.50 "
" arrives Yaquina.....6.45 "

No. 1. Returning:
Leaves Yaquina.....8.00 A. M.
Leaves Corvallis.....11.50 "
Arrives Albany.....12.10 P. M.

No. 3. For Detroit:—
Leaves Albany.....7.00 A. M.
Arrives Detroit.....12.35 P. M.

No. 4. from Detroit:—
Leaves Detroit.....12.45 P. M.
Arrives Albany.....5.5 "

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
J. TURNER, Agent, Albany.

T. J. Munkers

Banker

SCIO, OREGON.

OFFICERS

President.....T. J. Munkers
Cashier.....W. A. Ewing

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

Get a FREE LUNCH and a glass of Good Beer at

The Gem Saloon.

V. CLADEK, Prop'r

SCIO - ORE

EAST AND SOUTH —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 12.33 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 1.30 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.

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

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

W. E. COMAN, G. P. A., Portland, Ore.

Jones Bros. SALOON

Scio - - Oregon

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

ALBANY BEER ON DRAUGHT.

STEVENS Single Barrel Gun

THE MOST POPULAR GUN MADE

This gun is fully up to the quality of our rifles, which for 38 years have been STANDARD. It is made in 3 styles, and in 12, 16 and 20 gauge. Bored for NITRO POWDER and fully guaranteed.

No. 100 . . $7.50
No. 110 . . 8.50
No. 120 . . 10.00

Send stamp for large catalogue illustrating complete line, brimful of valuable information to sportsmen.

J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL CO.
P. O. Box 1230 CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

"NOTHING BUT LEAVES."

Good-by, bright leaves! Poor, pretty, useless things!
Your scarlet robes are soiled and trampled now;
Awhile—ah, such a little while—you laughed
And danced, upheld by yonder sturdy boughs.
And then—he tired of you, and let you go;
You strove and pleaded, but you fell at last,
Shivering and shrinking from the unknown fate,
With never a hand to help you as you passed.

Ah, mystic world! Not yours the fault, poor leaves,
That you had neither flower, nor fruit, nor seed,
Nor even restraining rootlet, still to hold
For you a place, in winter time of need.
I hear your wailing voices as you float
To your dark rest: "Have I not done my part?
I kept the fierce, hot rays from tender lives
Of those who do not heed my breaking heart!

"And even in my misery and death
In some strange way I feel, but know not how,
To other years some richness I shall give,
Some essence of the bloom on vine and bough."
But now the scornful world has blown you on,
And heaven's bright tears fall from the household eaves
Upon you, and your little life is o'er—
The fate of all the lost and fallen leaves.
—Fannie Barber Knapp, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Story of a Worthless Fellow

By JOHN H. RAFTERY.

IF THERE are any sufficient reasons why a married man should go into the army, Louis Tappan had them. His five years of married life had been a cumulative failure and he knew it. What was more important, however, his young wife knew and charged the whole score of their mutual disappointment to him. Their one child, now a teething baby, had not healed their chafed spirits nor brought together their wandering hearts. Mrs. Tappan was a good little woman, so good that she neither sympathized with nor understood Louis' puerile ways, his passions for excitement, his slavery to habits that were neither necessary to her happiness nor warranted by his slender means, even in the days when he earned a good salary as bookkeeper for the Buena Vista bank.

Her father owned the little town where they lived, but he was one of those stern men who, having made their own way in the world, would discourage and resent the idea that they should give aid to others in the fight for independence or wealth. When Louis married Lucy Harding he admitted to himself that the old bank president was "a grouch," but in those days his self-confidence was not shaken by the prospect of working out a way for himself and Lucy. For a year he carried out his good resolutions, and even won a measure of Mr. Harding's crabbed regard. During that year the young people were fairly happy. The entering wedge of misery came when it dawned on Lucy that Louis didn't have any religion and couldn't "get" any. When he heard that she "had him prayed for" he lost his temper and they had their first quarrel.

After that his descent was rapid. They drifted further and further apart. The boy (he was only 23) lost his grip on good resolves and slid along the smooth and winsome current of his old, free habits. The row with Harding didn't come till the second year, but after that Louis' place in his father-in-law's bank became precarious. The old man warned, threatened and even persecuted him in the mistaken belief that he could scare the young husband back into the narrow path. But Louis didn't scare worth a cent. Long before the baby came he was in debt, neck and crop. His wife was getting morose and quarrelsome, and his creditors were beginning to talk about "going to the old man." Even that didn't move the rascal. He began to think that he was the martyr of an unhappy marriage, that Lucy didn't understand him and that her father was determined to break up a union that he had never approved. When a man gets to coddling himself with such assurances he's in a bad way. And Louis was in a bad way even before the grocer, who was a deacon in Harding's church, made what Louis called "a holler" about his bill.

That settled the young man with Papa Harding. A month's notice, a threat of starvation and a mumbled imprecation were what the bookkeeper got with his next pay envelope. After he was out of his position he made a few feeble efforts to find work; he made a trip to Chicago, and in a weak way determined to take his wife and make a home for himself elsewhere. But somehow the world seemed to have suddenly grown very narrow and selfish. His comrades of dissipated days and nights couldn't help him further than to "hope the old man will come round all right," and buy another drink. Harding didn't come round. He ignored his son-in-law when they met on the street, and only when the child was born did he insist on taking charge of Lucy. After she was taken to the Harding home Louis' heart began to fail him. He discovered that he was fond and apt to grow fonder of the child—a boy. Broken in spirit and pocket, he swore he'd mend his ways and find work. But there was none. He went to Chicago, met an old companion, forgot his troubles for a night and a day and came to his dreary senses in the blue, ill-fitting uniform of a "rookie."

He had a vague idea that he would "win his way" as a soldier in the war, which had just begun; visions of coming home a stern and famous officer—captain at least—crowded his boyish mind, and with his hopes there mingled, stinging sweet, the sense that at last he might have brought home to Lucy and her people a realization of the fact that he was not all bad. He even imagined the old "grouch" pitying him, and in the thought was the grim satisfaction that now at least he had martyred himself. He swore softly to himself that he would never drink nor gamble again, and when he left for Chickamauga with his regiment he had not fallen from grace.

A scribbled note on a postal card telling Lucy that he was "gone into the army" was all they heard about him at Buena Vista for three years after that. The Hardings read all the war news with eager curiosity at first, hoping to get some news of Louis, but their interest waned again and again, to be faintly renewed with the actual beginning of the fight. But there was not a word about Louis, not even his name among the wounded, sick or dead, much less notice of his gallantry or promotion. Not until the Cuban and earlier Philippine campaigns had dwindled down into intermittent skirmishes in far parts of the islands did there come a hint that he was yet on earth. Then just a line in the list of "dead from disease:"

"Tappan, private company K, Twenty-third infantry; dysentery."

And there ended the career of Louis Tappan, the worthless young man of Buena Vista. * * *

The station agent at Culver, ten miles below Buena Vista on the Louisville & Nashville, saw the last train "hesitate" at his door, and was getting out his key to lock up when a well-dressed, swarthy young man with a small bag dropped off the rear coach and approached him.

"This is Culver, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know where Mrs. Tappan, Mrs. Louis Tappan, lives?"

"Don't live here, leastways not in town. I know 'em all. No Tappans and nothing like that name round here. I'm pretty sure."

"Moved here from Buena Vista," suggested the stranger, wistfully; "moved up about a year ago."

"Oh, hold on! Tappan—oh, her name ain't Tappan no more. She's married to Bill Chesebrough. They was married at Buena Vista a year ago, and come up here to live. Sure I—"

The stranger coughed a few times, looked up and down the tracks, and then:

"Her first husband, Patten, left—"

"Tappan," murmured the uneasy visitor.

"Tappan; he died in the Philippines. He was a no-good bum and deserted her and the kid, so she up and marries Bill Chesebrough. Bill is rich, owns all them quarries over to Hopeton. I'll show you where they live; take you right past the door."

"No-oo," mused the visitor, half aloud, and fumbling in his pocket, "I guess I won't go up; I—what did you say her first name was, Lucy?"

"Yes, that's her. She was Miss Lucy Harding, daughter of old 'Skinflint' Harding, down to Buena Vista, richer'n hell and meaner still. He—"

"Yes, I know," was the interruption, "but you're going past the house, her house?"

"Yep."

"Would you mind stepping in with this?" handing over a photograph. "It's a picture of Tappan for the boy, his boy. You see, we, Tappan and I, were in the same regiment, and when he got sick, he asked me to—for the boy, you know; his daddy's picture. I promised to give it to him."

"Oh, the Tappan kid; the one by her first husband, he—"

"Yes, that's the one. How is he? Does he look like—"

"Oh, that one died the first week they come here, diphtheria got him. He just—"

But the newcomer was out of earshot before the station agent could finish. Down the tracks he went toward the east, walking like a fury, with his head down and his little bag swinging in the dim light of the yard lamps till the night swallowed him.

The station agent whistled a note of wonder, looked at the photograph he yet held in his hand, saw it was of a young soldier standing bravely at salute, and turned it over. On the back was written:

"For Louis Tappan's little boy."

The station agent shoved it into his overcoat pocket.

"I'll bet that chap was a bug," he mused, as he walked toward Chesebrough's house, "but I guess I'd better give the picture to Mrs. Cheseb—. N-o-o-oo, come to think of it, I guess I'd better not. Tappan is dead, the kid is dead and old Bill Chesebrough is jealous as an old maid."

He tore the photograph into small bits after another look and flicked the pieces into the air as he walked homewards.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Crabs and Poached Eggs.

Toast rather thin slices of bread a nice brown; butter slightly and cover with half an inch of crab meat; place in the oven and heat thoroughly. Have some eggs nicely poached in rings, one for each slice. Lift from the water onto the crab meat and serve very hot.—Washington Star.

A Matrimonial Suggestion.

London newspaper men are afraid that American women journalists are going to crowd them out of business. Why, asks the Chicago Record-Herald, don't they execute a coup by marrying the lady journalists?

Sending Food Our Way.

Ship loads of potatoes are arriving at New York from Ireland, Scotland and Belgium. Evidently, says the Chicago Record-Herald, all the world doesn't propose to get all its food from Uncle Sam all the time.

Recorded.

Deeds:

Emma C Dilley to I K Hisey, 2 acres	$ 75
J S Beard to W O Hudson, 2 lots, Tangent	50
Ada Colling to Mina Ruetner, 2 acres	600
Perry Hyde to Peter H Harget, 20 acres	250
John Harget to Joshua Hargeisen, 22½ acres	200
Frank Overroeder to Jos Haas 8 acres	100
Perry Hyde to J S Bruce, 20 acres	250
O & C R R Co to W P & P Co, 7.67 acres	75
W S Wallace by sheriff to J P Wallace, 20 acres	320
Thos Johns to J P Wallace, 2 lots Goltra's Park	1
David K Michael to W A Fruit, 80.77 acres	250
Jos Haas to F Overroeder 10 acres	190
A L Looney to Letty A Needham, 2 pieces land	400
A Beard to W O and Albert Hudson, 95.28 acres and several lots Tangent	3500
W A Bland to E R Huston, 2 lots H's 2nd ad	100
T P Haas to J H Book, 60 acres	640
A B Culver to W E Gilbert et al, 1 lot bl 53 H's 2nd ad	120
Amanda W Sculley to Louis Warnke, 17 acres	1250
F E E Hindman to C B Cauthorn, 1 lot Lebanon	700
W B Lawler to J F Medina and G C Howard, the Lawler Consolidated Group—Santiam	1
R D DeVaney to M E Allen, 60 acres	600

NO ROMANCE IN IT.

The Letter Came at Last, But It Did Not Contain What He Had Expected.

"It must have been quite a year ago," said the general delivery clerk at the post office, relates the Detroit Free Press, "that a man came in one day and inquired for a letter in his name, and he looked much disappointed when I could find none to hand out. Since that day, up to a week ago, he has been coming twice a week, most always when I was on duty, and as no letter for him ever arrived I had considerable curiosity regarding his case. In fact, I built up a romance around him. I took it that he might have separated from his wife in some distant town and was hoping to hear from her and make up the quarrel, and I actually came to feel hard toward her because she refused to write. It seemed to me that the man was failing in health as he lost hope, and now and then I gave him a cheerful word to brace him up. A week ago I saw his name on a letter, and next time he called I passed it out with the remark:

"'Here is your long-expected letter at last, and I hope it contains good news.'

"He stepped away from the window to read it, and after a few minutes he came back to say:

"'I didn't get it.'

"'What was it?'

"'Why, I sent to my brother-in-law in Pittsburg almost a year ago to borrow a dollar to buy some porous plasters, and he writes me that he can't well spare it, and that I'd better use mustard instead!'"

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 leucorrhoea, 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 Lady's 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.

Albany - - - Oregon.

LUMBER

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

ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER

Address

W. C. MILLER & Son,

Jordan - Oregon.

Stewart & Sox Hwd. Co.

ALBANY, OREGON

Hardware, Stoves and Tinware, 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.

Agents for WHITE SEWING MACHINES

The Liverpool and London and Globe Ins. Co.

OF ENGLAND,

IRA A. PHELPS, Agent, Scio, Ore.

Assets in the United States - - $9,804,902.

This Company has been writing Insurance in the United States since 1818, 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

SCIO LIVERY AND FEED STABLES

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.