

The Scio News.

VOL. V.

SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, JULY 11, 1902.

NO. 37.

The Scio News.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT
SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON.
By IRA A. PHELPS.

TERMS
For annum, in advance, \$1.00
For six months, in advance, .75
For three months, in advance, .50
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 as 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. BILVEU, 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

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

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, Van Vleeton..... 11:45 P. M.
Train leaves Albany..... 11:55 P. M.
arrives Van Vleeton..... 12:05 P. M.

No. 1, returning..... 7:00 A. M.
Leaves Corvallis..... 7:15 A. M.
Arrives Albany..... 7:30 P. M.

No. 3, P. P. Defiance..... 1:00 P. M.
Leaves Albany..... 1:15 P. M.
Arrives Defiance..... 1:30 P. M.

No. 4, from Defiance..... 6:30 A. M.
Leaves Albany..... 6:45 A. M.
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 the P. P. north bound train
for Portland.

Train No. 1 connects with the S. P. West
3:30 train at Corvallis Crossing, for Independence,
McMinnville and all points north to
Portland.

EDWIN STONE, Manager
T. W. TUNNEY, Agent, Albany.

F. 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, OREGON.

Road Add South

—VIA—

Southern Pacific Co.

SHASTA ROUTE.

Trains leave West Scio for Portland
and way stations at 10:55 a. m. Leave
for Albany at 3:05 p. m.

Leave Portland 8:50 a. m., 7 p. m.
Albany 12:30 p. m., 10:30 p. m.
Arrives Astoria 12:30 p. m., 11:30 a. m.
Surrendered 1 p. m., 4:35 a. m.
San Francisco 7:40 p. m., 9:15 a. m.

Oregon 4:45 a. m., 11:45 a. m.
Coville 9 a. m., 4 p. m.
Klamath 7:25 a. m., 9:30 a. m.
Chicago 7:40 a. m., 9:30 a. m.
Los Angeles 1:20 p. m., 7 a. m.
El Paso 9 p. m., 4 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 12:45 p. m., 12:45 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
various lines for Honolulu, Japan, China,
Philippines, Central and South America.

See Mrs. M. E. Woodhouse, 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

Ideal Rifle.

No. 44.

Price Only \$10.00.

Made in all the standard calibers
both Rim and Center Fire.
Weight about 7 pounds. Standard
barrel for rim fire cartridges,
24 inches. For center-fire cartridges,
26 inches.

If these rifles are not carried in stock
by your dealer, send proof and we will
send it to you express prepaid.

Send stamp for catalog describing complete
line and containing valuable in-
formation to shooters.

THE J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL CO.

P. O. Box 1230 CHICOPÉE FALLS, MASS.

First to arrive with the telegraphic
news—The Weekly Oregonian.

After Twenty Years

By William Wendham.

MAJ. GILLESPIE, was distinctly
old-fashioned. "Old-fashioned" and
out of date and irritable and cranky,
by George, sir," said he to himself as
he studied the line numbers along
casualty to keep into something
like cheerfulness. "Even my fire won't
burn. I've jawed every man in the
office to-day, quarreled with every
agent I have seen, bullied the janitor
and spent the intervening time in hat-
ing myself. I guess Eastman is right.
I can't get into some sort of harmony
with things in general."

What was it all worth, anyway—
these days and nights of toil? To be
sure, he was successful, far beyond the
measure that comes to the average
man; his reputation was high in the
profession—the greatest cases came
to him, and he generally won them.
His name stood high in the communi-
ty, and honors on the bench or in po-
litical life waited him at any time he
would accept them. But these things
held no fascination for him. For 20
years his life had been centered in
this old-fashioned law office. He had
enjoyed no social life and little com-
panionship with his fellows, excepting
his relations with his partners, his
clients and his opponents in the
court. He trembled to think of the
result should he lose interest in his
work.

And yet it had not been always so.
Nor was he by nature destined for a
life apart from his fellows. In his
younger days he had been a prince of
good fellows, and had numbered his
friends by the score.

But this was before the broken chap-
ter in his life, and that broken chap-
ter had changed all the rest of the
story. He thought as he tried to ex-
plain a drawer, took from it an old da-
ngerous-type, going back to his seat,
he contemplated the portrait long and
earnestly. It was the face of a beauti-
ful, high-spirited, impetuous girl.

This was the face which had caused
the broken chapter. As he looked at
the old dangerous-type his features soft-
ened and he lived over again the old
days when all the horizon was rose-
colored. This was very happy when he
was a boy. He was accounted a smart
boy and was making strides in his pro-
fession, and every effort and every an-
ticipation was centered upon Amy Lester.
She liked him, too—the girl who didn't
like that. Even now, at a distance of 20
years and with the keenest knowledge
of men and affairs, he did not doubt
that she loved him in the old days.

They had been youthful sweethearts
and had built all the air castles of two
lives upon a united future. Then came
the spring on Summer and the call to
arms by President Lincoln. The blood
of the major quickened a little even
at this distance of a quarter of a cen-
tury as he recollected the thrill with
which that call had been received in his
delicious month or two and he had
found himself at the front. There
ruled before the memory of the major
all the excitement, the dangers, the
deprivations, the heroisms of that
dreadful four years; his steady ad-
vancement until he was mustered out
a major of volunteers.

The perspiration rolled from his
face as he remembered his home-
coming and found that Amy had
plighted her troth to another—one far
richer than he and the choice of her
family. He had never asked her to
marry him. He had always supposed
it to be understood. They had written
continually, and although her let-
ters had grown more formal he had
been as engaged in his soldierly pro-
fession that he had scarcely had the
time to wonder what the cause was.
So the full knowledge of the truth
when he arrived home, nearly knocking
"it" his feet. His great pride kept him
from doing anything to prevent her
marriage, even had it been possible,
and so she had faded from his life,
with her all the joy and all the hope
he had ever cherished. Then followed
the weary years in the profession to
which he had turned.

A knock aroused the dreamer, and
hastily stuffing the picture in his
pocket he opened the door. It was a
card from one of his most profitable
clients, for whom he had recently won
a hard-fought lawsuit.

"Show him in," granted the major,
grudgingly.

Accordingly in bustled Peter Van-
delmeier, prosperous, pushing, self-
complacent, but apparently somewhat
worried.

"You have got to get possession of
that Fletcher property, that's all there
is to it, major," said Vandelmier, as
he seated himself and mopped his
forehead. "Oh, I know you are not a
sheriff or a marshal or anything of
that kind," he went on, as he observed
the major's frowning face. "But what
will our decision do us unless we get
possession of the property? There is a
funny condition down there. A bit
of a girl—grandchild of old man
Fletcher—is in possession, and she
seems to be too much for the officers.
They have failed utterly to get her out
and have about given it up as a bad
job. We have got two more days ac-
cording to the verdict. Now, I want
you to go to Cherrystone yourself. You
will have all the officers you want, but
they are frightened and need some-
body to direct them. Name your own
fee, of course, but you've got to go.
You know how important it is to our
general plan that we get possession."
The result was that Maj. Gillespie

found himself the next afternoon at
the depot of the little town of Cherrys-
tone some 40 miles from home.

After making some inquiries at the
country tavern he decided to begin op-
erations at once, so as to end the dis-
agreeable task as soon as possible, and
was driven to the Fletcher homestead
on the outskirts of the town. He went
to get the lay of the land and left the
officers sent with him, at the tavern.

He found an old-fashioned country
place—a big, homelike house sur-
rounded with great trees in the midst
of a farm of great natural beauty,
growing meadows and fruitful fields
traversed by a rippling brook.

In response to the knocker a grim
old woman opened the front door far
enough to let the major see that it was
fastened with a chain, and in re-
sponse to his request to see Miss
Fletcher she told to wait on the porch
and she would see him there. As the
major stood smiling at the crude at-
tempt to thwart the edict of the law,
and inwardly fuming at the trivial ne-
cessity for taking him so far from his
snug bachelor apartments, the door
opened and immediately he heard the
chain rattle into place again. Turn-
ing, he lifted his hat to the girlish fig-
ure in the doorway. It was a perfect
type of a budding womanhood, the
major noted briefly, just before his
eyes rested on her face. Then with a
start he had dropped from his hand
and he grasped the railing for sup-
port.

"Amy!" he gasped, his hand seeking
his brow with a gesture of bewilder-
ment. For there before him in the
flesh stood Amy Lester, the sweet-
heart of his boyhood, just as she had
looked on the day he had left her to
go to the war. Not a day older, not a
feature changed! And he knew she
had fled these ten years ago. Had he
lost his mind? Had some evil overtaken
him in the prime of life? He stood
transfused, with trembling limbs and
starting eyes.

"As a Fletcher, if you please, sir,"
replied the young woman, with some
spirit. "And what is your business
here, may I ask?"

"I must beg your pardon," said he,
with a gesture of grace. "You remem-
ber me so strongly of an old and very dear
friend."

"You were a friend of mamma's
then?" inquired the girl. "Her name
was Amy Lester?"

"Yes, she was once a very dear
friend of mine," replied the major
gravely.

The girl, who had been standing de-
fiantly, with eyes flashing, softened
visibly.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came. I'm
in the most dreadful trouble, and they
are trying to take the old place away
from me. I don't know what to do. I'll
never let them. I'll die first. Grand-
pa told me never to let them do it, and
that they had no right, and I won't
do it. She liked me, too—the girl who
didn't know anything about business, law
or anything to combat all those men
I used a friend. Indeed I do, and if you
were a friend of mamma's you will be
a friend of mine. I know you are kind
and honest. I know you are true. Tell
me—tell me what to do."

"Tell me all about it," he said, with
a tremor in his voice.

They sat down on the rustic bench
under the maple tree, and the major
diverly figure thrilled as it had not for
20 years, and he could not realize that
it was not the other woman—the woman
of 20 years ago—who was seated be-
fore him, as she had been so often in
the old days. She told him her pa-
thetic story—how she had been left
an orphan to her grandfather's care,
how he had died, and she was in the
midst of a quarrel with a big land-
lady that sought to acquire his prop-
erty, and had told her that the nego-
tiations had not been closed, though
some papers had passed, she warned
her never to yield possession of the
property. Then there had been law-
suits, and now they were trying to
take her from the home in which she
was born and to deprive her of all she
had in the world. Going further into
the matter, the major learned many
things that had passed him during the
trial of the case involving the prop-
erty, and discovered how a great in-
justice had been wrought.

"Do not be afraid," said he, rising ab-
ruptly. "You will be harassed no
more."

He went straight back to the city,
and there was an interview with Van-
delmeier—the stormier. It was said,
that ever occurred in the major's old-
fashioned back room—and the result
was that certain checks bearing the
major's signature passed to Van-
delmeier and the deed to the Fletcher
estate passed to Amy Fletcher.

There was the glow of long-deferred
youth on his face and the agility of a
boy in his soldierly carriage as he
sprang up the steps with the deed in
his pocket. She did not entertain him
on the veranda this time, and before
the day was over she invited him to
enjoy a short season on the estate he had
won for her—she did not know at
what cost. He remembered Eastman's
admonition that he needed a vacation,
and he decided to spend it.

There really is no need of telling the
rest of this story, for the major was
in the very prime of life, despite his
iron-gray hair, for a life of modera-
tion and regularity had left him in per-
fect health, and she had been drawn
to him from the first by that subtle at-
traction always felt by daughters for
the unsuccessful suitor for the moth-
er's hand. As for the major, he never
could realize that it was not his Amy
of old to whom he was paying court.

It might be added that after the wed-
ding the major, greatly to the delight
of his partner, abandoned the old-
fashioned office and the firm moved
into palatial quarters in the newest
building in the city.

Real Estate Transfers.

Velma Backus to Lulu Lewis,
161.64 acres; \$1.

Geo. Nolte to A. A. Galbraith, 104
acres; \$1.

J. B. Bennett, receiver, to George
Nolte et al, 104 acres; \$600.

I. C. Robnett to V. W. Robnett, 40
acres; \$1000.

Wm. Halston to T. J. Haunsh, 2.84
acres; \$284.

F. N. Hank to N. R. Adams, 5.46
acres; \$500.

Henry Williams to W. H. Davis,
109x106 feet, 1/4 in Albany; \$2000.

J. A. McBride to Frank B. McBride,
80 acres; \$1.

John Cummings to Geo. B. Cum-
mings, 4 acres; \$1.

G. W. Wright to Mrs. Josephine
McKinnon, lots 2 and 3, 1/4 1, W's ad
Albany; \$200.

G. P. Scott to Geo. D. Barton, 532.55
acres in two tracts; \$1.

I. C. Shelton to A. Gronick, 113.80
acres; \$1747.

C. D. Miller to Hattie Moore, 40
acres; \$1.

C. D. Miller to Robbie B. Brandon,
1 acres; \$1.

C. D. Miller to Beulah A. Miller,
37.87 acres; \$1.

C. D. Miller to Bob M. Miller, 50
acres; \$1.

SAILOR'S NARROW ESCAPE.

**Walls Overboard, and is Surrounded
by Sharks When
Rescued.**

Nylus Johnson, a sailor, on board
the British steamer Ellany, which
recently arrived at Mobile, Ala., from
St. Vincent, Cape Verde islands, had a
most thrilling experience while the
steamer was on the voyage to that
port. Shortly after leaving St. Vin-
cent, and when the vessel was some-
thing more than 100 miles to sea,
Johnson, who was going about his
duties on deck, went to one side to
attend to some lines. Leaving the
over the railing, he lost his balance
and plunged head first into the wa-
ter. Several men on deck saw John-
son as he fell, and signaled for the
engines to be reversed at the same
time throwing a life preserver to
him, but this he failed to get, as the
steamer was running full speed. The
Ellany was going a speed of ten or twelve
knots per hour, and although the
engines were reversed, she had gone
a good distance from where John-
son fell overboard before a boat could be
lowered.

Johnson, in the meantime, was
struggling to keep himself afloat,
knowing that some one would come
to his rescue. He divested himself of
all his clothing, thus making the task
of swimming in the high seas much
easier. Every time the sharks would
approach him, Johnson would beat
the water and yell at the top of his
voice in an effort to scare them away.

Johnson was almost exhausted
with swimming and calling for help
when Second Mate Anshorn and First
Officer Nicholson, who put out in a
small boat as soon as the vessel had
been stopped, rowed up and pulled
the almost exhausted form into the
boat. They rowed back to the steam-
er and were hauled on board. John-
son was overcome from his long stay
in the water and his thrilling experi-
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