The Santiam News.

D. C. HUMPHREY, Publisher.

SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, 20, FEBRUARY 1903

EDITORIAL.

A western editor recently announced that for just one issue he would tell the truth, the whole truth. Here is one item from the issue: "Married—Miss Sylvia Smith and James Cranahan, last Saturday, at the Baptist parsonage the bride is a very ordinary girl about town who doesn't know any more than a sabbit about cooking, and never helped her poor mother three days in ner life, and she is not a beauty by a long shot, and has a gate like a duck. The groom is known as an up to-date loafer, and has been living off his mother all his life, and don't amount to any thing nohow. They will have a tough time of it, and with hold congratulations, for we don't believe any good can came from such a marriage"

We have the spectacle of a father and mother near Drain, by the name of Gibbs, leaving their little 3 year old girl alone in the house a mile and a half from any neighbors with a fire burning. Three hours later they returned to find the house in ashes and the child a black heap of charred remains. Such wilful neglect carelessness ought to be reached by the law. Parents should be more careful of their children. Let the horribleness of this happening make others careful and more thoughtful about their helpless and dependent little ones.—Eugene Register.

A Tennessee paper says that in one of the mountain counties only one man took a newspaper and the citizens from some distance would gather in to hear it read when it came. A listener one day asked what the republicans were doing in Congress. "Oh," replied the reader "they're playing the dickens over there; they have passed a law adding two months to the year, and the worst of it they are both winter months." "Blast their fool souls," said the listener, "and I'm nearly out of fodder."

[illegible] nounced that he would write an article on "Hell, and who would be there." Soon he received letters from one lawyer, one preacher, two bankers, four newspaper men, three physicians, four druggists, three undertakers and the postmaster, threatening that if he mentioned their names they would stop their paper and sue him for slander.—Exchange.

Attorney General Crawford recently rendered a decision that though residing in one district school children may attend school in another district and take thier money with them. A child residing in a district adjoining another district where he desires to attend school, may do so by presenting a written request from parent or guardian, accompanied by a written permit from the board of directors of his district to the board directors of the district he desires to enter.

An Iowa paper reported a county fair as follows: The poultry exhibit consisted of two bantams and an owl In the horticultural hall one sack of corn and two cows made the stock display. Thursday the owl ate the chickens and the cow ate the corn and the fair adjourned."

The total cost of the present session of the Oregon legislature will be in the vicinity of $350,000. This figure does not include the exenses of the "third house" which are said to reach an immense sum.

circui court.

Judge R P Boise Thursday afternoon held an adjourned session of department No. 2 of the Circuit Court' when the following buisness was transacted:

In Muehelendorf agt. Monteith default was taken.

In Churchill agt. Churchill, partition suit, sale of real propevty confirmed.

Wrigt, Bledget and Co. agt. The Astoria Co. Commissioners ordered for examination of witnesses at Sainaw, Mtdh. and Lake Charles.

Dorris agt. Kirk. At issue on motion for judgement for defendant on pleadings plaintiff permitted to reply.

Wade H. Davis agt. Lelard Davi sSale confirmed as to two tracts and reordered as to 452 acre tract upon bid increasing price over ten per cent and costs.

Robison agt. Hamilton, continued.

In Rudd agt. Earl and Smith agt. Woodmanse, M. S. Garland appointed guardian of minor defendants.

C. H. James agt. I. E. Richardson continued.

Court adjourned.

THE STATE LEGISLATURE

The following bills have passee both houses;

Senate bill 102, by Daly, provding for rebuilding or repair of public buildings injured or destroyed by fire.

Senate bill 116, by wehrung, to allow County Courts to appropriate money for advertising.

Senate bill 37, by Myers to provide for the creation of associations for the cremation of dead bodies.

Senate bill 3, by Masters, to have the death penalty executed at the state penitentiary.

Senate bill 98, by Smith of Umatill to amend section 376 [illegible] has physicians arriving in the state may secure licenses on presentation of a certificate from another state organized by this state.

Senate bill 97, by Steiwer, forbidding peddlers to sell their goods at private sale without securing a licence from the County Clerk, with amendments.

Senate bill 168, by McGinn, to give all titles the right to appropriate private property.

The effort to make the associated press a common carrier was of course defeated. The appropriations for the state normal schools will be cut down from $116,000 appropriated two years ago, to $88,136. Drain was dropped entirely but by some awful squirming got into line. Oregon should support only two normal schools.

Mulkley's pet local option bill, a good one by the way, was juggled and defeated, by beaing indefinitely postponed.

Hobson's senate bill providing for transportation of insane patient by attendants passed the house.

Bill providing for special election under referendum on Lewis and Clark bill

A Marion county bill places the salary of assessor and deputies at $3,000 $800 for deputy recorder, $200 for transportation expenses of superintendent and $4 a day for commissioners.

A FEW FARMNOTES

[illegible] N Y agricultural experiment station finds that in forcing lettuce stables manure should be added to chemical fertilizer.

A gasoline engine boom seems to be on. Many farmers report enthusiastically on them through the various farm papers.

Poor Ben Davis! Not a few people think they see his finish.

Lettuce in frames needs plenty of air whenever the tempature is at the thawing point or above

The commercial developement of pest hogs is gaining some attention in New England as well as in Illinois and wisconsin.

It takes pluck to aquire fruit from your neighbor's tree.

Beauty wins the admiration while specting horses as well as in looking at paintings or engravings. No other quality exerts a greater influence on the selling value of market horses.

Mixing warm with cold milk hastens decompositions.

Estimate the number of seeds on a single plant of ragweed or wild carrot, or on any familiar weed and you will not be surprised at the number of tiny seedlings which are later to await you the weed is more prolific than the grain.

You can shear your sheep about May or any time when the weather is warm enough; after that you may let them go free for the rest of the year.

NOTICE.

Bids will be received up to Feb. 20, 1903, by the committee on Fire, Light and Water of the city of Scio, for the erection of the city's steel tower.

Plans and specifications can be seen with the chairman of said committee A bond will be required from the contractor. The committee reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

W. A. Ewing,
Chairman.

A Legacy of the Grip.

Is often a run-down system. Weakness, nervousness, lack of appetite, energy and ambition with disordered liver and kidneys often follow an attack of this wretched disease. The greatest need then is Electric Bitters, the splendid tonic blood purifies and regulster of Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Thousands have proved that they wonderfully strengthen the nerves, build up the system, and restore to health and good spirits after an attack of Grip. If suffering try them. Only 50c. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed by E. C. Peery.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers
The famous little pills.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Peas and beans 5c per can at R. E. Hibler's.

Don't throw your old shoes away Take them to J. Andrlik, He will do you a good job, Shoes half soled for 50c.

C. H. Buck pays special attention to ladies and childrens hair dressing, and the ladies are invited to call at any time. Prices reasonable.

No money is so easily earned as that saved in buying here—here is a good place to save—now a good time to begin at Bickner Bros.

J. Anderlik will repair your shoes good and cheap.

Finest Whiskey and Liquors at Gem Saloon.

Cyrus Noble and other celebrated brands of whiskey at Gem Saloon.

Gem Saloon is the best resort in town. All kinds of Beverages.

The finest California Wines for family and medical use at the Gem Saloon.

The best brands of Cigars and Whiskey at the Gem Saloon.

White Rye Whiskey, 15 years old at the Gem Saloon.

G. Crawford the well known Albany photographer, has fitted up on 2d street, between Lyon and Ellsworth, the finest gallery in the valley. The very latest appliances are used, and prices are very low. Mr. Crawford has no superior as an artist and invites you to call and see for yourself when in that city.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

The best and most famous compound in the world to conquer aches and kill pains. Cures Cuts heal Burns and Bruises, subdues Inflammation masters Piles. Millions of Boxes sold yearly. Works wonders in Boils, Ulcers, Felons Skin Eruptions. It cures or no pay. 25c at E C. Peery's drug store.

A New C. & E. Agent.

Mr. Thos. Crockerl has been appointed agent of the Corvallis Eastern, at Albany, to succeed the late John Turner and has taken charge of the business of the office. Mr. Cockerell has been agent at Mill City for some time and is said to be an efficient railroad man

PRAYERS FOR A STIPEND.

French Abbe Who Has Made a Town Prosperous by a Novel Traffic.

There is a small village in the department of the Sarthe, in France, that has arisen from poverty to affluence by means of prayer furnished on demand for a consideration. The cure of the village, a certain Abbe Buguet, was as poor as his flock. But he was not content to stay that way and, being a man of imagination, he looked around for some means by which he could better the condition of his people and incidentally his own. He finally hit upon an idea, says a London exchange. He learned to set type, bought a secondhand hand press and set up, printed and published a leaflet in which he discoursed upon the efficacy of prayer. Then he made a business proposition to his flock. He would pray for them, for their children and for their dead for an annual subscription of one sou. In other words, he would take charge of all their prayers for one sou a year. The idea appealed to his parishioners and all of them subscribed. With the little sums thus acquired he printed more leaflets and distributed them throughout the neighboring country and every leaflet seemed to bring in a new subscriber.

To-day he has many thousands of subscribers who live in all parts of the world, and Montligeon, which was once little more than a collection of hovels, is a prosperous town. It has a church that is a cathedral. It has wide streets lighted by electric lights, a post office, waterworks and cab service. And in the center of the town is a large white building where Abbe Buguet, with eight almoners, 15 interpreters, 20 secretaries and a crowd of clerks, proceeds with his work of supplying prayers. More than 1,500 letters come each day, each of them containing at least the required sou, and most of them having a much larger sum. A part of these letters ask for prayers and these are divided among various needy priests in the neighborhood, who thus are able to add considerable to their meager incomes. All the voluntary offerings go into the general treasury and are used for the benefit of the town and the valley in which it is situated. The mayor of the town is the cashier and the principal councilors are the secretaries or chief accountants and Abbe Buguet is manager of all. It is the most profitable prayer factory in the world.

The English language of to-day is quite different in many respects from the English spoken only 100 years ago; on the other hand, the Dutch spoken by the Boers of South Africa does not differ greatly from the same language spoken 200 years ago, the Boers during that time having had very little intercourse with the mother country, and so their language remains almost fixed. Many languages are devoid of certain sounds quite familiar to us. The Chinese, for instance, has no sound equivalent to our "r." For America, a Chinaman says "Yamelika." The Society islanders could not pronounce either "c" or "k," and the nearest approach they could make to the name of the celebrated navigator, Cook, who visited their shores, was "Tut."

AN EXASPERATING BLUNDER

"WHY, Oliver, what possessed you to think that Cousin Berta was engaged?" exclaimed Edith Ranken.

Then she began to laugh, and looked over at Cousin Berta, who sat at some distance reading a book, and quite too far away to hear her cousin's merry laugh, or form any guess as to the cause of it.

"It's too ridiculous," continued Edith. "But do tell me, Oliver, what put it into your head to think that Berta was engaged?"

"Well, I don't know that I thought it all of my own unaided fancy," returned Oliver Blount, as he leaned against the trunk of one of the great cherry trees to which Miss Ranken's hammock was tied.

"Somebody told me she was engaged, Edith. I forget now who it was. But since I've answered your question, now answer mine. What is there so very amusing in the thought of Berta's engagement?"

"Well, it's ridiculous," laughed Edith again. "You see, she's so brown—so very, very brown."

"Yes," replied young Blount, turning his gaze for a moment toward the object of their remarks, "she certainly is brown."

"And then, bringing his gaze back again, he allowed it to rest somewhat critically and very admiringly on the fair maiden lying in the hammock, and his thought was:

"And you, fairest Edith, are so blonde—so very blonde."

He continued aloud:

"But that is no good reason why Beta should not be engaged. There is no objection to a pretty girl being brown. Some people have been known to prefer them so."

"Goodness! Do you think Beta pretty?" exclaimed Edith, in her sudden interest raising herself on her elbow, and immediately being nearly capsized.

"Mr. Blount caught her, and as she really was half-thrown into his arms, he had no choice but to hold her there an instant while he steadied the hammock, and then to lay her head back on the silken cushion.

And in that moment's contact Edith felt that they had more nearly returned to the relation of two years ago than at any time during their renewed acquaintanceship, about a week before this date.

Somehow their thoughts drifted back to those bygone days, and, instead of talking any more of Cousin Beta, Edith began to remind Oliver of many a long-forgotten incident of their previous acquaintence.

And so the minutes passed in these reminiscences of old times, until the gong sounded for dinner, and everybody about the grounds rose from their various places and sauntered toward the hotel.

Edith Ranken had been as much in love with Oliver Blount as such girls ever are with any one except themselves.

In other words, she had known that he was the catch of the season. She would have been quite willing to marry him, and she quite intended that he should be desperately in love with her before many weeks had passed.

"There, Carmena, that will do!" concluded Miss Rankin, aloud, as she slipped away from the fingers of her maid, and, catching up a great bunch of roses, pinned them in her belt as she floated downstairs, and presently entered the dining-room redolent of beauty and perfume.

But Oliver Blount did not so much as raise his eyes at her entrance, and Edith saw that his gaze was riveted on the shy, sensitive face of her cousin, seated opposite.

And, to her intense chagrin, she was conscious of a peculiar expression on Berta's countenance—a something she could neither define nor understand, but which, she felt vaguely, indicated that they were not strangers, as she supposed.

"Can it be possible they have known each other? Where could she have met him? But it's impossible. She never could have known him! She must have spoken of it to me, some time, as often as she has heard me speak of him; and if she has known him all this time, and not spoken of it, there's some mystery, some secret between them. Oh! the sly creature! Commend me to these quiet, reticent girls for deceit."

Whatever else Miss Ranken was, she certainly was not reticent, and she lost no time in asking her cousin plainly in regard to her acquaintance with Oliver Blount.

"Berta, you never mentioned that you had met Oliver," she said, the first moment she found herself alone with her cousin.

"I don't know that I have, Edith!" returned Berta.

And a bright pink, that Edith saw was very becoming, flushed up to the girl's clear, brown cheek.

"Of course you don't—as often as you've heard me speak of him! How anyone can be so deceitful!"

"Edith!" said Berta, with evident pain. "I never thought of deceiving you or anyone. How could I think it would interest you to know that I had met Mr. Blount?"

She could not have told her cousin that even to speak that name was a liberty she seldom allowed herself, and then only in the sacred silence of her own thoughts.

"Well, tell me all about it now!" exclaimed Miss Ranken, impatiently. "Where did you meet him?"

"Last summer, when I was traveling with Mrs. Marston. She is a distant cousin of his, and one of the children is called after him—"

"Dear me—how touching!" thought Edith, while Berta continued, unsuspecting her cousin's disagreeable thoughts.

"It was in Switzerland that Mr. Blount joined our party, and as I had the whole care of the children, sometimes he accompanied us when we went on excursions. I don't think Mrs. Marston had any idea how dangerous it was, or else she never would have allowed me to take the children. One day there was a snow-slide, and I chanced to become aware of it before anyone else. The children were safe, but Mr. Blount was directly in the way of it, and I managed to drag him backward just as the immense mountain of snow came thundering down, and crashed into a ravine, almost alongside of us. Another moment, it would have struck him and carried him down along with it."

"Good gracious! How romantic!" exclaimed Edith. "Then you saved his life?"

"He chose to think so," said Berta, coldly. "But it was a mere chance. If anyone else had been there, it would have been the same thing."

She turned away, and presently left the room, and Edith saw very plainly that she would not be questioned further on the subject.

"She's in love with him, and doesn't know it," thought the more experienced girl, "and be careful. Some one says pity is akin to love, and already she has the enormous claim upon his attention of having saved his life. But gratitude isn't love, and I don't believe a man likes to feel that a woman has saved his life. Any way, I must devise some means of keeping them apart."

"To think you should have been right about Berta being engaged!" said Edith that same evening to Oliver Blount.

They were on the veranda, and the shadow of the vines made the dusk of twilight so deep that Blount's sudden start was not seen by his companion; but had the light been less dim she might even have noticed a slight paling of his handsome countenance as he said:

"Is she really engaged, then? I'm sure I wish her all happiness. I knew her slightly last year when I was abroad, and I think her a lovely character. But who is the happy man—if it is not an indiscreet question?"

"Ah, I can't tell you that just yet! She hasn't given me her entire confidence; but she wears his ring. I have seen her kiss it again and again, as if it contained the whole world for her in that little heart that is carved on the stone. Such a curious ring it is!"

Oliver's own heart gave a sudden bound as he listened.

"Then it is to the giver of the ring that she is engaged?" he asked.

"Why, certainly—to whom else? She wears it on her engagement finger; and no girl ever kissed a ring as I have seen Berta kiss hers, unless she was crazy in love with the giver of it."

Blount made no remark; but Edith did not doubt that she had produced the right effect on his mind, and perhaps she had; but she would have been tolerably mystified if she could have known just what this effect was. To her amazement the revelation she had made to him had not the effect she anticipated. Oliver neglected all opportunity of devoting himself to the fair Edith, and was constant as her shadow to the shy brown Berta.

"The man must be going crazy. I believe the sly creature has bewitched him," thought Edith, almost in despair, as she watched him walking along beside Berta one day, his head bent low to catch the murmured words.

Her gaze followed him till they disappeared within an arbor all overgrown with honeysuckle; and then curiosity, not untouched with jealousy, overcame all other feelings, and Edith flew toward the arbor, and, hidden by the wild growth of vines, listened to the voices within.

"You wear my ring, Berta, dear," Oliver was saying, "and you promised to wear it forever as a token of my gratitude. You would not let me say more at that time; but now you must listen to me, darling, and promise to wear another ring—a plain gold one—as a token of my heart's devotion to the only woman I can ever love."

"Oh, Mr. Blount—Oliver!" faltered Berta; but she did not draw away from the encircling arm. "How can you care for me? And Edith—I always thought—I'm sure she thinks, too—"

Edith's cheeks began to flame with rage and mortification. She felt a disposition to strangle her cousin before she could say anything further, and she had to bite her lips to keep from crying out.

"Oh, no; the fair Edith knows better than that; besides," added Oliver, seizing Berta's hand and kissing it, "but for her I would never have dared to tell you the secret of my heart; it was Edith herself who told me that she had seen you kiss this little ring of mine in such a way that she knew you loved the giver."

An exclamation she could not repress burst from Edith's pale lips.

"Oh, what a fool I have been!" she muttered. "I actually have played the girl's game for her."

But the lovers were too much occupied to hear any voice just then except their own low murmurings; and Miss Ranken, with a sudden feeling that she had heard enough, glided away from the overhanging vines and hastened back to the hotel.

Bitter, almost unendurable, was her humiliation; but she was sufficiently a woman of the world to hide it from all eyes. And her voice was loudest of all in hearty congratulations when, in the course of a few days, the announcement was formally made of Berta's engagement.—N. Y. Weekly.

The news of both hemispheres—in The Weekly Oregonian.

You Know What You Are Taking

When you are taking Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure no pay. Price 50c.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve
For Piles, Burns, Sores.

DOWN IN THE WORLD.

Man Who Was Once Governor of New Mexico Working at Job Printing.

Once a United States senator from Kansas and later the governor of New Mexico, E. G. Ross is working at the case in a job printing office in Albuquerque. Here is what the Albuquerque correspondent of the Boston Transcript says of the old man: "When I called on him recently I found him in his woodyard, in the rear of his house—a rusty, bent, decrepit-looking old man. With an old handsaw he was, with painful effort, wresting from the trunk of a fallen pinion the wood with which to cook his dinner. The former senator is perforce his own man-of-all-work. His appearance in these small duties is even more pathetic than that he presents when, every evening as regularly as the neighboring whistle blows, he appears upon the streets in faded garb of ancient cut, bending upon his cane, looking neither up nor aside, recognizing no one, doing his few errands, again to return from his self-chosen isolation of the crowded streets to the greater seclusion of his home. He bears ever a hunted and a haggard look."

The Craze for Titles.

Said a Washington society woman recently, according to the Star: "I really did not know how perfectly absurd the tacking of the husband's title to the wife's name appeared until one night last week, when I attended some kind of a charitable function arranged by the pupils and teachers of one of the city schools where my 12-year-old daughter is enrolled. I was introduced right and left as 'Mrs. Congressman So-and-So.' Now, it is bad enough to have some one always saying Mrs. So-and-So, wife of Congressman,' etc. My husband is a representative, one of a number from his state, and not a single vote was cast for me. At this function I met 'Mrs. Senator' Blank, 'Mrs. Judge' S., 'Mrs. General' X. and a string of other 'titled' women. The climax was capped, however, by my young daughter, who brought me a very pretty, personable young girl whom she introduced as Miss Janitor Z. Before I recovered from the shock of this title an elderly woman appeared on the scene, whom my daughter immediately presented as 'Mrs. Janitor' Z. Mrs. Janitor Z. smiled a little as she acknowledged the introduction, then remarked in a perfectly self-possessed manner: 'My husband is the janitor, not I. Is it not odd how children ape the manners of their elders?' Which was something of a slap at me, though unintended. But, after all, if it is 'Mrs. General,' why not also 'Mrs. Janitor?'" Why not?

HIS TOMB A WELL.

Singular Means Adopted by a Reformed Gambler to Stay Reformed.

As uncreditable as it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact, says a Mount Clemens correspondent of the Detroit Journal, that there is a man now living in this city who has dug his own grave in the side of an old deserted well, several feet down from the top, and placed a rudely constructed coffin therein in such a manner as to baffle detection. An acquaintance, bordering on to sincere friendship, for the last twenty years between the writer and this eccentric individual, is what led to the divulging of his secret. An ironclad oath not to reveal his name was demanded. He then proceeded to relate how the device and intrigues of supposed friends had led him into bad habits some years ago in this city when gambling and dissipation was at its height. He kept them up until ruin stared him in the face. Resolution after resolution to change was broken. The hated vice had him with an iron grip. "God knows," he said, "I tried hard to escape them, but like the siren in ancient mythology did these habits draw on and devour me, until I hit upon this unnatural, barbarous and monstrous idea some time ago. Since that time all desire for the fascinating but cruel siren seems to have left me. Perhaps this gruesome sight, which I often come and look at, has caused the change. But should my passion again return for the old life, and I break this my last resolve, I shall come to this old forsaken well, climb down to where that coffin is embedded, get into it, and take a sufficient amount of chloroform to produce an everlasting sleep, wrap the drapery of my overcoat around me for a shroud, and declare myself master at last."

The seriousness with which this man spoke would leave no doubt as to his present intention, should the occasion demand it. He is a man of intelligence, and is strongly averse to wrong-doing in other channels, but rather than fall back into his former rough and rugged path, and continue there, he will commit suicide, as above stated, and hide himself forever.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Nearly ten per cent. of all children learn to walk by the time they have reached their tenth month.

Dogs and cats found loose on the streets of Plymouth, Pa., are being killed because it is believed that they are responsible for the spread of smallpox there.

Pickle experts assert that the old-fashioned sour pickle of generous size has been superseded in the public fancy by the sweet pickle of modest dimensions.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers
The famous little pills.

M. G. GILL & SON

Have in Stock a COMPLETE Line of

Hardware, Tinware, Ranges, and all Kinds of Farming Implements, Washing Machines.

Come in and let us quote you prices on our CUTLERY.

[illegible] And our prices are just right, too.

COMING!

The laregegt assortment of Spring and summer

DRESS GOODS

Ever exhibited this side of Portland which are due about March 1st at

Bickner Bros. Store.

DRUGS AND STATIONERY

AT THE DRUG STORE OF

E. C. PEERY.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

has stood the test 25 years. Average Annual Sales over One and a Half Million bottles. Does this record of merit appeal to you? No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

Enclosed with every bottle is a Ten Cent package of Grove's Black Root Liver Pills.