

The Scio News.

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We buy our stock in large quantities
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and wagon material. All kinds of work in
our line done on short notice.

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Does a general banking and exchange
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—ALBANY—
LUNCH - COUNTER
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ALBANY OREGON
The best 20c meal in the valley
Open all night.

Go To The
Keystone Shaving Parlors
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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.

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OUR WANTS.
WANTED—Old rubber, brass, and
horse hair for cash. Guy McKibbin,
Scio, Oregon.

FOR SALE—Old papers at this office
at 10c per bunch of fifty.

"It repeats to you, when the frost
hangs ripe and sweet on the tree late in
February, or early in March. Then
the blossoms break out, and the trees
are yellow with golden globes, and white
with orange flowers. It may be that a
flurry of snow has whitened the moun-
tain tops, and then you have an artistic
background for a tropical forest. The
air is full of sunshine, and heavy with
fragrance as night comes on, and then
if the moon is shining, you may hear at
midnight through open windows the
singing of the mocking-bird in the scented
grove, and it never seemed so melodious
before.

An experience like this is possible any
winter, and it is worth a journey of a
thousand miles, while you can take it,
by taking the scenic Shasta Route
through the grand and picturesque Sis-
tun and Shasta Mountains, to South-
ern California. Complete information
about the trip, and descriptive matter,
telling about California, may be had
from any Southern Pacific agent or
W. E. CURAN,
Gen. Pass Agt. S. P. Co. Lines in
Oregon, Portland, Oregon.

Tendency of the Times.
The tendency of medicine science
is toward preventive measures. The
best thought of the world is being
given to the subject. It is easier
and better to prevent than to cure.
It has been fully demonstrated that
pneumonia, one of the most dan-
gerous diseases that medicine have to
contend with, can be prevented by the
use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.
Pneumonia always results
from an attack of influenza and it
has been observed that this remedy
counteracts any tendency of these
diseases toward pneumonia. This
has been fully proven in many cases
in which this remedy has been used
during the great prevalence of diph-
theria and grip in recent years and can
be relied upon with implicit confidence.
Pneumonia often results from a slight
cold when no danger is apprehended
until it is suddenly discovered that
there is fever and difficulty in
breathing and pains in the chest,
then it is announced that the pneu-
monia. Be on the safe side and
take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy
as soon as contracted. It always cures.
For sale by All Dealers.

The eight Annual County Con-
vention of the Linn County Sunday
School Association will meet this
year at Brownsville, Oregon, com-
mencing on the evening of March
4th, at 7:30 P. M., and will close on
Friday evening, March 6th. Each
Sunday school in Linn County is ex-
pected to send its officers and teach-
ers as delegates to this convention.
In case a teacher or officer cannot go,
he or she is expected to send a sub-
stitute. Entertainment will be fur-
nished free by the hospitable people
of Brownsville. This Convention
belongs to the Sunday School work
of Linn County.

One Minute Cough Cure gives re-
lief in one minute, because it kills
the microbe which tickles the mu-
cous membrane causing the cough
and at the same time clears the
phlegm draws out the inflammation
and heals and soothes the affected
parts. One Minute Cough Cure
strengthens the lungs wards off
pneumonia and is a harmless and
never failing cure in all curable cas-
es of Croup, Whooping Cough and
One Minute Cough Cure is pleasant
taste, harmless and good alike for
young and old. E. C. POORE.

A RACE WITH DEATH
Translated from the French
by Gladys D. Dyer.

"YOU are a dead man!" said the
doctor, regarding Anatole fix-
edly.
Anatole was flustered by this as-
sessment. He had come from the
evening with his old friend, Dr. Bar-
dais, the illustrious scholar, recog-
nized by all the world as an authority
on poisonous substances. But Anatole
had learned, to his surprise, more than
all the quality of heart and fatherly
kindness of the good old doctor, and
now, without consultation or regard
for his feelings he heard from his own
lips these terrible prognostications.
"Calumniate child!" exclaimed the
doctor, "what have you been doing?"
"Nothing that I know," stammered
Anatole, deeply troubled.
"Think! try to remember! Tell
me what you have eaten, drank or
inhaled?"
This last word proved a ray of light
for Anatole. The same morning he
had received a letter from one of his
friends who was touring in India. In
the letter he found a flower gathered
from the bank of the Ganges by the
river, a red flower of fantastic
shape, and the odor, he recalled now,
was peculiarly penetrating. Anatole
searched in his pocketbook and found
the letter and the flower, which he
showed to the learned man.
"Without doubt!" cried the doctor.
"It is the Pyramusian Indian, the
death flower, the flower of the blood!"
"You believe this truly?"
"I am positive of it."
"But it is not possible! I am but 25
years of age. I am full of life and
health!"
"At what hour did you open this fa-
tal letter?"
"At nine o'clock this morning."
"Ah, well! At the same hour to-
morrow morning, at the same min-
ute, in full health, as I say, you will ex-
perience certain palpitation in the
heart, and all will be over."
"And you know of no remedy?"
"Not one!" returned the doctor, hid-
ing his head in his hands, and he fell
upon the sofa, overcome with grief and
despair.

Searing the emotion of his old friend,
Anatole realized that he was con-
demned to die. He became like one in-
sane. The streets were gradually becoming
deserted. For a long while he ran
till he fell exhausted on a bench.
The rest was beneficial. He had
been like a man who had received a
blow on the head. The stupefaction
was leaving now and he commenced to
collect his ideas which had been so
overthrown.
"My situation," thought he, "is that
I am condemned to die! I must ac-
cept this without hope, but I have grace.
How much time have I to live?"
He looked at his watch.
"These o'clock a. m. It is time to
go to bed. I rest? Should I sleep
these last few hours? No, I have
certainly much to do—but what? Per-
haps I will make."

A restaurant was near that remained
open all night. He entered.
"Waiter! A bottle of champagne
and a bottle of ink."
He drank a glass of Claret and then
looked at the paper dreamily.
"To whom shall I leave this legacy
of 6,000 francs a year? I have neither
father nor mother. It is fortunate for
them. Among all whom I count as
friends, I know not one—ah! Nicolette."
The last wishes were quickly writ-
ten and all was bequeathed to Nicolette.
It was done. Anatole drank a second
glass of champagne.
"Poor Nicolette!" thought he. "She
was very sad the last time that I saw
her, and she is now the widow of the
world except those musicians,
those brass blowers at the Conserva-
toire—was not prudent in promising
her hand to one so brutal whom she
detests. Indeed, she detests him as
much as she loves another, if I am
at all learned in those plain avowals
of reticence and embarrassment. Who
is the happy mortal? I am ignorant,
but it is certainly true that she is well
worthy of the one whom she has
chosen. Good, sweet, beautiful, loving
Nicolette merits an ideal husband. Ah!
she is just the wife I should have if—
it is infamous to force, to degrade the
life of such a treasure with such a
brute. Why should I not be the
chevalier of Nicolette? It is said that
tomorrow morning—to-morrow it will
be too late. I must act now. It is a
little unseemable to call, but when
I am told that I will die in five hours
I care little for such conventionalities.
Come! My life for Nicolette!"
It was four a. m. when Anatole rang
the bell at the door of the guardian
of Nicolette. M. Bourard himself came
to the door at his night cap, and very
much frightened.
"Am I right in supposing you have
caused me this inconvenience to com-
municate something of importance to
me?"
"Very important, M. Bourard. It is
that I wish you to renounce the mar-
riage of my little cousin Nicolette to
M. Capdenac."
"Nonsense! Monsieur. Never!"
"It is not necessary to say never nor
always."
"Monsieur, my resolution is made,
the marriage will take place."
"It will not!"
"We shall see! And now that you
have my answer, I will not detain
you."
"This is a little more amiable. I am
right if a little reticent. I am not

offended at your actions and I re-
main."
"Remain if you wish. I consider
you as having gone, and I speak no
more." And M. Bourard turned away
grumbling.
All at once M. Bourard leaped for
his bed.
Anatole had secured the professor's
trunk, upon which he blew a vio-
lent blast of air, and deafening. It
sounded as if the inferno had broken
loose.
"My trunk of honor presented
by my pupils! Put down the instru-
ments, monsieur!"
"Monsieur, you consider me as one
gone. I consider you as one absent
and I am awaiting myself until you re-
turn. Here is a key!"
"You will have me put out. My
landlord will not tolerate the trum-
bone for a minute!"
"M. Capdenac is a terrible man! If
I don't hit him, he will kill me!"
"This is the only reason?"
"It is the reason above all others."
"In that case leave it to me; swear
to me that if I obtain the consent of
M. Capdenac my cousin shall be free."
"Yes, monsieur, she shall be free."
"Bravo! I have your word of honor.
You will permit me to retire. Approp-
riate, will you not, M. Capdenac?"
"One hundred Rue des Deux-Epees."
"I run at once. Au revoir."
"Bah! You run to throw yourself
into the mouth of the lion and you
return with a wounded conscience."
Meanwhile, Anatole ran to the ad-
dress given him. When he arrived it
was six o'clock a. m.
"You come?" said a deep voice.
"Yes." A commotion of im-
portance from M. Bourard.
The walls of the antechamber ap-
peared to vibrate under the numerous
accompaniments. In the little room
where Capdenac received his visitor
nothing but arms was seen; Turkish
swords or yatagans, poisoned arrows,
swords, swords for all two hands,
knives, etc. A terrible arsenal. It
was enough to cause a timid soul much
dismay.
"Bah!" thought Anatole. "What is
it that I risk? There are but 24 hours
left me!"
"Monsieur," said Anatole, "you wish
to marry Mlle. Nicolette?"
"Oh, monsieur!"
"Monsieur, you cannot marry her!"
"Ah, you are a coward!"
"You have the good luck to find me
in a pleasant mood. Profoundly it. Do
you know that I have fought 20 times,
and that I have had the misfortune to
kill five of my adversaries and to
wound 15 others? God! I pity your
youth. Once more, go!"
"I know," said Anatole, "for your
reputation with that great doctor, I
am worthy of me, and my desire is to
measure swords with so redoubtable
an adversary. Will you take the
two swords from the mantle? or the
two yatagans? or the cavalry
swords? or the cuirassiers weapons?
What do you say to these cursed yataga-
ns? You have not decided? What
will you do?"
"I like your bravery. Do you wish
me to acknowledge something?"
"Speak."
"For some time I have wished to
enter into this marriage, but I did not
know how it would be understood. I
consent, then, very willingly, to your
wish, but I wish you to understand
that I have not been intimidated by
your armaments."
"Will you write and sign your de-
cision?"
"I have such admiration for you
that I can refuse you nothing."
"Waiter! A bottle of perfume paper,
Anatole ran to the house of M. Bour-
ard. He arrived at the door at eight
a. m.
"Who is there?"
"Anatole."
"M. Bourard opened it. Anatole de-
livered the paper to him, and cried as
he ran to the door:
"Sign, sign, rise and dress quickly and
come here!"
Almost instantly Nicolette appeared
as fresh as Aurora.
"What is it?"
"It is that your cousin is mad!" said
M. Bourard.
"Mad!" cried Anatole, "but, remem-
ber, Nicolette, that my madness is for
good to you. This night, my little
cousin, I have obtained two things:
M. Capdenac has renounced your hand
and your excellent guardian consents
that you shall marry the one you
love."
"Truly? My guardian, you wish
that I marry Anatole?"
"He!" said Anatole, in amazement.
"It is you I love, my cousin."
At this moment Anatole felt his
heart palpitate violently. Was it the
pleasure caused by this unexpected
avowal of Nicolette? Was it the an-
guish predicted by the doctor? Was it
death?
Taking feverishly the hands of Ni-
colette, he told her all; the letter he re-
ceived, the flower he inhaled, the pro-
gnostication of his old friend, the will
he wrote, the measures taken and the
success obtained.
"And now that I have perfected all,
I must die!"
"But it is not possible!" said Nicolette.
"The physician is deceived. Who
is he?"
"A man who is never deceived, Ni-
colette. Dr. Bardais!" cried Bourard,
suddenly, beginning to laugh. "Later
while I read my journal: 'The learned
Dr. Bardais has unexpectedly become
afflicted with a mental malady. The
madness is an attack of scientific char-
acter. All know the doctor was occu-
pied especially with diseases relative
to venous substances and the effect
of poisons. He believed that all
whom he met were poisoned and tried
to persuade them to this belief. He
has been transported this night to the
maison du docteur Blanche or home
for the insane."
The two young people embraced
each other ardently.—Radford Review.

DEALS IN HOUSE NUMBERS.
A Singular Branch of Municipal
Business in Which One New York
Man Finds Profit.

"It is a plain story; see his square
black bag," said the suburban wife,
looking out of one window.
"It is a doctor; see his gold spec-
tacles," said the suburban, looking
out of the other window, "relates the
New York Sun."
"Sir," said the man who rang the
bell after he got in, "I am a number
man. I notice that the number of your
house is on a pillar of the veranda,
where it cannot be seen at night. I
suppose that you have a number placed
where it will be conspicuous."
"Are you from one of the city de-
partments?" asked the suburban man.
"No, sir," replied the number man.
"I am following this as a side line to
my regular business. I am ready to
supply house numbers of every de-
scription, and what is more, I guaran-
tee that the number I put on a house
is the correct number of that house.
Furthermore, I am prepared to do
anything if that style of numbering is
desired."
"I shouldn't think that the business
would pay especially," remarked the
suburban.
"It wouldn't, unless it were done in
the way I do it," said the number man.
"For instance, I go into a suburban
town like this where the houses are
not generally numbered and where
most people can't read what the
right numbers of their houses are. I
map out the streets, get the lots num-
bered correctly and am rewarded with
quite a bunch for numbers."
"Now, that's a branch of govern-
ment I had never dreamed of," said the
suburban.
"It is a very important branch of
municipal government, indeed," said
the number man. "I have made a
study of it. Perhaps I am the only
man in New York who has gone into
the thing so deeply. Now, over in
Queens county some time ago they
consolidated a lot of small towns. The
result was that the numbering system
of each separate place was thrown out
of gear. I made a study of all the sys-
tems and devised one general system
of numbering, which was adopted sub-
sequently as the official method there.
Again I got quite a bunch of orders as
my reward. Worked in that way there
is some profit in the business. Can I
take an order from you?"
"Why, yes," replied the suburban.
"But where will you put the number?"
"That is a good question," answered
the number man. "Some people like
the number on the front door, some
on the side of the house, some on the
door, but in summer, when the door is
open and a screen door is used, the
number can't be seen. Again, in winter,
if there are double doors, the outer
door hides the number when closed,
so that if the number is on the door
several sets of numbers are required."
"Where like the number on a pillar
of the veranda, as in your case, but
there the number is apt to be hidden,
or, at least, inconspicuous. It is well
to have it on the gate, if you
have one, or on the front steps. Either
plan I can recommend as making the
number conspicuous."
"And what style of number do you
recommend?" asked the suburban.
"The best of all ages, the blue and
white enameled figures on iron. They
come also in black and white. But
some people object to them on account
of their somewhat rustic appear-
ance. I will give you the blue and
white enameled figures on iron. You
will take these? Thanks. To-
morrow I will come and put them on.
Good evening."
"Who would suppose there was as
much in house numbers?" the suburban
asked his wife.

When You Rise
JONES BROS.,
Scio, Oregon.

More Than He Bargained For
MAGNOLIA STEAM LAUNDRY,
Albany, Oregon.

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Caskets, Coffins, and robes at low prices. Our
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Department cannot be beat. Pictures
framed in any size or style at reasonable prices.
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