MARY'S ANSWER

DICK JERRAM presented himself at the office of Carrington ligus. in no very sanguine frame of mind. He still felt that Boer bullet in his right leg and his complexion, as well as his nerves, reminded him of the fever which had brought him near to death's door. Worst of all was the news from Nellerton.

Mary Dudley—his Mary—had inherited £20,000 from her uncle Harold, and—and, if that letter of the rattle-tongue gossip, Miss Brayshaw, to his mother was to be believed, Mary was on the high road to a title. Sir Tarver Brown was very little other than a baronet; but the attraction of a "ladyship" could hardly help tempting even such a girl as sweet Mary Dudley.

The younger member of the firm received Dick with sympathy, but no enthusiasm.

"You don't look fit for an office desk, Mr. Jerram—oh, I beg your pardon, Lieut. Jerram, isn't it, now?" he said, with a sneering laugh.

"I was offered a commission, but I did not feel that I could accept it, sir," said Dick. "I want to take up my work again—for various reasons."

Mr. Ernest Carrington's eyebrows rose and subsided.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Jerram," he said, "but just at present there is no vacancy. We will, of course, give you the first chance—the very first chance that occurs."

"Do you really mean it?" he asked, faintly.

"My dear fellow, you really are not fit for office work just yet. Take a holiday after your trying labors—your noble and—er—patriotic self-sacrifice. I dare say, in a few months, at the most, we can squeeze you in somewhere, though I fear even then we cannot offer you the same salary you received in 1899."

With an effort, Dick pulled himself together, and stood up, like the disciplined soldier he had become.

"Your words are final, sir?" he asked.

"Provisional, Jerram—only provisional. But we can't afford to cheer you with hopes that may not come to fruition. Anything we can do in the way of recommendations, it will give us the utmost pleasure to do. Good heavens! It is the least we could do!"

Dick bowed his head. The smile on his lips was just a little bitter.

"Quite so," he said. "It is something to be grateful for that you are so willing to do the least possible. Good morning."

And then Dick found himself in St. Paul's churchyard, and conscious that the last straw had been piled upon his head.

Mary as good as lost to him—more certainly now than before, anyway—his situation filled up, his health broken, and no one to whom he could honorably look for help in his time of trouble.

He found comfort in the recollection that his mother's own poor little income was sufficient for her well-measured requirements.

"As for me—"

He shrugged his shoulders and tottered down Ludgate hill. On his way he noticed a jeweler's window, with watches and chains and pins and rings of price beneath his eyes—especially rings. And the rings reminded him of what it hurt him most to remember.

He looked at his left hand with the plain but solid gold circlet, set with a tiny diamond, and the words, invisible to his eyes, but pressing his finger: "Forever and forever!"

That was Mary's voucher to him for her lifelong love.

At length he moved again. "Yes, that's what I'll do," he murmured. "Poor girl! One can't blame her. She shall marry him with a free conscience, at all events."

Then once again he whispered:

"As for me—"

At the Kings Arms inn of Nellerton, that evening, Dick took pen and paper and wrote the letter to Mary which was to accompany the returned ring. It was short and to the point:

"Dear Mary: Somehow, though I would like to keep this, I can't do it, and so I bring it back to you, and you mustn't think I mean to be nasty by making it come to you on your birthday. I quite understand that things are changed between us. Wishing you all the happiness life can give you, believe me, sincerely yours always,

"RICHARD JERRAM."

"No drivel in that, I think," he said, with a pang of pride when he had read it and folded it up. The ring was in a little box and the letter was now wrapped round the box. The whole was addressed to Miss Mary Dudley, 2 Devonshire road.

In the darkness he tottered out Devonshire road way. He gazed at the house and the lighted window in Mary's bedroom—gazed and gazed till he felt silly. And then he tottered back and went to bed.

He lay restlessly, now wishing wildly, now dumbly resigned to all things.

Once it occurred to him to wonder what the maid of the inn meant by smiling like that when she gave him his candle and said a gay "good night." But he had far intenser stimulants to thought than that, and the damsel soon drifted away from him.

His most strenuous moments followed the realization that he had been careless enough to leave Mary's packet downstairs on the mantelpiece in the little parlor.

"Shows what I am!" he said, fiercely, as he made an attempt to get up, light a candle and go down for it.

But he found the effort quite appallingly severe, and gave it up.

He dozed deliriously, prayed with Mary in boy-and-girl fashion, danced with her, had her all to himself in the Brackshaw woods, wooed and won her all over again. Off and on he woke, to gasp and groan and utter exclamations.

For the second time the girl knocked at his door.

"Your hot water, sir!" she cried, and set her ear to listen.

She did not listen long, but hurried downstairs, with word for the master that the gentleman in No. 3 was shouting in the queerest way.

"I think he's ill, sir," she said. "He looked bad last night."

The landlord made no bones about entering Dick's room when he, too, had rapped to no purpose. He gazed at Dick for a few moments, and felt his blood chill a little at Dick's furious cry: "I tell you you are dead, Mary, so don't deny it!" touched Dick's burning forehead, and left him.

"He's in a fever—that's what's the matter with him," he said. "You just go for Mr. Barker, Jane, right away."

"Poor young fellow!" said Jane, eagerly. "That I will, sir."

Moreover, being in love herself, she determined to kill two birds with one stone.

"It's maybe a present for Miss Dudley," she said to herself, and, putting on her hat, carried off Dick's little packet for No. 2 Devonshire road.

"Nurse!"

The darkness had passed from Dick's brain, and having opened his eyes and seen things as they were, though with an imperfect grasp of the facts, he whispered the monosyllable.

The quick rustle of a dress answered him, and the words:

"Yes, my dear boy!"

"You, mother?" said Dick, looking up at the face that was the best and truest object in life for him.

She clasped his hand—a bony shape, loosely laced with skin.

Suddenly the cloud fell from him.

It all came back—wound, fever, the long weeks in hospital, the voyage home in weakness and anxiety as well as hope, the news of Mary's fortune and Sir Tarver Brown, his rebuff in St. Paul's churchyard and his journey to Nellerton.

He groaned in spite of himself, and turned his face to the wall.

"Now, then, dear, let me raise your head."

"What's the use?" he murmured.

It was his one and only flash of peevishness. The next instant he obeyed orders with a smile. It was a dreary smile, yet a smile.

"How I must have worried you, mother!" he said, quietly, as he settled after the tonic. "I suppose this is Nellerton?"

She kissed him as mothers do kiss their grown sons of whom they are very proud.

"Try and sleep again, dear," she said, rather tremulously.

But Mary Dudley and her infidelity—her excusable infidelity—were vivid in his mind. How could he sleep amid such realisations?

"All right," he said, shutting his eyes.

Then a sunny gray mist settled upon his brain, and his surroundings were to him as if they were not. It was not so much sleep as translation of spirit.

"O, Mary, Mary, what shall I do without you?" his lips cried aloud, even while his mind was active in some remoter atmosphere.

"Nothing, dear Dick; you shall not do without me as long as we live, for we will be always together." A hand was laid on his forehead—a little satiny hand, with love warm in all its pores. And instantly Dick opened his eyes.

"Mary!" he gasped.

This time Mary Dudley laid her face by his on the pillow, smiling, and whispered, with her mouth close to his mouth:

"Of course, Dick, who else should it be?"

But it was not until the evening that she was allowed to give him in full measure the only tonic that could be warranted able to make him himself again in spirit and in truth. Then she did not spare him.

"I ought to feel ashamed of you, Dick," she explained; "for, supposing, if only for one second, that I could care anything for my money apart from you? Sir Tarver Brown, indeed! Why, I was just waiting for a sign from you. And I got it—my own ring! O, Dick!"—London Answers.

A Burst of Generosity.

A man from Dunedin once visited the town of Wellington. An Irish friend insisted upon the visitor staying at his house instead of at a hotel, and kept him there for a month, playing the host in detail, even to treating him to the theaters and other amusements, paying all the cab fares and the rest. When the visitor was returning to Dunedin, the Irishman saw him down to the steamer, and they went into the saloon to have a parting drink.

"What'll you have?" asked the host, continuing his hospitality to the very last.

"Now, look here," said the man from Dunedin, "I'll hae nae mair o' this. Here ye've been keepin' me at yer house for a month an' payin' for a' the theaters an' cabs an' drinks—I tell ye I'll stan' nae more o' it. We'll just hae a toss for this one!"—Scotsman.

Physicians in Hawaii.

Hereafter no physician who is unable to speak the English language will be given a certificate allowing him to practice his profession in the territory of Hawaii.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

8 Cents

Eight cents a pound is what a young woman paid for twelve pounds of flesh.

She was thin and weak and paid one dollar for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion, and by taking regular doses had gained twelve pounds in weight before the bottle was finished.

Eight cents a pound is cheap for such valuable material. Some pay more, some less, some get nothing for their money. You get your money's worth when you buy Scott's Emulsion.

We will send you a little free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS,
409 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

The Benefit of Change.

We are like house plants: We need a change of soil now and then—to be replanted. New scenes, new experiences, new surroundings—a change of climate, dry air instead of moisture, sunshine in place of cloud. This is sometimes essential to health. There are conditions near at hand that are better than Europe can offer. Take a month or two in California. Plant yourself for a time where there are no irritations, where the hotel is beyond criticism, the landscape pleasing, and where warm sunny weather invites to walks and drives. Pure and dry air, and the increased electric influences of sunshine are vastly helpful.

You can make this trip at very little expense, and enjoy a ride over the scenic Siskiyou and Shasta mountains, which at this time of the year with snow covered peaks, are unsurpassed for their grandeur.

For complete information regarding rates, points of interest, and delightful hotels in California, address,

W. E. COMAN
G. P. A., S. P. Co., Portland, Or.

The Wastes of the Body.

Every seven days the blood, muscles and bones of a man of average size loses to pounds of worn out tissue. This waste cannot be replenished and the health and strength kept up without perfect digestion. When the stomach and digestive organs fail to perform their functions the strength fails down, health gives way and disease sets in. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure enables the stomach and digestive organs to digest and assimilate all of the wholesome food that may be eaten into the kind of blood that rebuilds the tissues and protects the health and strength of the mind and body. Kodol cures Indigestion, Dyspepsia and all stomach troubles. It is an ideal spring tonic. Sold by E. C. Poory.

Following is a report of produce in the Scio markets:

Eggs, 15c doz.
Chickens, 10c per lb.
Geese, $6 50@ $7 50 per doz.
Ducks, $7 50@8 50 per doz.
Butter, 35c @ 40c per roll
Bacon, 14c lb.
Hams, 15c lb.
Lard, 15c lb.
Potatoes, 40c per bu.

Five Good Reasons.

That the Rio Grande route is the most popular one between the Pacific coast and the east, is evidenced by the fact that the greater per cent of transcontinental travelers use it.

First, the scenic attractions in view are unequaled in the world.

Second, the daily personally conducted tourist car excursions being eeweially adapted for ladies travelling alone or with children, affords a comfortable mode of travel at rates within reach of all.

Third, it is the only route between the East and West passing directly through Salt Lake City, or modern Zion.

Fourth, the choice of two distinct routes through the heart of the Rocky Mountains.

Fifth, three fast through trains daily between Ogden and Denver equipped with every modern convenience.

There are many other reasons why this route is the most comfortable and enjoyable in the whole country.

You can learn a great deal on the subject of through travel, and receive some very beautiful and interesting booklets, by calling on or writing to the undersigned, W. C. McBride, Gen'l Agent, or M. J. Roche, Traveling Passenger Agent, 124 Third Street, Portland, Ore.

Bring your meat in immediately We want to take care of the hams and shoulders properly, so don't delay it but bring it right in.

HIBLER & GILL.

As usual we are paying a good deal more for produce than any competitors. Hibler & Gill.

A MARK OF MANHOOD.

BY EDWARD B. CLARK.

Helen Martin lived with her widowed mother in a little Lake View cottage. Helen heaped the feeder before the crackling wood fire lightly and a bit nervously with her tiny foot. Then she turned to her mother and said: "Well, dearie, I've answered it."

"Oh, Helen, you ought not to have done it. There must be something sinister, perhaps a crime, behind an advertisement like that."

Helen laughed. "Criminals don't have first-class references, dearie, and then you know we need the money."

"Read it to me again."

The girl took up a morning paper and read this: "Wanted—By a man 30 years old, comfortable room in suburban residence where there are no visitors; absolute seclusion the first consideration. Applicant will offer to people of standing highest price and best location. Box 86, Breeze Office."

There was a step on the verandah. Helen exclaimed: "Dearie, there's the answer!" A moment afterward a man with a tall, well knit figure stood in the little parlor. One side of his face was shrouded in the folds of a scarf. This side he kept ever away from the lamplight. The voice had in it a ring suggesting that at times its keynote was command.

"Is this Mrs. Martin?" I have called in response to an answer to my advertisement. My name is George Sidney. I know, Mrs. Martin," he continued, "that my advertisement may have seemed strange. I do desire absolute seclusion and freedom from callers. My reference is Gen. Nelson, army headquarters, Pullman building. I should like to see the room, and if you find my credentials satisfactory I think other details may be arranged readily."

Helen led the way up a winding stair to a well appointed room, lighting the gas, she turned to look at her follower. He was in the act of drawing still more closely the folds of the scarf about the right side of his face. What she could see of his countenance was strikingly handsome. "Mother and I live here alone," she said. "After my father's failure and death we came here from a distant city. We have few friends and no visitors."

"I like the room," said the stranger, "only look me up and let me know if I can make a satisfactory lodger." Then he bade good night and left the house.

Helen called on Gen. Nelson in the Pullman building. Did he know Mr. George Sidney?

Yes, well. He is an officer of the army retired for disability received in line of duty. Mr. Sidney is now working on some ordnance plans, and for reasons of his own he works only at night. He is a soldier and a gentleman."

For two months the members of the little Lake View household saw George Sidney infrequently. He left for his work after dark and returned just before daybreak. A servant called every day a closed cab was driven to the doorstep. The recluse drove in it, presumably to his breakfast. Once Helen caught a glimpse of the face within the lodger she saw the eye partly concealing the greater part of the face.

One morning her surprise was great when she heard his voice in the hall on the upper floor. Lieut. Sidney was standing in the doorway of his room with head averted. "I am sorry to trouble you, Miss Martin," he said, "but I wish you would ask the cabman when he comes to go to Girard, the headquarters surgeon.

[illegible] came. He saw the Martins and then, going to the little parlor, Helen: "Mr. Sidney is suffering in [illegible] I have expected this trouble and [illegible] rest. Now he must take it. He [illegible] room and on no account is he [illegible] wives."

[illegible] was that Lieut. Sidney [illegible] well as the lodger of the [illegible] he sat in a darkened [illegible] Helen read to [illegible] night found its way [illegible] shutter. How she [illegible] and not just know [illegible] The girl's life [illegible] and it needs but to [illegible] stole into her heart [illegible] a mere interest in [illegible] the patient's recovery [illegible] and come. Helen heard [illegible] The girl went to [illegible] thrown wide the [illegible] bright with sunlight. [illegible] folded arms at [illegible] sat with eyes [illegible] fell on his face and [illegible] never worn was gone. [illegible] ing look at the [illegible] eyes were [illegible] ips and there [illegible] ear, half horror. [illegible] heard the cry. In a [illegible] of the door quietly. Helen, with [illegible] fled to her mother's room.

"What is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Martin.

"Mother, I saw his face. He showed it [illegible]. Mother, it is the face of a [illegible]

Mother led the girl to a sofa and took [illegible] arms. They heard him pass on [illegible] and both mother and daughter [illegible] George would not return. A [illegible] was on active service he risking his [illegible] to save a brother officer. It's an old [illegible] story. It's enough to say that Sidney [illegible] between his friend and a shell the [illegible] of which had become accidentally ignited. The shell exploded. Sidney received [illegible] wound and was carried to his tent. [illegible] saved his fellow. Marked for life, did I [illegible] Yes, marked worse than Hagar's Mark [illegible] Cain's." That shell fragment gave to [illegible] has become man in the service the title [illegible] of a fiend. He was to be married, poor [illegible] girl, but the girl saw his face and fled. [illegible] was the sister of the man whose life [illegible] saved. What a world it is! The face of [illegible] devil and his life a hell. That is George [illegible] fate."

It was the anniversary of the day that George Sidney left the Martin cottage. Helen was standing at the gate looking down the moonlit road. A form partly hidden by [illegible] hastened on. Leaning forward, she saw a figure approaching. Her head bore a sudden throb, and she muttered the all-sustaining cry: "Mr. Sidney!" The man heard and turned as if to hurry away, but there was something in the tone of the cry that held him. He saw the girl's face in the moonlight, and in a moment he was at her side.

"Helen," he said, "I left because I loved you."

She looked up. "Then stay because you love me," she said, and, saying it, she drew the scarf from the side of his face, and, kissing him gently, said: "It is God's mark of manhood."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Made Young Again.

"One of Dr. King's New Life Pills each night for two weeks has put me in my 'teens' again" writes D. H Turner, of Dempseytown, Pa They're the best in the world for Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Purely vegetable. Never gripe. Only 25c at E. C. Poory's Drug Store.

LEGAL NOTICES

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has by order of the County Court of Linn County, Oregon, been appointed executor of the last will and testament of Daniel Brenner, late of said County deceased. All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are hereby required to present the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned at his residence five miles north of Scio, in Linn County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated January 30, 1903.

W. R. BRENNER,
Executor of the last will and testament of Daniel Brenner, deceased.
Hewitt & Sox,
Attorneys for Executor.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Administrator of the estate of W. E. Curl, deceased, has filed his final account with the Clerk of the County Court for Linn County, Oregon, and the said Court has fixed the 9th day of May 1903 at the hour of one o'clock p. m. for the hearing of objections to said final account and for the purpose of settling said estate.

Dated this 6th day of April, 1903.

J. T. CURL,
Administrator of the estate of W. E. Curl, deceased.
WEATHERFORD & WYATT,
Att'ys for Administrator.

The Best Prescription for Malaria.

Chills and fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Notice to Dog Owners.

You are hereby notified that the license on dogs is now due and you are requested to call on the Recorder and settle the same.

J. A. BILYEU, City Marshal.

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.

EAST AND SOUTH

—VIA—

Salem Polk & So.

SHASTA ROUTE.

Trains leave West Scio for Portland and way stations at 10.45 a. m. Leave or Albany at 2.45 p. m.

Leaves Portland 8.30 a. m., 8.30 p. m.
" Albany 12.10 p. m., 11.20 p. m.
Arrives Ashland 17.25 p. m., 11.30 a. m.
" Sacramento 7.55 p. m., 8.55 a. m.
" San Francisco 7.55 p. m., 8.55 a. 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. Woodmansee, agent at West Scio station, or address

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

Corvallis & Eastern R. R.

TIME CARD.

No. 2, for Yaquina:
Train leaves Albany ..... 12.45 P. M
" Corvallis ..... 2.30 "
" arrives Yaquina ..... 6.25 "

No. 1, returning:
Leaves Yaquina ..... 6.40 A. M
Leaves Corvallis ..... 11.30 "
Arrives Albany ..... 12.50 P. M

No. 3, For Detroit:
Leaves Albany ..... 7.00 A. M
Arrives Detroit ..... 12.00 P. M

No. 4, from Detroit:
Leaves Detroit ..... 12.45 P. M.
Arrives Albany ..... 5.55 P. 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 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
THOS. COCKRELL, Agent, Albany.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

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

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.

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 Cigrrs and Whiskey at the Gem Saloon.

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

PIANOS—Chickering, Kimball, Weber and others
ORGANS—Story & Clark, Reed and Kimball

E. U. WILL

General Music Dealer

Music Books, Sheet Music, Violin Instruments and Strings
Agent for the popular "New Home" Sewing Machine.

We Sell a Sewing Machine for $20, Warranted for Five Years
Needles and Supplies for all kinds of Machines.
Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines Repaired.

129 First Street - - - Albany, Oregon

THE DENVER & RIO GRANDE AND THE RIO GRANDE WESTERN

THE SCENIC LINE

Through Salt Lake City, Leadville, Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver, and the Famous Rocky Mountain Scenery by daylight to all points East.

Fast trains daily between Ogden and Denver

Modern Equipment, Through Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars and Superb Dining Car Service.

STOPOVERS ALLOWED

For rates, folders and other information address

W. C. McBRIDE, Gen. Agent
124 Third St., Portland, Or.

Will Make Affidavit

New Lease of Life for an Iowa Postmaster.

Postmaster R. H. Randall, Dunlap, Ia., says: I suffered from indigestion and resulting evils for years. Finally I tried Kodol. I soon knew I had found what I had long looked for. I am better today than in years. Kodol gave me a new lease of life. Anyone can have my affidavit to the truth of this statement." Kodol digests your food. This enables the system to assimilate supplies, strengthening every organ and restoring health.

Kodol Makes You Strong.

Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The $1. bottle contains 2½ times the 50c. size.

G. CRAWFORD

THE ALBANY

PHOTOGRAPHER

Has fitted up a shop on 2nd street between Lyons and Ellsworth, and now has the finest gallery in the valley. He cordially invites you to call when in the city. Prices the lowest.

Clubbing Rates

Call at the office of the SANTIAM NEWS and save money on the Greatest Clubbing Proposition ever offered. The combination two good newspapers for the price of one. THIS OFFER IS STRICTLY CASH IN ADVANCE.

1—SANTIAM NEWS and Weekly Capital Journal one year (two papers for the price of one) $1.50
2—SANTIAM NEWS and Daily Capital Journal one year (two papers for the price of one) $4.00
3—SANTIAM NEWS one year and Daily Capital Journal four months $2.00
SANTIAM NEWS and Weekly Oregonian one year $2.00
THE NEWS and Oregon Daily Journal 1 year (for the price of one) $4.50
THE NEWS and Oregon Semi-Weekly Journal 1 year $2.65
THE NEWS and Oregon Weekly Journal 1 year $1.90
THE NEWS and San Francisco Sunday Bulletin 1 year $2.50

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.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Cures Grip in Two Days.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Grove on every box. 25c.