The Santiam News.

POLITICALLY INDEPENDENT.

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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY
D. C. HUMPHREY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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DEALS IN HOUSE NUMBERS.

A Singular Branch of Municipal Science in Which One New York Man Finds Profit.

"It is a piano tuner; see his square black bag," said the suburban's wife, looking out of one window.

"It is a doctor; see his gold spectacles," 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 suggest that you have a number placed where it will be conspicuous."

"Are you from one of the city departments?" asked the suburban.

"No, sir," replied the suburban man. "I am following this as a side line to my regular business. I am ready to supply house numbers of every description, and what is more, I guarantee that the number I put on a house is the correct number of that house. Furthermore, I am prepared to do gilding 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 find out what the right numbers of their houses are. I map out the streets, get the lots numbered correctly and am rewarded with quite a bunch for numbers."

"Now, that's a branch of government 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 places. The result was that the numbering system of each separate place was thrown out of gear. I made a study of all the systems and devised one general system of numbering, which was adopted subsequently 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 vexed question," answered the number man. "Some people fill the house number on the front door. But in summer, when the door is left open and a screen door is used, the number can't be seen. Again, in winter, if there are double doors, the outer doors hide the number when closed. So that if the number is on the door several sets of numbers are required.

"Others like the number on a pillar of the veranda, as in your case; but there the number is apt to be hidden or, at best, inconspicuous. It is well to have the number 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 are 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 inartistic appearance. Next are the various big metal numbers, samples of which I show you. You will take these? Thanks. Tomorrow I will come and put them on. Good evening."

"Who would suppose there was so much in house numbers?" the suburban asked his wife.

MINE HAS FABULOUS RICHES.

Arizona Property That Will Probably Make Senator Clark Wealthiest Man in the World.

The American Mining News contains the following article about the great United Verde mine, the property of Senator W. A. Clark, which, if correct, would indicate that it is probably the richest mine and he the richest man in the world:

"It has only lately come to light that the average value of the ore taken from the United Verde is $75 per ton in all values—gold, silver and copper. This mine, so far as has been developed, including explorations and diamond drilling below the present workings, shows an immense ore chimney, 400x600 feet across, that has been explored by shafts, tunnels and drill holes to a depth of 1,400 feet.

"Just how far it will be possible to work this mine down before the heat limit is reached is hard to say, but a reasonable estimate would be 2,000 feet. An estimate by one of the best mining engineers in this country shows that the mine to the depth of 1,400 feet contains 336,000,000 cubic feet of ore, and estimating 11 cubic feet to the ton there is practically 23,600,000 tons in sight.

"If we carry these figures a little further on the present four values of the United Verde we have the average value of the ore equaling $2,500,000,000. The present owner of the property has refused $500,000,000 for the mine."

In St. Nicholas Cleveland Moffett gives an account of the breaking of a record in running a train. The last stage of the journey found the officials behind the schedule time. But it was made up—by a quiet man named Tunkey. Still, in spite of these brave efforts, they pulled out of Erie 15 minutes late, and started on the last relay with gloomy faces. It was 86 miles to Buffalo, the end of the race, and they must be there by 11:31 to win, which called for an average speed of over 70 miles an hour, including slow-downs. No train in the world had ever approached such an average, and their own racing average since leaving Chicago was much below it. So what hope was there?

There was hope in a tall, sparely built man named Bill Tunkey, about whom nobody knew much except that he was a good engineer who ran a rather clumsy ten-wheel locomotive not considered very desirable in a race. All the other locomotives had been eight-wheelers. Still, the new engine had one advantage: She carried water enough in her tank for the whole run, and need not slow up to refill, as the others had done. She had another advantage: That she carried Tunkey, one of these men who rise up in sudden emergencies and do things, whether they are possible or not. It was not possible, everybody vowed, to reach Buffalo Creek by 11:31. "All right," said Tunkey, quietly, and then—

Within 40 rods of the start he had his engine going 30 miles an hour, and he pressed her harder and harder until 11 miles out of Erie she struck an 80-mile pace, and held it as far as Brockton, when she put forth all her strength, and did a burst of five miles in 3½ minutes, one of these miles at the rate of 92¼ miles an hour, as the watches showed. "And I never want any more of that in mine," said the superintendent.

The next town was Dunkirk, where a local ordinance put a ten-mile limit on the speed of trains. Tunkey smiled as they roared past the station at more than 80. A crowd lined the tracks here, for the telegraph had carried ahead the news of a hair-raising run. That crowd was only a blur to staring, frightened eyes at the car windows. The officials were beginning to realize what kind of an engineer they had ahead this time. Whisssss! How they did run! Wahr! Wahr! barked the little bridges, and were left behind! H-o-o-o! bellowed a tunnel. And rip, whirrr! as they slammed around a double-reverse curve with a vicious swing that made the bolts rattle in the last car. Men put their mouths to other men's ears and tried to say that perhaps Mr. Tunkey was getting a little overzealous. Much good that did! Mr. Tunkey had the bit in his teeth now and was running the race alone.

At 11:06 they swept past Silver Creek with 29 miles to go and 25 minutes to make it in. Hurrah! They had made up time enough to save them!

At 11:20 they passed Lake View.

"Twelve miles more, and 11 minutes," yelled somebody, waving his hat.

"Toboggan-slide all the way," yelled somebody else. "We'll do it easy. Hooray!"

They passed Athol Springs at 11:24, all mad with excitement. They had seven minutes for eight miles, and were cheering already.

"We'll make it with half a minute to spare," said the only man in the private car who was reasonably cool. He was four seconds out of the way, for they crossed the line 26 seconds before 11:31, and won the race by less than half a minute, beating the New York Central's record per mile on the whole run by the fraction of a second, and beating the whole world's record in the last relay by several minutes, the figures standing—Tunkey's figures—86 miles from Erie to Buffalo in 70 minutes and 46 seconds, or an average speed of 72.91 miles an hour.

"Do?" said the official. "What did we do? Why, we—we—" He paused helplessly, and then added, with a smile: "Well, if you'll excuse the slang, we didn't do a thing to Tunkey!"

Deafness.

It is an odd fact about many persons slightly deaf that, amid noisy surroundings, they hear much better than those whose hearing is acute. They will grasp the slightest whisper, for instance, in the rumble of a moving train, whereas in a quiet drawing-room a shout is scarcely audible to them. It is well to keep this fact in mind. A man ignorant of it was going to New York one day recently with his wife and his deaf mother-in-law. He sat beside the latter, and, as the train rolled along he leaned forward and said to his better half: "There's one thing admirable at least about your mother when she travels. Then, and only then, she loosens up. I guess she's going to spend a good-sized bunch of money on this trip, for I just had a look into her pocketbook, and she's got a roll there as big as a horse collar." "Hush up," said the wife, laughing; "she might hear you." "Oh, no fear of that," the man rejoined. But the mother-in-law, contrary to her usual habit, did not spend a cent on the New York trip, and the entire expense fell on the young husband.—Detroit Free Press.

Empty Handed.

Royal Servant—Your majesty, there is another creditor without.

Sultan of Turkey—Tell him to go without.—Ohio State Journal.

Cholera Infantum.

This disease has lost its terrors since Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy came into general use. The uniform success which attends the use of this remedy in all cases of bowel complaints in children has made it a favorite wherever its value has become known. For sale by all dealers.

IN COUNTRY LANES.

country lanes! white-starred with bloom,
here wild things nestle, shy and sweet,
d all your waving grasses laugh
nd pass before my eager feet—
d I forever dwell with you,
ing the old, mad world rush by,
d just be glad of wind and sun,
of rocking nest and brooding sky!

ow often, in the crowded street,
dream of you, sweet country lane,
nd feel once more, your soft breeze
soothe
My weary heart and tired brain;
ways above the city's din,
Above the clink of yellow gold,
hear a wild-bird's ringing note,
I catch the scent of leaf-stirred mold!

our grasses kiss my fevered cheek,
Your hawthorn drops her fragrant rain,
m a child once more, and dream
That Heaven hides here, O flower-starred
lane!

—Florence A. Jones, in Chicago Advance.

Unc' Shucks and the Witches.

By E. E. Garnett.

PEOPLE are so tired of charity concerts and teas and bores general," Sue complained, lugubriously.

"But even tired people must help ch other," Mae insisted. "Let us k Mrs. Brelle to suggest something."

The pretty widow was in a hammock, with Barnes in chatting distance on the piazza steps, and she d not welcome interruption.

"Will you?" called Joe, upon her silence.

"Will I what?" pouting.

"Help us to help Unc' Shucks?"

"And who," only half hiding a awn, "is he?"

"He is old and poor and blind," explained Mae, making her climax with most sweet compassion.

"And black," added practical Louise, the ace of spades."

The pretty widow looked bewitchingly reproachful. "No country poor se?" she murmured.

A rather chilled silence fell upon e piazza group. Mae's sensitive face ushed. Barnes went up the steps to r side.

"We cannot spare old Shucks to go here," he said, and enviously watched fleck of moonlight bending to the urves of her hair.

"Thank you"—shy, sweet eyes ised for an instant to his—"and will ou help?"

He wanted to tell her that he would eg, dig, burn—do any outlandish angerous deed she willed; but the words halted. He only got a bit red and nodded.

"Oh, if he's a pet," said Mrs. Brelle, sulkily, "we'd best take up a collection—that is the shortest way out of such annoyances."

"He's in the turn of the road, going out to the golf links," Louise put in, reflectively; she was housekeeper and found provisions an easier matter of charity than cash. "When we go ay for the big game next Tuesday we might give him a donation party."

There was a murmur of applause, to which Mrs. Brelle added a soft hand-clapping. The act displayed both hands and rings, and she smiled with pleasure over them.

"Very well," she assented, graciously; "I'll send a barrel of flour."

Mae threw a grateful kiss from her finger tips, but the widow was looking to Barnes and missed it.

Good nights were beginning. Getting from her hammock, the pretty widow gave a little start of alarm—such a shrill, weird call had rung out of the grove: "Who—who!"

"Screech owl," announced Joe. And Barnes added, in appropriately sepulchral tones, the old saw: "When a screech owl calls, witches answer."

"I hope he isn't calling his witches," said Mae, "to Unc' Shucks' donation."

"They're worse than witches," laughed Joe, "who have that business in hand. Just don't let them forget tobacco, and Unc' Shucks' luck is sure."

"I—he has tobacco."

"So like Mae," said Louise, "to take tobacco first."

"Well, a pipe," Joe protested, gravely, "puts heart into a man."

"And next in value," suggested Barnes, "shall we sprinkle him with a little silver?"

"Don't tell me any more," cried Mae; "I'm too happy."

The pretty widow was coming up the steps and noted the girl's face, and how Barnes sought the light of it. She followed to Mae's door.

"Can I come in, dear, for a minute?"

Mae drew up a cozy chair and waited absently beside it. Her eyes were all radiant, a dreamy look in them, happy and shy. The tone of Barnes' voice lingered with her and the look that said "good night." Hard to strike such a face frightened and white, but the pretty widow smiled and compassed it.

"You must forgive me, love, for hinting that your impulsive ways are liable to be misinterpreted."

"I beg pardon," growing attentive with a start. "What did you say?"

"Mr. Barnes is a man of the world," pursued, "accustomed to a flirtation as to his wine at dinner. He—"

"Well," with unexpected dignity, "he did not seem to hear you speak of Mrs. Barnes. But of me—you were saying something of me?"

"Well," rising with an angry flush, "one not refusing a kindness. One would think that you mean—the way you look."

"The way I look?"

"My dear child," over a shoulder as she went to the door, "you look up at him as if you were kneeling before a shrine."

In those next days Barnes could not guess what the trouble was—how should he?—but he was quick to realize that Mae shunned him and, when she could not, was nervous and dumb and pale. Meeting her one morning in the shady lane that led toward the links, the look on her face grew suddenly unendurable to him.

"Mae," he cried, 'what have I done? Are you offended with me?"

"No," cried Mae, startled and miserable. "No, of course not."

"Then why do you treat me like his?"

"This?" faltered Mae; then looking at him she suddenly flushed and with tears springing hurried away.

Passing on, puzzled and distressed, around a clump of hazel, he came upon the pretty widow; she had heard.

"I am sorry," she said; "oh, I wish I could help." Then, hesitatingly, "Perhaps it would be best to tell you."

"To tell me what?" sternly.

"Joe is jealous of you; see?"

"Joe? Joe!"

"You never guessed? Why, it is an old affair, since school days and pinafores."

"Joe!"

"He has been scolding the poor child, I suppose, and she is afraid to be seen with you; or, perhaps," gently, "she doesn't want to hurt you."

"Joe!"

"I am so sorry," holding out a plump, soft little hand, "so sorry!"

But poor Barnes could only say "Joe!" The idea, at first incredible under the bits of evidence that began to come in, grew past doubt. By the time he had reached home a mountain of proof was throbbing in his brain. He called himself a bat and hourly accumulated misery. Treachery, deliberate falsehood, never occurred to him.

A perfect day dawned for the golf play. Old Shucks sat out on his doorstone and gave smiles and blessings and smoked his pipe, while the gay groups came with their bundles and greetings. The old man listened keenly with head bent, identifying step or voice and giving a jolly comment or grunt all to himself as they passed on to their game.

"Dat ar stumble b'long ter Marse Joe; never could lift his feet, dat boy."

"Marse Barnes? ain' like hisself. Mighty down in de mouf fer Marse Barnes."

"Dar's de lil widder. Um; step like a cat. Um."

"Miss Louise, bossin' de earth. La, don' I know Miss Louise!"

"En Miss Sue, trottin' 'long b'hind, totin' de left-overs."

"Whar's Miss Mae?" suddenly louder. "Is I gwine miss dat chile? Whar's lil Miss Mae?"

"Here, Unc' Shucks."

"Somebody throwing bricks at yo', honey? You walk like yo' steppin' on yo' heart."

"She is quite happy, Shucks," said Barnes' voice beside them, "but she is afraid of hurting some one if she knows it."

Shucks turned his sightless eyes anxiously from one to the other.

"De truf bes', chile; better hurt 'em den fash 'em. What yo' happy 'bout, honey?"

"I—I don't know," faltered Mae.

"Um. What she happy 'bout, Marse Barnes?"

"It is her secret—and Joe's."

The old man leaned eagerly to catch her reply, but Mae's pretty head was tilted in indignant silence.

"Marse Barnes," turning a broad smile on him, "if yo' an' Miss Mae was to go ter de spring an' fetch me a drink I'd be mighty thankful; dat I would."

"I must speak to you," Barnes said as the girl would have turned away from him. "Let me at least have your forgiveness." So they went together down the pretty hill path, under the elm and hawthorn and winding through witch hazel to the old spring.

"Um," grunted Shucks, and filled his pipe, the smile still broad on his face.

Presently the pretty widow came to him.

"Have you seen," she began, anxiously. "I mean heard, anything of Mr. Barnes?"

"Marse Barnes gone on ter de links," shamelessly, "wid Miss Sue. Warm. Yes, marm."

But he shook his grizzled head as she hurried away. "Dat how de cat jump," he mumbled. "Um. Ole Shucks gwine feel a pain in his conscience 'bout dat falsifyin' an' dat barrel o' fine flour, um—uh—who dat? Marse Joe? Yo' late at de links, sar."

"I am not going to the links, Unc' Shucks. I am hanging about with my own. Miss Mae is anxious about your chickens; she says a screech owl gets one every night."

"Dat he does, dat he does," indignantly; "an' I makes no doubt he's lappin' up one ob dem trees dis minute, dreamin' 'bout supper time, but hotto voce, 'yo wastin' shot firin' fer Miss Mae, chile, yo' shorely is."

Joe, all unconscious of this, wandered keenly along the edge of the wood, and the old man listened, his mind divided between chuckles for the spring and conscience-stricken oaths for the wood.

"Ah! here he is!" came triumphantly at last.

"Hit 'im 'fore he holler, Marse Joe!" Shucks advised, eagerly. "De owl isn't no luck in his screech."

So Joe took the owl silent and secured happy fortune to the donation party; at least that was the old man's verdict, but he shook his head dubiously when he considered Joe's share of it.

"But de biggest sort er luck," he grunted, philosophically, "is bleeged ter end somewhar."—Springfield Republican.

The Death Penalty.

A little thing sometimes results in death. Thus a mere scratch, insignificant cuts, or puny boils have paid the death penalty. It is wise to have Bucklen's Arnica Salve ever handy. It's the best salve on earth and will prevent fatality when burns, sores, ulcers, and piles threaten. Only 25c at E. C. Peery's drug store.

Puts an End to It All.

A grievous wail ofttimes comes as a result of unbearable pain from over-taxed organs. Dizziness, backache, liver complaint, and constipation. But thanks to Dr. King's New Life Pills they put an end to it all. They are gentle but thorough. Try them. Only 25c. Guaranteed by E. C. Peery's drug store.

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?

ANIMALS OF THE DESERT.

The Addax Antelope and Loder's Gazelle Frequent the Lands of Thirst and Sand.

In the northern Sahara two animals are found which seem specially adapted for life in this forbidden land. They are the addax antelope and Loder's gazelle, says the London Spectator. The addax is an ugly, awkward-looking animal, with spiral horns and very widespread hoofs, which enable it to go at a great pace over the sand. Pliny knew of its existence, and was naturally interested in it, for as South Africa was as yet unvisited, this was one of the few species of antelope known to the ancients. It was not rediscovered till Ruppell found it near Dongola. As it is rather a large antelope, it requires a considerable amount of food and the difficulty which suggested itself was to discover where it found its food. It is now nearly certain that the addax follows the rains which fall at certain seasons, and probably travels vast distances in the wake of the season's storms. The immense area of desert in northern Africa makes this possible, though without special knowledge of the meteorology of that part of the continent it would be unsafe to assert that there is always rain going on in some part of the desert fringe. How the addax supports itself in these absolutely dry intervals is not known. Gazelles are mainly desert animals, but Loder's gazelle seems to have rather more than the family leaning toward the land of thirst and sand.

JAPAN'S INTEGRITY.

Her People Are Proud to Serve Their Government for a Pittance.

The modern Japan which Marquis Ito's policy has brought forth was made possible by the religious devotion of nobles and coolies to the emperor, which made the imperial wishes law; by the intense patriotism and the official integrity of the retainers of the Daimyos, who have become the officers of the army and navy and members of the civil service, writes Frederick Palmer, in Scribner's. As an occidental, I should place integrity as the first cause. When you have official servants so proud that even the postman will not accept a Christmas present, a statesman knows that, whatever his errors of construction may be, the timbers are sound. As long as men become policemen on less than a coolie's pay for the honor of serving the government, it will never lack for first-class ability to fill its offices. Japan may well reverence her old military aristocracy, with its false punctilios.

MRS. CECELIA STOWE,
Orator, Entre Nous Club.

176 Warren Avenue,
CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 22, 1902.

For nearly four years I suffered from ovarian troubles. The doctor insisted on an operation as the only way to get well. I, however, strongly objected to an operation. My husband felt disheartened as well as I, for home with a sick woman is a disconsolate place at best. A friendly druggist advised him to get a bottle of Wine of Cardui for me to try, and he did so. I began to improve in a few days and my recovery was very rapid. Within eighteen weeks I was another being.

Cecelia Stowe

Mrs. Stowe's letter shows every woman how a home is saddened by female weaknes and how completely Wine of Cardui cures that sickness and brings health and happiness again. Do not go on suffering. Go to your druggist today and secure a $1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui.

WINE of CARDUI

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that in sixty days from the date hereof it will be unlawful for swine to run at large in the forks of the Santiam River in Linn County, Oregon, under penalty of five dollars for the first offense and ten dollars for each and every subsequent offense, to be recovered from the owner of the swine by civil action in the name of the State of Oregon, before a justice of the peace of the precinct in which such owner or keeper, or either of them, may reside; and such penalty shall be for the benefit of, and when collected paid into, the common school fund of the county in which such action is brought, within sixty days after such animal is proved to be at large.

Dated this 22rd day of June, 1904.

B. M. PAYNE,
County Clerk,
Linn County, Oregon

Suicide Prevented.

The startling announcement that a preventive of suicide had been discovered will interest many. A run down system or despondency invariably precedes suicide and something has been found that will prevent the condition which makes suicide likely. At the first thought of self destruction take Electric Bitters. It being a great tonic and nerve will strengthen the nerves and build up the system. It's also a great stomach, liver, and kidney regulator. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by E. C. Peery, druggist.

PUBLIC LAND SALE.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of instructions from the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under authority vested in him by section 2455, U. S. Rev. Stat., as amended by the act of Congress approved February 26, 1895, we will proceed to offer at public sale, at 11 o'clock A. M., on the 6th day of September next, at this office, the following tract of land, to-wit: The lot 1, section 10, township 10 s., r. 2 w. of the Will. Mer.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are advised to file their claims in this office on or before the day above designated for the commencement of the sale, otherwise their rights will be forfeited.

U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, this 15th day of July, 1904.

ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register;
GEO. W. BILUE, Receiver.

CITATION.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Linn County.

In the matter of the estate of John M. Bilyeu, deceased, } CITATION.

To Hannah J. Bilyeu, William Bilyeu, J. C. Bilyeu, Diannah Wiltfong, Lydia Curl, G. M. Bilyeu, J. M. V. Bilyeu, Lee Bilyeu, the children of Sarah Jane Burkhart, namely,—Maggie Currier, Frankie Keebler, Ruth Burkhart, the children of Elizabeth Calavan, namely,—John M. Calavan, J. L. Calavan, Ivy J. Page, Richard Calavan, and Elizabeth M. Calavan, Greeting.

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, You are hereby cited and required to appear in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Linn, at the Court room thereof, at Albany, in said County, on Monday the 1st day of August 1904, at one o'clock in the afternoon of that day, then and there to show cause if any there be why an order should not be made authorizing and directing Hannah J. Bilyeu, as administratrix of the estate of John M. Bilyeu, deceased, to sell the following described real property at either public or private sale, for cash in hand, said real property being described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the southeast corner of section 26 in township 10, south range 2 west of the Willamette Meridian, Oregon, thence west 20 chains to the north west corner of the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section 35 in said tp. and range, thence south 11.75 chains, thence west 7.50 chains, thence south 8.25 chains, thence west 12.50 chains, thence north to the northeast corner of G. W. Howell's D. L. C., thence west to the southeast corner of Stephen Stewart's D. L. C., thence north to the north boundary line of section 35, thence east to a point 9.25 chains west of the quarter section corner between sections 26 and 35 in said tp., thence in a northeasterly course to the center of said section 26, thence north 27.17 chains to the south boundary line of R. H. Pollard's D. L. C., thence east 20.40 chains to the southeast corner of said claim, thence north 11.83 chains, thence east 19.60 chains to the east line of said section 26, thence south 79 chains to the place of beginning, all in Linn County, Oregon, also beginning in the center of a county road at a point 30 feet east from the northeast corner of block No. nine (9) in south addition to the city of Scio in Linn County, Oregon, and running thence south 1 degree east along the center of said road 305 feet, thence north 89 degrees east 246.50 feet, thence north 1 degree west 306 feet, thence west 246.50 feet to the place of beginning, all in Linn County, Oregon.

WITNESS, the Hon. H. M. Palmer, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Linn, with the seal of said court affixed, this 2nd day of June A. D. 1904.

Attest: B. M. Payne, Clerk,
By F. C. Stellmacher, deputy. (SEAL)

The City Meat Market

DALEY BROS., Proprietors.

The best of fresh, salt, and smoked meats always on hand. We solicit your patronage.

.....AT.....

H. PHILLIPS'

Fine Candies, Tobacco and Cigars
Ice Cream. Stationery. Fresh Bread

Call and See Us

GUNS and AMMUNITION.

This line was carried on a large scale by us last year and this year we intend to eclipse all our former efforts in this line. Come in and look my stock over. We guarantee to please you.

CHAS. WESELY The Housefurnisher.
Scio, Oregon.

The DENVER & RIO GRANDE RAILROAD

HO! FOR ST. LOUIS AND THE WORLD'S FAIR!

WILL YOU BE THERE

SEE Nature's Art Gallery of the Rockies in addition to the attractions at St. Louis. This can only be done by going or returning via the "Scenic Line of the World."

Unrivaled Scenic Attractions.
Unequalled Dining Car Service.
Unsurpassed in Efforts to Please.

Write for illustrated booklet of Colorado's famous sights and resorts
W. C. McBRIDE, General Agent
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