

The Scio News.

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The Scio News

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Transient advertisements must be paid for
when the order is given for their insertion.
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second class mail matter.

PROFESSIONAL

H. BRYANT & SON

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Goodwin Block ALBANY OREGON

L. H. MONTAGNE

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Notary Public and Solicitor
of Real Estate and Patents
Office, 222 West 24 Street ALBANY, OREGON

WEATHERFORD & WYATT

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Office over First National Bank
ALBANY OREGON

WILBUR N. FINTLER, D. M. D.

DENTIST
Scio Oregon

S. C. BROWN, M. D.

Graduate Eclectic Medical College
Cincinnati, Ohio
SCIO OREGON

A. G. PRILL, M. D.

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON
Scio, Oregon
Telephone Exchange No. 11.

R. SHELTON

REAL ESTATE BROKER,
Justice of the Peace Notary Public
Scio Oregon

R. W. HAGEY

Watchmaker and Jeweler
All kinds of watches, clocks and jewelry
promptly repaired.
SCIO OREGON

CORNER SALOON

J. A. TUCKER

Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars
Pure Liquors for Medicinal Purposes
Give Us a Call

SCIO OREGON

THE SKIPTON STABLES

Good Turnouts, Prompt and
Courteous Attention
REASONABLE RATES

Corner Second and Ellsworth Streets
Albany Oregon

—ALBANY—

LUNCH - COUNTER

McKillop & Churchill, Props.

ALBANY OREGON

The best 20c meal in the valley
Open all night.

Go To The

Keystone Shaving Parlors

Only First-Class Shop In The City

Shaving.....15 cents

Hair Cutting.....25 "

Shampooing.....25 "

Baths.....25 "

GEORGE DAVIE PROPRIETOR

J. J. Barnes & Son,

General Blacksmiths

and Wagonmakers

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

Horseshoeing a Specialty

SCIO, OREGON

THE

Scio State Bank

Scio - - - Oregon

OFFICERS

President.....T. J. MCKENNA

Cashier.....W. A. EDWARDS

Asst. Cashier.....J. J. BARNES

Director.....J. J. BARNES

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Bound by a Spell

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

While he spoke, he was writing on a
slip of paper, which he folded and handed
to the visitor.

"What I am writing is the document I
gave you as an introduction to the party."

"Not at all. The paper you have in
your hand will be sufficient introduction."

"Good morning!"

In another minute Mr. Montgomery
was descending the dingy staircase.

"Just the same as of old," he muttered;
"hard as nails—not to be moved. Awk-

ward their sticking to that bit of paper
—not that it is ever likely to be found
out. They did not half believe in it. But,
cunning as they are, they are done—
they did not suspect me. How famil-

iar this old remnant of a place looks to
me, although 'tis many a year since I
saw it last. Its mouldy walls suggest
no very agreeable retrospect."

While he was thus muttering, his
thoughts, he left the building and passed
out of the court into the open thorough-

fare. Then he opened the paper that the
lawyer had given him and read the ad-

dress. The words were, "Madame Berns,
Ivy Cottage, Ivy Road, Highbury."

Had that paper informed him that
he was to die within the hour, its per-

sonal could not have cast upon his face
a more marked expression of dismay.

You must not be slow to read it, for
the moment he stood before him, he
thought, and when, startled by a rough pas-

ser-by, went back into the court to stare
at the writing and recover from the shock.

"Great heavens!" he ejaculated. "Is it
possible? What can this mean? Who is
this Silas Carson, then? Can this woman

be—Silas? The name is un-
common, and the same lawyers, too. But
why has she left The Willows? I must
fathom this mystery."

He stood motionless for some
moments, and gradually an expression
of dark determination settled upon his
face.

"I'll do it!" he muttered again. "I'll
face her once more, although I may
as soon face a tiger in her den."

He buttoned his coat across his breast
with a jerk, drew on his gloves and walk-

ed rapidly on, with the air of a man
thoroughly resolved.

Ivy Cottage was a small, gloomy look-
ing house, covered with the dark leaves
of the plant from which its name was
derived. A shrubbery, and a large, un-

timbered lawn, threw a deep shadow
upon the building.

"A remnant of bygone days," when Highbury
was a country place, and it looked like
a meanly dressed, old-fashioned woman,
in its coloring and the dingy stone and
white paint of the new villas that were
dotted on each side of it.

Mr. Montgomery pulled up short, as
he saw Ivy Cottage. Incurred upon the
gate post of this shabby looking
dwelling. He felt more nervous than
ever. He drew out his handkerchief,
wiped off his forehead, and then he
looked at the clock. At last he made
the plunge, opened the garden gate,
walked up the path and rang the house
bell.

His summons was answered by a sol-
emn looking servant. Madame Berns
was at home, but she could not see
visitors. Would he send in his busi-

ness?

He desired her to say that he came
from Messrs. Fogie & Quick, of Gray's
Inn, and that his business was of a
certain advertisement which had ap-
peared in the morning newspapers. The
woman shut the door in his face and left
him staring upon the steps while she
delivered his message.

Any person who had stood beside him
might have heard the thumping of his
heart against his side. Again he took
out his handkerchief, and wiped away
the perspiration that stood in large
beads upon his face; yet the morning
was rare and cold.

After the lapse of about a minute, the
door reopened, and he was marshalled
to the dining room. There he found
her, there to await Madame Berns's ap-
pearance. It was a gloomy room, the
walls were covered with a dingy, dark
paper, the furniture was old-fashioned
in form, and mostly of oak. The trees
in front threw in a black shadow, and
obscured the daylight. Mr. Montgomery
had himself tried his back to the win-

dow, and in that position his features
were indistinct to any person coming
into the room.

CHAPTER XIX.

Five minutes passed, and then the han-

dle of the door was turned, and there
appeared upon the threshold an elderly
woman, tall, big boned, thin, white lips;
a nose like a parrot's beak; light gray
eyes as cold as steel. She wore a
front of dark brown hair, dressed in
small flat curls, and bound round the
forehead by a band of narrow black vel-

vet. She was dressed in black silk,
and wore a kerchief of white muslin
crossed upon her bosom. Mr. Montgomery
rose and bowed, still carefully keep-

ing his face from the light.

"You have brought me intelligence of
the boy, Silas Carson?" she said, in a
hard, cold voice, and standing only just
within the doorway.

He tried to speak, but his mouth was
too parched, and his voice failed him, so
he politely moved a chair a little to-
wards her; but she still remained stand-

ing on the same spot, not recognizing his
evasion.

"My time is precious," she said, yet
more coldly. "Will you please to state
your business?"

"Stony as ever," he said, within him-

self, "impervious to politeness or bland-

ishments. The fight must come; the
 sooner the better."

"I am Silas Carson's representative,"

he said, in a voice that would shake in
spite of him. "I called upon Messrs.
Fogie & Quick in the matter of this ad-

vertisement,"—protesting the newspaper
—"they referred me to you, madama. I
now wait your communication."

At the first sound of his voice, the
iron features relaxed into an expression
of doubt, gradually changing into one of
astonishment, as she fixed her eyes upon
the speaker.

"Edward Mearns," she said, "what
have you to do with Silas Carson, and

how dare you set foot within my house?"

Hardly as she tried to speak in a tone
of calm sternness, there was an anxious
troubled ring in her voice, and an an-

xious look in her face, as she waited his
answer.

Now that the law was broken, all his
nervousness vanished. Fearless and blithe
as a hawk, he confronted her. For a mo-

ment they stood eyeing each other, like
two wrestlers about to engage in a dead-

ly struggle. In her face was a look of
intense feeling; in his, a look of dignified
hatred.

"Why have you come here?" she stern-

ly asked.

"I have told you, to inquire, on behalf
of Silas Carson, the meaning of this ad-

vertisement."

"What is Silas Carson to you, that
you should come here upon such an en-

quiry?" she asked, as though she could
not believe that he would venture to
ask her such a question.

"I refuse to make any commit-

ment to you. Let him come himself if
he wishes to know anything. This is
my house, and I will not endure your
presence in it."

"Suppose I insist upon remaining until
you answer my questions?"

"I shall have you expelled by a com-

petent, and sworn over to keep the peace
towards me."

"It would scarcely be agreeable to my
father, outcast as I am, to have his
name branded in a police court, even to
secure your safety."

He spoke in a voice of cold irony; but
the blood was stirring in his veins, and
he stared at her, pale and aghast.

"What have the dead to do with the
petty vanities of earthly fame?" she
asked, sternly.

"The dead," he whispered; the hot
blood changed to a stream of ice, and
he rushed back upon his heels, and he
stared at her, pale and aghast.

"The dead," she reiterated, in the
same tone. She looked steadily in his
eyes, and he felt that she was reading
the truth of his astonishment. It was too
terribly real to be doubted even by her. But
it could not excite one touch of pity in
her. She was added to, in a
voice of bitter irony. "A terrible com-

mentary upon your life, Edward Mon-

the office was closed. Early on Monday
morning she started it again. But the
time lost was fatal.

CHAPTER XX.

On Sunday, the Rev. Mr. Porter had
just sat down to his early dinner, when
the door, unopened, opened, and a
serving maid came into the dining
room to announce that a gentleman
wished to see him. Thinking that this
visit related, perhaps, to the advertise-

ment he had inserted, and supposing for
a moment that it might be Silas Car-

son, he started up, and, with a look of
surprise, he asked the gentleman's name.

"I'll save you the trouble, Sarah
Jane," cried a voice. "I'll take it in
myself," and the next moment Mr. Mon-

gomery presented himself in the parlor.

There was something about the self-
assured air and insolent tone of the in-

truder that inspired Mr. Porter with a
sudden but satisfied and strictly pri-

ate.

"You can leave the room, my dear,"
said the Professor, turning to the ser-

vant, "what I have to say to your mas-

ter is a very confidential and strictly pri-

ate."

"Pardon me, sir," said Mr. Porter, as-

suming his deprecating voice. "I never
transact any unusual business on the
Sabbath day, but—"

"Don't come this morning with me,
Bill," Montgomery interrupted Montgom-

ery, contemptuously as much as the servant
had left the room.

At that name, the Reverend Obadiah
and Judith started. Montgomery, how-

ever, continued to speak as if he had
not remembered them.

"Do you mean to say that you don't
remember me?"

"I do," said Judith quietly.

"I thought that the wonderful eyes of
Miss Zerkoff would find me out," Mont-

gomery returned.

A look of recognition began to dawn
in Mr. Porter's face. "Is it the Pro-

fessor?" he said.

"Yes, it's the Professor," answered
Montgomery. He had thrown himself
back in a chair, and with his hands in
his trousers' pockets, and his legs stretch-

ed out, was enjoying, with an air of in-

solent satisfaction, the dinner depicted
upon his quondam associate's face. But
Judith sat calm and unmoved, watch-

ing the enemy as keenly as though he
were seated at her elbow, and she was
momentarily expected, but of whom she
was not the least afraid.

"I am very glad to see you, Profes-

sor," said her father, as though to as-

sume an air of easy hospitality.

"Don't tell me! You cannot be glad
to see a man who knows as much about
you as I do, and whom you treated so
infamously."

"Well, Professor, is there anything I
can do for you?" asked Mr. Porter, in
his most fervent accents.

"You did enough for me years ago,
after I had saved you from starvation.
Do you not remember, when I was
first determined to pay you a visit,
I swore that I would not leave the town
until I had expended you in the middle
of your congregation?"

"But you have changed your mind
since then," said Judith, calmly, speak-

ing for the first time.

"How do you know that?" asked
Montgomery, sharply.

"If you had still intended to do that,
you would not have troubled yourself to
take a walk of two miles from me."

"I am sure the Professor would not
think it a trouble to walk two miles to
see old friends," he said, as he would
gladly have seen his father.

"Gentle that humbug!" cried Mont-

gomery. "But you certainly have Jolly
some quarters here, and as you are so
very pressing," he added, with a mal-

icious grin, "I think a month or two
down here, to a man who has been
in this city, strychnine poison was placed
in the Poland water used by the late Mrs.
Stanford."

That portion of the mystery connect-

ed with her tragic death, at Honolulu,
the police say, has been solved, on the
theory that Mrs. Stanford died of natu-

ral causes and that the powdered
strychnine found in the bicarbonate of
soda was placed there by some druggist
and intended as a tonic.

The police detectives working on the
case have all turned their attention to
other matters, and while nominally
men are detailed on the case, in reality
the department has entirely dropped it.

CORTELYOU TO SUCCEED SHAW

Will Become Secretary of Treasury in
Another Year.

Washington, March 28.—Leslie M.
Shaw, secretary of the treasury, has
signified his intention of retiring from
public office on February 1, 1906, at
the end of a four-year term. It is re-

ported in official circles in Washington
that Postmaster General George B. Cor-

teleyou will succeed him. No authori-

zed statement has been made on this
point, but the assumption is generally
accepted as correct.

Would Federate with Canada.

Toronto, Ont., March 28.—Mr. Fil-

lian, a member of the Dominion legis-

lature, now here, says the sentiment
in the British West Indies is strongly
in favor of federation with Canada.

"There are among us," said he,
"hardly any but would be glad to see
some scheme inaugurated for bringing
the two more closely together. I think
a union would be helpful to both."

Mr. Filian has seen Premier Laurier
on the subject and is hopeful of good
results, and will also interview the
Ontario premier.

Tornado Wipes Out Town.

St. Paul, Minn., March 28.—A re-

port reached this city tonight that the
little town of Lonsburg in the extreme
western portion of the state had been
practically wiped out by a tornado, and
that seven persons had been seriously
injured. It was also stated that from
two to seven were killed, but up to a
late hour it has been impossible, owing
to lack of telegraph facilities, to verify
the latter statement. Lonsburg is a
town of about 100 people.

Call to Jamestown Exposition.

Washington, March 28