

The Scio News.

VOL. IX.

SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, NOVEMBER 17, 1905.

NO. 21.

The Scio News

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT
SCIO, LINN CO., OREGON
By T. L. DUGGER

TERMS
Per annum, at the end of the year, \$1.50
Per annum, in advance, \$1.25
Advertising rates made known on application
Transient advertisements must be paid for
when the order is given for their insertion.
Entered at the postoffice at Scio, Oregon, as
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 Pensions and Patents
Office, 212 West 25 Street ALBANY, OREGON.

WEATHERFORD & WYATT
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Office over First National Bank.
ALBANY OREGON

WILBUR N. PINTLER, D. M. D.
DENTIST
Sole Oregon

S. C. BROWNE, M. D.
Graduate Eclectic Medical College
Cincinnati, Ohio OREGON

A. Q. PRILL, M. D.
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON
Sole, Oregon
Telephone Exchange No. 11.

R. SHELTON
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
Justice of the Peace Notary Public
Sole 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
Sole Oregon

OFFICERS
President.....T. J. MUNKERS
Cashier.....W. A. EWING

Does a general banking and exchange
business. Loans made at current rates
and drafts issued on principal cities.

EAST ADD SOUTH
—VIA—
Southern Pacific Co.
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., 8:50 p. m.
Albany 12:10 p. m., 11:30 p. m.
Arrives Ashland 12:35 a. m., 11:30 a. m.
" Sacramento 7:55 a. 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 Og-
den and El Paso, and tourist cars to
Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and
Washington.

Connecting at San Francisco with
general lines for Honolulu, Japan, China,
Philippines, Central and South Amer-
ica.

See Mrs. M. E. Woodmansee, agent at
West Scio station, or address
W. E. COMAN, G. P. A.,
Portland, Ore

His Heart's Desire

By SIR WALTER BESANT

CHAPTER XXV.

The wedding bells rang out as merrily
for Mary as if she was giving her hand
to an earl instead of a ruined farmer.
She was as joyful as if the whole of her
life was planned for ease and laziness in-
stead of hard work; as happily as if for-
tune had poured into her lap all that
the earth can give or the heart can de-
sire. The bells rang out over the whole
great parish. They were echoed along
the black precipice of Lustleigh Cleeve,
and were lost in the woods of Latchell.
They beat into the ears of the lonely old
man who sat in his parlor at Grator,
his papers before him, trying to persuade
himself that he was happy at last, for
he had what the Psalmist prayed for—
peace and quietness. He had longed ar-
dently for the lands of Silcote. He had
land now within his grasp; the place in a
few weeks or months would be his; and
not only that, but he would be a rich
man as well. He ought to have been
a happy man.

Mary had left him for three weeks
only; already he had found the differ-
ence between hired service and the ser-
vice of love. Every day, and all day
long, he had turned to Mary for every-
thing, and never found her wanting.
Now nothing was right—not even the
position of his chair—until she came to
the arrangement of his cushions, or the
comfort of his meals; and nothing would
ever be right again. Perhaps it
would have been better if he had given
his consent, and suffered George to re-
deem his land, and so kept Mary.

"Uncle!" it was David who came in
slowly, and sat down with deliberation
on the wedding day. "I have just
come from the church. There was a
rare show of people—most as many as
on a Sunday morning."

"Are they married?"

"Yes, they are married. I wouldn't
make quite sure till I saw it with my
own eyes. Married without your con-
sent, aren't they?"

"Certainly. They have married with-
out my consent."

"Then, Uncle David, since they are
married without your consent, I'll trouble
you for six thousand pounds—my aunt's
legacy of six thousand pounds—with
compound interest at four per cent.
I have been to a lawyer at Newton-Ab-
bot and he calculated it for me. You
lent me, two days ago, a thousand
pounds, which I take on account of the
legacy, because you knew then that the
banns were up and the wedding fixed.
The balance you will pay over at once. Other-
wise my lawyer will bring an action
against you. Hello! uncle, what's the
matter?"

"You took a thousand down, David, in
full discharge. It was an arrange-
ment. I owe you nothing."

"Uncle, you are a man of business, I
believe. What arrangement do you
mean?"

"You told George in this room that
there was such an arrangement. You
set him against me with telling him that,
David."

"Where is the arrangement? Where
are your papers?"

"David! David!" He fell back in his
chair. He had fainted.

David went to the sideboard and got
some medicine. When his uncle recov-
ered he gave him a few drops, and said:
"You are simpler than I thought, un-
cle," he said. "Did you really believe
that I was going to give up this fortune,
and to you—to you, of all men in the
world—when I knew that you were an
old man who would marry without your
consent?"

"David, you are a demon!"

"I am what you made me."

"David! David!" he roared, and wrung
his hands, "tell me you are joking."

"Not I! See now, uncle, I am going
away. I shall sell you the rest of your
compos, and I shall go away; but be-
fore I go I will have that money out of
you, to the last farthing. It is not for
myself, though; it is for M. P. You
thought to cheat her out of her fortune,
and to keep it to yourself; well, you are
wrong. You shall pay far more to me
than you would have paid to her, and she
shall have it all."

"You are killing me—oh! villain! vil-
lain!"

"The villain is the man who lays his
plans to rob and plunder the helpless."

"Kill me at once!" said the old man;
"kill me and have done with me!"

"Kill you? Not I; killing would be
foolish with such a chance as I've got
now for revenge! As for villain—when I
went away, who refused me the small
sum I wanted to start me in Canada?
You! When I came home, who offered me
the wages of a laborer? You! Vil-
lain? You dare to call any man a vil-
lain?" David bent over the old man's
chair with flaming eyes and purple
cheeks, his hands held back lest he should
be tempted to kill him. There was the
same fury in his look as when, six years
before, he stood before him with uprais-
ed cudgel and the word "murder" on his
lips. He had said all he had to say—for this
was not all, only the rest was incoherent
with spluttering and oaths—he rushed from
the room, as if he could not bear even to
be in his uncle's company.

And then the old man was left alone
again. The wedding bells were silent,
and conscience left him alone to his own
reflections. When the new housekeeper
brought in the dinner he did not dare,
as he would have done in Mary's time,
to lay upon her the burden of his own
misery and bitterness. She was a fine
large woman, who knew what was due to
herself, and Mr. Leighton had to treat
her with respect.

"Now, sir," she said, "sit up and eat
your dinner." It was then that they ad-
dress the paupers. Mary, he remem-
bered daily, had been wont to carve for
him, to ask him what he would take,
and where he liked it cut. Now he was
told to sit up and eat his dinner. He
noticed these little things more than
usual, because when a man has received
a heavy blow his mind, for some days,

not, I fear, be hanged, but you will be
shut up in prison for a very long time.
The wise man, David, flies from dangers
against which he can no longer struggle.
The door is open." He stood aside. "Fly,
David! let fear add wings. The police
will be upon you this night if you are
still in the village! Fly, David! even if
it is once more to face the ghost of your
murdered uncle! Better a hundred ghosts
than ten years of penal servitude. Fly,
David—fly!"

David was not alone here; he had heard
of the question whether Mary's fortune
was forfeited by her marriage with George,
and he knew that it was not. Nor can it be raised now.
For Mr. Leighton remained senseless for
three days—the same period as that
which followed the assault upon him.
And when he came to his right mind, he
held it was another mind. He thinks
that the whole parish of Challowe be-
longed to him—all the farms and cottages,
and even the church and the rectory. He
is perfectly happy in this belief, and is
constantly planning improvements and
good works of all kinds. He exists only
to do good. He lives with George and
Mary, and enjoys not only good health,
but also an excellent temper. He always
has a bag of money on the table, the
handling and music of which give him
the most exquisite pleasure; and in the
drawing up of imaginary mortgages,
signing vast checks, and watching his
imaginary property grow more and more,
he passes a happy and contented old age.
His affairs are managed by George, and
Mary is his heiress. So that for the
present generation, at least, there will
be no more talk of going to Tasmania.
(The end.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

There was no wedding breakfast at
Silcote, or any festivities at all—no
even a wedding cake. George drove his
bride and his mother home after the
service, and presently they had dinner
together, and George kissed his wife,
and his mother cried, so that there was
little outward show of rejoicing. Yet
they all three rejoiced in their hearts,
and felt stronger and more hopeful, just
because they could now stand together.
In the afternoon Mary asked George to
go out with her.

"I must go and see my uncle," she
said. "I cannot bear to think of him
alone. Let us ask him to keep his money,
but to let us part friends."

They walked hand in hand across the
stubble fields, and through the lanes,
where the blackberry leaves were putting
on their autumn tints of red and gold,
and the berries of the hedge were all ripe
and red—the purple honeysuckle, the
pink yewberry, the blackberry, rovan,
hip and thorn, and Grator.

"Strange, George, that we shall go
away, and never see the dear old place
again!" said Mary, with a sigh. "Let
us go as soon as we can, so as to leave
it before the hedges are stripped, and
while the sun still lies warm upon the
hills."

In the parlor Mr. Leighton was still
sleeping, though it was past his waking
time. Mary went to his room, and by the
hand, and they sat down behind him in
the window and waited. They waited
for a quarter of an hour. Then they
heard a step outside.

"It is David," George whispered. "He
will rouse his uncle. Is he come already
to ask for his fortune, I wonder?"

Just then Mr. Leighton awoke, perhaps
disturbed by David's heavy step, and he
awoke just as he had done twice before
—namely, suddenly and with a startled
shriek of terror. Just as he had done
twice before he sat up in his chair, with
compound interest in his eyes, glaring
wildly about the room.

Mary, accustomed to witness this
nightmare, looked to see the terror
pass from bewilderment. But it did not.

For awhile his mind was full of his
dream; while he yet remembered the
place, the time, and the man, and before
his eyes came the vision of the dis-
tressed, the very man himself of whom he
had dreamed stood before him at the
open door. Then he no longer forgot;
a dream became a memory; he was
riding across Heytre Down in the even-
ing; and he was met by his nephew with
a cudgel, and the nephew cried out,
"Who robbed me of my land?" and
struck him across the temples so that he
fell.

"Murderer! Robber!" he cried. "Help!
help! I am murdered and robbed!"

And then, lo! a miracle. For the par-
alytic, who had no power in his legs
for six long years, sprang to his feet and
stood with outstretched arms, crying for
help to seize the murderer. And David
looked before him with such a look of
horror, that he fell back on his knees,
and in his trembling right hand
the cudgel ready to uplift and to strike.

It was over in a moment, for the old
man, helpless and senseless upon the
floor, though David Heytre Down;
the skull cap was knocked off by the fall,
and exposed the angry red scar of the
old wound. He lay upon his back, his
vision faded in a fashion of a cross,
and as he lay there, so he lay here—
with parted lips, streaming hair, and eyes
wide open, which saw nothing though
they gazed reproachfully upon the ground,
and then for a space no one spoke;
but David bent over his uncle, breathing
hard, and George and Mary looked on
wondering and awestricken.

"A second time, David!"

David started, and turned. It was his
German protector, Baron Sergius von
Holstein, and the tall figure of the baron
stood in the door, accompanied by him-
self. But on this occasion I counted for
nothing.

"A second time, David!"

David gasped, but made no reply.

"You came home, David," said the
baron, "to give yourself in charge for
murdering and robbing your uncle. You
struck him over the head with your
cudgel, so that he fell dead at your feet.
You robbed him of a box of papers and
a bag of money. The thought of the
crime gave you no rest by day, and at
night the ghost of your uncle came to
your bedside and ordered you to go home
and give yourself up. You came home.
Your uncle was not dead. Have you con-
fessed the crime?"

David made no reply.

"Have you restored the papers?"

Again he made no reply.

"This is your uncle; he looks as if
you had killed him a second time. Mad-
am," he addressed Mary—"I am sorry
to speak of such things in the presence of
a lady, but I have in my pocket the con-
fession of David Leighton."

"He was not killed, after all," said
David.

"But he was robbed. Where are the
papers?"

"Here they are—all that are left," I
observed that he had a big book of some
kind under his arm; he laid this on the
table. "There are his papers. Now
what's the odds of a confession or two?"

"Is this man's presence desired by his
uncle?" the baron asked.

"No," said Mary. "He comes every
morning and drives him nearly mad. He
had some power over him—I know not
what. He has made my uncle's life mis-
erable for three months."

"I shall go to the nearest police station
and deposit this confession. They will,
I suppose, arrest you, David. You can-

not, I fear, be hanged, but you will be
shut up in prison for a very long time.
The wise man, David, flies from dangers
against which he can no longer struggle.
The door is open." He stood aside. "Fly,
David! let fear add wings. The police
will be upon you this night if you are
still in the village! Fly, David! even if
it is once more to face the ghost of your
murdered uncle! Better a hundred ghosts
than ten years of penal servitude. Fly,
David—fly!"

David was not alone here; he had heard
of the question whether Mary's fortune
was forfeited by her marriage with George,
and he knew that it was not. Nor can it be raised now.
For Mr. Leighton remained senseless for
three days—the same period as that
which followed the assault upon him.
And when he came to his right mind, he
held it was another mind. He thinks
that the whole parish of Challowe be-
longed to him—all the farms and cottages,
and even the church and the rectory. He
is perfectly happy in this belief, and is
constantly planning improvements and
good works of all kinds. He exists only
to do good. He lives with George and
Mary, and enjoys not only good health,
but also an excellent temper. He always
has a bag of money on the table, the
handling and music of which give him
the most exquisite pleasure; and in the
drawing up of imaginary mortgages,
signing vast checks, and watching his
imaginary property grow more and more,
he passes a happy and contented old age.
His affairs are managed by George, and
Mary is his heiress. So that for the
present generation, at least, there will
be no more talk of going to Tasmania.
(The end.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

There was no wedding breakfast at
Silcote, or any festivities at all—no
even a wedding cake. George drove his
bride and his mother home after the
service, and presently they had dinner
together, and George kissed his wife,
and his mother cried, so that there was
little outward show of rejoicing. Yet
they all three rejoiced in their hearts,
and felt stronger and more hopeful, just
because they could now stand together.
In the afternoon Mary asked George to
go out with her.

"I must go and see my uncle," she
said. "I cannot bear to think of him
alone. Let us ask him to keep his money,
but to let us part friends."

They walked hand in hand across the
stubble fields, and through the lanes,
where the blackberry leaves were putting
on their autumn tints of red and gold,
and the berries of the hedge were all ripe
and red—the purple honeysuckle, the
pink yewberry, the blackberry, rovan,
hip and thorn, and Grator.

"Strange, George, that we shall go
away, and never see the dear old place
again!" said Mary, with a sigh. "Let
us go as soon as we can, so as to leave
it before the hedges are stripped, and
while the sun still lies warm upon the
hills."

In the parlor Mr. Leighton was still
sleeping, though it was past his waking
time. Mary went to his room, and by the
hand, and they sat down behind him in
the window and waited. They waited
for a quarter of an hour. Then they
heard a step outside.

"It is David," George whispered. "He
will rouse his uncle. Is he come already
to ask for his fortune, I wonder?"

Just then Mr. Leighton awoke, perhaps
disturbed by David's heavy step, and he
awoke just as he had done twice before
—namely, suddenly and with a startled
shriek of terror. Just as he had done
twice before he sat up in his chair, with
compound interest in his eyes, glaring
wildly about the room.

Mary, accustomed to witness this
nightmare, looked to see the terror
pass from bewilderment. But it did not.

For awhile his mind was full of his
dream; while he yet remembered the
place, the time, and the man, and before
his eyes came the vision of the dis-
tressed, the very man himself of whom he
had dreamed stood before him at the
open door. Then he no longer forgot;
a dream became a memory; he was
riding across Heytre Down in the even-
ing; and he was met by his nephew with
a cudgel, and the nephew cried out,
"Who robbed me of my land?" and
struck him across the temples so that he
fell.

"Murderer! Robber!" he cried. "Help!
help! I am murdered and robbed!"

And then, lo! a miracle. For the par-
alytic, who had no power in his legs
for six long years, sprang to his feet and
stood with outstretched arms, crying for
help to seize the murderer. And David
looked before him with such a look of
horror, that he fell back on his knees,
and in his trembling right hand
the cudgel ready to uplift and to strike.

It was over in a moment, for the old
man, helpless and senseless upon the
floor, though David Heytre Down;
the skull cap was knocked off by the fall,
and exposed the angry red scar of the
old wound. He lay upon his back, his
vision faded in a fashion of a cross,
and as he lay there, so he lay here—
with parted lips, streaming hair, and eyes
wide open, which saw nothing though
they gazed reproachfully upon the ground,
and then for a space no one spoke;
but David bent over his uncle, breathing
hard, and George and Mary looked on
wondering and awestricken.

"A second time, David!"

David started, and turned. It was his
German protector, Baron Sergius von
Holstein, and the tall figure of the baron
stood in the door, accompanied by him-
self. But on this occasion I counted for
nothing.

"A second time, David!"

David gasped, but made no reply.

"You came home, David," said the
baron, "to give yourself in charge for
murdering and robbing your uncle. You
struck him over the head with your
cudgel, so that he fell dead at your feet.
You robbed him of a box of papers and
a bag of money. The thought of the
crime gave you no rest by day, and at
night the ghost of your uncle came to
your bedside and ordered you to go home
and give yourself up. You came home.
Your uncle was not dead. Have you con-
fessed the crime?"

David made no reply.

"Have you restored the papers?"

Again he made no reply.

"This is your uncle; he looks as if
you had killed him a second time. Mad-
am," he addressed Mary—"I am sorry
to speak of such things in the presence of
a lady, but I have in my pocket the con-
fession of David Leighton."

"He was not killed, after all," said
David.

"But he was robbed. Where are the
papers?"

"Here they are—all that are left," I
observed that he had a big book of some
kind under his arm; he laid this on the
table. "There are his papers. Now
what's the odds of a confession or two?"

"Is this man's presence desired by his
uncle?" the baron asked.

"No," said Mary. "He comes every
morning and drives him nearly mad. He
had some power over him—I know not
what. He has made my uncle's life mis-
erable for three months."

"I shall go to the nearest police station
and deposit this confession. They will,
I suppose, arrest you, David. You can-

not, I fear, be hanged, but you will be
shut up in prison for a very long time.
The wise man, David, flies from dangers
against which he can no longer struggle.
The door is open." He stood aside. "Fly,
David! let fear add wings. The police
will be upon you this night if you are
still in the village! Fly, David! even if
it is once more to face the ghost of your
murdered uncle! Better a hundred ghosts
than ten years of penal servitude. Fly,
David—fly!"

David was not alone here; he had heard
of the question whether Mary's fortune
was forfeited by her marriage with George,
and he knew that it was not. Nor can it be raised now.
For Mr. Leighton remained senseless for
three days—the same period as that
which followed the assault upon him.
And when he came to his right mind, he
held it was another mind. He thinks
that the whole parish of Challowe be-
longed to him—all the farms and cottages,
and even the church and the rectory. He
is perfectly happy in this belief, and is
constantly planning improvements and
good works of all kinds. He exists only
to do good. He lives with George and
Mary, and enjoys not only good health,
but also an excellent temper. He always
has a bag of money on the table, the
handling and music of which give him
the most exquisite pleasure; and in the
drawing up of imaginary mortgages,
signing vast checks, and watching his
imaginary property grow more and more,
he passes a happy and contented old age.
His affairs are managed by George, and
Mary is his heiress. So that for the
present generation, at least, there will
be no more talk of going to Tasmania.
(The end.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

There was no wedding breakfast at
Silcote, or any festivities at all—no
even a wedding cake. George drove his
bride and his mother home after the
service, and presently they had dinner
together, and George kissed his wife,
and his mother cried, so that there was
little outward show of rejoicing. Yet
they all three rejoiced in their hearts,
and felt stronger and more hopeful, just
because they could now stand together.
In the afternoon Mary asked George to
go out with her.

"I must go and see my uncle," she
said. "I cannot bear to think of him
alone. Let us ask him to keep his money,
but to let us part friends."

They walked hand in hand across the
stubble fields, and through the lanes,
where the blackberry leaves were putting
on their autumn tints of red and gold,
and the berries of the hedge were all ripe
and red—the purple honeysuckle, the
pink yewberry, the blackberry, rovan,
hip and thorn, and Grator.

"Strange, George, that we shall go
away, and never see the dear old place
again!" said Mary, with a sigh. "Let
us go as soon as we can, so as to leave
it before the hedges are stripped, and
while the sun still lies warm upon the
hills."

In the parlor Mr. Leighton was still
sleeping, though it was past his waking
time. Mary went to his room, and by the
hand, and they sat down behind him in
the window and waited. They waited
for a quarter of an hour. Then they
heard a step outside.

"It is David," George whispered. "He
will rouse his uncle. Is he come already
to ask for his fortune, I wonder?"

Just then Mr. Leighton awoke, perhaps
disturbed by David's heavy step, and he
awoke just as he had done twice before
—namely, suddenly and with a startled
shriek of terror. Just as he had done
twice before he sat up in his chair, with
compound interest in his eyes, glaring
wildly about the room.

Mary, accustomed to witness this
nightmare, looked to see the terror
pass from bewilderment. But it did not.

For awhile his mind was full of his
dream; while he yet remembered the
place, the time, and the man, and before
his eyes came the vision of the dis-
tressed, the very man himself of whom he
had dreamed stood before him at the
open door. Then he no longer forgot;
a dream became a memory; he was
riding across Heytre Down in the even-
ing; and he was met by his nephew with
a cudgel, and the nephew cried out,
"Who robbed me of my land?" and
struck him across the temples so that he
fell.

"Murderer! Robber!" he cried. "Help!
help! I am murdered and robbed!"

And then, lo! a miracle. For the par-
alytic, who had no power in his legs
for six long years, sprang to his feet and
stood with outstretched arms, crying for
help to seize the murderer. And David
looked before him with such a look of
horror, that he fell back on his knees,
and in his trembling right hand
the cudgel ready to uplift and to strike.

It was over in a moment, for the old
man, helpless and senseless upon the
floor, though David Heytre Down;
the skull cap was knocked off by the fall,
and exposed the angry red scar of the
old wound. He lay upon his back, his
vision faded in a fashion of a cross,
and as he lay there, so he lay here—
with parted lips, streaming hair, and eyes
wide open