The Santiam News.

VOL. X. SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, SEPTEMBER 7, 1906. NO. 11.

The Trail of the Dead:

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF DR. ROBERT HARLAND

By B. FLETCHER ROBINSON and J. MALCOLM FRASER

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles)

CHAPTER V.

II.—THE MYSTERY OF THE LEMSDORF HAM.

How Rudolf Marnac, the venerable savant, brought about the death of his rival and critic, Professor Von Stockmar, of Heidelberg University, I have already explained. I have, moreover, related the accident by which my cousin, Sir Henry Graden, the famous explorer and scientist, chanced to be visiting me, a student of medicine at the German university; and I have endeavored to outline the steps by which the baronet arrived at the discovery of the crime that had been committed. I have now to tell of the pursuit of Marnac, the murderer; a pursuit as strange in its outset as it was terrible in its conclusion. For this, the first adventure in the chase of this inhuman monster, it may be said that I have chosen a fanciful title. Yet "The Mystery of the Lemsdorf Ham" is too appropriate to be neglected for that reason.

At the first the Heidelberg police met our theory of Von Stockmar's death with incredulity. When they moved in earnest it was too late; all trace of Professor Marnac had been lost. It was discovered that he had taken from his rooms a small traveling valise and a considerable sum in ready money; but beyond these facts nothing was known; even his manner of leaving Heidelberg was a mystery.

For myself, the weeks that followed were in every respect intolerable. From a peaceful student I found myself transformed into a secret ally of the police, an unhappy being whose privacy was liable to be disturbed at all hours by some importunate official. Even worse, the authorities had detained my cousin, and those who are intimates of Sir Henry Graden will understand that I suffered at his hands. In the capture of the murderer—as we knew Marnac to be—he took a passionate interest. He was forever in my rooms, denouncing the authorities for their delay, advancing theories, or cursing his own inaction. The lieutenant in charge of the Heidelberg police went in absolute terror of the Englishman, and, indeed, refused all interviews in which he was not adequately protected by his satellites.

On a calm October morning I was sitting reading by my window, thankful of the momentary quiet I enjoyed, when the door burst open and my cousin come frolicking into the room. I admit the absurdity of the expression when applied to a middle-aged giant of sixteen stone; but frolicking describes it. Without a word of apology he seized my book, a new edition of "Digestive Organs of Molluscs," and flung it into the fireplace. It was too much.

"Henry Graden," said I, starting up indignantly, "you are my cousin, but you presume on that relationship. These school-boy antics are insupportable."

"Capital, Robert! capital!" he answered, regarding me with a comical expression. "I say! there's stuff in the boy! You'd like to punch my head, I suppose?"

I was somewhat ashamed of my outburst, and picked up the book, which was greatly damaged, before I replied.

"It's all very well, Cousin Graden," I said, sulkily enough. "But between you and the police, I am worried to death."

"Good! Then you can have no objection to leaving Heidelberg this afternoon."

"Leave Heidelberg! Why should I leave Heidelberg?"

He strode over to where I stood and laid his great hand on my shoulder with a touch that implied an apology.

"A schoolboy you called me just now. That's just what I am, a schoolboy let loose on the playground. The police have raised their embargo. An address which will bring me when they have need of my evidence—that is all they ask. Now, I want a traveling companion—a man I can trust. You can guess my errand, Cousin Robert. Before a week is out I shall have my hand on him, I shall, by heaven! You will come with me? Good lad, I knew it. The train leaves at three. I'll call for you."

"But where are we going?" I shouted, running to the door; for already he was down a score of stairs.

"St. Petersburg. You have a passport?"

"Yes—but Cousin Graden, Cousin Graden, I say——"

It was no use. I heard the street door slam behind him. St. Petersburg—and the winter coming on. Eugh! I had always detested cold. But next to escaping misfortune it is best to possess a philosophic mind. I commenced to pack my bag with my warmest underwear.

At thirty-five minutes past two Graden sent up word to say that he had a cab waiting my pleasure, and in three minutes more my luggage was upon it. Halfway down the main street we chanced upon Mossel, the fat lieutenant of police. He glanced at us keenly, with, as I thought, a certain suspicion. Graden saluted him coldly, muttering maledictions upon him for a stupid ass. There was no great friendship between the two. I paid the cab while my cousin saw to the tickets. Five marks provided us with a subservient guard and an empty carriage.

"And what are your plans for this intolerable Petersburg expedition?" I asked, as the train thumped its way out of the station.

"We are not going to St. Petersburg. We are going to Lemsdorf."

"To Lemsdorf! I have never heard of the place."

"No more had I an hour ago. Allow me to discover it."

He pulled a red-bound Baedeker out of his pocket and fluttered through the pages.

"Here we have it—'Lemsdorf: fourteen to fifteen hours from Berlin. Rising town in West Prussia; 12,000 inhabitants. Large dye-works. 'Prinz von Preussen,' 'Goldner Adler'—hotels well spoken of. Cab from the station, 75 pf. Little of historical interest. Excursions to Denker and the Huren, a wild and desolate district with several large lakes, on the Russian frontier.' Not altogether an inviting prospect at the latter end of October, eh, Cousin Robert?"

"I did not imagine we were going there for pleasure."

"Pessimist! Do neither the 'Prinz von Preussen' nor the 'Goldner Adler,' 'well spoken of,' as Baedeker describes these hostelries, attract you? Then the dye-works, they are sure to be interesting."

"Henry Graden," cried I with determination, "you try me too far! I am as eager as yourself that this criminal should be brought to justice. For this reason alone I have every right to know the why and wherefore of an expedition which will entail upon me, as I see clearly, the most extraordinary discomforts."

"It seems a pity, my dear cousin, that Nature, which endowed you with so many admirable qualities, should have omitted the saving grace of humor," he rejoined. And then changing his tone to a greater sobriety: "You shall hear all that I know or conjecture. It will, at least, help us on our journey.

"First, as to the facts at my disposal. For myself, I had heard much of Rudolf Marnac, but only as a Heidelberg professor of distinction, whose stupendous effort, 'Science and Belief,' had set educated Europe by the ears. From you I learned of his quarrel with Von Stockmar, a quarrel originating in the latter's attack on the work in question, of which Marnac was inordinately vain. Then came the chain of facts that proved—to our mind at least—that Marnac had murdered his colleague with a diabolical ingenuity. Could such a crime be inspired by a quarrel so trifling? It was almost past belief. Further evidence was necessary; and this evidence the investigations of the police have supplied.

"When I learned that his father, Jean Marnac, had died in a Paris asylum, I began to see my way. But it was the statements of his servants that cleared up my last doubt. An eccentricity which at one time amused them had of late been changed to a violence that filled them with terror. He had presented them with copies of the book, elaborately bound. A housekeeper who had served him for twenty years was loaded with abuse and discharged because the old creature admitted that she could not follow his arguments. He was the victim of a partial mania. Such cases are not uncommon.

"Whither had this dangerous creature fled? It seemed a mystery insoluble. He was well provided with money; on all topics but one he was admirably sensible. The police admitted that he had beaten them. But only yesterday I obtained a clue. It may be valueless; but for myself I think otherwise. At least it is worth the journey I am asking you to make in my company.

"At my urgent request the police admitted me to his rooms. His papers they had already examined, without result. I found that he possessed a fine library. I am a book-lover, and my first step was to examine it. Tucked away in a corner of a shelf, yet within easy reach of his customary chair, I found a volume. It was typical of the man that it should be elegantly bound. Within were collected the hostile criticisms with which his book had been loaded. The more severe were scribbled over with the vilest epithets. Von Stockmar was personally threatened, as was also a certain Mechersky, a professor of the Imperial University at Petersburg. I abstracted the volume. You may like to examine it."

He drew it from the capacious pocket of his traveling ulster and gave it to me. The cover was of the choicest morocco; upon it, in gold, were emblazoned the arms of the university. It was a triumph of the binder's art, yet I handled it with a singular feeling of disgust.

The interior was oddly divided. The greater part consisted of clippings from papers and magazines, neatly gummed upon blank pages. But here and there were interpolated pamphlets, held in their place by elastic bands. In contrast with this orderly arrangement, scarcely a page but was defaced by pencilled remarks, satirical or abusive. I ran through them hastily until I came upon the article which bore Mechersky's name, extracted apparently from some French review. Its severity seemed to have lashed Marnac to fury. It was covered with a maze of pencilings. But my attention was soon centered on a portion of the text which, being underlined in red, stood out from the page with some prominence. "The author of 'Science and Belief,'" for thus it ran, "seems to have lost touch with humanity. His deductions might be correct if men were bloodless, merciless automatons. He regards them as might some reptile—let us say, a toad scientifically inclined." Across this criticism, which seemed to me unnecessarily severe, was written in German: "Infamous scoundrel! Would that I might crush you like a toad!"

"A curious wish," I said, pointing to the passage.

"And from Marnac a most dangerous one," he answered. "I can only hope we shall reach Lemsdorf in time."

"Lemsdorf again! And why Lemsdorf?"

"For the excellent reason, Cousin Robert, that Mechersky, who comes of land-owning Polish stock, is holiday-making at Castle Oster, a place he has in that neighborhood. And as sure as I sit here, where Mechersky is, there will be that madman, Rudolf Marnac. If he means to murder the man, he will have had nigh on a month to bring it off. Heaven grant that we're in time!"

The tone in which he spoke thrilled me with a dreadful anxiety. The danger was indefinable; but fear draws its darkest terrors from the unknown.

"One thing more," I said. "How did you discover Mechersky's whereabouts?"

"I had thought him at St. Petersburg; but a wire to a friend there gave me the information I required."

CHAPTER VI.

I have neither the necessity nor the inclination to dwell on that journey. It was very late when we rolled into the station of the good town of Leipsic, where we spent the night at a convenient hotel. Yet it was at an early hour that Graden roused me from a tired sleep to catch the Posen express. The country through which we now journeyed was of a melancholy similitude, and the broad plains, though reasonably cultivated, affected me with a mental depression which the cheery efforts of my companion could not conquer. The day was drawing to its close as we reached Posen and passed through that fortress city into a land of desolation. Gloomy pine woods, great lakes on which the dying sun threw patches of ruddy gold, forlorn heaths and swamps that, as I imagined, could scarcely be equaled for sheer dismalness of aspect, slid by us in a never-ending chain. Save for the eastern sky, glorified by the fiery sunset, the heavens were obscured by ponderous clouds of muddy grey that foretell the first snow of winter. Darkness had fallen when we changed carriages at a junction; but it was close upon midnight before my cousin, who had been sitting with a Continental Bradshaw on his knees, thrust his head out of the window and cried that the lights of Lemsdorf were in sight. Our luggage was piled upon an antiquated cab and in ten minutes more the host of the 'Goldner Adler,' a thin, handsome Pole, was bowing a stately welcome to his guests. Supper—and then to bed.

The room assigned to me was an oak-paneled apartment of considerable size, and the single candle with which I was provided seemed only to deepen the lurking shadows round the walls. The huge china stove failed to warm a place so thoroughly ventilated by draughts. At another time the cause of our journey, combined with the uncanny nature of these surroundings, might have acted on my nerves. But I was too weary, too angry with my present discomfort, to give opportunity to fanciful terrors. The bed was small, and in all probability damp. I took off my coat, rolled myself in a thick traveling rug, heaped the clothes upon me, and blowing out the candle I had placed on a table at my elbow, lay down to sleep.

How long I may have slept I cannot say, but I was awakened by a sudden flash of light that struck like a blow through the darkness. For a score of seconds, it may have been, I lay motionless. The room was in utter darkness and silence. Then I heard a footfall, a creaking of a door. I sprang from my bed, only to trip and fall heavily over the rug which I had carried with me. I groped for the table, found it, and lit the candle, crouching, half expectant of some attack when I should reveal myself. I looked keenly about me—the room was empty.

But I had had a visitor, for the door was still ajar. I ran to it, shading the light with my hand, peered down the passage. There was no one visible. I returned to the room, this time locking the door securely. Perhaps, after all, I reasoned, there had been no cause for my alarm. Some fellow-guest might have mistaken his chamber, retiring quickly on discovering his error. This argument heartened me, for, to be honest, I was shaken not a little. I examined the room carefully, without result; and then, after a composing cigarette, slipped back into bed, leaving the candle burning in the center of the room.

(To be continued.)

DEED OF A MERRY RASCAL.

Posed as a Detective in Order to Get Money from Victim.

One French became acquainted with Gerry Harlow, a leading citizen of Dixfield, while the two were spending a few days in Portland. The two seemed congenial and decided to be comrades on a little excursion to Rangeley. They passed a happy week at Maine's lake resort. One morning French came back with the story that he had found a moose in the woods. He asked Harlow if he did not want to help him bring it in in the afternoon. Harlow assented and the two started off. When they reached a lonely spot they left the road and went into the woods; French suddenly pointed a pistol at Harlow, and told him to hold up his hands.

French showed a United States detective's badge and told Harlow that he was under arrest on the charge of passing counterfeit money. Harlow attempted to escape, whereupon French shot at him, the bullet striking Harlow's neck, where it is still embedded.

French told Harlow that two other officers were in the woods watching his every movement and should he attempt to escape would shoot at him. French then said he was going to town after a team with which to take the prisoner to the Farmington jail. Harlow was completely terrorized. French compelled him to give up his money, his diamond ring, two signed checks and then forced him to write two more checks to his (French's) order.

French then left Harlow in the woods and was gone about two hours, returning, as he said he would, with a team. Then came an all-night drive, with a brief halt for a few hours' sleep, and in the morning French reached Farmington with his prisoner and marched him into jail.

French showed his badge and told the jailer that the prisoner was a desperate man and no one should be allowed to see him. French went to the bank in Farmington and tried to cash his check and this is where he made his mistake. The man from whom he rented the team appeared with papers for his arrest and then quickly the plot was untangled. French was discovered to be a bogus detective. Harlow was given his freedom, and after a short trial French was sent down to State prison to serve a long sentence.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Even the Hens.

"A hen out in Ohio is laying eggs inside out."

"So it seems that even the hens are getting down to the skin game."—Baltimore American.

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

BIG SHIPMENT OF LAMBS.

Polk County Stock Brings Top-notch Prices for Breeding.

Independence — There were loaded and shipped from Independence one day last week 700 buck lambs and 20 head of thoroughbred Angora goats. The buyer of this blooded stock was Alexander Donaldson, of Sheridan, Wyoming. The seller was W. W. Percival, of this place.

The lambs were principally from Polk county, although there were a few in the shipment from Yamhill, Benton, and Marion. The goats were raised by Mr. Percival. It required seven single-decked cars to carry the shipment. The lamos are Lincolnshire and Cotswold breeds, for which Polk county is becoming famous. A few carloads were shipped to Wyoming by Mr. Percival last year, and this year he received an order for double the amount.

For breeding purposes the Polk county lambs bring fancy prices, which the butchers cannot pay, and owners of sheep are naturally turning their attention more to the raising of thoroughbred stock. The shipment included lambs from the J. B. Stump and William Riddell farms, already known among Eastern stockmen as producers of high grade sheep and goats.

One lamb from the Riddell farm, one year old, sheared 23 pounds, and weighed 270 pounds. The fleece at 28 cents brought $6.44. At the market price of lamb, it would have brought $10.80, which, together with the fleece amounts to $17.24. For breeding purposes the lamb sold for more.

There were a number of lambs in the shipment which shear 21 to 23 pounds.

GOOD FRUIT NOT COSTLY.

Small Outlay Will Eradicate Codlin Moth and Other Pests.

Milwaukie — J. H. Reid, of this place, who has made a close study of sprays for codlin moth and fruit pests, believes that wormy apples are not necessary, and that it is possible for all who raise fruit to keep it free from codlin moth or other pests. Contrary to the supposition that the cost of spraying is excessive, Mr. Reid gives some figures to show that spraying is not expensive.

Mr. Reid cites the apple orchard of Mark Levy, at Milwaukie, who had a total of 300 boxes of apples and pears. Each time he sprayed it took 18 hours. There were two men employed at a cost of $9, one team at $6, and cost of material was $10, making the total cost $26. This was less than 8¼ cents per box. A great many of Mr. Levy's trees are young and not in full bearing, and for that reason the cost for spraying was larger than it would have been had the trees been in full bearing.

"In a large orchard like that of Millard O. Lownsdale, in Yamhill county," said Mr. Reid, "the cost would not be more than 4 to 6 cents per box for spraying. When the spraying is properly done the grower does not have more than eight or ten per cent loss from worms."

Salem Has New Industry.

Salem—The only sienna paint factory on the Pacific coast and one of the few in the United States, is now in operation in Salem. A complete outfit of grinding, sifting and mixing machinery has been installed, but the demand for the product already indicates that the plant will have to be duplicated. The factory is being operated on material shipped from the sienna deposits discovered a year or two ago south of Eugene, in Lane county. As the deposits cover an area of 62 acres to a depth of 50 feet, there is plenty of material to supply the factory for a number of years.

Tests have proved that the Lane county deposits are of as high grade as the Italian sienna and it has been demonstrated that the Oregon material can be placed upon the market in competition with the imported article.

Epidemic of Hog Cholera.

Seaside—E. K. Willard, who runs a dairy on the Wauhama, reports an epidemic of hog cholera throughout his neighborhood. Willard had eight fine porkers that he intended to slaughter within a few days, but the cholera beat him to them. Mr. Thompson, a neighbor, who is also in the dairying business, has lost all his hogs, and Mr. Dawson, who lives on the Clatsop plains, has lost his entire herd from the disease.

Record-breaking Prune Crop.

Oregon City — William X. Davis, who owns a 20-acre prune orchard near Carus, reports that he will have a record-breaking crop of exceptional quality this year. He says his trees are loaded to their capacity. Mr. Davis' trees are all of the Italian variety, he having plowed up his acreage of petites, supplanting them with the Italians which he finds more profitable.

Large Crop of Cabbages.

LaGrande — Harvey Clark, from a 20-acre tract of mountain land, located four miles south of town, will harvest 500 sacks of potatoes and 16,000 heads of cabbage, weighing from two to five pounds. His potatoes will bring $400, and the cabbages $800, or a total return of $1,200 from 20 acres.

Vandals Cut Hop Vines.

Salem—Unknown marauders entered the hop yard of Hing Quong, near this city, and cut all the hop vines on about an acre of ground. The hops will be of little value.

FORTUNES IN DAIRYING.

Prominent Willamette Valley Dairyman Says "Buy Cows."

Independence—That the cow is the best of money makers for the farmer, is the assertion of K. C. Eldridge, of this place, owner of creameries at Independence, Dayton, Jefferson, Eugene and Junction City, and one of the largest buyers of cream in the Willamette valley.

"A large part of the prosperity of the Willamette valley has come from the milch cow," he said. "Darying beats wheatraising out of sight. And three or four years of dairying on wheat land will double the wheat growing capacity of the soil. A number of farmers in Polk are raising more than 30 bushels of wheat to the acre on such land, which several years ago would not produce more than 12 to 15 bushels.

"A farmer with say 50 cows, although that's a rather big herd, and with hogs and chickens as accessories, can make more money then do many of the country banks—that is, if he uses brains as well as hands. It's a bonanza for him, sure enough. Farmers are fast coming into realization of this; in fact, many of them realize it already. Dairy products always can find a market without hunting for it, at high prices. But dairying requires constant attention every day in the year, and for this reason some farmers are unwilling to take up with it.

"One man of my acquinatance who, six years ago, owned 30 acres of land and was in debt, by going into the dairying business paid his debt, bought 70 acres more for $3,850, and has paid $2,500 of this price already. The other day he sold 14 six-months old hogs for $217."

Construct Eagle Valley Line.

Baker City—David Eccles has decided to take in hand the construction of the Eagle Valley railroad, a project which has long been looked forward to by the peope of this place as of great importance. Mr. Eccles has himself announced that he will build the line and has called upon the people of Baker City to assist by raising a stock subscription of $100,000. This work has already been taken up and good progress made.

Seaside Bath House Burned.

Seaside—The large bath house owned by E. N. Zeller, located on the beach near the Butterfield cottages, was totally destroyed by fire a few days ago. There was no wind, or the surrounding cottages would have been destroyed. Adjoining cottages were protected by the bucket brigade. The loss is partially covered by insurance.

Dry Rust in Valley Hop Yards.

Woodburn — Dry rust has appeared in hopyards in the vicinity of Mount Angel, where there is considerable complaint, and an immense amount of damage is liable to be done. This is the first appearance of dry rust in this section. It has a musty smell and absolutely destroys the flavor of the hop.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Clab, 65c; bluestem, 69c; valley, 69@70c; red, 63c.

Oats—No. 1 white, $22@22 50; gray, $20@21.

Barley — Feed, $20@21 per ton; brewing, $21 50@22.50; rolled, $23.

Rye—$1.30 per cwt.

Corn—Whole, $26; cracked, $27 per ton.

Hay—Valley timothy, No. 1, $10@11 per ton; Eastern Oregon timothy, $12@14; clover, $7@7 50; cheat, $7@7.50; grain hay, $7; alfalfa, $10; vetch hay, $7@7.50.

Fruits—Apples, common, 50@75c per box; fancy, $1.25@2; grapes, 75c@$1.50 per crate; peaches, 70c@$1.00; pears, $1 25; plums, fancy, 50@75c per box; common, 50@75c; blackberries, 5@6c per pound; crab apples, $1@1 50 per box.

Melons—Cantaloupes, 10c@$1 25 per crate; watermelons, 1@1½c per pound; casabas, $3.25@3 50.

Vegetables—Beans, 5@7c; cabbage, 1¾@2c; celery, 85c@$1 per dozen; corn, 15@20c per dozen; cucumbers, 25c per dozen; egg plant, 10c per pound; lettuce, head, 25c per dozen; onions, 10@12½c per dozen; peas, 4@5c; bell peppers, 12½@15c; radishes, 10@15c per dozen; spinach, 2@3c per pound; tomatoes, 25@50c per box; parsley, 25c; squash, $1@1.25 per crate; turnips, 90c@$1 per sack; carrots, $1@1.25 per sack; beets, $1.25@1.50 per sack.

Onions—New, 1¼@1½c per pound.

Potatoes—Oregon Burbanks, 70½@80c; sweet potatoes, 4@4½c per pound.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 23½@27½c per pound;

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 24c@25per dozen.

Poultry—Average old hens, 13½@14c per pound; mixed chickens, 13@13½c; spring, 14@15c; old roosters, 9@10c; dressed chickens, 14@15c; turkeys, live, 17@20c; turkeys, dressed, choice, 21@22½c; geese, live, 9@10c; ducks, 13@15c.

Hops—1906 contracts, 17½@20c per pound; 1905, nominal; 1904, nominal.

Wool—Eastern Oregon average best, 15@19c epr pound, according to shrinkpage; valley, 20@22, according to fineness; mohair, choice, 28@30c per pound.

Veal—Dressed, 5½@8c per pound.

Beef—Dressed bulls, 3c per pound; cows, 4½@5½c; country steers, 5@6c.

Mutton — Dressed, fancy, 7@8c per pound; ordinary, 5@6c; lambs, fancy, 8@8½c.

Pork—Dressed, 7@8½c per pound.

The Santiam 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 C. C. Bryant
H. BRYANT & SON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Goodwin Block ALBANY OREGON

L. H. MONTANYE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Notary Public and Solicitor of Pensions and Patents
Office, 232 West 1st Street ALBANY, OREGON

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

S. C. BROWNE, 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

Albany Lunch Counter
McKILLOP & DeVANEY, Props.
Best 20c. Meal in the Valley
Open All Night
ALBANY, OREGON.

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

Beware of Defective Titles
Have an Abstract of Title prepared by the
Linn County Abstract Co.
Of the real property you intend to purchase or accept as security for money loaned, our patrons receiving the benefit of our experience. Established in 1892.
Z. H. RUDD, Manager.
Office cor. Third and Broadalbin Sts.
ALBANY, OREGON

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. Newgass
Cashier.....W. A. Ewing
Does a general banking and exchange business. Loans made at current rates and drafts issued on principal cities.

EAST AND SOUTH
—VIA—
SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.
Shasta Route
Trains leave West Scio for Portland and way stations at 10:50 a. m. Leave for Albany at 2:20 p. m.
Leaves Portland 8:30 a. m.; 8:30 p. m.
Leaves Albany 12:10 p. m.; 11:30 p. m.
Arrives Ashland 12:35 a. m.; 11:30 a. m.
Arrives Sacramento 7:35 p. m.; 8:35 a. m.
Arrives 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 the several steamship lines for Honolulu, Japan, China, Philippines, Central and South America.
See L. S. Nelson, agent at West Scio station, or address
A. L. CRAIG, G. P. A.
Portland, Oregon.

PACIFIC AID ASSOCIATION
Of Portland, Oregon
Pays Sick, Accident, Death Benefits
DUES $1.00 PER MONTH
NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION
For particulars see
GROVER POMEROY Agent SCIO, OREGON T. L. DUGGER Collector

LUMBER! LUMBER!
H. D. Landon, of the Bilyeu Den Sawmills, is prepared to fill orders for
Common OR Finishing Lumber
Orders taken at the yards in Scio or at the mills in Bilyeu Den. His lumber is the best of mountain fir, and prices are reasonable.
LANDON! LANDON!

SCIO LIVERY & FEED STABLES
Irvine & Myer, Props.
Hack connects with all trains at West Scio and morning train at Munkers.
Our rigs are first-class and our horses good drivers. Prices reasonable.