The Santiam News.

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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.

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

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—VIA—

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Leaves Portland 8:30 a. m.; 8:30 p. m.
Leaves Albany 12:10 p. m.; 11:30 p. m.
Arrives Ashland 12:58 a. m.; 11:30 a. m.
Arrives Sacramento 7:55 p. m.; 8:35 a. m.
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DUES $1.00 PER MONTH
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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,

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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.

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 VI.—(Continued.)

It snowed that night, and to some effect, as the morning light showed me. The broad, slovenly street beneath my windows was thickly coated, and though he fall had ceased, a dull sky, streaked a with muddy whitewash, threatened a further downfall. It was bitterly cold and I flung on my clothes in a vile temper.

Graden was meditating before the tove when I entered our breakfast-room, with the strange book he had shown me during the journey in his hands.

"You look pale as a ghost. Are you quite fit?" he asked kindly.

"Oh, yes; though my night was not particularly peaceful."

"What do you mean?"

I told him briefly of my unknown visitor. He seemed greatly interested, questioning me minutely on various points.

"Your theory may be correct," he concluded. "Some guest may have mistaken his chamber, and hurried off on discovering his mistake. Yet, if he had a light with him, how came he to make such an obvious error; whereas, if it was the striking of a match that roused you, what was the man doing wandering in the dark?"

"To tell the truth, when I first woke, I imagined it was Marnac himself."

"I have considered that point. I do not think it could have been he."

"And why?"

"Before you were down this morning I had a talk with our landlord. The guests at his house are of two classes—commercial travelers and those having business at the dye-works. They do not stay long—usually a week at most. Of the nine which he now has, none has exceeded that limit. He knows them all personally—six commercials, two dye-works men, and a rich Englishman, one George Wakefield, who has been staying with some magnate in the neighborhood. But here is Herr Reskl himself."

"Gentlemen," said the landlord, bowing low, "your sleigh is at the door."

"How far is it, then, to Castle Oster?" I asked him.

"Close on twenty miles; and with this fresh snow it will be heavy going."

Ten minutes later we slid on our silent runners, to the tinkle of the bells, out through the squalid, sprawling town, out through the wooden hovels of the suburbs, out past the dye-works, with their tall, melancholy chimneys, out into the snow-clad levels beyond, and there from out of the east there sprang upon us a great and bitter wind, chilled by its long journey over the boundless steppes of frozen Russia. Here and there, across the plains, a whiff of powdry snow, like the smoke of heavy guns, would leap up before the fiercer blasts, only to burst and fall as they lulled once more. To the south and east the pine woods ranged their formal ranks, black against the dazzling carpet at their feet. It was a scene of utter desolation.

We drove in silence. Graden sat in a huddled mass, his chin buried in the great woolen comforter he wore, staring out over the plain with fixed, introspective eyes. For myself, I sat amongst the rugs beside him in vague speculation. What could be this danger that threatened the scientist from St. Petersburg in his home at Castle Oster? After all, might not our whole journey be a folly born of Graden's imaginings, a blind guess that had dragged us half across Europe? I shivered, and shivering, muttered anathemas on the climate.

CHAPTER VII.

We entered the forest. On every hand stood the pines, stretching away in long, silent, lonely avenues floored with drifted snow. The laden branches bowed before us, now and again, at the whirl of a passing gust, flinging their burdens from them. Once a willow grouse, white as the snow beneath it, swept on steady wing through the trees. Once from the far, far distance, borne upon the eastern breeze, there came a cry, a weird, hopeless echo in the air, that set the horses snorting. I knew what it must be—a wolf who felt the first pangs of the winter's hunger gathering round him. But there was no sign of man nor marks of sleigh tracks on the newly fallen snow.

We did not travel fast, though our driver did his best. The snow had not hardened and settled into that enchanting surface on which the runners speed so swiftly. Midday was past before we saw, through a sudden gap in the forest, a rising mound crowned with a low, grey building. "Castle Oster!" cried our driver, turning in his seat to claim our attention. In ten minutes more we had halted at a gate set in a high stone wall.

Before we were clear of the rugs the driver had slipped from his perch and tugged at a rusty iron bell-pull. We waited without an answer. Again he rang; but Graden did not wait the result. The door was not bolted; it opened to his vigorous arm, and we followed him into the broad courtyard of the castle.

Before us sprawled the main building flanked by little towers, like the pepper-box turrets of an old Scotch mansion. The windows were shuttered; the chimneys were smokeless save for one above the central porch, from which a dark plume rose and trailed away to the westward—the solitary sign of habitation. To our right and left were ranged outbuildings, stables, coach-houses, and the like; but all in a condition of ruinous decay. Patches fallen from the roofs laid bare the rafters; from the broken gutters trailed long pendants of ice. Against the old doors the snow had piled itself in heavy drifts. No sound broke the brooding stillness. It was a picture distressingly forlorn.

"Has Professor Mechersky, then, no servants?" asked Graden of our driver. I noticed that he hushed his voice in speaking; he, too, felt the uncanny influence of the place.

"Two, mein Herr—a man and a woman. I cannot think where they can be."

"I had understood he was a man of means. Why does he allow this disrepair?"

"I do not think the professor cares. He shuts himself up with his experiments when he is here—which is not often now. His rooms look to the south on the other side. For the rest, the house is not furnished."

"Well, I suppose there is a servant who will—— Heavens! what is that?"

From somewhere within the house there came a shriek, a cry of supreme terror. Again and yet again it was repeated before it shrank away into silence. Graden ran across the court to the main door, and I was hard upon his heels. He pulled the bell and hammered fiercely upon the heavy oak panels; but no one answered.

"I don't believe the thing is bolted," said he. "Keep the handle turned, and let me try what I can do."

He stepped back a dozen paces, and then came running at the door like a bull. The giant caught it squarely with the point of his shoulder; there was a sharp crack; the next instant we were both sprawling on the floor within.

We found ourselves in a great and dusty hall, indifferently lighted. Against the wall on my right I could dimly discern the figure of a woman crouched on the floor, sobbing bitterly, her face buried in her hands. She did not move, despite our violent entrance. At the foot of the main staircase an old man was bending over something that lay motionless. He looked up at us with a white, pitiful face.

"He is dead—the master is dead!" he whimpered.

Graden strode up to him, and I followed at his heels.

Professor Peter Mechersky—for such I knew it must be—lay huddled under an old grey cloak that spread wing-wise from his neck, a blot upon the polished oak of the floor. From his face, thin though it was and wasted with disease, he must have been a middle-aged man who had preserved a singular beauty. He had died as a child might fall asleep. Yet the horror that he had escaped he had left to the living; for his attitude was abnormal, impossible, and ghastly to behold.

It was not right that a body should resemble an egg that is broken.

My cousin swept aside the cloak for a moment, and replaced it reverently, though with a hand that trembled.

"He has not a sound bone in his body," he muttered, and then, turning to the old servant, "How did this happen?" said he.

"He had been ill for some weeks, mein Herr, and we begged him not to leave his room. But to-day he declared himself better. He insisted that he should descend to the library. Half way down the stairs he tripped and fell. I ran to his side and found him, as you see him, crouched—like—like——"

"Like a toad?"

"Yes, mein Herr, like a toad."

The man broke into hysterical weeping.

"The Englishman, Herr Wakefield, was most anxious about my master's health," he stammered out. "The Herr professor became indisposed some ten days after his arrival; since then he has been most kind, most considerate, sitting by the master's bed for hours. He would allow no other doctor to visit the master. He is a kind, good man, this Herr, the Herr Wakefield."

"I believe. How came he to know your master?"

"I am not sure; but I think he brought a letter of introduction from a Professor Marnac, of Heidelberg, a gentleman of whom my master disapproved, yet admired for his learning."

"And this Englishman, did he prescribe for your master?"

"Of course. They loved each other, and sat late into the night in their discussions. When my poor master was taken ill, Herr Wakefield took complete charge of him. Ach! If he did but know what had happened!"

"Then he is not here?"

"No; he drove to Lemsdorf yesterday afternoon. He had to return to his own country. Ach! If he did but know!"

It was plain enough—Marnac, the linguist, was Wakefield, the Englishman. It was he, new from this thing that he had done, who had come creeping to my room in the night, being suspicious of the strangers from the south. It was he that had brought about this mysterious horror. I turned from the poor monstrosity upon the door and leaned, shuddering, against the wall. As I did so, Graden strode past me to the open door.

"Driver, can your horses take us back?" I heard him say.

"Not without rest and feed, mein Herr. The snow is very bad, and they are tired."

"Would a hundred marks to the driver assist them?"

"It is impossible. They could not reach half way. Walt, mein Herr, and it may be done."

My cousin came up to me and laid his great hand upon my shoulder.

"I'm afraid it's the truth," he said. And then turning to the dead man's servant, "Your master—had he horses?" he asked.

"Three, mein Herr, but they have not yet returned from Lemsdorf, where they went this morning with the big sleigh for provisions."

With a sharp order Graden sent our driver hurrying to the stables. Then, with his arm linked in mine, we followed the old servant into a low-roofed dining-hall. As I dropped upon an oak settle before the great china stove, he thrust his flask into my hands and, with a word of encouragement, slipped away. I knew that he was examining the body, but, doctor though I was, the spirit of investigation had gone out of me. I could no more have assisted him than a medical student can watch, unmoved, his first operation.

In about twenty minutes he returned, bearing a tray upon which was set bread and cheese, flanking a great ham. I turned from the food with disgust; but my cousin fell to diligently, complaining the while at my folly in not eating when I had the chance.

"You must pull yourself to together," he protested, with his mouth full. "Try this ham now. It isn't half bad."

More to humor him than with any intention of following his advice, I drew my seat to the table.

"Come, now; that's better," he cried, carving away. "To tell the truth, I haven't the slightest idea what that villain Marnac has been up to. But what I do know is that we've got to catch him—dead or alive. Therefore I recommend you to stoke up your body with this excellent——hallo!"

"What's the matter now?" I asked irritably; for, indeed, his hearty appetite annoyed me.

For answer he rose and pealed the bell. The old manservant, with the brandy flushing his white cheeks, tottered into the room.

"I am sorry to trouble you," said Graden courteously, "but we both set such store by your hams that we wish to know where they can be obtained. Do you cure them yourself?"

"No, mein Herr, but it is done near by," answered the man, with a look of blank surprise.

"Indeed. The Lemsdorf ham is a discovery; it should make a stir. I wonder I had not heard of its merits before."

"You see, mein Herr, the big curing station has not long been established."

"A new enterprise?"

"Yes, mein Herr. It belongs to Herr Drobin, a South German. Two years ago he took the big farm at Gran, which you passed on your way here. It is this side of the dye-works. He has many pigs in the forest. His hams are becoming famous from Warsaw to Konigsberg. It is said he has some secret in the feeding or curing—no one knows which."

"Thank you—that is all."

The door was scarcely shut when I turned hotly upon Graden. "How dare you sit here in this house of murder and talk of the excellence of the food?" I cried furiously. "It is shameful, indecent!"

"Yet we will visit the farm of Gran on our way back. I have some little inquiries to make."

"We shall do nothing of the sort," I snarled.

"If you were a soldier or an explorer, Cousin Robert," he said, leaning across and tapping me kindly on the arm, "you would know that in any expedition one alone can be responsible. The rest obey, whether they be few or many. As it is, I beg you to recognize that fact and to obey."

He was right, and I knew it. But to save appearances I walked to the window and stood drumming upon it with my fingers for a while before I answered him.

"Well, do as you please," I said at length.

"I think the sleigh may be ready by now," he said. "Come, let us go out and inquire."

There is no need to dwell on this miserable drive. The tired horses dragged slowly forward, the driver, sullen and frightened, urging them on with blows and curses. Mile after mile of pine woods marched past us, but we did not speak, crouching in the furs. At last, as night was falling, we reached the edge of the forest and swung aside from the main road into a track that skirted the edge of the pines. The ground sank away into a hollow like the palm of the hand. At the lowest point I could see a square, wooden building flanked by rows of outbuildings. It was, as I imagined, the farm of Gran. But before we reached it our driver suddenly drew up his horses. A man was advancing toward us through the trees. Our driver turned, and with a wave of the whip explained the situation.

"It is Herr Drobin," said he.

(To be continued.)

CAUSE OF CHINESE BOYCOTT.

Movement Declared to Be Wholly Due to Individuals, Not Nation.

No doubt the boycott was wholly due to the stringency of the exclusion law, but the paramount object of the movement is to raise the Chinese people to an equal footing with any other people in relation with the United States and not for securing the actual economic advantage of exporting laborers to America, says T. Y. Chang in the Review of Reviews. It is for national right and dignity rather than for anything else. There are, however, more important points regarding this question that should be carefully examined; that is—first, the boycott has never been authorized by the government; second, the boycott has never been carried out with any forcible or violent means.

The government has done nothing toward promoting the boycott. On the contrary, the Pekin authorities have tried hard to advise the merchants to modify their disposition. But no government in the world, however absolute it may be, has power to compel its subjects to buy goods from a certain country unless they are willing to do so. No doubt this disagreeable movement has been started by those who had personally suffered maltreatment under the regulations of the Chinese immigration service office. But there has been not the least sign of violence or force, as the boycott has spread through several provinces. It is purely a voluntary action of individuals. So long as there is no disturbance of peace, "boycott" is considered a legitimate movement by any civilized country of the world. It is a commercial design and not a warlike scheme. It is an individual action and not a national policy. There is, therefore, no good ground upon which the recent alarming news could be supposed to have been based.

Their Great Scheme.

"Have you and your wife quarreled?"

"No; why?"

"I notice that when you take a trip you always go on different trains."

"That's for the children's sake. If either one of the trains should be wrecked, the kids would have at least one parent left."—Cleveland Leader.

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

BIG SALE OF GOATS.

Polk County Sends Eight Hundred Angoras to Washington.

Independence—Last week 700 fine buck lambs, for which a good price was paid, were shipped from Independence to Wyoming for breeding purposes. This week 800 fine Angora goats were shipped from here to the state of Washington. The goats were held here several days awaiting cars for shipment. Hundreds of men have looked at the band and all pronounce it the finest large collection of goats ever seen in the West. The purchasers were Carson & Littlejohn, of Steilacoom, Wash. The goats were bought up by Boothby & Lewis.

Goat and sheep raisers of Polk county are learning that it pays better to raise the pure bred than common animals, for the demand for Polk county Angoras and Lincoln and Cotswold sheep now exceeds the supply. The Riddell and Stump sheep and goat farms, in particular, have national fame, especially since carrying away premiums at the St. Louis fair. Fancy prices are received for much of the live-stock shipped out of Polk lately. As much as $100 is often obtained for a single "billy" goat, and as high as $5 a pound has been realized for the mohair.

What seemed to be extravagant investments in imported sheep and goats a few years ago are now bringing their reward.

The goats just shipped out will be put on the big stock farm of Carson & Littlejohn, near Steilacoom.

"I hope to see the Angora goat business built up in Washington like it is in this state," says Mr. Carson. "We have only about 30,000 goats in Washington, and we may just as well have a million."

Coal Mine Bonded.

Medford — The recently discovered coal mine on Kim Rock [illegible] of Roxy Anne, the mountain east of Medford, has been bonded to the proprietors of the Blue Ledge copper mine, who will put a force of men supervised by R. P. Little, at work running three tunnels into the mountain to determine the extent of the measures. R. S. Towne, of the Blue Ledge company, having concluded the coal was of good enough quality to use in the smelter of the Blue Ledge Mr. Towne has also made arrangements to drill for oil on the land bonded by the coal mine people.

Denaturized Alcohol Plant.

Portland—By January 31 there will be located within ten miles of Portland a plant manufacturing denaturized alcohol, the establishment of which will mean an expenditure of $100,000. The plant is to be started as soon as land for the purpose is secured. This statement was authorized by J. B Laber, secretary of the board of trade, who says the board has been working on the proposition for some time, but cannot disclose the identity of the promoters until the preliminaries are arranged.

Will Fight for Damages.

Eugene—The petition in the matter of opening the Lucky Boy road, in the Blue mountain mining district, to public travel has been granted by the Lane county Commissioners' court. The claim of the Lucky Boy Mining company for $10,"00 damages was turned down, and the attorneys for the company state that they will fight for the amount in the courts. They were willing to compromise the matter, and it is said they would have accepted $5,000.

Fine Crops in Benton.

Corvallis—Threshing operations will be ended in this vicinity by the middle of the week. The crop, according to the statement of a well known threshing machine man, is the best he has had to do with for a dozen years. Fields of wheat of 40 bushels and 50 bushel yields of oats were not infrequent. The best oat crop he threshed was 56 bushels, though other fields in the vicinity went as high as 65 and better.

University Instructor Resigns.

University of Oregon, Eugene—Professor James Hyde, who has been head of the department of mines and mining, has resigned and will be at the head of a large mining concern in Mexico. Professor Hyde has been with the university for three years, and was obliged to resign on account of trouble with his eyes. Dr. H. B. Leonard has been elected as an assistant instructor in mathematics. He is a University of Chicago graduate, and comes to Oregon from the University of Colorado.

Sells Big Ranch.

Eugene—E. J. Crow, who has been in the stockraising business in the Spencer butte country, six miles south of Eugene, for the past 25 years, making a success of it and acquiring 1,100 acres of land, has sold his farm to O. B. Bennett and W. L. Fields, of Colorado Springs, for $18,000. Mr. Crow will reside in Eugene and retire from active business life.

Students Are Hop Picking.

Chemawa — The 450 of the Indian boys and girls at the school here are all out picking the hops in the nearby yards. The boys go into camp while the girls are in the care of the teachers, and come back to the school each evening. The school management could have placed out 1,500 more girls and boys in the hop fields of the neighborhood.

FORTUNES IN ORCHARDS.

Fruit Grower's Opinion of Hood River Apple Land.

Hood River — The prices now made public by independent buyers for Hood River Newtown and Spitzenberg apples have caused apple growers to do some figuring. A well known apple man, who is an authority on this subject, in talking about the matter, said:

"At the prices this year for the different sizes of Spitzenbergs, which were $3, $2.75, $2 50 and $2.25 per box, growers obtained an average price of $2 40. Placing the yield of 7 year-old Spitzenberg trees, planted 65 trees to the acre, at five boxes to the tree, we will get 365 boxes to the acre. A 20-acre orchard on this basis will produce 6,500 boxes, which, at the average price of $2 40, gives us $15,600 for our season's work.

"The prices for Newtowns so far announced are $2 25, $2 and $1.75 per box. This gives us an average of $2 per box. But the Newtown is more prolific than the Spitzenberg, and produces seven boxes to the tree instead of five, giving us 55 boxes to the acre, or 9,100 boxes for a 20 acre orchard. As can easily be seen, the earnings on a 20-acre Newtown orchard this year at these prices will be $18,200.

"While these figures are large, they are based on the yield of comparatively young trees which have not yet reached their full bearing maturity. A full bearing orchard can be safely depended on, I think, to produce 500 boxes of apples to the acre, as I know of several in the valley that now do it. Figuring on a basis with trees in full maturity, and with a large proportion of the crop composing the larger sizes, as it does this year, it is not very difficult to determine the profits of the apple business in the future."

Beet Harvesters Needed.

La Grande—Preparations are going forward to start the fall run at the sugar factory about September 20. Growers are anxious for a good rain as the present drouth will render the digging slow and unsatisfactory. To get sufficient help at the present time is a grave problem and lively hustling in that line is being done. The yield is so heavy that a much larger force than usual will be required to handle the crop. It is predicted that unless more help can be procured than the present outlook justifies, many tons of beets will remain in the ground for the want of harvesters.

Drilling Well at Culver.

Culver — The well being drilled by D. W. Barnett two miles north of Culver is down 330 feet and has 35 feet of water in it. Drilling will be continued in hopes of getting a stronger flow near the surface. What is already in the well, however, will be very acceptable, as water has to be hauled for stock and domestic purposes on this farm, which at one time had water flowing on the surface, but a number of years ago the surface water disappeared.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Club, 62@63c; bluestem, 65@66c; valley, 65@68c; red, 60@61c.

Oats—No. 1 white, $22.50@23 50; gray, $21.50@22.50 per ton.

Barley — Feed, $20@21 per ton; brewing, $21 50@22; rolled, $22.

Rye—$1 35 per cwt.

Corn—Whole, $27; cracked, $28 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, 25@50c per box; fancy, 75c@$1.25; grapes, 50c@$1.25 per crate; peaches, 75c@$1.10; pears, 50c@$1; plums, fancy, 50@75c per box; common, 25@75c; blackberries, 5@6c per pound; crab apples, $1@1.25 per box.

Melons — Cantaloupes, 25c@$1 per crate; watermelons, 1c per pound; casabas, $2.50 per dozen.

Vegetables — Beans, 5@7c, cabbage, 1¾@2c per pound; celery, 90c per dozen; corn, 1½c per dozen; cucumbers, 15c 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@1¼c per pound.

Potatoes—Oregon Burbanks, 70@80c; sweet potatoes, 2½c per pound.

Butter — Fancy creamery, 25@27½c per pound.

Eggs — Oregon ranch, 26@26½c per dozen.

Poultry—Average old hens, 13¼@14c per pound; mixed chickens, 13@13½c; spring, 14@15c; old roosters, 9@10c; dressed chickens, 14@15c; turkeys, live, 16@21c; turkeys, dressed, choice, 21@22½c; geese, live, 8@10c; ducks, 13@15c.

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@8¼c.

Pork—Dressed, 7@8¼c per pound.

Hops—1906 contracts, 17@20c per pound; 1905, nominal; 1904, nominal.

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