The Santiam News.

VOL. X. SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, SEPTEMBER 21, 1906. NO. 13.

The Trail of the Dead:

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF DR. ROBERT HARLAND

By B. FLETCHER ROBINSON and J. MALCOLM FRASER

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CHAPTER VIII.

I was not favorably impressed with this breeder of pigs. He was an elderly man, full bodied, with white hair, that stuck out stiffly from under his fur cap, a red, bulbous nose, and shifty, suspicious eyes. He saluted us with a touch of his cap in military fashion.

"And what is your business, gentlemen?" he asked.

"It is less business than gratitude," said Graden courteously. "We have made this little pilgrimage to thank the producer of the Lemsdorf hams."

"You are not dealers, then?"

"No, but I——"

"Then take yourself off!"

"Herr Drobin!"

"Go! clear out! Do I not make myself plain?" he cried, his flushed face nodding in time to his violent gesticulations. "I will have no spies about the place!"

Graden sprang out of the sleigh and strode up to the angry farmer. For a moment I thought there would be a scrimmage; but the huge bulk of his antagonist was not without its effect upon the German. I have often noticed that great stature has a curiously soothing influence on the bad temper of an opponent.

"Why did you call me a spy?" demanded my cousin.

"The people about here gossip of some secret I hold," he answered sullily. "Perhaps they speak true; perhaps false. Who can say? At least, I am no longer a fool; my eyes have been opened. You have a good thing here, Herr Drobin. There is a great future before you, if only you keep your knowledge to yourself,' said the Englishman to me. 'If strangers come asking questions, they will be spies; send them away.' It was fine advice he gave me; anyone can see that. So be off with you!"

"I am an Englishman myself, Herr Drobin. May I ask my compatriot's name?"

"I do not remember."

"What, then, was he like?"

"I cannot describe him."

"You are discreet, Herr Drobin. Come, now, let us strike a bargain. I will make a guess at your secret; if I am right, you will tell me what you know of this Englishman."

The German started back, staring at Graden with little, bloodshot eyes, in which surprise and fury were oddly mingled. Then, side by side, they stepped into the shadow of the pines, whispering together.

"They are all liars, these Germans," said our driver confidentially, turning to me. "For myself, I am a Pole."

"You heard what was said. Do you know anything of this English visitor to Herr Drobin?"

"Most certainly, mine Herr. He was of the name of Wakefield. He has stayed several nights at the 'Golden Adler.' For the rest, he has been the guest of him who lived out there," and he made a gesture down the road that we had come.

A nameless fear took me by the throat—a fear of unknown possibilities. I would have questioned the man more, but at that moment Graden and the farmer emerged from the shadow of the pines. The latter had abandoned his truculent manner. Indeed, he seemed oddly subservient. As Graden stepped into the sleigh, the man bowed low a curtsy, which my cousin answered with a curt nod of dismissal.

"Drive on!" he cried, and once more we were ploughing our way back to the Lemsdorf road.

"Did you ever study the properties of the root called madder, commonly known as a dye?" asked my cousin suddenly.

"No."

"Then I must explain from the beginning. It is right that you should hear."

He pulled the flaps of his deerstalker cap over his ears—indeed, it was bitter cold—and settled himself amongst the rugs. I caught the outline of his face—as jaws set, the cheeks drawn, the eye hard and keen, the whole purposeful and remorseless.

"When I was slicing the ham to-day," he continued, "an odd thing happened. My knife struck the bone and passed through it as if it had been putty. At a second glance I noticed that the interior of the section so divided was of a brownish red. It set me thinking. I began to remember certain facts. The talk of the old servant concerning a secret held by the owner of the pig farm at Gran concentrated my suspicions, the proximity of the dye-works confirmed them. I was almost certain of Herr Drobin's secret before he charged me with coming to steal it.

"Let me explain. Madder is a dye, as you know. But administered to man or beast, it has the curious effect of coloring and pulping the bones to a gristle. It is used sparingly on a few South German pig farms, that the hams may appear attractive when carved. Herr Drobin introduced it into German Poland. He obtained the root as he required it by arrangement with the dye works. Perhaps their presence suggested the idea to him.

"Whether or no Marnac knew of the uses of madder before he came to Lemsdorf, I cannot tell. From my talk with Drobin it would seem that his visit to his farm was more or less of an accident. But, either way, the visit gave him the weapon by which he 'might make a toad' of his enemy. That bitter criticism, you may be sure, was for ever running in his diseased brain. The practical details he learned at the farm would help him in—what he had undertaken. His advice to that old German was a sound move, designed to cover his visits to the farm and the suspicions they might afterwards have excited.

"His method of getting into touch with his victim was simple. He introduced himself as an Englishman by a letter which he himself wrote in his capacity of Heidelberg professor, well knowing that the police had not made public their suspicions of him. He assumed the name of Wakefield—the first that suggested itself to him—and the nationality of an Englishman, for, as we know, he spoke the language to perfection. He administered madder in some form until Mecherisky grew ill; after which, in his position of medical attendant, the rest was easy. He fled when he knew that the end of the tragedy was at hand, that every bone of his victim was fragile as thin glass. Probably he caught a momentary glimpse of us in the 'Goldner Adler'; and his midnight visit was to assure himself of your identity. You were in great peril that night, Cousin Robert; I shudder to think how great.

"He has probably escaped to-day; there is a fast train to the west at 12 o'clock he could catch. But I vow before heaven, I vow before you as my witness, that I will pursue this fiend until I have run him down. Heaven knows I have no hatred towards him. I feel to him as a man might feel towards a mad dog which is a danger to the peaceful men, women and children of his village. It is the duty of the citizen to risk his life in its capture."

"Where do we go now?" I asked.

"To the railway. We must gather what news we can."

The winter night was falling drear and cold when our tired horses staggered up to the station door. I scrambled out, hungry, cramped, exhausted in body and mind, and followed my cousin within. The station was empty at the moment save for a distant corner where a man sat huddled on a traveling valise. We advanced at once upon him. When we were a dozen feet away, he started up and faced us.

It was Mossel, the lieutenant of the Heidelberg police.

"Any luck, mein Herr?" said he to Graden.

"What in the world are you doing here?" was the astonished answer.

"Well, mein Herr, I thought you knew something, and followed you. When I arrived this morning, I said to myself: 'The great white English ferret will be at work to-day searching for the rat. I will wait at the station like a net into which Mr. Ferret may turn the rat.'"

Graden shipped up to him and shook him warmly by the hand.

"Capital, Mossel, capital! And you—had the net any luck?"

"The net was sitting upon the rat's luggage when you arrived this moment. The net has been here for five hours, and is cold and hungry. The net is of opinion that the rat must have seen him and abandoned his luggage. He has not left by train."

"But he can escape in no other way. We have him, Mossel, we have him."

"So it would seem," said the lieutenant calmly.

CHAPTER IX.

III.—THE CHASE IN THE SNOW.

I have endeavored to give the facts of my strange story without omission or exaggeration. If I have failed, it is not from forgetfulness; for I do not think there is a single detail that is not permanently fixed in my memory. Even now I have but to shut my eyes to see the face of Marnac peer into my old rooms at Heidelberg, to stand once more trembling with terror in the desolate court yard of Castle Oster, to drive through the blinding snow to where the body—— But enough. I do not forget.

I have already told you of the murder of Prof. von Stockmar by his rival, Prof. Marnac of Heidelberg, and of the discovery of the crime by my cousin, Sir Henry Graden, the well-known scientist and explorer, who was then my guest at that university. I have described the steps that led to our following the murderer to Lemsdorf, in German Poland, and the means by which he compassed the death of the unfortunate Mecherisky. I have, moreover, laid before you the evidence that led my cousin to believe that Marnac was suffering from delusions, and that his extraordinary crimes were in revenge for certain harsh criticisms of a book on which he had spent many years of labor. In my last statement I traced the pursuit down to the station of Lemsdort, where the murderer, flying from the scene of his revenge upon the Russian professor, had been turned back from the railway by Mossel, the lieutenant of the Heidelberg police, who had followed us to render assistance. Mossel, indeed, had waited by Marnac's luggage for six hours, but the man himself had failed to appear.

The winter's sun, chilled to a dusky ball, was dipping behind the snow-clad ridges to the eastward when we scrambled back into the sleigh. As our tired horses stumbled through the outskirts of the straggling wooden town, the shadows rushed across the sky as if flying the pursuit of the gale that shrieked amongst the houses. Night had fallen.

Surely we had him in our hands.

He had not fled by rail. Somewhere in the town he must be lurking, this grey-haired figure with the heart of a hunted wolf. The thought of it drove away the aches and cramps of exhaustion, and I sat bolt upright in my seat, staring into the gloom ahead, half expecting to see him move across the snow before us like a slinking beast of prey. We had decided to drive straight to our own inn, the "Goldner Adler," where, as we had discovered, Marnac, under the name of Wakefield, an English traveler, had also passed the previous evening. Little had we thought that the being we pursued, fresh from the murder of the man we had come to save, was sharing the same roof-tree. Perhaps there might be news of him at the "Goldner Adler." Reski, the tall, handsome Pole, who had about him more of the feudal knight than a country inn-keeper, met us in the porch, bowing a stately welcome.

"You have had a bad drive, gentlemen," said he. "The wind has been fierce, and the snow, I fear, was heavy. Supper will be ready in half an hour."

"I believe a Mr. George Wakefield slept here last night," said Graden, dusting the clinging flakes from his outer wraps. "It is always pleasant to meet a compatriot. If he is still in the house, perhaps he will join us at our meal."

"Herr Wakefield! No, mein Herr, he has not yet returned."

"Eh, he has gone out?"

The innkeeper hesitated, glancing uneasily at his questioner. He was evidently in some uncertainty of mind.

"He is a strange man, the Herr Wakefield; though, perhaps, for an Englishman——"

"He is not more mad than usual, eh, Mr. Landlord?" laughed Graden.

"Mein Herr, it was not my intention to speak thus of your great people," apologized the man. "If he has surprised us, it is doubtless because we, being ignorant countryfolk, do not understand his customs."

"Why, what has he been about?"

"Well, mein Herr, it is this way. After you had started for your drive to the house of the Prof. Mecherisky, Herr Wakefield came running down from his room with many questions concerning you. He seemed sorry that you had gone without seeing him. He then paid his bill with the liberality of the English, who are indeed a great and generous nation, and commanded that his luggage should be carried to the station for the midday train. At 11 he himself set out for the station upon foot. We were sorry to lose so good a guest. What, then, mein Herr, was our surprise when a little after 12 he reappeared, having ridden back upon the sleigh that had taken his baggage to the station! The man who drove it told me that Herr Wakefield had left his baggage upon the platform unregistered, and that he had seen a stranger standing by it as if in charge."

Graden glanced at Mossel, who grinned luminously.

"Proceed, Mr. Landlord," he said.

"He had only peeped into the station and left at once, the man said. He demanded of me a sleigh and good horses, but the best I had were with you, and it was necessary to send for others from a neighbor. He was very impatient of delay, using angry words. At last he drove away, and he has not returned."

"Who went with him?"

"Ivan, my eldest son."

"Did he say where he was going?"

"No, mein Herr; only I heard him cry to Ivan to follow the eastern road which is towards the Russian frontier."

"And while he waited for the horses, what did he do?"

"As I have said, at first he abused me roundly for the delay. Indeed, mein Herr, I was surprised at his knowledge of German, for before he had spoken it very badly. For the rest, he sat by himself, reading, in the best room."

"Please to show us there."

We tramped in single file after the landlord through the ill-lit passages to the "best room," a parlor set aside for important guests. It seemed a peculiarly inartistic apartment, with green wall paper and angular chairs covered with purple antimacassars. On the central table stood a lamp, and beside it lay a number of those dingy books that seem common to inns of all nations. Graden made for them at once, and as he sorted through the pile of time tables, catalogues, and trade papers, we stood watching him in surprise. Suddenly he stopped in his search with a little grunt of satisfaction, and drawing a chair to the table, sat down. I looked over his shoulder. He was actually reading a German Baedeker!

"Doubtless you are planning a picnic party?" I suggested, with as much sarcasm as I could put into the question.

"I know you are tired and hungry, my good Robert," he answered; "but please keep quiet."

He had reached "Lemsdorf"—I could see the name at the top of the page—and now was turning the leaves very slowly. Suddenly he held up the Baedeker to me.

"Do you see that?" he asked sharply.

A jagged line of paper ran along the inner crease of the guide book. The map of the district had been torn away!

Mossel thrust me gently aside and, bending over, examined the under page thus left exposed. He took the book from Graden's hands and, carrying it to the lamp, continued his scrutiny.

"You are quite right, Mossel," said my cousin. "His pencil had a sharp point."

"You have a keen eye, Herr Graden," grinned the policeman. "In our business you would have made some reputation."

"This is a new edition. How long have you had it?"

"But a few days, mein Herr."

"And have you been visited by any tourists in that time?"

"No, mein Herr."

"Then this should make it a certainty, for I have a Baedeker of my own upstairs. One moment, while I fetch it."

(To be continued.)

Too Much Darkness.

The advance agent rolled up to the village hall in his red automobile.

"Good morning," he greeted briskly, as he stepped out with a big roll of posters under his arm. "I want to hang up announcements that our big show is coming to town."

"What's it called?" drawled the manager of the hall, as he rubbed the yellow freckles on his wrist.

"Why, 'Knights of Old.' Greatest production of the year."

"I'm afraid it won't take in this town, mister."

"Why not?"

"Wall, first we had the 'Arabian Nights' by a bunch of amateurs, who rehearsed for a year over a livery stable; then we had 'The Twelfth Night' by a troupe of hungry barnstormers who lived on prunes and crackers and then Carrie Nation came around in 'Ten Nights in a Barroom' and almost caused the town to go dry at the next election. Yeou'll have to bring around some 'day' plays if yeou want to make a hit."

Rather Hard.

"You have come back after another piece of pie?" interrogated the stern woman in the wayside cottage.

"Yes, mum," replied the tall tramp. "I wouldn't have come, but, you see, I have been offered a job down de road."

"A job? What kind of a job is it?"

"Why, splittin' rails, an' I want the piece of pie as a wedge."

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

STATE FAIR A SUCCESS.

Attendance at Salem About Equal to Two Years Ago.

Salem—Notwithstanding three half days of cold, rainy weather, together with the fact that this is the height of the hop harvest, the Oregon state fair of 1906 has been one of the most successful in the history of the state. The attendance was about equal to that of two years ago and was much larger on Portland day. Sales of concessions and advertising space have been good and receipts from this source have been large.

The additions to the pavilion not only made more space for exhibits, but gave more room for sales of concessions. These circumstances made the fair a success financially and it is stated that there are funds on hand to pay every claim.

Nearly 4,000 people were camped in the grove in front of the fair grounds and the come-and-stay-all-week idea has become so popular that a number of regular visitors at the fair have decided to erect small cottages on the grounds next year. Since regular streets and blocks have been laid out, this can be done satisfactorily.

Visitors to the state fair gave only passing attention to the sample road the government is building adjacent to the state fair grounds. The end of the road and a few rods of its length are plainly visible from the street car track, as also are the crushed rock bunkers, but aside from the view thus obtained the visitors paid little attention to the road. The road won quite general approval, especially on the rainy days, when the crushed rock road was entirely free from mud and slush.

A few farmers and road supervisors took time to inspect the manner in which the road was built and made inquiries as to the construction, but the greater number were more interested in livestock and horse races.

Tunneling on O. R. & N.

La Grande—An enlarged force of men is now engaged in tunneling the mountains between Kamela and Hilgard in order that the O. R. & N. main line will not cross so many trestles, which at present are high and numerous. When the tunneling is completed the stream that now crosses and recrosses the right of way will have a continuous course on one side of the track. The trestles will be filled in as the new course is fixed, and much repair and loss of time, which necessarily follows from so many trestles, will be eliminated. The scheme is a gigantic one and will require many months to complete.

Labor Famine at Hood River.

Hood River—The scarcity of laborers at Hood River is said by sawmill men and applegrowers here to have become a serious matter. One of the big mills, which have been trying for a long time to get white men for employment in its plant, has had to fall back on Japs. As they are said to be entirely unfamiliar with the work they are a most serious handicap in getting out lumber. Ranchers are in need of men for picking apples, and other work at this season of the year, and are making every effort to obtain them, but without success.

Books for School Libraries.

Salem — So ratisfactory have the results of the traveling library system proven, from an educational standpoint, that the State Library commission has elected to place a new order for 42,000 books for school libraries, in addition to what is already on hand, at a total cost to the state of $11,802.35. Among the most popular of the books ordered are the life of Robinson Crusoe, Baldwin's Life of Lincoln, Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans— 50 famous stories, and Black Beauty.

Italians Crack on Trees.

Oregon City—The rain and scarcity of help have conspired to do extensive damage to the Clackamas county prune crop, which promised a good yield with large returns to the grower. Many Italians are cracking on the trees as a result of the severe rain of the last few days, while hundreds of bushels of this fruit on the ground beneath the trees are becoming unmarketable and will be a total loss to the grower because of the inability to get necessary help.

Very Heavy Sales of Sheep.

Baker City—Owing to the unofficial announcement by government officials some days ago that next year the ranging of sheep on forest reserves would be restricted at least 50 per cent, sheep owners have, during the past three weeks, sold large portions of their flocks. The prices have been good and it is estimated by one sheep buyer that 75,000 head have been sold out of Wallowa and 65,000 out of Baker.

Larger School Attendance.

La Grande—The public schools opened with an attendance of 750 and a corps of 19 teachers, with one teacher yet to be supplied in the high school. The first day's attendance was in advance of last year's. A business department has been added to the course and the high school has the twelfth grade.

Hops Damaged by Rain.

Eugene—The recent rain, by mold and breaking strings and poles, damaged Lane county hops to the extent of 15 to 20 per cent. Pickers are in great demand as growers wish to hurry the harvest.

GRABBED BY SPECULATORS.

Klamath County Development Will Be Delayed, Says Blanchard.

San Francisco — C. J. Blanchard, a member of the reclamation service from Washington, is authority for the statement that the development of the Klamath country will be hindered because of the fact that land speculators have seized upon hundreds of acres in this new irrigation project of the government.

"I look for a great development in the Klamath country," he said, "but this development will be delayed because of the number of land speculators who have secured fine tracts there. They are holding this land at from $25 to $40 an acre. This price will prevent many settlers from coming to Oregon, and will retard the progress of the Klamath country. The government will charge the settlers $25 an acre for water, and this amount, added to the speculators' price for the land, will act to the detriment of the purchaser. The news that the Southern Pacific will build through Klamath will greatly add to the value of the land there."

Blanchard was delighted with the work of the irrigation congress at Boise, which he attended.

"We appointed a publicity committee there," he said, "which will greatly aid the Pacific coast. This committee will place before the common people of the United States a truthful report of the irrigation country and will help them get land."

Change Poor Farm System.

Albany—Paupers don't make good farmers, and as a result Linn county will soon change its system of managing its poor farm. No attempt will be made to operate the farm as an industry hereafter, but the land will be rented, and the man in charge will be paid a stated price per month for the board and care of the poor. Heretofore the county has maintained the farm, paying a superintendent, and the system has not proved profitable.

Begins Work on Second Unit.

Klamath Falls—Work on the second unit of the irrigation system has commenced under direct supervision of the government officials. This unit includes 19 miles of the East Branch canal and 27 miles of laterals. Bids for the construction of this unit were advertised for some months ago, but none was received, and the construction work is now undertaken by the government, on force account.

Hop Picking Resumed in Clackamas.

Oregon City—Hoppicking has been resumed in earnest in all yards in this locality. No damage has resulted to the hop crop here on account of the rain, except in a few yards where some of the vines were laid on the ground on account of the heavy foliage. The yield continues about one-fourth below the average, but the quality is good. Picking will be finished in most of the yards in this county by the last of the week.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

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

Oats — No. 1 white, $23@24; gray, $22 per ton.

Barley — Feed, $20@21; brewing, $21.50@22; rolled, $22 per ton.

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@$1.50; grapes, 60c@$1.60 per crate; Concords, 27½@30c per basket; peaches, 80c@$1; pears, 50c@$1.25; plums, fancy, 25@75c per box; blackberries, 5@6c per pound; crab apples, $1@1.25 per box.

Melons—Cantaloupes, 50c@$1.25 per crate; watermelons, 3@1c per pound; casabas, $2.50 per dozen.

Vegetables — Beans, 5@7c; cabbage, 1½@2c per pound; cauliflower, 75c@$1 per dozen; celery, 90c per dozen; corn, 12½c per dozen; cucumbers, 15c per dozen; egg plant, 10c per pound; lettuce, head, 20c 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, 30@60c per box; parsley, 25c; sprouts, 8c per pound; squash, $1@1.25 per crate; turnips, 90c@$1 per sack; carrots, $1@1.25 per sack; beets, $1.25@1.50 per sack; horseradish, 10c per pound.

Onions —New, 1¼@1½c per pound.

Potatoes—Oregon Burbanks, 80@90c; sweet potatoes, 2½c per pound.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 25@30c per pound.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 27@27½c per dozen.

Poultry — Average old hens, 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, 14@15c.

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

Wool—Eastern Oregon average best, 15@19c pr pound, according to shrinkage; valley, 20@22c, 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

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