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The Trail of the Dead:

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE
OF DR. ROBERT HARLAND

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CHAPTER X.

Graden's chair toppled to the ground as he rose. In three strides he was out of the door. I turned to Mossel with a demand for an explanation.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Wait till Herr Graden returns," he grunted sulkily.

I have the strongest objection to those silly tricks of scenery with which the professional police endeavor to magnify their most simple discoveries. I was speaking my mind strongly on the subject when my cousin reappeared.

"Hallo! what's the matter?" he asked. I explained the position, while the fat German chuckled in an oily, irritating manner.

"Is not the official always the same?" said Graden, with a grim smile. "Come to the light, Robert, and I'll explain. It was certainly an ingenious discovery they had made. Upon the page upon which the map should have rested were several slight indentations, evidently the result of marks made upon the last paper by a pencil with a fine point. With great care my cousin tore out the corresponding map from his guide book and fitted it into the vacant space. Then, turning it slowly back, he drove a pin through the thin paper at the spots immediately above the indentations on the page below.

"The devil take him!" he cried. "Look, Mossel. This doesn't help us, after all. It was true enough. The pin-pricks showed, first, Lemsdorf; then a cross road some ten miles to the east; and then Bromberg, to the north, on the Berlin-Thorn, and Giesen, to the south, on the Posen-Frankfurt railways. He had evidently been measuring and calculating intently.

"Do not trouble yourself, Herr Graden," said Mossel, with a wave of the hand that had more than a suggestion of patronage. "There are still telegraphs I will have him detained at whichever place he reaches. I shall return in half an hour—to a good supper, I trust, Mr. Landlord."

We followed him to the outer door, which opened to a writhing wilderness of snowflakes, for the fall had commenced. The policeman stepped up his collar with a grunt of disgust and melted into the darkness. We turned to meet the figure of the landlord, white and drawn with a terrible anguish, his hands shaking over his horses into the night, with fear gripping at his soul.

"Heaven pardon me!" cried Graden. "I had forgotten him!"

"This man he drove, that is about to be arrested—is he a criminal? Do not spare me, mein Herr."

"Your servant—driver to-day—will be telling the tale in your kitchen, of the death of the Prof. Mecheraky, of Castle Oster. This man, whose name is Marnac, killed him. That is why we pursue. Yet, my friend, I see no danger for your son, unless—"

"Unless what, Graden?"

"Unless he refused to assist in the escape of a murderer."

"He is an honest boy, a good boy, but very stubborn. He would never have let me; he had promised to return them to-night. He would never consent to drive this man to Bromberg or Giesen, which is at least an eighteen hours' journey. Oh, mein Herr, mein Herr! what is happening—out there in the snow?"

"We are in the hands of Providence, my friend," said my cousin gravely, holding his hand on the landlord's arm. "You can do nothing but pray that it may be well with the boy."

"I was very sorry for Reiki. As I made my toilet in my room upstairs, the danger of his son grew upon me. Fate, accident, Providence—whatever you choose to call it—may be a strange thing, for indeed it chooses its victim with a fine impartiality. When I entered our supper room, I found my cousin equally disturbed."

"This is a bad business about the landlord's son," he said. "I've a good mind to follow the sleigh, though it's little good to call it a strange thing, for indeed it chooses its victim with a fine impartiality. When I entered our supper room, I found my cousin equally disturbed."

"It's an awful night," I grumbled, for indeed the wind was shrieking in the roof like a lost soul.

"You're a queer chap, Robert, with your confounded mannerisms," he said. "Yet I'll wager you'd be the first to be off into the storm in a matter of life and death."

It was not exactly complimentary, but I let it pass.

Mossel was delayed. It was close upon twenty minutes before he arrived, a snow-covered, stamping bear of a man, whose curses preceded him as he rolled down the passage to our room.

"What's up, Mossel?" Graden demanded sharply.

"The wires, mein Herr Graden, the wires! Fortunately but this storm has brought them down like clothes lines."

"A special train, then?"

"They have not an engine in the shed. I have been to see it was that which delayed me."

Graden drew a sheet of paper from his pocket and glanced at it swiftly.

"There is not a train till ten in the morning," he said. "He will be at Bromberg, which is the nearer town, by eleven at latest. This is a branch line, and we could not get there under three hours. It is now seven. An old man as he is could hardly travel through such a night without stops for food. Again, this lad who drove him has a good knowledge of the country. We must chance it, my friend."

"I thought you had already so decided when I saw the sleigh at the door," said Mossel.

"Sleighs, Mossel! I ordered no sleighs."

"Well, they're there. Two troikas with three good horses apiece. Come and see for yourself."

The policeman had spoken the truth. On the leeward side of the porch two sleighs were waiting. The light from the open door behind us shimmered on the drifting snow and flashed on the bells about the horses' necks. It was bitter cold, and I was turning to retreat into

the hall when a man wrapped in furs moved out of the darkness. It was the keeper of the inn, his face grey-white, like the underside of a coin.

"Whose sleighs are these?" asked Graden sharply.

"Mine, Mr. Englishman, mine. I follow to save my boy."

"And the horses?"

"The best in Lemsdorf. They are private teams, lent by those who had pity upon my sorrowful journey."

"May we come with you?"

"I would ask for nothing better, mein Herr."

Inside of ten minutes I was ready to start, with a borrowed cloak flung over my thickest clothes, and a huge bunch of bread-and-meat in my hand. Quick as I had been, Mossel and my cousin were already dressed and in consultation. We were to drive to the cross-roads, they told me, and then separate, the one sleigh, with Graden, Mossel and an experienced driver, taking the road to Bromberg, which, being the shorter, was more likely to be the one Marnac had chosen; the other, containing the inn-keeper and myself, was to follow the Giesen road. I was not particularly pleased at the prospect of parting with my friends, but I made no objection to this plan. We entered our sleighs, rolling ourselves in the furs.

"Are you armed?" Graden called across to the innkeeper in his little seat before me.

"Yes, mein Herr. Do you go first, for you have the better team."

The chase was up indeed!

As we passed on to the plain outside the town, the gale that came charging out of frozen Russia leapt upon us with a howl of furious joy. The flakes that rose from beneath the curved runners and the beating hoofs fell spinning into the night. The sky hung low and black and starless above the white sheet of falling snow. The little sleigh bells grew silent in the heavier drifts, breaking out again where the track was harder. A hand-dred yards ahead the sparks of Graden's pipe flashed as they kindled in the wind. The fall had almost ceased.

My driver sat squarely behind me, with a rein in each of his fore-forged hands. I could not see his face, but from his projecting head and hunched shoulders I could imagine how he looked, peering over his horses into the night, with fear gripping at his soul.

I must admit that for myself I was in a condition of petulant discontent. The slightest movement seemed to give entrance to some new draught that chilled my arm or ran trickling down my spine. Now and again a clasp of snow lodged in my neck or ear and melted icy. Tired, cold and hungry, I lay amid my rags, cursing the folly that had led me to take a hand in a business that should have been left to the police. I had the keenest desire for a quarrel, but being to all conventional purposes alone, that relief was impossible.

CHAPTER XI.

Within two miles of Lemsdorf we had left the plain for the forest. The moon was obscured, yet a faint light filtered down from above, finding a reflection in the snow, and reflecting the black pillars of the pines that went sliding by. There was now no trace of our companions save the marks of their runners on the track; over the woods beyond lay a utter silence, broken only by the swish of our sleigh and the murmur of the bells ringing and falling in a low, monotonous melody. It was as if we were passing through the waste places of a dying world. One of my feet began to grow numb, and when I turned about that I might shelter my face from the cold, I found my hand on a collar plunged down my neck, so that I shivered with cold. But on the whole I was reasonably warm amongst my wraps, and a feeling of drowsiness grew upon me.

It was Reiki's voice that woke me. He had halted in a dim clearing in the woods. A score of yards away the second sleigh was waiting. Evidently we had reached the cross-roads, where we were to part.

"Any tracks?" shouted my driver.

"No," came Graden's answer. "The wind and the fresh fall have cleared them away. Are you all right, Robert?"

"I am exceedingly uncomfortable, if that is what you want to know," I shouted back. Indeed, it was a silly question to ask me. My temper was not improved by a distant chuckle which I attributed to Mossel.

"Cheer up, Robert!" continued my cousin. "If you run across him, you must do your best. Reiki will see you through, never fear; but I don't think there is much chance of your coming up with him for he will have taken the shorter route which we follow. Anyhow, remember that the rendezvous is at the 'Drei Kruenen' at Thorn. If you catch him, telegraph there; if the wires are down, send a messenger. Do you understand?"

"You are perfectly lucid."

"Well, good-by."

The snow spurted from under their horse's hoofs as they swung on to the north road. Then my cousin shouted to his team, and we, too, rushed forward, but on the other track curving south and east. For a minute I could hear their bells tinkling an echo in the distance. Then they died away into silence.

My interest in the chase suddenly expanded. Now that my cousin had freed me, it seemed an ugly, dangerous business. Marnac would stop at nothing, that was certain. Supposing we should chance upon this desperate maniac, what then? My driver was armed, and had the appearance of a bold, courageous man. Was he so in reality? I started up at his back and wondered.

We had traveled the half of a mile, when from the black of the forest before us rose a cry, a fierce, chuckling bay that sent the horses plunging across the road. In the solitude of those ice-bound woods it sounded the more threat

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

IRRIGATION ASSOCIATION.

Annual Meeting at Hood River October 11 and 12 Promises Well.

The fourth annual meeting of the Oregon Irrigation Association will be held at Hood River in connection with the Hood River Valley Fair, October 11 and 12, 1906, and all who are interested in furthering the irrigation movement which at this time means so much to the development of the state, are invited to be present and participate in the work of this organization.

The appointment of delegates will be as follows: All state officials, including members of the legislative assembly, senators and members of congress, including members of congress elect and senators nominated, the mayor of all cities, the presidents of the state university, state agricultural college and state normal schools, shall be considered ex officio members of the association, and delegates shall be appointed as follows: Fifteen by the governor of the state, ten by the mayor of the city of Portland, five by the mayor of each other city in the state, five by each chamber of commerce, board of trade or other commercial body or regularly organized irrigation, agricultural, horticultural or engineering society within the state.

COBALT IN GRANT.

Is To Be Found in No Other Section of United States.

Salem—According to the statistical information furnished Labor Commissioner Hoff, by the United States geological survey bureau, at Washington, D. C., there are 2,170 mines of different kinds in the state of Oregon, under development, the greater number of which are gold and copper, while in some portions of the state deposits of some kinds of mineral are found which do not exist elsewhere in the United States. Notable among these latter are the cobalt mines of Grant county, said to be the only discovery of this valuable mineral in the state of Oregon, under development.

Cobalt is used extensively and is of great value for coloring purposes and in the arts. It is found in combination with copper, carrying a large per cent of gold. In its forthcoming biennial report, Labor Commissioner Hoff will comment upon this statistical data as follows:

A large number of the mines given in the table are not operated, some having been abandoned, and many are in the first stages of development, on account of the lack of capital to carry on the work. Considerable harm has been done the mining interest of the state by unscrupulous promoters who, by "wildcatting," have succeeded in swindling many unsuspecting investors and are responsible for retarding the development of the industry generally.

"The principal mining counties in the order of the number of miners employed are: Baker, Josephine, Jackson, Grant, Lane, Douglas and Coos. Other counties have extensive mining interests, and the industry, already of some magnitude, will continue to grow. At present there are about 3,370 miners in the state who draw an average wage of \$1 per day. Estimating that they work on an average, two-thirds of the time, the amount paid them annually is \$2,022,000."

Chittam Bark in Demand.

Eugene—Chittam bark is going up in price rapidly. All the past winter Eugene dealers have been paying 3 1/2 and 4 cents for the bark, but at present the price offered is 6 cents. Light feed for the last two seasons given as the cause for the rise. Manufacturers' stocks are running low. There are about seven carloads of the bark in Eugene warehouses, some of which was purchased two and three years ago at a price about the same as is now offered.

Farmers Catch Salmon.

Arlington—The John Day river, a few miles west of Arlington, is simply alive with fine big salmon, and farmers are catching them in great numbers in the wagon load. It is expected that at least 10,000 of these fish will be captured in that stream within the next two weeks.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Club, 64¢; bluestem, 67¢; 50¢; valley, 67¢; red, 61¢; 62¢. Oats—No. 1 white, 24¢; 24.50¢; gray, 22¢; 23¢ per ton. Barley—Feed, 20¢; 21¢ per ton; brewing, 22¢; 23¢, rolled, 22¢. Rye—11.50¢ per cwt. Corn—Whole, 27¢; cracked, 28¢ per ton. Hay—Valley timothy, No. 1, 10¢; 11¢ per ton; Eastern Oregon timothy, 12¢; 14¢; clover, 17¢; 18¢; chest, 17¢; 750; grain hay, 47¢; alfalfa, 10¢; vetch hay, 17¢; 750.

Fruits—Apples, common to choice, 25¢; 26¢ per bushel; choice for fancy, 75¢; 81.25¢; grapes, Oregon, 50¢; 75¢ per bushel; peaches, 75¢; 81¢; pears, 75¢; 81.25¢; cranberries, 10¢; 12.50¢ per bushel; prunes, 25¢; 50¢ per bushel. Melons—Cantaloupes, 10¢; 12.50¢ per bushel; watermelons, 4¢; 6¢ per bushel; cantaloupes, 12.50¢ per bushel. Vegetables—Beans, 50¢; 75¢; cabbage, 1 1/2¢; 2¢ per pound; cauliflower, 10¢; 12.50¢ per dozen; celery, 50¢; 60¢ per dozen; cucumbers, 15¢ per dozen; egg plant, 10¢ per pound; lettuce, head, 20¢ per dozen; onions, 10¢; 12.50¢ per dozen; peas, 40¢; 50¢; bell peppers, 50¢; pumpkins, 1 1/2¢ per pound; spinach, 10¢; 15¢ per pound; tomatoes, 40¢; 50¢ per bushel; parsley, 10¢; 15¢; sprouts, 8¢ per pound; squash, 1 1/2¢ per pound; turnips, 90¢; 81¢ per bushel; carrots, 10¢; 12.50¢ per bushel; beets, 10¢; 12.50¢ per bushel; horseradish, 10¢ per bushel. Onions—Oregon, 10¢; 12.50¢ per hundred.

Potatoes—Oregon Burbanks, delivered, 50¢; 60¢; in carlots f. o. b. country, 75¢; 80¢; sweet potatoes, 2 1/2¢ per pound. Butter—Fancy creamery, 27 1/2¢; 30¢ per pound. Eggs—Oregon ranch, 20¢ per dozen. Poultry—Average old hens, 14¢; 15¢ per pound; mixed chickens, 13¢; 14¢; spring, 15¢; old roosters, 90¢; 10¢; dressed chickens, 14¢; 15¢; turkeys, live, 16¢; 21¢; turkeys, dressed, choice, 21¢; 22¢; geese, live, 90¢; 100¢; ducks, 14¢; 15¢.

Hops—1906, 15¢; 17¢ per pound; 1905, nominal; 1904, nominal.

Wool—Eastern Oregon average best, 15¢; 16¢ per pound, according to shrinkage; valley, 20¢; 22¢, according to shrinkage.

Mohair—Chico's, 20¢; 30¢ per pound. Veal—Dressed, 5 1/2¢; 6¢ per pound. Beef—Dressed bulk, 8¢ per pound. Cows, 4 1/2¢; 5¢; country steers, 50¢; 55¢. Mutton—Dressed fancy, 70¢; 80¢ per pound; ordinary, 50¢; 60¢; lambs, fancy, 80¢; 85¢. Pork—Dressed, 70¢; 85¢ per pound.

Teach Spanish in University.

Eugene—The University of Oregon has established a new department, that of romance languages, which will be under the charge of Dr. Timothy Cloran, who has just returned from a year's travel in France and Spain. Heretofore the university has offered courses in French, with the instructor being the direction of Professor F. G. Schmidt, professor of modern languages and literatures. But with the coming of Dr. Cloran Spanish will be added to the university curriculum, and there will be opportunity for broader work in the department of German language and literature under Professor Schmidt.

O. A. C. Starts Well.

Corvallis—In spite of the fact that the O. A. C. opened early this year, the first two days showed the largest enrollment for a similar time in the history of the institution, 408 being enrolled and many are still coming. This enrollment is an increase of 56 over last year. At this rate an enrollment of more than 900 will be reached this year. With the expectation of this four new professors and assistant professors have been added to the faculty. Very noticeable among the new students is the increase in the number of high school students coming from the Portland high school.

Working Old Hammersley Mine.

Grants Pass—The old Hammersley mine, in the Jung Off Zee district, is again the scene of active mining operations, after lying idle for a number of years. R. G. Smith, of this city, has a force of men at work, and the stamps of the old mill are again dropping on good ore. The old pile of tailings, of which there are in the neighborhood of 350 tons, is being run through a cyanide plant which has been erected. The tailings, according to assay, carry \$11 in gold, and as the expense of working them is small, a handsome profit will be realized.

Siuslaw Is Full of Salmon.

Eugene—Reports from the Siuslaw river state that the present run of chinook salmon is the biggest in a number of years, and the pack of the two canneries at the cold storage plant at Florence will be a record breaker. The canneries are owned and operated by O. W. Hurd and William Kyle & Sons, respectively, and the cold storage plant by the latter. The silverides are just now beginning to run, and they, too, promise to be very plentiful.

Offers Big Ranch for Sale.

Athens—J. J. Rasmussen has placed his large ranch on the market. He has 1,100 acres of the very best wheat lands in Umatilla county, has farmed it for many years and reaped a fortune. The 171 acres is \$75 an acre.

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