

# The Scio News.

VOL. X.

SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, OCTOBER 26, 1906.

NO. 18.

## 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 XVI.—(Continued.)

And so, her story ended, the brave girl passed into the house, while we dashed away in pursuit. My cousin stuck to the story most manfully, but age will tell, and I was a witness to the good when I stumbled into the parlor of the inn. They had not seen Mr. Hermann, they told me, since lunch-time; perhaps he was down at his boat.

"What boat?" I asked.

"Why, sir, said the landlady's wife, grinning at my eagerness, 'the gold gentleman he might be sailing, an' he hath hired Mark Pennyfold's new trawler, the Agnes Jane, for a matter of two months. And now I come to think on it, I did hear Mary say as how he an' his son were going out with Master Hermann betwixt dusk an' your o'clock.'"

I ran down the narrow street towards the quay, between the quiet old cottages, with their fish-stalls and gear, and their nets, fishing-boats, and gear, tumbling before the domestic steps, reached the little breakwater, and saw, low on the west horizon, was throwing great golden streamers through gaps in the purple clouds that were piled as high as if a cataclysm of Nature had set the Andes on the Himalayas. From their feet came gusts of wind, force and speed, cold. Even to my shore-going eyes it threatened dirty weather.

But I had not time for cloud effects. There, fair in the glittering path that the sun had dashed upon the waters, a red-sailed fishing-boat was running close-hauled to the south-westward.

"What boat is that?" I asked a lad who lounged against a mooring-post at my elbow.

"That, master—what, is he Mark Pennyfold's Agnes Jane?" was "Ired by the stranger from Lunnon, 'Erman's name."

A hand fell on my shoulder. It was Graden's. He had heard and understood. And so we stood together watching the red sails fade slowly into the glittering haze of the night and the storm. V.—THE AMMONIA CYLINDER.

### CHAPTER XVII.

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glancing frequently to the northwest, from which the wind blew strong and cold.

It was, according to my remembrance, past nine o'clock that the steady pressure of the wind failed. In its place came gusts, fierce and uncertain, spaced with lulls of restless calm. Ignorant as I was of sea weather, I began to grow uneasy. There seemed a menace in the dark, mysterious wall of cloud to windward, a rampart edged with silver from the moon. Motionless as hung like a heavy curtain that at its rising would reveal some monstrous spectacle. For the first time I realized the insignificance of our boat, its loneliness amidst the hurrying wastes of the sea, and my anxiety passed into alarm. It was about this time that my nausea suddenly left me. This was a great relief to me, for I was well aware that an excess of sea-sickness might result in a serious prostration.

It was in one of the lulls I have mentioned that Isaac gave my cousin the helm and with his man's assistance lowered the sail on the smaller mast at the stern which, I believe, is known nautically as the jigger. They also reefed the larger canvas on the foremast. The Agnes Jane, which was now not more than four hundred yards away, showed no sign of following our example.

"Mark Pennyfold must be mazed," said Isaac on his return aft. "He must have seen we were chased, 'e, yet 'e gives us no chance of speaking 'im; and now 'e's changing his boat by carrying on with that press of sail. Please to keep your hand on the tiller, and stand forward to where I sat, and stood, making a hollow of his hands. A good stiffness held the sea and air, save for the whisper of the gliding waves."

"The Agnes Jane, ahoy!" He drove the words over the black water like the blast of a trumpet.

"The Agnes Jane, ahoy!" Again he called, and this time there came an answering voice.

"Reply!" I cried, in one word—and was silent. We waited, but that was all. "It is no good, Treherne," said my cousin. "They have an ugly customer on board who does not mean to be taken. He has his pistol at their heads as like as not. They must take their chance of 'em."

His words were lost in a stirring note like the throbbing of a giant harp-string, a note that rose to a shriek and then melted into a rattling, drumming roar, the uttermost diapason of the storm-wind. For some seconds we heeled over, so that I could have dipped my face in the bubbling water; and then, slowly gathering way, we shot forward through the flying spray, with Treherne yelling to his man in tones that even outsoared the squall itself.

We were upon her almost before I realized the disaster that had befallen her. I caught a glimpse of the level line of timbers, and saw a streak of white, and then I saw my cousin lean out and grip a something in the water. For a moment I thought he would be dragged from the boat, but Isaac, letting go the tiller, circled his legs with a pair of muscular arms and held on like the little building he was. With three great heaves Graden dragged the dripping thing he held to the boat's edge; with a fourth he landed it fairly on board. The Agnes Jane had gone, and with her the unfortunate man she carried—was Marnac only.

Thus Fate in its own strange manner had given him to us at last!

Shouting like a madman, I started to board the stern, where my cousin was waiting over the huddled body he had saved. But even as I did so I saw a black mass, crested and streaked with bluish white, rush up from the obscurity to windward. For a space it seemed to hang above us, while Isaac yelled as he tugged wildly at the tiller. Then, with a wild roar that drummed in my ears like the explosion of a mine, it threw its self upon us, hurling me into the bottom of the boat, choked, deafened, and blinded.

(To be continued.)

Just a Favor.

The old farmer who had and did not hear the steam whistle on the big touring car. It struck him. The chauffeur paled and the woman shrieked.

"Thanks, mister," chuckled the old man as he picked himself up out of the dust. "Come around here, mister. Come along, mister. You hurt?" gasped the chauffeur.

"Not 'tall."

"But why do you say 'Thanks'?"

"Because, mister, that jolt unloosed a mustard plaster on my shoulder that I have been trying to get off for the last week."

"Will Return Early."

Mr. Rounder (tenderly)—Do you remember, dear, during our courting days how I used to tell you the old, old story?

Mrs. Rounder—Yes, and you still tell me the "old, old story."

Mr. Rounder (in surprise)—When, dear?

Mrs. Rounder—When you start for the club.

Called.

"Yes, yes, Maria."

"What are you doing?"

"Reading about the 'man with the muck rake.'"

"Well, you go right in that garden and let me see you be the man with the garden rake and be quick about it!"

Easily Convinced.

"It's the unexpected that usually happens, you know," said the slow boarder.

"I guess that's right," rejoined the landlady. "At least I know the money I expected from you last week hasn't materialized as yet."

An Injustice.

Diggs—I understand that Higgins is quite a clever financier.

Higgs—Well, he is. Why, that man never beat anybody out of a cent in his life.

## OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

### DISTILLERY TO BE BUILT.

North Bend Will Probably Secure Denatured Alcohol Plant.

North Bend—The Coos bay country has secured the establishment of a plant for the manufacture of denatured alcohol and the distillery will be ready to receive potatoes from the farmers next fall.

S. T. Clover, of the American Alcohol company, New York, came to the Coos bay country about two weeks ago in an endeavor to interest the farmers in denatured alcohol. He was accompanied by Dr. Withycombe, who conducted several farmers' institutes in the county as the Jigger. They also reefed the larger canvas on the foremast. The Agnes Jane, which was now not more than four hundred yards away, showed no sign of following our example.

"Mark Pennyfold must be mazed," said Isaac on his return aft. "He must have seen we were chased, 'e, yet 'e gives us no chance of speaking 'im; and now 'e's changing his boat by carrying on with that press of sail. Please to keep your hand on the tiller, and stand forward to where I sat, and stood, making a hollow of his hands. A good stiffness held the sea and air, save for the whisper of the gliding waves."

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### PAY TAXES DIRECT.

Salem—That the duty of collecting taxes should be taken from the sheriffs and imposed upon the county treasurers, is one of the recommendations contained in the report of the Oregon Tax Commission just issued from the printing office. This recommendation is in itself of considerable importance in the management of county affairs, but it assumes particular interest to sheriffs and treasurers when coupled with the suggestion that this change will make necessary a reduction of the salaries of sheriffs and a raise of the salaries of treasurers. The commission concludes in support of recommending that the legislature, if it makes the change, should not overlook the salary matter.

That the handling of public funds is more particularly the work of a treasurer and not of a sheriff, is the principal reason for the proposed change. The commission is of the opinion that the accounts could be just as accurately checked if the money were paid directly to county treasurers as it could be if it were first paid to the sheriffs, and by them turned over to the treasurers. There would be one less opportunity for mismanagement. The commission does not base its recommendation so much upon its own reasoning, however, as it does upon the reasoning of a sheriff, who is quoted, but whose name is not given.

Harness Olive Lake.

Sumpter—The Fremont Power company, which has been for some time past engaged in harnessing the waters of Olive lake for power purposes, is pushing operations toward the completion of its plant by employing almost every idle man in the district. Men have been imported from almost every section of Eastern Oregon by this company to work on the ditch and pipe lines as well as installing its huge power machinery. This company is identified with the Red Boy mine also, which property will be operated in the future by electric power, instead of steam, as heretofore.

Lane Prune Crop Is Big.

Eugene—Prune drying in Lane county has been about completed, and it is found that the output this year is much larger than last year. Rains at the time drying commenced caused considerable damage by cracking the fruit, and by making it ripen irregularly, but above the average. Canneries have been working on tomatoes for the past five or six weeks, and still have a supply in sight.

Buying Great Tracts of Timber.

Eugene—The Monroe Lumber & Milling company, of Monroe, Wash., is having recorded deeds to 5,000 acres of timber land in Lane and Benton counties, and it is reported that the company intends to construct a railroad from Eugene, Corvallis or Junction City, to the timber, if another 5,000 acres of timber land can be secured at a reasonable figure. If more land can be secured, the company will hold what they now have as a speculation. The land involved is in the northwestern part of Lane county.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Club, 64c; bluestem, 68c; valley, 67c; red, 61c.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$24.50; grey, \$23.50.

Barley—Feed, \$20.50 per ton; brewing, \$21.50; rolled, \$23.

Rye—\$1.35@1.40 per cwt.

Corn—Whole, \$25.50; cracked, \$25.00 per ton.

Hay—Valley timothy, No. 1, \$10.80 per ton; Eastern Oregon timothy, \$14.00; clover, \$6.50@7; alfalfa, \$11.50; vetch hay, \$7.50.

Fruits—Apples, common to choice, 25c@75c per box; choice to fancy, 75c@1.15; grapes, \$1.15 per crate; Concord, Oregon, 27c half basket; peaches, 75c@1; pears, 75c@1.25; quinces, \$1.25 per box.

Vegetables—Cabbage, 1 1/2@1 1/4 per dozen; cauliflower, \$1.25 per dozen; celery, 75c@85c per dozen; lettuce, head, 20c per dozen; onions, 10@12c per dozen; pumpkins, 1 1/4 per pound; tomatoes, 30c@50c per box; squash, 1 1/4c per pound; turnips, 90c@1 per sack; carrots, 90c@1 per sack; beets, \$1.25@1.50 per sack; broad beans, 90c per pound; sweet potatoes, 2@2 1/2c per pound.

Potatoes—Oregon Burbanks, fancy, \$1.00@1.10.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 25c@27c per pound.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 31c@32c per dozen.

Poultry—Average old hens, 12@13c per pound; mixed old hens, 12@12 1/2c; spring, 12@13c; old roosters, 9@10c; dressed chickens, 13@14c; turkeys, live, 17@17 1/2c; turkeys, dressed, choice, 21c@22 1/2c; geese, live, 8@9c; ducks, 14@15c.

Veal—Dressed—5 1/2@5c per pound.

Beef—Dressed bulls, 2@2 1/2c per pound; cows, 4@5c; country steers, 5@5 1/2c.

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

Pork—Dressed, 6@6c per pound.

Hops—1906, choice, 15@21c; prime, 13@14c; medium, 12@12 1/2c; second, 10@11c; nominal, 9@10c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon average best, 13@18c per pound, according to shrinkage; valley, 20@21c, according to fineness; mohair, 26@28c.

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By T. L. DUGGER

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