

# The Santiam News.

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SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, NOVEMBER 23, 1906.

NO. 22.

## The Santiam News

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By T. L. DUGGER

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Per month, in advance 1.25  
Advertising rates made known on application  
Transient advertisements must be paid for  
when the order is given for their location.  
Entered at the postoffice at Scio, Oregon, as  
second class mail matter.

## PROFESSIONAL

H. BRYANT & SON

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

Goodwin Block ALBANY OREGON

L. H. MONTANEY

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Notary Public and Solicitor  
of Pensions and Patents

Office, 22 West 2d Street ALBANY, OREGON

WEATHERFORD & WYATT

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

Office over First National Bank.

ALBANY OREGON

S. C. BROWN, M.D.

Graduate Eclectic Medical College

Cincinnati, Ohio

ALBANY OREGON

A. G. PHILL, 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 Linn 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

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 Bilyen Den Sawmills, is prepared

to fill orders for

Common or Finishing Lumber

Orders taken at the yards in Scio or at the mills in Bilyen 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.

## Beware of Defective Titles

Have an Abstract of Title prepared

by the

Linn County Abstract Co.

Office over Third and Broadway

ALBANY, OREGON

Z. H. RUDD, Manager.

Office over Third and Broadway

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. MCKENNA

Cashier.....W. A. EWING

D. E. a general banking and exchange

business. L. - no 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

stations at 7:30 a. m. Leave for Albany at

7:50 p. m.

Leaves Portland 8:00 a. m.; 8:40 p. m.

Leaves Albany 11:40 a. m.; 11:55 p. m.

Arrives Ashland 11:45 p. m.; 12:15 a. m.

Arrives Sacramento 2:00 p. m.; 4:45 a. m.

Arrives San Francisco 6:25 p. m.; 8:40 a. m.

Pullman and Tourist cars on both trains.

Chair cars Sacramento to Eugene 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 Wm. Brown, agent at West Scio station

or address

WM. McMURRAY, G. P. A.,

Portland, Oregon

## The Trail of the Dead:

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE  
OF DR. ROBERT HANLARD

By D. FLETCHER ROBINSON and J. MALCOLM FRASER  
(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Rowles)

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

"We shall soon have news," he said

quietly. "For information that will lead

to his arrest. I have offered the police

here and on the continent, a reward of

five thousand pounds."

He spoke the truth. News came soon,

indeed.

We were lunched together in Graden's

chambers on the fourth day after their

departure, when the telegram arrived.

My cousin opened it. As he read, I saw

the line that ran into his eyes. Then

he handed it across the table. This was

the message:

"Fear we are in great peril. Come at

once. We await."

The realization of those words must

have come to me slowly, for it was Graden's

hand on my arm that woke me

from the stupor into which I had fallen.

Even then I could hardly understand

"There is a train at two-twenty," said

he. "Can you be ready in five minutes?"

"But how can the man—how can

Marianne have discovered where they

are?" I stammered.

"In five minutes, I said," he barked

out. "You have no time to waste."

We had still a quarter of an hour to

spare when our cab rattled over the

cobbles of the station-yard. While my

cousin took the tickets, I stood at the

bookstall, staring at the backs of the

novels, with that help for twisting in a

desperate clutch through my head. "In

great peril. Come at once," so it ran

over and over again. Several passing

strangers turned and regarded me curi-

ously over their shoulders.

I do not think we spoke more than

once before reaching Dover. I asked if

he had telegraphed a reply. He had done

so, he said, at Charing Cross.

There was a brick wall running in the

Channel, but I felt no sickness. Indeed

quite the contrary. I felt as if I were

quite soundly as we passed our bags

through the Calais customs.

Into the train again, and on into the

slight that had been waiting for us.

Birth reserved in the wagon-lit, but I did

not visit it. Sometimes a fery of im-

patience seized me, so that I paced the

corridor, peering out my head and neck

country that west sliding by. In its never-

varying sequence of plain and woodland

and steeply-crowned village, but for the

most part, I sat looking at my watch.

I think, Heaven help me! What tor-

ture an active mind inflicts upon poor

humanity! Grant a man the imagina-

tion of an ox, and many are the woes he

will be spared!

Dawn stole out on us at Basle, and we

stood upon the platform, our faces

showing pale in the misty curtain of

sky that hung above the snow-clad ridges

to the westward. The air was very cold,

but not with the English bitterness in

its heart, though, indeed, I pretend-

ed to father that I had forgotten he ex-

isted. But the next instant Reaki had

dropped down on one knee, taking my

hand and kissing it.

"I am a dog, Fraulein!" he said sim-

ply. "I did not think of what I spoke.

But it is the thing for which I forget

all else—to meet this man who killed

my son. For your father and yourself,

have no fear. It is I that will ever

watch. You trust me, Fraulein?"

"Indeed, Reaki, yes," I answered him,

and so we parted.

(To be continued.)

MISTAKES OF RUSSIAN POLICE.

Law Officers Declared to Be

Extremely Stupid.

The czar's whole bureaucracy has for

years been so thoroughly detected by

all classes of Russians that now it is

mainly filled by the least intelligent of

the population. And of these the police

are the worst, says Ernest Bovie in the

"World To-Day." I myself was arrested

several times, as so many correspond-

ents are, and I found the police in ev-

ery instance the most dense of mori-

tales. From my newspaper friends I heard

scores of stories about this stupidity.

These two are typical:

Some time ago a man threw a bomb

at a governor, killed him and escaped.

The government sent all over the em-

pire a placard and two photographs of

the assassin, his front view and his

profile. And three weeks later a po-

lice-man in western Siberia telegraphed:

"Have captured both criminals and

am bringing them to Petersburg."

At midnight in Petersburg an inno-

cent peasant professor stood on a

bridge starting into the sluggish waters

of the Neva. He was thinking of a rival

professor who had a new theory about

gravitation.

"That man," said the professor aloud,

"is the dullest idiot in Russia."

Instantly a big policeman pounced

upon him out of the darkness and with-

out a word began dragging him off. The

poor old professor shook with terror.

"Why am I arrested?" he cried.

"What is my crime?"

"High treason!" growled the police-

man.

"But why? Why?"

"Oh, don't try to fool me! You called

his Imperial majesty an idiot!"

"Heaven's!" cried the terrified pro-

fessor, the spectacles falling from his

nose. "Why should you think I was

speaking of the czar?"

The big policeman stopped and looked

down, puzzled.

"The dullest idiot in Russia," he said

slowly, searching his memory. "Who

else could you have meant?"

All Horses Hate Camels.

Snook and a city pipe, the circus ar-

rest in the winter training quarters.

Under his supervision a thin boy was

learning to ride erect on a quiet horse

with a broad, flat back.

"In some towns they won't let us

show," said the man, "unless we have

no camels with us. Camels are a seri-

## OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

MONEY IN POTATOES.

Grand Ronde Farmers Market Big

Crops at Good Prices.

La Grande—Farmers who planted

potatoes last spring are reaping a beau-

tiful harvest in the Grand Ronde val-

ley. The gross income from this year's

crop is placed at \$50,000 on the output

of potatoes from this valley. It is es-

timated that 100 cars will be necessary

to ship this season's crop. These fig-

ures are computed on the basis of 1,000

acres with an average yield of 60 sacks

to the acre. This has been the yield

on unirrigated lands on the "Sand-

ridge" section, and the estimate is con-

servative. More than half of the entire

potato acreage of the valley is in the

vicinity of Imbilen and Allied.

Fields that have produced 60 sacks to

the acre—and very many tracts have

done better than that—give a net re-

turn of \$27.50 per acre. The gross re-

ceipts from an acre at the present price

of 65 cents per sack amounts to \$39.

One of the enthusiastic growers figures

the cost of production per acre at

\$11.50, as follows: Cultivating, \$3;

digging and sacking, \$3; sacks, \$3;

seed, \$1; hauling, \$1.50.

The heaviest yield