

Visitors are welcome whether
Intending to purchase or not

You can buy clothes
in lots of places, and
lots of prices. But after
all there's something to
be considered in style
fit and tailoring.

These are our strong
points. We get an indi-
viduality in our cloth-
ing that you don't see
in ordinary clothing.

There is no use telling
you that our New Fall
Suits and Overcoats are
in because you expect it;
and besides, you always
look for the new things
in our store, and are
never disappointed. When you buy your cloth-
ing from us you are sure that you are getting
the pick of the market.

Suits and Overcoats, \$10 up

THE BLAIN CLOTHING CO.

ALBANY OREGON



The Man From Brodney's

By George Barr McCutcheon

(Chapter I Continued)

records of the inebriate's asylum are to be credited. His wife, after enduring him for sixteen years, secured a divorce. Accepting the world as his home, he ventured forth to visit every nook and cranny of it. In course of time he came upon his old time neighbor and boyhood friend, Taswell Skaggs, in the city of Shanghai. Neither of them had seen the British Isles in two years or more.

"Ow do you know?" demanded Taswell.
"Haven't I been there, old chap? A year or more? It's a rotten big place where gentlemen aspire to sell gloves and handkerchiefs and needlework over the shop counters. You know, Tazzy, I could well afford to starve, and I wouldn't sell things, so I came away. But it's no island."

"Well, that's neither here nor there, Jackie. I haven't a 'ome, and you haven't a 'ome, and we're wanderers on the face of the earth. My wife played me a beastly trick, dyin' like that. I say marriage is a bloomin' nuisance."

"Marriage, my boy, is the convalescence from a love affair. One wants to get out the worst way, but has to stay in till he's jolly well cured. For my part, I'm never going back to England."

"Nor I. It would be just like me, Jackie, to 'ave a relapse and never get out again."

The old friends took an inventory. Jack Wyckholme, gentleman's son and never-do-well, possessed £9 and a fraction, an appetite and excellent spirits, while Taswell Skaggs exhibited a balance of £1,000 in a Shanghai bank, a fairly successful trade in Celestial necessities and an unbounded eagerness to change his luck.

"I have a proposition to make to you, Tazzy," said Mr. Wyckholme late in the night.

"I think I'll listen to 't, Jackie," replied Mr. Skaggs, quite soberly.

As the outcome of this midnight proposition Taswell Skaggs and John Wyckholme arrived two months later at the tiny island of Japat, somewhere south of the Arabian sea, there to remain until their dying days and there to accumulate the wealth which gave the first named a chance to make an extraordinary will. For thirty years they lived on the island of Japat. Wyckholme preceded Skaggs to the grave by two winters, and he willed his share of everything to his partner of thirty years' standing. But there was a proviso in Wyckholme's bequest, just as there was in that of Skaggs. Each had made his will some fifteen years or more before death, and each had bequeathed his fortune to the survivor. At the death of the survivor the entire property was to go to the grandchild of each testator, with certain reservations to be mentioned later on, each having by investigation discovered that he possessed a single grandchild.

The island of Japat had been the home of a Mohammedan race, the outgrowth of Arabian adventurers who had fared far from home many years before Wyckholme happened upon the island by accident. It was a British possession, and there were two or three thousand inhabitants, all Mohammedans. Skaggs and Wyckholme pur-

chased the land from the natives, protected and eased their rights with the government and proceeded to realize on what the natives had unwittingly prepared for them. In course of time the natives repented of the deal which gave the Englishmen the right to pick and sell the rubies and other precious stones that they had been trading away for such trifles as silks, gewgaws and women. A revolution was imminent, whereupon the owners organized the entire population into a great

stock company, retaining four-fifths of the property themselves. This seemed to be a satisfactory arrangement, despite the fact that some of the more warlike leaders were difficult to appease. It is only necessary to add that the beautiful island of Japat, standing like an emerald in the sapphire waters of the orient, brought millions in money to the two men who had been unlucky in love.

And now, after more than thirty years of voluntary exile, both of them were dead, and both of them were buried in the heart of an island of rubies, their deed and their deeds remaining to posterity—with reservations.

CHAPTER II.

AN EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENT.

It appears that the Messrs. Skaggs and Wyckholme as their dual career drew to a close set about to learn what had become of their daughters. In litigation proved that Wyckholme's daughter had married a London artisan named Ruthven. The Ruthvens in turn had one child, a daughter, Wyckholme's wife and his daughter died when this grandchild was eight or ten years old. By last report the grandchild was living with her father in London. She was a pretty young woman, with scores of admirers on her hands and a very level head on her shoulders.

Wyckholme held to his agreement with Skaggs by bequeathing his share of the property to him, but it was definitely set forth that at the death of his partner it was to go to Agnes Ruthven, the grandchild—with certain reservations. Skaggs found that his daughter, who married Brown, the American, like wise had died, but that she had left behind a son and heir. This son, Robert Brown, was in school when the will was designed, and he was to have Skaggs' fortune at the death of Wyckholme in case that worthy survived.

In order to keep the business on the property intact and under the perpetual control of one partnership the grandchild of Wyckholme was to marry the grandson of Skaggs within the year after the death of the surviving partner. The penalty to be imposed upon them if the condition were not complied with, neither to be excusable nor the defection of the other, lay in the provision that the whole industry and its accumulated fortune, including the land and the island, practically the entire island, were to go to the islanders. Wyckholme named Sir John Altemor as one executor, and Skaggs selected Alfred Bowen of Boston as the other.

As Wyckholme was the first to die Skaggs became sole owner of the island and its treasures, and it was he who made the final will in accordance with the original plans.

The island of Japat, with its jewel and its ancient chateau, of modern construction, represented several million pounds sterling. Wyckholme's dream of erecting an exact replica of a famous old chateau found response in the equally whimsical Skaggs, who constantly bemoaned the fact that it was impossible to complete the two. For five years after its completion the two old men, with an army of Arabian retainers and Nubian slaves, lived like oriental potentates in the huge structure on the highlands overlooking the sea.

Skaggs seldom went from one part of his home to another without a guide. It was so vast and so labyrinthine that he feared he might be lost forever. The dungeons below the chateau and the moat with its bridges were the especial delight of these lonely, romantic old chaps. One of the builders of this rare pile was now sleeping peacefully in the sarcophagus beneath the chapel; the other was lying dead and undiscovered in the very heart of his possessions.

The magnificent plans of the partners would have been a glorious tribute to romance had it not been for one fatal obstacle. The trouble was that young Miss Ruthven and young Mr. Brown did not know that their grandfathers lived, much less that they owned an island in the south seas. Therefore it is quite natural that they could not have known they were expected to marry each other.

Miss Ruthven, from motives peculiar to the head and not to the heart, set about to earn a title for herself. Three months before the death of Mr. Skaggs she was married to Lord Deppingham, who possessed a title and a country place that rightfully belonged to his creditors. Mr. Brown, just out of college, hung out his shingle as a physician and surgeon and forthwith, with all the confidence his profession is supposed to inspire, proceeded to marry the daughter of a brokerage banker in Boston and at once found himself struggling with the difficulties of Back Bay society.

A clause in the will, letter of instruction attached, demanded that the two grandchildren should take up their residence in the chateau within six months after the death of the testator, there to remain through the compulsory days of courtship, up to and including the wedding day. Four

months had already passed. It was also stipulated that the executors should receive £10,000 each at the expiration of their year of servitude, provided it was shown in court that they had carried out the wishes of the testator or in failing had made the most diligent effort within human power.

"It is very expeditious," murmured Mr. Brown for the third time. "I suppose the first step is to notify young Mr. Brown of his misfortune. His lordship has the task of breaking the news to Lady Deppingham."

"You are assuming that I intend to act under this ridiculous will?"
"Certainly. It means about \$50,000 to you at the end of the year, with nothing to do but to notify two persons of the terms in the will. If they're not divorced and married again at the end of the year you and Sir John simply turn everything over to the Malays, or whatever they are. I think it's easy sledding for you."

Young Mr. Brown hastened downtown in response to a message from the American executor and was told of the will which had been filed in England, the home land of the testator. To say that this debonair, good looking young gentleman was flabbergasted would be putting it more than mildly.

"What shall I do—what can I do, Mr. Brown?" he gasped, bewildered.

"Consult an attorney," advised Mr. Brown promptly.

"I'll do it," shouted Bobby Brown, one time halfback on his college eleven.

"Break the will for me, Mr. Brown, and I'll give—"

"I can't break it, Bobby. I'm its executor."

"Good Lord! Well, then, who is the best will breaker you know, please? Something has to be done right away."

"I'm afraid you don't grasp the situation. Now, if you were not married I would—"

"I wouldn't give up my wife for all the islands in the universe. That's settled. You don't know how happy we are. She's the—"

"Yes, yes, I know," interrupted the wily Mr. Brown. "Don't tell me about it. Go and see Judge Garrett, over in the K. building. They say he expects to come back from the grave to break his own will."

Ten minutes later an excited young man rushed into an office in the K. building.

"You will have to fight it jointly," said Judge Garrett after extracting the wheat from the chaff of Brown's remarks. "You can't take hers away

from her, and she can't get yours. We must combine against the natives. Come back tomorrow at 2."

Promptly at 2 Brown appeared, eager-eyed and nervous. He had left behind him at home a miserable young woman with red eyes and choking breath who bemoaned the cruel conviction that she stood between him and fortune.

"But, hang it all, dearest, I wouldn't marry that girl if I had the chance. I'd marry you all over again today if I could," he had cried out to her, but she wondered all afternoon if he really meant it. It never entered her head to wonder if Lady Deppingham was old or young, pretty or ugly, bright or dull.

Judge Garrett had a copy of the will in his hand. He looked dubious, even dismayed.

"It's as sound as the rock of Gibraltar," he announced dolefully.

"You don't mean it!" gasped poor Bobby, mopping his fine Harvard brow, his six feet of manhood shrinking perceptibly as he looked about for a chair in which to collapse. "Can't it be smashed?"

"It might be an easy matter to prove either of these old gentlemen to have been insane, but the two of them together make it out of the question."

"Darned unreasonable!"

"What do you mean, sir?" indignantly.

"I mean—oh, you know what I mean—the conditions and all that. Why, the old chumps must have been trying to prove their grandchildren insane when they made that will. Nobody but imbeciles would marry people they'd never seen. I—"

"But the will provides for a six months' courtship, Mr. Brown. I'm sorry to say. You might learn to love a person in less time and still retain your mental balance, you know, especially if she were pretty and an heiress to half your own fortune. I dare say that is what they were thinking about."

(To be Continued)

They Don't Dare Criticize

In London the postal clerks work from six to seven hours a day. In Chicago they work from ten to sixteen. The postal service in this country returns a deficit to the government while in Great Britain it returns a surplus. The difference is more than represented by the plain graft of the railway mail charges.

In England the different branches of the postal service have utmost freedom of speech and of association. They publish trade papers that not only savagely criticize postal officials, but ridicule them. They unite with outside trade federations and make any demand they see fit for better working conditions and facilities. When they don't get them, and the English officials mind is slow to grasp advantages proposed, the kicker is not fired or suspended.

In this country the postal clerks are compelled by reason of gag rule in the regulation of their official trade papers to make their kicks through a renegade, unofficial, outlaw magazine, which the department officials in their petty spite refuse second-class postal rates. This magazine is compelled to pay eight times the regular postal rates which the law allows it. It is called the Harpoon and is published in Denver, and it surely does harpoon the department struts and bullies who afflict the postal service.

Because the editor of one of the postal clerks' magazines mildly criticized the lights in the work room of the Seattle postoffice, voiced a kick at the clerks being compelled to work longer hours than ever by a new rule, and published a notice of the Harpoon—that hurt—the clerk has been suspended and will probably be discharged for insubordination.

For years the railway mail cars have been a disgrace and fraud. The companies build them and charge enough rent to rebuild them every year. They charge more mileage for hauling them than they do private parties for private cars. They charge eight times the rates for carrying the mail in these cars that they do the express companies in addition to the mileage and rent. These cars are the weakest, oldest, most worthless cars in the yards made ever to be something between a hog car and a smoker. The men are crushed to death frequently because the heavy engines on one end and the steel trussed sillmans on the other smash into them every collision and crush their rotten lanks like egg shells.

In many wrecks the only cars crushed are the mail cars, and the only men ripped or killed are the mail clerks. As risks the life insurance companies consider mail clerks 50 per cent more costly than ordinary train men. These old cars are not provided with any modern conveniences and the mail racks and cases are not up to date, but the charges are. For these death traps and murder machines the railroad received annually enough to build a good car and pay interest, repairs and sinking fund on it every six weeks.

The postoffice department gags the mail clerks with a rule that forbids their making public the facts. To violate it is dismissal. To make a kick to the department is to be a marked man, and indirectly results in dismissal every time. To write to a congressman on the conditions and to expose the railway graft is instant dismissal. Some men do it, and resign at the same time. And some resign and say nothing because they believe that the congressman stand in with the railway steal, anyhow.

The postal employees in Portland will work for the Christmas holidays from 11 to 18 hours a day. They will receive no extra pay for overtime. They do this for as low as \$50 a month. They should have enough extra help to do this work in eight hours. The railway mail clerks will work 36 hours at a stretch in rickety, unsanitary, ill-heated rotten cars. They should have help enough to take up this extra work during the holiday season. They will receive no extra pay, and if there is anybody killed in a collision it will be a mail clerk busy over his letters and packages, or possibly trying to sleep on the piles of unworked mail around him.

This condition of affairs exists because the watered stock of the railroads needs dividends to keep it alive. The department officials dread publicity, and their only recourse to prevent it is the discharge of whoever tells them anything or tells the public anything.

One thing the railway mail clerks object to is the vile condition in which the railroads keep the water tanks in which the drinking water is stored. The tanks are rarely cleaned out, and dead rats have been discovered in these tanks that have been there for weeks! A kick from some clerk on these occasions brings discharge. To publish them in the recognized papers brings in discharge. The writing to a congressman about rat soup and pastboard cars brings in discharge. The gags on free speech and a free press placed on the mouths of the employees of the postal service is what the same officials are anxious to place on the people.—Peoples Press.

N. I. Morrison can make you Mission furniture in oak, maple or fir. Call and see his book of patterns at the Scio Planing Mill.

SCIO PLANING MILLS
N. I. MORRISON, Prop.
MANUFACTURER and DEALER IN
Sash, Doors,
Mouldings,
Frames,
Shingles Etc
Estimates and Plans for Buildings
furnished on short notice
SCIO, ORE.

L. H. MONTANYE
Attorney-at-Law
Notary Public and Solicitor
of Patents and Pensions.
Office, 232 West 2nd St., Albany, Ore.
First Class Accommodations and prompt Service
Large Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers
UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT
St. Charles Hotel
GRANT PITTLE, Prop.
ALBANY OREGON

J. L. CALAVAN D. M. MCKNIGHT
SCIO LIVERY & FEED STABLES
CALAVAN & MCKNIGHT, Prop's.
Hacks connect with all trains both at West Scio and Mankers.
Our rigs our first-class and our horses good drivers. Prices reasonable.

The Best Place in Portland to Eat
is at
Pap's Coffee House
at West end of the Morrison Street
bridge.
CHARLES J. MAHER
(Successor to Rinier Bros.)
PROPRIETOR.

WEATHERFORD & WYATT
Attorneys-at-Law
Office in Blumberg Block
ALBANY OREGON

T. J. MUNKERS, President W. A. EWING, Cashier
The Scio State Bank
SCIO OREGON
Does a general banking and exchange
business. Loans made at current rates
and drafts issued on principal cities.

R. SHELTON
Real Estate Notary Public
Administrator of Estates
Loans Negotiated, Abstracts
Obtained and Examined
SCIO OREGON

ABSTRACTS OF TITLE
To all lands and
town lots in the
county : : :
The Company was
Established 1891
and Incorporated

A. G. PRILL, M. D.
Physician & Surgeon
Telephone, Exchange No. 11
SCIO OREGON

DR. J. MON FOO
An experienced compounder of
Chinese Medicines
Successor to the late Hong Wo Tong,
of Albany, Oregon, is now prepared to
furnish Chinese medicines to all. The
undersigned recommends him and guar-
antees satisfaction. Call or write him
at 117 West Second Street, Albany,
Oregon. M. WESTFALL

Linn County Abstract Co.
304 Broadalbin St. Albany, Orr.
T. L. DUGGER
Notary Public



"It's as sound as the rock of Gibraltar."



"There remains a chance for the heirs to break the will."