

# AN EDISON PHONOGRAPH

## Is a Present for the entire family

THE one thing that brings joy to all the household, big and little, old and young, is an Edison Phonograph with a selection of Edison Amberol Records. The best Christmas present is something all can enjoy. All can and do enjoy the Edison Phonograph. If every member of the family would take the money he or she expects to use to buy presents for the other members of the family, and put it together, there will be enough not only to buy an Edison Phonograph, but also a large supply of Records.

Edison Phonographs sold everywhere in the United States at the same prices, \$12.00 to \$125.  
Edison Standard Records each, 35 cents. Edison Amberol Records [play twice as long] 50 cents.  
Come to our store and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Amberol Records and Get complete catalogue from us.

### E. C. PEERY, SCIO, OREGON

**THE IMPROVED Nonpareil**  
A Splendid Overall for every use. Cut generously full. Two hip pockets. Felled seams. Continuous fly.



**COPPER RIVETED OVERALLS**

For Sale at all Dealers.  
MURPHY, GRANT & CO.  
Manufacturers  
San Francisco California

**Standard Liquor Co.**  
WHOLESALE DEALER IN

**Wines, Liquors and Cigars**

Telephone Main 175 148-154 Commercial St.

**A. G. MAGERS, Prop. Salem, Oregon**

**Scio Milling Company**  
SUCCESSORS TO  
**SCIO ROLLER MILLS**  
INCORPORATED DECEMBER 28, 1904.

We do a General Custom Milling Business. Flour and Feed on Sale. Wheat Bought and Exchanged for Flour. We are in the Field for Business and Will Treat You Right!

**New Irrigation Book Free**  
"Well Irrigation for Small Farms" is a publication just issued by the General Passenger Department, of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Co., and Southern Pacific—Lines in Oregon. This booklet sets forth in a practical concise way the possibilities for profit of inexpensive irrigation, and should be in the hands of every farmer in Oregon. Copies may be obtained free on application to Wm. McMurray, General Passenger Agent, O. R. & N., and S. P. Lines in Oregon, Portland, Ore.

**DO YOU WANT**  
To save one half your oil bill? Then buy an Index Incandescent Kerosene Burner. Fits any lamp simple in construction, easy to light and no parts to get out of order. Brighter than incandescent gas light. Burns mantle of special durability. No blackening or carbonizing of mantle. No odor. No noise. Absolutely safe. Four times as brilliant as an ordinary burner. Ask your dealer. If he does not carry them, write for descriptive circular and prices to McCULLY BROS. & CO. County agents, Halsey, Oregon.

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 individuality in our clothing 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 clothing 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

**C. C. BRYANT**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW**  
CUSICK BLOCK  
ALBANY OREGON

For Anything in HARNESS or SADDLES See  
**SHANK'S**  
The Harness Maker  
Prices Right Workmanship First-class  
SHELDON, OREGON

**SALE**  
On Mens and Boys suits, overcoats, and work coats.  
Ladies and Misses suits, coats, skirts and waists.  
In addition to the cut in prices, we will give away  
**\$15 IN GOLD**  
Hot Coffee and Country Club cream served free during sale  
**SALE COMMENCES MONDAY, DEC. 4**  
**WESELY & CAIN**  
Bring this ad. its good for a chance on \$15  
-Subscribe for-  
**THE SANTIAM NEWS**

## The Man From Brodney's

By George Barr McCutcheon

(Chapter II Continued)

"Thinking? They weren't thinking of anything at all. They weren't capable. Why didn't they consider the possibility that things might turn out just as they have?"

"Possibly they did consider it, my boy. It looks to me as if they did not care a rap whether it went to their blood relatives or to the islanders. I fancy of the two they loved the islanders more. At any rate, they left a beautiful opening for the very complications which now conspire to give the natives their own, after all. It's necessary for both of you to be on the ground according to schedule. You must go to the island, wife or no wife, and there's not much time to be lost. Lady Deppingham won't let the grass grow under her feet if I know anything about the needs of English nobility, and I'll bet my hat she's packing her trunk now for a long stay in Japan. You have farther to go than she, but you must get over there inside of sixty days. You can't tell what may happen in the next six months."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it's possible that you may become a widower and she a widow."

"Good heaven, Judge Garrett! Impossible!" gasped Bobby Browne, clutching the arms of his chair.

"Nothing is impossible, my boy."

"Well, if that's what you're counting on you can count me out. I won't speculate on my wife's death."

"But man, suppose that it did happen?" roared the judge wrathfully. "You should be prepared for the best—I mean the worst. Don't look like a sick dog. You go to the island at once. Take your wife along if you like. You'll find her ladyship there, and she'll need a woman to tell her troubles to. I don't think we'll have any trouble getting the British heirs to join in the suit to overthrow the will. The only point is this—the islanders must not have the advantage that your absence from Japan will give to them. Now, fill."

"But I don't like the suggestion that my wife will be obliged to die in order!"

"Please leave all the details to me, Mr. Browne. It may not be necessary for her to die. There are other alternatives in law. Give the lawyers a chance. All you have to do is plant yourself on that island and stay there until we tell you to get off."

"Or the islanders push me off," lugubriously.

Young Mr. Browne went away at dusk, half reeling under the responsibility of existence, and eventually reached the side of the anxious young woman upon whom he leaned the facts and awaited the will of destiny.

"I think it will be perfectly jolly," she cried instead and kissed him rapturously.

Over the opposite side of the Atlantic the excitement in certain circles was even more intense than that produced in Boston. Lord Deppingham needed the money, but he was a whole day in grasping the fact that his wife could not have it and him at the same time. The beautiful and fashionable Lady Deppingham, once little Agnes Ruthven, came as near to having hysteria as Englishwomen ever do, but she called in a lawyer instead of a doctor. For three days she neglected her social duties (and they were many), ignored her gallant admirers (and they were many) and hurried back and forth between home and chambers so vigorously that his lordship was seldom closer than a day behind in anything she did.

There was a great rattling of trunks, a jangling of keys, a thousand good-bys, a castoff season, and the Deppinghams were racing away for the island of Japan, somewhere in the far south seas.

**CHAPTER III**  
**INTRODUCING HOLLINGSWORTH CHASE.**

THE excitement attending the Skaggs-Wyckholme revelations had not yet spread to the grand duchy of Rapp-Thorberg, apparently lost as it was in the cluster of small units which went to make up a certain empire, one of the world powers. The Grand Duke Michael disdained the world at large. He had but little in common with anything that moved beyond the confines of his narrow domain. His court was sleepy, lackadaisical, unemotional, impregnable to the taunts of progression. His people were thrifty, stolid and absolutely stationary in their loyalty to the ancient traditions of the duchy. His army was a mere matter of taxation and not a thing of pomp or necessity.

The precise location of the grand duchy in the map of the world has little or nothing to do with this narrative. Indeed, were it not for the fact that the grand duke possessed a charming and most desirable daughter the Thorberg dynasty would not be mentioned at all. The grand duke's peace of mind had been severely disturbed—so severely, in fact, that he was transferring his troubles to the emperor, who, in turn, felt obliged to communicate with the United States ambassador, who, in his turn, had no other alternative than to take summary action in respect to the indiscre-

toils of a fellow countryman. Chase's conscience was even and serene, and he was resigning his post with the confidence that he had performed his obligations as an American gentleman should, even though the performance had created an extraordinary commotion. Chase was new to the old world and its customs, especially those rigorous ones which surrounded royalty and denied it the right to venture into the commonplace.

Chase had been the representative of the American government at Thorberg for six months. The American flag floated above his doorway in the Friedrichstrasse, but in all his six months of occupation not ten Americans had crossed the threshold. He was a vigorous, healthy young man, and it may well be presumed that the situation bored him. He was not a politician; no more was he an office seeker. He was a real soldier of fortune in search of affairs—in peace or in war, on land or at sea. Possessed of a small income—sufficiently adequate to sustain life if he managed to advance it to the purple age, but wholly incapable of supporting him as a thrifless diplomat, he was compelled to make the best of his talents, no matter to what post they were put. He left college at twenty-two, possessed of a praiseworthy design to earn his own way without recourse to the \$4,500 income from a certain trust fund. His plan also incorporated the hope to save every penny of that income for the possible "rainy day." He was now thirty. In each of several New York banks he had something like \$4,000 drawing 3 per cent interest, which he picked his little way through the world on \$2,250 a year, more or less, as chance ordained.

"When I'm forty," Chase was wont to remark to envious spendthrifts who couldn't understand his philosophy, "I'll have over a hundred thousand there, and if I live to be ninety just think what I'll have. Moreover, I may get married and have to maintain a poor wife with rich relatives, which is a terrible strain, you know. You have to live up to your wife's relatives, if you don't do anything else."

He did not refer to the chance that he was quite sure to come in for a large legacy at the death of his maternal grandfather, a millionaire ranch owner in the far west.

After leaving college he drifted pretty much over the world, taking pot luck with fortune and changing the hand of circumstance. There had been hard roads to travel as well as easy ones, but he never complained. He swung on through life with the heart of a soldier and the confidence of a pagan. He washed business, and he abhorred trade.

He was an orphan and bounden to no man. No one had the right to question his actions after his twenty-first anniversary. He went in for law at Yale and then practiced restlessly, vaguely, for two years in Baltimore under the patronage of his father's oldest friend, a lawyer of distinction.

Tiring of the law books and reports in the old judge's office, he suddenly abandoned his calling and set forth to see the world. Almost before his friends knew that he had left he was found in Turkestan. In course of time he served as a war correspondent or one of the great newspapers, acted as agent for great newspaper dealers in the "billplines," carried a rifle with the "boers" in South Africa, hunted wild beasts in Asia and in Hottentot land, took snapshots in St. Petersburg and almost got to the north pole with one of the expeditions. Not in a month's journey would you meet a truer thoroughbred, a more agreeable chap, a more polished yachtsman, than Hollingsworth Chase, first lieutenant in Dame Fortune's army. Tall, good looking, swarthy, cheerful, gallant, he was a true comrade of those merry, reckless volunteers from all lands who find commissions in Fortune's army and serve her faithfully.

He was nearly thirty when the diplomatic service began to appeal to him as a pleasing variation from the rigorous occupations he had followed heretofore. One of his uncles was a congressman, and another was in some way connected with railroads. He first sought the influence of the latter and then the recommendation of the former. In less than six weeks after his arrival in Washington he was off for the city of Thorberg, in the grand duchy of Rapp-Thorberg, carrying with him an appointment as consul and supplied with the proper stamps and seal of office.

At the end of five months he loathed Thorberg; he hated the inhabitants; he snarled under the sting of royal disdain; he had no real friends, no boon companions, and he was obliged to be good! What wonder, then, that the bored, suffering vivacious Mr. Chase seized the first opportunity to leap head foremost into the very thick of a most appalling indignation!

When he first arrived at Thorberg to assume his staggish duties he was not aware of the fact that the grand duke had an unmarried daughter, the Princess tenaxra.

She was visiting in St. Petersburg (To be Continued)