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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
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Notice of Final Settlement
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of L. C. Miller Deceased has filed in the County Court of Linn County Oregon his final account in said Estate and said Court has fixed Monday the 20th day of December 1909 at 1 o'clock p. m. as said day and at the County Court room of said County in the City of Albany as said Court as the time and place of hearing said final account and all objections legally filed thereto.
Dated November 17 1909.
J. F. Potter
Administrator.
W. H. Queener,
Atty. for Administrator.
First publication November 22 1909.
Last publication December 27 1909.

Notice of Final Settlement
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of William T. Hickman, deceased, has filed in the county court of Linn county, Oregon, his final account as such administrator of said estate, and the Monday, the seventeenth day of January, 1910, at the hour of 9 o'clock A. M. was been fixed by said court as the time for hearing of objections to said report and the settlement thereof.
R. SHELTON,
Administrator.
C. C. BRYANT,
Attorney

Renter Wanted Immediately
Two 40-acre tracts of land, one with large house and barn, orchard, will various kinds of fruits; other has a good house and small barn.

FOR SALE
A good bay team, weigh 1000 pound each, light wagon, buggy, good as new harness, two sets single buggy harness good as new, binder, large range, 4 good cows, one to be free soon, 20 goats, 1 driving mare, 1 good work horse weigh 1100, 1 pig weigh 120 pounds, and other things to numerous to mention.

VERNON BROS.
R. F. D. No. 2 Scio, Ore.

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Oats, per bushel	.75
Flour, per sack	3.50
Rice, per ton	24.00
Shrimp, per ton	24.00
Chop, per ton	24.00
Butter, (country) per roll	.50
Eggs, per dozen	.25
Chickens, per pound	.15
Chickens, per pound, young broilers	.12
Geese, per pound	.12
Turkeys, per pound	.12
Ducks, per pound	.12
Beef, per pound, live weight	.08
Pork, dressed	.08
Veal, per pound, for shipping	.08
Sheep, per pound, live	.08
Mutton, per pound, dressed	.08

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THE SANTIAM NEWS

The Man From Brodney's

By George Barr McCutcheon

(Chapter IV Continued)

"It would not be proper in me to say that I could bless you for what you have done," she said, so naively that he lifted his eyes to hers and let his heart escape heavenward.
"The whole world will call me a bungling stupid ass for not knowing who he was," said Chase, with a wretched smile.
"If I were you I'd never confess that I did not know who he was," she said. "Let the world think that you did know. It will not laugh then. If you can trust your friend to keep the secret I am sure you can trust me to do the same."
Agnes Chase was speechless—this time with joy. She would shield him from ridicule!
"And now please go! It grieves me to feel that I may be the unhappy cause of misfortune to you."
"No misfortune can assail me now," murmured he gallantly. Then came he retorting realization that she was a wed the little musician. The thought burst from his lips before he could prevent. "I don't believe you want to marry him. He is the duke's boy." "You?"
"And I am the duke's daughter," she said steadily, a touch of hauteur in her voice. "Good night, Goodly. I am not sorry that it has happened."
She turned and left them, walking swiftly among the trees. A moment later her voice came from the shadows, quick and pleading.
"Hasten," she called softly. "They are coming. I can see them."
"It's a devil of a mess," sighed Agnes when they were far from the walls. "I'm sure it will cost you your job, if nothing else. You'll be relieved before tomorrow night, my word for it. And you'll be lucky if that's all. The duke's a terror. I don't for the life of me see how you failed to know who the chap really is."
"An Englishman never sees a joke until it is too late, they say. This time it appears to be the American who is slow witted. What I don't understand is why he was leading that unfounded band."
"My word, Chase, everybody in Europe, except you, knows that Brabett is a crank about music—composes, directs and all that. He's a confounded little bouncer just the same. He's mad about music and women and doesn't care a hang about wine—the worst kind, don't you know. I say it's a shame she has to marry him. But that's the way of it with royalty, old chap. You Americans don't understand it. They have to marry one another whether they like it or not. But I

sar, you'd better come over and stay with me tonight. It will be better if they don't find you just yet."
Three days later a man came down to relieve Chase of his office. He was unceremoniously supplanted in the duchy of Rapp-Thorberg.
It was the successful pleading of the Princess Geneva that kept him from serving a period in durance vile.

CHAPTER V.
THE ENGLISH INVADE.
THE granddaughter of Jack Wyckholme, attended by two maids, her husband and his valet, a clerk from the chambers of Rosworth, Newnes & Grape win, a red cocker, seventeen trunks and a cartload of late novels, which she had been too busy to read at home was the first of the bewildered legation to set foot upon the island of Japat.

She was very pretty, very smart and delightfully arrogant after a manner of her own.
Mr. Saunders was the polite but excessively middle class clerk who went out to keep the legal strings untangled for them. He was soon to discover that his duties were even more comprehensive.
It was he who saw to it that the luggage was transferred to the lighter which came out to the steamer when she dropped anchor off the town of Areatat. It was he who counted the pieces and haggled with the boatmen. It was he who carried off the hand luggage when the native dock boys refused to engage in the work; it was he who unfortunately dropped a suit case upon the halloved tail of the red cocker, an accident which ever after ward gave him a tenacity of grip that no man could understand.

If Lady Deppingham expected a royal welcome from the inhabitants of Japat she was soon to discover her error. Not only was the pictured scene of welcome missing on the aft portion of her arrival, but an overpowering air of antipathy smote her in the face as she stepped from the lighter conquest in her smile of conciliation. She glanced from right to left down the lines of swarthy islanders and saw nothing in their faces but surly, bitter unfriendliness. They stood stolidly, stoically at a distance, white robed lines of resentment personified.

Not a hand was lifted in assistance to the bewildered visitor; not a word nor a smile of encouragement escaped the lips of the silent throng.
"Is there no British agent here?" she demanded imperatively, perhaps a little more shrilly than usual.
No one deigned to answer. Glances of indifference, even scorn, passed among the silent lookers-on, but that was all.
"Does no one here understand the English language?" she demanded. "I don't mean you, Mr. Saunders," she added sharply as the little clerk set the suit case down abruptly and stepped forward, again fumbling his much fumbled straw hat. This was the moment when the red cocker's fall came to grief. The dog arose with an astonished yelp and fled to his mistress. He had never been so outrageously set upon before in all his pampered life. Seizing the opportunity to vent her feelings upon one who could understand, even as she poured soothing upon the insulted Pong, whom she clasped in her arms, Lady Agnes transformed the unlucky Saunders into a target for a most ably directed volley of wrath.
Lord Deppingham, a slow and cumbersome young man, stood by nervously fingering his eyeglass. For the first time he felt that the clerk was better than a confounded dog after all.
"My dear," he said, waving Saunders into the background, "I think it was an accident. The dog had no business going to sleep." He paused and inserted his monocle for the purpose of looking up the precise spot where the accident had occurred.
"Oh rubbish!" exclaimed her ladyship. "I suppose you expect the poor darling to apologize."
"All this has nothing to do with the case. We're more interested in learning where we are and where we are to go. Permit me to have a look about."
His wife stared after him in amazement as he walked over to the canvas awning in front of the low dock building, actually elbowing his way through a group of natives. Presently he came back, twisting his left mustache.
"The fellow in there says that the English agent is employed in the bank. It's straight up this street. By Jove! He called it a street, don't you know?" he exclaimed, disdainfully eyeing the narrow, dusty passage ahead.
"There's the British flag, my lord, just ahead. See the building to the right, sir?" said Mr. Saunders, more respectfully than ever and with real gratitude in his heart.
"So it is! That's where he is. I wonder why he isn't down here to meet us?"
"Very likely he didn't know we were coming," said his wife lightly.
"Well, we'll look him up. Come along, everybody. Oh, I say, we can't leave this luggage unguarded. They say these fellows are the worst robbers east of London."
It was finally decided, after a rather subdued discussion, that Mr. Saunders should proceed to the bank and report on the dilatory representative of the British government. Saunders looked down the sullen line of faces and blanched to his toes.
"Tell him we'll wait for him," pursued his lordship. "But remind him—him, that it's inexpressibly hot down here in the sun."
They stood and watched the miserable Saunders tread gingerly up the filthy street, his knees crooking outwardly from time to time, very much as if he were contemplating an instantaneous sprint in any direction but the one he was taking. Even the black Deppingham was somewhat disturbed by the significant glances that followed their emissary as he passed by each separate knot of natives.
"I do hope Mr. Saunders will come back alive," murmured Bromley, her ladyship's maid. The others started, for she had voiced the general thought.
"He won't come back at all, Bromley, unless he comes back alive," said his lordship, with a smile. It was a well known fact that he never smiled except when his mind was troubled.
"Goodness, Deppy," said his wife, regarding the symptom, "do you really think there is danger?"
"My dear Aggy, who said there was any danger?" he exclaimed and quickly looked out to sea. "I rather think we'll enjoy it here," he added after a moment's pause, in which he saw that the steamer was getting under way. The Japat company's tug was returning to the pier. Lord Deppingham sighed and then drew forth his cigarette case. "There," he went on, peering intently up the street. "Saunders is gone."
"Gone?" half shrieked her ladyship.
"Into the bank," he added, scratching a match.
"Deppy," she said after a moment. "I hope I was not too hard on the poor fellow."
"Perhaps you won't be so nervous if you sit down and look at the sea," he said gently, and she immediately knew that he suggested it because he expected a tragedy in the opposite direction.
They expected every minute to hear the shouts of assassins and the screams of the brave Mr. Saunders. Their apprehensions were sensibly increased by the mysterious actions of the half naked loiterers. They made off in various directions, more than one of them handling his ugly creese in an ominous manner. Bromley was not slow to acquaint his lordship with these movements. Deppingham felt a cold chill shoot up his spine, but he refused to encourage the maid's fears by turning around.
"Your lordship," said Mr. Saunders three minutes later, "this is Mr. Bowles, his majesty's agent here. He is come with me to."
It was then and not until then that his lordship turned his stare from the sea to the clerk and his companion.
"Aw," he interrupted, "glad to see you, I'm sure. Would you be good enough to tell us how we are to reach the—er—chateau and why the devil

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Bowles wore the light red jacket of a British trooper.

we can't get anybody to manage?"
Mr. Bowles, who had lived in Japat for sixteen years, was a tortuously slow Englishman, with the curse of the climate still growing upon him. He was half asleep quite a good bit of the time and wholly asleep during the remainder.
"Everything is transferred by hand, my lord, and the chateau is two miles further up the side of the mountain. It's quite a walk, sir."
"Do you mean to say we are to walk?"
"Yes, my lord, if you expect to go there."
"Of course we expect to go there. Are there no horses on the beastly island?"
"Hundreds, my lord, but they belong to the people, and no one but their owners ride them. The servants at the chateau owned Mr. Skaggs' horses out to pasture before they left."
"Before who left?"
"The servants, my lord."
Lady Deppingham's eyes grew wide with understanding. "You don't mean to say that the servants have left the place?" she cried.
"Yes, my lady. They were natives, you know."
"What's that got to do with it?" demanded Deppingham.
"I'm afraid you don't understand the situation," said Mr. Bowles patiently. "You see, it's really a triangular controversy, if I may be so bold as to say so. Lady Deppingham is one of the angles; Mr. Browne, the American gentleman, is another; the native population is the last. Each wants to be the hypotenuse. While the interests of all three are merged in the real issue, there is nevertheless a decided disposition all around to make it an entirely one-sided affair."
"I don't believe I grasp," muttered Deppingham blankly.
"I see perfectly," exclaimed his wife. "The natives are allied against us, just as we are, in a way, against them and Mr. Browne. Really, it seems quite natural, doesn't it, dear?" turning to her husband.
"Very likely, but very unfortunate. It leaves us to stroll our brains out down here on this pier. I say, Mr.—er—old chap, can't you possibly engage some sort of transportation for us? Really, you know, we can't stand here all day."
"I've no doubt I can arrange it, my lord. If you will just wait here until I run back to the bank I dare say I'll find a way. Perhaps you'd prefer standing under the awning until I return."
It was fully half an hour before he was seen coming down the street, followed by a score or more of natives, their dirty white robes flapping about their brown legs. At first they could not believe it was Bowles. Lord Deppingham had a sharp thrill of joy, but it was short lived. Bowles had changed at least a portion of his garb. He now wore the tight red jacket of the British trooper, while an ancient army cap was strapped jauntily over his ear.
"It's all right, my lord," he said, as usual as he came up. "They will do anything I tell 'em to do when I represent the British army. This is the only uniform on the island, but they've been taught that there are more where his one came from. These fellows will carry your boxes up to the chateau, sixpence to the man, if you please, sir, and I've sent for two carts to draw your party up the slope. They'll be here in a jiffy, my lady." Then, turning majestically to the huddled natives, he waved his slender stick and said: "Lively now! No loafing! Lively!"
Whereupon the entire collection of boxes, bags and bundles figuratively picked itself up and walked off in the direction of the chateau.

CHAPTER VI.
THE CHATEAU.

THE road to the chateau took its devious way through the little town out into the green foothill beyond. Two lumbering wooden wheeled carts, none too clean, each drawn by four perspiring men, served as conveyances by which the arrivals were to make the journey to their new home.
(To be Continued)

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