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**Training the Colt**  
 By Prof. Jesse Beery  
 It is not an uncommon thing to possess a horse that shies around objects along the road, or something more or less unfamiliar along the roadside. A horse that would be a pleasant horse to drive in other respects, causes a great deal of discomfort by having to be continually watched to prevent an upset or an accident by running into other vehicles. This is an acquired habit, as horses in their natural state never have such a habit and domestic animals never use it when free in the field.

When tracing the cause it must fall upon man and not upon the horse; but it is difficult to get a driver to acknowledge that he is the shyer rather than the horse. Watch a bunch of horses in a pasture when something is seen that frightens them. They advance a few steps, then stop and look, and oftentimes snort to attempt to frighten the object away. This is repeated time and again, but each movement is a forward one, approaching near the object. Finally when near enough to reach the object, with the neck extended as far as possible, the object is felt with the end of the nose and all fear vanishes. The object is not smelled as is sometimes thought, but touched. The end of the nose is the horse's finger tips by which all his touching is done. It is thus seen that when the horse is given his natural way he does not shy or run away, but goes up to the object and finds out what it is.

When the colt is first driven and a strange object appears it stops, and would if left to itself, approach in the natural way; but so often the driver does not understand the colt's thoughts and attempts to force it by, while the colt's entire attention is riveted on the object, slash—something, takes it from the rear. It naturally associates the pain with the object of fear instead of a whip in the driver's hands.

If the horse could think of two things at a time or could reason it out, it might think otherwise. Since the stroke of the whip is associated with the object, it attempts to get away from it as quickly as possible and shies around it.

The next time the object is approached the probabilities are that the lash is applied more freely and the horse shies farther away than before. This is repeated for various objects of fright until the horse is habitually looking for objects and is continually expecting punishment and so becomes a confirmed shyer. A horse may have the habit so fixed to a certain place that he will shy long after the object has been removed. After the habit has been well fixed, the horse will shy where there is no object to frighten him.

A man may himself become so accustomed to training a horse to shy, by the method above indicated, that every horse he uses for awhile will become a shyer, and he believes that every horse in the world shies. Any horse can be trained to shy in two or three lessons, by jerking on the reins and lashing with the whip. After the first few such lessons, it can be reduced to the jerk of the lines. That is by certain nervous movements of the lines, when the driver sees an object that he supposes will frighten the horse, and it obeys the signal and shies.

The old saying that, "As a driver is so is his horse," is only too true. The only way to prevent a horse from becoming a shyer, is to drive up to anything that causes fright, and let the horse touch it. He soon learns that nothing will harm him, and passes them by unnoticed.

After a horse has become confirmed in the habit, it takes positive treatment to break him of it. He must have subjection to know that man is his absolute master. By subjection, I do not mean the brutal use of the whip, but a direct and humane method of treatment that proves to the horse's satisfaction that man's reason is far superior to the instinct of an animal. When a horse has a good, healthy fear of man, he is obedient in the midst of any circumstances into which he may be thrown.

Immediately following subjection, the horse should be taught to have the utmost confidence in man. If you want a reliable horse you must be thoroughly true to him and never fool him. By having a horse under perfect control, and by having the utmost confidence in you, he will reward you by going just where you ask him.

In treating a shyer, much care must be observed in the use of the whip. If used at all, it should only assist to keep the horse straight in the shafts. Under no circumstances should the whip be plied after an object is passed. Instead of attempting to rush a horse by an object, let him take more time and feel sure of his ground.

By careful work and patience on the part of the driver, this unpleasant habit can soon be overcome.

**The Man From Brodney's**  
 By Geo. B. McCutcheon

(Chapter XXII Continued)

"If Skuggs and Wyethorne had been in the employ of the devil himself they could not have foreseen the result of their infernal plotting. I am afraid—mortally afraid!"

"Take care of him, Hollingsworth," she whispered shuddering.  
 "Goodby, Geneva, my princess," said Chase softly and then was off with Britt and Selim. As he passed Drustilla he seized her hand and paused long enough to say:

"It's all right, little woman, take my word for it. If I were you, I'd cry. You'll see things differently through your tears."

The four men, with their lights, vanished from sight a few moments later. Chase grasped Deppingham's arm and held him back, gravely suggesting that Selim should lead the way.

They were to learn the truth almost before they had fairly begun their investigations.

The heirs already were in the hands of their enemies, the islanders! The eager searchers, shouting as they went, had come to what was known as the "cathedral." This was a wide, lofty chamber, hung with dripping stalactites, far below the level at which they began the descent. The floor was almost as flat and even as that of a modern dwelling. Here the cavern branched off in three or



"Von Blitz's powder kept did all this," four directions, like the tentacles of a monster devilfish, the narrow passages leading no one knew whither in that tomblike mountain.

Selim uttered the first shout of surprise and consternation. An instant later they were standing at the edge of a vast hole in the floor—newly made and pregnant with disaster.

A current of air swept up into their faces. The soft, loose earth about the rent in the floor was covered with the prints of naked feet; the bottom of the hole was packed down in places by a multitude of tracks. Chase's bewildered eyes were the first to discover the presence of loose, scattered masonry in the pile below, and the truth dawned upon him sharply. He gave a loud exclamation and then dropped lightly into the shallow hole.

"I've got it!" he shouted, stooping to peer intently ahead. "Von Blitz's powder kept did all this. The secret passage runs along here. One of the discharges blew this hole through the roof of the passage. Here are the walls of the passage. By heaven, the way is open to the sea!"

"My God, Chase!" cried Deppingham, staggering toward the opening. "These footprints are—They've murdered her! They've come in here and surprised!"  
 "Go easy, old man! We need to be cool now. It's all as plain as day to me. Rasula and his men were exploring the passage after the discovery of the treasure chests. They came upon this new made hole and then crawled into the cavern. They surprised Browne and— Yes, here are the prints of a woman's shoe—and a man's too. They are gone. God help 'em!"

Signs of a fierce struggle were found near the entrance to the cathedral. Bobby Browne had made a gallant fight. Blood stains marked the smooth floor and walls, and there was evidence that a body had been dragged across the chamber.

Britt put his hand over his eyes and shuddered. "They've settled this contest, Chase, forever!" he groaned.

**CHAPTER XXVII**  
 THE PURSUIT.

**D**EPPIINGHAM sprang to his feet with a fierce oath on his lips. His usually lusterless eyes were gleaming with something more than despair. There was the wild light of unmistakable relief in them. It was as if a heretofore doubt had been scented from the soul of Lady Deppingham's husband.

"We must follow!" shouted his lordship, preparing to lower himself into the jagged opening. "We may be in time!"

"Stop, Deppingham!" cried Chase, leaping to his side. "Don't rush blindly into a trap like that. They've got an hour or more start of us. Nothing will be accomplished by rushing into an ambush. They'd kill us like rats. Rasult is a sagacious scoundrel. He'll not take the entire responsibility. There will be a council of all the head-men. It will be of no advantage to them to kill the heirs unless they are sure that we won't live to tell the tale. They will go slow now that they have the chief obstacles to victory in their hands."

"If they will give her up to me I will guarantee that Lady Agnes shall relinquish all claim to the estate," announced the harassed husband.

"They won't do that, old man. Promises won't tempt them," protested Chase. "We've got to do what we can to rescue them. I'm with you, gentlemen, in the undertaking—first, for humanity's sake; second, because I am your friend; last, because I don't want my clients to lose all chance of winning out in this controversy by seeing like confounded asses. It isn't what Sir John expects of me."

In the meantime the anxious coterie in the chateau were waiting eagerly for the return of the searchers. Drustilla made one remark, half unconsciously, no doubt, that rasped in the ears of the princess for days. It was the cold, bitter, resigned epitome of the young wife's thoughts:

"Robert has loved her for months." That was all.

Mr. and Mrs. Saunders, thankful that something had happened to divert attention from their own conspicuous plight, were discoursing freely in the center of a group composed of the four Englishmen from the bank.

"It's a plain out and out elopement," said Mrs. Saunders, fanning herself vigorously.

"But, my dear," expostulated her husband, blushing vividly over the first public use of the appellation, "where the devil could they elope to?"  
 "I don't know, Tommy, but elopers never take that into consideration. Do they, Mr. Bowles?"

At last the four men appeared in the mouth of the cavern. The watchers below fell into chilled silence when they discovered that the missing ones were not with them. Stupefied with apprehension, they watched the men descend the ladder and cross the bridge.

"They are dead," fell from Drustilla Browne's lips. She swayed for an instant and then sank to the ground unconscious.

In the conference which followed the return of the searchers it was settled that three of the original party should undertake the further prosecution of the hunt for the two heirs. Lord Deppingham found ready volunteers in Chase and the faithful Selim. They prepared to go out in the hills before the night was an hour older. Selim convinced Chase that the wily Rasula would carry his captives to the mines, where he was in full power.

"You're right, Selim. If he's tried that game we'll beat him at it. Ten to one if he hasn't already chucked them into the sea they're now confined in one of the mills over there."

They were ready to start in a very short time. Selim carried a quantity of food and a small supply of brandy. Each was heavily armed and prepared for a stiff battle with the abductors.

"We seem constantly to be saying goodby to each other." Thus spoke the princess to Chase as he stood at the top of the steps waiting for Selim. The darkness hid the woe, despairing smile that gave the lie to her sprightly words.

"And I'm always doing the unexpected thing—coming back. This time I may vary the monotony by failing to return."

"I should think you could vary it more pleasantly by not going away," she said. "You will be careful?"

"The danger is here, not out there," he said meaningly.

"You mean me? But, like all danger, I soon shall pass. In a few days I shall say goodby forever and sail away."

"How much better it would be for you if this were the last goodby and I should not come back!"

"For me?"  
 "Yes. You could marry the prince without having me on your conscience forevermore."  
 "Mr Chase?"  
 "It's easier to forget the dead than they say."  
 "too sure of that."

(To be Continued)