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Good Signs
Democratic dinners held in various sections of the country nowadays are well attended and the participants show marked enthusiasm. Jefferson Day, April 13, will be generally celebrated by American democrats, notably at Washington City and at Indianapolis.

The managers of these banquets report unusual demands for seats and in every section of the country there are signs that give the democrats reason for hope and courage. Jefferson Day ought to be observed in every county in every state of the union. Indeed at this moment when the principles of Jefferson are boldly assailed by the dominant party, it would be well if in every precinct throughout this country men could gather, not merely for the purpose of paying tribute to an individual called Jefferson, but for the more important business of holding aloft the banner upon which are inscribed the principles to which this nation owes its birth and to which it will owe its preservation. "Into the monumental acts of independence," says one writer, "Jefferson poured the soul of a continent." The thing he wrote is known as the Declaration of independence. Old fashioned men and women revere it, but the dominant leaders of the dominant party averse at it and violate its principles. It remains, however, "a passionate chant of human freedom" and Americans must adhere to its great central truth if they would preserve their government in the spirit in which the fathers founded it.

Let Jefferson's birthday be celebrated throughout America. The Commoner sends cordial greetings to democrats who will be assembled at Washington and Indianapolis, and at other points throughout the country. Let us observe this day, not along for the sake of old man's memory, but for the sake of the well-being of the people of the nation that man helped to found. Let us remember that the words we use in paying tribute to Jefferson will be useless if we do not practice what we preach, applying the Jeffersonian rules to our own conduct in the politics of our country. Jefferson was a great politician. He did not, however, deal with the people as some do, holding the word of promise to the ear only to break it to the hope. He did not advocate the election, to public office, of men whose largest concern was in some special interest. With him a public office was a public trust, a public official was a public servant.

Nearly fifty years ago Abraham Lincoln wrote a tribute to Thomas Jefferson. The concluding paragraph of Mr. Lincoln's tribute is appropriate at the present time. Let that paragraph be read to democrats everywhere and not only to democrats but to men of all political parties. Mr. Lincoln said: "All honor to Jefferson, to the man, who, in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence by a single people, had the coolness, forecast and capacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times and so to enshrine it there that today, and in all coming days, it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling block to the very harbingers of re-appearing tyranny and oppression. —Bryan's Commoner.

Notice of Final Settlement
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of George B. Huber, deceased, has filed his final account in said estate in the county court of the State of Oregon for Linn county, and that said court has set Monday the 25th day of April, A.D. 1910 at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m. of said day at the County Court room in the City of Albany, Linn County, Oregon as the time and place of hearing any objections thereto and the settlement thereof.
JACOB HUBER
Administrator of the estate
of George B. Huber deceased
W. H. QUEENER,
Atty. for administrator.
First publication Mar. 25, last Apr. 22

Notice of Dissolution
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the firm of Carson & Co., heretofore proprietors, is dissolved, Thomas Large retiring and Cal Carson succeeding to complete proprietorship of the business. All bills due the late firm and bills due others, are only collectable or payable by the undersigned.
CAL CARSON
The NEWS will be glad to supply a copy of the paper free, regularly, to any one who will supply items of news weekly from any and all of the surrounding neighborhoods. Some one in every neighborhood should be willing to take up this work for the interests of themselves neighbors.

The Man From Brodney's
By Geo. B. McCutcheon
(Chapter XX) Continued

fore long. Keep your eyes on Nellah. She and Selim have arranged a set of signals. Don't lie awake all night, and don't pray for me," he scoffed, in reckless mood.

The three men stole out through the small gate in the upper end of the park. Selim at once took the lead. They crept off into the black forest, keeping clear of the mountain path until they were far from the walls.

The starlight filtered down through the leafy canopy above the road, increasing rather than decreasing the density of the shadows through which they sped. None but strong, determined, inspired men could have followed the pace set by the lithe, sure-footed Selim.

Mile after mile fell behind them with no relaxation of energy or purpose. They were coming to the ridge road, and Selim fell back to explain the need for caution. This was the road, in all likelihood, he explained, that the abductors would have used in their flight from the cavern. Two miles farther south it joined the wide highway that ran from Ararat to the mines.

Selim crept on ahead to reconnoiter. He was back in ten minutes with the information that a party of men had but lately passed along the road to ward the south. Their footprints in the soft, untraveled road were fresh. The stub of a cigarette had scarcely burned itself out.

They broke away from the road and took a less exposed course through the forest to their right, keeping well within earshot of the ridge, but moving so carefully that there was slight danger of alarming the party ahead.

At last the sound of voices came to the ears of the pursuers. As they crept closer and closer they became aware of the fact that the party had halted in the roadway at the point where a sharp defile through the rocks opened a way down into the valley. Like snakes the pursuers wriggled their way to a point just above the small basin in which the party was congregated.

A great throb of exultation leaped up from their hearts. In plain view, at the side of the road, were the two persons for whom they were searching. "Good luck is with us," whispered Chase unconsciously.

Lady Agnes, disheveled, her dress half stripped from her person, was seated upon a great boulder, staring hopelessly, lifelessly, at the crowd of men in the roadway. Beside her stood a tall islander, watching her and at the same time listening eagerly to the dispute that went on between his fellows. She was not bound. Her hands and feet and lips were free.

Bobby Browne was standing near by. His hands were tightly bound behind his back. His face was blood covered, and the upper part of his body was almost bare, evidence of the struggle he had made against overwhelming odds. He was staring at the ground, his head and shoulders drooping in utter dejection.

Three of the treasure chests were standing beside the road, affording seats for as many weary carriers. It was all quite plain to Chase. Rasula and his men had chanced upon the two white people during one of their trips to the cave for the purpose of removing the chests.

Rasula was haranguing the crowd of men in the road.

"It is the only way!" he was shouting angrily. "We cannot put them to death until we are sure that the others have no chance to escape to England. I am a lawyer. I know what it would mean if the story got to the ears of the government. We have them safely in our hands. The others will soon die. Then—then there can be no mistake! They must be taken to the mines and kept there until I have explained everything to the people. Part of us shall conduct them to the lower mill and the rest of us go on to the bank with these chests of gold."

Rasula and six of the sturdiest men prepared to continue the journey to Ararat, transporting the chests. Five sullen, resentful fellows moved over beside the captives and threw themselves down upon the grassy sward.

"We will wait here till day comes," growled one of them defiantly. "Why should we risk our necks going down the pass tonight? It is 1 o'clock. The sun will be here in three hours. Go on!"

"As you like, Abou Dal," said Rasula, shrugging his pinched shoulders. "I shall come to the mill at 6 o'clock." Turning to the prisoners, he bowed low and said, with a soft laugh: "Adios, my lady, and you, most noble sir. May your dreams be pleasant."

ones. Dream that you are wedded and have come into the wealth of Japan, but spare none of your dream to the husband and wife who are lying awake and weeping for the foolish ones who would go searching for the forbidden fruit. Folly is a hard road to travel, and it leads to the graveyard of fools. Adios!"

Lady Agnes bent over and dropped her face into her hands. She was trembling convulsively. Browne did not show the slightest sign that he had heard the galling words.

At a single sharp command the six men picked up the three chests and moved off rapidly down the road, Rasula striding ahead with the flaring torch.

They were barely out of sight when Deppingham moved as though impulse was driving him into immediate attack upon the guards who were left behind with the unhappy prisoners. Chase laid a restraining hand upon his arm.

"Wait! Plenty of time. Wait an hour. Don't spoil everything. We'll save them sure," he breathed in the other's ear.

The minutes slipped by with excruciating slowness. The wakeful eyes of the three watchers missed nothing that took place in the little grassy niche below them. They could have sprung almost into the center of the group from the position they occupied. Two of the men sat with their backs to the rocks, their rifles across their knees. The others sprawled lazily upon the soft grass. Two torches stuck in the earth threw a weird light over the scene.

Bobby Browne was now lying with his shoulder against a fallen tree trunk, staring with unswerving gaze at the woman across the way. She was looking off into the night, steadfastly refusing to glance in his direction.

Then suddenly Lady Agnes arose to her feet and lifted her hands high toward the black dome of heaven, Sambo-like, and prayed aloud to her God, the sneering islanders looking on in silent derision.

CHAPTER XXVIII
THE PERSIAN ANGEL.

THE man called Abou suddenly leaped to his feet and, with the cry of an eager animal, sprang to her side. His arms closed about her slender figure with the unmistakable lust of the victor. A hoarse, inarticulate cry of rage burst from Deppingham's lips. His figure shot out through the air and down the short slope with the rush of an infuriated beast. Even as the astonished Abou

dropped his struggling burden to meet the attack of the unexpected deliverer he was felled to the earth by a mighty blow from the rifle which his assailant swung swift and true. His skull was crushed as if it were an eggshell.

Lady Agnes struggled to her feet, wild eyed, half crazed by the double assault. The next instant she fell forward upon her face, dead to all that was to follow in the next few minutes.

There was no struggle. Chase and Selim were upon the stupefied islanders before they could move, covering them with their rifles. The wretches fell upon their knees and howled for mercy. While Deppingham was holding his wife's limp form in his arms, calling out to her in the agony of fear, utterly oblivious to all else that was happening about him, his two friends were swiftly disarming the groveling natives. Selim's knife severed the cords that bound Bobby Browne's hands. He was staring blankly, dizzily before him.

Ten minutes later Chase was addressing himself to the four islanders who, bound and gagged, were tied by their own sashes to trees some distance from the roadside.

(To be Continued)