

We are just starting on our third Season in Albany. When we say that we have not spared time or money in making OUR STORE one of the finest HIGH GRADE CLOTHING STORES in the Northwest, we think you will bear us out. We carry the best makes and lines of Merchandise to be found in the world. When this Store was opened, just about one year ago, we had the pick of all the high grade lines that come to the Western Coast. We will say this: That this is the only Store in Albany where one man's money is just as good as the others.

We are looking for the man and boy that wants Quality, Style and Reliable Goods, that is willing to pay a fair profit for goods. WE DON'T GIVE GOODS AWAY. Come in and we will show you the best money can buy.

MENS HIGH GRADE CLOTHING

As for style and fine tailoring, fit and distinctive in appearance, there are no other clothes made like

HART, SHOFFNER & MARX

We make a specialty of this goods in our high grade clothing. We want our customers to have the best. You will find that we carry a very elaborate and complete stock of this make.

Suits \$22.50 to \$40

MENS SUITS

For the man that wants medium priced suits with style and good workmanship, fabric that is all wool, we offer him the

CLOTHCRAFT LINE

The highest grade medium priced line on earth,

Suits \$12.50 to \$20

We guarantee them—so does the maker.

IN OUR HAT DEPARTMENT

You will find all the new shapes and colors at \$3.00 to \$5.00

Agents

for the

KNOX

\$5.00

Hats



Agents

for the

HOWES

\$3.00

Hats



Tracy Clothing Co.

One Price Clothiers

330 West First St.

ALBANY, ORE.

OUR BOYS DEPARTMENT

We have the only exclusive Boys and Childrens Department in Albany. In this department we have everything that the boys wear.

Boys Knicker suits at \$3.50 to \$10

Boys Wash suits at 75c to \$2.50

Boys shirts and waists at 50c to \$1.00

Boys underwear at 50c to \$1.00

Boys hats and caps at 50c to \$3.00

UNDERWEAR

You will find all Wool, Cotton or Silk mixed. Mens Union Suits \$1 to \$5

Mens five piece suit 50c to \$3

We have a full line of the B. V.

D. at 50c to \$3



SPRING NEEDLE RIBBED
MADEWELL
UNDERWEAR

SCIO PLANING MILLS

N. I. MORRISON, Prop.

MANUFACTURER and DEALER IN

Sash, Doors,
Mouldings,
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Shingles Etc

Estimates and Plans for Buildings
furnished on short notice

SCIO, ORE.

DR. W. R. BILYEU

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ALBANY - - - OREGON

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For Anything in HARNESS or SADDLES See

SHANKS

The Harness Maker

Prices Right Workmanship First-class

SHELTON, OREGON

First Class Accommodations and prompt Service
Large Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers

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St. Charles Hotel

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of Patents and Pensions.

Office, 232 West 2nd St., Albany, Ore

The Scio Livery and Feed
Stable

CALAVAN Prop

Hacks connect with all trains both at
West Scio and Munkers.

Our rigs our first-class and our horses
good drivers. Prices reasonable.

T. J. MUNKERS,

President

W. A. EWING,

Cashier

The Scio State Bank

Takes care of your money, using the utmost
diligence for your safety. It does a strictly
banking business: takes care of your
checks on other banks; makes
transfers for you; makes loans
consistent with good
conservative business
methods

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 Riner Bros.)

PROPRIETOR.

The Man From Brodney's

By Geo. B. McCutcheon

(Chapter XXVIII Continued)

"Keep out of this, Browne! You've
been enough of a boulder without try-
ing that sort of thing."

Tears were in Bobby Browne's eyes
as mile after mile he blundered along,
his heart bleeding itself dry through
the wound those words had made.

It was still pitch dark when they
came to the ridge above the park.
Through the trees the lights in the cha-
teau could be seen. Lady Agnes opened
her eyes and cried out in tremulous
joy.

"You've labored well and faithfully,"
Chase said to the panting islanders.
"and I'm going to reward you. I'm
going to set you free, but not yet.
Don't rejoice. First we shall tie you
securely to four stout trees just off the
road. Just as soon as we are inside
the walls I'll find some way to let your
friends know that you are here."

He and Selim promptly marched the
bewildered islanders into the woods.
Bobby Browne, utterly exhausted, had
thrown himself to the soft earth. Lady
Deppingham was standing, swaying,
but resolute, her gaze upon the distant
friendly windows. After a long, tense
moment of indecision she held out her
hands, and Deppingham sprang for-
ward in time to catch her as she
swayed toward him. She was sobbing
in his arms. Bobby Browne's heavy
breathing ceased in that instant, and
he closed his ears against the sound
that came to them.

Deppingham gently implored her to
sit down with him and rest. At last
she said:

"I've made you unhappy. I've been
so foolish. It has not been fun, either,
my husband. God knows it hasn't.
You do not love me now."

He did not answer her at once, and
she shivered fearfully in his arms.
Then he kissed her brow gently.

"I do love you, Agnes," he said in-
tensely. "I will answer for my own
love if you can answer for yours. Are

you the same Agnes that you were—
my Agnes?"

"Will you believe me?"

"Yes."

"I am the same Agnes. I am your

Agnes. I am! You do believe me?"

He crushed her close to his breast

and then patted her shoulder as a

father might have touched an erring

child.

At last she spoke: "It is not wholly

his fault, George. I was to blame.

I led him on. You understand?"

"Poor devil!" said he dryly. "It's a

way you have, dear."

The object of this gentle commiseration

was staring with gloomy eyes at

the lights below. He was saying to

himself, over and over again, "If I can

only make Drusie understand!"

Chase and Selim came down upon

this little low-toned picture. The for-
mer paused an instant and smiled joy-
ously in the darkness.

"Five men are near the gate," he

whispered. "They watch so closely

that no one may go to rescue those

who have disappeared. Friends are

hidden inside the wall, ready to open

the gate at a signal. They have wait-
ed with Neenah all night. And day is

near, subtle."

"We must attack at once," said

Chase. "Quiet now!"

Five shadowy figures soon were dis-
tinguished huddled close to the wall

below the gate. The sense of sight

had become keen during those trying

hours in the darkness.

The islanders were conversing in low

tones, a word or two now and then

reaching the ears of the others.

Suddenly a blinding, mysterious

light flashed upon the muttering group.

As they fell back a voice, low and

firm, called out to them:

"Not a sound or you die!"

Four unwavering rifles were

ling from the ghostly darkness. An

electric lantern shot a ray of light

athwart the scene.

"Drop your guns—quick!" command-
ed Chase. "Don't make a row!"

Paralyzed with fear and amazement,
the men obeyed.

While the three white men kept them

covered with their rifles Selim ran to

the gate, uttering the shrill cry of a

night bird. There was a rush of feet

inside the walls, subdued exclama-
tions, then a glad cry.

"Quick!" called Selim. The keys

rattled in the locks, the bolts were

thrown down, and an instant later

Lady Deppingham was flying across

the space which intervened between

her and the gate.



The Princess Geneva was standing before
him, her hand touching her turban in
salute.

The men were beside her a moment
later, possessed of the weapons of the
helpless sentinels. With a crash the
gates were closed, and a joyous laugh
rang out from the exultant throat of
Hollingsworth Chase.

"By the Lord Harry, this is worth
while!" he shouted. Outside the mad-
dened guards were sounding the tardy
alarm. The first gray shade of day
was coming into the night.

He saw Neenah ahead of him, stand-
ing still in the center of the graveled
path. Beyond her was the tall figure
of a man.

"You are a tramp, Neenah," cried
Chase, hurrying up to her, "a Persian
angel!"

It was not Neenah's laugh that re-
plied. Chase gasped in amazement
and then uttered a cry of joy.

The Princess Geneva, slim and
erect, was standing before him, her
hand touching her turban in true mili-
tary salute, soft laughter rippling from
her lips.

In the exuberance of joy he clasped
that little hand and crushed it against
his lips.

(To be Continued)