



YOU'RE going to have a choice from a very large variety of special sack models this spring, if you come to us. They are

Hart Schaffner & Marx

styles; which means that they're the right styles; and they're all good ones. All wool fabrics are important to you; we want you to have the best.

Suits for Spring \$15 to \$40

This Store is the home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Knox \$5 Hats Ide & Miller Shirts
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A Full Line of Boys Clothing
Suits from \$3.50 to \$10

Tracy Clothing Co.

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330 West First St.

ALBANY, ORE.



VIEW OF THE MEXICAN MINE LIMITED. WM. EHLERT, MANAGING DIRECTOR, AT THE LEFT AND CHAS. CUMMINS, RESIDENT MANAGER AT THE RIGHT

THE MEXICAN MINE LIMITED

The above illustration is a cut of the mouth of the tunnel of The Mexican Mine Limited, in which many people of Linn County own shares.

Mr. Wm. Ehler, managing director, recently returned from a visit to the

mine, and reports everything most prosperous down there. The tunnel, 8x8 feet, perfectly straight, is now over 300 feet in length, has crosscut one 5 foot vein, very rich and, it is expected, will tap a second and larger vein any day. In all, there are four ore veins which the tunnel will cross cut.

Machinery is now being placed and the tunnel work will progress much faster. Every indication points to a very rich mine, when it has been fully developed.

This is especially pleasing to Mr. Ehler, as he has been instrumental in causing Linn County people to invest in the enterprise.

Berries For Sale

Strawberries and gooseberries galore after May 20; logan berries in season till you can't rest. Prices more than reasonable. Gooseberries and currants 25 cents per gallon on the bush; strawberries and loganberries 20 cents for single gallon, or six gallons for \$1 on the vines, or 25 cents per gallon when picked; raspberries, scarce, 25 cents a gallon; pie cherries 20 cents per gallon; large royalans, 25 cents per gallon; small royalans, 15 cents per gallon; black Republicans, 10 cents per gallon at the tree. All berries and fruit is in fine shape. Please do not bring your dogs with you when you come for berries as they are quite annoying to the American Pie Eater, or proprietor of the Santiam Farm. S. W. GAINES.

The New Firm

I, N. I. Morrison, have taken Mr T. O. Neal as a partner in my hardware and implement store and the style of the new firm will hereafter be Morrison & Neal.

I thank you for your generous patronage in the past and solicit a continuance of your favors in the future.

I will still run the planing mills and will give you figures on your shop work which cannot be beaten anywhere in the valley. I have engaged Harry S. Johnston as shop foreman, but I will be there to help out on rush work. Anything you need to build with, such as lime, cement, sand, brick, etc., will be in stock. I will have a car of shingles, the last of this or the first of next week. Parties desiring shingles will do well if they get them at the car, thus saving the hauling. Leave your orders at once and I will notify you when the car arrives.

Yours for business,
N. I. MORRISON

FIND—A pair of spectacles. The owner can have same by proving property and paying for this notice. N. I. Morrison.

The Man From Brodney's

By Geo. B. McCutcheon

(Chapter XXIX Continued)

"I've been a fool, Chase. I don't deserve the friendship of any one—not even that of my wife. It's all over, though. You understand? I'm not a coward. I'll do anything you say, take any risk, to pay for the trouble I've caused you all. Send me out to fight!"

"Nonsense! Your wife needs you, Browne. I dare say that I wouldn't have been above the folly that got the better of you. Only"—he hesitated for a minute—"only it couldn't have happened to me if I had a wife as dear and as good and as pretty as the one you have."

Browne was silent for a long time, his arm still about Drusilla's shoulder. At the end of the long hall he said, with decision in his voice:

"Chase, you may tell your clients that, so far as I am concerned, they may have the beastly Island and everything that goes with it. I'm through with it all. I shall discharge Britt and"—

"My dear boy, it's most magnanimous of you!" cried Chase merrily. "But I'm afraid you can't decide the question in such an offhand manner. Take good care of him, Mrs. Browne. Don't let him talk."

She held out her hand to him impulsively. As he gallantly lifted the cold fingers to his lips she said, without taking her almost hungry gaze from his face: "Thank you, Mr. Chase. I shall never forget you."

He stood there looking after them as they went up the stairway, a puzzled expression in his face.

"I guess he'll be a good boy from now on." But he wondered what it was that he had seen or felt in her somber gaze.

In fifteen minutes he was sound asleep in his room, his long frame relaxed, his hands wide open in utter fatigue. He dreamed of a Henner girl with Geneva's brilliant face instead

of the vague, greenish features that haunt the vision with their subtle mysticism.

He was awakened at noon by Selim, who obeyed his instructions to the minute. The eager Arab rubbed the soreness and stiffness out of his master's body with copious applications of alcohol.

"I'm sorry you awoke me, Selim," said the master enigmatically. Selim drew back, dismayed. "You drove her away," Selim's eyes blinked with bewilderment. "I'm afraid she'll never come back."

"Excellency!" trembled on the lips of the mystified servant.

"Ah, tae!" sighed the master resignedly. "She smiled so divinely. Henner girls never smile, do they, Selim? Have you noticed that they are always pensive? Perhaps you haven't. It doesn't matter. But this one smiled. I say," coming back to earth, "have they begun to distill the water? I've got a frightful thirst."

"Yes, excellency. The Sahib Browne is at work. One of the servants became sick today. Now no one is drinking the water. Baillo is bringing in ice from the storehouses and melting it, but the supply is not large. Excellency, you will take Selim to live with you in Paris?" he said after awhile wistfully. "I will be your slave."

"Paris? Who the dickens said anything about Paris?" demanded Chase, startled.

"Neenah says you will go there to live, sahib. Does not the most glorious princess live in Paris?"

"Selim, you've been listening to gossip. It's a frightful habit to get into. Put cotton in your ears. But if I were to take you, what would become of little Neenah?"

"Oh, Neenah?" said Selim easily. "If she would be a trouble to you, excellency, I can sell her to a man I know." Chase looked blackly at the eager Arab, who quailed.

"You miserable dog!"

"Don't you love her?"

"Yes, yes, sahib—yes! But if she would be a trouble to you—no!" protested the Arab anxiously. Chase laughed as he came to appreciate the sacrifice his servant would make for him.

"I'll take you with me, Selim, wherever I go—and if I go—but, my lad, we'll take Neenah along, too, to save trouble. She's not for sale, my good Selim." The husband of Neenah radiated joy.

To be Continued

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