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ALBANY - - - OREGON

Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administratrix of the estate of John B. Smith, deceased, late of Linn County, Oregon, has filed with the Clerk of the County Court for Linn County, Oregon, her final account and the court has fixed the 5th day of July, 1910, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m. for hearing objections, if any, to said account and for the purpose of settling said estate.

Dated this 1st day of June, 1910.
Martha A. Smith,
Administratrix of estate of
John B. Smith, Deceased.
J. K. Weatherford,
Atty. for Administratrix.

C. C. BRYANT
ATTORNEY AT LAW
CUSICK BLOCK
ALBANY OREGON

DR. W. R. BILYEU
DENTIST

OVER WOODWORTHS DRUG STORE
BOTH PHONES
ALBANY - - - OREGON

4th of July Celebration

T. J. S.

At Richardson Bridge
on Crabtree Creek.
Grand Parade 10 a. m.

Liberty Car, Uniform Soldiers, Citizens
Music by T. J. S. Cornet Band
Flag Drill, Decorating Liberty Pole
The Battle of Lexington

A leading feature, in which the first battle of the Revolutionary War will be vividly portrayed - - - - -

Many other entertaining amusements
Refreshments on the grounds
Everybody Invited

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 and neighbors.

The best line of fancy and staple groceries in the Valley, at living prices at Wesely's Grocery.

I have a car of extra Star A Star shingles. They are extra nice. Price, \$2.50 per M. Call and examine before buying elsewhere.

N. I. MORRISON

The Man From Brodne's
By Geo. B. McCutcheon

(Chapter XXXI Continued.)



A shout arose to his lips, but he locked the power to give it voice.

The next instant he was on his feet, clutching the stone balustrade with a grip of iron, his eyes starting from his head. A shout arose to his lips, but he lacked the power to give it voice. A quaint smile grew in his face. His eyes were bright and full of triumph. After a full minute of preparation he made his way toward the breakfast room outwardly as calm as a May morning.

Browne and Deppingham were asleep in the chairs. He shook them vigorously. As they awoke he said in the coolest, most matter of fact way: "There's an American cruiser outside the harbor. Get up!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN THE SAME GRAVE WITH SKAGGS. DOWN in the village of Ararat there were signs of a vast commotion. Early risers and the guards were flying from house to house, shouting the news.

Outside the harbor lay the low, savage looking ship. Its guns were pointed directly at the helpless town. Its decks were swarming with white clothed men.

The plague was forgotten. The strategy that had driven off the ships of peace was lost in the face of this ugly creature of war. Rasula's reign of strategy was ended.

"They will not fire! They dare not!" he was shrieking as he dashed back and forth along the dock. "It is chance! They do not come for Chase! Believe in me! The tug! The tug! They must not land!"

The crash of the long unused six pounder at the chateau, followed almost immediately by a great roar from one of the cruiser's guns, brought the panic to a crisis.

The islanders scattered like chaff before the wind, looking wild eyed over their shoulders in dread of the pursuing cannon ball, dodging in and out among the houses and off into the foothills.

Rasula, undaunted, but crazed with disappointment, stuck to his colors on the deserted dock. He cursed and raved and begged. In time two or three of the more canny, realizing that safety lay in an early peace offering, ventured out beside him.

They had heard of the merciless American gunner, and they knew in their souls that he could shoot the island into atoms before nightfall.

The native lawyer harangued them and cursed them and at last brought them to understand in a feeble way that no harm could come to them if they faced the situation boldly. The Americans would not land on British soil; it would precipitate war with England. They would not dare to attempt a bombardment; Chase was a liar, a mountebank, a dog! After shouting himself hoarse in his frenzy of despair he finally succeeded in forcing the men to get up steam in the company's tug.

All this time the officers of the American warship were dividing their attention between land and sea. Another vessel was coming up out of the misty horizon. The men on board knew it to be a British man-of-war!

Suddenly a party of white men approached the startled Rasula. A hun-

dred eager hands were extended, a hundred voices cried out for mercy, a hundred Mohammedans beat their heads in abject submission.

Hollingsworth Chase, Lord Deppingham and a familiar figure in an ill fitting red jacket and forage cap strode firmly, defiantly between the rows of humble Japattites. Close behind them came a tall, resolute grenadier of the Rapp-Thorberg army.

"Make way there! Make way!" Mr. Bowles was crying, brandishing the antique broadsword that had come down to Wyckholme from the dark ages. "Stand aside for the British government! Make way for the American!"

Rasula's jaw hung limp in the face of this amazing exhibition of courage on the part of the enemy. He was glaring insanely at the calm, triumphant face of the man from Brodne's, who was now advancing upon him with the assurance of a conqueror.

"You see, Rasula, I have called for the cruiser, and it has come at my bidding." Turning to the crowd that surged up from behind, cowed and cringing, Chase said: "It rests with you. If I give the word that ship will blow you from the face of the earth. I am your friend, people. I would do you no harm, but good. You have been misled by Rasula. Rasula, you are not a fool. You can save yourself even now. I am here as the servant of those people, not as their master. I intend to remain here until I am called back by the man who sent me to you. You have!"

Rasula uttered a shriek of rage. He had been crouching back among his cohorts, panting with fury. Now he sprang forward, murder in his eyes. His arm was raised, and a great pistol was leveled at the breast of the man who faced him so coolly, so confidently. Deppingham shouted and took a step forward to divert the aim of the frenzied lawyer.

A revolver cracked behind the tall American, and Rasula stopped in his tracks. There was a great hole in his forehead. His eyes were bursting. He sank to the ground dead!

The soldier from Rapp-Thorberg, a smoking pistol in his hand, the other raised to his helmet, stepped to the side of Hollingsworth Chase.

"By order of her serene highness, sir," he said quietly.

"Good God!" gasped Chase, passing his hand across his brow. Deppingham, repressing a shudder, addressed the stunned natives:

"Take the body away. May that be the end of all assassins!"

The King's Own came alongside the American vessel in less than an hour. Accompanied by the British agent, Mr. Bowles, Chase and Deppingham left the dock in the company's tug and steamed out toward the two monsters. The American had made no move to send men ashore.

Standing on the forward deck of the swift little tug, Chase unconcernedly accounted for the timely arrival of the two cruisers.

"Three weeks ago I sent out letters by the mail steamer, to be delivered to the English or American commanders, wherever they might be found. Undoubtedly they were met with in the same port. That is why I was so positive that help would come sooner or later. I knew that we'd need help, and I knew that if I brought the cruisers my power over these people would never be disturbed again."

"My word!" exclaimed the admiring Bowles.

"Chase, you may be theatrical, but you are the most dependable chap the world has ever known," said Deppingham, and he meant it.

The warships remained off the harbor all that day. The British captain consented to leave a small detachment of marines in the town to protect Chase and the bank. To a man the islanders pledged fealty to the cause of peace and justice. They shouted the names of Chase and Allah in the same breath and demanded of the latter that he preserve the former's beard for all eternity.

The King's Own was to convey the liberated heirs to Aden, whither the cruiser was bound. At that port a P. and O. steamer would pick them up. One white man elected to stay on the island with Hollingsworth Chase, who steadfastly refused to desert his post until Sir John Brodne's indicated that his mission was completed. That one man was the wearer of the red jacket, the bearer of the king's commission in Japat, the undaunted Mr. Bowles.

The Princess Geneva, the wistful light deepening hourly in her blue gray eyes, avoided being alone with the man whom she was leaving behind. She had made up her mind to accept the fate inevitable. He had reconciled himself to the ending of an impossible dream. There was nothing more to say except farewell.

The last day dawned. The sun smiled down upon them. The soft breeze of the sea whispered the curse of destiny into their ears. It crooned the song of heritage; it called her back to the fastnesses where love may not venture in.

The chateau was in a state of upheaval. The exodus was beginning. The princess waited until the last moment. She went to him. He was standing apart from the rest, coldly

indifferent to the pangs he was suffering.

"I shall love you always," she said simply, giving him her hand—"always, Hollingsworth." Her eyes were wide and hopeless; her lips were white.

He bowed his head. "May God give you all the happiness that I wish for you," he said. "The end!"

She looked steadily into his eyes for a long time, searching his soul for the hope that never dies. Then she gently withdrew her hands and stood away from him, huddled in her own soul.

"Yes," she whispered. "Goodby."

He straightened his shoulders and drew a deep breath through compressed nostrils. "Goodby! God bless you!" was all that he said.

She left him standing there. The wall between them was too high, too impregnable, for even love to storm.

Lady Deppingham came to him there a moment later. "I am sorry," she said tenderly. "Is there no hope?"

"There is no hope—for her," he said bitterly. "She was condemned too long ago."

On the pier they said goodby to him. He was laughing as gayly and as blithely as if the world held no sorrows in all its mighty grasp.

"I'll look you up in London," he said to the Deppinghams. "Remember, the real trial is yet to come. Goodby, Browne. Goodby, all. You may come again another day."

The launch slipped away from the pier. He and Bowles stood there, side by side, pale faced, but smiling, waving their handkerchiefs. He felt that Geneva was still looking into his eyes even when the launch crept up under the walls of the distant ship.

Slowly the great vessel got under way. The American cruiser was already low on the horizon. There was a



There was a single shot from the King's Own.

single shot from the King's Own, a reverberating farewell.

Hollingsworth Chase turned away at last. There were tears in his eyes, and there were tears in those of Mr. Bowles.

"Bowles," said he, "it's a beastly shame they didn't think to say goodby to old man Skaggs. He's in the same grave with us."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A TOAST TO THE PAST.

THE middle of June found the Deppinghams leaving London once more, but this time not on a voyage into the mysterious south seas. They no longer were interested in the island of Japat, except as a reminiscence, nor were they concerned in the vagaries of Taswell Skaggs' will.

The estate was settled—closed!

Two months have passed since the Deppinghams departed from Japat, "for good and all." Many events have come to pass since that memorable day, not the least of which was the exchanging of £500,000, less attorneys' and executors' fees. Lady Deppingham and Robert Browne divided that amount of money and passed into legal history as the "late claimants to the estate of Taswell Skaggs."

It was Sir John Brodne's enterprise. He saw the way out of the difficulty, and he acted as pathfinder to the other and less perceiving counselors, all of whom had looked forward to an endless controversy.

The business of the Japat company and all that it entailed was transferred by agreement to a syndicate.

Never before was there such a stupendous deal in futures.

The grandchildren of the testators were ready to accept the best settlement that could be obtained. There was a rather forlorn hope to begin with. When it was proposed that Agnes Deppingham and Robert Browne should accept £250,000 apiece in lieu of all claims, moral or legal, against the estate, they leaped at the chance.

(To be Continued)

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A. G. MAGERS, Prop.

Salem, Oregon

TROTTERS store will be closed July 3, and not open till about September. Then the entire \$10,000 stock of merchandise will be closed out. You will be notified the date of sale through the paper and posters. It will be to your interest to not buy your fall goods before this sale.

Trotters Dept. Store
Stayton, Oregon