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The Man From Brodney's

By Geo. B. McCutcheon

(Chapter XXXIII Continued.)

"Was he the one who was poisoned
at the chateau, excellency?" asked
Neehah timidly.

"No, my dear," he replied soberly.
"If I remember my history, he died in
the seventeenth century or thereabouts.
It's really of no consequence, however.
Any good, faithful dog will serve my
purpose. What I want to impress
upon you is this—it is most difficult for
a faithful old dog to survive a change
of masters. It isn't human nature—or
dog nature, either. I'm glad that you
are convinced, Neehah. But please
don't tell Sahib Bowles that he is a
dog."

"Oh, no, excellency!" she cried ear-
nestly.

"She is very close mouthed, Sahib,"
added Selim, with conviction.

"We'll take Bowles to England with
us next week," went on Chase dream-
ily. "We'll leave Japat to take care
of itself."

He lighted a fresh cigarette, tenderly
fingering it before applying the match.
"I'll smoke one of hers tonight, Sel-
lim. See! I keep them apart from the
others in this little gold case. I
smoke them only when I am thinking.
Now, run in. I want to be alone."

They left him, and he threw himself
upon the green sod, his back to a tree,
his face toward the distant chateau.
Hours afterward the faithful Selim
came out to tell him that it was bed-
time. He found his master still sit-
ting there, looking across the moonlit
flat in the direction of a place in the
hills where once he had dwelt in mar-
ble halls.

"Selim," he said, arising and laying
his hand upon his servant's shoulder,
his voice unsteady with finality, "I
have decided, after all, to go to Paris.
We will live there, Selim. Do you un-
derstand?" with strange fierceness, a
great exultation mastering him. "We
are to live in Paris!"

To himself all that night he was
saying: "I must see her again! I shall
see her!"

A thousand times he had read and
reread the letter that Lady Depping-
ham had written to him just before
the ceremony in the cathedral at Thor-
berg. He knew every word that it
contained. He could read it in the
dark. She had said that Geneva was
going into a hell that no hereafter
could surpass in horrors! And that was
ages ago, it seemed to him. Gene-
vera had been a wife for nearly
three months—the wife of a man she
loathed. She was calling in her heart
for him to come to her. She was suf-
fering in that unspeakable hell. All
this he had come to feel and shudder
over in his unspeakable loneliness.

He would go to her. There could be
no wrong in loving her, in being near
her, in standing by her in those hours
of desperation.

A copy of a London newspaper
stuffed away in the recesses of his
trunk, dated June 29, had come to him
by post. It contained the telegraphic
details of the brilliant wedding in
Thorberg. Every royal family in Eu-
rope was represented. The list of no-
ble names seemed endless to him, the
flower of the world's aristocracy.
How he hated them!

The next morning Selim aroused
him from his fitful sleep, bringing the
news that a strange vessel had arrived
off Ararat. Chase rushed out upon his
veranda, overlooking the little harbor.

A long, white, graceful craft was
lying in the harbor. He stared long
and intently at the trim craft.

"Can I be dreaming?" he muttered,
passing his hand over his eyes. "Don't
lie to me, Selim! Is it really there?"
Then he uttered a loud cry of joy and
started off down the slope with the
speed of a race horse, shouting in the
frenzy of an uncontrollable glee.

It was the Marquis of B's white
and blue yacht.

Three weeks later Hollingsworth
Chase stepped from the deck of the
yacht to the pier in Marseilles. The
next day he was in Paris, attended by
the bewildered and almost useless Sel-
lim. An old and valued friend, a cam-
paigner of the wartime days, met him
at the Gare de Lyon in response to a
telegram.

"I'll tell you the whole story of Ja-
pat, Arch, but not until tomorrow,"
Chase said to him as they drove to-
ward the Ritz. "I arrived yesterday
on the Marquis of B's yacht, the
Cricket. Do you know him? Of course
you do. Everybody does. The Cricket
was cruising down my way and picked
me up—Bowles and me. The captain
came a bit out of his way to call at
Ararat, but he had orders of some sort
from the marquis by cable, I fancy, to
stop off for me."

He did not regard it as necessary to
tell his correspondent friend that the

Cricket had sailed from Marseilles
with but one port in view—Ararat.
He did not tell him that the Cricket
had come with a message to him and
that he was answering it in person, as
it was intended that he should—a mes-
sage written six weeks before his ar-
rival in France. There were many
things that Chase did not explain to
Archibald James.

"You're looking fine, Chase, old man.
Did you a lot of good out there. You
are as brown as that Arab in the taxi-
meter back there. By Jove, old man,
that Persian girl is ripping. You say
she's his wife? She's?" Chase broke
in upon this far from original estimate
of the picturesque Neehah.

"I say, Arch, there's something I
want to know before I go to the
marquis' this evening. I'm due there
with my thanks. He lives in the
Boulevard St. Germain—I've got the
number all right. Is one likely to find
the house full of swells? I'm a bit of
a savage just now, and I'm correspond-
ingly timid."

His friend stared at him for a mo-
ment.

"I can save you the trouble of going
to the marquis," he said. "He and
the marchioness are in London at pres-
ent. Left Paris a month ago."

"What? The house is closed?" in
deep anxiety.

"I think not. Servants are all there,
I dare say. Their place adjoins the
Brabets palace. The princess is his
niece, you know."

"You say the Brabets palace is next
door?" demanded Chase, steadying his
voice with an effort.

"Yes—the old Flaurebert mansion.
The princess was to have been the so-
cial sensation of Paris this year. She's
a wonderful beauty, you know."

"Was to have been?"

"She married that rotten Brabets
last June, but of course you never
heard of it out there in what's-the-
name-of-the-place. You may have
heard of his murder, however. His
mistress shot him in Brussels."

"Great God, man!" gasped Chase,
clutching his arm in a grip of iron.

"The devil, Chase!" cried the other,
amazed. "What's the matter?"

"He's dead? Murdered? How—
when? Tell me about it!" cried Chase,
his agitation so great that James
looked at him in wonder.

"Gad, you seem to be interested?"

"I am! Where is she—I mean the
princess and the other woman?"

"Cool off, old man. People are star-
ling at you. Brabets was shot three
weeks ago at a hotel in Brussels. He'd
been living there for two months,
more or less, with the woman. In fact,
he left Paris almost immediately after
he was married to the Princess Gene-
vera. The gossip is that she wouldn't
live with him. She'd found out what
sort of a dog he was. They didn't
have a honeymoon, and they didn't
attempt a bridal tour. Somehow they
kept the scandal out of the papers.
Well, he hiked out of Paris at the end
of a week, just before the 14th. The
police had asked the woman to leave
town. He followed. Dope fiend, they
say. The bride went into seclusion at
once. She's never to be seen any-
where. The woman shot him through
the head and then took a fine dose of
poison. It was a ripping news story.
The prominence of the"—

"This was a month ago?" demanded
Chase, trying to fix something in his
mind. "Then it was after the yacht
left Marseilles with orders to pick me
up at Ararat."

"What are you talking about? Sure
it was, if the yacht left Marseilles six
weeks ago. What's that got to do
with it?"

"Nothing. Don't mind me, Arch. I'm
a bit upset."

"There was talk of a divorce almost
before the wedding bells ceased ring-
ing. The grand duke got his eyes
opened when it was too late. He re-
pented of the marriage. The princess
was obliged to live in Paris for a cer-
tain length of time before applying to
the courts for freedom. Gad, I'll stake
my head she's happy these days!"

Chase was silent for a long time.
He was quite cool and composed when
at last he turned to his friend.

"Arch, do me a great favor. Look
out for Selim and Neehah. Take 'em
to the hotel and see that they get set-
tled. I'll join you this evening. Don't
ask questions, but put me down here.
I'll take another cab. There's a good
fellow. I'll explain soon. I'm—I'm go-
ing somewhere, and I'm in a hurry."

The vulture drew up before the his-
toric old palace in the Boulevard St.
Germain. Chase's heart was beating
furiously as he stepped to the curb.
The cocher leaned forward for instruc-
tions. His fare hesitated for a mo-
ment, swayed by a momentary indeci-
sion.

"Attendez," he said finally. The
driver adjusted his register and settled
back to wait. Then Chase mounted
the steps and lifted the knocker with
trembling fingers. He was dizzy with
eagerness, cold with uncertainty.

She had asked him to come to her
but conditions were not the same as
when she sent the compelling message.
There had come into her life a vital
break, a change that altered every-
thing. What was it to mean to him?
He stood a moment later in the sa-

loon of the old Flaurebert palace, vague-
ly conscious that the room was dark-
ened by the drawn blinds and that it
was cool and sweet to his senses. He
knew that she was coming down the
broad hallway. He could hear the rustle
of her gown.

Inconsequently he was wondering
whether she would be dressed in black.

Then, to his humiliation, he remem-
bered that he was wearing uncouth,
travel soiled garments.

She was dressed in white—a house
gown, simple and alluring. There was
no suggestion of the coronet, no shadow
of grief in her manner, as she came
swiftly toward him, her hands extend-
ed, a glad light in her eyes.

The tall man, voiceless with emotion,
clasped her hands in his and looked
down into the smiling, rapturous face.

"You came!" she said, almost in a
whisper.

"Yes. I could not have stayed away.
I have just heard that you—you are
free. You must not expect me to offer
condolences. It would be sheer
hypocrisy. I am glad—I am glad! You
sent for me—you sent the yacht, Ge-
nevera, before—before you were free. I
came knowing that you belonged to
another. I find you the same as when
I knew you first—when I held you in
my arms and heard you say that you
loved me. You do not grieve—you do
not mourn. You are the same, my Ge-
nevera—the same that I have dreamed
of and suffered for all these months.
Something tells me that you have de-
scended to my plane. I will not kiss
you, Genevera, until you have promised
to become my wife."

She had not taken her eyes from his
white, intense face during this long
summing up.

"Hollingsworth, I cannot, I will not
blame you for thinking ill of me," she
said. "Have I fallen in your eyes? I
wanted you to be near me. I wanted
you to know that when the courts
freed me from that man I would
be ready and happy to come to you as
your wife. I am not in mourning to-
day, you see. I knew you were com-
ing. As God is my witness, I have no
husband to mourn for. He was noth-
ing to me. I want you for my hus-
band, dearest. It was what I meant
when I sent out there for you—that
and nothing else."

[THE END.]

LOCAL BREVITIES

The base ball boys talk of quitting
for the season.

FOR SALE—A pure bred Jersey bull,
2 years old. Cheap—W. J. Green,
Thomas, Ore.

Make money from your hens by feed-
ing Lee's Egg Maker, bone, shell and
grit. At Wesely's Grocery.

Some of our small boys spend much
of the time bathing in the cool waters
of Thomas creek these warm days.

Raise fruit instead of bugs, worms
and moss, by using Lilly's Best Tree
Spray. At Wesely's Grocery.

Now that our town is without water
for a few days, we again urge our
citizens to the utmost caution about
fires.

This is Chautauqua week in Albany
and from all accounts the enterprise is
a big success both financially and in-
tellectually.

Mike Bilyeu was down from the
Bilyeu Den ranch Tuesday. He says
he has the boss crop of corn of this
vicinity. Bring some of it to the Fair
Mike!

Farmers Take Notice

We can furnish you with machine oil,
valve oil, separator oil of the highest
quality and at prices at which you have
never bought for until this spring.
Give us a call and we will convince you
of this fact. If there is anything you
need, you will be able to get it, day or
night, as Mr. Neal lives over the store.
Wake him and he will attend to your
wants. Morrison & Neal, Scio, Ore.

Executrix Notice

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Notice is hereby given to all whom
it may concern that the undersigned
has filed her final account in the matter
of the estate of B. F. McDonald, de-
ceased, in the county Court of Linn
county, Oregon, and that said court has
fixed Monday the 15th day of August,
1910, at the hour of one o'clock p. m.
of said day as the time of hearing and
settling all objections against and to
the final account aforesaid; therefore,
all persons having any objection to
said final account are hereby notified
and required to appear and file the
same in said court on or before said
last mentioned date.

Dated at Scio, Oregon, this 15 day of
July, 1910

Alice McDonald,
Executrix of the estate of
B. F. McDonald, deceased.
W. R. Bilyeu, attorney for executrix.