

HOUSE WIVES

Now is the time
for you to use
Lowe Bros.
Floor Paint

No winter even-
ing was ever too
long for a merry
bunch with an
Edison Phonograph

E. C. PEERY
DRUGGIST
Scio - Oregon

TEBAULT REAL ESTATE CO.

REAL ESTATE DEALERS

Stock Ranches, Fruit
Ranches, Farm and
City Property of all
Kinds, Timber Lands
If you have land to
sell and wish it hand-
led in a legitimate
manner without graft
come in and see us.

C. W. TEBAULT
Lyons St. Albany, Ore.

The San Francisco BULLETIN BARGAIN DAY

When the dry goods merchant, the
grocer, or the hardware man wants
to increase his business quickly—he
advertises a bargain.
The Bulletin wants to increase its
subscription list, and will offer for
1 week only the following bargains:
One years subscription—
Regular price.....\$3.00
Bargain price.....\$2.25
Six months subscription—
Regular price.....\$1.50
Bargain price.....\$1.25
Three months subscription—
Regular price.....\$0.75
Bargain price.....\$0.60
During the week of October 10 to
15, inclusive, we will make the above
bargain prices, and only stipulate
that your money must reach us be-
fore midnight, October 15.
If you are now a subscriber to The
Bulletin you may take advantage of
this offer and pay your subscription
in advance, dating from the present
date of expiration.
This offer is for mail subscriptions
only.
The Bulletin is the greatest home
paper of the Pacific Coast. Fearless
in its fight for right, and stands for
everything that is best in municipal
and state government.

First Class Accommodations and prompt Service
Large Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers
UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT
St. Charles Hotel
GRANT FITTLE, Prop.
ALBANY - OREGON

HOME RULE AMENDMENT

What Is It?

"The Home Rule Amendment," so
called, is un-American; the state is the
unit. Our cities must not be permitted
to set up separate principalities in
absolute independence of our State
laws."

342 x Yes, prohibition amendment.
344 x Yes, prohibition law.
(Paid Advertisement)

Settle It Now Settle It Right

For constitutional amendment
giving to cities and towns
exclusive power to license,
regulate, control, suppress,
or prohibit the sale of intox-
icating liquors within the
municipality.

328 X Yes

ENDORSED BY
10,000 OREGON CITIZENS
Greater Oregon Home Rule Association
618 Electric Building, Portland, Oregon
(Paid Advertising)

Settle Up

My patrons are hereby notified that
I have disposed of my butcher business
and will give possession to purchaser,
October 1. All persons knowing them-
selves indebted to me, are requested to
settle the same at once. No person is
authorized to collect these accounts
excepting myself. Scio, September 30.
CAL CARSON

A GOOD POSITION

Can be had by ambitious young men
and ladies in the field of "Wireless" or
Railway telegraphy. Since the 8-hour
law became effective, and since the
Wireless companies are establishing
stations throughout the country there
is a great shortage of telegraphers.
Positions pay beginners from \$70 to \$90
per month, with good chance of ad-
vancement. The National Telegraph
Institute operates six official institutes
in America, under supervision of R. R.
and Wireless Officials and places all
graduates into positions. It will pay
you to write them for full details at
Davenport, Ia., Cincinnati, O., Port-
land, Ore., or Memphis, Tenn.

Dr. Prill claims to have the best
orchard results of anybody in this
locality. He has Northern Spy apples,
45 of which will fill the regulation apple
box. His Kings, Baldwins and Winter
Bananas are almost as large.

Fred West, city electrician, con-
cluded that tent life looked good to him; so
he has erected two large tents, near
the light station in which he and
family will spend the winter.

R. SHELTON

Real Estate Notary Public
Administrator of Estates
Loans Negotiated, Abstracts
Obtained and Examined
SCIO - OREGON

DR. W. R. BILYEU

DENTIST

OVER WOODWORTH'S DRUG STORE
BOTH PHONES
ALBANY - OREGON

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
conervative business
methods.

C. C. BRYANT

ATTORNEY AT LAW

CUSICK BLOCK
ALBANY - OREGON

SUBSCRIBE FOR
THE SANTIAM NEWS
\$1.50 PER YEAR

A KING'S SECRET.

He Changed His Principles, but
Could Not Change His Record.

By THOMAS R. DEAN.

(Copyright, 1920, by American Press Asso-
ciation.)

[European history, beginning with
the storming of the Bastille in Paris
to the battle of Waterloo, embraces
more startling romances than any other
period. All the remarkable careers
of that remarkable period were sky-
rockets save one. Among the parvenu
kings and queens created by the little
Corsican or through his influence, the
descendants of none sit on a throne
today save those of the king of Swe-
den. The motif of the following story
is historical and needs no embellish-
ment. It is in itself a subject for a
great drama.]

"Jean, I have heard that instead of
following in my footsteps, remaining
on the farm and being a notary like
your father, you are pining to be a
soldier. Know, my son, that the life
you would choose is one of hardship.
When the first enthusiasm has worn
off you will have nothing to repay you
for the rigid discipline, the hard
marches, the wounds that you will re-
ceive, and there is every chance that
your life will be short."

These words were spoken at a time
when the first mutterings of revolution
were heard in France. The fam-
ily were peasants. The father attend-
ed to petty law cases, but did not rise
above his class. Jean was but fifteen
years old when thus admonished to
let soldiering alone, but there was in
him a spirit too adventurous to permit
him to remain a plowboy, and he en-
tered as a private in the king's mar-
ines. When he marched away his
parents and all the household shook
their heads, as much as to say, "You
will soon be very homesick, my boy,
but will not be permitted to come back
to us."

Jean was sent to an island in the
Mediterranean sea the same year that



"I CHOOSE TO BE BLED FROM THE LEFT
ARM."

a certain boy, eleven years old, was
sent to school in France. These two
boys, the one but four years older than
the other, were destined to play an im-
portant part in each other's life.

Young Jean served two years on the
island, then was sent to the East In-
dies, where he was wounded and taken
prisoner. Returning to France, his
family, hoping that his experience had
been enough to crush his soldierly am-
bition, made another effort to induce
him to remain with them. But he was
promoted to be sergeant, and this de-
cided him to enlist for another term.

Soon after the revolution broke out,
Jean was with his regiment in Mar-
seilles. His colonel, attempting to sub-
due a mob, was surrounded and would
have been killed had not the young
sergeant whom he had promoted har-
ranged the crowd, calmed them and
saved his commander.

Jean was present at another scene,
perhaps the most important which
took place during that eventful period.
His regiment was drawn up on the
Place de la Revolution in Paris in a
hollow square, the center being occu-
pied by a guillotine. Presently the
wheels of a tumbril (two wheeled cart)
were heard rolling over the stones, and
in it was standing the king of France.
Jean saw him mount the scaffold and
his head drop into a basket. By his
presence as a guard the boy aided and
abetted the execution, thus constitu-
ing himself a regicide.

When the regiment was marched
back to the barracks Jean, who had
become a staunch revolutionist, in order
to commemorate the scene in which he
had taken part tattooed on his right

arm a guillotine with a figure tying
upon it. Underneath were the words,
"Death to Kings and Tyrants!"

The surest road to advancement at
this time was by means of the revolu-
tion. Jean, a furious Republican, was
raised from one rank to another till he
became a major general. But it was
not his political affiliations alone that
caused his advancement. He fought
the enemies of his country on the
Rhine and showed himself a brave and
skillful officer. Meanwhile that same
boy who had come to France to school
when Jean was going to the island had
risen in the military service and had

been given command of a force oppos-
ing the enemies of France in Italy.
Jean was sent at the head of 20,000
men to aid the young commander of
this army at the southward.

Then followed two decades that
must remain in history the most re-
markable epoch of modern times.
These two young men—one of them
the conqueror of Europe, the other
one of his most efficient assistants—
were related by marriage. Their inter-
ests were identical, but they never got
on together. The one lost his interest
in the deposing of the tyrant king ex-
cept so far as it left a vacancy for
him to slip into as emperor. The
other for a time, either through a nat-
ural leaning toward the motto, "Death
to Kings and Tyrants!" or seeing that
his chief was absorbing the state into
himself, opposed him. But both in
time cut loose from their moorings
and from revolutionists became mon-
archists.

During this shaking up of the king-
doms of Europe one of the thrones—
it was electoral—became vacant. The
notary's boy had fought on their terri-
tory and had been kind to the people.
Owing to his connection with the great
conqueror he was taken up as a can-
didate and elected king. And so it
was that Jean Baptiste Jules Berna-
dotte, a French peasant, who had
stood guard while his king was exe-
cuted, who had tattooed on his arm the
motto "Death to Kings and Tyrants!"
became King of Sweden.

And now those words became obnox-
ious to him. When the king took off
his underclothes before going to bed,
there on his arm was the picture of
the guillotine with the motto beneath.
When they had been placed there, who
would have guessed that fate intended
taking up this peasant soldier and one
day placing him on a throne? The
king was rich and would gladly have
given liberally of his gold to any one
who would remove the picture and the
words. There was no surgeon in those
days so skillful that he could remove
them, and though today tattoo work
may be so deemed as to be ordinarily
invisible, on rubbing the skin it will
faintly reappear to confront the one
who would banish it.

One day the king fell ill. The royal
physicians were sent for and decided
that his majesty must be bled. The
king raised the sleeve on his left arm.
"We usually bleed a patient on the
right arm, your majesty," said the op-
erator.

"And will not blood taken from the
left serve as well?" the king asked
shortly.

"It may be."

"Then draw it from the left."

"Perhaps it is custom, your majesty,
perhaps because the left arm is nearer
the heart, that physicians bleed from
the right."

"I choose to be bled from the left
arm," insisted the king, by this time
showing a choleric redness in the face.

They bled his majesty as he direct-
ed, and he recovered. When again he
needed bleeding another physician was
called. Again the king bared his left
arm. The physician asked him to
raise the right sleeve. This time his
majesty had lost some of his patience.

"Bleed me where I direct!" he thun-
dered. "Do you suppose that I, who
have commanded on many battlefields
and detested taking orders from the
emperor himself, am to be dictated to
by a surgeon?"

The king's command was obeyed.

And so it came to pass that the story
got abroad in the palace that the king
would never submit to be bled from
his right arm. It was repeated in
whispers, and all who heard it won-
dered. The king never heard it, but
he dreaded lest by what must seem his
strange action he had excited com-
ment.

When his majesty arose in the morn-
ing, unlike other sovereigns, he must
need exclude his chamberlains and his
gentlemen of the bedchamber. Not
even a valet could be admitted during
the change from night to day clothes
or during the bath lest the blue pic-
ture of the guillotine and the words
beneath be seen and the secret come
out. Who knows but the knowledge
that the king was thus chained to the
murder of a king spread among his
people might cause a sensation that
would end in revolution? And how
would end the revolution? Well might
his majesty shudder and see in the tat-
toed guillotine a picture of his own
end.

And so the king lived, chained, as it
were, to the scene in which he had as-
sisted in his early youth and which
now he would love to forget. Even

though he seldom saw the picture and
the motto he knew that they were on
his arm. At times as he grew old and
was losing the strength that had en-
abled him to help build up an empire
the blue characters on his arm would
seem like a serpent coiled there. How
often at night in the loneliness of his
chamber he cried out at the ever pres-
ent witness of his inglorious change of
principle was not known, for his maj-
esty slept alone.

At last the king fell ill and this time
knew that the hand of death was upon
him. His secret would be known. His
crown he could not take with him, and
he did not care to take it. One thing
only he would like to take, and that
was those tattoo marks he had pricked
on his arm with a needle and India
ink. But this memento of his past,
this link that bound him to the de-
thronement and murder of a sovereign,
he could no more carry with him than
the insignia of royalty.

The king died. When a menial went
to the death chamber to prepare the
body to lie in state and be viewed by
his majesty's subjects, on baring the
chest and arms he saw the picture of
the guillotine and read the words be-
low:

"Death to Kings and Tyrants!"

THE BOTTLE MESSAGE.

A Story Illustrative of the Value
of an Advertisement.

By HAROLD OTIS.

(Copyright, 1920, by American Press Asso-
ciation.)

(Continued from last week)

young widow's health was not improv-
ed by the journey. She continued to
lose ground, and when on the other
side of the globe she died. Before her
death she must have told her father
of her marriage, that there had been
an heir born to his property and that
she had hidden the paper. This hiding
of the document took place before she
went abroad.

I compared the handwriting with
that which had been attached to the
foundling's clothes. They were iden-
tical. Both were written in a peculiar
fashion, all the letters being made
with sharp angles.

The other papers in the box were a
certificate of marriage between Hec-
tor Garrett and Julia Carr; also a cer-
tificate of the birth of their son Hec-
tor, signed by the physician in attend-
ance.

I told Hardy that there was ample
evidence to place his foster son in the
possession of such property as had
been left by the shipwrecked Myron
Carr. There could not likely be a will
unless Carr had mailed one from a
foreign port before starting on his last
water journey. But since the boy was
the only child of Carr's only child he
would inherit the property as the only
direct heir.

Not wishing to act alone in a matter
in which I had no legal right to act at
all, I persuaded Hardy to go with me
to deposit the papers we had found
with the proper officer of the inher-
itance court, and I hired an attorney
to attend to the minor interests. The
property was about \$200,000. The
judge after hearing my story offered
to appoint either me or the child's
foster father his guardian, and Hardy
insisted that I would be the better man
for the purpose. He also suggested
that the boy who would inherit a for-
tune should be brought up in a
different atmosphere from that of a
plumber's home. I offered to take
little Hector and assume his guardian-
ship if Hardy insisted and if his wife
was willing to give up the child. Har-
dy did insist, and Mrs. Hardy, for
what she considered the good of the
child, gave a reluctant consent.

And so it was that while lazily cruis-
ing along o'er the broad Atlantic I
came upon that which gave me an ob-
ject of interest and turned the life of
a foundling from the career of a
plumber to that of a clergyman. All
this happened years ago, and Hector
Garrett is now an honor to his calling.
Verily, great is the power of the
press.

"I wien," said the woman who has
children of her own, "that women
would understand the delicate mechan-
ism of a child. How would they like
a giant to come along and suddenly drag
them from the ground by one arm, as I
have seen so many people do to chil-
dren? When you're lifting a child, lift
it evenly by both arms, or from the
waist; don't yank it up by a grab at one
wrist and then wonder why it cries.
It makes me so angry I always want to
pull the arm of that inconsiderate
woman hard, and see if she wouldn't
cry, too. It's a thing that mothers and
aunts and sisters ought to learn."