

HOUSE WIVES

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

No winter evening 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 handled 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.....\$.75
Bargain price.....\$.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 before 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

Mrs. E. J. Kimball, Seamstress

Plain and Fancy Sewing. Ready made suits altered. Residence South Main St

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 themselves indebted to me, are requested to settle the same at once. No person is authorized to collect there 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 advancement. 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., Portland, Ore., or Memphis, Tenn.

Equalization Notice

The County Board of Equalization of Taxes will meet at the office of the county clerk, Monday October 17, 1910 and remain in session for six days, for the purpose of publicly examining the assessment roll and to correct errors in valuation, description or qualities of land, lots or other property. All persons interested are hereby notified to appear at the appointed time and place and, if it shall appear to said Board, that lands, lots or other property, be assessed twice, or assessed in the name or names of any person or persons not the owner thereof, or assessed under or beyond its value, or any land, lots or other property not assessed, they will make the proper correction.

D. B. MCKNIGHT
County Assessor

Administratrix Notice to Creditors

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the state of Oregon, for Linn County, administratrix of the estate of Charles W. Richardson, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to me properly verified as by law required at my residence East of Scio, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this September 24, 1910.
SUSAN RICHARDSON,
Administratrix.
C. C. BRYANT, attorney.
First publication Sept. 30, 1910, Last Oct. 28, 1910.

R. SHELTON

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

DR. W. R. BILYEU DENTIST

OVER WOODWORTHS DRUG STORE
BOTH PHONES
ALBANY -- OREGON

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 loans for you, makes loans consistent with good, conservative business methods.

C. C. BRYANT

ATTORNEY AT LAW

CUBICK BLOCK
ALBANY OREGON

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE SANTIAM NEWS

\$1.50 PER YEAR

Political Column

(In this column, we publish political announcements and other political matter sent for the purpose of aiding political candidates. The NEWS is an independent newspaper and the only paper published in the forks of the Santiam and in a spirit of fairness, will give candidates of all parties an equal show, whatever may be said in this column, in no way obligates the NEWS and this paper will be responsible for none.)

L. H. Van Winkle, Republican candidate for Circuit Judge. He has practiced in all the courts and has had seven years judicial experience as Assistant to Attorney General Crawford. Born and raised in Linn county.
(Paid advertisement)

L. H. Van Winkle has had experience especially fitting him for circuit judge while serving as assistant to Attorney General Crawford. Raised in Linn county. He respectfully asks your vote.
(Paid advertisement)

Vote for L. H. Van Winkle, republican candidate for Circuit Judge. Native son of Linn county. Seven years experience as assistant to Atty. General Crawford. Two to elect.
(Paid advertisement)

F. J. DENNEY

OF SHELburn PRECINCT

Candidate for Legislature
on the Democratic Ticket

I FAVOR A GOVERNMENT CLOSE TO THE PEOPLE
(Paid Advertisement)

Vote For

WILEY A. KIMSEY

Democratic Candidate
for County Treasurer
(Paid advertisement)

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 intoxicating liquors within the municipality.
328 x Yes

ENDORSED BY
40,000 OREGON CITIZENS
Greater Oregon Home Rule Association
618 Electric Building, Portland, Oregon
(Paid Advertising)

Grain Drills

We have a full line of Van Brunt and Kentucky drills the two most popular drills on the market.
We have only four Van Brunt drills left of the carload we received at the beginning of the season; so if you want a drill, it will pay you to see the Van Brunt. We have sold 22 drills this fall. This should convince you that the Van Brunt is the best drill on the market. Write for pamphlets, if you can't come and see them.
CHAS WEEKLY

AN ADDED VALUE

By BEATRICE TUCKER

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

"Come, pet; let's go out in the garden and see how your rosebush is getting along."

Morton Jenkins spoke these words to his little daughter, seven years old. If ever a man worshiped anything mortal Jenkins worshiped this child. The place on which the family lived consisted of ample grounds, and Mrs. Jenkins having a natural taste for flowers, there were many beautiful varieties about the house. The daughter, Gracie, had inherited her mother's taste, and her father the day before had planted for her a rosebush of a very choice variety.

It was a beautiful summer morning when the two went out to where the rosebush had been planted, the child prattling with expectation.

"Will it have any roses on it, papa?"
"Oh, no, my darling. It was planted only yesterday. Possibly we may find it a trifle wilted, but that will not matter. A little water sprinkled on it will bring it up. We'll go get the watering pot—Hello!"

The exclamation was caused by seeing a hole where the rosebush had stood, with loose earth scattered about. The father's brow gathered ominously.

"If I can find out who did that I'll—Don't cry, pet. There are more where that came from. Some one has taken the bush up by the roots. What an outrage!"

He took his darling in his arms and kissed away her tears. At the same moment he saw or thought he saw some one dodging behind the glass out-house that covered the plants in winter. Going there, he confronted a little archer about the size of his own child. The boy was ragged, unkempt and hungry looking. In his dirty hand he grasped the missing rosebush.

"You young rascal!" cried Jenkins fiercely. "What do you mean by tearing up my plants?"

"I wanted it for somethin'!"
"I suppose you did want it or you wouldn't have taken it. There. Take that." He cuffed the boy. "Now get along, and if I catch you stealing my plants again I'll turn you over to the police." The boy was slinking away when Gracie said to her father, "Papa, don't you think that since he's been struck for taking the bush he ought to have it?"

"Certainly not. He would gladly take a culling for each plant we have on the place."

"Give him the bush, papa."

"Sweetheart," said the father, "it's your bush. If you prefer to give it to him do so."

The child picked up the rosebush the boy had thrown down and handed it to him.

"Do you live down in the rookery?" she asked.

"Yes."
"The part where the funeral was yesterday?"

"Yes."
"Was it your mamma they carried out?"

"Yes."
"Did you want the rosebush to plant at her grave?"

"Yes."
Jenkins stood listening to this laconic dialogue, looking from his child to the boy who had robbed her of her rosebush. When the last "Yes" was spoken, remembering the cuff he had given the thief, a blush of shame spread over his features. Taking up his idol, he hid his face so far as hers could cover it and rained kisses on her cheeks. Then, still holding her in his arms, he said:

"Ask him what else he wishes besides the bush."

"I know, papa."

"What?"

"That is, I know what I'd like to do for him. I'd like to take him and the bush to the cemetery in my pony cart and help him plant it near his mother's grave."

"That you shall do, sweetheart. But James must go with you."

She ran to the stable to tell James to get out the cart, and while she was gone the father said to the boy:

"Hereafter when you wish anything from my place come and ask me for it and you'll get it. Never take anything without first asking, and if you really need it you'll usually find some way to get it without stealing it."

He drew from his pocket some silver and gave it to the boy, and before the day was ended he had visited the desolate and squallid home, provided for the wants of the motherless children and arranged for their more permanent comfort at his own expense.

Meanwhile Gracie had taken the boy into her cart and under the care of the coachman had driven him to the cemetery. James dug the hole in which to put the plant, and Gracie set it in with her own hands, while the boy stood by, wondering what all this interest, this kindness, meant.

The next morning the father said to his daughter, "Gracie, we must get another rosebush for you."

"I don't want another, papa."

"Why not?"

"I would rather have the one in the cemetery."

"What? Do you want it back?"

"No; it's my bush that grows by the grave of the poor boy's mamma."

"Gracie is right," said her mother. "The bush here would have only its own beauty. There it is an emblem of that universal love which should exist between the rich and the poor."

A Put Up Job

By SADIE OLCOTT

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

"I understand, Wilkins," said Jones, "that Thompson is engaged to Miss Watriss."

"Funny, isn't it? The idea of a man lawyer marrying a woman lawyer."

"So it is. How would they behave on opposite sides of the same case?"

"I'd like to try them. By the bye, Thompson has my case against your company. Suppose you put your case in the hands of Miss Watriss?"

"I'll do it."

When Mr. Thompson came into court and saw his fiancée lined against him he knit his brows. But she gave him a sweet smile, as much as to say, "Isn't it nice for you and me to try a case on opposite sides?"

Thompson recovered himself, returned the smile and declared that it would be delightful. As the attorney for the plaintiff he opened the case.

Now, Mr. Thompson was an able attorney. In the first place, he entered heart and soul into every case he conducted and had the reputation among his professional associates of getting more out of his witnesses to injure the opposite side and more out of their witnesses to help his own side than any man at the bar. In the present case he coached his witnesses, helping them by leading questions so that they were a tower of strength for his case.

Miss Watriss, seeing the advantage he was gaining, became restive. She began to object to nearly every question. But the judge did not sustain her objections, and this irritated her. The consequence was that when her own witnesses took the stand she was in a very bad humor.

By this time the attorney for the plaintiff had become absorbed in his case to the exclusion of every other consideration. The first witness called for the defense was a mild gentleman, who was never sure about anything.

"Do you remember," sneered the attorney, "what you ate for breakfast this morning?"

"I object!" shouted Miss Watriss, springing to her feet.

The objection was sustained.

Mr. Thompson then showed the witness a paper and asked him if he wrote it.

"It looks like my handwriting," was the reply, "and that seems to be my signature, but I couldn't swear to it."

"How old are you?"

"Sixty."

"Do you consider yourself in your second childhood?"

"I object!" again shouted Miss Watriss, this time with redhot cheeks.

"Your honor," said Mr. Thompson, with exasperating coolness, "perhaps the attorney for the defendant would like to conduct my case for me. I would prefer to have her do so rather than prevent my proving that her witness is either incompetent from loss of memory or is withholding evidence."

Mr. Thompson by this time had forgotten that he had a fiancée and that fiancée was his opposing counsel. Perhaps force of habit got the better of him. Miss Watriss gave him an angry glance, but made no reply.

Mr. Thompson either did not notice her choler or was used to exciting the wrath of his opponents. Indeed, this was a favorite method with him.

Having browbeaten a dozen witnesses for the defense until they were not sure of anything except what he wished them to be sure of, Mr. Thompson summed up the case as one of the most arrant swindles against his client that had ever been perpetrated upon a long suffering person.

Miss Watriss, who knew that his client was a rascal who was trying to ruin her own client, could scarcely contain herself through anger. Mr. Thompson's artful method of distorting facts, his smooth but cutting irony, were like rubbing a file on a rheumatic member. Miss Watriss' condition was not improved, either, by the loss of her case and costs for her much injured defendant. When they left the courtroom Mr. Thompson, who had suddenly dropped the attorney and returned to the condition of lover, joined his fiancée and said:

"Sweetheart, I congratulate you on having done splendidly!"

(Continued next week)