

Have You Property to Sell?

The undersigned have established one of the best selling agencies in the state to handle fruit lands, improved farms, town or business property. Write at once what you have to sell and catch the early buyers who are coming to Oregon. Address E. Hofer & Sons, 201 U. S. National Bank, Salem, Ore.

If you have trouble in getting rid of your cold you may know that you are not treating it properly. There is no reason why a cold should hang on for weeks and it will not if you take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For sale by all dealers.



The soundest advice the best real estate lawyer can give you regarding a purchase of property, is to have an abstract of it before the deal is closed. Our Abstracts are Thorough, Absolutely Accurate histories of the property—they are absolutely safe guides to buy by as regards the validity of the title

Linn County Abstract Co.
303 Broadalbin St.
ALBANY OREGON

DR. W. R. BILYEU DENTIST

OVER WOODWORTHS 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 loans for you; makes loans consistent with conservative business methods.

The Best Place in Portland to Eat
is at

Pap's Coffee House

at West end of the Morrison Street bridge.

CHARLES J. MAHER
(Successor to Riner Bros.)
PROPRIETOR.

Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office
Portland, Ore., Feb. 4, 1911.

Notice is hereby given that George W. Huskey, of Foster, Oregon, who, on June 15, 1909, made Homestead entry, Serial No. 02003, for E 1/4 NW 1/4 and SW 1/4 NE 1/4, Section 22, Township 13 South, Range 2 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver of the United States Land Office, at Portland, Oregon, on the 16th day of March, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses:
J. J. Kimbrough
W. W. Dundon
E. Tolbert
Arthur Meneer
All of Foster, Oregon.

H. F. HIGBY
Register

First publication Feb. 10, 1911.
Last publication Feb. 10, 1911.



The Honorable Senator Sagebrush

By
FRANCIS LYNDE

Copyright, 1910, by Street & Smith

that he might close the door.
"It is you who have the distorted perspective, Evan," she countered. "Where are you going?"
"I am going west day after tomorrow."
"How odd!" she said. "We are going west, too—papa and I—though not quite so soon as Monday."
"You are?" he queried. "Whereabouts in the west?"
She did not tell him where. The car motor was whirring, the chauffeur was swinging up to his seat behind the pilot wheel, and the old gentleman in the tonneau was growing quite violently impatient.
"I shan't say goodbye," she said hastily, giving him her hand at parting. "nor shall I tell you where we are going. Let it be auf wiedersehen—till we meet again."

CHAPTER II THE BOSS.

IN a private dining room in the Inter-mountain hotel, whose entrance portico faces the capitol grounds in the chief city of the Sagebrush State, two men were finishing dinner.

On the guest book of the Inter-mountain one of the men had registered from Chicago. The name was illegible to the cursory eye, but since it was the signature of an empire builder it was sufficiently well known in all the vast region served by the Transcontinental railway system.

The owner of the name had finished his ice and was sitting back to clip the end from a very long and very black cigar. He was a man past middle age, large framed and heavy, with the square, resolute face of a born master of circumstances.

Though he figured only as the first vice president of the Transcontinental company, Hardwick McVickar was really the active head of its affairs and the director of its policy.

Across the small round table sat the railway magnate's dinner guest, a man who was more than McVickar's match in big boned, square shouldered physique; a man whose half century was written only in the thick grizzled hair and heavy graying mustaches.

"I wish I could convince you that it isn't worth while to hold me at arm's length, senator," McVickar was saying. "You know as well as I do that under the present law in this state we are practically bankrupt. We do a losing business from the moment we cross your state line."

"Yes; it seems to me that I have heard something like that before," was the noncommittal rejoinder. "You have heard the simple truth, then. And it is a bald injustice not only to the railroad, but to the people it serves. We can't give adequate service when the cost exceeds the earnings."

"And you are unable to convince the members of the railroad commission?" asked the man whom the vice president addressed as "senator."

"You know well enough that we can't convince an anti-railroad commission," was the half angry retort. "Yet you are still running the railroad," suggested the other.

"Yes; luckily the Transcontinental system does not lie wholly within your state boundaries. If it did we might as well surrender our charter and go out of business."

"All of which has come to be a pretty old story, McVickar," said the listener quietly. "You didn't make me motor thirty miles to hear you tell it all over again, I know. What do you want?"

"We want a square deal," was the curt reply.

"So do the people of this state," asserted the man across the table. "You bled us, Hardwick—bled us to death while you had the chance. You are justly, if not legally, in debt to every man in this state who had ever shipped a carload of freight or paid a passenger fare over your line before the present rate law went into effect."

The vice president sat up and put his elbows on the edge of the table. "You are too many for me, Blount, and I'm no sportsman at the game of

ther. In all the years we've dickered together you've always been a consistent fighter for your own hand. What's happened to you? Have you acquired a new set of convictions, or is this only a different way of whipping the devil around the stump?"

"Oh, I don't know," returned the guest. "We are all growing older—and wiser perhaps. You don't deny the debt you owe us, do you?"

"Do we owe you anything, Blount?" asked the magnate pointedly. "If we do we are willing to pay it in spot cash on demand."

The big man on the other side of the table was leaning back in his chair with his hands in his pockets, and the smile wrinkling at the corners of his eyes was half genial, half satirical.

"It's lucky we are alone, McVickar," he said. "A third party might imagine that you are trying to bribe me."

"That's all right, Blount. We understand each other. Nothing for nothing is the accepted rule in this world of ours, and we all recognize it. You are figuring on something. I know you are. Name it. If it is anything less than a mortgage on the earth and one or two of the planets I'll get it for you."

"I am afraid we are more than a mile or two apart yet," said the man who was not smoking after a long



"A THIRD PARTY MIGHT IMAGINE THAT YOU ARE TRYING TO BRIBE ME."

minute. "Let's go back to the beginning and start over again. I said that Gordon is going to be the next governor."

"I know you did, and I said he wouldn't be, not if we can help it," said the railway magnate, with equal determination.

"The methods you will take to defeat him will insure his election, McVickar. You fellows are mighty slow to learn your lesson. You don't know anything but bribery. The times have changed, and you have not changed with them. I say Gordon will be the next governor."

Again there was a strained silence. It was the vice president who broke it.

"If we had the safest kind of majority in the legislature we couldn't be sure of accomplishing anything with Gordon in the governor's office," he asserted. "You don't need to be told that."

"Oh, I don't know," was the calm rejoinder. "Gordon is an honest man and a fair man. If you could go to him with clean hands, but you could not do that, McVickar. You're too badly out of practice."

"You are not putting it quite fairly, senator. We are too badly whipped to take any chances."

"I know. That is what you always say, and you have said it so much, you and your fellow railroad managers, that you have lost the straightforward combination. You don't know how to make a clean fight, and it's your own fault."

Once more the man with the square jaw took time to consider.

"You're sparring with me, Blount," he said finally. "You are talking to me as you might talk to a committee of the Good Government league. Let's get together. You control the political situation, and we recognize that fact. Meet me halfway and tell me what you want."

"I want a square deal all around, Hardwick; that's all. And you've got to make a clean fight this time if you want me with you. A new day has dawned in American politics. I and my kind recognize it, and you and your kind don't seem to recognize it. That is the difference between us. In the present case it comes down to this: You are going to fight for a railroad majority in the legislature, and you want Reynolds for the head of the ticket because you know that you can depend upon his veto if you don't get your majority. You are not going to get Reynolds or the majority either without the help of the party organization."

"We can put it simpler than that," said the railroad man. "We get nothing without your help as the head of the party organization. That is why I asked you here to dinner with me tonight."

"I have been wondering for the last half hour if you really believe that you need me, McVickar. When I gave you fair warning two years ago you wouldn't take it, and we did you up. Are you sure you are ready now to holdier enough?"

"There is a limit to all things, sena-

tor, and you are pushing us pretty well up to it. I suppose you can swing the legislature, and you can have it and be hanged! We'll have our governor and our attorney general."

"You are betting on that, are you?" smiled the man in the opposite chair. "Is that your declaration of war?"

"Call it anything you like. We are not going to be legislated off the map if we can help it. Strong as your machine is, you can't swing Gordon in against Reynolds if we put up the right kind of fight, and when it comes to Rankin for attorney general you simply haven't another man in the party to put up against him."

"You've settled this definitely in your own mind, have you, Hardwick?" was the quiet question. "I'm sorry. I've been hoping you had learned your lesson—you and your tribe. I came here this evening prepared to show you a decent way out of your troubles, so far as this state is concerned."

Again the railroad magnate put his elbows on the table edge. "What was your 'decent way,' major?" he asked, using for the first time the courtesy title by which the ex-senator was best known in his home country.

"I don't mind telling you, though you will call it an old man's foolishness. I have a grown son, McVickar. Did you know that?"

"Yes."

"He is a lawyer, and a pretty bright one, they tell me. As I happen to know, he is well up on the corporation side of the argument, and I have been afraid he would marry and settle down somewhere in the east. I'm getting old, Hardwick, and I'd like to have him with me. Out of that notion grew another. I said to myself this: If McVickar could have a good, clean cut young man representing his railroad, a man who not only knew his business in the courts, but might also know how to plead his client's case before the public—if McVickar could have such a man as that for his corporation counsel and would agree to live somewhere within shouting distance of such a young man's ideals we might all be persuaded to bury the hatchet and live in peace and amity."

A slow smile spread itself over the strong face of the railway magnate. "Why didn't you say in the beginning that you wanted a place for your boy?"

"I'm not saying it now," was the sober retort. "You forget that you have just been telling me that you don't intend to comply with the condition."

"What condition?"
"That you turn over a new leaf and meet the people of this state halfway."

"There isn't any halfway point in a fight for life. You know that as well as I do. But we'll give your son the place gladly."

The man who had once been his own foreman of roundups straightened himself in his chair and smote the table with his fist.

"No, by thunder, you won't—not in a thousand years, McVickar! Maybe you could buy me—maybe you have bought me in times past—but you can't buy that boy! Listen and I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I telegraphed him this afternoon, telling him to throw up his job in Boston and come out here. If he comes pretty soon he will be legally a citizen of the state before election. You said we didn't have anybody but Rankin to run for attorney general. I'll show you if we haven't!"

Mr. Hardwick McVickar was not of those who fight as men beating the wind. What time the deaf waiter was clearing the table and serving the small coffees he kept silence, but when the time was fully ripe he said what there was to be said.

"You've got us by the nape of the neck, as usual, Blount," he said. "Name your terms."

"I have named them. Get in line with the new-public opinion, and we'll do what we can for you."

McVickar had anticipated the thing which was about to happen, not precisely in its present form, perhaps, but in some form which would involve the providing of a place for the senator's son, and he smiled inwardly when he remembered that he had given Gantry, the division traffic manager of the Transcontinental, instructions to look up one Evan Blount, a young lawyer, on his next visit to Boston.

By all odds it would be better to wait for Gantry's report before taking any decided steps in the bargaining with Evan Blount's father, but unhappily the crisis had arrived, and quite probably it could not be postponed. None the less the vice president tried for the postponement.

"You're asking a good deal, Blount, and you don't seem to realize it. If we should agree to meet the people of this state halfway, as you suggest, what guaranty have we that we won't be compelled to go all the way?"

(Continued next week)