

Report of the Condition of THE SCIO STATE BANK

At Scio, in the State of Oregon, at the
close of business March 7, 1911

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts	\$37,339.19
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	1,025.69
Bonds, securities, etc.	16,322.15
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	5,000.00
Cash and due from approved reserve banks	46,602.38
Checks and other cash items	558.58
Total.....	106,847.30
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$10,000.00
Surplus fund	2,045.00
Undivided profits, less expen- ses and taxes paid	490.77
Individual deposits subject to check	83,421.82
Demand certificates of deposit	10,888.21
Liabilities other than those above stated.....	100.50
Total.....	106,847.30
State of Oregon,) County of Linn) ss	

I, W. A. Ewing, cashier of the above
named bank, do solemnly swear that
the above statement is true to the best
of my knowledge and belief.

W. A. EWING, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me
this 15th day of March, 1911.

JAS. A. BILYEU, Notary Public



**SOUND
ADVICE**

The soundest advice
the best real estate
lawyer can give you
regarding a purchase
of property, is to have
an abstract of it be-
fore 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
transfers for you; makes loans
consistent with a
conservative busi-
ness 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.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and
Diarrhoea Remedy.
Never fails. Buy it now. It may save life.



**The Honorable
Senator
Sagebrush**

By
FRANCIS LYNDE

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The fine lined wrinkles were appear-
ing again at the corners of the heredi-
tary Blount eyes.

"You can't quite rise to the occasion,
can you, Hardwick?" smiled the boss.

"You'd like to be good, of course, but
you want to be cocksure beforehand
that it isn't going to cost too much."

"I'm only asking for a little time in
which to consider it," was the vice
president's final word.

"You have all the time there is be-
tween now and election. I've told you
what I am going to do."

"You know very well that we can't
allow you to do what you propose.
With an unfriendly attorney general
we might as well go out of business
first as last."

"It is up to you, McVickar," was the
calm reply.

CHAPTER III.
A FALSE GALLOP OF MEMORIES.

As a churlish fate decreed it turned
out that Blount was not to
have Gantry for a traveling
companion beyond Chicago.

On the second day of westward faring
the railroad man, whose business fol-
lowed him wherever he went, had in-
structions to meet Mr. Hardwick Mc-
Vickar, his vice president, in the Illi-
nois metropolis, and on the morning
of the following day Blount continued
his journey alone.

Twenty-four hours later the expatri-
ated westerner had crossed his Rubi-
con, otherwise the clay colored stream
of the Missouri river, at Omaha, and
had entered upon scenes which ought
to have been familiar—should have
been and were not, so many and great
were the changes wrought during his
fourteen years of absence. In the
smoking car he fell into talk with a
prosperous looking man whose thin,
hawklike face was so out of keeping
with the air of prosperity—a lone pas-
senger who had boarded the train at
Omaha.

At first their conversation was bald-
ly desultory. The hawk faced one, it
seemed, was a mine owner whose
property, vaguely located somewhere
"in the mountains," was involved in
litigation. It was the reference to the
litigation which first drew Blount be-
yond the commonplaces, the awakened
interest being wholly professional.

Oddly enough, since he had never
expected to use it, he had specialized
somewhat in mining law, and before
many miles had been clicked off un-
der the drumming trucks of the Pull-
man he found himself giving opinions
and laying down plans of procedure
for the man who, investing in mines,
had apparently purchased more trou-
ble than profits.

Into the cleft thus opened by the ax
of business the hawk faced man in-
serted a wedge of cautious inquiry.
In addition to his mining properties,
he had been making investments in
timberlands—had investments, he fear-
ed, since the government had lately
taken such a decided stand against
the cutting of timber in the new for-
est reserves.

Again Blount was good naturedly
helpful. One of his classmates in the
law school had been preparing himself
to enter the legal branch of the forest
service, and Blount had acquired at
second hand a working knowledge of
the forestry situation in the west and
of the legal status of the western tim-
ber pirates. Moreover, he had very
clear and decided opinions upon the
question of the conservation of the na-
tion's timber resources, and he was
frank enough to express them emphat-
ically.

If he had been less unsuspicious he
might have remarked the quickened
attention of the prosperous looking
person who seemed so willing to take
advice from a chance acquaintance.

"If you were a government man, your-
self you could hardly put the case

Now, it chanced that the livery sta-
ble was an adjunct to the single hotel
in the small sawmill town, and as
Blount swung up into the saddle he
was a little surprised to see his com-
panion of the Pullman smoking com-
partment standing on the porch of the
hotel in earnest talk with three oth-
ers who from their appearance might
have figured either as "timber jacks"
or cowboys.

Blount was on the point of speaking
when he rode past the porch on his
way to the northward trail pointed
out by the liveryman, but a curious
feeling restrained him.

He was almost sure that the pros-
perous looking gentleman with the
bird of prey eyes was making him the
subject of his earnest talk with the
three men of doubtful occupation.

Quite naturally this impression deep-
ened into a conviction when he looked
back from the road crossing of the
railroad track and saw that all four
of the men on the porch were watch-
ing him.

After leaving the railroad Blount
found himself crossing the broad mesa,
with the eastern mountains near at
hand, and the Lost river range struck
out sharply in its sky line against the
horizon.

On this mesa the trail disappeared
entirely, but so long as he was sure of
the general direction Blount let it go
and gave the tireless little broncho a
loose rein. Debbieby's ranch lay
among the foothills of the distant
western range, and he was quite sure
that he could ride straight to it in the
dark if need be.

It was some little time after he had
left the shoulderings of the eastern
range behind that a curious thing hap-
pened.

Far away to the right he heard the
sound of galloping hoofs. Though the
moon was nearly at its full and the
treeless landscape was bare of any
kind of cover, he could not see the
horseman who was evidently passing
him and going in the same direction.

At first he thought it was some one
who was making a detour to avoid
him. Then he smiled at the absurdity
of the thought and concluded that he
himself was off the trail.

This conclusion was confirmed a lit-
tle later when two other travelers, an-
nouncing themselves to the ear as the
first one had done and also, like the
first, invisible to the sharpest eye
sweep of the brown plain, passed him
at speed.

After that he had the solitudes and
immensities to himself, and it was not
until the broad mesa had been crossed
and the broncho was picking its way
among the hogback hills of the west-
ern range that the boyish thing he had
been led to do took shape as a ven-
ture which might have discomfiting
consequences, for after the broncho
had wandered through many canyons
and had climbed a good half score of
the hogback hills the young man from
the east reluctantly admitted that the
boyhood memories were altogether at
fault in the deceptive moonlight. He
was very thoroughly and painstaking-
ly lost.

CHAPTER IV.
THE HIGHBENDERS.

WHEN the three men who had
pulled him from his horse
and bound him had with-
drawn to the farther side of
the campfire to wrangle morosely over
what should be done with him, Blount
found it difficult to realize that they
were actually discussing, as one of the
expedients, the propriety of knocking
him on the head and flinging his body
into the canyon.

The difficulty lay in the crude incred-
ulity of things. Five minutes earlier
he had been riding peacefully up the
trail, wondering how badly he was lost
and how much farther it was to Debbie-
by's. Then, at a sudden turn in the
canyon bridge path, he had come upon
a campfire and had found him-
self looking into the muzzle of a lev-
eled Winchester.

From that to the unhorsing
and the binding was but a rough
and tumble half
minute, since he
was unarmed
and the surprise
had been com-
plete, but the in-
credibilities re-
mained.

That some ri-
diculous mistake
had been made
seemed to be the
only possible explanation. But when
he remembered the three invisible
horsemen who had passed him on the
broad mesa he was not so sure about
the mistake.

Most naturally his thoughts went
back to the little episode on the hotel
porch. The passing glance he had given
to the three men with whom his
smoking room companion had been
talking did not enable him to identify
them with the three who were calmly
discussing his fate at the nearby fire,
but the conclusion was fairly obvious
none the less.



"ESPECIALLY IF THEY ARE TRAVELING ON
A SECRET MISSION."

Thus far he had been either too busy
or too bewildered to think of asking
questions, but when the more murder-
ous of the expedients seemed actually
about to prevail he thought it was
time to try to find out why he was to
be effaced.

"I don't want to seem to interfere
with any arrangements you gentlemen
are making," he called across to the
group at the fire, "but if you will kin-
dly tell me why you think it necessary
to murder me I should be immensely
obliged."

"You know mighty good and well
why there's one too many of you on
Lost river jest at this stage o' the
game," said the hard faced brigand
who had held the Winchester while
his two accomplices had unhorsed and
bound the victim.

"But I don't," insisted Blount good
naturedly. "So far as I know, there
is only one of me—on Lost river or
anywhere else."

"That'll do for you. It ain't your
put in, nehow," was the gruff decision
of the court.

But Blount was too good a lawyer to
be silenced that easily.

"Perhaps you might not especially
regret killing the wrong man, but in
the present case I am very sure I
should. Who do you think I am?"

"The boss knows who you are, and
that's enough for us," said the spokes-
man of the three highbenders.

"The boss?" questioned Blount.

"Yaas; I said the boss. Now hold
your jaw."

Blount caught at the word. In a
flash the conversation with Gantry
flicked into his mind.

"There is only one boss in this state,"
he said coolly, "and I am very sure he
has not given you orders to kill me."

"What's that?" demanded the spokes-
man.

Blount repeated his bit of informa-
tion, adding, "Perhaps you'd better
ring for a better connection and ask
your boss if he wants you to kill the
son of his boss?"

At this the tall man came and stood
over his prisoner.

"Say, comrade, it ain't my night for
kiddin', and it hadn't ort to be yours,"
he remarked grimly. "The boss didn't
say you was to be rubbed out—they
never do. 'But I reckon it would save
a heap o' trouble if you was rubbed
out. You don't git over into them
woods on Upper Lost creek with no
papers to serve on anybody. See?"

A great light dawned upon Blount,
and with it came the discomfiting
chill of a conviction overthrown. As a
theorist he had always scoffed at the
idea that corporations, which are crea-
tures of the law, could afford to be
open lawbreakers. But here was a
very striking refutation of the chari-
table assumption.

His smoking room companion of the
Pullman car was doubtless one of the
timber pillagers who had been cutting
on the public domain. To such a man
an agent of the national forest serv-
ice was an enemy to be disposed of as
expeditiously as possible, and Blount
saw that he had only himself to blame,
since he had allowed the man to be-
lieve that he was a government em-
ployee.

Having the clew to the mystery, how-
ever, his course was a little easier to
steer.

"My name is Blount, and I am the
son of ex-Senator David Blount of this
state," he asserted. "Now, what are
you going to do with me?"

"What's that you say?" grated the
outlaw.

"You heard what I said. Go ahead
and heave me into the canyon if you
are willing to stand for it afterward."

The hard faced man turned on his
heel without replying and went back
to the other two at the fire. Blount
caught only a word now and again of
the low toned, wrangling argument
that followed. But from the overheard
word or two he gathered that there
were still some leanings toward the
sound old maxim which declares that
"dead men tell no tales."

(Continued next week)