

Clothcraft Clothes
have a High Priced Look



Their style, fit and smart shapeliness are of the kind usually found only in clothes commanding high prices.

When you pay high prices you have a right to demand that shape and style will hold

Clothcraft Suits at \$12.50 and \$25 grant you the same right—and the guarantee insures your enjoyment of it.

All-wool is another high priced advantage you find in Clothcraft Clothes. Cost-saving methods of making make it possible to give you all-wool high priced quality at medium prices. Why should you not take advantage of it?

Tracy Clothing Co.

One Price Clothers

330 West First St. ALBANY, ORE.



The Honorable
Senator
Sagebrush

By
FRANCIS LYNDE

Copyright, 1910, by Street & Smith

Coming down a few minutes later to give the several luggage checks to the hotel porter, Blount missed another incident which might have sent him back suddenly to his problem and its unsettled condition. When Mr. McVickar turned away from the clerk's desk it was to shake hands perfunctorily with the owner of the fast roadster.

"Well, senator," he said, with a certain dogged emphasis, "I'm here. Let's find a place where we can flail it out." And together they entered an elevator, which, as chance would have it, passed, in ascending, the car in which the younger Blount was coming down.

It was to the senator's suit that the two opposing field commanders made their way when their car reached the fourth floor. In the senator's sitting room, McVickar dragged a chair over to one of the windows which commanded a view of the Lost River mountains and dropped into it massively.

"I suppose we may cut out the preliminaries and come to the point at once," he began. "Ackerton wired me that you had definitely announced your son as a candidate for the attorney generalship. Have you?"

The senator was opening a box of cigars, and his reply savored of good natured irony.

"The primaries do the nominating in this state, Hardwick. Didn't you know that?" he asked mildly.

"See here, Blount, I've come 3,000 miles to thrash this thing out with you, and I'm not in the humor to spar for an opening. Do you mean to run your son or not? That is a plain question, and I'd like a plain answer."

"I told you two weeks ago what I meant to do, McVickar, but you wouldn't believe me. I'll say it again if you want to hear it."

"And I told you two weeks ago that we couldn't stand for it; that you might name your own price for an alternative."

"Yes, and I told you my price, if you happen to remember."

"I know. You said you wanted us to turn everything over to the reformers and take our chances on a clean administration. Naturally we are not going to do any such utopian thing. What I want to know now is what it is going to cost us to get your consent to do the practical and possible thing."

"Want to buy me outright this time, do you?" said the boss, still smiling gently.

"We"—McVickar was going to say, "we bought you before," but he changed it to a less offensive form—"We have had no difficulty in arriving at some sensible and practical conclusions in the past, Blount, and we shouldn't have now. We can't let you have your son for attorney general. That's out of the question. If you put your son in as public prosecutor you can have but one object in view—you mean to squeeze us till the blood runs. We're willing to discount that object before the fact."

"So you have said before a number of times and in a number of different ways," was the mild counter suggestion.

"I shan't say it many more times, David. You're pushing me too far."

"What will you say then?"

"Just this—if you won't meet me halfway, if you insist upon a fight, I'll fight you with any weapons I can get hold of."

"You've said that in other campaigns, Hardwick, and in the end you've always been like the possum that offered to come down out of the tree if the man wouldn't shoot."

"I'll hand you another proverb to go with that one," snapped the man in the chair by the window. "The pitcher that goes often to the well is sure to be broken at last. You've got a

joint in your armor now, Blount. You've always been able to laugh at publicity before. Can you stand it now?"

"I reckon I'll have to stand it if you buy up a few newspapers, as you usually do," was the half quizzical reply, then for an added flick of the whip, "You and your folks can't paint me much blacker than you have always painted me, Hardwick."

"Maybe not, but this time we're going to give you a chance to start a few libel suits—if you think you can afford to appear in the courts. We've got all the evidence in black and white. We might possibly make your own state too hot to hold you. Have you thought of that?"

"Go ahead and try it," was the laconic response.

"But that isn't all," the man in the window chair went on remorselessly. "Your fellow citizens here know you for exactly what you are, Blount. You rule them with a rod of iron, but that rule can be broken. When it is broken you'll be looked upon as a criminal. In our last talk together you had something to say to me about our not keeping up with the change in public sentiment. It has changed—changed so far that it is coming to demand the punishment of the great offenders as well as the jailing of the little ones. If we want to push this fight hard enough it is not impossible that you may find yourself a broken man at the end of it, David."

"I'm taking all the chances," was the even toned rejoinder.

"But there is one chance I am sure you haven't considered—this 'son of yours'! I know as much about him as you do—more, perhaps, for I have taken more pains to keep tab on him for the past few years than you have. He is clean and straight, Blount—a son for any man to be proud of. If that is the real reason why we are afraid to have him instructing the grand juries of this state it is also your best reason for keeping the past decently under cover. What will you say to him when the newspapers open up on you? And what will he say to you? Had you thought of that?"

For the first time since the beginning of the one sided conference the senator laid his cigar aside and sat thoughtfully tugging at the drooping mustaches.

"You'd set the house afire over my head, would you, Hardwick?" he queried, with the gray eyes lighting threateningly; then, "The last time we talked you posted your deft; now I'll post mine. You go ahead and do your worst. The boy and I will try to see that you don't have all the fun. I won't say that you mightn't turn him if you went at it right. But you won't go at it right, and as matters stand now—well, blood is thicker than water, and if you hit me you hit him. And I reckon between us we'll manage to give you as good as you send. That's all," rising to lean heavily upon the table, "all but one thing. You fight fair, Hardwick. Say anything



"YOU'D SET THE HOUSE AFIRE OVER MY HEAD, WOULD YOU, HARDWICK?" you like about me, but if that boy has anything in his past that I don't know about, that he wouldn't want to see

published, you let it alone and keep your newspaper reporters off it."

The vice president laughed. He was of those who regain equanimity in exact proportion as an opponent loses it.

"You needn't let the boy's record trouble you," he averred. "It's as clean as a hound's tooth. That is one of the things I'm banking on, David. I'm going to have that young fellow fighting on our side before we're through."

At this the gray eyes under the penthouse brows flamed fiercely, and the senator took the two strides needful to place him before the man in the chair. "Don't you do that, McVickar. I give you fair warning!" he said, his deep toned voice rumbling like the bar of grinding wheels. "There's only one way you could do it!"

The vice president stood up and put on his hat. "And you'll take precious good care that I don't get a chance to try that way, you were going to say. All right, David. You tell me to do my worst, and I'll hand that back to you too. You do the same, and we'll see who comes out ahead."

It was some five minutes later when the vice president had made his leisurely way down to the lobby. The electric lights blazed out, and the great gathering place was beginning to take on its evening air of stir and activity. Mr. McVickar pushed his way to the desk, and a row of intently arrived guests waited when he asked his question.

"Where will I be most likely to find Mr. Evan Blount at this time of day?" was the question he wished to have answered, and the obliging clerk made the line wait still longer while he summoned a bellboy and sent him scurrying across to one of the writing tables.

"This is Mr. Evan Blount," he said to the railroad magnate, indicating the young man who came up with the bellboy. "Mr. Blount, this is Mr. Hardwick McVickar, first vice president of the Transcontinental Railway company."

There was no trace of the recent battle in Mr. McVickar's voice or manner when he turned and shook hands cordially with the son of the man who had defied him.

"Your father and I were just holding a little conference over your future prospects, Mr. Blount," he said, going straight to his point. "Suppose you come down to the car with me for a little private talk on the legal situation. I'm not sure but we shall wish to retain you in a cause that is coming up in September. Gantry tells me that you are pretty well up in corporation law. Can you spare me a half hour or so?"

Evan Blount glanced at his watch. Patricia had told him that she and her father would dine in the cafe at 7 and that there would be room at their table for him and for his father, if the ex-senator would so far honor a poor college professor. There was an hour to spare, and if the vice president of the Transcontinental company were not the king he was at least a great man whose invitation was in some sense a command.

It was at the precise moment when the butterfly doors of the lobby entrance were winging to their closing behind Mr. McVickar and his quarry that the house telephone called the registry clerk. A sad faced tourist who was waiting, pen in hand, for his room assignment heard only the answer to the question which came over the wires from one of the upper floors.

"No, senator," the clerk was saying; "he has just this moment gone out—with Mr. McVickar! Could I overtake him? I'll try. But I don't know where they were going. I'll send a boy right away, though."

CHAPTER VIII
THE QUEEN'S GAMBIT.

WHEN the news went out to the dwellers in the sagebrush hills that Boss David's son had accepted a place on the railroad's legal staff the first wave of astonishment was followed by many guesses as to what young Blount's action portended.

The Plainman, the principal daily and the leading organ of the reformers, was the first to find an ulterior motive in Evan Blount's appointment and its acceptance. The editor took a half column in which to point out in emphatic and vigorous phrase the danger that threatened the commonwealth in this very evident coalition of the railroad and the machine.

The Lost River Miner, on the other hand, was unwilling to believe that the younger Blount was acting altogether in his father's interest in taking the place provided for him by the railway. Hints there were in this editor's comment of a disagreement between father and son, of differences of opinion which might later on lead to a pitched battle.

The Daily Capital, however—the railroad organ—covertly insinuated that nothing for nothing was the accepted rule in politics; that if the railroad had made a place for the son it was only a justifiable deduction that the father was not as inimical to the railroad interest as the opposition press was willing to have the public believe.

(Continued next week)

A Great Clubbing Offer

Semi-Weekly Oregon Journal one year	\$1.50
The Santiam News one year	\$1.50
Total	\$3.00

Both Papers
One Year
\$2.00

The Semi-Weekly OREGON JOURNAL Publishes the latest and most complete telegraphic news of the world; gives reliable market reports, as it is published at Portland, where the market news can be and is corrected to date for each issue. It also has a page of special matter for the farm and home, an entertaining story page and a page or more of comic each week, and it goes to the subscriber twice every week—104 times a year

THE WEEKLY SANTIAM NEWS Gives all the local news and happenings and should be in every home in this vicinity. The two papers make a good combination and you save \$1 by sending your subscription to

THE SANTIAM NEWS, SCIO, ORE.

We can also give our subscribers a good clubbing offer for the Daily and Sunday, or Sunday Journal with the NEWS.

THE SCIO LIVERY STABLES

Is now equipped with good rigs and careful drivers. I have also added to my equipment a First-Class Automobile for the use of the public. Regular trips will be made to Albany Saturdays, at \$2 round trip.

Phone, Home No. 334 J. R. POUND, Prop.

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.

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

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy
Cures Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve
For Piles, Burns, Sores.