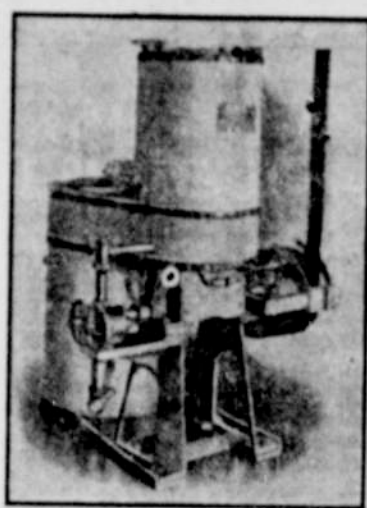




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The Best Place in Portland to Eat

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First Class Accommodations and prompt Service

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Notice For Sealed Bids

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that sealed bids will be received, for the building of a school house in district No. 9, in Linn county, situated 1/2 mile north of Richardson bridge on Crabtree creek. Building to be completed on or before September 1, 1911. Specifications can be seen at the Bank of Scio. The bidder, to insure honest purpose, must deposit a certified check in said bank, for \$50. The Board of Directors reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Bids will be opened at said Bank of Scio, at 2 p. m., on June 1, 1911.

A. Groulick

M. P. Long

Will Richardson

Directors

Administrator's Notice

To all whom it may concern:

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Fairlotte Crabtree, deceased, has filed his final account in said estate in the county court of Linn county, Oregon, and that said court has fixed Monday, the 29th day of May, 1911, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m. of said day as the time for the hearing and settling of all obligations to said account; therefore, all persons having any objection to said account are hereby notified and required to file the same in said matter in said court on or before said last mentioned date.

Dated April 21, 1911.

Jas. A. BILYEU,

Administrator of said estate

W. R. BILYEU,
Attorney for Administrator
Last publication May 19, 1911.

Is there anything in all this world that is of more importance to you than good digestion? Food must be eaten to sustain life and must be digested and converted into blood. When the digestion fails the whole body suffers. Chamberlain's Tablets are a rational and reliable cure for indigestion. They increase the flow of bile, purify the blood, strengthen the stomach, and tone up the whole digestive apparatus to a natural and healthy action. For sale by all dealers.



The Honorable Senator Sagebrush

By

FRANCIS LYNDE

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the state for eight members of his "family." Questioned closely, he admitted that the "family" was his only by a figure of speech; that the relationship was entirely political.

Blount promptly refused to recommend the issuing of employees' passes for the eight, and the result was an immediate call from Bentley, the division master mechanic.

"About that fellow Gryson," Bentley began, "Can't you manage some way to get him transportation for his Jonesboro crowd? He is going to make trouble for us if you don't."

Blount was justly indignant. "Gryson is on your payroll," he retorted. "Why don't you recommend the passes on account of the motive power department, if he is entitled to them?"

"I can't," admitted the master mechanic. "I am held down to the issuing of passes to employees traveling on company business only. We can stretch it a little sometimes, of course, but we can't make it cover the whole earth."

"Neither can I," Blount exploded. "Let it be understood, once for all, Mr. Bentley, that I am not the scapegoat for all the other departments. I haven't it off short. I am not recommending passes for anybody."

"But, suffering Scott, Mr. Blount, we've simply got to take care of Tom Gryson! He's the boss of his ward, and he has influence enough to turn even our own employees against us!"

"Influence?" scoffed the young man from the east. "How does he acquire his influence? It is merely another illustration of the vicious circle. You put into his hands the price of the club with which he proceeds to knock you down. Let me tell you what I'm telling everybody. If we want a square deal we've got to set the example by being square."

The master mechanic went away, silenced, but not convinced. A week later Gryson, who in appearance was a typical tough and in reality was a postgraduate of the lawless mining camps of the Cascade hills, sauntered into Blount's office with an insolent taunt in his mouth.

"Well, pardner, we got them dickey birds over to Jonesboro after so long a time, and no thanks to you, neither. I just blew in to tell you that I'm going to hit you again about day after tomorrow, and if you don't come across there's going to be something doing—see?"

Blount sprang from his chair and forgot to be polite.

"You needn't come to me the day after tomorrow or any other time," he raged. "I'm through with you and your tribe. Get out!"

After Gryson had gone, muttering threats and curses, the young campaign manager had an attack of moral nausea. It seemed such a huge waste of time and energy to traffic and chaffer with these petty scoundrels. Thus far every phase of the actual political problem seemed to be meanly degrading, and he was beginning to long keenly for an opportunity to do some really worthy thing.

Notwithstanding his ideals were still unshaken. He still clung to the belief that the corporation, which was created by the law and could exist only under the protection of the law, must of necessity be a law abiding entity. It was unfair to hold it responsible for the disreputable political methods of those whom it could never completely control.

It was on the day of Gryson's visit, as it chanced, that Blount was given his first opportunity of entering the wider field. A letter from one of the party chairmen in a distant mining town brought an invitation of the kind he had been waiting for. He was asked to participate in a joint debate at the campaign opening in the town in question, and he was so glad of the chance that he instantly wired his acceptance.

That evening at the cafe d'inter at the Inter-Mountain he found his father waiting for him and in a burst of confidence told him of the invitation.

"That's good," was the senator's even toned comment. "Gives you a little chance to shine the way you can

shine best, doesn't it?" Then, "That was one of the things McVickar wanted you for, wasn't it?"

"Why, yes. He intimated that there might be some public speaking," admitted the younger man.

"Well, what all are you going to tell these Ophir fellows when you get over there, son?" asked the veteran quizzically. "Going to offer 'em all free passes anywhere they want to go if they'll promise to vote for the railroad candidates?"

"Not this year," was the laughing reply. "As I told you a week or so ago we've stopped all that."

"McVickar has told you it was stopped?"

The newly fledged political manager tried to be strictly truthful.

"I have had but one interview with Mr. McVickar, but in that he gave me to understand that my recommendations would be given due consideration, and I have said my say pretty emphatically."

The senator's smile was not derisive. It was merely lenient.

"Sat on 'em good and hard, did you? That's right, son. Never be afraid to say what you mean and to say it straight. Don't forget that when you're making your appeal to the horny handed sons of toil over at Ophir. Give 'em straight facts and back up the facts with figures—if you happen to have the figures. When do you pull out for the camp?"

"Tonight at 9:30. I can't get there in time if I wait for the morning train." Then, dismissing the political topic abruptly, "What do you hear from Professor Anners?"

"Oh, he's having the time of his life. I got him a state permit and scrapped him up a bunch of pick and shovel men, and he is digging out those fossil skeletons by the wagon load."

"And Miss Anners?" pursued Patricia's lover.

"I shouldn't wonder if she was having the time of her life too. I've given her the little four seated car to call her own while she is out here, and she and Honoria go careering around the country, breaking the speed limit every minute in the day, I suppose."

"I'm glad you are giving her a good time," said Evan, and he looked glad. Then he added regretfully: "I wish I could get a chance to chase around a little with them. I have seen almost nothing of them since they came west. I should think Mrs. Blount might bring Patricia down to the city once in awhile."

"Perhaps the young woman doesn't want to come," laughed the senator. "You told me you hadn't got her tag, son, and I'm beginning to believe it. What has she got against you, anyway?"

"Nothing, save that I don't fit into her scheme for her life work."

"It's too bad you're going out of town tonight, son. Honoria phoned me a little spell ago that she and Patricia would be driving down after dinner to take in the Weatherford reception. You'll miss 'em, won't you?"

"Isn't that just my infernal luck!" lamented Evan; then, "Give them my love and tell them I hope they will stay until I get back."

The senator rose and gripped the hand of his son. "Shall I say that to both of 'em?" he asked, with the quizzical smile which Evan was learning to expect.

"Yes, to both of them, if you like, only I suppose Mrs. Blount will hold it against me. Good night and good-by. I'll be back day after tomorrow if the Ophir miners don't mob me."

It was only a few minutes after Evan Blount's train had steamed Ophirward out of the Sierra avenue station that a dust covered touring car drew up at the curb in front of the Inter-Mountain and the porter who had put Blount's hand bag into the taxicab opened the tonneau door for two ladies in muffling dust coats and heavy veils.

The senator met the two late travelers in the vestibule, and while the three were waiting for an elevator a rapid fire of low toned question and answer passed between husband and wife.

"You got Evan out of the way?"

The husband nodded. "That was easy. I passed the word to Steuchfield, and he helped out on that—invited Evan to come to Ophir to speak in a joint debate. He left on the night mail."

"And Hathaway—will he be here?"

"He is here. Gantry has turned him down, according to instructions, and he is clawing about in the air, trying to get a fresh hold. I bluffed him—told him he'd have to make his peace with you for something. I didn't know what, before I could talk to him."

Miss Anners was watching the elevator lights glow and darken as the car descended, and the wife's voice sank to a whisper.

"He will be at the Weatherfords?" she inquired eagerly.

"He is sure to be. I told him you would be there."

The small plotter nodded approval.

"Give us half an hour to dress and have the car ready," she directed, and then the senator put the two into the elevator and turned away to finish his cigar.

(Continued next week)