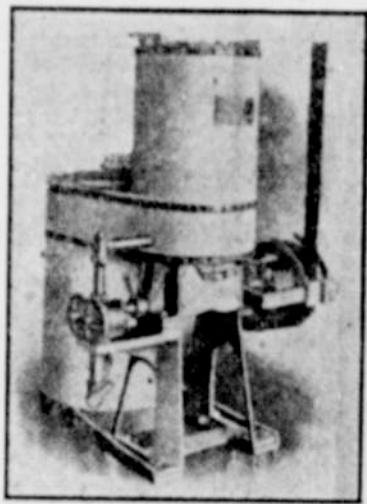




PURE ICE CREAM,
made by Sanitary Brine
Freezers. Made express-
ly for us by the O. A.
C. Ice Cream Company
Corvallis, Oregon

The Cosy Corner

L. E. HAYNE, Prop.
Scio - Oregon

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.

A. G. PRILL, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Telephone, Exchange No. 11

SCIO : : : OREGON

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

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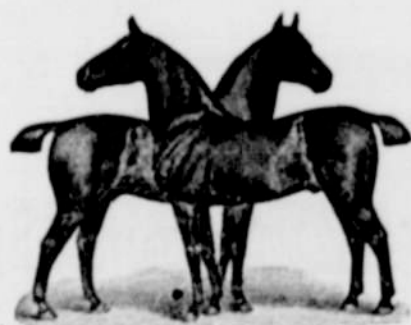
Administrator of Estates

Loans Negotiated, Abstracts

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SCIO : : : OREGON

The Imported German Coach Stallion



EXCELENZ

(No. 1779)

Albany..... Monday
Lebanon..... Tuesday, Wednesday
Scio..... Thursday
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Terms \$15.00 to Insure

Due when mare is known to be in foal.

Care will be taken to prevent accidents
but will not be responsible if any occurs

C. CRANDALL

Albany - - - Oregon

G. F. Korinek, B. V. Sc.

Veterinarian

Will attend calls at
Scio when notified

—OFFICE—

Cornish & Rigs Livery Stable

STAYTON, OREGON

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.

Sunset Magazine for May

Nile of the West by S. Glen Andrus.
Beautifully illustrated in four colors.
The Spell, a western novel by the
Williamsons. Guests of Greater China
Town, by Charles K. Field. Automobile
section. Now on sale at 15 cents.

For soreness of the muscles whether
induced by violent exercise or injury,
Chamberlain's Liniment is excellent.
This liniment is also highly esteemed
for the relief it affords in cases of
rheumatism. Sold by all dealers.

Corporations as Joy Riders.
Governor Woodrow Wilson of New
Jersey is not only a forceful and con-
vincing public speaker, but he fre-
quently uses comparisons and anecdotes
of a decidedly humorous nature. In a
recent address the governor aptly il-
lustrated the difference between
"good" corporations and "bad" cor-
porations, as follows:

"I have no objection to the ordi-
nary automobile properly handled
by a man of conscience who is also a
gentleman. Many of the people I see
handling automobiles handle them as
if they had neither conscience nor
manners. I have no objections to the
size and beauty and power of the au-
tomobile. I am interested, however, in
the size and conscience of the men
who handle them, and what I object
to is that some of these corporation
men are taking joy rides in their cor-
porations.

"You know what men do when they
take a joy ride. They sometimes have
the time of their lives and sometimes,
fortunately, the last time of their lives.
Now these wretched things are taking
joy rides in which they don't kill the
people that are riding in them, but
they kill the people they run over."



"Never mind what you have heard.
Tell him all the facts and ask him to
help you and, for mercy's sake, don't
offer him a block of your stock. Put
it where it will do the most good. Put
it in the name of Professor William J.
Anners of Cambridge, Massachusetts,
and show Mr. Blount how dreadfully



"PUT IT IN THE NAME OF PROFESSOR WIL-
LIAM J. ANNERS."

disastrous the loss of the preferential
freight rate would be to all the poor
people in your list of stockholders, in-
cluding Professor Anners."

Hathaway drew down his cuff and
made a rapid pencil memorandum of
the name and address of the new
beneficiary.

"You will take notice that I'm not
asking who this Professor Anners is or
why I should be making him a present
of a block of stock, but what you say
goes as it lies. Anything else?"

"Yes. Be perfectly frank with Mr.
Blount and don't let him put you off.
He may pretend to be very angry at
first, but you won't mind that."

"I won't mind anything if I can
bring this business down to the every-
day, commonplace earth once more.
You and the senator and Gantry and
McVickar are playing some sort of
game, and you haven't shown me more
than the back of the cards. That's all
right. I'll play my hand blindfolded.
If that's what you want, just so we
win the odd trick. When and where
can I find Mr. Evan Blount?"

"The day after tomorrow at his of-
fice in Temple court. He is out of the
city now, but"

Here Gantry's coming put an end
to the private conference, and the pre-
sident of the Twin Buttes company
went his way.

It was not until they had served out
their full sentence at Mrs. Weather-
ford's crush and were back in the pri-
vate dining room suit at the Inter-
Mountain, with Miss Anners safely
behind the closed door of her own
apartment, that the small conspirator
passed the word of good hope on to
her husband.

"It is working beautifully," she ex-
ulted. "He will go to see Evan day
after tomorrow—and after that the deli-
uge."

CHAPTER XI. THE GAME.

IF Evan Blount had been antici-
pating an unfriendly reception at the
great mining camp in the Carna-
dine hills he was agreeably dis-
appointed. A committee of prominent
citizens, headed by Jasper Steuchfield,
the reform chairman for Carnadine
county, met him at the train, escorted
him to the hotel and during the after-
noon, which was at his disposal, gave
him joyously and hilariously the free-
dom of the camp.

The Honorable Senator Sagebrush

By
FRANCIS LYNDE

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The political meeting, which was
held in the Carnadine Mining com-
pany's electric lighted ore shed, was
packed with an enthusiastic audience,
and there were prolonged cheers and
handclappings when the railroad rep-
resentative took his seat on the im-
provised platform as the guest of the
committee.

Later, when Judge Crowley, the re-
form candidate for the state senate,
had opened the joint debate with a
sharp arraignment of the railroad's
methods, not only in its dealings with
its patrons as a common carrier, but
also in the pertinacity with which it
invaded the political field, there was
tumultuous applause. But it was no
heartier than that which greeted
Blount when he rose to present the
railroad's side of the argument.

During the journey from the capital,
which had consumed the night and the
greater portion of the forenoon, he
had prepared his speech. His argu-
ment—the one unanswerable argument,
as it seemed to him—was the existence
of a law which presumed to limit the
earnings of a private or at most a
quasi public corporation, without mak-
ing a corresponding regulation limit-
ing the cost of such a corporation's
service. Upon this foundation he was
able to build a very fair structure of
oratory.

The judge, his opponent, was a rather
turgid man, whose speech abounded
in flights of spread eagle eloquence
and whose appeal was to the emotions
and the impulses of his audience.

Blount, on the other hand, made a
typical lawyer's speech, calmly deliv-
ered, logical in every syllogism and
appealing frankly to the intelligence
of his hearers. In every period of it
he was greeted with generous ap-
plause, and at the close of the meet-
ing he had what the editor of the local
paper called in his issue of the follow-
ing day "an ovation."

Steuchfield and his fellow commit-
teemen escorted him to the midnight
train, and no one in the crowd of con-
gratulators was more enthusiastic than
the opposition chairman.

"That was a great speech, Mr.
Blount," he said at parting. "If you
can go all over the state making as
good talks as you have made here to-
night you'll tie us all up in a hard
knot. But McVickar won't let you do
it, not by a long shot."

Blount laughed. "There are no
strings tied to me, Mr. Steuchfield," he
declared. "This is a new deal, and I
am the dealer. Come down to the
capital and let me convince you that
we are out for open publicity and a
square deal for every man, including
the railroad man."

"All right," was the cordial reply.
"I'll be down along some of these
days, and if you can show me that
McVickar isn't going into politics any
further than you have gone here to-
night I'll promise you to come back
here and tell the boys that the jig is
up."

Five minutes later the branch train
pulled out, and the chairman and his
fellow committeemen gave the depart-
ing joint debater three cheers and an-
other. When the red tail lights of the
train had disappeared around the first
curve Steuchfield turned to his fellow
conspirators.

"Well, boys," he said, with a grin
that went from ear to ear, "I guess
we did it up all right and according to
orders. I don't know what sort of
game the Hon. Dave Sagebrush is
playing this time, but whatever he
says goes, and I reckon we gave the
young man a right pleasant time.
Anyway, he seemed to think so."

Blount did not reach his office in the
capital until the afternoon of the sec-
ond day. His first care was to call
up the Inter-Mountain, and when the
clerk disappointed him by telling him
that his father, Mrs. Blount and their
guest had gone out to Wartrace Hall
he counted it as one more opportunity
missed and settled down to business.

First in the memoranda on his desk
was a stenographer's note asking him
to make an appointment with one S.
P. Hathaway, whose address was the
Inter-Mountain hotel. Since the note
was marked "important" he told the
clerk to call up the hotel at once, and

in due time the gentleman, who, the
stenographer said, had called several
times during the day, made his ap-
pearance at the door of the private of-
fice.

It was a mutual shock. Blount re-
cognized instantly his companion of the
Omaha-Aretas Pullman smoking com-
partment and the man who had doubt-
less sent the three highbinders after
him on the night of mysteries and who
had been the prime mover in the se-
ries of singular incidents ending in the
midnight homecoming to Wartrace
Hall.

On the other hand, the president saw
before him the supposed agent of the
forestry service.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he ejaculat-
ed, dropping into the nearest chair.

"You needn't be," laughed Blount
easily. "I'll admit that it was partly
my fault, Mr. Hathaway. What can
I do for you today?"

By this time the lumber king had re-
covered his breath and some measure
of his composure.

"Great Scott!" he said. "If you had
given me half a hint that you were
Dave Blount's son, but you didn't, you
know, and now I am handicapped just
at the time when I oughtn't to be. I
have come to talk business with you
today, Mr. Blount, and you've got me
going when I ought to be coming. I've
been given to understand that you are
handling the political end for the
railroad company in this campaign, Mr.
Blount. Is that right?"

"It is and it isn't," was the quick
reply. "The railroad company is not
in politics in this campaign—as a po-
litical factor, I mean. What we are
trying to do—what we mean to do—is
to lay the entire matter plainly and
fairly before the people with a plea
for a square deal."

"I'm, yes," said the trust president,
who was evidently suffering from a
fresh attack of embarrassment. "But
there are certain little business mat-
ters which have to enter into every
campaign, and your company, like my
own, is obliged to take cognizance of
them. Two years ago the railroad
people found it advisable and profit-
able to—er—make a little arrangement
with us which was to our mutual ad-
vantage, and I called to see if it could
not be made again."

Blount sat back in his chair, and the
conciliatory smile disappeared. "State
the facts, if you please, Mr. Hatha-
way," he said curtly.

"Well, it was like this. As you know,
we have a great many sawmills scat-
tered around in different places in the
state, and we employ a good many
men. While our employees are resi-
dents of the state, they are not citi-
zens in the sense that they take any
active interest in state politics. They
may be here this year and up among
the Oregon redwoods next year and
somewhere else the year following.
That being the case, when they vote
at all they naturally ask us how we
would like to have them vote."

"Go on," said Blount.

"Well, as I say, such being the case,
we are able to control at least four
and probably five of the legislative
districts in this state. The control is
worth something to your people, and
in the last election that fact was re-
cognized. Since the Twin Buttes Lum-
ber company is practically the only
heavy lumber shipper in this region, it
was given a preferential rate on its
products, not at all as a quid pro quo,
you understand, but merely in friend-
ly recognition of our help in the last
election.

"Really, it was not such a great
thing that was done for us, Mr.
Blount. If you are familiar with lum-
ber rates in this territory you will
know that the special tariff made for
us is all that enables us to live. With-
out it we would go into bankruptcy
inside of a year."

Blount had opened his penknife and
was absently sharpening a pencil.
"This special rate you speak of, Mr.
Hathaway," he said, speaking slowly—
"I imagine it is not confined to this
state."

"Well—er—no," was the hesitating
reply. "To meet competition it has
been made to apply also on through
shipments."

"And it is covered by rebates, I sup-
pose?"

"Not exactly," was the reluctant
admission. "The Transcontinental
company is a heavy purchaser of lum-
ber, and the greater part of the differ-
ence between the preferential and the
regular tariff rate is taken up in our
bills for stock sold to the railroad."

"Let me be quite clear upon that
point, Mr. Hathaway. You mean that
you are allowed to charge the railroad
company more than the market price
on the lumber it buys?"

The president of the lumber trust
nodded. "Yes; that's practically the
way of it," he admitted. Then he
once more pressed the time worn ar-
gument: "It's the only way we can
live and do business nowadays, Mr.
Blount. Like every other large cor-
poration, we have a small army of
little shareholders—widows, orphans,
charitable institutions and trustees'—
accounts. I have brought a list of
our stockholders, and I'd like to have
you look it over."

(Continued next week)