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SCIO -- -- OREGON

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, For the County of Linn.

H. E. Noble,
Plaintiff

vs:
Thomas A. Low,
Defendant.

To Thomas A. Low, the above named defendant.

In the Name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby notified that H. E. Noble, the plaintiff herein, is the holder of certificate of delinquency No. 20, issued by the sheriff of Linn County, Oregon, on the 16th day of October, 1908, for the sum of three dollars and sixteen cents (\$3.16), the same being the amount then due and delinquent for the taxes of the year 1907, together with penalty, interest and costs thereon upon real property situated in Linn County, Oregon, which is assessed to you and of which you are the owner of the legal title as appears of record, and which is particularly described as follows, to-wit:

The N. W. 1/4 of the S. E. 1/4 of Section 22, in Township 10 South, Range 2 East of the Willamette Meridian.

You are further notified that the plaintiff herein has paid taxes on the said premises for subsequent years as follows, all of which payments, together with the certificate of delinquency bear interest at the rate of fifteen per cent. per annum from the dates of the several payments:

Year's tax.	Date paid.	Tax receipt.	No. Cif.
1908	Oct. 6, 1909	192	
1909	June 24, 1910	6493	
1910	May 11, 1911	6612	
	Amount.	Rate of Interest	
	\$4.67	15 per ct.	
	\$5.40	15 per ct.	
	\$8.33	15 per ct.	

Total amount paid since the date of certificate of delinquency \$18.40.

You are hereby further notified that the plaintiff will apply to the Circuit Court of the County and State aforementioned for a decree foreclosing the lien against the property above described and included in said certificate of delinquency and you are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the date of the first publication of this summons exclusive of the day of said first publication, and to defend this action or pay the amount due as above shown, together with costs and accrued interest, and in case of your failure to do so a decree will be rendered foreclosing the lien of said taxes and costs against the land and premises above described.

This summons is published once each week for eight consecutive weeks by order of the Honorable J. N. Duncan, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Linn, which said order was made and dated the 1st day of June, 1911, and the date of the first publication of this Summons is the 8th day of June, 1911.

All processes and papers in this proceeding may be served upon H. E. Beckett, residing within the state of Oregon, at the address hereinafter mentioned.

H. E. BECKETT,
Attorney for Plaintiff

Address:
Lumberman's Building
Portland, Oregon.



The Honorable Senator Sagebrush

By

FRANCIS LYNDE

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McVickar. Surely you wouldn't say that I should have let my father put me on the state ticket as a candidate?"

"Certainly not," was the quick reply, "not unless you were convinced of the purity of his motive. But if you have been telling me the truth and all the truth it would seem that you didn't stop to inquire what that motive might be."

"What was the use of inquiring? He is the boss of the machine. He would have used the machine to put me into office as attorney general. In other words, I should have owed my election not to the will of the people, but the will of one man, and that man my nearest kinsman. Under such circumstances would it have been possible for me to administer the office without fear or favor?"

"I don't know why not," she returned. "Your nearest kinsman, as you call him, would have been the last man to interfere. Wasn't that the very reason he gave for wanting to put you on the ticket?"

"I know," said Blount, whose mind was beginning to cloud again. "But there are so many other mysteries. I am not sure at this blessed moment that my father hasn't conspired with Mr. McVickar to put me just where I am."

Her smile was gently reproachful. "It is my poor opinion, Evan, that you don't half appreciate your father," she said. "Worse than that, you don't know him. But that is beside the present mark, at all events. What are you going to do?"

"I have already done it. I have wired my resignation to Mr. McVickar, and he will doubtless accept it."

She was looking him fairly in the eyes. "That is the second unwise thing you have done. Evan, you are sadly in need of a balance wheel."

"I knew that a good while ago," he rejoined. "I applied for one, and it was refused when you said 'No.'"

She blushed very prettily. "I can help you now," she said, half hesitatingly. "If only you won't try to drag me over into the field of sentiment. It was just a bit of boyish rage—your sending that telegram to Mr. McVickar. Can't you recall it?"

"Not now, no."

"Then you must do the next best thing—tell him you have reconsidered."

"But I can't strike hands with the corruption that is going on all around me," he objected indignantly.

"Of course you can't, and you mustn't. But the true reformer is not made out of the man who drops things and runs away. You must stay in and fight—fight harder than you ever have before, Evan; if not for the sake of the larger right, then for your own sake. Can't you see the wide door that is open before you?"

"I can see and hear and feel when the door is slammed in my face," he qualified. "How can I go on preaching the gospel of cleanliness and fair dealing when I know that all this corruption and trickery are going on behind my back? What will the people of this state say to me and about me when the corruption is exposed?"

"Ah," she said, "that is just where you begin to grow one-sided. You must go on preaching the gospel, but that is only half of your duty. The other half is to try to make the thing itself agree with the gospel. I fully and firmly believe that you lost your best helper when you refused to join hands with your father. But that is over and done, and now you must make the best of the opportunities you have chosen."

"Patricia, you are an inspiration. If I could only have you beside me to give me my battle word I shouldn't mind the odds against me."

"Now you are tempting me," she said slowly, "and it isn't fair. You know my weakness and passion to help. You mustn't tempt me, Evan."

What he would have said, with what passionate pleadings he would have pressed the advantage gained by his appeal for the larger help, she was not to know, for at that moment the portieres were drawn aside, and the small house mistress appeared in the doorway of the smoking den.

"You two," she scolded, with light hearted austerity, and then to Evan: "Don't you know that we keep country hours here at Wartrace? The professor will be up and calling for the car at 6 o'clock, and it's past midnight. Shame on you! Run away and get your beauty sleep, both of you!"

CHAPTER XIII.

BARRIERS INVISIBLE.

Blount drove himself back to the capital the following morning in the big roadster, and there was no opportunity for further confidential speech with Patricia before he left. But with the new day had come a new determination. To the best of his ability he would try to live up to the high standard set for him by the woman he loved, not only preaching the gospel of political righteousness, but doing his utmost to try to make it effective.

With this high purpose in view he drove on past the city garage and made an early call upon Gantry.

"Hello, old man! Come back to row me some more about that telegram?" was his greeting.

Blount shook his head. "No. If you have sent it, well and good; if you haven't, you may pitch it into the wastebasket. I came to talk about something else."

"Good, sound, sensible second thought," said Gantry, laughing. Then he took out his pocketbook and passed the suppressed telegram across to Blount. "Here it is. You can do the wastebasket act yourself. I couldn't let you commit harakiri without at least trying to get the cutting tool out of your hands. What is the other thing you've got on your mind this early in the morning?"

"It's this, Dick. You know what I've been doing—what I supposed I was hired to do—assuring everybody, right and left, that we were going into this campaign with clean hands?"

"I know," admitted the traffic manager, developing a sudden interest in the figures of the rug at his feet. "I have been doing this in a business way at my office uptown in season and out of season, and night before last at Ophir I did it publicly. As the campaign progresses I shall doubtless put myself on record many times to the same effect."

"Good man!" applauded Gantry, striving to drag the talk down to some less portentous altitude. "I'm sure we need all the whitewashing anybody can give us."

"That is just the point," Blount went on gravely. "It mustn't be merely a coat of whitewash, Dick. It has got to be the real thing this time. I began by firing the 'little brothers,' as you called them, but I mean to go higher up if I am compelled to. I am here this morning to ask you to give me your word as a gentleman and my friend that you will not, directly or indirectly, do or cause to be done anything that will make me stand forth as a self convicted liar before the people of this state. I want you to promise me that you will cut out all the deals, all the bribes, all the bargains, all the—"

"Oh, say, see here," protested the man under fire; "you've got the wrong pig by the ear, Evan. I'm not the Transcontinental Railway company."

"I know you are not. But to a greater degree than any other official in the management you have Mr. McVickar's confidence. If you don't feel competent to handle this thing on your own responsibility pass it up to those who can and have it understood that there must be no compromise."

"Great Scott!" murmured Gantry. "And you're on the pay sheets the same as the rest of us! But candidly, as man to man, Evan, the thing can't be done. We've got to play the game. They'll eat us alive if we don't. You needn't figure in it. It was a mistake letting Jim Hathaway go to you, and I said so at the time. But your—er—the powers that be said it had to be that way, and I had to let him go and haul you all up. It shan't happen again. I can promise you that much, anyway."

Blount caught quickly at the hesitant pause.

"Who were 'the powers that be' in Hathaway's case, Dick?" he demanded.

"I can't tell you that; honestly I can't, Evan," was the anxious refusal. "Don't ask me."

"All right; then I shall assume that Mr. McVickar was responsible," said Blount calmly, thus proving that he had not taken his degree in the law school for nothing.

"Oh, hold on; you mustn't do that, either," protested the unwilling occupant of the witness stand.

"Thank you," said the postgraduate, with the true Blount smile. "Now I know that it was my father. No; don't deny it. But we are wandering from the real issue. I've asked you for a promise, Dick. Will you give it?"

"I—I can't give it, Evan, and that's the truth."

(Continued next week)