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Executors Notice to Creditors

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Linn County, executor of the last will and testament of Leo Zeller, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to me, properly verified as by law required, at my residence near Thomas, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

LEO ZELLER, JR.

C. C. Bryant Executor

Attorney

First publication June 9, 1911.

Last publication July 7, 1911.

Teacher's Summer Review Term begins at Albany College July 10 and will continue to August 19. All branches for state certificates will be taught by the best instructors. Advanced work in high school subjects. Primary and intermediate methods a specialty. Interview Superintendent W. L. Jackson or President H. M. Crooks.

Notice of Guardian's Sale

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, the duly appointed, qualified and acting guardian of the estate of Herman Hickman, Cyrus C. Hickman, Rachael L. Hickman and Mary E. Hickman, minors, was by the county court of Linn County, Oregon, on April 17, 1911, duly licensed to sell the following real property, to-wit:

Beginning two rods E. of the N. W. corner of section 25 in Township 19 S., R. 2 W. of the Will Mer., Oregon, thence East 78 rods; thence South 40 rods; thence west 78 rods; thence north 40 rods, to the place of beginning, containing 19 1/2 acres more or less in Linn County, Oregon.

That on and after Monday, July 10, 1911, the undersigned will proceed to sell at private sale to the highest bidder all of the interest of said minors in said premises for cash. Applications to purchase may be made at the office of R. Shelton in Scio, Oregon.

Missouri E. Hickman
Guardian

C. C. Bryant, Attorney.

First publication June 8, 1911

Last publication July 6, 1911

Oregon and Factory Growth

The census figures give Oregon an enviable position in manufactures. Of course, in total rating of primary horse power many states are ahead, yet it is apparent that wonderful strides are being made in the Pacific Northwest. When any state shows such rapid increase, it only speaks of the confidence and the grasp of opportunities by business men. This investment of capital in factories is conducive to only one result, and that is the upbuilding of the surrounding country, industrially, commercially, and at the same time agriculturally. With these three will occur other opportunities for advancement. Oregon may justly feel proud of its aggressive forward strides in this line of activity.—N. W. Farmstead



The Honorable Senator Sagebrush

By

FRANCIS LYNDE

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was the instant reply, and Blount concluded that the secretary was either innocent or an astonishingly good actor. "I have been putting the mail and telegrams through the letter slit, as you directed, and I've kept the private office locked."

"Nevertheless," said Blount, "it is very evident that somebody has been here." Then he had a sudden shock. "What did you do with that packet of papers I gave you last Monday and told you to put in the safe?"

"I did just what you told me to—put it in the cash box and put the key of the cash box on your desk. Didn't you get it?"

Blount felt in his pockets and found the key.

"Get the packet and bring it to me," he directed, giving the stenographer the key to the inner compartment of the safe.

It was not more than a minute later, while he was attempting to bring order out of the confusion on his desk, that a sudden prompting led him to go quickly to the door of the outer office. Snapping it open with a jerk he caught the clerk in the act of untying the string which bound the thick packet of papers together.

"What are you doing? Why don't you bring it to me?" he called angrily.



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHY DON'T YOU BRING IT TO ME?"

There were still no signs of guilt in Collins' face.

"I was just going to make sure that it was the same package," he said innocently, handing it over at once.

With the packet in an inside pocket of his coat, Blount put on his hat, had himself shot down the elevator and a few minutes afterward was renting a private box in the deposit vaults of a bank in the next street. When he returned to his office another touch of the electric button ressumoned Collins.

"Sit down," said Blount, indicating a chair. "I have been reasonably kind to you, haven't I, Fred?"

"Yes, sir; very kind indeed," was the clerk's admission.

"Yet you have let some one bribe you to be disloyal to me," was the direct charge. "Who was it, Collins?"

"I don't know anything about it, Mr. Blount. If I was going to die the next minute I couldn't say anything different."

"You've got to say something different if you want to stay with me," said the master decisively. "Did you know what was in that package you put in the safe?"

"No."

"Yet you said you were untying it to see if it were the same package I gave you last Monday. You are lying to me, Collins. You opened my desk to hunt for the key of the cash box. Sit tight in the boat. I'm not going to fire you. I merely want to know who hired you to do this."

"If I did it I must have done it in my sleep," was all the reply the young man would make, and after trying a threat or two Blount dismissed him.

This was the first of a series of incidents all pointing toward the same conclusion—that some one was evident-

ly determined to let him have no privacy in his correspondence. Unless he happened to be present when the mail was brought in it was pretty sure to show signs plainly indicating that it had been tampered with.

Blount could think of only one explanation, and he accepted it without question. The machine of which his father was the dictator had no conscience.

Some of its spies, doubtless working under instructions given by his father, were keeping tabs on him, and the purpose of the espyal was easily guessed. His statement made to his father across the dinner table in the Inter-Mountain cafe had not been an empty boast. The packet safely put away in the bank's deposit vault contained affidavits, sworn statements, evidences of fraud, and there were enough of them fully to substantiate everything he had said.

That evening there was a reception given by Mrs. Irving Gordon, wife of the reform candidate for governor, and Blount went, hoping that Patricia would be there. She was there, and the young man, in need of a confidant, wasted two good hours trying to get private speech with her. When his chance came it was only a half chance, since there was little privacy to be had in the crowded rooms.

"It is a question of conscience this time," he told her when she had agreed to sit out a dance with him in one corner of the canvas carpeted assembly room. "I have discovered positive evidence of frauds to be perpetrated in the election next Tuesday. How far am I justified in suppressing this evidence?"

"Mercy!" she exclaimed. "How you can bring a thunderbolt down upon one out of a perfectly clear sky! Is it ever right to shield criminals or criminals?"

"That is just what I should like to know," he persisted. "At the present moment I am shielding not one criminal, but a good many."

"May I know the circumstances?" she asked after a moment's consideration.

"Yes. There has been fraudulent registration in a number of the state legislative districts, and I have secured positive evidence of it."

"On which side?" she asked pointedly.

"On both sides, I am sorry to say," he returned gravely.

"Whom does it implicate?"

"That is further than my information goes," he admitted. "I know only the fact of the false registration. But with a fully equipped political machine on the ground the inference is pretty plain, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," she admitted. "Yet you say the frauds are on both sides."

"That doesn't make any difference," he declared. "It is a fight for men and not for parties. So far as I can see, the machine picks its men quite irrespective of party. There is already reason to believe that some of the candidates who have the most to say now about the free ballot and will of the people are themselves the sworn henchmen of the machine, ready when the time shall come to vote yes or nay, as my father shall direct."

"I can't believe it," she protested, with generous warmth—"of your father, I mean. I am sure he has never authorized anything so despicable."

Blount shrugged. "Shall I publish this evidence that has come into my hands, or shall I continue to suppress it?"

It was the first time she had ever faltered him. "Give me a little time," she pleaded. "Tomorrow—come to see me tomorrow. It's a dreadful thing for you to have to do, Evan—the most dreadful thing that could be imagined."

But here young Gordon, to whom the next dance had been promised, came to claim her, and Blount's hard won interview was at an end.

When he left the Gordon house, which was rather far out in the southeastern suburb, he meant to go direct to the hotel and to bed. He had been losing much sleep in the strenuous activities of the campaign, and it was beginning to tell upon him. As the trolley car was passing the Temple court building he saw a dim light illuminating his upper floor office windows.

With all his suspicions reawakened, he dropped from the car and took the all night elevator to his office floor.

The sleepy elevator man let him out in the upper corridor, and almost immediately the car sank away out of sight.

Before Blount had taken two steps toward his office door there came the dull crash of a muffled explosion, and two or three of the glass doors in the suit were shattered.

Blount quickened his pace to a run, let himself silently with his latchkey through the door of his private room, flung open his desk and groped in an inner drawer for the revolver which was part of its furnishings.

(Continued next week)