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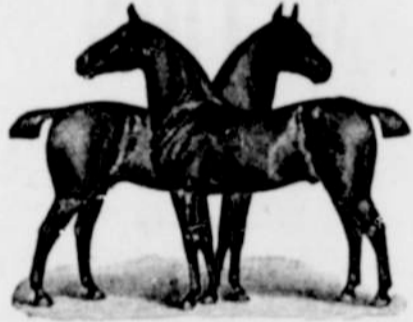
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### Notice of Guardian's Sale

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 10 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

### To the Traveling Public

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## The Honorable Senator Sagebrush

By

FRANCIS LYNDE

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few men in the yard crew knows that you are here."

Mr. McVickar sat back in his chair, took one of the large black cigars from the open box on the table and passed the box across to his two subalterns.

"Light up," he said tersely. "I am due in Twin Canyon City tomorrow morning, and we've got to thrash this thing out in a hurry. Any change in the situation since your last report?"

Gantry shook his head. "Nothing very important. Blount's uptown offices were broken into last night, and his safe was ripped open with dynamite. That's all."

"Well," said the big man at the table, "what came of it?"

"Nothing so far as any one can find out."

To a disinterested observer it might have seemed a little curious that the vice president made no further inquiry into the safe blowing. As a matter of fact, his next question completely ignored it.

"What has Blount been doing this week?" he asked.

"He has spoken twice, once at Arizola and once at Hellersville. Collins says he has engagements enough to keep him out of town right up to election day."

"That's good," was the nodded approval. "He'd only be in the way here at the capital."

"That young man has been pretty nearly a frost," remarked Kittredge casually. "If he isn't a wild eyed fanatic, as Gantry here insists he is, he is deeper than the deep blue sea. I've been keeping tab on him, as you directed, and he has worn out three of my best office men trying to keep cases on him."

"You are prejudiced, Kittredge," was the vice president's comment. "It was the best move in the entire campaign putting him in the field. I don't suppose he has accomplished much in a practical way, but we have kept the Honorable Dave from using him, as he meant to."

"I don't know about the accomplishment," put in Gantry. "There is a four ply mystery linked up in this speechmaking business. At first I thought Evan Blount's sudden popularity dated back to some word sent out from your Chicago office, but when you told me it didn't I began to do a little wondering on my own account. I can't make up my mind yet whether it is pure popularity growing out of his speeches or whether it's the assisted kind."

"Assisted?" said the vice president, with a lifting of the heavy penthouse eyebrows.

"Yes," Gantry went on. "It has been too unanimous. Collins has kept me posted, and he says the invitations have fluttered in thicker than the autumn leaves in Vallombrosa, and Kittredge's men tell us that the young orator has been making what figured as a triumphal progress all over the state—bands, receptions, committees, banqueting and all that everywhere he has gone."

"But his speeches have been straight to the point, our point," interrupted the vice president. "I've been reading them."

Kittredge shook his head. "Gantry says 'Yes,' but I say 'No,'" he contended. "There is such a thing as putting too much sugar in the coffee. Blount's been overdoing it. He's been putting the whitewash on so thick that any little handful of mud that happens to be thrown will stick and look bad."

"We must take chances on that," was Mr. McVickar's decision. "Young Blount's good work has undoubtedly had its effect upon public sentiment. There is a distinctly better feeling toward us, and it is fairly state wide. We must be exceedingly careful not to let the opposition newspapers get hold of anything that can be used against us."

"They are moving heaven and earth to do it," said the superintendent. "And I believe that old David is helping them. That is the explanation of the safe blowing incident, as I put it up."

Again the vice president refused to comment on the office breaking.

With the weapon in his hand, he passed on through the swinging door into Collins' room. There was an acrid odor of high explosives in the air, and when he hurried through to the room beyond the fumes were stifling.

His first act was to press the electric button which turned on the lights.

The workroom beyond Collins' office was a wreck. Desks were broken open, the safe door had been blown from its hinges, and a man with an electric pocket lamp in his hand was crouching in front of the wrecked cash box.

On the blazing up of the lights the man sprang to his feet and dashed out past Blount, snapping the light switch, to leave the rooms in total darkness, as he passed.

With a savage exclamation directed at his own lack of presence of mind, Blount turned to follow, fell over a chair, picked himself up and, groping for the latch on Collins' door, let himself out into the corridor.

There were no signs of the escaping safe blower, and Blount ran hastily to the elevator and rang the bell until the sleepy operator set the machinery in motion and lifted himself to the floor of happenings. Here the incident came to an abrupt end. The elevator man had heard no one descending the stairs which circled down the elevator well from floor to floor to the street level.

Blount went back to his office, turned in a police alarm and waited until an officer came from headquarters. Leaving the man in charge of the wrecked workroom, he went to report the safe blowing in person to the captain on duty at police headquarters, after which he carried out his original intention of going to the hotel and to bed.

But for a long time after the post-midnight quiet had settled down upon the hostelry, he lay wide awake, wrestling with this newest problem which had risen up to confront him, for now there was no longer any doubt in his mind that the long arm of the machine was reaching out for him personally and that sooner or later it must come to a life and death grapple.

#### CHAPTER XV.

ON THE KNEES OF THE HIGH GODS.

IT WAS on the evening of the day following the safe blowing in Blount's offices in the Temple coat building that a one car special train slipped unostentatiously into the capital from the east, running as second section of the overland.

Coincident with its sidetracking, O'Brien, the vice president's secretary, dropped from the step of the car and made his way across the tracks in the yard to the nearest railroad telephone, which chanced to be in the yardmaster's office.

Fifteen minutes later the result of O'Brien's telephoning became evident. Gantry and Kittredge, the division superintendent, left their respective offices in the railroad building, met in the echoing train shed and walked together down the yards.

The vice president, sitting at the great table in the open compartment which served him as a desk in working hours, looked up and nodded when his two subordinates entered.

"You got my message?" he queried. Gantry answered for both. "Yes, and we were waiting. Your orders have been carried out. Nobody outside of the dispatcher's office and the

"What I am most afraid of now is that our young man will be overzealous," he said musingly. "He is something of a fanatic, as you have intimated, Gantry."

"He's more than that," Kittredge put in quickly. "I've had one man keeping tab on him—Farnsworth—who is as good as any detective that ever walked. He says Blount isn't half as innocent as he looks. His speechmaking has taken him into every corner of the state, and Farnsworth says he has been doing a lot of quiet prying and investigating on the side—looking up evidence, was what my man thought."

Gantry began to look uncomfortable. "Perhaps I ought to have mentioned it before," he said. "Blount has been holding me up to the rack all along; says if he preaches straight we've got to walk straight. I've argued with him, but it doesn't do any good."

Once more the vice president's heavy eyebrows rose.

"You mean that he might be tempted to try compulsion?" he asked.

"Yes—er—in fact, he has threatened to do just that," stammered the traffic man.

At that the shaggy eyebrows bent themselves into a frown of abstracted reflection.

"We must take care not to give him a chance," he announced finally. "During the few days that intervene between now and the election he must be kept safely in hand. It won't do for him to be around and in the way while you two are trying to do business with Hathaway and the others. Keep him out of the capital. And if you think he has been gathering evidence see to it that he doesn't get a chance to use it. How about that matter in the Fifth ward? We've got to make sure of Gryson this time."

Kittredge held up a thumb and forefinger tightly pressed together.

"We've got the city wards right there," he said, "with the Honorable David pretty safely enchained. He is playing a deep game this time—so deep that it is altogether underground and out of sight. But we have him down just the same."

The vice president reached over and pressed the bell push which signaled to his train conductor.

"That is all I have to say," he concluded. "Keep your eye on young Blount and get rid of him for a few days. I'll leave the details to you. Get orders for me as you go up. Kittredge, and let me out as soon as possible. I ought to be halfway home by this time."

It was young Ranlett, a reporter for the Daily Capital, who had seen Blount of the arrival of the vice president's car, running as second section of the overland.

Ranlett had tried ineffectually to get to the private car, having for his object the interviewing of the vice president.

Blount thought it a little singular that the vice president should come to the capital secretly, but he did not stop to speculate upon this.

Having something more than a suspicion that Gantry was not pleased with his threat of exposure up to McVickar, he determined at once to seek an interview with the vice president.

Walking rapidly down to the Sierra avenue station, he saw a light in Gantry's office, and, meaning to be fair first and severe afterward, if needful, he ran up the stair and tried the door of the traffic manager's office. It opened under his hand. Gantry was at his desk.

"Ranlett tells me that McVickar is in town," he began abruptly. "Where is he?"

"Ranlett is mistaken—about twenty minutes mistaken," was Gantry's reply. "Mr. McVickar passed through here a few minutes ago on his way to Twin Canyon City. His special has been gone some little time."

"When is he coming back?"

"I don't know."

"Did you see him?"

"I did."

"Did you take up with him the matter of issuing new tariffs—to do away with the preferentials or to level the public rates down to them?"

Gantry shifted uneasily in his chair and tried to evade. "There was very little time," he said. "Mr. McVickar was in a great hurry, and his special was held only a few minutes."

Blount crossed the room and sat down.

"Dick, we've come to the last round-up," he said gravely. "In the nature of things I can't give you any more time. You've got to do something and do it quickly. Let's go up and see the editor of the Capital."

"What for?" demanded Gantry.

"I want you to give him an interview to the effect that a revision of the freight rates is in process and that shippers having grievances should present themselves at once. That will at least start the ball to rolling in the right direction."

"I should think it would," scoffed the traffic manager. "What you don't know about the making of freight tariffs would sink a ship, Evan. These things can't be done while you wait."

(Continued next week)