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I have leased the Hotel Scio and intend to take care of my patrons in the best possible manner. My tables will be supplied with the best the markets afford and my rooms and beds are clean and wholesome. My charges to both transient and regular boarders are and will be as reasonable as conditions will allow. Special attention given to commercial men.

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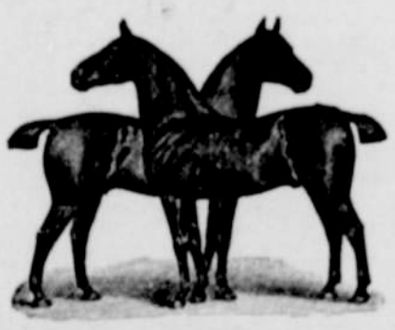

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(No. 1779)

Albany..... Monday
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Terms $15.00 to Insure

Due when mare is known to be in foal.

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Are cured by Chamberlain's Salve. One application relieves the itching and burning sensation

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The NEWS is agent for the sale of a farm containing 158 acres, situated miles from Scio, for $35 per acre. If sold immediately the crop, 28 acres of fine oats, garden and hay (15 tons), 3 horses, 2 cows and 1 heifer, binder plow, harrow, wagon, cultivator, hogs, chickens, etc., included. 75 acres under cultivatihn.

This is a No. 1 apple land and is a spleneid bargain for anyone desiring to enter the orchard business. Inquire at the Santiam News office, Scio Ore.

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Gooseberries 25 cents per gallon, strawberries 20 cents per gallon, currants 25 cents per gallon, logan berries in season. All varieties light crop.

Two ton of loose hay at $8 per ton, ten ton of vetch straw at $5 per ton, good as cheat hay.

Forty acres of vetch and oat hay at $10 per acre. Will make two to three ton per acre.

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Right in your busiest season when you have the least time to spare you are most likely to take diarrhoea and lose several day's time, unless you have Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy at hand and take a dose on the first appearance of the disease. For sale by all dealers.

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.

For summer diarrhoea in children always give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and castor oil, and a speedy cure is certain. For sale by all dealers.

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Smokers Articles
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Orders taken for all kinds of Rubber stamps and office supplies

NOW IS THE BEST TIME

of the year to have your teeth out and plate and bridgework done and here is the place to get the best painless work possible. *Compare our Prices.*

We finish plate and bridge work for out-of-town patrons in one day if desired. Painless extraction free when plates or bridge work is ordered. Consultation free.

Molar Crowns	$5.00
22k Bridge Teeth	4.00
Gold Fillings	1.00
Enamel Fillings	1.00
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Good Rubber Plates	5.00
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Painless Dentists

Failing Building, Third and Washington PORTLAND, ORE.
Office Hours: 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sundays, 9 to 1

The Honorable Senator Sagebrush

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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"But they've got to be in this instance," Blount insisted. "If you don't withdraw the preferentials given to the corporations you must do the other thing. Post your legal notice of a reduction of the rates on the commodities upon which you are now allowing rebates, and I'll fight straight through on the line I've been taking."

"And if we don't?" queried Gantry.

"If you don't do one or the other there will be an explosion, just as I've told you. Of course you know that my safe was broken open last night—wrecked with dynamite?"

"Yes."

"Well, unluckily for you, the packet of papers which might otherwise have been taken or destroyed didn't happen to be in the safe. The documents are still where they can be used at a moment's notice. And, Dick, I'll use my ammunition if you don't play fair."

Gantry, long suffering and patient to a fault in a business affair, was not altogether superhuman.

"Evan, you are a frost—a black frost. You stand up so straight that you lean over backward. Don't you know that the Transcontinental is big enough and strong enough to chivvy you from one end of this country to the other if you turn traitor? I love a fighting man, but I haven't any use for a fool."

Blount laughed.

"If I have succeeded in making you angry perhaps there is a chance that you will do something. You may curse me out all you want to, but the fact remains. I'm going to explode the bomb, and it will be touched off far enough before election to do the work if you keep on refusing to make my word to the people good. That is all—all the all. Now, will you go up to the Capital office with me and dictate that bit of information that I mentioned?"

"Not in a thousand years!" raged Gantry. "Not in a thousand years!" Nevertheless he rose, closed his desk and prepared to accompany the importunate political manager. Halfway along the first block he said: "There is no use in our going to the Capital office at this time of night. Blenkinsop doesn't get around to his desk much before 11. Let's go up to the club."

At the railway club the traffic manager developed a keen desire to kill the intervening time in a game of billiards. Blount indulged him, beat him three games in succession and consistently refused to drink with him. At the end of the third game Gantry gave a terse definition of a man who would force his friend to go and drink alone and went to the bar. Ten minutes later when Blount went after him he had disappeared, and the visit to the newspaper office was postponed perforce.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE EVE OF BATTLE.

On the following morning Blount found a telegram on his desk. It bore the vice president's name, and the date line was Twin Canyon City. It directed him to go to a remote portion of the state beyond the Lost River mountains to examine the papers in a right of way case which was coming up for trial at the next term of court.

This was in Kittredge's department, and Blount called up the superintendent on the phone. Kittredge was in his office, and he evidently knew about the vice president's telegram; also he seemed very anxious to have the division counsel go to Lewiston at once, so anxious that he offered his own service car to be run as a special train.

Blount saw no way to evade a positive order from his chief, but he was more than suspicious that Gantry or Kittredge or possibly both of them were conspiring to get him away from the capital at the critical moment. What did not occur to him at the time was the fact that Mr. McVickar's telegram might have originated in Kittredge's office.

Asking the superintendent to have the service car made ready immediately, he packed his hand bag, left a note for Patricia and began the useless journey.

In all his traveling up and down the state he had never found anything to equal the slowness of the special train. Four mortal hours were lost on the lonely siding. There was no station, and Blount could not telegraph. So far as he knew, the service car might stay there for a day or a week. It was all to no purpose that he quarreled with his conductor. The train crew had orders to wait for westbound 17, and there was nothing to do but to keep on waiting.

Late in the afternoon train 17 or some other train came along, and the special was once more set in motion eastward, but at dinner time it was again sidetracked, eighty odd miles from its destination, and once more at a blind siding, where there was no telegraph office. The car was still standing on the siding when Blount went to bed. But in the morning it was in motion again, jogging now on its leisurely way up the branch line.

At Lewiston, the town at the end of the branch where the right of way trouble had originated, Blount found more delay, carefully planned for, as he had now come firmly to believe. The plaintiffs in the right of way case were out of town, and their lawyers had gone to the capital. Blount saw that he might wait a week without accomplishing anything; hence he immediately instructed his conductor to get orders for the return.

After having been gone a leisurely half hour the conductor came back to the service car to say that the single telegraph wire connecting Lewiston with the outer world was down and that the orders for the return journey could not be obtained until the telegraph connection was restored. At that point Blount took matters into his own hands.

There was a mining company having its headquarters in the isolated town, and Blount had met the manager once in the capital—met him in a social way and had been able to show him some little attention. Hiring a buckboard at the one livery stable in the place, he drove out to the Little Mary mine and luckily found Blatchford, the friendly manager. It did not take over a minute to renew the pleasant acquaintance and to state his dilemma.

"I'm hung up here with my special train, the wires are down, and I can't get out," was his statement of the crude fact. "Didn't you tell me that you owned a motorcar?"

"I did," was the prompt reply. "Want to borrow it?"

"You beat me to it," said Blount, laughing. "That was precisely what I was going to beg for—the loan of your car. I believe you told me that you had driven it from here to the capital."

"Oh, yes, several times. You ought to make it in six hours and a half or seven at the most. Drive me down to the burg and I'll put you in possession."

A little later Blount found himself handling the levers of a very serviceable knockabout car equipped for hard work on country roads. When he was ready to go he drove down to the railroad yard and hunted up his conductor.

"After you have had your vacation you may get orders from Mr. Kittredge and take his car back to the capital," he told the man. "When you do you may give him my compliments and tell him that I preferred to run my own special train."

The conductor grinned and made no reply, and he was still grinning when he sauntered into the railroad telegraph office and spoke to the operator.

"I dunno what's up," he said, "but, whatever it was, the string's broke. Old Dave Sagebrush's son has borrowed him an automobeel and gone back to town on his own hook. Guess you'd better call up the division dispatcher and tell him the broken wire gag didn't work. Get a move on. We hain't got nothing to stay here for now."

IT DIRECTED HIM TO GO TO A REMOTE PORTION OF THE STATE.

The traffic manager had left his office for the day, but Blount found him at the railway club.

"Just a word, Dick," he began when he had overtaken Kittredge's accomplice in the grill room corridor. "Kittredge put up a job on me, and I think you helped him. I had to borrow an automobile to come back in from Lewiston."

"Confound you!" said Gantry heartily.

But that was all that he had a chance to say, since Blount had turned abruptly and was already leaving the club to go on to the hotel.

Since the election was now no more than three days distant the Inter-Mountain lobby was filled with groups of caucusing politicians. Notwithstanding the position he had taken and the open eyed fearlessness with which he had discussed the political situation publicly in every considerable town in the state, Evan Blount was still a puzzle to those whose ways were, by need and the force of circumstance, the reverse of straightforward.

Blount was halted half a dozen times before he could make his way to the elevator, and the pumping process to which he was subjected at each fresh halting space amused him. It was plainly evident that in spite of all he had said and done a considerable majority of the politicians were still regarding him as in some sense his father's lieutenant. Somewhat to his disappointment he found that Patricia had gone out with his father and his father's wife to dinner; hence he was forced to sit at a table in the cafe with three of the caucusing politicians and was obliged to find his moderate pleasure in trying to make their very evident perplexity lose nothing of its acuteness during the table hour.

When he reached his office on Saturday morning, after an early and solitary breakfast at the hotel, the young reformer scored, or thought he had scored, his first small victory. Among the envelopes on his desk was one bearing the imprint of the traffic office. It inclosed a carbon copy of the notice required by law of a proposed change in freight rates.

Hastily comparing the figures with the memorandum in his pocketbook, Blount felt the tension relaxing for the first time in weeks. At the long last Gantry or his superiors had surrendered. The rates on lumber, electrical supplies and other commodities which had been given illegal preferentials were to be reduced to the figures given to the favored corporations.

Blount passed a busy Saturday, putting in most of his time at his desk. Calling up the hotel in the afternoon, he found that his father had taken Patricia and Honoria for a drive in the roadster, and at dinner time the automobile party had not yet returned. Blount went back to his office after a hasty dinner and worked late into the night. The eve of battle had arrived, and he was striving to clinch the nail of argument as well as he could by writing many letters to the political friends he had made in going up and down the state.

The Sunday proved to be a very quiet day, though the lobby of the Inter-Mountain was still the assembling place for the gathering clans of politicians. Blount went to church in the morning because Patricia insisted upon it, and his appearance in the pew as a member of the Honorable David's family would have caused fresh comment if there had been any churchgoers among the visiting politicians.

After luncheon he borrowed the roadster and took Patricia for a drive. The day was perfect, and the roads were in good condition. When he had put distance between them and the Sunday quiet of the city streets he told Patricia of his experience with Kittredge's special train.

(Continued next week)