

OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

"DIGNIFYING
THE
INDUSTRIES"

This is the title of a beautiful 64-page book, which will show any boy or girl how to SUCCEED. Drop a postal in the mail TODAY and it will be sent FREE. The aim of the College is to dignify and popularize the industries, and to serve ALL the people. It offers courses in Agriculture, Civil Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Mining Engineering, Forestry, Domestic Science and Art, Commerce, Pharmacy and Music. The College opens September 22d. Catalog free. Address: REGISTRAR, OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Corvallis, Oregon.

Newport Yauquina Bay

Oregons Popular Beach Resort

An ideal retreat for outdoor pastimes of all kinds. Hunting, fishing, boating, surf bathing, riding, autoing, canoeing, darning, and roller skating. Where pretty water agates, moss agates, moonstones, carnelians can be found on the beach. Pure mountain water and the best of food at low prices. Fresh fish, clams, crabs and oysters with abundance of vegetables of all kinds daily.

Camping Grounds Convenient and Attractive
With Strict Sanitary Regulations

Low round-trip season tickets

From all points in Oregon, Washington and Idaho on sale daily

3 Day Saturday-Monday Tickets

From Southern Pacific points Portland to Cottage Grove; also from all C. & E. stations, Albany and west. Good going Saturday or Sunday and for returning Sunday or Monday.

Call on any S. P. or C. & E. Agent for full particulars as to fares, train schedules, etc., also for copy of illustrated booklet "Outing in Oregon"

WM. McMURRAY

General Passenger Agent

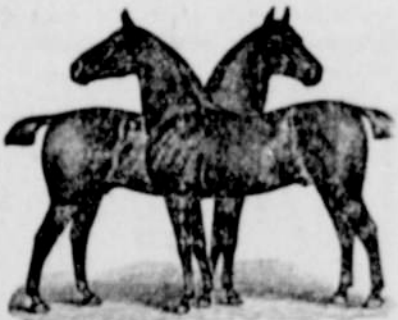
Portland, Oregon

To the Traveling Public

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.

PAUL BARTNIK, PROP. SCIO ORE

The Imported German Coach Stallion



EXCELENTZ

(No. 1779)

Albany..... Monday
Lebanon..... Tuesday, Wednesday
Scio..... Thursday
Jefferson..... Saturday

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

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.

DR. W. R. BILYEU

DENTIST

OVER WOODWORTH'S DRUG STORE

BOTH PHONES

ALBANY - - - OREGON

R. SHELTON

Real Estate Notary Public

Administrator of Estates

Loans Negotiated, Abstracts

Obtained and Examined

SCIO - - - OREGON

CONFECTIONERY STORE

H. A. STAM, Prop.

Smokers Articles
Tobacco & Cigars
Fruits in Season
Soft Drinks, Confectionery, Lunch Goods, Post Cards Stationery, Magazines, etc.

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 bridge work done and here is the place to get the best painless work possible. Compare our prices.



DR. W. A. WEST, DENTIST AND ORTHODONTIST
24 YEARS ESTABLISHED IN PORTLAND
All work fully guaranteed for fifteen years.

Wise Dental Co., Inc.

Painless Dentists
Felling Building, Third and Washington PORTLAND, ORE
Office Hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sundays, 2 to 4

YOU



NEED

An abstract BEFORE you buy property—it's an absolute necessity if you want to know about the validity of your title.

Honestly, to buy a piece of real estate without an abstract is taking a blind chance on being sold an expensive piece of litigation.

OUR abstracts are correct and complete.

Linn County Abstract Co.

Corner 2nd and Broadalbin St.

ALBANY OREGON

Geo. W. Wright

Dan Johnston

Wright & Johnston

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

Nos. 3-9 Wright Bldg

Both Phones

ALBANY

OREGON

THE ESMOND HOTEL

Centrally located, good rooms, prices moderate, courteous treatment

Corner Morrison and Front Streets

PORTLAND

OREGON

A. SHANKS

—Manufacturer and Dealer in—

Harness and Saddles

Carriage Trimming Repair Work Solicited

All Work Strictly Guaranteed

SHELBURN, OREGON

C. C. BRYANT

ATTORNEY AT LAW

CUSICK BLOCK

ALBANY

OREGON

WEATHERFORD & SON

Attorneys-at-Law

Office in Blumberg Block

ALBANY

OREGON

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

Veterinarian

Will attend calls at Scio when notified

—OFFICE—

Cornish & Rigs Livery Stable

STAYTON, OREGON

Tetter, Salt Rheum and Eczema

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



Honorable Senator Sagebrush

By

FRANCIS LYNDE

Copyright, 1910, by Street & Smith

When Gryson was gone Blount put on his hat and went straight to the editorial rooms of the Daily Capital. Blenkinsop, the thin faced, long haired editor, was humped in his chair over his desk blue pencilling copy like a man running a race against time.

"In just a minute," he said when Blount stood beside him. And then, sticking the copy on the hook, "Now I'm with you."

Blount had marked the unusual daytime activities in the newspaper office and had instantly put two and two together.

"You're at work pretty early for a morning paper force, aren't you, Blenkinsop?" he asked.

"You bet we are!" was the quick reply.

"What is the matter?" queried Blount.

"Haven't you heard?" said the editor. "Somebody—heaven only knows who—has been gathering up a lot of false registration evidence involving half a dozen of the principal towns in the state. The stuff came to us by a sort of underground route, but it's reliable all right. It's a corker. There'll be 10,000 repeaters challenged in this state at the polls tomorrow, and no man living can tell what the outcome will be."

Blount saw a great light, which suddenly grew to clarifying brightness.

"Whom does the scandal involve, Blenkinsop?" he asked quietly.

At this the long haired editor grew curiously embarrassed. "You're with us, Blount, that I know. But you are also your father's son. There are only one machine and one boss in the Sagebrush State."

Blount nodded dumbly. Then, "When will you go to press with the first edition of the paper?"

"At 3 a. m. sharp," was the reply.

Blount turned to go. "I may have another half column or so for you before that time," he said, "but you needn't hold the forms open for me. I'll call you over the phone if I have anything to say."

Once in the street, Blount went straight to the bank where he had rented the safety box. Five minutes in the privacy of the vault anteroom, with the unlocked box before him, confirmed his suspicions. The packet which he had so carefully secured was made up of blank papers folded to appear like the originals, and it became convincingly evident that his office safe had not been dynamited for nothing.

The matter which would appear under glaring search heads the next morning would be the evidence which he himself had collected, carefully edited no doubt, so that it would leave out all that might incriminate anybody but the machine and the machine's boss—his father.

With a muttered threat of vengeance directed at his traitorous office force, Blount went slowly back to the Temple court and sat down to wait for Gryson's return, giving Collins orders to deny him to everybody else.

Once again in the history of the race it had become the duty of a son to betray a father. Blount saw his way lying clearly defined before him. He must take the affidavits which Gryson would bring and lay them before Judge Hemingway, the one man in the capital, if not in the entire state, who would have the courage of his convictions and the high sense of duty to act, and act promptly.

Blount saw the dreadful consequences marshaling themselves in readiness. His father would be implicated beyond any possibility or hope of exculpation, and the people of the state—stirred as they would be by the widespread story of fraud which he himself had gathered—would show little mercy to the chief instigator of the frauds.

During the last half hour of waiting Blount could no longer sit still, and he

was pacing the floor of the private office, ten steps and a turn, monotonously, when Gryson was ushered in.

"I've got 'em, a full dozen of 'em!" growled the bribe taker, throwing a thick packet of papers on Blount's desk. "Now, then, what do I get out of it?"

Blount stopped short and whirled as if the demand had been a blow.

"You'll get just what any other criminal gets when he turns state's evidence," he rasped. "You won't be prosecuted and sent to the penitentiary, as you deserve to be. Now get out of here, and don't let me have to tell you twice!"

Gryson made a move as if he would repossess himself of the packet of affidavits, but Blount came between with the danger signals flashing in his eyes.

"No, you don't!" he said sharply. "I told you to go—do it!" And, as once before, the bribe taker went out muttering curses.

When the corridor door had closed behind the traitor Blount put the affidavits in his pocket and passed out quickly through the anteroom.

"I don't know when I shall be back," he said to Collins, with a hand on the door of egress. "Has any one called since noon?"

"No. Some lady sent a boy up to ask for you, but I sent word that you were not in, as you told me to."

Evan realized that he had unthinkingly barred Patricia out with all the others. And now she would drive to Wartrace Hall without him, and the terrible thing that must be done must be done before he should see her face again.

CHAPTER XVIII

FATHER AND SON.

HAVING the sacrificial thing to do, Evan Blount was not of those who make a painful task more painful by needlessly postponing it. Judge Hemingway was sitting in chambers. This Blount had learned when he was returning from his call upon Blenkinsop. With the way open before him there was nothing to do but to walk in it.

The courthouse was only two squares east and one south from his offices in the Temple court building, and on one of the intervening corners stood the towerlike building of the Daily Capital.

It was on the Capital corner that Blount halted, asking himself how far he would be justified in withholding Gryson's statement from the editor until after the scandal had been public property through its appearance on the court records. Open publicity had been his watchword from the beginning, and was he to hesitate now because the ties of kinsman were holding him back?

While he was hesitating before the door of the newspaper office a small red touring car dropped out of the stream of vehicles in the street and stopped at the curb. A moment later he became conscious that the single occupant of the car was calling to him. It was Patricia, and her mood was reproachful.

"I like the way you treat your friends," she said when he had crossed quickly to her. "What have I done that you should send word to me that you couldn't or wouldn't see me?"

"You have done nothing—nothing at all," he made haste to say. "I have been overrun all day with callers—people who had much to ask and nothing to give in return. I had no idea that you would come so early when I told Collins to deny me to everybody. And there was another thing. If you could know—"

"I am very willing to know," she interrupted.

(Continued next week)