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SECRETARY WILSON HONORARY PRESIDENT

U. S. Department of Agriculture
In Barley and Hop Exhibition.

The secretary of state, the Hon. Philander Knox, has sent out to the diplomatic and consular representatives of the United States in foreign countries a circular letter informing them that an international brewers' congress will be held in Chicago, Oct. 12 to 22, 1911, and instructing them to bring the matter to the attention of the respective governments to which they are accredited, with the request that due publicity be given to the information and that the respective parties in interest be invited to participate in the congress.

The circular further contains the information that there will also be held at the same time and place an international prize exhibition for barley and hops.

The secretary of agriculture in the United States, the Hon. James Wilson, is the honorary president of the international brewers' congress.

The United States department of agriculture is preparing an exhibit by which the United States government will be represented at the international prize exhibition for barley and hops. The department will show what has been done by several of its experts who have been for some years devoting their time to the improvement of these crops.

The importance of this exhibition for the farmers who raise barley and hops cannot be overstated. It is believed that the first step is herewith taken to bring about a system of valuing these important crops upon a basis of fact rather than upon mere individual preference and perhaps prejudice.

Some American growers claim that, inasmuch as American hops in many cases are just as rich in the soft resins as the best European hops, their brewing value ought to be equal to that of the Europeans. They have not, however, been able to convince American brewers of the accuracy of this view. They will try to do so at the barley and hop exhibition in Chicago in October, 1911. The principal trouble, however, with American hops as they reach the market is that they are picked carelessly. The only part that is of value to the consumer is the cone, and everything in the shape of stems and leaves that is mixed with the grains not only diminishes the amount of available material, but introduces a decidedly injurious element, the leaves and cones being rich in tannic acid, which imparts a stringent and harsh taste.

In the international barley and hop exhibition, which will be held in Chicago in October, 1911, the item of clean picking will cut an important figure in the valuation of the hops that will be entered for prize competition.

The great importance of this exhibition will lie in the fact that it will tend to put the valuation of hops upon a substantial basis of facts rather than of individual preferences.

All exhibits at this exposition will be in the names of growers, no dealers being admitted to the competitive exhibition. The exhibition is in charge of the committee on awards, 1508 Republic building, Chicago.

Notice of Guardian's Sale

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, the duly appointed, qualified and acting guardian of the estate of Edwin J. Holland and Glen A. Holland, minors was by the county court of Linn county, Oregon, on September 18, 1911, duly licensed to sell the following real property, to-wit: The SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ and the W $\frac{1}{2}$ of the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 32 in Tp. 9, South Range 1 West of the Willamette Meridian; and the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ and the W $\frac{1}{2}$ of the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 5, in Tp. 10, South Range 1 West of the Willamette Meridian, containing 120 acres more or less all in Linn county, Oregon.

That on and after Monday, October 30, 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 one-half cash and balance secured by mortgage. Applications to purchase may be made at the office of R. Shelton in Scio, Oregon.

Maud E. Holland
Guardian.

C. C. Bryant,

Attorney.

First publication Sept. 29, 1911.

Last publication Oct. 27, 1911.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

Cures Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.

Cleaning Barley For Seed.

One of the principal difficulties that have obtained in the growing of barley as well as other crops is that sufficient attention has not been paid to



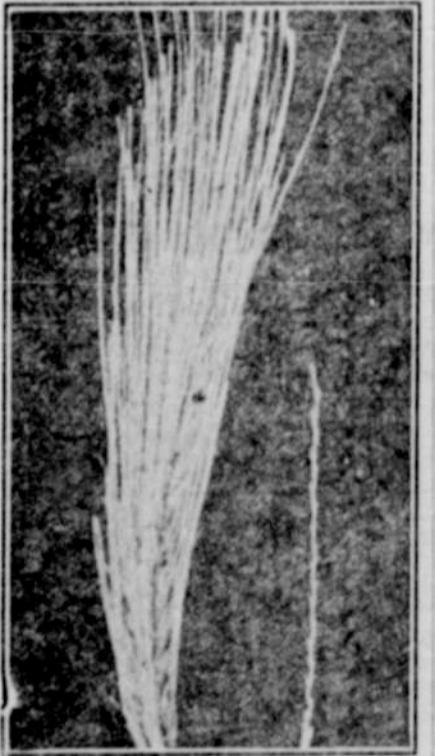
HEAD AND STEM OF WHITE CLUB-BARLEY.

the seed, not only in the matter of fanning out all dead and degenerate berries, so as to seed only good and live grain and produce a good crop where no grains will fall to sprout, but also because there has been a lack of uniformity as to variety or strain. This is perhaps of more than ordinary importance in the case of barley and is one of the matters that will engage the attention of the barley and hop exhibition at Chicago in October, 1911. The barley which is used for malting purposes is put through an artificial process of sprouting in mass, in which necessarily all grains are treated alike. It stands to reason, however, that where plump and thin grains, mealy and starchy ones, starchy and albuminous grains are all steeped and sprouted under like conditions they will necessarily grow differently and cannot yield a uniform malt. This causes serious troubles to the consumer when he works up the malt in the further processes of manufacture and makes it difficult for him to finish off a uniform product. It stands to reason that where the different kinds of grains are all seeded in the same soil in like manner at the same season and grow under the same weather conditions the berries of different characters cannot possibly develop alike. The result will be an uneven stand, differences in the time of maturing, different action in the stack, etc.

Pedigree Grain.

Different strains of barley will grow differently on different soils and in different climates.

In order to produce the best crops which will also be the most abundant it is therefore necessary to use pure strains, or, as the scientists call them, "pedigree" grain, where all the berries are of the same variety or strain and will behave alike under similar conditions. It is also necessary to find by experiment what particular strain is best suited to certain soils and climates.



HEAD AND STEM OF MANCHURIA BARLEY.

mates and also what method of planting and cultivation is best adapted to the varieties and types.

A great deal of work has been done along these lines by scientific investigators, particularly at the agricultural experiment stations of Wisconsin and Minnesota. These scientific men are serving on the committee on awards for the barley and hop exhibition which will take place in Chicago in October, 1911.

Don't trifle with a cold is good advice for prudent men and women. It may be vital in case of a child. There is nothing better than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for coughs and colds in children. It is safe and sure. For sale by all dealers.

The Mascot of Sweet Briar Gulch

By HENRY WALLACE
PHILLIPS

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The people coming and going, the traffic of the stores, the dwellings with small cultivated plots around them, warmed Jim like a fire. He had been very lonely without knowing it. In the afternoon he went down to the depot to see the eastern train come in.

Here again absence played a part and restored the locomotive to its proper proportions of a miracle. As the engine glided in, shaking the ground beneath it, it seemed impossible to Jim that man really made it. What! Bend those mighty rods of steel to his will? Twist and shape those others? Cast those great drivers? And after to drive the monster with a hand?

He drew back as the buzzing engine passed him with something like awe. Then the moving village came to a stop, and the passengers sallied forth to test their legs, wearied with long sitting.

There was humanity of all shades, from the haughty aristocrat of the Pullman to the peasant of the emigrant car.

Jim had a sense of pleasure in beholding well dressed folk again, yet it was merely an aesthetic pleasure, for he found when he began to speculate on the possibilities of the throng before him that he was more interested in those whose all was staked on the trip than in those to whom it was only an excursion.

People of widely differing nationalities occupied the emigrant car. Jim wondered whether they would ever become Americans according to his ideas of Americans, a people in which he had great pride and delight, and he shook his head doubtfully as he took them in.

Suddenly a small boy darted out of a car—an exceedingly small boy, thin to emaciation, who made his way through the crowd with that sprawling, active, dancing manner peculiar to thin small boys and spiders.

Jim half laughed at the little chap until he saw his face. Then he realized at a glance that the matter was no laughing one for the boy.

At the same time he saw the shocking thinness of the little face made into a wolf's face by hunger, the mingled horror and desperation of the eyes. The big man would not have believed a child's face could express emotions of such magnitude. He was wonder-stricken at the sight and felt an instinctive sympathy for the fugitive.

It is a strange thing how fortune will sometimes guide with certainty when reason shows no path.

The boy came unerringly toward Jim. Jim had a sort of prophetic insight that he would. Back behind him the urchin ran. "Don't cher give me away, mister," he pleaded. Jim flapped a hand in answer.

At the time he was leaning against a corner of the station. A little back of him was a small lean-to shed, where various trucks were stored.

Out of the car came a burly brute of a man, who stared about him rapidly. "Dat's der ol' man," whispered the boy. "If he gits holt of me there won't be a hull bone left in me body."

The man walked up to the conductor and spoke to him. "Aggh!" said the boy. "Now dey'll get me sure. Der jig is up. Dey'll have der hull gang er top o' me!" the voice trailed off into a strangled sob and then continued in a fierce whisper: "Aggh! If I had me growth I'd show 'em! I'd show 'em!" And then a burst of half-raising profanity.

The argument was growing loud between the man, who was urging something, and the conductor, who was declining. Others were walking toward the moderate excitement.

Jim wheeled and caught the boy in his arms. "Up you go!" he said and tossed him on top of the shed. "Lie low behind the wood there and you are all right."

Then came the conductor's voice: "Say, my friend, if you think I'm going to hold my train while you hunt up a lost kid there's something in you that don't work right. Why didn't you take care of him while you had him? Now you've got just four minutes by the watch. Either hustle around and hunt or drop off the train and hunt. What's that? Now, don't you give me any slack, you black nuzzled farrier, or I'll have the fear of God thrown into you too quick. Get out of here now! Get out of my way!"

The man slouched off and made a hasty search around the station. A

woman's face—scarcely an improvement on the man's—leaned out of the car window and jeered at the hunter, who cursed her back savagely.

The man walked up to Jim. "Say, did yer see a kid go by here, mister?" With a shrug of his shoulders, Jim asked him that question in Mr. Ollendorf's French method about the pink and green overcoat of the shoemaker's wife's sister.

The man showered low abuse on what he supposed was a foreigner until Jim's ribs rose with the desire to kill him.

"Ayr, wot are yer wastin' time wid th' dago fur?" called the woman. "Th' kid's on the roof!" Jim's heart almost stopped, so thoroughly had he identified himself with this quarrel. He made up his mind to fight for the boy, right or wrong.

But he was saved the trouble. It was only a jest of the woman's, for she suddenly called, so earnestly that even Jim was fooled. "No, he ain't neither. I see him! I see him! There he is." It was the perfection of acting, voice and gesture.

The man ran out to see where she was pointing. "Where is he?" he asked, looking wild around.

"On top der fagpole, like er monkey! You're it!" she cried, with a shriek of laughter at the black brows of her dupe.

"I'll show yer der joke when I git in dere," he threatened.

The woman leaned her chin on her hands and smiled. Jim never forgot



"UP YOU GO!" HE SAID.

the utter undauntedness, impudence and malice of that face. "Yer allus goin' to do sumpin', Pete," she retorted. "Yer'll be a man yet."

A more amiable man than Pete might have been provoked by such conduct. He strode forward with white knuckled fists and a very unpleasant expression on his face. Several men started to interfere, but it wasn't necessary.

The woman quietly looked at her bully, chewing a straw with the utmost nonchalance. "Give us a kiss," said she. The man's crest dropped. He said something in an undertone and got on the car.

Jim needed no further knowledge of this delightful couple to be thoroughly on the boy's side. It seemed to him that the man was quite capable of keeping a small animal at hand for the fun of torturing it, and as for the woman—well, if there was her like in hell Jim determined to be good for the rest of his days.

"All aboard!" cried the conductor. And with a few mighty breaths the iron giant whisked its load out in the open again.

"Stay where you are, son. Hill I see whether that fellow is playing a trick," said Jim, and not until he had looked under the platform, up and down the track and in the waiting rooms did he give the command, "Come down!"

CHAPTER II.

THE passenger agent saw the performance with astonishment. "So you had the boy tucked away all the time?" said he.

"Just what kind of a game is this?" "Dunno," returned Jim. "Let the boy speak for himself. Now, young man, what's the matter?"

The urchin stood before them, taking them in thoroughly with his sharp little eyes. More big men strolled up. As a particularly fine foil to the boy's diminutive form Benny, the baggage smasher, whose overhanging shoulders testified whence came the power that had reduced many a proud Saratoga to elemental conditions, and "Happy Jack," the mammoth, soot black, loose jointed negro porter, placed themselves on either side of him. They made the boy look more like an insect than ever.

"Wot's de matter?" he cried in a voice at once hoarse and shrill, with a cursing note in it and accompanying the words with an extravagant dramatic gesture of his skinny claw. "I'll ell yer wot's der matter. Yer bent me—dey bent me bad. I don't ast youse to take me word for it. Look at me back—dat's all I ast yer—jus' look at dat!"

He ripped the shirt from his shoulders. An angry growl went up from all those big bearded men when they saw the horrible stripes and welts—raw, blue and swollen—on the poor little back.

Happy Jack threw up both his gorilla arms. "Good Lawd! WLo done you see dat, boy?" he cried. "I got m' hooks on him, cuss me 'I wudden' put bumps on him bigger'n yer hull body."

(To be Continued)