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mines to develop them to the high-
est possible efficiency; who is capa-
ble of seeing the sweetness and joy
that lie all about him; who, being
proud, does not allow his body or
mind to be defiled—he is the one
who obtains the big rewards.—
Oppenheim.

The Antiquity of Man.

Man was looked upon as old when
it was shown that he was contem-
porary with the mammoth in the glacial
period, but recent discoveries prove
him to be immeasurably older and
to have lived with the forerunners of
the mammoth, elephants antiquus and
the Etruscan rhinoceros, rhinoceros
etruscus. He found his way into Great
Britain while the British islands were
still a peninsula, and the Thames was
a tributary of the Rhine, and in the
ancient valley of the Thames pursued
the deer or fled from the cave bear
and the tiger. This we know from the
bones and stone implements found in
undisturbed ground far below the
present surface of the soil.—Century.

A Beneficial Shock.

One day a gentleman gave half a
crown to a "deaf and dumb" beggar,
who, quite taken off his guard by such
unusual munificence, exclaimed: "Bless
you, sir! Bless you!"
"Hello!" said the gentleman. "I
thought you were deaf and dumb."
"So I was, sir," replied the beggar.
"But your extraordinary generosity
was such a shock—such a pleasant
shock—to the system that it has re-
stored my speech and hearing. Bless
you again, sir, a thousand times!"—
London Tit-Bits.

Lunilolary in China.

In China the practice of lunilolary
exists at the present day and is of very
early origin. The chief festival, that
of Yueping, or moon cakes, is held dur-
ing the eighth month of the Chinese
year. Persons make cakes of various
sizes in the shape of the moon and
paint different figures upon them.
Friends and relatives pay visits to one
another, give entertainments and pre-
sent their cakes after making protesta-
tions and pouring out oblations to the
moon.

The Only Condition.

"Are you ready to live on my in-
come?" he asked softly. She looked
up into his face trustfully.
"Certainly, dearest," she answered.
"If—if?"
"If what?"
"If you can get another one for your-
self."
"Another?"
"Yes; another income."—Exchange.

Cuban Indians.

Cuban officials applied to the king of
Spain in 1534 for 7,000 negroes that
they may become insured to labor be-
fore the Indians cease to exist. After
1533 there was not an Indian on the
island.



Spark Came Out With an
Egg in His Mouth

WHEN daddy came upstairs the children were talking about Sheppie.
Sheppie's health had not been very good, and Jack said that
when their dog was ill the Greens had given him a raw egg daily
and found that it did good.

"But," said Evelyn to Jack, "it would be hard to get Sheppie to eat an egg.
I never heard of dogs eating eggs."

"Well, Finkle Green says their Bruno learned to like eggs," insisted Jack.

"Do you s'pose dogs like eggs, daddy?" asked Evelyn doubtfully.

"Well, some dogs do. I can tell you a story of one dog that learned to
like them too well. This dog's name was Spark. He belonged to two little
girls named Agnes and Isabel, who lived in a delightful old fashioned house
in the country, where they had chickens and cats and a pony. Until Spark
came in one morning and sat down beside the kitchen range with an air that
said: 'I like this place pretty well. Guess I'll stay,' they never had had a
dog.

"About midwinter, when eggs were scarce, there was a rumor from the
kitchen that eggs were lost from the chicken house very strangely. Gretchen,
who had charge of the pantry, was angry. She blamed Mr. Cuddy, the colored
man, who came in twice a week to do odd jobs. Mr. Cuddy in his turn laid
it to the Italians. There was an Italian family in the neighborhood. The lit-
tle girls' mother was sure it was rats, and so the case stood until one day
little Johnny Short, who lived across the street, boldly charged Spark with the
theft.

"The little girls were angry. Spark had become very dear to them, al-
though he was selfish about crowding the pussies away from the fire. The
children's mother looked doubtful, but father said, 'Well try Spark.' So he
got some eggs from the pantry and put them down in the sitting room where
Spark could see them, and every one pretended to be busy with something
else. Sparkie just mildly glanced at the eggs as much as to say: 'These
folks ought to be more careful of those eggs! But it's none of my affair.'
Then he stretched out and went to sleep.

"One morning, though, the children's father happened to be up early, and
what did he see but Master Spark coming out of the chicken house with an
egg in his mouth. Then the dog went back and got another. Spark had been
caught in the act. He was the egg thief.

"No, Spark doesn't steal eggs any more. Spark was punished then and
there, and he was a smart enough dog to learn that it is wisest not to take
anything without leave."

The Mascot of Sweet Briar Gulch

By HENRY WALLACE
PHILLIPS

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"I fought it was gittin' on well past
der middle, all right," retorted Ches.
"What 'ud yer expect of a man dat
never heerd der like before?"

"I knew what to expect. I never
heard them either till I came out here.
I was digging a hole up the side of
that hill yonder and had begun to feel
that there was something behind me
and that it was almost time to go
home when old Jack, who has the
voice of his family, poured out his
soul about twenty rods away. I was
halfway home, Ches, before I got sand
enough to go back and investigate.
But now listen and you'll hear some-
thing prettier than that."

He put his fingers to his lips and
whistled a bugle call.

I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the morning!

sounded Jim. And back came the
pretty revellie in a fabric of music in-
describably interwoven, sharp and
staccato from the neighboring walls,
the lightest of whistles from the dis-
tance, turning and twisting upon itself
and starting afresh when all seemed
still.

"Say, dat is pretty," said Ches en-
thusiastically. "Hit her again."

"Young man, you can come up here
whenever you feel like it in the fu-
ture. But as for now, I'm for home
and grub."

"Dat ain't so bad neither. Der an-
mle's jumped me up an' down till I
cud hold more'n a man. Dis spook's
hang out business won't quit, will it?"

"No, sir; that's a fixture. Hang on
tight now, and I'll race you to the
cabin. One, two three!" And away
sprinted Jim down the hill trail, the
burro lumbering after.

"No fair! No fair!" yelled Ches.
"Yer've got me skate doped. Throw
us a tow!"

Jim wheeled at the doorway and
took in the excited, happy little figure
bumping on the burro's back. For
once in his life he had the satisfac-
tion of an indisputable proof that he
had done well. With a sudden access
of affection he caught the boy in his
arms and stood him on the ground.
"Well, here's our home, Ches," he
said.

Home! The street Arab filled his
puny chest, took a long, devouring
look about him and sought a definition
of the word to make sound the lift of
pride and hope that rose within him.

"Yer mean nobuddy kin chase us
out of dis?"
"Nobody."

"It's our'n," the boy went on, with
curious vehemence. "Like dis here,"
snatching an old knife from his pock-
et and shaking it in his tight fist, "ter
trow away, ter sell er ter keep, and
nobuddy got nuttin' ter say about it?"
"Just that, laddybuck—that and noth-
ing else."

"No more slinkin' an' snoopin' aroun'
dodgin' der coppers, no more stallin'
fer der push, no more dirt of no kind.
Say, I can't git dat jus' in a minute."

He stood grappling with the new
idea. In the search an old one came
to the top. His face changed rapidly.
The furtive, hunted look returned. In
a tone the odd quiet of which con-
trasted with the former heat he spoke
again. "Yer for me now, ain't yer,
Jim? If—if der Gun should happen
ter come here yer wouldn't trow me
down at dis stage of der game?"

The big man answered him with an
equal sobriety. He thrust a hand
before the boy's eyes—a splendid hand,
massive and corded at the base, run-
ning out to long, shapely, intelligent
fingers, and every line in it spoke of
power.

"Do you see that hand, Ches?"

"Yessir."

"If the 'Gun' shows his face where
that hand can get a grip on him it will
do the business for him in one squeeze,
and if the hand can't reach there's a
rifle inside that can. Now, get that
out of your mind once for all."

"Well," said the boy—"well—aw, I'll
be d—d, dat's all I kin say, Jim," and
rushed into the house.

The miner leaned back and laughed
and blew his nose, laughed again and



"IT WILL DO THE BUSINESS FOR HIM IN
ONE SQUEEZE."

blew his nose again; then he wiped
the dust out of his eyes, swore a few
words himself and followed the boy
within.

The next day Jim started on his
work in earnest. Before he had sunk
a hole here or there in the broad
smooth surface of the bar of gravel
that he felt certain hid his bonanza.

Now he determined to begin at the
creek bank and drift straight across
the bar. That meant 600 feet of tun-
nel at the best unless fortune was
much kinder than she had hinted at
before, quite an undertaking for one
man, considering the timbering and
all.

It must have been a miner who
wrote that hope springs eternal in the
human breast. Surely in no place
other than the mines is the fact so
manifest. There was once a man sev-
enty-three years old who was sinking
through a cap of cement 200 feet
thick. The stuff was just this side of
powder work, barely to be loosened
with a pick. The old man had to
climb down sixty feet of ladder, fill
his bucket, climb up again and dump
it, and so on and so on and so on. Be-
sides, he had to walk thirty miles and
back again with his load whenever he
ran out of provisions. It had taken
him a year to put his shaft down the
sixty feet. There were 140 more to go,
each foot getting harder, the lord
only knew what would be at the bot-
tom when he got there, yet to sit in
that old man's cabin for an hour was
to obtain a complete exposition of the
theory and practice of optimism. It
is an unbelievable story and would be
senseless were it not entirely true.

Beside that effort, Jim's task took
on the tint of an avocation, but the
man who runs 600 feet of tunnel sin-
gle handed earns whatever may be at
the end of it.

The tunnel was the one thing that
Ches abhorred in his new surround-
ings. Whether it was that it remind-
ed him of the dingy holes of his city
life or whether it was a natural an-
tipathy, Ches was one of those who
can never enter a confined space with-
out the sensation of smothering. At
any rate, neither argument nor coax-
ing could get him to put a foot within
its dark mouth.

An old miner would have shared his
feelings in this instance, for Jim, so
thorough in some things, was a care-
less workman. Your old miner would
have shaken his head at the weak
caps and recklessly driven lagging,
frames out of plumb and made of any
stick that came to hand, more espe-
cially as they were to support loose
dirt of the most treacherous sort.

Ches worked outside, dumping the
car that Jim had made of four tree
sections for wheels and sluice box
boards for sides. Jim, the ingenious,
had rigged up a pulley system where-
by Ches could run the car out and in
without interrupting the work on the
face.

It was hard labor for Ches at first,
but he gritted his teeth and stuck it
out manfully.

(To be Continued)