

Local Brevities

Trespass Notices for sale at this office.

Trollinger Bros. loaded a car of hay this week.

A new line of up-to-date umbrellas at Hibler & Gill's.

Don't get cold feet. Get woolen hose at Hibler & Gill's.

Heyne has what you want for Christmas tree decorations. 19-4

Our Job Work is second to none in the county. Give it a trial.

Jack Frost has been in evidence several nights the past week.

Ladies Calling Cards printed or blank for sale at this office.

Let it rain—if you have one of those new umbrellas from Hibler & Gill's.

Delicious ripe olives 15 cents per pint at Wesely's Grocery. Try them.

Notice the big doll in Chas. Wesely's window. Its free. Ask for coupons.

Mrs. Heath of Albany is visiting her sister Mrs. Frank Gooch, here this week.

T. L. Dugger and A. E. Edwards went to Albany on business Tuesday afternoon.

Fool Jack Frost by getting a pair of those nice warm woolen blankets at Hibler & Gill's.

E. B. Spangenberg and son Roy and Mr. and Mrs. Grant departed recently for Vancouver, Wash.

Any paid in advance subscribers can have the benefit of reduced price on any of our reading bargains.

T. L. Dugger made a business trip to Portland and other points Friday, returning Sunday evening.

Dill pickles and new sour kroust, salt salmon and mackerel are among the new items at Wesely's Grocery.

Malcom Miller of Springtown was a Scio visitor Monday evening, returning home Tuesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Gooch, prominent citizens of Shelburn, left Tuesday morning for a short trip to Portland.

You can't have your cake and eat it too. Nothing better to present to a boy or girl than the Santiam News.

Mrs. Nellie Gunawales and son Lynn and Miss Dolly, were over from Lebanon a few days the last of the week visiting with the home folks.

Now is the time to make your hen lay, by feeding them Lee's egg maker bone, shell, flax meal, blood meal, oyster shells and protenia. Sold at Wesely's Grocery.

"Uncle" Jack Heyne is now eating his own cooking and says he is gaining weight rapidly. If this keeps up long he intends to challenge Cal Carson for a weighing match.

Glen Holland suffered a painful accident Tuesday when he cut his foot on a piece of broken glass. Dr. Prud dressed the injured member and the little fellow is now on the rapid road to recovery.

The Farmers Meat Market handles a choice line of fresh and cured meats at lowest prices. Highest prices paid for hams, beef, mutton, pork, and hides. Nuf sed.

Roy McDonald, Prop.

Call and see that new line of jewelry that A. W. Hagley has just received. This is the best assortment ever shown in Scio. The prices will be put down in reach of all and every piece of this goods will be guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. 19-4

Mrs. J. A. Bilyeu and daughter Nina left Tuesday morning for Hood River for a month's visit with her daughter's Mrs. H. Connaway and Mrs. P. M. Wilson. J. W. says he is looking for some young widow that wants to take a boy to raise. He can't stay alone as it's too lonesome.

People on the Pacific coast everywhere are much interested in the opening of the Panama Canal. Scio has a splendid opportunity to hear about the history and construction of the canal by hearing Lu Roi Upson Saturday night. Don't fail to hear him. Admission 25 cents. 90 colored slides.

Now is the time to get your Christmas jewelry as it is going fast and you will have to pay twice the price I am selling at any where else for the same class of goods. I am determined to quit handling jewelry so am selling lower than the lowest. Morrison's Hardware Store.

Call and see the Christmas cards Heyne has now on display. 19-4

A Doll Free—A Free Doll. Ask for coupons at Chas. Wesely's.

Ed Stuart has been hauling wood for the Scio Hotel the past week.

Winter underwear at prices that are right at Hibler & Gill's.

Heyne has a nice line of Christmas tags, stamps stickers and checks. 19-4

Call at the postoffice or send \$3.50 to Daisy Buckner at Scio for the Evening Telegram one year.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Edwards of Caledonia, N. S., are visiting the latter's sister, Mrs. N. B. Moses at West Scio.

Our Christmas silverware is now in and we have the largest stock in the city. All our silverware is guaranteed. Chas. Wesely's.

The long winter evenings will soon be here. Get a good supply of reading by taking advantage of the News Clubbing bargains.

The finest line of china, Japanese and glass ware are the latest arrivals at Wesely's Grocery. Call and see them before buying your Christmas presents.

Let us have your order for magazines and papers for the coming year. We can save you cost of money order and postage and also the trouble of writing a letter.

In the case of N. I. Morrison vs. the Scio Planing Mill, tried before Justice Shelton Wednesday morning a verdict was rendered in accordance with the contention of the defendant.

A full line of Dr. David Roberts stock and poultry remedies on hand. All remedies guaranteed to do the work they are recommended for. Ask for free books at Wesely's Grocery.

Try Lees Liquid Smoke on your hams and bacon this fall. It does the work and will save any thing for you but your soul. Try it on your meat this fall. For sale at Wesely's Grocery.

A three cornered move is being made this week. Prof. L. L. Gooding has moved to the A. E. Randall property. Cal Carson to the house vacated by Mr. Gooding and J. M. Lindley is to move to the place where Mr. Lindley has been living.

Wm. Simmons died Friday morning, Nov. 24 of inflammation of the bowels and was buried Sunday afternoon, the funeral services being conducted from the Baptist church by Rev. Morris of Albany. Deceased was 30 years of age and leaves a widow and two small sons as well as a host of relatives and friends to mourn his loss.

Heating stoves of Oregon make at a price that will knock your hat off. Don't fail to get my prices before you buy. I have just made a deal with the manufacturer so I can sell you heaters at what they formerly cost me for a few days. As soon as this shipment is gone you and I will have to pay more to come in while they last. N. I. Morrison.

E. J. Hall of Idaho Falls, Idaho came to Scio Tuesday evening to look after the affairs of his daughter Mrs. W. C. Simmons, Jr., whose husband died last week. Mr. Hall who is connected with the postoffice at Idaho Falls expresses himself as being highly pleased with Scio, it being his first visit to this part of the country. He expects to be here several weeks.

U. Le Roi Upson gave his stereopticon lecture on Panama to a well filled house last Saturday evening at the High School Auditorium. The views consisted of 90 colored slides illustrating the construction of the canal and its relation to the Pacific coast states. Next Saturday evening Mr. Upson will show 80 colored slides and the subject of the lecture will be, "Panama, its history, its People and Their Customs." The cause is worthy, the entertainment well worth the price of admission, 5c, and everyone is urged to be present.

Notice of Hearing of Final Account

Notice is hereby given that the final account of Jacob Bartnik as executor of the last will and testament of Wenzel Jolish, deceased, has been filed in the county court of Linn county, State of Oregon, and that the 4th day of December, 1911, at the hour of 9 o'clock a. m., has been duly appointed by such court for the hearing of objections to such final account and the settlement hereof, at which time any person interested in such estate may appear and file objections thereto in writing and contest the same.

Jacob Bartnik, Executor

J. C. Bryant, Attorney.

First publication Nov. 3, 1911. Last publication Dec. 1, 1911.

The Mascot of Sweet Briar Gulch

By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

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After that one small weakness rose Ches Felton, hero. To the mouth of the tunnel he went. Above the tumbled pile of dirt and timber ran a sort of passage between it and the roof—a way along which a boy might crawl and find out if all the frames were down, to which the silence of the tunnel gave a bitter assent, or if by some most lucky chance one or two had held and Jim be safe within.

Ches climbed to the top and thrust his head into the gloom. "Jim," he called, "Jim!" No answer.

Before him lay the ruin of his partner's work. It was over this that his path lay, as deadly dangerous a path as could be found. The slightest disturbing of the roof above might bring down a thousand tons of dirt upon the one who ventured slowly and hideously to crush his life out there in the dark, beyond sight and sound of the cheerful world without. With this knowledge before him and his inborn fear of the dark hole, as daunting as the hand of death itself, he took his soul in his gripe and wormed his way within.

Once the sharp end of a broken piece of lagging caught in his clothes, and he could go neither forward nor back. There for a second he broke down. Bracing up again, he managed somehow to get the old knife out of his pocket and cut himself free.

He could see little. A gray spectral light filtered in here and there that defined nothing, even when his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness.

It was an endless journey. In places where the dirt closed in he would be a full minute progressing a foot and a minute of such mortal terror as seldom falls to the lot of man of peace or soldier.

But it ended. Suddenly the boy's outstretched hand encountered only emptiness below. That frame had held. He dove into the space ahead first and landed on something soft and warm, the body of his partner.

He had found him. In a paroxysm of joy he flung himself upon the motionless figure and cried his heart out. This, too, he soon conquered. Jim had just so much show. Any delay might wipe it out. He searched the man's pockets until he found a match. By its light he saw the candle stuck into the post and lit it. Then he knelt beside his partner again.

Ches realized what had happened the instant before the calamity. Jim, startled by the noise of the yielding timbers, had made a rush only to be struck down by the rock, that now lay within an inch of him, yet struck into safety for all that. Had he gone a yard farther the life would have been smashed out of him instantly.

But now what? The flowing blood sent a sickening chill through the boy. Had he done this much only to be able to see his partner die? He drove his teeth into his hand again at the thought. What was that? Was it a trick of the tunnel, his heart sounding in his own ears or a rhythmic beat from outside? Hollow and dull fell that "clatter-clum-clatter-clum."

"Bud!" screamed Ches. "Tank God, dat's Bud!"

After half a dozen efforts he climbed the dirt pile and went back through the treacherous holes. The rider came so fast! "Oh," groaned the boy, "I'll never make it! Bud'll tink we're off somewhere an' pull on. Bud, Bud!" he called at the top of his lungs, but the tunnel swallowed the little voice.

Desperation made him entirely reckless. It was any way to get out before the mail man was beyond call. Gaiety with sweat, he pulled, tugged, squirmed and wriggled along until a dirty, small bundle rolled down almost under the mail rider's feet.

"Whoa!" shouted Bud, with an astonished oath. "What's the—why, boy, what's the matter? Dash it, how you start me?"

"Der tunnel's fell in, Bud. Jim's in dere where der frame's held. He's livin' yet, but he's got a turble cut in his head."

"How far back?" he asked.

"Tree frames was held. Dere was seven, ten foot apart. How much is dat?"

"Forty feet—ten foot apart! No wonder! Oh, Jim! How could you have been so careless?"

The boy's shoulders shook once.

"He worked like er horse. Now it's all gone, an' he's in dere."

The face contorted out of all humanity, but he held the tears back.

Bud leaped from his horse. "Never you mind, Chesky, lad," he cried, hug-

ging up the little figure. "We'll get him out of that. Could we haul him out the way you went?"

"No; dere ain't room, and if you touch dat roof hard"—he shuddered.

Bud sucked in his breath. "If you weren't the sandy little man to try it?" he said. He stood a moment in silence going over it all.

"Ches," he said, "there ain't any time to lose. If Jim's cut like that he may bleed to death in there when we could save him all right if we had him outside."

"There's a party of miners down the road eight mile. They was having their grub as I went by. Chances are they'll be there yet. They're got four men and a team. I could ride back, but I ought to be here working. Do you think you could stick on old Buck and ride there?"

Ches caught his hand. "I kin make it, Bud," he pleaded. "I cudden do nothin' if I stayed here, an' you could do a heap. Put me up and let me try."

"All right," said Bud. "The good Lord kept you from getting hurt in the tunnel. Perhaps he'll see you through again. Shut your eyes and hold on tight when you strike the high places and don't touch a rein. Leave it all to old Buck."

He stepped forward and caught the horse by the bit.

"Buck," he said, as though talking to a human being, "you and me have been through a heap together. Don't fall down on me now. Take the kid safe, old boy." He caught Ches up and threw him across the saddle. "You'll only have to tell 'em what's happened. The Lord send nothing happens to you. Goodby, you brave little devil. We'll win out yet. Go it, Buck!"

CHAPTER VI

AND while one of Jim's friends piled pick and shovel like a mad man the other was away lunging on top of a galloping horse, gripping the pommel of the saddle with all the strength he had and shutting his eyes when he came to the high places.

Captain Hauraban's party were miners of substance. They were working their way out to a new country to suit their inclinations. It had just been suggested that it was perhaps time to hit the trail again when the captain saw a figure on a horse flying athwart the mountain side.

"Huh," said the captain, "that man's drunk or crazy."

"Holy sufferin'," gasped the man next him as the yellow horse slipped on a turn and sent a shower of gravel a thousand feet below. "That was a near touch!" as the horse caught himself and swept on.

"Looks to me like a case of trouble, cap," said a third speaker. "That ain't no man anyhow. It's only a boy."

"Horse running away with him probably. His folks ought to be clubbed for letting him out on such an animal. Well, spread out, boys, and we'll catch him."

But Buck stopped in two jumps at Ches' command of "Whoa!"

"Fren's," cried the boy, "me pardner's caught in a tunnel dat caved in on him. Kin yer help us out? Three mile above Jones' hill."

He had not finished the sentence before two men sprang for the horses. The rest grabbed picks and shovels and hurried them into the wagon.

"We'll be there, a-whooping," said Captain Hauraban.

"Tanks," replied Ches weakly, and then the world went out. The captain caught him as he fell.

"Poor little cuss! He rid hard to help his pardner," said the captain. "Humph yourselves, boys! All ready! Got the whisky, Pete? Picks enough? Stick the axes where they won't jump loose and cut a leg off some of us. The horse betternd. Good animal, that! All right, let 'em go!"

(To be Continued)

STEVENS
The STEVENS No. 335 Double Barrel Hammerless Shotgun—is strongest where other guns are weakest. The barrels and huzs are drop-forged in one piece—of high pressure steel, choke bored for nitro powder—with matted ribs.

Pick up this gun and feel the balance of it—examine the working parts closely and see the fine care and finish of detail—you will say it's a winner. It lists at only \$20.00 and will be expressed prepaid direct from the factory in case you cannot secure it through a dealer.

Send for new Art Catalog and Price to—J. Stevens Arms & Tool Company, P. O. Box 1008, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

advertised in the SANTIAM NEWS

OUR CLUBBING OFFER

The News desires to give its readers the advantage of the best rates on the best papers and magazines published. Below is a list of good combinations and we shall extend it from time to time. These are strictly cash in advance prices:

The Santiam News and

Regular price. Club price

Weekly Oregonian	\$3.00	\$2.25
Semi Weekly Journal	3.00	2.00
Daily and Sunday Journal.....	9.00	6.75
Daily Journal	6.50	5.25
Town & Country, twice a mo.	2.50	1.50
Rural Spirit, weekly	3.00	2.15
Oregon Homestead, weekly	3.00	2.00
Toledo Blade	2.50	2.00
Oregon Teachers' Journal	2.75	1.95
Scientific American	4.50	3.75
Delineator	3.00	2.25
Northwest Poultry Journal	2.00	1.60
LaFollette's Weekly	2.50	1.95



The Scio Planing Mills

It's natural for you to want the most and the best you can get for your money. But when you buy a bill of lumber without getting an estimate from us, how do you know that you're getting the best bargain that is possible for you to get? You simply can't tell a thing about it. You don't know whether you're losing money or not. The only safe way is to always let us make you an estimate on what you want before buying elsewhere. We have a complete stock of everything in lumber and building material. Estimates promptly furnished. Call and see us.

SCIO PLANING MILL

New Line to Tillamook

VIA THE



AND

Pacific Ry. & Navigation Co.

Trains will run daily except Sunday on the following schedule:

Lv. Portland	7:20 A. M.	Lv. Tillamook	7:55 A. M.
Lv. Hillsboro	8:50 A. M.	Lv. Bay City	8:15 A. M.
Arr. Beach Points	1:20 P. M.	Lv. Beach Points	9:00 A. M.
Arr. Bay City	2:04 P. M.	Arr. Hillsboro	1:25 P. M.
Arr. Tillamook	2:25 P. M.	Arr. Portland	4:10 P. M.

Through tickets on sale at city ticket office, Third and Washington streets, or Fourth and Yamhill, to all points on the P. R. & N. Further particulars from the city ticket agent or agent Fourth and Yamhill streets.

JOHN M. SCOTT

General Passenger Agent

Portland

Oregon

The Veil of the Future.

In the Chicago schools a boy refused to sew, thinking it below the dignity of a man of ten years.

"Why," said the teacher, "George Washington did his own sewing in the wars, and do you think you are better than George Washington?"

"I don't know," replied the boy seriously. "Only time can tell that."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Notice

Subscriptions must be paid up by December 1 to get the benefit of the \$1.25 rate. After December 1 it will cost \$1.50.

Hot drinks and hot lunches at Heynes.

Subscribe for the Santiam News.