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THE SANTIAM NEWS

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Frank McDonald & Co.

Possibly About You

Old papers 5 cents a bundle at the News office.

It is reported that a new garage will be built on the south side of the creek in the near future.

Mrs C H Rineman and little son of Portland arrived last Saturday to spend a week at the home of Mr and Mrs T J Pettit.

Don McKnight and son Ray came down Wednesday from the mountains, where Mr McKnight has a band of over 500 sheep, and will visit a few days with relatives.

Roll Morris and Lloyd Lukenbach arrived home Tuesday afternoon from a few weeks fishing trip in the Cascade mountains. They have a healthy coat of tan and report a splendid time.

The Clerk Guaranteed It

"A customer came into my store the other day and said to one of my clerks, 'have you anything that will cure diarrhoea?' and my clerk went and got him a bottle of Chamberlain's colic, cholera and diarrhoea remedy and said to him, 'if this does not cure you, I will not charge you a cent for it.' So he took it home and came back in a day or two and said he was cured," writes J H Berry & Co, Salt Creek, Va. Obtainable everywhere.

Best typewriter carbon paper made, two sheets for 5c at the News office.

Jimmy Found a Way

He Told His Story In Spite of the Conspirators.

By HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH

Jimmy Fitzgerald was downcast. Everybody was against him, he told himself, and in that sweeping generalization he included even Carroll. For if it had not been for Carroll's connivance, her tame submission to the maneuvers of interfering relatives, the words which had trembled on his lips for three dragging months would have been spoken long ago.

From the standpoint of a disinterested spectator Jimmy was ready to admire the cleverness which so far had circumvented him. "Good team work," he denominated it. The ingenious air with which Grandmother Reynolds would appear to claim Carroll's assistance in regard to a dropped stitch in her knitting just when Jimmy was bringing matters to a climax and Carroll was turning a most becoming pink was only equaled by the childlike innocence with which Carroll's small brother would rush bawling into the library with a bloody handkerchief held to his nose, interrupting an eloquent outbreak beginning "Since the first hour I saw you—"

In Jimmy's estimation this was all the harder to bear because he was so perfectly eligible. Character and prospects alike were beyond question. The most serious accusation that could be brought against the match was that both of them were young. Carroll's sister, Marie, was of the opinion that an engage-

ment would be absurd, and Jimmy thought he knew why. If George Freeman, Marie's latest admirer, had been as eager to propose as Jimmy was, the latter young man felt positive that no obstacle would be put in his way.

With a duplicity foreign to his usually frank nature, Jimmy lost no opportunity of expressing to Freeman the admiration with which Marie inspired him. If the older sister were once engaged or, better still, married, Jimmy believed there would be hope for him.

Meanwhile the family opposition showed itself in a system of espionage which kept Jimmy's great avowal unspoken. If he suggested a walk either Mrs. Reynolds declared that Carroll's cold would not permit her to venture out or Marie invited herself to accompany them; if the theater, a chaperon was necessary. Whole souled co-operation on Carroll's part would have relieved the situation, but the girl knew so well what Jimmy wanted that her modesty shrank from giving him anything but the most negative assistance. Accordingly Jimmy decided that she, too, was against him and gave himself up to thoughts of unutterable gloom.

He called one afternoon wearing an expression of grim determination which, if he had known it, put the conspirators on their guard. He was ushered into the family living room, and Mrs. Reynolds entertained him till Carroll came down. Jimmy made a few inane comments on the weather, his eyes devouring the pretty girlish figure seated demurely in the opposite corner.

"It's too fine a day for the house," said Jimmy. "Suppose we take a little walk."

"Really, Carroll, dear," said Mrs. Reynolds before Carroll could reply, "it won't do for you to leave the house. Mrs. Baker is likely to want you any moment. We have a dressmaker here, Mr. Fitzgerald," she continued, turning to Jimmy with her most charming smile.

"Can't we sit on the piazza?" suggested Jimmy. Carroll agreed to the suggestion. But, as it proved, her small brother, Bob, was in possession of the hammock, and he remained for two hours, enlivening the occasion by describing the exploits of the ball team.

An ear splitting whistle in the rear of the house relieved them at length of Bob's company. Without delay Jimmy plunged into the subject uppermost in his mind.

"Carroll, there's something I want to say to you."

"Carroll, Mrs. Baker is ready for you," said Marie's voice behind the parlor shutters. That she had been waiting there, biding her time, Jimmy could not doubt. Then the gate clicked, and Mr. Reynolds came up the walk. He settled himself in the chair Carroll had vacated, and he and Jimmy talked politics till dinner time.

The young man refused an invitation to remain to dinner. He went away with a lowering brow and a heavy heart. But at half past 9 that evening the telephone bell rang, interrupting a game of whist going on in the den. Carroll, who was nearest to the insistent instrument, pushed back her chair and went to answer the summons.

"Hello—hello! Oh, yes, this is Carroll." She turned a pretty, flushed face toward the three at the card table. "Please don't talk for a minute. I can't hear."

The next minute she heard very distinctly, for the room had become absolutely still, and the voice at the other end of the wire was clear and penetrating.

"This is Jimmy, Carroll. There's

something I've been trying to say to you for three months. And I'm going to say it now."

"Why, I don't see"—
"Well, it doesn't matter whether you see or not. Just listen. Ever since I met you on Phil Reynolds' yacht a year ago I've loved you—from the very first hour."

"Oh, hush!"
"I'm not going to hush. I think about you every minute while I'm awake and dream about you when I'm asleep. I'm not any good any more, and I shan't be till I find out whether you care for me or not. And if you don't I'm going to the Philippines or somewhere."

"Don't talk so loud."
"I don't care who hears me. I've kept it to myself just as long as I can. Carroll, darling, can't you care for me a little?"

"Sh! Come tomorrow."
"I'll come tomorrow fast enough if you tell me what I want to hear. Haven't I been coming day after day for months without getting a chance to tell you that I love the very ground you walk on? And now I've got it I'm going to wait till you say yes or no. If you can't love me I might as well—"

Abruptly the voice ceased. Carroll waited expectantly. Then a terrible suspicion flashed through her mind, which in a moment had become a certainty. Tremulously she accused the operator, "You've cut me off."
"What number do you want?" replied that young woman.

"Oh, I don't know. I haven't any idea. Oh, why did you cut me off just then?"
The trio at the card table were staring at her strangely. "How absurdly you are acting, Carroll," exclaimed Marie sharply. "Come and finish the game."

"Yes, come and finish the game, Carroll," said her father. "The other matter can be settled another time, I hope."
"We've got 'em on the run, Miss Carroll," chuckled George Freeman, who happened to be Carroll's partner.

Slowly the girl moved toward her place. What would Jimmy think? Perhaps he would believe that she had deliberately hung up the receiver, preferring this way of giving him his answer. And he had spoken of the Philippines. She grew a little dizzy and groped for her chair.

Just at that moment the telephone rang again, and Carroll bounded toward it, her agility in surprising contrast to her late uncertainty and feebleness.

"Hello, hello!"
"Hello, Jimmy. I will. I mean I do."

A long pause. "I suppose it's too late for me to come up this evening," suggested Jimmy tentatively.

"Of course not. Only hurry." She hung up the receiver and turned a radiant face. Again Marie looked suspicious.

"That must have been a very important conversation," she said scathingly. "I hope it's settled now."

Carroll answered her with a dignity in which there was no suggestion of the downtrodden younger sister.

"It is," she replied. "Jimmy and I are engaged."

How a Plant Protects Itself.
One little plant of South Africa protects itself by assuming a curious likeness to a white lichen that covers the rocks. The plant has sharp pointed green leaves. These are placed close together, with their points upward, and on the tip of each leaf is a little white, scaly sheath. The resemblance of the smooth surface these present to the lichen growing on the rocks, beside which it is always found, is so great that it is not till you tread on it that you discover the deception.—London Standard.

Getting an Autograph.
Thomas Bailey Aldrich once received a pathetic letter in a feminine hand announcing the death of a little daughter and asking if he would not send in his own handwriting a verse or two from "Babie Bell" to assuage the grief of the household. Aldrich sent the whole poem and not long after saw it displayed in the shop of an autograph dealer, with a good round price attached thereto.

Railroad Time Table

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains

Woodburn-Springfield Branch
WEST SCIO

North..... 7:55 a m
South..... 5:31 p m

Corvallis & Eastern
MUNKERS

Albany..... 12:45 p m
Mill City..... 12:55 a m
Daily except Sunday.

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