

Possibly About You

Trespass notices for sale at this office.

Old papers 5 cents a bundle at the News office.

Clover sacks for sale by the Scio Milling Co.

Mrs J A Gerwick announces her millinery opening at Crabtree October 5, and invites the ladies to call and inspect her line.

We make a specialty of Friendship, Engagement and Wedding rings—F M French & Son, Jewelers and Engravers, Albany.

Miss Sylvia Gooch of Gooch came down Saturday for an over Sunday visit with her grandparents, Mr and Mrs Frank Titus. She is teaching the school at Gooch this winter.

J F Kukacka made the sale this week of his interest in the Scio Planing Mill to his partner, J W Chromy. Mr Kukacka will move to his farm near town.

Services will be held at the Catholic church at Scio at 9 a m next Sunday. There will also be services at Shelburn at 11 a m, following which a basket dinner will be served. All are welcome at these services.

Forrest Woodmansee went to Portland last Friday to resume his studies at the North Pacific Dental College. As this is his senior year, "Bob" will have a well earned Doctor before his name next summer.

Mrs Edward Rackleff returned to her home at Florence Tuesday after visiting here a few days with her daughter, Mrs T H Laird. She was accompanied home by her little son, Sylvester, who had been visiting with the Laids for several weeks.

Fred T Bilyeu received a carload of the new Fords Wednesday, but they were all sold before they got here. Mr Bilyeu says that anyone who wants to buy a Ford either this fall or next spring, will do well to place their order at once, to insure delivery when they want the car.

Mr and Mrs William Steward Gordon of Astoria, who has been attending the Methodist Conference at Lebanon, visited here Monday with his sister and husband, Prof and Mrs O V White. Mr Gordon is an author of ability, having published a book of poems, "The Western Spirit."

A C Acton, manager of the dental department of the Woodward Clarke Drug Co, came up from Portland last Saturday evening and visited a few days with Dr T K Sanderson. He returned home Tuesday morning, taking along five pheasants to show to his admiring friends in the city.

Crops being good, prices being good on all kinds of produce and crops, and it being the time of year when I need a bunch of cash, if you can't pay your account this fall I do not see how you ever can. Please come through promptly. If you haven't the cash bring in the wheat or oats, which are as good as cash, and I will give you the market price.—N. I. Morrison.

The Other Girl In the Case

What Winona Saw Through Her Window.

By ADELIA DURAN

Winona glanced out of the window at the crystal avenue and watched the April dusk descend. The streets began to fill with the usual Saturday night traffic, and the whiz and clatter of flying carriages and motorcars mingled with the strident ringing of car bells and the shouts of importunate cabmen.

Abruptly a big black automobile like a giant tarantula slid up to the curbing in front of the hotel opposite and stopped. A man jumped out and extended his hand to the young woman who had risen to follow. There was something instantly familiar about the straight, square shoulders under the cape of the long black coat and the way his gray alpine was drawn down over his eyes.

Winona caught her breath and involuntarily stood up. Yes; it was Richard Grayson, and he had not even glanced in her direction.

For the brief space of a second or two a variety of emotions surged through Winona's brain—first a flash of jealousy and indignation, then a pang of sadness, and then everything seemed to be going black. But she clinched her dainty white hands and pulled herself together and looked across again at the scene that had so deeply moved her.

By this time the lady had alighted from the automobile with the attentive aid of Richard Grayson. The lights of the street were bright enough for her to see that his companion was a wondrously pretty woman, that they were laughing and talking merrily, apparently oblivious to surroundings, and that she took his arm with a plainly affectionate gesture as they went into the hotel together.

For some minutes afterward Winona stood motionless, a pain at her heart which she dared not define even to herself.

There was the brilliant flash of light in the apartment directly opposite. With a little gasp of astonishment she saw young Grayson stoop laughingly and kiss the girl. An older man was standing at a little distance, and she recognized him instantly as Dick's father. He, too, laughed and came up, saluting the girl fondly on either cheek.

It was the bride, she knew, for that was the bridal suit. She had been there herself once to call upon a girl friend who had married and was in Washington on her wedding journey.

With her face on fire Winona turned away and went to her desk in a corner of the room. She took up two letters. The first read:

Dear Nona—May I come tomorrow evening for a few moments? I have something important that I want to tell you. May yes, will you not? Sincerely, DICK.

This, then, was what he had meant to tell her of—his marriage. Her brief dream of happiness collapsed like a house of cards. She choked back a sudden rise of inward bitterness and unfolded the other letter. It ran:

Dearest Winona—Do run down to Palm Beach and stay with us in our dear little bungalow. Jack has invited a friend, somebody from somewhere, and I am depending upon you, dear girl, to help me out. Let me know by return mail. Ever lovingly, CLAUDIA.

Without hesitation Winona sat down and took up her pen, jabbing it viciously into the ink.

My Dear Richard—Sorry, but it will not be possible for me to receive you tomorrow evening, as I am leaving town for some time. Yours in haste, WINONA PAULING.

She sealed and directed this and rang for her maid. Then she dashed a hasty acceptance of Claudia Spence's invitation and sat staring through the window at the black vacuum of night.

When the maid came in she thrust the two letters into her hand and ordered her to take them directly to the postoffice. She crossed the room to a cheval glass. The face that looked back at her was youthful and delicately lovely.

She was blond and patrician, with just enough pink in her cheeks to redeem her face from pallor. Her hair was pale gold, but shining.

That other girl was pretty, too, but in a rich, dark fashion that belonged to the south.

Dick's mother was from Dixie, and she revelled, with a pang, that he was a worshiper of southern women. A little sob shook her. She turned away, covering her face with her hands. Hot tears sprang through her quivering lashes, but she dashed them away in self contempt and went into the next room to pack her trunk.

She reached Palm Beach eighteen hours later. Her courage had rallied amazingly under the stimulating change of scene, and she felt almost happy again as they drove home through borders of sun-kissed palm and palmetto.

An hour afterward Winona emerged on the funny, squat little piazza of the bungalow, radiant in a gauzy gown of pink liberty chiffon. Mrs. Spence caught her by the hand and drew her up to the small eoterie already assembled and waiting for her.

"Mr. Grayson, Miss Pauling," she said conventionally.

Winona started, flushed, paled and poised herself admirably. She held out her hand. Dick had risen and was pressing her fingers with elaborate cordiality, but his own were cold with excitement, and he subdued his voice to hide its unsteadiness.

The group fell into conversation. Then, two by two, they drifted away, leaving them together, alone. The moon had come up, flooding everything with its magic white light till it was as clear as day.

Young Grayson looked at Winona, and she met his glance with an indignant flash of her eyes.

"What made you run away from me, Nona?" he asked gravely.

"You! Why, I was not even dreaming of you!" she retorted, with pink cheeks.

"Evidently. That is why I asked you the question."

"You have forfeited all right to ask me questions of any sort," she flung back unguardedly and bit her lips when it was too late.

"Winona, what do you mean by that?" His eyes held hers dominantly, and she found her lips framing the words despite herself.

"That other woman—that—that—your wife!" She blurted it out in sheer desperation at last.

"Ah!" And, considering the gravity of the situation, her companion did a most remarkable thing—he laughed uproariously. When his mirth had somewhat subsided he bent over and caught her little hands in his big ones and held them. His words fell rapidly:

"The dear old governor took it into his head to marry a second time when down in Richmond last month. An urgent telegram called him back to Washington on business, and he was forced to leave her behind. As luck would have it, the very day he was scheduled to arrive he was taken with the grip. I had to go to the train to meet the lady, while he remained in the apartment to receive her."

He paused a moment for breath. Then he went on: "I found your note in my box about 10 o'clock. It hurt me, and it made me angry too. I put down everything and took the first train south in response to a pressing invitation from Jack."

A swift little sob of relief escaped Winona's lips. She looked up with luminous eyes. The color surged into her face.

"But—but we were never more than friends. There was nothing—I—you—there never was anything between us." She finished with a flash of the old coquetry. Her lips were still parted—scarlet, humid, tremulous. Young Grayson made no effort to resist temptation.

"But there was going to be—there is, and there always will be!" A step sounded on the gravel walk. "Answer me—quick!"

There was.

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Price Announcement

The following list prices on Ford cars and chassis, f. o. b. Detroit, became effective August 1, 1916:

Ford Chassis.....	\$325.00
Ford Runabout	\$45.00
Ford Touring Car.....	\$50.00
Ford Coupelet.....	\$65.00
Ford Town Car.....	\$85.00
Ford Sedan.....	\$45.00

We guarantee that there will be no reduction in the above prices prior to August 1, 1917—but can give no assurance whatever against an advance in these prices at any time.

On Display and For Sale at

FRED T. BILYEU Residence

Phone, Home 27 SCIO, OREGON

STATEMENT

Of the ownership, management, etc., of the Santiam News published weekly at Scio, Ore., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Name of editor, managing editor, business manager, publisher and owner: L. W. Charles, Scio, Ore.

Known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: G. L. Sutherland, et al, Scio, Ore.

L. W. CHARLES, Owner.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2d day of October, 1916.

R. SHELTON,
Notary Public for Oregon.

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