

Possibly About You

Typewriter ribbons 60c at the News office.

Valera Garland was granted a divorce last week from Joseph Garland.

For sale or trade, a good hack with shafts and pole.—Guy McKnight.

For bargains in ranches and city property see or write R A Scott, Scio, Oregon. 22tf

Mrs Nelle Gumsales and son Lyle of Lebanon visited here last week at the home of her parents, Mr and Mrs J A Bilyeu.

There will be a debate between the Lebanon and Scio high schools at the school auditorium tomorrow, Friday, evening.

Lynn Daley of Medford came in Friday of last week to be present on Saturday at the golden wedding of his parents, Mr and Mrs E J Daley.

Mrs J F Kukaeka returned from Portland last Saturday evening following a successful operation there a few weeks ago for cancer.

Hello Bill drew a good house at the Peoples Theatre last Thursday evening and the crowd was well pleased with the bill. The Rebekahs cleaned up a nice sum from the play and the enjoyable dance that followed it.

Mr and Mrs Jack Waltemeyer moved to Stayton the last of the week, where they recently bought the picture shows and consolidated them. The best wishes of Scio people go with Mr and Mrs Waltemeyer, and we hope to again see them residents of Scio.

MARKET REPORT

The following are cash prices quoted on Thursday of each week by our dealers:

Wheat	1 25
Oats	40 to 45
Flour, per sack	1 90
Bran, per ton	28 00
Middlings, per ton	36 00
Chop, oats, per ton	32 00
Butter, (Country) per roll	50
Butter Fat (net)	36
Eggs, case count, per dozen	30
Hens, per pound	10 to 12
Geese, per pound	98
Turkeys, per pound	17
Ducks, per pound Pekin	11
Ducks, Indian Runner	10
Pork, dressed	10 1/2
Pork, live weight	8.85
Veal, per pound, for shipping	10 1/2

Christmas Goods

Useful Gifts for Men and Women, Boys and Girls

Ivory Ware in Novelties, Toilet Articles, Ornamental Clocks, etc. Combs, Brushes, Toilet Sets, Safety Razors, Shaving Sets, Toys, Games, Game Boards, Books, Children's Story Books, Jewel Boxes, Fine Box Stationery, Perfumes. A choice line of Christmas Post Cards, 1 cent each, 10 cents per dozen, Candles, Candle Holders, Artificial Snow, Bells, Garlands, Holly Paper, etc.

Come in and look over our various lines. We have many other useful and appropriate articles to select from.

C. A. EVERETT
PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST
Scio, Oregon

The Real Lem Pike

A New Year's Story

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Who is that?" asked Lem Pike lazily as the girl's tall, slender form swept past.

Dick Wakeham turned a fishy blue eye on his companion. "Mean to say you don't know?" he asked incredulously.

"Of course I don't know," was Lem's irritated rejoinder. "Maybe if you'd remember that I've been away from Little Creek for the last twelve years you wouldn't ask me to recognize every man, woman and child I meet on the street."

"I didn't suppose you'd forget Mabel Danvers," said Wakeham coolly.

"Oh, you didn't, eh?" Lem's voice was snarling now, and the face he turned to his companion was convulsed with what might have appeared to an onlooker as unreasonable anger at Wakeham's apparently innocent question. "You didn't, eh?" he repeated warningly, and then without another word he slipped around the corner and disappeared from Wakeham's view.

Once around the corner his eagle glance scanned the street closely, hoping to recognize the sorrel horse and its rider, but save for a few loungers like himself the main street of the prairie town was deserted.

"She'll be going out home before long," he muttered as he went back and mounted his own horse. "I'll ride out Gopher Springs way, and likely she will catch up with me. I didn't dare ask after her. I was afraid she'd be married and out of reach by now. She looked awful thin. I wonder if she—cared."

For the first time in twelve years Lem Pike asked himself this question, which had dinned at his ears in spite of his efforts to drown all thoughts of Mabel Danvers in dissipation. Now he could give these thoughts free rein. It was October, and the fresh breeze was blowing over the plains as he galloped out of the town and struck the narrow trail that led to Gopher Springs. He pushed the shabby hat back from his forehead and drank in the cool air.

He waited for her not far from the springs that gave their name to the section where the Danvers ranch was situated. At last he saw her. Her face went quite white at sight of him, and her eyes narrowed into a queer searching glance that seemed to ferret out all the madness and dissipation of his absent years.

The worst of it was that her look changed to one of blank unrecognition, and she was about to pass him by when he spoke and halted her progress.

"Mabel!" he cried sharply. She surveyed him coolly from head to foot, from the peak of his shabby broad brimmed hat to the rusty toes of his high heeled boots. Her piercing glance seemed to take in the lines of dissipation on his unshaven face.

"Well, who are you?" she asked

with cool insolence.

"I know you are trying to kid me, Mabel," he retorted quietly. "Of course you remember me."

"You will have to tell me. You certainly do not resemble any friend I ever had." She spoke with laborious carelessness, but her breath came swiftly and her bosom heaved. She looked beautiful, but very thin and careworn.

"Perhaps you have forgotten Lem Pike," he said bitterly.

"Lem Pike. You are not Lem Pike," she said, her face white as paper.

"Look at me, Mabel, and see."

She stared at him and slowly shook her head. "Lem Pike—never—looked—as you do," she panted, gathering up her bridle rein.

"What's the matter with me? I haven't changed so much as all that. Everybody else knew me when I came back yesterday."

"You can't be Lem Pike," she insisted. "I used to know him, and he didn't look at all like you."

"What did he look like?" demanded Lem sullenly.

The girl's eyes left his face and were focused on the distant horizon line. Against its blue gray mist she seemed to see a picture of the past.

"Lem Pike was tall and straight and strong," said Mabel Danvers dreamily, and Lem unconsciously lost his lazy, stoop shouldered air and stiffened in the saddle. "His eyes were a clear, clear blue, and his hair was light—golden," she explained, almost shyly, and then, catching herself up with a bitter little laugh, she added: "I suppose it was sandy hair. His face was hard—not bad looking—and there was a sort of good look about him."

"And Lem Pike was like that in those days?" asked Lem, watching her with fascinated eyes.

She nodded. "He was like that, and he was more. He was fastidious about his dress; he never drank a drop—he did not care for it; he had lots of self respect and he was as brave as a lion. But he went away, and he will never come back."

"You don't believe me when I say that I am Lem Pike?" he demanded, with a queer look in his eyes.

"How can I when you are so different?" Her little nose wrinkled disdainfully, and he was conscious that the aroma of Wakeham's saloon still clung to him. He shifted awkwardly in his saddle as he surveyed her from under his hat brim.

"Would you recognize him if he was to come back looking as he was?" he asked.

A warm light filled her eyes and her lip trembled. "Yes, I would know him anywhere then—but he will never come back."

"I bet you!" ejaculated Lem emphatically. "Will you watch out for him, say New Year's day? That will make a new beginning for him."

"I wonder if he knows that I married five years ago," remarked the girl irrelevantly.

Lem Pike did not go back to Wakeham's saloon. He turned his back on the town and went away.

"I don't care if you are married; I'll make good yet," he muttered. "You won't look at me like that again!"

On New Year's day the sky was like an inverted blue bowl. A light fall of snow covered the ground, and it was so freezing cold that the film of snow on the roof of Danvers' ranch house did not melt in the sun.

Down at the corral there were life and motion, but up here in the big living room of the house it was very quiet. Old Bill Danvers had been dead for several years past, and so had his frail little wife. But there was a sister of Bill's who managed the household with a firm and kindly hand. Aunt Susan was sitting upstairs in her room now, writing letters to all of her friends in Ohio. Mabel sat in the big rocking chair at the front window of the living room and watched the trail with strained eyes.

"He said on New Year's day, and the day is almost gone. I might have known that it would not happen. He couldn't help it. It's man's weakness. I might have helped him to be strong," she accused herself bitterly. "He needed help and encouragement not sneers from me! And all the years will be blank and dreary without him. God forgive me—I cannot help it!"

She did not see a horseman come slowly up the trail; she did not see the dignified tracks cricked by his

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FOOTBALL

Oregon vs. Pennsylvania Pasadena, Cal., Jan. 1st

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black horse. She heard no sound of approaching footsteps on the veranda, and when his knock came sharply on the door she sprang to her feet with a colorless face.

She pulled the door wide open, and he came in. It was the Lem Pike of old—tall and fair haired, with full, clear blue eyes and frank features, now shadowed by some bitter experience. He was straight and strong looking, and he carried himself with the old time swing of the shoulders that marked him out from other and smaller men.

"I am beginning all over again," he said quietly, "and I've come to you first so you could see the beginning, and I'm coming the first of every year to show you that I've kept it up. I owe it to you to be what you thought I was." He was holding her hands in his, though neither of them seemed to be aware of the fact.

He looked at her appealingly and then closed his eyes an instant. "I suppose I better see—your husband before I go," he added.

The sunset glow was on her hair and in her eyes and face as she looked up at him. "Nobody told you I was married, and so there was nobody to tell you that Frank lived only a year and that—that"—she faltered, for Lem Pike was holding her in his strong arms and looking down into her glorious eyes.

"Yes?" he whispered breathlessly. "I would rather have you spend the years with me, and each New Year will be the beginning of another year of joy for us and—and I need a man to run the place, Lem, indeed I do!" she ended.



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