

Mortgage Loans Negotiated

Notary Public

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Mortgage Loans Negotiated

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The White Lantern

How the Mystery Was Solved

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Lanleung is as unclean as many other Chinese cities, and John Latham left the squalor of the best inn that the place afforded and made his leisurely way down the crooked streets, quite oblivious to the malodorous atmosphere as well as the unfriendly glances that met him in his walk.

Latham was agent for a large firm of tea importers, and this was to be his last trip to China. Hereafter he would be stationed in the New York office of the company, and he was glad of the change.

This evening as he strolled the streets looking for one that led down to the river's edge, where there might be a whiff of fresh air to fill his lungs, he scarcely noticed the crowds that gradually filled the streets. Then the sound of drums and the shriek of Chinese fiddles announced that some festival was in progress.

Lighted paper lanterns appeared everywhere, and Latham was jostled to and fro in the crowd.

As he went he became aware of a curious fact.

In the narrow street there appeared among the gayly tinted lanterns one of pure white paper. It was swinging at the top of a slender bamboo pole, and the man who carried it was masked.

As soon as the white lantern appeared a babel of starry yells arose from the crowd, and they broke away to let the white lantern have free passage. Then silence fell upon the street, and the masked man led the right of way until he turned the corner and disappeared.

Latham asked himself the question: "What about the white lantern?" and the spirit of adventure which was ever with him answered, "Follow it."

So he hastened to the corner as best he might, turned it and in the far distance saw the white lantern making a path for itself through this less crowded thoroughfare.

He kept a hundred feet behind the pale bobbing transparency until it left the windings of the city streets and turned into a path that led into the country.

As he passed through the city gate Latham felt a hand on his arm. The gatekeeper—a fat, friendly looking Chinese—pointed after the white lantern bobbing steadily away.

"The American lord must not follow the white lantern," he said in the dialect of the province.

Latham understood his words and paused.

"Why not?" he asked curiously.

"It is not well to follow the white lantern," persisted the other guardedly. "It leads to death."

"Why can't you tell me where it is going and all about it?" Latham juggled a dollar in his hand.

The gatekeeper's eyes looked covetously at the money, but he shook his head.

"I cannot speak the name or it will come upon me and my family for three generations," he muttered. "But I have warned you."

"I shall follow it," said Latham obstinately. "And here's something for your warning, man of impeccable conscience," and he dropped the money into the eager palm.

The white lantern was disappearing down the farther slope of a little hill, and he had to run to keep it in sight.

The masked man was evidently in a hurry now, for he was hastening up and down the little hills, dodging around farm buildings, following the meandering path along the river's edge and finally vanishing in the gloom of a pine grove.

Latham ran breathlessly among the pines until the moonlike face of the white lantern appeared close at hand.

Now it stopped, as if its bearer was aware of pursuit and was waiting for the pursuer.

Latham panted to a standstill before the masked figure.

The white lantern was lowered until it became a barrier between the two men.

"Stand back!" said the lantern bearer in English.

Latham, startled by the unexpected order, obeyed.

The glow of the white lantern shone on the implacable black mask with its holes, through which sparkled glittering eyes.

"Stand back!" repeated the lantern bearer.

"Why?" retorted Latham.

"Because to follow me is to go to a horrible death."

"I would chance it," said Latham recklessly, for he had witnessed many

strange happenings in China, and his curiosity was aroused by the incident of the evening. "Let me follow you, stranger, and I will hold no man responsible for what happens."

The masked man laughed shortly. "Come, fool!" he cried and lifted his white lantern on high.

Latham followed, a strange depression seizing his spirits.

Was the bearer of the white lantern some ill timed jester of the evening who would make sport of the foreign devil? Was he the agent of some dreadful secret society? What was he?

Latham was soon to discover.

He followed the white lantern through the pine grove and out into a barren stretch of open country. Here was desolation indeed. A few trees were crowded inside of a rough stockade and shaded some miserable little huts, plainly visible in the light of the full moon.

The white lantern bobbed over the hillocks until they reached a gate in the stockade.

The masked man turned to Latham, who was close at his heels.

"Would you enter and face death?" he asked.

"Yes," said Latham, his curiosity aroused to its highest pitch.

"Fool!" laughed the other and, slipping inside the gate, barred it securely. "If you have no care for your life I will save it for you." He blew out the white lantern, and the place was bathed only in the cold moonlight.

Speechless with surprise, John Latham leaned against the stockade and looked through at the trees, the little dark huts and the form of the masked man who was striding across the yard.

He paused on the threshold of the largest hut, waved a pale hand and vanished.

Utter silence reigned over the place. There was not the bark of a dog or the stirring of fowl, and there are few places in China where chickens are not underfoot and disputing the right of way.

"I'll wait until morning if necessary but I'll pierce the mystery of the white lantern," muttered Latham as he withdrew to a nearby tree and sat down with his back against it.

The night was warm, and he soon slumbered.

Morning dawned faintly in the east. A red ray of sunshine awoke John Latham to a bewildered sense of the events of the night. He rubbed his eyes sleepily.

Within the stockade there was a stirring of forms. Some hobbled feebly to the shade of the nearest tree and covered their eyes. Others limped woefully about in miserable silence, while others gathered in groups and ate ravenously, snarling like dogs while they ate.

Gradually Latham got upon his feet, a great dread in his face. Nearer, nearer, he drew, step by step, to the stockade, where a dreadful face peered at him through the palings.

A face that was a mockery—a misery—an inhuman horror! Latham laughed wildly, and the face vanished.

He saw the tall form of the lantern bearer striding across the yard. He was clothed in a long white linen coat such as surgeons wear, and on his hands were white gloves. He was still wearing the mask of the night before.

He came straight to the stockade and, gripping his hands upon the palings, he asked abruptly:

"My God, man, can't you stay away?"

"You are an American," was Latham's surprised reply.

"Yes." The other drew a deep breath. "And you—what are you doing here in this place of pestilence and death? Did you come across the world to tempt me to revenge myself upon you for stealing the woman I loved?"

He ended fiercely.

Latham cried out sharply.

"Only one man in the world could reproach me that way," he breathed heavily.

"I am that man!" declared the other. "I am Clay Foster!"

"Clay Foster—you? You are here—here in this leper colony?" panted Latham. "You—you the brilliant young physician who had everything in life?"

"Everything save the woman I loved," was the grave reply. "I can bring my skill and knowledge here among these unfortunates. I can do good. What more can I ask?"

Latham's soul was wrung with remorse.

"And it was in your power to visit death upon me," he said slowly. "When I saw you with your white lantern of warning that a leper was coming through the streets—when I saw you little did I guess your identity or the significance of the white lantern."

"I was attracted by an element of adventure, and I followed. I wanted to follow you in here—among these! And you, whom I had wronged, you prevented me! Clay Foster, you are a great man—a man indeed!"

He bowed his head against the palings, and the man who had devoted his life to the comforts of a leper colony in the heart of China looked at him pityingly, as looks one who has outgrown the insignificant things of life, who knows only of the magnitude of sin and suffering and offers up his life to atone it.

Dr. Foster spoke again: "You had better go now, Latham. Remember me to old friends back in the world. Say that I am well and happy and, hang it all, I'd like some newspapers that are not a year old!" He laughed melodiously.

John Latham lifted his head.

"I will attend to that, Foster," he said gravely. "And there is another thing I will do. I will tell her of you and your work. God bless you and—goodbye!"

They exchanged a long look, and when Dr. Foster had turned away to his hideous charges John Latham walked away back to the city. And when he reached the city gate his eyes were so blinded by tears that he could not recognize the fat gatekeeper who had let him out the night before.

The gatekeeper blinked sympathetically.

"Ah, the American lord has looked upon death!" he cried.

"No," said John Latham as he passed wearily through the gate. "I followed the white lantern, and I have looked upon death in life!"

A Varnishing Tip.

When varnishing wood the work must be done in a warm room at a temperature of at least 75 degrees F. At a lower temperature the moisture in the air will give a milky and cloudy appearance to the varnish. On the other hand, at the higher temperature the moisture is not precipitated until the alcohol of the varnish has sufficiently evaporated to leave a thin smooth film of shellac. The durability and gloss are dependent on this.

Tall English Authors.

Inches would seem not to lack significance in literature. Of the great English writers of the Victorian era almost all were tall. Tennyson, Carlyle, Edward Fitzgerald and Matthew Arnold all reached six feet. Ruskin touched five feet ten, Proude five feet eleven, Dickens and Browning fell short of the six foot level by only a narrow space, and Thackeray turned six feet three—London Chronicle.

Summons

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR LINN COUNTY

Frank E. Parrish

Plaintiff

vs.

Geo. W. Stimson, as Trustee, Mrs. J. A. Stimson, also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described herein.

Defendants.

To Geo. W. Stimson, as Trustee, Mrs. J. A. Stimson, also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described herein, the above named defendants:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON:

You are hereby notified that Frank E. Parrish, the holder of Certificate of Delinquency number 599, issued on the 30th day of April, 1914, by the Tax Collector of the County of Linn, State of Oregon, for the amount of Thirty-eight and 50/100 (\$38.50) dollars, the same being the amount then due and delinquent for taxes for the year 1913, together with penalty, interest and costs thereon upon the real property assessed to you, of which you are the owner as appears of record, situated in said County and State, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Lot No. Three (3) in Block No. two (2) in Kirkpatrick's Second Addition to the Town of Lebanon, Linn County, Oregon, as the same appears by the maps and plats of said addition to said Town of Lebanon, as same appears of record in the County Recorder's office for said Linn County, Oregon; also

The South one-half of Block No. five (5) in Wesson's Addition to the Town of Lebanon, in Linn County, Oregon, as the same appears by the maps and plats of said addition to said town now on file in the Recorder's office for Linn County, Oregon.

You are further notified that said Frank E. Parrish has paid taxes on said premises for prior or subsequent years with the rate of interest on said amount as follows:

Year's Tax	Date Paid	Tax Receipt Number	Amount	Rate of Interest
1912	April 30, 1914	8886	\$17.61	15 per ct.
1913	April 30, 1914	6961	\$16.36	15 per ct.
1914	Sept. 23, 1915	8725	\$21.38	15 per ct.
			\$55.34	

Said G. W. Stimson, Trustee, as the owner of the legal title of the above described property as the same appears of record, and each of the other persons above named are hereby further notified that Frank E. Parrish will apply to the Circuit Court of the County and State aforesaid for a decree foreclosing the lien against the property above described and mentioned in said certificate. And you are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the first publication of the summons exclusive of the day of said first publication, and defend this action or pay the amount due as above shown together with costs and accrued interest and in case of your failure to do so, a decree will be rendered foreclosing the lien of said taxes and costs against the land and premises above named.

This summons is published by order of Honorable D. H. McKnight, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Linn, and said order was made and dated this 5th day of November, 1915, and the date of the first publication of this summons is the 11th day of November, 1915.

All process and papers in this proceeding may be served upon the undersigned residing within the State of Oregon, at the address hereafter mentioned.

HILL & MARKS

Attorneys for Plaintiff

Address Albany, Oregon

Inauguration

of

Motor Car Service

Between

ALBANY AND CORVALLIS

on

Saturday, January 15

Leave Albany at 5:30 p. m. for Mill City

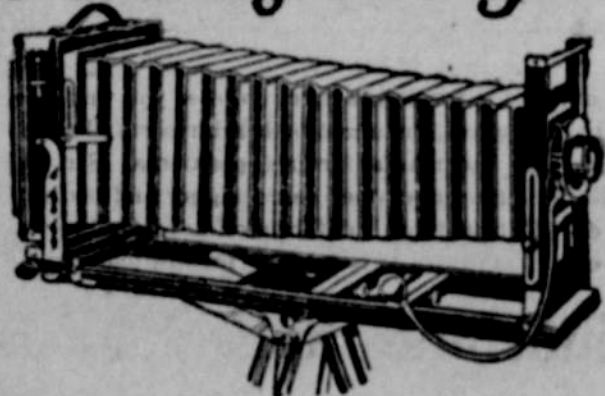
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