

When in Albany  
 TRY A ROOM AT THE  
**Revere Rooming House**  
 Good Clean Wholesome Rooms and  
 Beds at Moderate Prices.  
 Mortgage Loans Negotiated Notary Public

**H. B. CHESS**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW**  
 Office on Sherman St. Lebanon, Ore.

**Federated Church**  
 SCIO, OREGON  
 Sunday School 10 a. m.  
 Preaching 11 a. m.  
 Christian Endeavor 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.  
 Song Service 7:30 to 8:00 p. m.  
 Prayer Meeting, Thursday 7:30 p. m.  
 Brother Meikeljohn, Leader.  
 H. B. Her, Pastor.

WHEN YOU WANT  
**Plumbing or Tinning**  
 SEE  
**FRED OHLEMIER**  
 South Side of the Bridge  
 His Experience is Worth Money  
 to You  
 Repairing a Specialty  
 Satisfaction Guaranteed

**FARM LOANS**  
 Reasonable Rates  
 Any Amount  
 Long Time  
 No waiting  
**HECKER & BEAM**  
 133 Lyon St. Albany, Or.

Mortgage Loans Negotiated Notary Public  
**N. M. Newport**  
 Attorney at Law  
 (CITY ATTORNEY)  
 LEBANON OREGON

**The Great Bank Mystery**  
 A Story of an Employee's Vindication  
 By F. A. MITCHEL

There was a fete champetre in progress on the grounds of M. Paul Brisson, a wealthy manufacturer, in the environs of Paris. It was given to celebrate the betrothal of his daughter, Jeanne, to Lucien Villaret, a young man who, without fortune, was descended from the nobility of France and whose nature was as noble as his ancestry. Accepting the changed conditions for the nobility under the republic, he entered into business as a clerk and was at the time of his betrothal in receipt of a fair salary. Jeanne possessed an equal income from property inherited from her grandmother, and her father had volunteered to give the pair a house in Paris on the day of their marriage.

There were dancing and feasting in the chateau, while throngs of guests wandered about the grounds. Just before the close of the festivities a lackey handed Lucien a letter. Lucien opened it and turned pale. Then he staggered to a sofa and buried his head in his hands; but, suddenly recovering himself, he hurried from the room and, making his way through the guests, astonished at his appearance, left the premises.

Jeanne, having missed her lover and having been told of his exit, indicating that some misfortune had befallen him, passed a sleepless night. In the morning she received a letter from him stating that he had been discharged by his employers without any reason being given, but since his position was one wherein he was intrusted with funds the natural inference was that he had been suspected of dishonesty. That certainly would be the reason assigned by the world. With the stigma upon him he could not permit Jeanne to bear his disgrace by marrying him.

Jeanne at once set out for Paris and, calling at Lucien's home, was informed by his mother that the sudden transition from transcendent happiness to disgrace had acted upon his sensitive nature so severely as to throw him into a fever and he was delirious. Jeanne visited him in his room, but he did not know her. She returned to her father's chateau, and that was the last she saw of her lover for a long while. As soon as Lucien was able to leave his bed he disappeared.

Jeanne, instead of remaining in society, devoted herself to works of charity. She was a constant visitor to the homes of the poorest classes, relieving their wants and comforting them by her sympathy. One of the families she took under her care was that of Francois Ferriere, a man so low in the social scale that his only employment was picking up articles in the sewers covered with dirt and slime, washing and repairing them and selling them for what he could get. One day while Jeanne was visiting his family and nursing his sick child he came in very much excited.

"Ah, mademoiselle," he exclaimed, "I am glad you are here! I have met with what may be a great blessing, or it may in the end be a great misfortune. I need your advice, and, whether or not you have the wisdom to advise me, I know that under your influence I can do no wrong and that what I tell you you will not divulge."

"Tell me your secret," said Jeanne. "I will keep it and advise you."

One morning Jules Laroque, the official who was deputed to sort the mail for the Bank of France in Paris and open such communications as he thought might better not be laid before the managers, took up a letter addressed in a woman's hand to "His Excellency the Governor." Laroque hesitated a moment, then ran his steel opener through it. The letter read:

Monsieur the Governor—This is to notify you that your bank is in a position to lose a great deal of money.  
 ELISE R.  
 Address, General Delivery, Paris.

Letters were received from time to time by the bank from persons who offered for a consideration to show the officials how the institution could make or how it could lose a great deal of money. Laroque, considering the letter before him to be one of this kind, threw it into the wastebasket and took up the next.

A fortnight later another letter arrived addressed in the same handwriting, but the stationery used was expensive. It read:

Two weeks ago I advised you by letter that you were in danger of losing a great deal of money. I have received no reply to my communication. In order to secure your attention I have purchased this stationery with your money. The amount will be returned to you whenever you see fit to call for it.

This letter, too, was thrown into the wastebasket.

Another fortnight passed, at the end of which a third letter from the same person came, this one inclosing a fifty franc note of the bank fresh from the printing press. The writer said that the money belonged to the bank.

At last Laroque's attention was arrested. He took the missive to the official having charge of the currency, who expressed great astonishment at Laroque having it in his possession, for he declared that not a single note of this issue had yet been paid out. The matter was at once referred to the governor, Laroque making mention of the two previous letters received.

Both Laroque and the person in charge of the currency were instructed to keep the matter a secret, and the governor took it into his own hands. However, he could do nothing but address a communication to the writer of the notes, to be called for at the general delivery window, asking her to visit him the next day at the bank.

She did not respond in person, but wrote that an official in the bank some years before had been discharged under suspicion of dishonesty. The discharged man had suffered much by this injustice, the consequences of which, including loss of salary, amounted to a claim against the bank of a hundred thousand francs. He was no better able to prove his innocence now than formerly, but he was in a position to help himself to the amount of his claim. If the bank would pay it without a lawsuit the danger in which the institution stood of losing funds would be revealed; if not, the claimant would choose his own way of securing his claim.

The governor at once called for the names of all persons discharged from the bank within twenty years. When the list was presented to him he was surprised to see that it embraced nearly 100 names, for it had been the policy of the management to discharge suspected officials without investigation.

After mature deliberation the governor concluded that it would be impossible among so many to hit on the person named. He believed that there was a leak somewhere among his subordinates, that one of them was a confederate of the person who was endeavoring to get money from the bank, while a woman confederate was employed to write the notes. He at once called upon the bank's chief detective for a list of the officials now in the bank's employ who had been observed visiting places of questionable repute or were believed to be living beyond their means. Five names were furnished, and they were all discharged.

Nothing further was heard from Elise R. for a month, then came another note. It stated that the amount of the discharged official's claim had been appropriated and the governor need give himself no further concern in the matter. The claimant would not help himself to any more of the bank's funds than the amount of his claim, though he was in a position to take all he liked.

Upon receipt of this letter the governor gave an order for an inventory to be made of all the funds of the bank. The amounts in the safes were found to be correct, but there was one room with massive walls called the treasure room, in which was kept the enormous supply of gold belonging to the institution, together with certain paper currency for which there was not storage room elsewhere. From the treasure in this vault, which constituted a part of the foundation of the building, the sum of 100,000 francs was found to be missing.

The governor at once wrote to Elise R., inviting her to call at the bank, inclosing an indemnity for whom it might concern on account of any funds that had been taken from the bank. He received a reply that if on a given night and hour he would be in the strong room of the bank he would find not only the 100,000 francs deficiency but an explanation of the mystery.

On the appointed night a carriage drove up to the bank. A lady, accompanied by an attendant, alighted and, being admitted, was shown to the governor's private office.

"Mademoiselle, or perhaps madame," asked the official, "whom have I the honor to address?"

"I am Jeanne Brisson, the daughter of Paul Brisson, whom you probably know as one of France's prominent manufacturers."

"Indeed!"

"I have come to accompany you to your strong room. I am your correspondent, Elise R. This gentleman is one of your former employees."

"More mysterious than ever!" exclaimed the governor.

"I believe it is the appointed hour. Shall we proceed?"

The governor, summoning attendants, led the way to the treasure room. The door was unlocked, and the party entered.

"Remove those boxes," said Jeanne, pointing.

The boxes were removed. Jeanne went to a spot they had uncovered and stamped with her boot heel upon one of the marble slabs that constituted the floor. The slab was lifted from its place, and the soiled head of Francois Ferriere rose through the opening.

"Tell how you came here," said Jeanne.

"I am a sewer scavenger," said Francois. "One day while hunting in the sewer I saw that there was a break in the arch. Climbing to it, I pulled away stones and earth till I came to crumbling mortar. This, too, I removed and found this slab. Lifting it, I found what you see about you."

Jeanne's attendant stepped forward and addressed the governor.

"Monsieur," he said, "I am Lucien Villaret, once in charge of one of your departments. You discharged me on mere suspicion on the day my betrothal was being celebrated and caused me years of misery. Through this man Ferriere, who was advised by my betrothed, I could have robbed you of the untold wealth contained in this room. Here," handing the governor an envelope, "is all the money that has been taken in an effort to secure my vindication."

Such was the end of the great Bank of France mystery. Lucien was offered any position in the bank he desired, but would accept none. Francois was made a guardian of the treasure room with a handsome salary. Lucien and Jeanne celebrated a wedding that had been put off at the time of his discharge.

**DENMARK ONCE A POWER.**

**When the Tiny Kingdom Conquered and Ruled Great Britain.**

Among the little nations of Europe there is one that is seldom mentioned, except when some vessel contrives to thread its dangerous way through the Skagerrack and Cattegat. Then Denmark comes into the daily news. Did you know that Great Britain was once ruled from the capital of this tiny and remote kingdom?

It has been almost 1000 years since the stalwart Canute completed the conquest of England, expelling both the Celtic and the Saxon rulers of the British Isles. When he had completed his conquest and soothed the feelings of his new subjects by marrying the widow of their former king he added Norway to his crown possessions. One of his successors ruled over the whole of the Scandinavian peninsula and a large section of what is now German and Russian territory, surrounding the Baltic sea.

Today Denmark dips one hand in the icy waters of the north and the other in the blue gulf stream, for she rules not only Iceland and Greenland, but Santa Cruz, St. Thomas and St. John, known as the Danish West Indies. From the earliest times, when Charlie magne established the buffer state, known as the Danish Mark, on his northern frontier, the Danes have been a powerful seafaring people, emerging from piracy into legitimate commerce.

When the old princely line died out a prince of Schleswig-Holstein was invited to the Danish throne, and in 1661 the clergy combined with the common people against the nobility and in behalf of the king. A constitution was not granted until the year 1864—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**THE KING'S COURTIERS.**

**England's "Silver Greyhounds" Have Hard Work and Poor Pay.**

The most exciting job that can be held in the United Kingdom is that of king's messenger. He is charged with the delicate and in war time dangerous duty of carrying important state papers in cases when it would be either unwise or impossible to use the telegraph or the postal service.

During war the king's messenger has nearly as difficult a task as has the dispatch rider, who is actually at the front. He must be continually on the lookout for spies, and it is quite within the probabilities that the steamer on which he is traveling may be stopped by an enemy vessel and his valuable papers taken from him.

Owing to the fact that they wear a badge consisting of a silver greyhound surmounted by a crown, king's messengers are nicknamed "silver greyhounds," and indeed they often have to imitate that breed of dog in swift and sureness of scent. To qualify for a messengership many things are needed. The candidate must be a man of first rate education, of excellent family and a good linguist.

Considering the qualifications required, the salaries of the "silver greyhounds" are by no means large. The foreign service messengers receive remuneration ranging from \$1,250 to \$2,000 a year, while those employed on home service get from \$650 to \$1,225 a year.—Philadelphia Ledger

**A Callous Letter Carrier.**

A woman from up state, who recently returned from a visit to friends in Brooklyn, remarked:

"I'm glad to get back home among my own kin and friends, where people ain't too busy or too unfeeling or too stuck up to take some interest in one another."

"Now, there's them postoffice folks down in Brooklyn! I found 'em actually hard hearted. Would you believe it, the man that brings round the letters to Mary's he's so queer and standoffish that when he handed me my husband's postal card telling me how mother had fell and broke her arm, he never so much as opened his lips to give me one word of sympathy! No, sir, not even enough to say, 'Poo bad!'"—Exchange.

**The Thrice-a-Week Edition of The New York World**

Practically a daily at the price of a weekly. No other newspaper in the world gives so much at so low a price.

There has never been a time when a newspaper was more needed in the household. The great war in Europe has now entered its second year, with no promise of an end for a long time. These are world-shaking events, in which the United States, willing or unwilling, has been compelled to take a part. No intelligent person can ignore such issues.

The presidential contest also will soon be at hand. Already candidates for the nomination are in the field and the campaign, owing to the extraordinary character of the times, will be of supreme interest. No other newspaper will inform you with the promptness and cheapness of the Thrice-a-Week edition of the New York World.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1 per year and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and The Scio Tribune together for one year for \$1.85. The regular subscription price of the two paper is \$2.25.

Send you Subscription to

**THE SCIO TRIBUNE**

SCIO OREGON

When in need of anything in the way of

**PRINTING**

call on

**THE SCIO TRIBUNE**

COMMERCIAL PRINTERS

We make a specialty of all kinds of Job Printing

We always satisfy We never disappoint

And our Prices are always reasonable