

Local Market Report

Wheat per bushel	\$ 1.25
Oats " "	.45
Bran per ton	28.00
Wheat chop per ton	48.00
Oat chop " "	33.00
Barley Chop " "	30.00
Flour per sack	2.00
Eggs per dozen	.28
Butter fat per lb.	.36
Chickens, hens per lb.	.16
" spring " "	.16
" roosters " "	.10
Turkeys " "	.19
Geese " "	.12
Ducks " "	.14
Beef " "	.06
Veal " "	.13
Hogs, live per hundred lb.	10.75
Hogs, dressed " "	.13
Mutton " "	8.00

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BEWITCHED HIS HEARERS.

When James Whitcomb Riley Recited One of His Poems.

In his "platform career," during those years when he went about the country reading his poems, James Whitcomb Riley saw with his eyes and heard with his ears what people thought of him. Never any other man stood right after night on the stage or platform to receive such solid roars of applause for the "reading" of poems—and for himself.

He did not "read" his poems; he did not "recite" them, either. He took his whole body into his hands, as it were, and by his wizard mastery of suggestion left no James Whitcomb Riley at all upon the stage. Instead the audience saw and heard whatever the incomparable comedian wished them to see and hear. He held a literally unmatched power over them for riotous laughter or for actual copious tears, and no one who ever saw an exhibition of that power will forget it—or forget him.

There he stood, alone upon the stage, a blond, shortish, whimsical man in evening clothes—a figure with "a whole lot of style," and a whole lot of its own style too. He offered a deferential prefatory sentence or so; then, and with a face and figure altered, seemed to merge completely into those of a person altogether different from the poet, and not Mr. Riley, but a Hoosier farm hand, perhaps, or a thin little girl stood before you, "done to the life." Then the voice came, "done to the life," too—done to the last half audible breath at the end of husky chuckle or wistful sigh. There was no visible effort on the part of the magician. The audience did not strain or worry for him as audiences so often do for those who "entertain" them, because his craft lay not in contortion, but in a glamouring suggestion that held spectators rapt and magnetized.

Nat Goodwin's opinions upon the production of realistic pathos in comedy may be accepted as academic. Mr. Goodwin said: "I used to recite 'Good-bye, Jim'—until I heard Riley do it. Then I asked the Lord to forgive me and never tried it again!"—Booth Tarkington in Collier's Weekly.

LIGHTING A CATHEDRAL.

Simple Yet Spectacular Method at St. Isaac's, in Petrograd.

In an article in the Atlantic Monthly describing a midnight mass on Easter eve in St. Isaac's cathedral, Petrograd, Warrington Dawson says:

"A sudden blaze of innumerable candles, hanging high overhead in great chandeliers, tore away the gloom and told us that the ceremony was to begin. At the Isakievskii Sobor one match did what a switch or button does elsewhere, save that here the operation was as ingenious and initiative as could be devised. Instead of being a machine made contrivance scattered by millions over the world,

"A waxed string, an end of which hung down within easy reach from the marble paving, ran from one wick to another, then from group to group, from chandelier to chandelier, until all the candles in the cathedral were connected. The match was applied to that string. A spark spitting tiny flame raced up to the first candle and so sped on its way, an earnest, busy little lamplighter, quick as the snap of a finger, adroit as a monkey and almost unerring in its success.

"Among the hundreds I saw it reach I counted very few which did not blaze at the touch, and most of these dared an instant and sputtered out, showing that the string's work at least had been done. The general effect, indeed, was as if each wick had been an electric bulb, but the whole, instead of lighting when one switch was turned, depended upon a hand swept over successive buttons."

The Kitchen Floor.

A practical way of dealing with the kitchen floor and at the same time economizing labor, is to cover it with a plain, dark colored linoleum, such as red, blue, green or black, and to polish it. A shiny surface is easy to sweep up and keep clean, and if polished once a week on the other days it need only be run over with a mop. If treated in this way it will always look nice and will save at least twenty minutes' work a day.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

An Eye to Business.

"This play is the worst ever. I am going to demand my money back." "Wait until after the next act, old man. Ten years elapse between acts 1 and 2, and you can demand interest on your money for that length of time."—Boston Transcript.

Mean Thing!

Maybelle—See the beautiful engagement ring Jack gave me last night. Estelle—Gracious! Has that just got around to you?

Chinese Language.

The Chinese language is reckoned to be the most unwieldy and intricate in existence.

CODY WAS SCARED

One Occasion When Buffalo Bill Was Shy on Courage.

TYING A MARRIAGE KNOT.

As a New Justice of the Peace He Had to Perform the Ceremony, but He Didn't Like the Job—One of His Close Calls as a Pony Express Rider.

It is difficult for this generation of boys, even though they be born on the "Great American desert," to believe that Buffalo Bill was ever anything except the star of a tent show, but old timers know of his perilous life of earlier days as an Indian fighter, scout, overland freight guard and pony express rider.

When the Kansas Pacific railroad was building to the coast it employed Will Cody to supply its construction gangs with meat. One of the greatest shots of the plains, he won his name and his spurs killing buffalo for the builders of the iron trail.

During Indian campaigns Cody rose to be chief scout for the army and Indian adventures became a part of his daily routine. The fame of Buffalo Bill spread through the army. None doubted the courage and resource of the great scout and Indian hunter.

Yet one day this courage was sorely tried. There was one time when Buffalo Bill admitted he was scared.

General Emory, in command at Fort McPherson, induced the county authorities to make Buffalo Bill a justice of the peace.

"Why, general," protested the scout, "I don't know any more about law than a mule knows of singing."

But the appointment was duly and legally made, and the new justice had to serve.

His first task was to perform a wedding ceremony. A wedding was a great event at McPherson, and the whole fort resolved to attend.

In vain his wife and sisters tried to coach Buffalo Bill. Nobody could find a copy of the marriage service.

The great day came. The guests assembled. Cold sweat stood in beads on the brow of the Indian fighter. His hands trembled.

Yet at first the ceremony moved without reproach. The bride and groom were counseled in the conventional manner until the close of the ceremony, when Buffalo Bill startled the congregation by announcing:

"Whom God and Buffalo Bill hath joined together let no man put asunder!"

As a marrying justice he was voted a great success.

Before the days of the telegraph news traveled by the pony express, nine days from St. Joseph, the end of the railroad, to Sacramento, Cal. The distance over the short route was 1,000 miles.

Will Cody was twice in the employ of the pony express as one of the relay riders in the western wilderness. It was during his second engagement that he saved his life by his knack of shooting straight and thinking quickly.

Will was riding from Red Butte, on the North Platte, to Three Crossings, on the Sweetwater, a distance of seventy-six miles, when a station boss one day informed him:

"There's signs of infamy about, Billy. Better keep your eyes peeled."

The young rider nodded comprehension as he swung into the saddle on a fresh pony and dashed out of the station with his mail sacks.

Plainsmen learned early to keep their eyes open. As Will Cody rode he scanned the country ahead of him with tireless gaze. Every rock and hummock had his attention.

It was a grim, wild country he rode through. Great cliffs overhung his narrow path and darkened the way. Forests of black pine stood thick on the precipitous slopes of the Rockies.

His keen eye caught sight of a slight movement behind a large boulder that lay ahead of him. It needed no more than that to tell the pony express rider of danger. Riding at top speed toward the danger zone, he made his plan.

Cody was almost upon the rock before he swerved his horse sharply and dashed off to one side. Two ride reports came simultaneously, and from behind the rock sprang two unmounted Indians.

At the same time a score of Indians on ponies burst from the timber on the opposite side of the valley and rode toward him.

Ahead lay a narrow pass leading to safety. The race began.

Only one rider threatened the express messenger. He wore the headstall of a chief, and his pony was fleetest.

Close together the horses sped toward the pass, and the Indian was gaining steadily.

Cody turned in his saddle.

The Indian chief had lifted an arrow to his bow and even then was sighting his target.

Like a flash Cody drew his revolver. Seemingly he fired without aim, so quick was the action. The Indian dropped from his saddle, and the pony express rider was safe.

FOOT RULES IN OUR ARMY.

Advice Which May Be of Value to the General Public.

No better advice to the public can be given in reference to the care of their feet than is embodied in our Army Manual of Military Hygiene, which, of course, is not in general circulation. The points particularly emphasized may be paraphrased as follows:

Wear a shoe wide enough and straight enough on the inner margin to give the toes space for their proper position.

The best treatment of bunions will be found in removing the pressure over the affected joint. This can only be done by supplying a properly fitted shoe.

To relieve ingrowing nails they should be cut squarely across and not rounded. Scrape the nail thin on the top and insert a pledget of cotton under the edge.

For corns use properly fitted shoes. Remove corns or callouses only when they are a source of pain and irritation.

Have at least two pairs of well fitted shoes for constant use and smooth stockings as free from holes and darnings as possible.

After a long walk wash the feet, dust with foot powder and put on clean stockings and shoes, but do not soak the feet in cold water.

Foot powder, shaken into the socks or dusted over the feet will help prevent blisters.

Woolen stockings will absorb perspiration. Those who are on their feet very much should harden them by applying foot powder and bathing the feet frequently in cold water.

The correction of flat foot may require a long period and can be aided by furnishing a broad and well shaped shoe, taking care that the foot is strengthened by proper exercises and not overloaded.

Do not "toe out," but walk with the inner margins of the feet parallel so that the weight of the body will be thrown on the outer or stronger part of the foot.—Kathleen Hills in Leslie's.

RUSSIA'S GREAT CLOWN.

Durov Had a Biting Tongue, and He Dearly Loved Pigs.

The famous Russian clown, Anatole Durov, held that, whatever your vocation, the only thing that brings you success is work. Accordingly he became the most industrious, successful and beloved clown in Russia and probably the richest clown in the world, too, for when he died he left a fortune of \$1,000,000 and a collection of trained animals that brought visitors to his home from all over the world.

Born of an ancient and noble family, he was a pupil of the renowned cadet corps, but before his graduation he ran away and joined a circus.

But he had no ambition to be an ordinary clown. He kept in touch with politics, with everything that took place in Russia, and applied to it his wit. Soon he became an unlicensed censor of Russian society in motley. Evil he rebuked by jest and gibe. No man was in too high a place for his tongue, and furious officials once brought about his exile. Russia loved him too well for that, however, and soon he was back in the ring. To show that he meant to be more discreet he appeared with a padlock attached to his mouth.

He was a very famous animal trainer. The pig was his favorite pupil, and it is said that his pigs could do almost everything that human beings can do except talk.

A team of trained pigs drew him about the streets, and so did he love them that a pig's head with a "D" to the left was the device upon his seal.

He used to enjoy telling how, when he was on tour in Germany, one of his pigs ran away and came finally to a farm not far from Berlin. The farmer, who was a kind man, gave the tired looking beast food and drink. To his consternation, the visitor solemnly mounted an upturned barrel, looked gratefully at his host and stood on its head as a token of appreciation.—Youth's Companion.

A Giant Emperor.

Maximus, the giant Roman emperor, could twist coins into corkscrews, powder hard rocks between his fingers and do other seemingly impossible things. When angered he often broke the jaw of a horse or the skull of an ox with his fist. His wife's bracelet served him for a ring, and every day he ate, besides other food, sixty pounds of meat and drank an amphora of wine.

How the Days Go By.

Frank looked up thoughtfully from his engine and cars game of railroad-ing, played on the primitive plan of a five-year-old boy.

"Mamma, isn't it funny how the days go by, one after the other, just like a train of cars with Sunday for the engine?"—Harper's.

Cruel.

Wife—I dreamed last night that I was in heaven.

Husband—Did you see me there?

Wife—I did; then I knew I was dreaming.—Town Topics.

Blossom Time in the Golden State

A friend just back from Southern California says: "The weather was fine, in fact too warm for heavy clothes. Many were bathing at the beaches. Oranges were ripe in the valleys, while the mountains nearby were covered with snow."

With warm sunny weather it will not be long before the blossoms on the trees will be everywhere announcing spring is here

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