

## 6% FARM LOANS

Notice. We have an unlimited amount of funds to lend on farm security at 6 per cent per annum. Long time loans desired. No delay.

## FARM LOANS 6%

HECKER & BEAM  
133 Lyon St. Albany, Ore.

## H. C. ROLOFF

### AUCTIONEER

WATERLOO OREGON  
R. F. D. No. 1 Phone 124 Sweet Home

Sale dates arranged for at The Scio Tribune Office, Scio, Ore.

For your reading for 1917, consult The Tribune. We can give you bargain day rates for all of the leading daily and weekly newspapers and magazines.

## Administrators Sale of Real Property

In the County Court for the County of Linn, State of Oregon.

In the matter of the Estate of J. W. Compton, Deceased Notice of Sale

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, the duly appointed, qualified and acting Executors of the estate of J. W. Compton, deceased, will, pursuant to the terms of the last Will and Testament of said deceased, offer for sale, the following described premises, to-wit:

Beginning at the Southwest corner of the Northwest quarter of the Northwest quarter of Section 18, in Township ten (10) South of Range One West of the Willamette Meridian, Oregon, running thence North 15 rods; thence East 30 rods; thence South 15 rods; thence West 30 rods to the place of beginning, containing 5.27 acres of land more or less, situated in Linn County, Oregon.

That said Executors will sell said lands at private sale and will receive bids therefor up to and including the 17th day of March, 1917. Said bids can be made by letter deposited in the post-office directed to either of the undersigned at their postoffice addresses or by personal bids made to either of said Executors.

Dated this 9th day of February, 1917.

G. W. Compton, Lebanon, Ore.  
Henry Kinzer, Crabtree, Ore.  
Executors of the Estate of J. W. Compton, Deceased.

When in need of anything in the way of job work, call and see us. We do first-class work at reasonable prices.

## The Ranchman

True Love's Course Did Not Run Smooth With Him.

By F. A. MITCHEL

Some years ago it was quite the thing for young men who had inherited means to go west and start a ranch. Arnold Tucker, after being graduated at one of the principal eastern universities, finding himself in possession of a fortune, concluded to follow ranching as an occupation and proceeded westward to carry out his purpose. He found a ranch for sale without any trouble. The business was not proving profitable, and those who had put money into it were anxious to get it out. However, they did not communicate this to Tucker, and he bought one of the best ranches, well stocked, for what he considered a low price.

Young men have a good deal to learn, and Tucker was no exception. He was an energetic man, full of pluck and determination, attended faithfully to all his stock required and had it not been for one stumbling block in his way might have succeeded. That stumbling block was a woman.

One day while he was riding over his broad acres, he suddenly felt his horse sinking down under him. Realizing at once that he had struck a quicksand, he made an effort to extricate himself, but his horse struggled so that he did not succeed. Then he saw a woman, mounted, galloping toward him. A lasso whirled, and a noose fell on his shoulders. This he fixed under his arms, and the woman, tying the other end of the rope to the pommel of her saddle, spurred her horse away from the quicksand and pulled him out.

Madge Hardesty was the woman who kept Tucker from being swallowed up with his horse, the natural consequence of which was that he should be swallowed up by the woman, especially as she was young and in her wild western way fascinating. She was certainly beloved by the men of the region in which she lived and would have been by the women had there been enough women of her class for her to associate with instead of men. She had gained the respect of all by running a ranch her father had left her, and running it successfully. There was not a man within fifty miles to whom she was not known and not one of them, from the most unfortunate ranchman to the roughest cowpuncher, who would not have risked his life to serve her.

Tucker was far above them all in refinement and education. There was an affair of the heart between him and his preserver, and it would doubtless have ended in the usual way between lovers had not Tucker left a sweetheart in the east. Several months passed after his being dragged from the quicksand, and it was recognized by all that Madge was in love with the "swell ranchman," as he was called, when he suddenly departed for the east.

Why he left, when he was to return, whether or not he had filled Madge, no one knew unless it was Madge, and she would not tell. But what her tongue refused to speak was evident from her appearance and her bearing. At first she gave vent to fits of assumed gaiety that were followed by spells of real depression. This was followed by an uninterrupted languor. Everybody knew by this time that all had not gone well with her in the matter of Tucker's attentions, and the feeling against him was hostile.

The truth is that Tucker had been caught in an entanglement with Madge Hardesty as he had been caught in the quicksand. He had been engulfed in each before he realized that he was in danger. As soon as he came to such realization concerning Madge he took himself off. He was bound in honor to the girl in the east, and, being an honorable man, he returned to her.

Let a man drink lemonade, then wine and then return to lemonade and the taste of the weaker beverage is insipid. Tucker had gone west feeling that he had left a "dream." When he returned the dream had faded, and he found a girl like other girls, no more, no less attractive. There was no favor in her. The result was that he was a different man to her from what he had been. She was not greatly displeased at this, for she saw in him a western manner that she considered by no means an improvement on his former self. The result was that they agreed to disagree.

One day a herder who had drifted into a little town not a hundred miles from Madge Hardesty's ranch reported that he had seen Tucker there. Herders are not models of diplomacy or common sense. A dozen or so of

them banded themselves together for a purpose. They rode to the town where Tucker had been seen and forced him to go with them to Madge Hardesty's ranch. The first Madge knew of what they were doing was being called out on the veranda of her ranch house, where she saw Tucker a prisoner among her backers. The herder spokesman, pointing to Tucker, said: "Here's the galoot that ran away. If you want anything of him just let us know what it is."

Madge, horrified, ignoring the herders, declared to Tucker that she had been ignorant of this outrage and had

nothing to do with it. He assured her that her disclaimer was entirely unnecessary since he would not for a moment suspect her of so unfeminine a proceeding. The moment the herders saw the blunder they had committed they slunk away, leaving Madge standing on the veranda, Tucker sitting on his horse below.

"Those fellows have spoiled everything," he said.

"Their motives were good," was the reply. "Nevertheless they have put a barrier between you and me that cannot be removed."

"No barrier was required."

"I left you because I had been pledged to another before I met you. I have returned free from that pledge, and all might have been well had those men not interfered."

With this he turned his horse's head and rode away without looking back. Going to his ranch, he bethought himself what to do. Should he sell out and go home? No; he had been placed in an unenviable position, and he must live it down among those who had condemned him.

He turned his attention to his ranch, devoting himself to it exclusively. Neighboring ranchmen, hearing of the outrage that had been put upon him, went to his ranch house and welcomed him back. When he met any of the herders who had interfered between him and Madge Hardesty the herder apologized for the mistake that had been made, and in some cases they sought him out for the purpose. No one but himself knew that he had returned from the east to ask Madge to be his wife. Nevertheless the prevailing sentiment among those about him was that he had been badly treated. And they, being a people of extremes, were as prone to favor him as they had been before to condemn him unheard.

The next winter was a hard one. An early blizzard occasioned the loss of a great many animals. It came suddenly and caught the stock grazing at a distance from shelter, and, unprotected, they were frozen by hundreds. At the first sign of danger Tucker summoned his herders for the purpose of getting his animals under shelter. But Madge was in his mind. He knew that she had few assistants and would be liable to a severe loss. Sending his men out to drive in his stock, he rode toward Madge's ranch.

Reaching her house, he learned that she had ridden forth with but two herders, all there were in her employ, to save her property. Following the tracks in the snow over the bleak, rolling ground—he could see nothing distant through the dense fogs—he at last reached a point where he heard voices. Riding on, he presently came upon a man driving a flock of sheep to shelter.

"Where's your mistress?" asked Tucker.

"Over there," replied the man, pointing, and Tucker, following the tracks, soon came upon the other herder with another flock of sheep. Tucker repeated the question as to Madge's whereabouts and was told that she had gone off after some stray ewes and lambs. Fixing his eyes upon the tracks, Tucker started anew.

Meanwhile the mercury had been rapidly sinking and now stood far below zero, while the wind was blowing a gale. Troubled as to Madge's safety, Tucker hurried on. He could not see fifty yards ahead of him for the snow, but the tracks were an infallible guide.

Suddenly he came upon Madge's horse standing shivering in the blizzard. Tucker's heart sank within him. He believed Madge was near and feared the worst. Not far distant he came upon a heap of something covered with snow. Throwing himself from his horse, he brushed the white covering from the pile and came upon Madge and half a dozen lambs all lying in a heap. Most of the lambs were frozen stiff. Madge was asleep beside them.

Tucker grasped her and, shaking her, raised her. She opened her eyes. He had taken the precaution to bring a flask with him and poured liquor into her mouth. Then, forcing her to walk the few steps to his horse, he placed her in the saddle, wrapped his overcoat about her for additional protection against the wind and started for the ranch house. But he had not gone far before she showed signs of drowsiness, and, climbing up behind her, he rode in that fashion, both supporting her and guiding the horse.

The snow was by this time deep, and the tracks had been obliterated. Tucker had no guide except the compass of

the country. Fortunately he struck a creek, and this gave him his direction. The whirling flakes were confusing, but he pushed on, and at last, seeing through the snow a barn that he knew was near the ranch house, he cried for help. In another moment a rescue party came to his assistance.

When the blizzard had passed and the ranchers took account of losses it was found that the most esteemed one among them had been saved by the one who had at one time been the most condemned. Furthermore, the principal part of her stock had been saved. From this time Tucker became the most popular man among his neighbors, and it soon became known that the breach between him and Madge Hardesty had been healed.

The wedding was unique. There were ranchers present, and herders, and horsemen, a few gamblers—indeed, all persons who pass current in a wild west community. For a bridal trip Tucker took his wife to his home in the east. His relatives and friends expected to see something very crude. They were surprised to find a fair amount of refinement, which was reinforced with plenty of character and feminine strength.

## DEWEY'S IRON NERVE.

How, When a Young Officer, He Subdued an Ugly Mutineer.

In Admiral Dewey's autobiography, written for Hearst's Magazine, is the following story, which shows that as a young lieutenant commander the hero of Manila bay already possessed the iron nerve that characterized his later life.

"Commodore H. K. Thatcher, in command of the Colorado, welcomed me on board heartily, notwithstanding my youth. He said the ship was in a bad state and gave me full authority in the government of the crew of 700 men."

"Gradually I was able to identify the worst characters. They were the ones I had to tame. The ringleader was a giant red-headed Englishman named Webster. Many of his mates were in bodily fear of this great brute. The prison being full, I had him put down in the hold in irons."

"One day I heard a breaking of glass, and the orderly told me that Webster had broken free of his irons, had driven the sentry out of the hold and, in a blind rage, was breaking up stone bottles of soda and ale that were stored there."

"I sent the master-at-arms to arrest him, and the master-at-arms came back to report that Webster had sworn he would kill the first man that tried to come down the ladder into the hold."

"Such a situation was not to be endured. I took my revolver and started for the hold. When I came to the ladder Webster yelled up the threat which had made the others hesitate in view of his known ferocity. Of course, any one going down the ladder would expose his whole body to an attack before his head was below the deck level and he could see his adversary. But any temporizing with the fellow meant a bad effect on the whole ship's company."

"Webster, this is the executive officer, Mr. Dewey," I called to him. "I am coming down and, Webster, you may be sure of this—if you raise a finger against me I shall kill you."

"I stepped down the ladder quickly, to see Webster standing with a stone ale bottle in his hand ready to throw. But he did not throw it and submitted to arrest peacefully."

## Fogs of Peru.

Peru has hundreds of square miles along its coast of rainless country. In this tract rain is never known to fall. Yet the region is not entirely barren of vegetation. Some parts of it, indeed, are comparatively fertile. This is due to the extraordinary fogs known as "garuas." They prevail every night from May to October after a summer that is sultry and extend up to a level of 1,200 feet above the sea. Above 1,200 feet rain falls.

## Style in Emotion.

"Now some scientific sharp says there are styles in emotions."

"I believe it. I know some women who always wear their dignity ruffled."—Kansas City Journal.

## Cruel.

"Doesn't it annoy you to hear a woman talking slang?"

"Why mention slang especially?"—Exchange.

## A Difference.

"I hear you have been visiting friends?"

"No; relatives."

## Described.

"Pa, what is meant by a reminiscent mood?"

"When your mother is reminding me of the things I promised her before we were married she may be said to be in a reminiscent mood, my boy."—Detroit Free Press.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie. A fault which needs it most grows two thereby. Harriet.

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

In 1917

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

The value and need of a newspaper in the household was never greater than at the present time. The great war in Europe is now half-way into its third year, and whether peace be at hand or yet be far off, it and the events to follow it are sure to be of absorbing interest for many a month to come. These are world-shaking affairs, in which the United States, willing or unwilling, is compelled to take part. No intelligent person can ignore such issues.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD and THE SCIO TRIBUNE together for one year for only \$2.15.

Subscribe From THE SCIO TRIBUNE

Scio Oregon

## You May Pay Less

BUT YOU WILL NOT GET WORK THAT IS SO GOOD AS WE DO

## You May Pay More

BUT YOU WILL NOT GET WORK THAT'S ANY BETTER IF AS GOOD

These statements refer to Job and Book Printing. Our facilities are complete. We use only the best of material, and our prices are right for first class work. We do no other kind. We always satisfy our customers.

THE SCIO TRIBUNE