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Halsey Items

Mr Bridges from Eugene, visited in Halsey last Sunday.

Miss Marie Stewart spent a few days last week in Eugene.

E B Penland was an Albany caller Wednesday.

Mrs Crawford's daughter and her husband from Astoria, arrived here Monday for a visit.

D S McWilliams and son were business callers in Brownsville Tuesday.

The Halsey baseball team plays with Tangent next Sunday on the Tangent diamond.

Delos Clark, who has been working with a surveying outfit, is home again for a while.

Mrs Marion Pike of Harrisburg, is visiting this week with her mother, Mrs Stewart.

Mrs R H Pyburn has been seriously ill for the past week but is reported as mending at the present.

Whooping cough is making its appearance in Halsey. A child of Fred Robins is reported as having caught it.

Many people have expressed themselves as being very disappointed on account of Halsey failing to celebrate the Fourth.

Mrs B M Miller and her mother, Mrs Young, attended the Rose festival at Portland and then went to Forest Grove to visit friends.

Mrs Mornhinweg's class picnic that was to have been held last Tuesday, has been indefinitely postponed on account of sickness and absence of its members.

Kenneth Miner, thirteen year old son of I A Miner, who lives east of town on the Brownsville road, is suffering from an attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

Flem Smith, who was operated on some time ago in the hospital at Albany, returned home for a short time, but was taken back to the hospital the fore part of this week.

Johnathon Bridges, Oregon state superintendent for the "No Tobacco League of America" will hold a union meeting and define some of the evils of tobacco and the aims of the organization July 4, at the Christian church. HEAR HIM.

Whooping cough in the past has been regarded too lightly. It should be quarantined just the same as smallpox, measles, diphtheria or any other contagious disease. We are informed that the mortality from whooping cough and its complications and sequelae is greater than people generally have any idea of, being as frequent as that following in the wake of influenza.

Mr and Mrs J O Garrett of Grass Valley, arrived here Friday evening. They are the guests of John LaRue and his sister. Mr Garrett was raised here and knows all the old timers here but has been gone for twenty years. He left Tuesday for a two weeks' visit with his daughter in Medford. Then he will return and remain in and around Halsey until the latter part of July.

Years ago there were three brothers named Powell who took up homesteads east of Albany, and last Sunday at Copeland's grove about 300 of their descendants and relatives met in a picnic. There were people from Spokane, Portland, Monmouth, Cottage Grove, and all over Lane county. Among others that were there were George Maxwell and family, and Mr Safley and family. They report a fine time. This is the fourth year they have had these family reunions.

J M Porter and wife took in the Rose festival in Portland last week.

Georgena Clark was on the sick list two days the fore part of the week.

J W Bressler and wife returned Monday evening from their visit in Portland.

L E Walton attended the Shriner's convention and the Rose Festival at Portland.

Jack Dean is the proud possessor of a new Marshal Wells bike.

F H Porter and family returned Monday evening from their outing at Newport.

H E Davis is treating his house to a new coat of paint. Arthur Robnett is doing the work.

Mrs Harry Miller from Yakima, Washington, arrived here Tuesday to look after her mother Mrs E C Allen.

Last Friday Mrs E C Miller went to Tangent to visit her parents, Mr and Mrs T M Bennett. She returned Sunday.

Mr and Mrs Geo Ackley of Peoria, Ill, who attended the Shriner's convention at Portland, stopped Tuesday evening for a visit with W F White and his wife.

D Taylor, who has been school inspector for Linn county since August 13, 1915, has resigned and Gov Olcott has appointed Dr C T Norman of Albany to take his place.

We were wondering what was the cause of that broad smile on G W Mornhinweg's face, but upon investigation it was found that a daughter had been born to his daughter Mrs H M Wallace of Newberg, on the 19th of June.

Fred True, while driving his car home one night drove off a bridge and broke the car up considerably. Fortunately he sustained no physical injuries, but the repairing of the car will be enough to make him wish it had not happened.

Charging A V Holgate with alienating his wife's affections Glen Chance on Wednesday filed a suit for a divorce from her who left him some time ago, taking with her their two-year-old son. Mr Chance also asks the court to award him the custody of the child.

There is a shortage of baling wire and no immediate prospect of getting any. There is none in Portland and one firm wrote to Mornhinweg that they will have one car about the middle of July. Orders will be received by Mornhinweg for future delivery subject to indefinite delay.

The Harmonica Mystery.

"I have enough evidence to make a jury convict Mr. Snake without leaving the box."

"How did the snake get out of the box?"

"By the window."

"How do you make that out? You say yourself that the window was high in."

"Nevertheless, it got out by the window. It's the logical sequence of events. That's proof enough that it was in the room. It killed Captain Gunner there. And that's proof enough that it got out of the room, because it left traces of its presence outside. Therefore, as the window was the only exit, it must have gone out that way. It may have climbed or it may have jumped, but it got out of the window."

"What do you mean—proofs of its presence outside?"

"It killed a dog."

"Hello! This is new. You didn't mention that before."

"No."

"How do you know it killed the dog?"

"Because analysis proved that it had died from snake-bite."

"Where was it?"

"There is a sort of back-yard behind the house. The window of Captain Gunner's room looks out into it. It is full of boxes and litter of all sorts, and there are a few stunted shrubs scattered about. In fact, there

is enough cover to hide any small object like the body of a dog, and that's why it was not discovered at first.

"Katie, the maid-of-all-work at the Excelsior, came on it the morning after I had sent you my report, while she was emptying a box of ashes in the yard. Nobody claimed the dog. It was just an ordinary mutt dog, don't suppose it belonged to anybody. It had no collar."

"It was fortunate you happened to think of having the analysis made."

"Not at all. It was the obvious thing to do. It constituted a coincidence, and I was on the lookout for that sort of coincidence. It supported my theory."

"Well, as I say, the analyst examined the body, and found that the dog had died of the bite of a krait."

"But you didn't find the snake?"

"No. We cleaned out that yard till you could have eaten your breakfast there, but the snake had gone."

"Good Heavens! Is it wandering at large along the water-front?"

"We'll hope it has been killed. It is not a pleasant thing to have about the streets. It must have got out through the door of the yard, which was open. But it is a couple of days now since it escaped, and there has been no further tragedy, so I guess it's dead. The nights are pretty cold now, and it would probably have died of exposure. Anyway, let's hope so."

"But, for goodness' sake, how did a krait get to Long Island, anyway?"

"There is a very simple explanation of that. Can't you guess it? I told you it came from Java."

"How do you know that?"

"Captain Muller told me. Not directly, I mean. I gathered it from what he said. It seems that Captain Muller had a friend, an old shipmate, living in Java. They corresponded, and occasionally this man sends the captain a present as a mark of his esteem. The last present he sent him was our friend, the snake."

"What?"

"He didn't know he was sending it. He imagined he was sending a crate of bananas, without any extras. Unfortunately, the snake must have got in unnoticed. These unsuspected additions to crates of bananas are quite common. You must have read about them in the papers. It was only the other day that a man found a tarantula inside one."

"Well, that's my case against Mr. Snake, and, short of catching him with the goods, I don't see how I could have made out a stronger one. Don't you agree with me?"

It went against the grain of Mr. Snyder to play the role of admiring friend to his assistant's Triumphant Detective, but he was a fair-minded man, and he was forced to admit that Oakes did certainly seem to have solved the insoluble.

"I congratulate you, my boy," he said as heartily as he could. "I'm bound to say when you started out I didn't think you could do it. It looked to me like one of those cases we fall on, and keep mighty quiet about when we are printing our reminiscences. You are a wonder."

"Not at all. I merely used what wits God has given me, and refused to be led down blind alleys. And you must admit, Mr. Snyder, that I won through without the amateur assistance of Mrs. Pickett, which you recommended so strongly."

Mr. Snyder looked embarrassed.

"That was just a little joke, my boy. How did you leave the old lady? I guess she was pleased?"

"She didn't show it. She's only half alive, that woman. She hasn't sense enough to be pleased at anything. However, she has invited me to dine tonight in her private room, which, I suppose, is an honor. It certainly will be a bore, still, I accepted. She made such a point of it."

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Pickett Takes a Hand.

For some time after Oakes had gone, Mr. Snyder sat smoking and thinking. His meditations were not altogether pleasant. Oakes, he felt, after this would be unbearable as a man, and, what was worse from a professional view-point, of greatly diminished value as a servant of the agency.

To a temperament like Oakes', a spectacular success at such an early stage in his career would be disastrous.

Oakes as a detective—and, perhaps, as a man, too—was in the schoolboy stage. He was being educated. What he most needed at this point in his education was a failure which should keep his self-confidence in check.

That he should have succeeded so wittily and brilliantly in this matter of the death of Captain Gunner was nothing less than a disaster.

To Mr. Snyder, meditating thus, here was brought the card of a caller, Mrs. Pickett would be glad if he could spare a few moments.

Mr. Snyder was glad to see Mrs. Pickett. He was a student of character, and she had interested him at

half first meeting.

To Be Continued

Hurrah for the swimming hole.

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