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\$37.50

TO

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\$3.00

TO

\$12.80



ALBANY, OREGON.

Halsey Items

R B Miller was in town Tuesday with a meat wagon.

Brownsville and Drifted Snow flour at D H Sturtevant's.

For Dental Work—Dr. E. W. Barnum, Harrisburg, Oregon. Phone or write for appointment.

Wanted—Sheep pasture and some feeder hogs. I still have three fresh cows for sale. R B Mayberry.

Bert Minkley shipped a car of hay Wednesday.

Roll Templeton was a Browns-ville caller Wednesday.

J C Bramwell and wife were Albany callers Friday.

W A Carey was an Albany caller last Thursday.

The Boy Scouts took a two mile hike last night out east of town.

A new walk has been laid in front of the north half of the school yard.

LW Byerly and Frank Kirk made a business trip to Albany Wednesday.

Frum & Mayberry shipped a car of hogs Tuesday and expect to ship another one tomorrow.

E B McKinney of Albany, transacted business in Halsey Wednesday.

Mr and Mrs Alex Power of Lebanon, spent New Year's day and Sunday as guests at the D S McWilliams home.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please call at Cross & White's and settle their account at the earliest possible date. O. W. Frum.

FH Porter and his daughter Miss Amy left Wednesday for Portland. Mrs Porter and Miss Gertrude will follow shortly but at present Gertrude is sick with a cold.

Oliver Hargus of Eugene has been secured as pastor of the Christian Church and will preach here next Sunday morning and evening. Mr Jones who had received a call to the church decided not to give up his work at Sheridan.

Big Basket Ball Game

At City Hall, Tuesday, Jan 11, Halsey Athletic Club vs Albany Moose.

This will be a hard, fast game and one worth witnessing.

Game called at 8:30 p. m. Admission 25 cents.

SHEILA'S FRIEND
By MILDRED WHITE.

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.) Sheila had been sent to the hill country because of poor health. Her Aunt Gwendolen, in care-free pleasure loving life, could not realize or sympathize with frailness, and the constantly added tasks of the city apartment had grown to be more than Sheila could bear. She must go away, the doctor said, and soon. Pretty, fashionable Aunt Gwen petulantly objected.

But the doctor was firm, and scribbled a certain country address on his prescription pad. "Tell Mrs. Saunders I sent you," he ordered crisply, and Sheila had gone.

The money question was not a very important one; living expenses in the far away village were not those of the city. Aunt Gwen none too graciously volunteered assistance from her sufficient store. "It is due you for your services," the old doctor drily remarked.

Sheila was not unhappy in her isolation. At first there was the novel sensation of freedom. Never had she been free to seek joy or relaxation and then she found delight in planning walks of exploration about the country. High upon the hill side, she viewed a great red house from her small window in Mrs. Saunders' home.

Sheila wondered who had selected that lonely space for the towered abode, and went down at last to ask her hostess.

"That's the old Wren place," Mrs. Saunders told her. "Used to be great things there when I was a girl and Miss Wren was a girl too. Thought

we were honored to be asked to one of her fine parties, but now she's plumb alone. Folks all died off, and Worthy Wren's got queer living alone. Some used to say she was in love with the man her sister married. I don't know, but Worthy and Ben Temple were friends from childhood and when Becky Wren came back all bright and snappy from boarding school—seemed she'd grown up all at once and her ways just turned Ben's head.

"He married Becky suddenly, and I guess Worthy never heard from either of 'em after they went off somewhere to live."

Sheila thought the story over as she started up the hill. Miss Wren was in her springtime garden when she got there.

"So you would like to see my flowers?" she said. "Come right in, you will be most welcome; pleasing visitors are a rarity with me."

Sheila returned to the farmhouse laden with spring blooms, and a happy friendship also came to bloom between the lonely old woman, and the young. The girl found most of her comfort that summer upon the pillared verandas of Miss Wren's home.

As fall came and fallen leaves crackled beneath her feet in Miss Wren's garden, Sheila was loath to go back to the prison of Aunt Gwen's close apartment. Worthy Wren had profited, too, by the girl's companionship. She often laughed softly in an echo of almost forgotten laughter. "Why don't you," Sheila suggested, "leave this big place and go down to the village? It must take a great deal to keep it up."

It was then that her first realization came of her friend's real need. "It does take a good deal," Miss Worthy reluctantly admitted, "but the money I have may be made with care to last my lifetime. I live almost in one room during the winter."

Sheila took to bringing certain donations for mutual luncheon parties after that.

"I wish," wrote Aunt Gwen, "that you would hurry back for the full house cleaning, Sheila; everything is in a perfect mess."

"Your progress," wrote the doctor back in the city, "is satisfactory. I know your needs and advise you to stay where you are for another month."

In the glory of an October moon, Sheila went up the hill with her offerings for a festive supper. Miss Worthy put logs on the fireplace and the tea table was drawn before it. The white head was bent close to the golden-brown one, when the doorbell clanged. Sheila hastened to answer. A young man stood there in the moonlight, a big young man with a good-natured face.

"I am Jack Temple," he announced. "I have come to see my aunt."

"Come in," she invited, "and have some tea."

They talked it over later, the big young man and she, as he escorted her down hill.

"Mother sent me," he explained. "Mother's not much like Aunt Worthy, I fancy, but she wanted to make up after all the years."

Jack Temple paused thoughtfully. "If you know of any one I could engage to stay with Aunt Worthy through the winter?"

The prompt response of the pretty girl at his side brought from the young man an astonished stare.

"I will stay with her," Sheila replied, and when the snows of the following December were heaped about the great house doorway, Miss Wren admonished her nephew concerning his frequent visits.

"I'm afraid you are taking too much time from business, Jack dear," she said, "though, of course, Sheila and I love to have you about."

"Sheila," that young man answered with satisfaction, "has agreed to have me about for the rest of her natural life. That, of course, includes you, Aunt Worthy."

IN THE SUBWAY

By VIRGINIA KEYES.
(© 1929, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) "Thank goodness, the whole thing will be done quietly," Mrs. Francis Tal-foord murmured to herself as she stood watching the noontime crowd pouring into the subway. Her gown of gray, clinging material, with its wide, childish collar of delicate, white lace seemed strangely out of place among the smart tailored suits of the working girls hurrying past. A gray velvet hat with a single ornament of twisted silver ribbon fitted closely over her coiled brown hair. No, there would be no disgusting publicity.

Somewhere a clock struck the half-hour. Mrs. Talfoord became impatient. Strange, Francis was late. He had insisted that she should meet him there and that they should go together on the subway. How much easier to have called for him at the office with her little electric!

In spite of herself she began to think about the first time she had seen Francis. Then he had been a secretary in her father's office. She re-

membered his straight shoulders and his peculiar habit he had of becoming quite red when one looked at him. How different from the young men who flitted about the fashionable hotels and drove long, low-seated roadsters!

She remembered how curiously happy she had been the day he timidly invited her to a concert. How proud she felt, proud of his erect bearing, his energetic manner of speaking and his flashing smile. Then, too, the night she had given up a dance to go to walk with him, and he had told her that he loved her.

Mrs. Talfoord caught her breath hastily. She must not think of such things. One should not think of such things when one was going to a lawyer's to get a divorce. She must remember how impossible it was for them to live happily together. She could not go without the things she had always been accustomed to. For two dreadful months she had lived within Francis' salary, denying herself all the expensive luxuries she loved so much. Then her father had died and she had slowly drifted back into the old way.

Why should she not spend her father's money? He had worked all his life that his only daughter might have everything. Yet Francis wanted her to live upon his salary alone. Ridiculous! There had been quarrels, rather bad quarrels, and now she was waiting for Francis at the subway entrance. A clock struck one.

A tired-looking man separated himself from the crowd and came hastily toward her. His well-fitting suit was worn and his cuffs were frayed.

"Sorry, Blanche," he said briskly. "There was a little extra work that had to be finished. However, this is the last time I'll keep you waiting, you know."

As they went down into the subway she began to open her beaded bag. "I pay my wife's fare," he said grimly, and the lines about his mouth hardened noticeably.

They entered the car and found a seat in silence. Mrs. Talfoord looked straight before her. Stations flashed by, spots of light and color, nothing more. The crowds ebbed and flowed.

Suddenly the car stopped. There was no station. They must be under the river. Mrs. Talfoord sighed with relief. It was probably waiting for another car to pass. Then the lights went out. Mrs. Talfoord had been afraid of the dark ever since she was a wee tot, who clung in terror to her governess' hands as they went through the dark hall into the brilliantly lighted nursery. Now she shivered a little in the darkness and touched Francis' sleeve gently to make sure he was still there.

His voice rang out clearly above the others: "We will be going in a few minutes. The car often stops like this."

Mrs. Talfoord was reminded of the first month of their marriage, when she cooked for Francis in a four-room apartment. How happy Francis had been, no matter how disgracefully the dinner turned out! Something startled her from her thoughts, the low moans of a frightened woman. In the deadly stillness that followed there was a low, dripping sound. Mrs. Talfoord clenched her hands and began to count the drops in a stupid way. Now there was the sound of running water, no longer drops. It was the river. The car would soon be flooded.

"Francis," she whispered. Her throat was strangely dry.

"Yes, dear," he said softly, and she felt his arm close tight about her. Not a ray of light penetrated the darkness, only that maddening trickling. On the other side of the car a man was praying in a husky voice and a woman was sobbing.

"Dear," it was months since she had said that word. "Dear," she whispered again, and she felt his breath against her cheek. In that instant of happiness she forgot that she would soon die. In that same moment the car was flooded, not with water, but with dazzling light, and again they were rattling noisily through the tunnel.

Blindly they left the car. Mrs. Talfoord, still clinging to her husband's arm, found herself in the street filled with sunshine. The crowds surged by unnoticed.

"Francis," she murmured, flushing in confusion. "Do you suppose if we hurried we could find a four-room apartment and move in tonight?"

Author's Peculiar Diet.

A lover of monotonous diet was William Morris, who, when he shared a studio with Burne-Jones, had roast beef and plum pudding for lunch every day, even when the thermometer was 90 degrees in the shade. He liked his puddings large, and once when the servant (known to the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood as "Red Lion Mary") brought in one below the approved standard of size he picked it off the dish and flung it at her, shouting: "Do you call that a pudding, Mary?" In the early morning, too, Morris seems to have enjoyed a healthy appetite. He was once heard roaring downstairs after breakfast: "Mary, those six eggs were bad. I've eaten them, but don't let it occur again."

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