

They put out in the livery stable of the City hotel and at the desk of the latter asked about the price of board. It was three dollars a day and no politeness in the offer.

"It's purty steep," said Samson. "But I'm too hungry for argument or delay and I guess we can stand it to be nabobs for a day or so."

The hotel clerk had a Register of the Residents of the City of Chicago wherein they found the name and address of John Kelso. They went out to find the house. Storekeepers tried to stop them as they passed along the street with offers of land at bargains which would make them millionaires in a week. In proceeding along the plank sidewalks they were often ascending or descending steps to another level.

On La Salle street they found the home of Jack Kelso. It was a rough boarded small house, a story and a half high. It had a little porch and dooryard enclosed by an unpainted picket fence. Bim, in a handsome, blue silk gown, came running out to meet them.

"If you don't mind I'm going to kiss you," she said to Harry.

"I'd mind if you didn't," said the young man as he embraced her.

"We must be careful not to get the habit," she laughed.

"I'd enjoy being careless for once," said Harry.

"Women can be extravagant with everything but carelessness," she insisted. "Do you like this gown?"

"It is lovely—like yourself."

"Then perhaps you will be willing to take me to the party tonight. My mother will chaperon us."

"With these clothes that have just been hauled out of a saddle bag?" said Harry with a look of alarm.

"Even rags could not hide the beauty of him," said Kelso as he came down from the porch to greet them.

"And look at her," he went on. "Was there ever a fatter maid in spite of all her troubles? See the red in her cheeks and the diamond glow of youth and health in her eyes. You should see the young men sighing and guttaring around her."

"You'll hear me tuning up," Harry declared.

"That is father's way of comforting my widowhood," said Bim. "He has made a wonderful beauty mask and often he claps it on me and whistles up a band of sighing lovers. As a work of the imagination I am a great success."

"The look of you sets my heart afire again," the boy exclaimed.

"Come—take mother and me to the party at Mrs. Kinzie's," said Bim. "A very grand young man was coming to take us in a wonderful carriage, but he's half an hour late now. We won't wait for him."

So the three set out together afoot for Mrs. Kinzie's, while Samson sat down for a visit with Jack Kelso.

The Kinzie's house was of brick and larger and more pretentious than any in Chicago. Its lawn, veranda and parlor were crowded with people in a curious variety of costumes.

Nearly all the festive company wore diamonds. They scintillated on fingers, some of which were knotted with toll; they glowed on shirt bosoms and morning as well as evening gowns; on necks and ears, which should have been spared the emphasis of jewels.

Col. Zachary Taylor, who had just arrived from Florida and was presently returning with a regiment of recruits for the Seminole war, was at Mrs. Kinzie's party. He remembered Harry and took him in hand and introduced him to many of his friends as the best scout in the Black Hawk war, and, in spite of his dress, the young man became one of the lions of the evening.

After refreshments the men went outside to smoke, and talk—some with pipes—of canals, railroads and corner

Harry looked into Bim's eyes.

"The campaign will be over in a year, and I need you badly," the Colonel urged.

"I can not say no to the call of my country," Harry answered. "I will join your regiment at Beardstown on its way down the river."

That night Harry and Bim stood by the gate talking, after Mrs. Kelso had gone into the house.

"Bim, I love you more than ever," said the boy. "Abe says you can get a divorce. I have brought the papers for you to sign. They will make you free. I have done it for your sake. You will be under no obligation. I want you to be free to marry whom you will. I would be the happiest man in the world if you were to choose me. I haven't the wealth of some of the city men. I can only offer you my love."

"Be careful and, please, let go of my hand," she said. "I'm not going to say a word of love to you. I am not free yet. We couldn't marry if we wanted to. I wish you to be under no sense of obligation to me. Many things may happen in a year. I am glad you are going to see more of the world before you settle down. It will help you to be sure to know yourself a little better and to be sure of what you want to do."

"I think that I know myself fairly well," he answered. "There are so many better men who want to marry you! I shall go away with a great fear in me."

"There are no better men," she answered. "When you get back we shall see what comes of our little romance. Meanwhile I'm going to pray for you."

"And I for you," he said as he followed her into the house, where the other people sat waiting for them. Harry gave the papers to Bim to be signed and attested and forwarded to Mr. Stuart in Springfield.

On their way to the hotel Samson said to Harry:

"I don't believe Bim is going to be carried away by any of these high-flyers. She's getting to be a very sensible person. Poor Jack has caught the plague. He has invested in land. Thinks it will make him rich. He's in poor health, too—kidney trouble—and Bim has a baby with all the rest—a beautiful boy. I went upstairs and saw him asleep in his cradle. Looks like her. Hair as yellow as gold, light complexion, blue eyes, handsome as a picture."

That night, in the office of the City hotel, they found Mr. Lionel Davis in the midst of a group of excited speculators. In some way he had got across the prairies and was selling his land and accepting every offer on the plea that he was going into the grain business in St. Louis and had to leave Chicago next day. He choked the market with bargains. The buyers began to back off. Mr. Davis closed his carpet bag and left.

"It was a kind of horse stealin'," said Samson as they were going to bed. "He got news down there on the main road by pony express on his way to St. Louis. I'll bet there's been a panic in the East. He's awake and the others are still dreamin'."

(Continued)

The Time May Come.

"Dis world is gineter be all right," said Uncle Eben, "Jes' as soon as de crowd cheers a kind word or a generous action de same as it does a lone run."

**Apples** For sale. Gather them yourself. 25c a box, at my orchard at the ferry, Harrisburg, Ore.  
C. L. MORRIS.

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Harry Looked into Bim's Eyes.

We have a complete stock of the National Mazda Electric Lamps at the standard prices. When in need of a new supply see us.

*Cross & White*



Wallace Reid and Gloria Swanson in the Paramount Picture, "The Affairs of Anatol." A Cecil B. DeMille Production.

**Cecil B. DeMille's**  
PRODUCTION  
"THE AFFAIRS OF ANATOL"  
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with an all-star cast including  
Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Bebe Daniels, Monte Blue, Wanda Hawley, Theodore Roberts, Agnes Ayres, Theodore Kolsoff, Polly Moran, Raymond Hatton, Julia Faye

Also **Harold Lloyd** in "The Flirt"

In accordance with our policy of giving our patrons the best in motion pictures we have booked this super-special. On account of its extra cost and our contract with the producers that this picture must not be shown for less than 50c, our prices for this night will be **ADULTS, 50c, CHILDREN, 25c.**

**CANDY.** A Child May Eat Our Candy

without any injurious effects, for it is all made of the purest materials, and is fresh every day. The purity and freshness of our confectionery has always been our strong point and it has always found ready favor with the candy eating public. Just try a box and be convinced. It is the best candy made.

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Now is the time to begin another year by getting new implements, such as  
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A toilet requisite which is unreservedly guaranteed.

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**CARE OF NEW SILK HOSIERY**  
Stockings of the Finer Quality Should Be Carefully Washed as Soon as Taken Off.

The way you treat silk stockings has a lot more to do with the way they wear than has their original price—usually. Sometimes, of course, they are just such a poor quality that they aren't worth taking care of. But usually care tells more with silk stockings than it does with almost anything else.

To begin with never let silk stockings lie soiled for a week. They rot, once moisture has permeated them. The thing to do is to wash them out as soon as you take them off. Of course, this is usually too much trouble. Nevertheless, it is the thing to do. And, of course, they shouldn't be worn more than a day at a time—no more than a day without washing, that means.

Furthermore, it is said by a woman who wears her silk stockings longer than most of us do that they should be washed in cold water, and that no soap should be used. This seems rather strenuous treatment. But in her case, at least, it works out well, and perhaps it is the best way to do.

Another woman who is never troubled with runs in the legs of her silk stockings finds that stitching a narrow piece of black silk inside the stocking at the top prevents the runs from coming. The garter fastening goes through the extra thickness made by this silk—which, by the way, should be thin silk—and so does not pierce the fabric of the stocking.

**USE FOR REMNANTS OF VOILE**  
Scraps of Fabrics May Be Effectively Developed into Dresser Scarf and Pincushion.

If you are fortunate to have any pieces of voile you can utilize them by making a beautiful dresser scarf and pincushion at very little cost. For the cover take a piece of voile and measure for a four-inch hem on all four sides. Pull about four threads each way and hemstitch. Edge this with a crochet lace or any lace that you wish. The center may be embroidered and, of course, looks better if done so. You can use tiny wreaths, one in each corner. Do it in the colors to match the room.

Next paste a lining of thin silk of any desired shade to the under side and finish with small stitches and the cover is finished. The pincushion may be made in any desired shape and lined with the same material as used for the cover. Edge the cushion with lace to match the scarf or with a ruffle. Hemstitch and embroider and you have a pretty set.

**Had Sighed Over Cal's Hair.**  
My first love affair came to a climax when my sweetheart discovered that he had been carrying a "lock" of the calf's tail next to his heart for several months, under the illusion that it was a lock of my hair. He had insisted upon having a lock of my hair, but I, having none to spare, and finding that the color matched exactly that of my red calf, substituted that. It answered the purpose very well until a small boy gave the secret away. Then I was denounced as a true daughter of Eve!—Exchange.

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Electric Haircutting, Massaging and Shampooing.  
Cleaning and Pressing.  
**E. C. MILLER**

**Jots and Tittles**  
(Continued from page 1)

Eddie Sawyer's arm is getting better.

The county fair was a success, with 27,000 admittances.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Winniford were Albany visitors Friday.

Taxpayers' budget meeting tonight at the city council chamber.

The Lynch-Lowell road feud near Harrisburg has been patched up.

Farm Bureau workers expect to enroll 50 percent of the farmers of the county.

O. W. Frum expects to be running machinery in his new warehouse next week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Bilyeu, who live near here, were Albany visitors during the fair.

Brownsville cars brought the "homeseekers" from that city thru Halsey to Harrisburg.

Forest Ranger Elliott has completed his plumbing job at Moose Lake and it holds water again.

Irene and Ruth Quimby were prizewinners in the homemaking and canning at the county fair.

County fair authorities plan extensive building and other improvements before another year.

One concessionaire at the county fair was ordered off the grounds for swindling boys in a so-called game of chance.

J. C. Walton's answer to his wife's cross-complaint in the divorce court says that she deserted him because of his ill health.

Of the 12 high school districts in the county the clerks of only four have sent in their reports for 1919-1920 which would enable the county superintendent to give them their share of the tuition fund.

C. N. Larkin, proprietor of a ten-cent store at Harrisburg, has disappeared, though his business appears to be prosperous. Some years ago he dropped out of sight in the same way and was gone a couple of years. It seems a habit.

Blanch, 16-months-old, daughter of William Mackie and wife of Albany, scored 100 at the county fair baby show; Delman D., 9 months, son of W. E. Smith and wife of Jefferson, scored 98.

The yellow Shepherd dog advertised last week by a Corvallis man as lost came to Harry Bressler and evidently decided to make him its new master. Shep would wait for hours for Harry whenever the latter was at work and was always on the running board of his auto when he used that. Harry answered the advertisement Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Hall came from Corvallis Saturday evening and the dog was as overjoyed to see them as they were to get him back. A little one-inch advertisement did the trick.

The Shedd Shorthorn club, composed of Irene Quimby and Della and Clifford Cornutt, will go to Pacific International live stock show.

The Lane county fair was not advertised in Harrisburg this year, and as a result the attendance from the latter city was very slim, in contrast with the large delegations in previous years. The Linn county fair was advertised in Halsey and there were times last week when this burg looked like the deserted village, so many people were at the fair.

The Linn County Goat club, with six goats on exhibition at the Portland show, has a chance to win \$38 in cash prizes, as it is that here will be no competitors.

Mrs. G. W. McNeil received word Sunday of the death of her father, R. W. McCall, at Gifford, Idaho, where he had resided for the last thirty years. Mr. and Mrs. McNeil left Monday to take charge of the body and interment will be made at Palouse City, Wash., where other members of the family are buried. Mr. and Mrs. McNeil expect to return to Halsey in about ten days.

Dr. E. W. Barnum, accompanied by C. P. Stafford, drove to Albany Friday afternoon and attended the races at the county fair.

Johnny Standish arrived Sunday evening from Montana, where he has resided for several years, and will attend high school here this winter. Mr. Standish spent the spring and summer riding the range and working on ranches in and near Glacier National park, and is covered with a goodly coat of tan,