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ALUMINUM WARE

Call and let us quote prices that will surprise you.

No. 8 Octagonal Teakettles No article over
Large Preserving Kettles
Dishpans, etc., etc., etc. **\$2**

This is the time to clean up and paint up. We are putting in a large stock of best
PAINTS and OILS

We have increased our stock of **FURNITURE, Linoleums and kindred goods.**

GENERAL HARDWARE

LAWN MOWERS GARDEN HOSE

Our prices are made with the object of making sales

HILL & CO.

Political Advertising

Sen.

THOS. F. RYAN

or Oregon City

Formerly Brownsville Man

for
STATE TREASURER

Honesty, efficiency and economy, with thirty per cent reduction in maintenance expenses guaranteed

Vote for

W. A. EASTBURN

for

County Commissioner

A business administration on business principles.

Let us get out of debt and stay out.

Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)

Mrs. Lonzo Neal returned Monday evening after a three-weeks visit with her mother in Idaho.

Mother's day was well observed at both local churches Sunday. Among the floral decorations, which were beautiful at both places, there was, at the Christian church, a crowning piece containing the word "mother" spelled in flowers.

Mrs. Addie B. Ehrlich of Portland has bought the Harrisburg hospital from Mrs. Ann Hope Purdy.

The Dennis company is getting its plant at Tangent ready for the paving of the section of the Pacific highway from there to the county seat.

C. E. Stanard and wife of Brownsville are away on a California tour, now that the warm weather is really with us.

E. Zimmerman is proposed for county commissioner by democratic friends who will write his name in on the ticket, which is printed blank for that office.

Brownsville legal lights (or darkneses) declare that the laws against auto speeding are so worded that they cannot be enforced in that city.

Miss Gladys Clevenger, Brownsville high school graduate, was married a couple of weeks ago to J. T. Smith, a Sacramento newspaper man.

Word has been received at the office of the county clerk to the effect that Elmer Rathbun, committed from Linn county to the state hospital in November, 1921 has been released and taken to Pendleton.

The state highway commission promises its part, with county and national co-operation, in building a 14-foot roadway from Foster to Cascadia this summer. County bond funds to the tune of \$38,000 and federal funds of a like amount are available for the work.

From Mrs. Martha J. Kayser, Redlands, Cal., Mrs. Wheeler received as a surprise, Monday, a package of oranges and lemons, with blossoms also, a fragrant gift, direct from the orchards where they grew.

George W. Schroll, son of G. F. Schroll of this city, and Ruth Mary Moore were married in the Episcopal church at Bartow, Florida, April 17. The bride's parents and a small company of friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. James H. Davet. Immediately afterwards the bride and groom left by auto for Palm Beach and other points of interest. They were the recipients of many lovely gifts. They will reside at Winter Haven, Florida.

The concrete pavement from this city to Harrisburg, 7.94 miles, is to cost \$188,282.

W. A. Carey went to Roseburg Sunday to visit a daughter, Mrs. Davis, for a few weeks.

Meedames Jake and Hillard Ackerman and Mrs. Haverland and daughter Effie from Brownsville visited Mrs. Mary West at the English home Thursday.

The county Farm Bureau has continued the county agent on duty for this month at least. It has also voted \$400 to O. A. C. for extension work.

Cecile Mayberry was the winner of the \$10 Linn county prize given by the state dental association for essays on the teeth.

Roland Marks was home from Corvallis for the week end and played ball for Halsey at Harrisburg Saturday.

Dillard Price was in Harrisburg Friday.

The bridge at Alford, on the Pacific highway, something like 200 feet long, including approaches, is practically finished.

John Cochell and D. Arnold had a fist fight at Brownsville for which each paid \$5 fine and justice court costs, and no disagreement was settled, either.

Brownsville high school took second place in the county interscholastic track meet at Albany Saturday. The local team had 20 points to its credit, Albany taking first with 55. Seio was third with 17 points; Mill City, 15; Crabtree, 10—Times.

Mrs. R. I. Edwards of Brownsville brought Mr. Edwards' mother over, after a two-weeks visit, to take Saturday's train for her home in Portland. Mrs. Edwards took the children along and visited friends here.

(Continued on page 4)

A Genuine Riding Corn Plow for \$40

Prices on other machinery have a drop. Come in and let us talk it over. We handle the **McCormick and Deering BINDER and MOWER** the standard makes of the world. We will swap for your old binder.

G. W. Mornhinweg



A Popular Refreshment One that is relished at all times by young or old is our ice cream. It is made from pure, unadulterated cream and flavored with pure fruit flavors. There is no more wholesome or delicious refreshment on earth. Parties and families supplied in any quantity.

We sell

the Claxtonola

Come in and hear it play All phonograph records and needles.

Stewart & Price Confectionery

— THE —
HALSEY STATE BANK

HALSEY, OREGON

Capital and Surplus \$35,000

Interest paid on time certificates of deposit
We invite your banking business

C. H. KOONTZ, Pres. D. TAYLOR, Vice-Pres.
B. M. BOND, Cashier

Be Honest With Yourself

If you have been drifting along—spending all, saving nothing—stop and think.

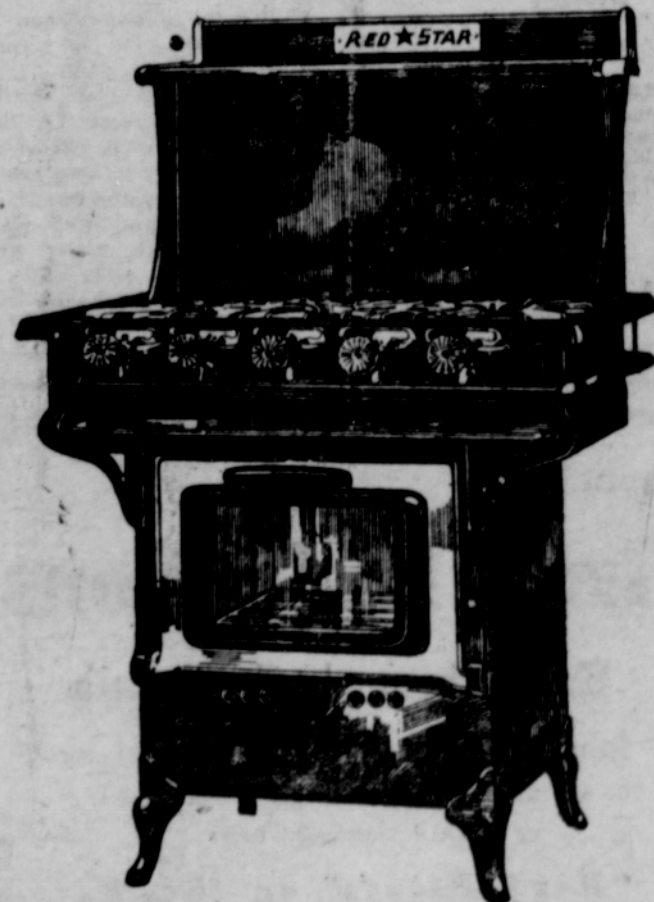
You must realize that it cannot go on forever. One's earning days are numbered. Now, while your earning power is the greatest, see to it that each payday pays SOMETHING toward your future INDEPENDENCE. We will welcome your account and help you save.

The First Savings Bank of Albany, Oregon

'Where Savings are safe'

Four per cent and no worry.

RED STAR
Detroit Vapor Oil Stove



THE RED STAR is a marvelous advancement for homes without gas. It gives to these homes the same smokeless and odorless heat as does the city gas range. It is wickless, ashless and dirtless, because it generates its own gas from cheap kerosene, gasoline or distillate, concentrating a double ring of heat beneath the cooking utensil and saving at least one-fourth of fuel bill. Operates 19 hours on a gallon of fuel.

BARTSCHER & ROHRBAUGH

415-421 West First st., Albany, Oregon

Automobile Insurance

Fire, theft, collision, property damage and personal liability. Protect yourself against loss.

C. P. STAFFORD, Agent.



Fictionized from the Selig-Rork-First National screen version of the famous play

By SCOOP CONLON
CHAPTER 6

When the outraged men had made their departure, Kenward Wright realized it would now be a war to the finish. He had bargained his birthright; he had been branded a traitor to his home. But he cared not. Evil forces now completely dominated his heart and soul. He was beyond redemption.

Wright had completely forgotten Alice Wilton. He was taken by surprise when she entered the room from her hiding place in the kitchen.

He had not heard her return, but one look at her face convinced him that she had overheard everything. It was a different girl that confronted him now, frowning and unafraid. There were no pines, no self-abasement now; only contempt.

Alice had been a very foolish girl, an easy victim to his carnal allurements, but her sufferings had brought a transformation of soul. For the moment she was a woman—a loyal daughter of Sandy Bay. When the angry man grabbed her arm roughly she faced him coolly and measured him with her eyes.

"I know what you are now," she said scornfully. "You're a traitor to me and to your town."

And even the calloused black sheep was abashed at the scathing contempt in his victim's manner. He released her in silence. This time Alice walked out of the Wright cottage through the front door, proudly.

But once alone outside, the forlorn little girl broke down. She sought shelter among friendly trees. When the full realization of her sad condition penetrated her consciousness she hid her face in her arms and sobbed bitterly. It was the end of the world for her.

And so the faithful Skeepers found her. This time he was not repulsed. When he touched her arm timidly, sadly puzzled by her distress. Alice looked up, her face tear-stained. She managed to smile gently.

"I fear I've been very rude to you, Mr. Skeepers," she said, regretfully, "and I'm sorry."

"Aw, that's all right," replied Skeepers, manfully, but at the sight of his adored one's sorrow his tongue refused further speech. He didn't know what it was all about, but he sympathized. Alice's remorse was only deepened as she realized the true devotion and love of the boy for her.

But she was still enough of a little girl to brighten up for a moment and accept the chocolates he shyly proffered her. She even allowed him to escort her home. It would be his last time, she thought.

Fortunately, her dear mother and Bruce were not at home. She would not have been able to conceal her sorrow from them, and she was happy to escape the bread possibility. When she had written a farewell note asking for their forgiveness she hurried away before it would be too late.

The broken romance of Vera Mather and Bruce Wilton could not endure in misunderstanding. After the jealous lad's impetuous anger had cooled, he had come to realize that there must be a terrible mistake somewhere.

He was aware that he made a fool of himself. Despite the black thoughts of jealousy that would creep into his mind to torture, he could not believe that the gentle Vera, whose whole life had been one of good, could so easily fall victim to Wright's wiles. But the lad was not yet big enough to put the memory of that night when he had found her alone with Wright in the latter's house, out of his mind. Why had she refused to explain away her apparent guilt?

Many times he had passed Vera on the street. He had wanted to speak to make up, but he always hesitated until too late. So he contented himself with walking up and down in



Wright observed Father Kelly, Captain Mather and Isaac Abrahamson entering his front gate. He hastily shoved the protesting girl into the kitchen and out of the back door. Wallace Beery as Kenward Wright and Mildred June as Alice Wilton

front of Captain Mather's cottage every night, almost until the break of dawn.

The day of Alice's tragic discovery, both Vera and Bruce had happened to stray over their old lovers' walk, which led to their trysting place.

This time they met alone in the open of nature, where nothing is concealed. It would have been apparent to even a casual observer that these lovers wanted to make up. They did stop to exchange awkward greetings, and then they tried to chat, both sadly embarrassed.

But neither would take the final step towards reconciliation. Of course, it was the lad's error, and it was to his credit that after Vera had left him far down the road, he ran after her to beg forgiveness.

With his first stuttered words of pleading he found the sweet-spirited Vera more than eager. Hers was too great a soul to harbor resentment.

Together once again, they strolled hand in hand over the lovers' path, through the meadows that lay soft in the summer sun, up the winding trail to the high cliffs where weird, fantastic cypress trees stood sturdy and fast against the full sweep of the elements.

When they had gained the summit where stood their favorite old tree, the one bearing the heart and initials carved, they looked down upon the mighty ocean beating eternally against the worn rocks.

As they gazed in silent appreciation of the scene—suddenly Vera screamed, a cry of utter terror.

Bruce, dumfounded, could not follow her horror-stricken eyes—and far down below, across the chasm on an opposite cliff he beheld his little sister, Alice.

Even from the distance it was evident that something was wrong. For the broken girl had sought forgiveness of her Maker. She knelt in silent prayer as Bruce and Vera watched.

The spell was broken by Bruce's cries of warning, but the noise of

the breakers drowned his voice. As Alice rose and advanced to the brink, shrinking back once to cover her eyes in horror, the lad was galvan-ized into action.

Down over the dangerous rocks he scrambled. Vera following as best she could. But before Bruce could gain her attention Alice cast herself into the swirling waters.

The terrible sight of his beloved sister's body hurtling down to death lent incredible speed to the boy's efforts.

Taking one desperate chance, he hurled his own body out over the cliffs in a long dive, barely clearing the jutting rocks. He struck the water near where his little sister struggled. Her attempt to keep afloat was but instinctive in self-preservation. And despite the cruel smash and swirl of the breakers, the desperate boy managed to reach his goal.

He fought their way to the rocks, where Vera knelt to lend a hand. And then the boy and girl sank exhausted on the flat while Vera administered first aid to Alice.

The grim reaper had been very near, but the man's strength, born in youth, triumphed.

When Alice awoke in her own home she found herself in a big arm-chair, swathed in blankets. Anxious faces were peering over her. She thanked her Maker that her dear mother was still absent.

It was easier to tell her story to Vera and Bruce. Straightway and bravely, she began, while the boy hung breathlessly on her words. Taking Vera's hand in hers, Alice said gently:

"I shall never forget what you did for me, Vera—try to forgive—and forget."

Vera could only sob softly as the little sister turned to face her brother. His face was white as death. But she went on.

"And, Bruce," she said, "that night at Kenward's house—Vera had come for me. I wouldn't go and she let you believe her guilty—for my sake."

(To be continued.)

Those who do the most newspaper advertising do the most business. Why?