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Albany Oregon

Quality, service and workmanship
Fine shoes repaired while you wait
WHITE'S SHOE GARAGE
ARCHIE F. WHITE Proprietor
Satisfaction guaranteed, Lyon street,
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RED STAR Oil Stoves
\$30 to \$75

Other Oil Stoves
\$15 up

Everything at bargain prices.
422 West First st., Albany, Oregon.

Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)
W. A. Allen is making regular trips to Eugene in quest for better health.
T. J. Skirvin and Andrew Brown and their wives spent Sunday in Tangent.
Homer Speer, the Tangent merchant, and B. Alice Foster of Waterloo were married Sunday.
The Christian church people talk of building an addition, two stories high, to provide rooms for church activities.
Mr. and Mrs. Guyer of Corvallis and County Agent Claude Calkins of Umatilla county and family, 16 persons in all, visited at Fred Jackson's at Lake Creek Thursday.
C. P. Stafford and wife spent

Sunday at Dr. Barum's at Harrisburg.

The new ice plant of the Brownsville creamery is making ice.

A light frost Monday morning marked the return of fair weather.

Mrs. J. J. Corcoran visited the county seat Friday.

The Lebanon strawberry fair and rose show will be June 9 and 10.

W. W. Copey and Eva Watson of Shedd have joined fortunes for life.

The Brownsville Times promises a big pioneer edition during the pioneer picnic week.

Of the eight world-record Jersey cows in the United States, seven are in Oregon.—Albany Democrat.

W. D. Starr, principal of the Alsea school, has been engaged to succeed Prof. Baker at Brownsville.

The Howe garage at Brownsville, burned in the big fire July 12, 1919, is to be rebuilt at once of concrete.

Mr. and Mrs. Chance and grandson Harry drove to Brownsville Friday and spent the day with the Elswicks.

The Study club took in between \$50 and \$60 at the primary day dinner and the girls sold \$6.03 worth of candy.

Twins, a boy and girl, weighing eight and seven pounds, arrived at the home of Carl Sprenger of Crawfordville May 12.

The Frank S. Walker family of Brownsville intend to go to Iowa for the summer and to spend next winter at Pasadena, Cal.

Brownsville will vote June 10 on the question of issuing \$1500 bonds for repairs to the dam and ditch that furnish water for power.

Leonard Gilkey, who had charge of the county exhibits at the state fair last year, has been appointed by the fair managers to repeat this year.

Hill & Co's big stock of high grade aluminum ware, advertised last week at bargain prices, went like hot cakes, but there is still part of it left.

Alec Thompson, formerly of Brownsville, has bought Dr. Shelton's property in that city, denuded by the 1919 fire, and will put up a concrete business building.

There is a strip of about two miles of the Pacific highway near Shedd that will not be paved this summer because the foundation will not have settled sufficiently.

The Scandia Shipbuilding company, which has the contract for laying concrete pavement from this city to Harrisburg, is getting its plant ready for the job at the latter city.

J. W. Craig, the veteran Brownsville mail carrier, evidently feeds his horse too high. The animal, though 27 years old, ran away and threw Craig from the buggy, injuring his knee.

Lester McKamey [not McKay as we had it last week], who confesses robbing the Brownsville drug stores, is a boy of good reputation and is out on parole. Probably his lesson will break him of any lawless tendency.

Brownsville always is interesting and occasionally is profound. The action of the Good Citizenship League there in asking the school board not to hire teachers who dance must be profound—too profound for us to follow. We had never suspected that good citizenship had anything to do with dancing. We cannot see that the ordinary social life of school teachers is anybody's business but their own. The kind of teacher who is willing to sell to the board not only his services but his personal and private judgment as well will prove to be the kind of teacher who cannot hold a job in a high-class school.—Albany Democrat.

The announcement by the civil service commission of the postmaster examinations last fall said: "This is not an examination under the civil service act and rules, but is held under an executive order of May 10, 1921. Approaching vacancies in over 200 offices in the country were scheduled. Only three of these were in Oregon. They were Halsey, vacant Jan. 24, 1921, salary \$1400, Troutdale, Oct. 1, 1921, \$1000, and Turner, Jan. 1, 1921, \$1300. The Halsey commission has not yet arrived, and it will take about a month to make the transfer after it does. Large bodies move slowly, and the postoffice department is large.

(Continued on page 4)

I. H. C. Farm Machinery

Deering and McCormick Binders

The standard makes of the world

Get repairs now
New Windmill at a bargain

G. W. Mornhinweg
Implement store, Halsey, Oregon

the Claxtonola

We sell
All phonograph records and needles.

Come in and hear it play

No One Will Refuse a plate of Stewart & Price's ice cream. Its delicious flavor, so pleasing to the palate, appeals to everyone's taste, young or old. If you doubt this, try some yourself. Sold by the pint, quart or gallon.

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.
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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.

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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 7

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

Bruce could scarcely believe his ears. His little sister a victim of Kenward Wright's villainy? It was too monstrous to conceive, yet she had attempted to conceive. It seemed hours to the stunned lad before he could realize that Alice's words were true. When she had finished her sad story, she sank back in the chair exhausted, while the gentle Vera endeavored to console her. Bruce was overwhelmed with conflicting grief.

He could not meet Vera's eyes, realizing his utter unworthiness of her love and respect.

What a noble sacrifice had been hers, and he had failed her in her greatest crisis! Before either of the girls could prevent, he fled from the house.

Once outside, he ran like a madman, his whole being clamoring for revenge upon the dastardly Wright, who had brought ruin and disgrace on his unfortunate sister.

Bruce had scarcely left the house when Skeeters arrived to press his suit, so well started earlier that day. He knew nothing of the near-tragedy, nor suspected anything wrong in Alice's distress when he had been with her.

Vera met him at the door. When she saw the bashful lad she knew that the time had come to decide the happiness of the two young people she loved. Before she allowed Skeeters to enter the room, she took him to one side, and whispered: "You love her, don't you?"

"She didn't have to go further, for the love-light shining in the awkward youth's eyes was one of perfect trust and understanding. Somehow Vera knew that Skeeters was a man, big enough to forgive. He had been through the mill himself. When Skeeters assured her of his love, Vera brought him into where Alice sat in the big arm-chair, her eyes cast down in shame. Gently, Vera took her hand.

"He loves you, Alice," she said. "You must tell him all."

She read Alice's reply in her eyes, so she turned quietly and left the two together to work out their future. Kneeling beside his adored one, Skeeters poured out his devotion in three words: "I love you."

It required the greatest of bravery for the broken little girl to relate the story of her downfall to her lover. She did not spare herself. She had treated Skeeters abominably, and there was nothing she could do to make amends. She left nothing out of her story, but the lad never flinched. He looked into his adored one's eyes with an understanding born of true love.

"I've made mistakes, too, Alice," he said. "If you'd have me, I'm sure we could get along together."

Indeed, Father Kelly's work in the village of Sandy Bay had been well done.

Meantime, Kenward Wright and Donald MacTavish had worked out the most dastardly of plots, one that made certain the complete destruction of Sandy Bay. Surely evil forces thrive in revengeful minds.

Even Wright had no idea when he began plotting that his insane thirst for vengeance would lead him into the depths of crime. When the imported ruffians arrived in Sandy Bay to carry out Wright's last scheme, which was to prove the culmination of his revenge, he and MacTavish struck like lightning. The superior education of Wright now made him the master. He gloried in it. He mapped out his campaign of destruction like a Hun general. To MacTavish he said:

"Mac, you take your men to the canneries and start a fight. Make it last, and that will keep their attention until my men take care of their little job."

Having started the counter-attack, Wright now turned his attention to two sinister rogues he had kept behind. To insure success, he gave them each a goodly sum of money, half what they were to get for blowing up the Sandy Bay canneries. From the rascals' obvious greed and utter callousness to the taking of human life, Wright knew that they would carry out his orders.

"Time the explosion for 6 o'clock sharp," he said. And, as his crea-



Bruce Wilton and Vera Mather, the young lovers, have rescued the little sister from a watery grave. A scene from "The Rosary," with Robert Gordon, Mildred June and Jane Novak.

tures departed on their errand of evil, he sank back in his chair, with the smile of the devil incarnate on his face.

When Bruce Wilton had fled his home, his conflicting emotions concentrated upon but one determination—revenge upon the man who had betrayed his little sister and wrecked the happiness of the community. He was only diverted from his course to apprehend Wright by the noise and sight of a terrific fight between his fishermen and Wright's ruffians.

Under the guidance of MacTavish, the hirelings had picked a fight with the cannery men who were at work on a floating dock. Bruce hesitated for a second, and then tore into the melee, followed by Skeeters, who had just put in an appearance.

Skeeters kept his wits about him, and prevented every effort the mad-dened Bruce made to enter the fray.

Perhaps that is what Wright wanted, thought Skeeters. But Bruce could not be dissuaded from making some effort to break it up. Finally, he thought of the controls. In a second he and Skeeters had started the dock out into the ocean, and the fighting men soon found themselves struggling in the water. Had it not been so serious, the situation of the surprised men would have been ludicrous. But Bruce had no time to waste. He had not forgotten Wright.

Into the cannery office he dashed. A subtle idea had dawned in Bruce's mind. He would call Wright up on the telephone and endeavor to keep him where he was under pretext, and with any suspicion he might have, lulled.

The telephone rang in the office of Wright's new cannery. The man himself answered, and the voice he heard on the line brought him to the height of his triumph. The voice said:

"This is Bruce Wilton. I want to see you immediately. Wait there!"

All of Kenward Wright's fendishness was aroused. He could hardly credit his good luck. He hastily glanced at his watch and perceived with delight that it lacked five minutes of 6 o'clock.

"Are you at the cannery?" he asked.

"Yes," came the answer, "but wait there! I must see you." (At the other end of the line the crazed boy was having a hard time concealing his hatred.)

Wright worked smoothly and fast. If he could only keep Bruce talking for five more minutes, his final revenge would be consummated, a revenge far greater than he had ever dreamed possible. The man had been transformed into an utter demon. He stalled, pretending that he wanted Bruce to tell him over the telephone. His persistence nearly drove Bruce

mad, so raging was he to get at the object of his hate.

So intent did Bruce become in seeking to calm Wright's possible fears in order that he would wait for him that he failed to hear the noise of a mob outside his own cannery.

Skeeters carried the warning of Bruce's actions to Father Kelly, and the good man hastened to the cannery, hoping to reach the mad youth in time to prevent a tragedy. On his way, Father Kelly met Vera, her father and Isaac Abrahamson, all bent on the same mission. As they rushed up to the cannery gates they found themselves in the midst of a mob. Father Kelly reached the center of the surging mass of excited fishermen, and discovered two wretches fast in the clutches of the Sandy Bay men.

"We found these devils sneaking off with dynamite," explained the spokesman. "They were up to some mischief."

In the face of the threatening mob, the frightened hirelings broke down. When the spokesman had inadvertently started with his captive into the cannery to find Bruce, the man shrank back in terror.

"Don't go in there," he screamed. "The dynamite is set to explode at six o'clock."

Vera's sudden cry of terror broke the bewilderment. "Bruce is in there!" she cried, but before she could break away, Father Kelly shoved her back into the arms of her father, and ran into the cannery gates. The mob bolted in every direction. The explosion was due any second.

Bruce was still vainly talking, trying to get away from that insidious voice on the line. Father Kelly jerked him free, and pushed him out the first door. Together, the man and boy ran for their lives and they had barely gained the street when there was a terrific explosion which almost knocked them to the ground. Another and another followed and the canneries of Sandy Bay were no more.

The good people of Sandy Bay stood for moments stupefied by the sudden disaster. And then they awoke as suddenly as they had been held captive. They took men short work of them. At the cries for a rope, the wretches threw themselves on the ground before Father Kelly, screaming their confessions for mercy's sake.

"We were hired by Wright," they cried in unison.

And, meantime, at his own cannery, Kenward Wright put down the telephone with a demoniacal smile of exultation.

(Bruce was destroyed! Sandy Bay was no more!)
He started home.

(To be continued.)