

ALUMINUM WARE at prices that sell the goods rapidly. If you need kitchen utensils you ought to have this peerless ware, and you may never again have a chance to get it at such bargains.

RANGES UP-TO-DATE kitchen cookers. It's a pleasure to use them.

OIL STOVES COOL and clean in hot weather. Use one on the porch or in a tent and keep the house cool. Oil is a cheaper and more convenient fuel than wood.

PAINTS and OILS FURNITURE GENERAL HARDWARE

LAWN MOWERS Our prices are made with the object of making sales

GARDEN HOSE Comparison of prices invited.

HILL & CO

church choir. The man sat down gingerly on one of the slippery haircloth chairs, and proceeded at once to state his business.

"I understand, Miss Wetherby, that you have an—er—young singer with you."

Miss Wetherby choked, and stammered "Yes."

"He sings—er—very well, doesn't he?"

The woman was still more visibly embarrassed.

"I—I don't know," she murmured; then in stronger tones, "The one that looked like him did."

"Are there two?" he asked in stupid amazement.

Miss Wetherby laughed uneasily, then she sighed.

"Well, ter tell the truth, Mr. Wiggins, I s-pose there ain't; but sometimes I think there must be. I'll send Robert down ter the rehearsal tonight, and you can see what ye can do with him." And with this Mr. Wiggins was forced to be content.

If you are **Hungry or Thirsty** while in **Albany** on the **4th of July** or any other day go to the **Elite Confectionery and Cafeteria**

Cafeteria service
Lunches
Regular dinner
Ice cream
Cooling drinks
Exquisite flavors
Candies
Confections

We make our own
Ice, Ice cream
Candy
Confectionery, etc.

Unsurpassed quality. Prices that will surprise and please you.

STORTZ & HOOD, Props
129 Broadalbin st.

FOR SALE
Oak Wood, \$4 per cord

One-half mile west of Nixon station on the Oregon Electric.

H. A. RENNINGER,
Route 1, Halsey.

GLOBE THEATER
ALBANY, OREGON

July 4th and 5th

The greatest program ever put on a screen

CHAS. CHAPLIN in 'PAYDAY'
his latest and best comedy

WALLACE REID in
'ACROSS THE CONTINENT'

REGINALD DENNY in
'THE LEATHER PUSEHRS'

Prices, CHILDREN 25c, ADULTS 50c

GET SOMETHING that is stout, that is, **CABLE**, in place of rope—stronger and lasts a lifetime.

When you buy machine oil don't think any old grease is oil. We have a heavy red **ENGINE OIL**, best that can be bought, at 50c a gallon. Try it. **TWINE** is here.

G. W. Mornhinweg

We sell **the Claxtonola**

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

The Best Dish for children, as well as grown people, during summer time is a heaping plate of pure, rich ice cream. Nothing so cool and nourishing.

Cold drinks Lunches

Stewart & Price Confectionery

If your farm will be for rent this fall get in touch with me. I have several good farmers wanting to rent farms. Fire insurance; farm loans.

Jay W. Moore, Realtor.

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.

Automobile Insurance

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

C. P. STAFFORD, Agent.

postmastership to which he has been appointed and the appointment approved by the senate committee.

Work has been going on at the Halsey State bank the past couple of weeks in the installation of a Norris Safe and Lock company electrical burglar alarm. It will not be safe for a burglar to wink at the bank outside and if he touches it he will set going enough noise to wake the town if not the dead. Meantime the premises are being papered, varnished and polished to outshine a bandbox.

Friday evening the household of the Enterprise publishers, through the courtesy of John Standish, were treated to an automobile ride in the nearby country, in the glorious Oregon climate and enjoyed, with the bracing ozone, the delicious odor of flowers and new-mown hay and a view of a most magnificent sunset flaming in hundreds of shades of red and gold and blue and brown.

Two tires were stolen from the Halsey Garage Friday night and the cash register was opened. The prowlers entered the building through the west door—and it is

Jots and Tittles
(Continued from page 3)

Mrs. George Starr was reported improving the first part of the week, though still very low.

Mrs. A. V. Umstead has returned from California and is again living in her house on First street.

The Brownsville post of the American Legion has incorporated, so now is competent to own property and to sue or be sued.

Miss Catherine Arnold went home to Shedd Friday, after a visit with her sister, Mrs. Andrew Brown.

Ross Curry has come home from his employment at Leona to help in the harvest on the H. C. Davis farm, which his father leases.

Miss Cecile Sawyer of Brownsville, who has been teaching school in Portland, married Wilson Oliver in the latter city Sunday.

The estate of George Letzie of Brownsville, who was fatally injured in a boxing match in Eugene, has been appraised at \$1785. A posthumous child was born last week.

Accompanied by Miss Nettie Spencer, George Starr visited his mother, Mrs. Philo Starr, in a hospital at Corvallis Sunday and found her much better.

W. J. Ribelin and wife and A. D. Cornelius and family went to Pleasant Hill a week ago Sunday and last Sunday they took in the Sunday school convention at Waterloo and visited Sodaville.

Harrison Wallace, son-in-law of G. W. Mornhinweg, was given a military funeral Thursday at the Methodist church at Newberg, business houses closing in response to a proclamation by the mayor.

F. M. Porterfield and family and Mrs. Porterfield's mother, Mrs. Brown, all of Eugene, were at Cascadia for the week end and called at the Wheeler home here Sunday on their way home.

Jess Curry, son of J. C. Curry and wife of Halsey, after ten years as superintendent of the irrigation works at Pasco, has bought the Philomath telephone business and with his wife and two children will make his home at the last named city.

Bill Kirk and George Hayes and wife went Saturday afternoon to Roseburg, where they attended the ball game between Harrisburg and Roseburg the next day. The latter won by a score of 8 to 3.

W. J. Carey and his son Earl have bought the acre and more and improvements of their son and brother Fred, just inside the city limits on the north, Fred having bought a home in Eugene, where he now resides.

D. D. Ribelin, from Mitchell, Ore., has bought the Braunwell barber business and with his wife and child will soon make Halsey his home. He is a nephew of W. J. Ribelin. Karl Braunwell is still awaiting the arrival from Washington of his commission for the

Bobby sang on Sunday. The little church was full to the doors. Bobby was already famous in the village. The witchery of the glorious voice entered again into the woman's soul, and indeed, sent the entire congregation home in an awed silence that was the height of admiring homage.

At breakfast time Monday morning, Bobby came downstairs with his brown paper parcel under his arm. Ann glanced at his woeful face, then went out into the kitchen and slammed the oven door sharply.

"Well, marm, I've had a bully time—sure's a gun," said the boy wistfully, following her.

"Robert," she began with assumed sternness, trying to hide her depth of feeling, "you ain't a-goin' home today—now mind what I say! Take them things upstairs. Quick—breakfast's all ready!"

A great light transfigured Bobby's face. He tossed his bundle into a corner and fell upon Miss Wetherby with a bearlike hug.

"Gee-whiz! marm—but yer a brick! An' I'll run yer errands an' split yer wood, an' I won't take no dogs an' cats in the parlor, an' I'll do ev'rythin'—ev'rythin' ye want me to! Oh, golly—golly!—I'm goin' ter stay—I'm goin' ter stay—I'm goin' ter stay!" And Bobby danced out of the house into the yard there to turn somersault after somersault in hilarious glee.

A queer choking feeling came into Ann Wetherby's throat. She seemed still to feel the loving clasp of those small young arms.

And Bobby stayed—not only Monday, but through four other long days—days which he filled to the brim with fun and frolic and joyous shouts as before—and yet with a change.

The shouts were less shrill and the yells less prolonged when Bobby was near the house.

And when the four long days were over and Saturday came, a note—and not Bobby—was sent to the city. The note was addressed to "Miss Ethel Wetherby," and this is what Ethel's amazed eyes read:

My Dear Niece—You can tell that singer man of Robert's that he is not going back any more. He is going to live with me and go to school next winter. I am going to adopt him for my very own. His father and mother are dead—he said so.

I must close now, for Robert is hungry, and wants his dinner. Love so all.

ANN WETHERBY.

Halsey Meat Market

Dealer in **Fresh and Cured Meats**

30 days' credit

FALK BROS., Props.

Farmers, Attention
Before you breed your neres see **Zimmerman's Shire Stallion**
At Halsey Fridays

E. L. Stiff
FURNITURE EXCHANGE

RED STAR Oil Stoves \$30 to \$75

Other Oil Stoves **\$15 up**

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

FARMERS usually have an accumulation of articles no longer needed, or succeeded by better ones, which somebody would like to obtain. An advertisement the size of this, costing 25c, might find a buyer and convert what is now only trash into good **CASH**

in his arms.

He had not come!

Miss Wetherby held her breath and looked furtively at the small boy. There was nothing familiar in his appearance, she was thankful to say! He must be another one for somebody else. Still, perhaps he might know something about her own angel boy—she would ask.

Ann advanced warily, with a disapproving eye on the dog.

"Little boy, can you tell me why Robert Sawyer didn't come?" she asked severely.

The result of her cautious question disconcerted her not a little. The boy dropped the dog and bundle to the platform, threw his hat in the air, and capered about in wild glee.

"Hi, there, Bones! We're all right! Golly—but I thought we were side-tracked, fur sure!"

Miss Wetherby sank in limp dismay to a box of freight near by—the bare head disclosed the clustering brown curls and broad forehead, and the eyes uplifted to the whirling hat completed the tell-tale picture.

The urchin caught the hat deftly on the back of his head, and pranced up to Ann with his hands in his pockets.

"Gee-whiz! marm—but I thought you'd flunked fur sure. I reckoned me an' Bones was barkin' up the wrong tree this time. It looked as if we'd come to a jumpin'-off place, an' you'd given us the slip. I'm Bob, myself, ye see, an' I've come all right!"

"Are you Robert Sawyer?" she gasped.

"Test ye hear that, Bones!" laughed the boy shrilly, capering round and round the small dog again. "Is Robert—now—do ye hear?" Then he whirled back to his position in front of Miss Wetherby, and made a low bow. "Robert Sawyer, at yer service," he announced in mock pomposity.

"Oh, I say," he added with a quick change of position, "yer'd better call me 'Bob'; I ain't uster nothin' else. I'd fly off the handle quicker'n no time, puttin' on airs like that."

Miss Wetherby's back straightened. She made a desperate attempt to regain her usual stern self-possession.

"I shall call ye 'Robert,' boy. I don't like—er—that other name."

There was a prolonged stare and a low whistle from the boy. Then he turned to pick up his bundle.

"Come on, Bones, stir yer stumps; lively, now! This 'ere lady's a-goin' ter take us ter her shebang ter stay mos' two weeks. Gee-whiz! Bones, ain't this great!" And with one bound he was off the platform and turning a series of somersaults on the soft grass followed by the skinny, mangy dog which was barking itself nearly wild with joy.

"You c'n foller me," she said sternly, without turning her head toward the culprits on the grass.

Bobby trotted alongside of Miss Wetherby, meekly followed by the

Robert, You Ain't a-Going Home Today.

dog. Soon the boy gave his trousers an awkward hitch and glanced sideways up at the woman.

"Oh, I say, marm, I think it's bully of yer ter let me an' Bones come," he began sheepishly. "It looked 's if our case'd hang fire till the crack o' doom; there wa'n't no one ter have us. When Miss Ethel told me her aunt'd take us, it test struck me all of a heap.

I tell ye, me an' Bones made tracks fur Sleemville 'bout's soon as they'd let us."

"I hain't no doubt of it!" retorted Ann, looking back hopefully at the dog.

"Ye see," continued the boy confidentially, "there ain't ev'ry one what likes boys, an'—hi, there!—go it, Bones!" he suddenly shrieked, and scampered wildly after the dog which had dashed into the bushes by the side of the road.

Ann did not see her young charge again until she had been home half an hour.

"Jimmy Christmas!" he exclaimed, "I begun ter think I'd lost ye, but I remembered yer last name was the same's Miss Ethel, an' a boy—Tommy Green, around the corner—he told me where ye lived. And, oh, I say, me an' Bones are a-guin' off with him an' Rover after I've had somethin' ter eat—'t is mos' grub time, ain't it?" he added anxiously.

Ann sighed in a discouraged way.

"Yes, I s'pose 't is. I left some beans a-bakin', and dinner'll be ready pretty quick. You can come upstairs where yer goin' ter sleep," she finished, with a sinking heart, as she thought of those ruffled pillow shams.

Bobby followed Miss Wetherby into the dainty chamber. He gave one look, and puckered up his lips into a long, low whistle.

"Well, I'll be habbergusted! Oh, I say, now, ye don't expect me ter stay in all this fuss an' fix'n's!" he exclaimed ruefully.

"It—is is the room I calculated fur ye," said Ann, with almost a choke in her voice.

The boy looked up quickly and something rose within him that he did not quite understand.

"Oh, well, ye know, it's slick as a whistle an' all that, but I ain't uster havin' it laid on so thick. I ain't no great shakes, ye know, but I'll walk the chalk all right this time."

Miss Wetherby did not see much of her guest that afternoon; he went away immediately after dinner and did not return until supper time.

After supper he went at once to his room; but it was not until Miss Wetherby ceased to hear the patter of his feet on the floor above that she leaned back in her chair with a sigh of relief.

When Ann went upstairs to make the bed that Tuesday morning, the sight that met her eyes struck terror to her heart. The bedclothes were scattered in wild confusion half over the room. The washbowl, with two long singing books across it, she discovered to her horror, was serving as a prison for a small green snake. The Bible and the remaining hymn books, topped by "Baxter's Saints' Rest," lay in a suspicious-looking pile on the floor. Under these Miss Wetherby did not look. After her experience with the snake and the wash bowl, her nerves were not strong enough. She recoiled in dismay, also, from the sight of two yellow, paper-covered books on the table, flaunting shamelessly the titles: "Jack the Pirate of Red Island," and "Haunted by a Headless Ghost."

Ann Wetherby never forgot that Fourth of July, nor for that matter, the days that immediately followed. She went about with both ears stuffed with cotton, and eyes that were ever on the alert for all manner of creeping, crawling things in which Bobby's soul delighted.

The boy, reinforced by the children of the entire neighborhood, held a circus in Miss Wetherby's woods, and instituted a Wild Indian camp in her attic. The poor woman was quite powerless, and remonstrated all in vain. The boy was so cheerfully good-tempered under her sharpest words that the victory was easily his.

But on Saturday when Miss Wetherby, returning from a neighbor's, found two cats, four dogs, and two toads tied to her parlor chairs, together with three cages containing respectively a canary, a parrot, and a squirrel (collected from obliging households), she rebelled in earnest and summoned Bobby to her side.

"Robert, I've stood all I'm a-goin' ter. You've got to go home Monday. Do you hear?"

"Oh, come off, Miss Wetherby, 'tain't only a menag'ry, an' you don't use the room none."

Miss Wetherby's mouth worked convulsively.

"Robert!" she gasped, as soon as she could find her voice. "I never, never heard of such dreadful goin'-on! You certainly can't stay here no longer," she continued sternly.

An hour later, Miss Wetherby had a caller. It was the chorister of her



"Robert, You Ain't a-Going Home Today."