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before that you change your minds and find you cannot give it up—just let me know and it will be all right. Just think it over till then," he said kindly, the dumb woe in their eyes appealing to him as the loudest lamentations could not have done. "But if you don't mind, I'd like to have an architect, who is in town just now, come up and look it over with me," he finished.

"Certainly sir, certainly," said Rachel, longing for the man to go.

Mr. Hazelton appeared the next morning with two men—an architect and a landscape gardener. Rachel was in the summer-house, and the first she knew of their presence was the sound of talking outside.

"You'll want to grade it down there," she heard a strange voice say, "and fill in that little hollow; clear away all those rubbishy posts, and mass your flowering shrubs in the background. Those roses are no particular good, I fancy; we'll move such as are worth anything, and make a rose-bed on the south side—we'll talk over the varieties you want, later. Of course these apple trees and those lilacs will be cut down, and the summer-house will be out of the way. You'll be surprised—a few changes will do wonders, and—"

He stopped abruptly. A woman, tall, flushed, and angry-eyed stood before him in the path. She opened her lips, but no sound came—Mr. Hazelton was lifting his hat. The flush faded, and her eyes closed as though to shut out some painful sight; then she bowed her head with a proud gesture, and sped along the way to the house.

Once inside, she threw herself, sobbing, upon the bed. Tabitha found her there an hour later.

"You poor dear—they've gone now," she comforted.

Rachel raised her head.

"They're going to cut down everything—every single thing!" she gasped.

"I know it," choked Tabitha, "and they're going to tear out lots of doors inside, and build in windows and things. Oh, Rachel—what shall we do?"

"Do? Why, we'll stand it, of course. We just mustn't mind if he turns the house into a hotel and the yard into a pasture!" she said hysterically.

"We must just think of Ralph and of his being a doctor. Come, let's go to the village and see if we can rent that tenement of old Mrs. Goddard's."

With a long sigh and a smothered sob, Tabitha went to get her hat.

Mrs. Goddard greeted the sisters effusively, and displayed her bits of rooms and the tiny square of yard with the plainly expressed wish that the place might be their home.

The twins said little, but their eyes were troubled. They left with the promise to think it over and let Mrs. Goddard know.

"I didn't suppose rooms could be so little," whispered Tabitha, as they closed the gate behind them.

"We couldn't grow as much as a sunflower in that yard," faltered Rachel.

"Well, anyhow, we could have house-plants!" Tabitha tried to speak cheerfully.

"Indeed we could!" agreed Rachel, rising promptly to her sister's height.

"and, after all, little rooms are lots cheaper to heat than big ones." And there the matter ended for the time being.

Mr. Hazelton and the lawyer with the necessary papers appeared a few days later. As the lawyer took off his hat he handed a letter to Miss Rachel. "I stepped into the office and got your mail," he said genially.

"Thank you," replied the lady, trying to smile. "It's from Ralph"—handing it over for her sister to read.

Both the ladies were in somber black; a ribbon or a brooch seemed out of place to them that day. Tabitha broke the seal of the letter, and retired to the light of the window to read it.

The papers were spread on the table, and the pen was in Rachel's hand when a scream from Tabitha shattered the oppressive silence of the room.

"Stop—stop—oh, stop!" she cried, rushing to her sister and snatching the pen from her fingers. "We don't have to—see—read!"—pointing to the postscript written in a round boyish hand.

Oh, I say I've got a surprise for you. You think I've been fishing and loafing all summer, but I've been working for the hotels here the whole time. I've got a fine start on my money for college, and I've got a chance to work for my board all this year by helping Professor Heaton. I met him here this summer, and he's the right sort—every time. I've intended all along to help myself a bit when it came to the college racket, but I didn't mean to tell you until I knew I could do it. But it's a sure thing now.

Bye-bye. I'll be home next Saturday. Your aff. nephew,

RALPH.

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"Do I belong to you?" he asked anxiously.

"I—I don't know. Who are you—what's your name?"

"Ralph Haggood."

Tabitha had caught up the note and was devouring it with swift-moving eyes.

"It's Paul's boy, Rachel," she broke in; "only think of it—Paul's boy!" and she dropped the bit of paper and enveloped the lad in a fond but tearful embrace.

He squirmed uneasily.

"I'm sorry I eat up my own folks' things." I'll go to work any time," he suggested, trying to draw away, and wiping a tear splash from the back of his hand on his trousers.

But it was long hours before Ralph Haggood was allowed to "go to work."

His story was quickly told. His mother was long since dead, and his father had written on his dying bed the letter that commended the boy—so soon to be orphaned—to the pity and care of his grandparents. The sisters trembled and changed color at the story of the boy's hardships on the way to Fairtown;

That evening when the boy was safe in bed—clean, full-stomached, and sleepily content, the sisters talked it over. Rev. John Haggood, in his will, had cut off his recalcitrant son with the proverbial shilling, so, by law, there was little coming to Ralph. This, however, the sisters overlooked in calm disdain.

"We must keep him anyhow," said Rachel with decision.

"Yes, indeed—the dear child.

"He's twelve, for all he's so small, but he hasn't had much schooling. We must see to that—we want him well educated," continued Rachel, a pink spot showing in either cheek.

"Indeed we do—we'll send him to college! I wonder, now, wouldn't he like to be a doctor?"

"Perhaps," admitted the other cautiously, "or a minister."

"Sure enough—he might like that better; I'm going to ask him!" and she sprang to her feet and tripped across the room to the parlor-bedroom door. "Ralph," she called softly, after turning the knob, "are you asleep?"

"Huh? Njoo, ma'am." The voice nearly gave the lie to the words.

"Well, dear, we were wondering—would you rather be a minister or a doctor?" she asked, much as though she were offering for choice a peach and a pear.

"A doctor!" came emphatically from out of the dark—there was no sleep in the voice now. "I've always wanted to be a doctor."

"You shall, oh, you shall!" promised the woman ecstatically, going back to her sister; and from that time all their lives were ordered with that one end in view.

The Haggood twins were far from wealthy. They owned the homestead, but their income was small, and the added mouth to fill—and that a hungry one—counted. As the years passed, Huldry came less and less frequently to help in the kitchen, and the sisters' gowns grew more and more rusty and darned.

Ralph, boylike, noticed nothing—indeed, half the year he was away at school; but as the time drew near for the college course and its attendant expenses, the sisters were sadly troubled.

"We might sell," suggested Tabitha, a little choke in her voice.

Rachel started.

"It is fine!" murmured Hazelton; "and the view is grand!" he continued, his eyes on the distant hills. Then he turned abruptly. "Ladies, I believe in coming straight to the point. I want a summer home, and—I want this one. Can I tempt you to part with it?"

"Indeed, no!" began Rachel almost fiercely. Then her voice sank to a whisper; "I—I don't think you could."

"But, sister," interposed Tabitha, her face alight, "you know you said—that is, there are circumstances—perhaps he would—p-pay enough—" Her voice stumbled over the hated word, then stopped, while her face burned scarlet.

"Pay!—no human mortal could pay for this house!" flashed Rachel indignantly. Then she turned to Hazelton, her slight form drawn to its greatest height, and her hands crushing the flowers she held till the brittle stems snapped, releasing a fluttering shower of scarlet and gold. "Mr. Hazelton, to carry out certain wishes very near to our hearts, we need money. We will show you the place, and—and we will consider your offer," she finished faintly.

In the end, Hazelton's offer was so fabulously enormous to their unwilling ears that their conscience forbade them to refuse it.

"Why, sister!—sell? Oh, no, we couldn't do that!" she shuddered.

"But what can we do?"

"Do?—why lots of things!" Rachel's lips came together with a snap. "It's coming berry time, and there's our chickens, and the garden did beautifully last year. Then there's your lace work and my knitting—they bring something. Sell? Oh—we couldn't do that!"

But as the days and weeks flew by and September drew nearer, Rachel's courage failed her. Berries had been scarce, the chickens had died, the garden had suffered from drought, and but for their lace and knitting work, their income would have dwindled to a pitiful sum indeed. Ralph had been gone all summer; he had asked to go camping and fishing with some of his school friends. He was expected home a week before the college opened, however.

Tabitha grew more and more restless every day. Finally she spoke.

"Rachel, we'll have to sell—there isn't any other way. It would bring a lot," she continued hurriedly, before her sister could speak, "and we could find some pretty rooms somewhere. It wouldn't be so very dreadful!"

"Don't, Tabitha! Seems as though I couldn't bear even to speak of it. Of course, if I had an offer—a good big one—that would be quite another thing; but there's no hope of that."

Rachel's lips said "hope," but her heart said "danger," and the latter was what she really meant. She did not know that but two hours before a stranger had said to a Fairtown lawyer:

"I want a summer home in this locality. You don't happen to know of a good old treasure of a homestead for sale, do you?"

"I do not," replied the lawyer.

"There's a place on the edge of the village that would be just the ticket, but

Curly. If he can curl the Curly he may wear the Garland of victory.

A carload of 29 grade cows bought from J. E. Nicewood of Tulsa, H. R. Satchwell of Shedd and farmers about Peoria, Jefferson and Albany, was shipped to Mount Vernon, Wash.

W. R. Rooker of Crabtree, a subject of fits of extreme absent-mindedness, disappeared from home Tuesday and next day was found wandering on the Lebanon road, unable to tell where he had spent the night or where he was going.

The road from Foster to the Cascadia ranger station and four miles round Shea's hill, impassable at times in winter, is expected to be put in good shape by the county to the tune of \$38,000 and the government in a like amount.

Glen Wedd'e, 16 years old, of Locomo became ill with inflammatory rheumatism and typhoid complications at a Sunday school rally July 17 and died on the 23d.

The premium list of the county fair, to be at Albany October 8 to 6 inclusive, shows \$4000 offered for horse races and nearly as much more for premiums on agricultural and other exhibits.

A week ago Sunday F. M. Brown shoved his hand into a fish basket covered with ferns that he found a man carrying near Holley. He was seeking to learn if the man had caught the limit. A rat trap,

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

The wheat crop is reported fair around Lake Creek.

Cleona Smith was a pastenger to Albany Saturday.

Amos Ramsey's step-daughter, formerly Miss Florence Abie, arrived Saturday evening from Canada.

Mrs. George Hayes went to the county seat on a business trip Saturday.

Alberta and Frank Koontz are home from Newport and went to Salem Saturday, returning in the evening.

Charles Sterling of Brownsville called at the Wheeler home Thursday, looking as prosperous and full of life and joy as ever.

As a collateral of the strike situation Herbert Satchwell has been on guard at the Southern Pacific water tank at Saedd.

Oscar Stewart and wife, both deaf mutes, and two girls, who can hear, from near Harisburg, were visiting John LaRue Friday.

Oregon has more varieties of wild game than any other state. Linn, Lane and Benton counties are ahead in this respect in the state.

Samuel Garland of Lebanon will run as the democratic candidate for state senator against L. M.

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**NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT**  
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed his final account as administrator of the estate of Susan Zigler, deceased, with the county clerk of Linn county, Oregon, and the county court has fixed Monday, the 14th day of August, 1922, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m. of said day, as the time for hearing objections, if any, to said final account, and the settlement of said estate.  
Dated this 6th day of July, 1922.  
W. G. CARTER, Administrator of the estate of Susan Zigler, deceased.  
WEATHERFORD & WYATT,  
Attorneys for Administrator.

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.**



"Where's My Cake?"  
"And My Sandwiches?"

I don't suppose it could be bought for love or money."

"Where is it?" asked the man eagerly. "You never know what money can do—to say nothing of love—till you try."

The lawyer chuckled softly.

"It's the Haggood place. I'll drive you over tomorrow. It's owned by two old maids, and they worship every stick and stone and blade of grass that belongs to it. However, I happen to know that cash is rather scarce with them—and there's ample chance for love, if the money falls," he added, with a twitching of his lips.

When the two men drove into the yard that August morning, the Haggood twins were picking nasturtiums, and the flaming yellows and scarlets lighted up their somber gowns, and made patches of brilliant color against the gray house.

"By jove, it's a picture!" exclaimed the would-be purchaser.

The lawyer smiled and sprang to the ground. Introductions quickly followed, then he cleared his throat in some embarrassment.

"Ahem! I've brought Mr. Hazelton up here, ladies, because he was interested in your beautiful place."

Miss Rachel smiled—the smile of proud possession; then something within seemed to tighten, and she caught her breath sharply.

"I'll have the necessary papers ready to sign in a few days," said the lawyer as the two gentlemen turned to go. And Hazelton added: "If at any time