

The most enticing line of

# KITCHEN RANGES

ever seen in Halsey is on display at the store of

## HILL & CO.,

with bright porcelain and shining nickel which need no polish. Up-to-date cooking apparatus; latest improvements.

### FURNITURE RUGS LINOLEUMS CONGOLEUMS

Our prices sell goods



have to decide that," he replied. "I'm going to see some one else, too."

"Some one named—Linda?"

"Yes. You seem quite interested."

They were standing face to face in the trail. For once Bruce was glad of his unusual height. He did not have to raise his eyes greatly to look squarely into Simon's. Both faces were flushed, both set; and the eyes of the older man brightened slowly.

"I am interested," Simon replied. "You're a tenderfoot. You're fresh from cities. You're going up there to learn things that won't be any pleasure to you. You're going into the real mountains—a man's land such as never was a place for tenderfeet. A good many things can happen up there. A good many things have happened up there. I warn you—go back!"

and depthless scorn. Then he drew back and let Bruce pass on up the road.

(To be continued.)

### Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)

E. C. Miller visited Tangent Sunday.

J. J. Corcoran visited the county seat Monday.

Andrew Brown and wife came home for the week end.

Dr. Shelton of Brownsville was in Halsey Monday evening.

The Mayberry family were here again from Eugene Sunday.

Mrs. George Hayes was a passenger to Albany Tuesday.

Guy Merriam went Saturday for a visit in Southern Oregon.

Miss Thelma Bowers returned to her home in Eugene Saturday evening.

Stanley Henry and family of Shedd visited Mrs. Henry of the hotel Sunday.

Mrs. Glenn Cleek, Mrs. Enoch Cunningham's guest, visited the county seat Monday.

W. L. Norton and family went to Blachly Sunday to visit Mr. Norton's brother and family.

Dean Tyler sent a deer from Sutherlin Tuesday. It furnished a feast at J. W. Morgan's.

Dr. Garnjobst and Red Pearl left town in the doctor's auto Sunday for an auto load of venison.

J. W. Rector and grandson James started Sunday for a vacation along the Oregon coast from Newport northward.

is a sister of M. S. Miller.—Harrisburg Bulletin.

The state highway commission will receive bids up to next Tuesday for the building of the bridge across the Calapooia between Tangent and Shedd.

Not all the crops are short this year. Some fields of wheat have given uncommonly large yields. There is a good crop of vetch seed and alsike for seed has done well.

Mrs. Amy Standish of Brownsville on Friday brought over her cousin, Mrs. Edith Cross of Portland who has been visiting her. Mrs. Cross went to Eugene to visit a sister.

Last week 37,000 young rainbow trout were let loose in the Calapooia and 4000 in Brush creek, which empties into the former stream between Brownsville and Crawfordville.

Jessie Pyburn of Brownsville went to Portland Tuesday to take the place of her sister, Mrs. Matt Morgan, in the Montgomery Ward & Co.'s store. Mrs. Morgan was here and went with her.

The man who sells only for cash is able to make lower prices. He has no losses from had debts, no expense of collection and no loss of the earning power of money due. Foote Bros. announce that they have gone on a cash basis.

Mrs. McNeil will live in the house on First street recently vacated by the Mayberry family and Arthur Foote and family will occupy the house she vacates. It belongs to Douglas Taylor and is in the northwest part of town.

The Mountain States Power company shut off our harnessed lighting from about 7 Sunday morning until 5, while work was being done on the line, which made Halsey a rather dry town, as our water-works pump is driven by an electric motor.

Howard Turner last Thursday laid a cigaret on the porch floor at J. C. Bramwell's. His employer on the highway came along and Howard went away with him. Soon after the Skirvin family, a couple of blocks away, saw a blaze at Bramwell's and gave the alarm. With water from the kitchen Mrs. Bramwell was able to quench a pretty big blaze in time to save the home.

A young man by the name of Ingram from near Halsey was quite badly hurt Tuesday while wrestling in a friendly way with Chide Perkins. His neck was twisted in some manner, at least it was serious enough to necessitate

tate the attention of a physician.—Harrisburg Bulletin.


The daily papers at the county seat are throwing so many nose-gays at each other that there is danger of a shortage in the supply.

(Continued on page 4)

# Wanted! Hop Pickers

at J. W. Seaver's Yard  
one mile south of Corvallis, on or about Sept. 5

Will pay 50c per box  
Good camp ground  
Good water  
Sawed stove wood  
Straw for beds  
One table for each camp  
Store on place  
Meat delivered every day  
Will meet trains and carry pickers in, and out after picking is over, free  
130 acres, on high trestle  
Clean yards  
Please register early. Write  
W. L. BUTLER, box 277,  
Corvallis, Oregon,  
or phone 7F2



## Doing Fancy Work

is a strain on the eyes, but if you wear glasses especially made for you the strain is entirely eliminated.

We grind lenses to your prescription, so they will be as required. Don't neglect your eyes. Let us examine them today.

### E. B. Meade

Optometrist.  
ALBANY OREG.  
Harold Albro,  
Manufacturing optician.

to come true. The whole adventure was of the most thrilling and joyous anticipations. He did not feel the load of his heavy suitcase. It was nothing to his magnificent young strength.

The sun rose higher, and he began to feel his power. The sweat came out on his bronze face, but he never felt better in his life. There was but one great need, and that was breakfast.

A man of his physique feels hunger quickly. The sensation increased in intensity, and the suitcase grew correspondingly heavy. And all at once he stopped short in the road. The impulse along his nerves to his leg muscles was checked, like an electric current at the closing of a switch, and an instinct of unknown origin struggled for expression within him.

In an instant he had it. He didn't know whence it came. It was nothing he had read or that any one had told him. It seemed to be rather the result of some experience in his own immediate life, an occurrence of so long ago that he had forgotten it. He suddenly knew where he could find his breakfast. He set his suitcase down, and with the confidence of a man who hears the dinner call in his own home, he struck off into the thickets beside the creek bed. Instinct—and really, after all, instinct is nothing but memory—led his steps true.

clearly as words.

Bruce flushed, and his blood made a curious little leap. He slowly turned. His gaze moved until it rested full upon the man's eyes. It took all of Bruce's strength to hold that gaze. The moment was charged with a mysterious suspense.

The stranger's face changed too. He did not flush, however. His lips curled ever so slightly, revealing an instant's glimpse of strong, rather well-kept teeth. His eyes were narrowing too; and they seemed to come to life with singular sparkles and glowings between the lids.

"Well?" he suddenly demanded. Every man in the room—except one—started. The one exception was Bruce himself. He was holding hard on his nerve control, and he only continued to stare coldly.

"Are you the merchant?" Bruce asked.

"No, I ain't," the other replied. "You usually look for the merchant behind the counter."

There was no smile on the faces of the waiting mountain men, usually to



"I Would Like to Have You Tell Me," He Said Quite Clearly. "The Way to Mrs. Ross' Cabin."

be expected when one of their number achieves reprieve on a tenderfoot. Nevertheless, the tension was broken. Bruce turned to the merchant.

"I would like to have you tell me," he said quite clearly, "the way to Mrs. Ross' cabin."

The merchant seemed to wait a long time before replying. His eyes stole to the giant's face, found the lips curled in a smile; then he flushed.

"Take the left-hand road," he said with a trace of defiance in his tone.

"It soon becomes a trail, but keep right on going up it. At the fork in the trail you'll find her cabin."

"How far is it, please?"

"Two hours' walk; you can make it easy by four o'clock."

"Thank you." His eyes glanced over the stock of goods and he selected a few edibles to give him strength for the walk. "I'll leave my suitcase here if I may," he said, "and will call for it later." He turned to go.

"Wait just a minute," a voice spoke behind him. It was a commanding tone—implying the expectations of obedience. Bruce half turned. "Simon wants to talk to you," the merchant explained.

"I'll walk with you a way and show you the road," Simon continued. The room seemed deathly quiet as the two men went out together.

They walked side by side until a turn of the road took them out of eye-range of the store. "This is the road," Simon said. "All you have to do is follow it. Cabins are not so many that you could mistake it. But the main thing is—whether or not you want to go."

Bruce had no misunderstanding about the man's meaning. It was simply a threat, nothing more nor less.

"I've come a long way to go to that cabin," he replied. "I'm not likely to turn off now."

"There's nothing worth seeing when you get there. Just an old hag—a wrinkled old dame that looks like a witch."

Bruce felt a deep and little understood resentment at the words. Yet since he had as yet established no relations with the woman, he had no grounds for silencing the man. "I'll

Many times, during the past years, he had wakened from curious dreams that in the light of day he had tried in vain to interpret. He was never able to connect them with any remembered experience. Now it was as if one of these dreams were coming true. There was the same silence about him, the dark forests beyond, the ridges stretching ever. There was some great foe that might any instant overwhelm him.

"I guess you heard me," Simon said; "I told you to go back."

"And I hope you heard me too. I'm going on. I haven't any more time to give you."

"And I'm not going to take any more, either. But let me make one thing plain. No man, told to go back by me, ever has a chance to be told again. This ain't your cities—up here. There ain't any policemen on every corner. The woods are big, and all kinds of things can happen in them—and be swallowed up—as I swallow these leaves in my hand."

His great arm reached out with incredible power and seized a handful of leaves off a near-by shrub. It seemed to Bruce that they crushed like fruit and stained the dark skin.

"I've already decided. I'm going on."

Once more they stood, eyes meeting eyes on the trail, and Simon's face was darkening with passion. Bruce knew that his hands were clenching, and his own muscles finched and made ready to resist any kind of attack.

But Simon didn't strike. He laughed instead—a simple, deep note of utter

Bereaved friends committing to my care for preparation and burial the remains of beloved ones may feel assured of the same respectful and tender treatment I would wish to be given my own dear ones. Every wish carried out in detail and prices guaranteed to satisfy. Best of equipment and complete stock.

**N. C. LOWE**  
LICENSED MORTICIAN AND FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
LEBANON, ORE.  
Day or night. Phone 9. Lady attendant

## Automobile Insurance

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

**C. P. STAFFORD, Agent.**

## 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.

## FOR SALE IN HALSEY

Seven-room house, large barn, 8 lots, plenty of fruit. A bargain if taken at once. See

**Jay W. Moore, Realtor.**

## HALSEY STATE BANK

Halsey, Oregon

**CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$35,000**

Commercial and Savings accounts Solicited

## 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**

## Clark's Confectionery

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

The best dish for children, as well as grown people, during the hot days of summer time, is a plate of pure, rich ice cream. There is nothing so cooling and nourishing as this. Try it and be cool.

Cold drinks

## the Claxtonola

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**G. W. Mornhinweg**

CHAPTER VI

Martin's was a typical little mountain store, containing a small sample of almost everything under the sun, and built at the forks in the road. Bruce entered slowly, and the little group of loungers gazed at him with frank curiosity.

Only one of them was of a type sufficiently distinguished so that Bruce's own curiosity was aroused. This was a huge, dark man who stood alone almost at the rear of the building—a veritable giant with savage, bloodhound lips and deep-sunken eyes. There was a quality in his posture that attracted Bruce's attention at once. No one could look at him and doubt that he was a power in these mountain realms.

He was dressed much as the other mountain men who had assembled in the store. He wore a flannel shirt over his gorilla chest, and corduroy trousers stuffed into high, many-seamed riding boots.

The dark eyes were full upon Bruce's face. He felt them—just as if they had the power of actual physical impact—the instant that he was inside the door. Nor was it the ordinary look of careless speculation or friendly interest. It was such that no man, to whom self-respect is dear, could possibly disregard. It spoke