



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**

GLORY UNIVERSAL
 Our prices sell goods.

a greener tenderfoot than ever I took
 you for, Bruce, the law up here is
 the law of force. The strongest wins.
 The weakest dies. Wait till you see
 Simon. You'll understand then—and
 you'll shake in your shoes!"
 The words grated upon him, yet he
 didn't resent them. "I've seen Si-
 mon," he told her.
 She glanced toward him quickly,
 and it was entirely plain that the
 quiet tone in his voice had surprised



Perhaps the Faintest Flicker of Admiration Came into Her Eyes.

her. Perhaps the faintest flicker of
 admiration came into her eyes.
 "He tried to stop you, did he? Of
 course he would. And you came, any-
 way. May heaven bless you for it,
 Bruce!" She leaned toward him, ap-
 pealingly. "And forgive me what I
 said."
 Bruce stared at her in amazement.
 He could hardly realize that this was
 the same voice that had been so torn
 with passion a moment before. In an
 instant all her hardness was gone,
 and the tenderness of a sweet and
 wholesome nature had taken its place.
 He felt a curious warmth stealing
 over him.
 "They meant what they said, Bruce.
 Believe me, if those men can do no
 other thing, they can keep their word.
 They didn't just threaten death to
 me. I could have run the risk of that.
 Badly as I wanted to make them pay
 before I died, I would have gladly
 run that risk."
 "You are amazed at the free way I
 speak of death. The girls you know,
 in the city, don't even know the word.
 They don't know what it means. They
 don't understand the sudden end of
 the light—the darkness—the cold—
 the awful fear that it is! It's a reality
 here; something to fight against
 every hour of every day. There are
 just three things to do in the mount-
 ains—to live and love and hate.
 There's no softness. There's no mid-
 dle ground." She smiled grimly.
 "I've lived with death, and I've
 heard of it, and I've seen it all my
 life. If there hadn't been any other
 way, I would have seen it in the
 arms of the wild creatures that go on
 around me all the time. You'll get
 down to cases here, Bruce—or else
 you'll run away. These men said
 they'd do worse things to me than
 kill me—and I didn't dare take the
 risk."
 "But once or twice I was able to

get word to old Elmira—the only ally
 I had left. She was of the true breed,
 Bruce. You'll call her a hag, but
 she's a woman to be reckoned with.
 She could hate too—worse than a
 she-rattlesnake hates the man that
 killed her mate—and hating is all
 that's kept her alive. You shrink
 when I say the word. Maybe you
 won't shrink when I'm done.
 "This old woman tried to get in
 communication with every stranger
 that visited the hills. You see, Bruce,
 she couldn't write, herself. And the
 one time I managed to get a written
 message down to her, telling her to
 give it to the first stranger to mail—
 one of my enemies got it away from
 her. I expected to die that night. I
 wasn't going to be alive when the
 clan came. The only reason I didn't
 was because Simon—the greatest of
 them all and the one I hate the most—
 kept his clan from coming. He had
 his own reasons.
 "From then on she had to depend
 on word of mouth. But at last—just
 a few weeks ago—she found a man
 that knew you. And it is your story
 from now on."

Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 3)
 John Salah and wife are home
 from Cascadia.
 The three Dunlap drugstore sis-
 ters of Brownsville and their moth-
 er visited in Shedd Sunday of last
 week.
 Mrs. Homer Mornhinweg of
 Shedd had a visit last week from
 her sister, Mrs. Mildred Allen of
 Tacoma.
 The engine and boiler rooms of
 the South Santiam Lumber com-
 pany at Lebanon burned Friday
 loss \$1200.
 Miss Alta Hayes was at the
 county metropolis from Sunday
 until Tuesday.
 Some pickers of evergreen black-
 berries at Harrisburg have been
 making \$3 a day.
 It is expected that the rocking
 of the Ash Swale road will be
 completed this week.
 Delbert Tandy of Harrisburg,
 who was in Halsey Saturday and
 Sunday, has brought home two
 deer since the season opened.
 Wednesday, Sept 6, at 2:30 p.
 m., the corner stone of the new
 Methodist old people's home at
 Salem will be laid.
 It is said that frogs being raised
 in this county for food will grow
 to a foot in length and that the
 legs of one will make a meal.
 The Woolridge peach orchard
 has reduced the price of peaches
 and potatoes and announces the
 new prices in an advertisement in
 this paper.
 Alfred Steinhauer and wife of
 Greenleaf spent Thursday night
 with the Wheelers. The lady is
 the granddaughter of the Enter-
 prise people.
 Joseph Kirk and wife, who re-
 cently moved from Portland to
 Eugene, visited Mr. Kirk's broth-
 er Frank here. Joseph is a rail-
 road engineer.
 F. E. Callister, vice-president of
 the First National bank of Albany,

first time he began to despair, feeling
 that another night of overpowering
 impatience must be spent, before he
 could reach Trall's End. The stars
 began to push through the darkening
 sky. Then, fainter than the gleam of
 a firefly, he saw the faint light of a
 far distant camp fire.
 His heart bounded. He knew what
 was there. It was the end of the
 trail at last. And it guided him the
 rest of the way. When he reached
 the top of a little rise in the trail, the
 whole scene was laid out in mystery
 below him.
 The fire had been built at the door
 of a mountain house—a log structure
 of perhaps four rooms. The firelight
 played in its open doorway. Some-
 thing beside it caught his attention,
 and instinctively he followed it with
 his eyes until it ended in an incredi-
 ble region of the stars. It was a
 great pine tree, the largest he had
 ever seen—seemingly a great sentinel
 over all the land.
 But the sudden awe that came over
 him at the sight of it was cut short
 by the sight of a girl's figure in the
 firelight. He had an instant's sense
 that he had come to the wilderness'
 heart at last, that this tall tree was
 its symbol, that if he could under-
 stand the eternal watch that it kept
 over this mountain world, he would
 have an understanding of all things—
 but all these thoughts were submerged
 in the realization that he had come
 back to Linda at last.
 He had known how the mountains
 would seem. All that he had beheld
 today was just the recurrence of
 things he had long ago. Nothing had
 seemed different from what he had
 expected; rather he had a sense that
 a lost world had been returned to him,
 and it was almost as if he had never
 been away. But the girl in the fire-
 light did not answer in the least de-
 gree the picture he had carried of
 Linda.
 He remembered her as a blond,
 headed little girl with irregular fea-
 tures and a rather unreasonable af-
 fectation of homeliness. All the way
 he had thought of her as a baby sis-
 ter—not as a woman in her flower.
 For a long second he gazed at her in
 speechless amazement.
 Her hair was no longer blond.
 True, it had peculiar red lights when
 the firelight shone through it; but he
 knew by the light of day it would be
 deep brown. He remembered her as
 an awkward little thing that was
 hardly able to keep her feet under
 her. This tall girl had the wilderness
 grace—which is the grace of a deer
 and only blind eyes cannot see it. He
 dimly knew that she wore a khaki-
 colored skirt and a simple blouse of
 white tied with a blue scarf. Her
 arms were bare in the fire's gleam.
 And there was a dark beauty about
 her face that simply could not be
 denied.
 She came toward him, and her
 hands were open before her. And her
 lips trembled. Bruce could see them
 in the firelight.
 It was a strange meeting. The fire-
 light gave it a tone of unreality, and
 the whole forest world seemed to
 pause in its whispered business as if
 to watch. It was as if they had been
 brought face to face by the mandates
 of an inexorable destiny.
 "So you've come?" the girl said.
 The words were spoken unusually
 soft, scarcely above a whisper; but
 they were impressively vivid to
 Bruce. They told first of a boundless
 relief and joy at his coming. But
 more than that, in these deep vibrant
 tones was the expression of an un-
 quenched life and spirit. Every
 fiber of the body lived in the fullest
 sense; he knew this fact the instant
 that she spoke.
 She smiled at him, ever so quietly.
 "Ewovahoo," she said, recalling the
 name by which she called him in her
 babyhood, "you've come to Linda."

CHAPTER IX
 As the fire burned down to coals
 and the stars wheeled through the
 sky, Linda told her story. The two
 of them were seated in the soft grass
 in front of the cabin, and the moon-
 light was on Linda's face as she
 talked. She talked very low at first.
 Indeed there was no need for loud
 tones. The whole wilderness world
 was heavy with silence, and a whis-
 per carried far. Besides, Bruce was
 just beside her, watching her with
 narrowed eyes, forgetful of every-
 thing except her story.
 "I've waited a long time to tell you
 this," she told him. "Of course, when
 we were babies together in the or-
 phanage, I didn't even know it. It
 has taken me a long time since to

learn all the details; most of them I
 got from my aunt, old Elmira, whom
 you talked to on the way out. Part
 of it I knew by intuition, and a little
 of it is still doubtful.
 "You ought to know first how hard
 I have tried to reach you. Of course,
 I didn't try openly except at first—
 the first years after I came here, and
 before I was old enough to under-
 stand." She spoke the last word with
 a curious depth of feeling and a per-
 ceptible hardness about her lips and
 eyes. "I remembered just two things.
 That the man who had adopted you
 was Newton Duncan; one of the
 nurses at the asylum told me that.
 And I remembered the name of the
 city where he had taken you.
 "You must understand the difficul-
 ties I worked under. There is no
 rural free delivery up here, you know,
 Bruce. Our mail is sent from and
 delivered to the little post office at
 Martin's store—over fifteen miles
 from here. And some one member of
 a certain family that lives near here
 goes down every week to get the mail
 for the entire district.
 "At first—and that was before I
 really understood—I wrote you many
 letters and gave them to one of these
 family to mail for me. I was just a
 child then, you must know, and I
 lived in the same house with these
 people. They were just baby letters
 from—Linda-Tinda to Bwovahoo—
 letters about the deer and the
 berries and the squirrels—and all the
 wild things that lived up here."
 "Berries!" Bruce cried. "I had some
 on the way up." His tone wavered,
 and he ceased to be speaking far
 away. "I had some once—long ago."
 "Yes. You will understand, soon,
 I didn't understand why you didn't
 answer my letters. I understand now,
 though. You never got them."
 "No. I never got them. But there
 are several Duncans in my city. They
 might have gone astray."
 "They went astray—but it was be-
 fore they ever reached the post office.
 They were never mailed, Bruce. I
 was to know why, later. Even then
 it was part of the plan that I should
 never get in communication with you
 again—that you would be lost to me
 forever.
 "When I got older, I tried other
 tactics. I wrote to the asylum, enclos-
 ing a letter to you. But those letters
 were not mailed, either.
 "Now we can skip a long time. I
 grew up. I knew everything at last
 and no longer lived with the family
 I mentioned before. I came here, to
 this old house—and made it decent
 to live in. I cut my own wood for my
 fuel except when one of the men
 tried to please me by cutting it for
 me. I wouldn't use it at first. Oh,
 Bruce—I wouldn't touch it!"
 Her face was no longer lovely. It
 was drawn with terrible passions.
 But she quieted at once.
 "At last I saw plainly that I was a
 little fool—that all they would do for
 me, the better off I was. At first, I
 almost starved to death because I
 wouldn't use the food that they sent
 me. I tried to grub it out of the hills.
 But I came to it at last. But, Bruce,
 there were many things I didn't come
 to. Since I learned the truth, I have
 never given one of them a smile ex-
 cept in scorn, not a word that wasn't
 a word of hate.
 "You are a city man, Bruce. You
 don't know what hate means. It
 doesn't live in the cities. But it lives
 up here. Believe me, if you ever be-
 lieved anything—that it lives up here.
 The most bitter and the blackest hate
 —from birth until death! It burns
 out the heart, Bruce. But I don't
 know that I can make you under-
 stand."
 She paused, and Bruce looked away
 into the pine forest. He believed the
 girl. He knew that this grim land
 was the home of direct and primitive
 emotions. Such things as mercy and
 remorse were out of place in the
 game trails where the wolf pack
 hunted the deer.
 "When they knew how I hated
 them," she went on, "they began to
 watch me. And once they knew that
 I had fully understood the situation,
 I was no longer allowed to leave this
 little valley. There are only two
 trails, Bruce. One goes to Elmira's
 cabin on the way to the store. The
 other encircles the mountain. With
 all their numbers, it was easy to keep
 watch of those trails. And they told
 me what they would do if they found
 me trying to go past."
 "You don't mean—they threatened
 you?"
 She threw back her head and
 laughed, but the sound had no joy in
 it. "Threatened! If you think
 threats are common up here, you are

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.

has been selected as manager of
 the county fair and Rex W. Davis
 as assistant secretary.
 W. F. Price, on route 1, pro-
 poses to make a change and offers
 in an advertisement this week to
 sell a lot of farm apparatus cheap
 at a private sale.
 The county commissioners ask
 those who can to do their trucking
 before the rains. Later on, when
 the ground is soft, the loads al-
 lowable may necessarily be strictly
 limited.
 Only half as many hunters' and
 fishers' licenses have been issued
 in this county this year as last.
 Give the price another hitch up-
 ward and the number will be re-
 duced still more.

Lyle and Ted McCart of the
 Harrisburg Holstein club and Lor-
 ette Summer of Seio will represent
 Linn county at the state fair.
 One more representative is wanted
 and a tie is decided for the
 fourth.
 The teachers of the Shedd school
 will be: Primary room, Mrs. W.
 Turner; intermediate, Mrs. Frances
 Spectra; advanced grades, Mrs.
 Nash; principal, Mr. Nash; assist-
 ant high school teacher, Mrs. R.
 Tomkins.
 Though some hop growers de-
 clare that on account of the low-
 ness of the price they will not har-
 vest their crop this year, there is
 work for all who want to pick and
 the date of opening many schools
 will be governed by that of the
 closing of the picking season.
 The yards best cared for have the
 best hops. Pickers are advertised
 for in this paper to work in a yard
 that has no superior.
 A. Cornelius, who got home
 Friday on a trip to Cow creek,
 says deer were very plentiful. He
 saw as many as 22 and saw eight
 men while in the mountains the
 second day of the season. There
 were lots of hunters going and
 coming. All claimed success.
 He only heard of one man in that
 part of the country who was mis-
 taken for a deer and had to be
 carried out. He thinks there
 should be a very severe penalty
 for the man who shoots another
 for a deer, as it is all unnecessary.

The following names of Halsey,
 ites who have made income tax re-
 turns is posted in the postoffice,
 with the announcement that more
 may be added to the list: Bert S.
 Clark, Rodney H. Cornelius (re-
 moved), H. C. Davis, Eva A.
 Evans, O. W. Frum, C. H.
 Kootz, George W. Laubner, D. S.
 McWilliams, Elias B. and Lizzie
 Penland, Joe R. Pittman, D.
 Taylor, Grant Taylor, W. A. Rin-

go, William H. Robertson and
 Fred Robins.
 Charles Sterling and wife and a
 party of friends were in Halsey
 Saturday.
 Ed Zimmerman and family of
 Shedd are taking a week's rest at
 Cascadia.
 L. E. Neal of Halsey is one of
 the buyers of new cars from Vick
 Brothers, Albany.
 Mrs. Garnjost and the two
 oldest boys went to the circus at
 Salem Saturday.
 Henry Zimmerman and family
 got home Saturday from their
 outing at Cascadia.
 T. J. Skirvin, his niece Margaret
 and Miss Buena Albertson visited
 the county seat Saturday.
 William Zellmer and family of
 Potter left on Friday for a few
 days' outing at Newport.
 P. H. Pehrson and wife and
 daughter and Miss Anna Pennell
 went to Cascadia Saturday for a
 stay of a few days.
 E. D. Farwell of Shedd has the
 best field of silage corn he ever
 raised. It is above the head of a
 man on horseback.
 Mrs. O. F. Neal and daughter
 Meila went Tuesday to Portland
 and Vancouver for a visit with
 relatives and friends.
 Mary E. Darling of Brownsville
 is suing W. S. for divorce and
 custody of the children, Bea-
 trice, 18, Marie, 14 and Frank, 13.
 (Continued on page 4)

E. B. Meade
 Optometrist.
 ALBANY, OREG.
 Harold Albro,
 Manufacturing optician.

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 ne-
 glect your eyes. Let us examine them
 today.

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 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
Clark's Confectionery

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