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G. W. Mornhinweg

and overpowering wrath—a fury that meant death to the first living creature that he met.
 But in a single second he realized that this wild chase was fairly good tactics, after all. The chances for a meal were still rather good. The fawn and the wolf were in the open now, and it was wholly evident that the gray hunter would overtake the quarry in another moment. It was true that the Killer would miss the pleasure of slaying his own game—the ecstatic blow to the shoulder and the bite to the throat that followed it. In this case, the wolf would do that part of the work for him. It was just a simple matter of driving the creature away from his dead.
 But at that instant fate took a hand in the merry little chase. To the fawn, it was nothing but a sharp clang of metal behind him and an answering shriek of pain—sounds that in its terror it heard but dimly. But it was an unlooked-for and tragic reality to the wolf. His leap was suddenly arrested in mid-air, and he was hurled to the ground with stunning force. Cruel metal teeth had seized his leg, and a strong chain held him when he tried to escape. He fought it with desperate savagery. The fawn leaped on to safety.
 But there was no need of the grizzly continuing its pursuit. Everything had turned out quite well for him, after all. A wolf is ever so much more filling than any kind of seasonal fawn; and the old gray pack leader was imprisoned and helpless in one of Hudson's traps.
 In the first gray of morning, Dave Turner started back toward his home. "I'll go with you to the forks in the trail," Hudson told him. "I want to take a look at some of my traps, anyhow."
 At the same hour—as soon as it was light enough to see—Bruce was finishing his breakfast in preparation for the last lap of his journey. He had passed the night by a spring on a long ridge almost in eye range of Hudson's camp. Now he was preparing to dip down into the Killer's den.
 Turner and Hudson followed up the little creek.
 The first of Hudson's sets proved empty. The second was about a turn in the creek, and a wall of brush made it impossible for him to tell at a distance whether or not he had made a catch. But when still a quarter of a mile distant, Hudson heard a sound that he thought he recognized. It was a high, sharp, agonized bark that dimmed into a low whine. "I believe I've got a coyote or a wolf up there," he said. They hastened their steps.
 The whole picture loomed suddenly before their eyes. There was no wolf in the trap. The steel had sprung certainly, but only a hideous fragment of a foot remained between the jaws. The bone had been broken sharply off, as a man might break a match in his fingers. There was no living wolf. Life had gone out of the gray body many minutes before. The two men saw all these things as a background only—dim details about the central figure. But the thing that froze them in their tracks with terror was the great, gray form of the Killer, not twenty feet distant, beside the mangled body of the wolf.
 The events that followed thereafter came in such quick succession as to seem simultaneous. For one fraction of an instant all three figures stood motionless, the two men staring, the grizzly half-leaning over his prey, his head turned, his little red eyes full of hatred. He uttered one hoarse, savage note, a sound in which all his hatred and his fury and his savage power were made manifest, whirled with incredible speed, and charged.
 Hudson did not even have time to turn. There was no defense; his gun was strapped on his back, and even if it had been in his hands, its bullet would not have mattered the sting of a bee in honey-robbing. The only possible chance of breaking that deadly charge lay in the thirty-three deer rifle in Dave's arms; but the craven who held it did not even fire. He was standing just below the outstretched limb of a tree, and the weapon fell from his hands as he swung up into the limb. The fact that Hudson stood weaponless, ten feet away in the clearing, did not deter him in the least.
 No human flesh could stand against that charge. The vast paw fell with resistless force; and no need arose for a second blow. The trapper's body was struck down as if felled by a meteor, and the power of the impact forced it deep into the carpet of pine needles. The savage creature turned,

the white fangs caught the light in the open mouth. The head lunged toward the man's shoulder.
 No man may say what agony Hudson would have endured in the last few seconds of his life if the Killer had been given time and opportunity. His usual way was to linger long, sharp fangs closing again and again until all living likeness was destroyed. The blood lust was upon him; there would have been no mercy to the dying creature in the pine needles. Yet it transpired that Hudson's flesh was not to know those rending fangs a second time.
 On the hillside above, a stranger to this land had dropped to his knee in the shrubbery, his rifle lifted to the level of his eyes. It was Bruce, who had come in time to see the charge through a rift in the trees.
 The bear was on Hudson, and the man had gone down, before Bruce even interpreted him. Then it was just a gray patch, a full three hundred yards away. His instinct was to throw the gun to his shoulder and fire without aiming; yet he conquered it with an iron will. But he did move quickly. He dropped to his knee the very second that the gun leaped to his shoulder. He seemed to know that from a lower position the target would be more clearly revealed. The finger pressed back against the trigger.
 The distance was far; Bruce was not a practiced rifle shot, and it bordered on the miraculous that his lead went anywhere near the bear's body. And it was true that the bullet did not reach a vital place. It stung like a wasp at the Killer's flank, however, cutting a shallow flesh wound. But it was enough to take his dreadful attention from the mortally wounded trapper in the pine needles.
 He whirled about, growling furiously and biting at the wound. Then he stood still, turning his gaze first to the pale face of Dave Turner thirty feet above him in the pine. The eyes glowed in fury and hatred. He had found men out at last; they died even more easily than the fawn. He started to turn back to the fallen, and the rifle spoke again.
 It was a complete miss, this time; yet the bear leaped in fear when the bullet thwacked into the dust beside him. He did not wait for a third. His caution suddenly returning to him, and perhaps his anger somewhat satiated by the blow he had dealt Hudson, he crashed into the security of the thicket.
 Bruce waited a single instant, hoping for another glimpse of the creature; then ran down to aid Hudson. But in driving the bear from the trapper's helpless body he had already given all the aid that he could. Understanding came quickly. He had arrived only in time for the Departure—just a glimpse of a light as it faded. The blow had been more than any human being could survive; even now Hudson was entering upon that strange calm which often, so mercifully, immediately precedes death.
 He opened his eyes and looked with some wonder into Bruce's face. The light in them was dimming, fading like a twilight, yet there was indication of neither confusion nor delirium.
 There was, however, some indication of perplexity at the peculiar turn affairs had taken. "You're not Dave Turner," he said wonderingly.
 Dim though the voice was, there was considerable emphasis in the tone. Hudson seemed quite sure of this point, whether or not he knew anything concerning the dark gates he was about to enter. He wouldn't have spoken greatly different if he had been sitting in perfect health before his own camp fire and the shadow was now already so deep his eyes could scarcely penetrate it.
 "No," Bruce answered. "Dave Turner is up a tree. He didn't even wait to shoot."
 "Of course he wouldn't," Hudson spoke with assurance. The words dimmed at the end, and he half-closed his eyes as if he were too sleepy to stay awake longer. Then Bruce saw a strange thing. He saw, unmistakably as the sun in the sky, the signs of a curious struggle in the man's face.
 The trapper—a moment before sinking into the calm of death—was fighting desperately for a few moments of respite. There could be no other explanation. And he won it at last,—an interlude of half a dozen breaths. "Who are you?" he whispered.
 Bruce bowed his head until his ear was close to the lips. "Bruce Folger," he answered,—for the first time in his knowledge speaking his full name. "Son of Matthew Folger who lived at Trail's End long ago."
 The man still struggled. "I knew it," he said. "I saw it—in your face. I see—everything now. Listen—can you hear me?"
 "Yes."
 "I just did a wrong—there's a hundred dollars in my pocket that I just got for doing it. I made a promise—to lie to you. Take the money—it ought to be yours, anyway—and here; and use it toward fighting the wrong. It will go a little way."
 "Yes," Bruce looked him full in the eyes. "No matter about the money. What did you promise Turner?"
 "That I'd lie to you. Grip my arms with your hands—till it hurts. I've only got one breath more. Your father held those lands only in trust—the Turners' deed is forged. And the secret agreement that I witnessed is hidden."
 The breath seemed to go out of the man. Bruce shook him by the shoulders. Dave, still in the tree, strained to hear the rest. "Yes—where?"
 "It's hidden—just out—"
 The words were no longer audible to Dave, and what followed Bruce also strained to hear in vain. The lips ceased moving.

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ing. The shadow grew in the eyes, and the lids flickered down over them. A traveler had gone.
 Bruce got up, a strange, cold light in his eyes. He glanced up. Dave Turner was climbing slowly down the tree. Bruce made six strides and seized his rifle.
 The effect on Dave was ludicrous. He clung fast to the tree limbs, as if he thought a bullet—like a grizzly's claws—could not reach him there. Bruce laid the gun behind him, then stood waiting with his own weapon resting in his arms.
 "Come down, Dave," he commanded. "The bear is gone."
 "Dave crept down the trunk and halted at its base. He studied the cold face before him. "Better not try nothing," he advised hoarsely.
 "Why not?" Bruce asked. "Do you think I'm afraid of a coward?" The man started at the words; his head bobbed backward as if Bruce had struck him beneath the jaw with his fist.
 "People don't call the Turners cowards and walk off with it," the man told him.
 "Oh, the lowest coward!" Bruce said between set teeth. "The yellowest, mongrel coward! Your own confederate—and you had to drop your gun and run up a tree. You might have stopped the bear's charge."
 Dave's face twisted in a scowl. "You're brave enough now. Wait to see what happens later. Give me my gun. I'm going to go."
 "You can go, but you don't get your gun. I'll fill you full of lead if you try to touch it."
 Dave looked up with some care. He wanted to know for certain if this tenderfoot meant what he said. The man was blind in some things, his vision was twisted and dark, but he made no mistake about the look on the cold, set face before him. Bruce's finger was curled about the trigger, and it looked to Dave as if it itched to exert further pressure.
 "I don't see why I spare you, anyway," Bruce went on. His tone was self-reproachful. "God knows I hadn't ought to—remembering who and what you are. If you'd only give me one little bit of provocation—"
 Dave saw lurid lights growing in the man's eyes; and all at once a conclusion came to him. He decided he'd make no further effort to regain the gun. His life was rather precious to him, strangely, and it was wholly plain that a dread and terrible passion was slowly creeping over his enemy. He could see it in the darkening face, the tight grip of the hands on the rifle.

stock. His own sharp features grew more cunning. "You ought to be glad I didn't stop the bear with my rifle," he said hurriedly. "I had Hudson bribed—you wouldn't have found out something that you did find out if he hadn't lain here dying. You wouldn't have learned—"
 But the sentence died in the middle. Bruce made answer to it, a straight-out blow with his fist, with all his strength behind it, in the very center of his enemy's face.
 (To be continued.)
Jots and Tittles
 (Continued from page 1)
 Miss Nettie Spencer visited the county seat Friday.
 J. A. McCullough was in town from Albany Friday.
 Rev. W. W. Reid has gone from his Shedd pastorate to one at Tacoma.
 E. M. Wright has returned to Brownsville after paying Cottage Grove—or part of it.
 Mrs. A. A. Tussing of Brownsville is to be foreman of the December grand jury.
 Mrs. Edwards of Halsey had her tonsils excised at the Harrisburg hospital last week.
 Among Halseyites seen at the Brownsville fair Friday were F. R. Penland and J. W. Moore and their wives and Mrs. L. E. Walton.
 A grass fire got into a tool house in the Masonic cemetery, Brownsville, Thursday and burned it and about twenty-five dollars' worth of tools.
 Hops of this year's crop have been taken that were contracted for as high as 85 cents a pound. Uncontracted crops bring 9 cents this year.
 About the busiest man in Brownsville during the fair was Jesse Hinman of the Times. He was a considerable part of the life of the affair.
 Mrs. D. S. McWilliams came home from an Albany hospital Friday, well on her way to full recovery from an operation for appendicitis.
 Fire from a straw stack which L. Newton was burning Saturday got away and burned some fencing. Townspeople responded to a phone call and helped to quench it.
 Mrs. Alice Moore, head of the telephone operating force at Brownsville, and Miss Alda Cochran were in Halsey Thursday, Mrs. Moore acting as her own chauffeur.
 Rev. A. M. McClain of the Brownsville Presbyterian church is chairman of a committee to organize a county good citizenship league, whose principal object will be the combating of bootlegging.
 Weeden Mosher, 71, was drawn into the machinery at the Goodwin sawmill, near Seic, and killed Wednesday of last week, when he attempted to put a belt on a moving pulley with his foot.
 The Shedd community fair, the oldest of the kind in the county, will be next Saturday. A horse-shoe pitching contest will be added to the attractions. The judging contests of the calf clubs will be a leading feature.
 The Harrisburg M. E. church numbers 52 members. Its late pastor, Rev. Audley Brown, has

been assigned to Sutherlin. Regular services are suspended until the church can wipe out a deficit and get on its feet again financially.
 The Sweet Home union high school district embraces the Sweet Home, Cascadia, Liberty, Pleasant Valley, Greenville, McDowell Creek, Sunnyside, Foster, Holley, Crescent Hill and Rocky Point school districts and is the richest high school district in the county, its combined valuation being \$3,694,870.
 L. E. Neil, who took those bad eggs to Martig at Harrisburg, says he carried them as an accommodation for another man and supposed them to be fresh. He took them back again. He is not selling eggs, having no hens laying at present. Neal claims, too, that the eggs were not all, not even any considerable number of them, bad.
 Henry Zimmerman and wife and little June Layton, when they went to the Calapooia fair at Brownsville Friday, took Mrs. Wheeler along in their comfortable car and though she did not leave the car she highly enjoyed her first half day out of doors since paralysis struck her last December. Many Brownsville friends greeted her at the car.
 (Continued on page 4)

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Charter No. 49 Report of condition of the Reserve District No. 12
HALSEY STATE BANK
 at Halsey, in the state of Oregon, at the close of business Sept. 15, 1922.

RESOURCES	
1. Loans and discounts, including rediscounts shown in items 29 and 30, if any	\$113,018.32
2. Overdrafts secured and unsecured	73.08
3. U. S. government securities owned, including those shown in items 30 and 35, if any	2,600.00
4. Other bonds, warrants and securities, including foreign government, state, municipal, corporation, etc., including those shown in items 30 and 35, if any	15,207.33
5. Stocks, securities, claims, liens, judgments, etc.	150.00
6. Banking house, furniture and fixtures	7,168.00
9. (a) Cash on hand in vault and due from banks, bankers and trust companies designated and approved reserve agents of this bank	91,834.79
11. Checks on banks outside city or town of reporting bank and other cash items	32.50
Total cash and due from banks, items 8, 9, 10 and 11	\$91,867.29
Total	230,084.02
LIABILITIES	
16. Capital stock paid in	20,000.00
17. Surplus fund	15,000.00
18. (a) Undivided profits	\$8,522.37
(b) Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid	6,492.66
DEMAND DEPOSITS, other than banks, subject to reserve	20,029.71
23. Individual deposits subject to check, including deposits due the state of Oregon, county, cities or other public funds	136,694.49
24. Demand certificates of deposit outstanding	170.54
25. Cashier's checks of this bank outstanding payable on demand	454.66
Total of demand deposits, other than bank deposits, subject to reserve, items 23, 24, 25, 26, \$137,319.69	
TIME AND SAVINGS DEPOSITS, subject to reserve and payable on demand or subject to notice	
27. Time certificates of deposit outstanding	\$1,171.28
28. Savings deposits, payable subject to notice	4,563.34
Total of time and savings deposits payable on demand or subject to notice, items 27 and 28, \$55,734.62	
Total	\$230,084.02

State of Oregon, county of Linn, ss.
 I, B. M. Bond, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
 B. M. Bond, Cashier.
 Correct—Attest: C. H. Kooniz, D. Taylor, B. M. Bond, Directors.
 Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of September, 1922.
 D. S. McWilliams, Notary Public.
 My commission expires 8-24-24.



He Opened His Eyes and Looked With Some Wonder Into Bruce's Face.