

### Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)

The proposed Linn county exhibit at the state fair has been abandoned for want of funds.

Linn highways get \$7,844.82 from the auto licences of the last half year.

Wilfred McHugh, a farmer, and Mrs. Ida Crawford, both of Brownsville, were married the other day.

Dr. Garnjost and family have moved into Miss Wright's house on North Main street, Brownsville.

There was a slim attendance from Halsey at the Brownsville fair. It had not been advertised in Halsey.

Mrs. Gertrude Boggie of Ash Swale died at the state insane asylum last week. She was buried at Brownsville.

Rev. T. L. Jones, 80 years old and blind, formerly of Brownsville, preached in the Lincoln Methodist church, Portland, Sunday.

Mrs. P. O'Mara is returning to her home in River Falls after spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. F. M. Tindall of Brownsville.

Capt. Wulff of the Salvation Army was over this Friday looking over the chances of getting quarters in which to hold services every two weeks in Shedd, Halsey and Harrisburg.

The younger Quimby girls board in town during the school term. They are quartered in the Corcoran house and their aunt is housekeeper—a very comfortable arrangement.

E. S. Marsters' auction sale Friday was well attended and considering business conditions prices received were satisfactory, for the articles offered were in good condition and such as are in demand in modern farming.

A walnut tree of unknown origin growing on Kirk avenue, Brownsville, is pronounced the most prolific of its genus in seasons of drouth. Its product is of rare excellence and trees propagated from it have its characteristics. It is called the Kirk out.

There are plenty of widowers and widows living alone in Brownsville, and even in Halsey, who might profit by following the example of Mr. and Mrs. Venner. "It is not good for man to be alone."

It was not Mrs. Edwards but her daughter Adele who had her tonsils removed recently. The affection had spread to the bronchial tube and the surgeon had to cut deep, but the young lady, after a serious siege, is recovering.

Colonel Sudtell, who cries more auction sales than anybody else in this part of the state, says very good prices are being realized, which show that though some crops and prices are disastrous to farmers, the majority of them are doing well.

Among Halsey visitors at the county seat Saturday were Mrs. Bert Clark and Georgina, Margaret Skirvin and Mrs. J. W. Moore and little daughter, the latter to visit their mother and grandmother, who was recently hurt in an auto accident.

L. E. Walton, the Halsey candidate for sheriff, is probably the only one of those running for the office who has killed a man. There is nothing in the manner of the man to suggest the wild west or Illinois, but he says when the would-be bank robbers, in taking leave of the Halsey State bank, fired a volley from the back of their auto and one of the bullets crashed into the bank wall close to him, he thought it time to respond and he put a little lead into one of the trio which ended his activities in this world. That was during Walton's service as deputy sheriff under Kenoall.

Among the activities of the Salvation Army reported by the county seat papers are the cases of an Albany girl who, deserted by her husband, died in Oakland, Cal., a couple of weeks ago. Her family were unable to pay the funeral expenses and Capt. Wulff arranged for that, the family to make repayment when it can. In another case an old man belonging at San Francisco was stranded here ill, with no funds for return to San Francisco and no legal claim on Linn county. The army got a local woman to give him a room free and is supplying him with necessities.

Nina Kump went to Eugene Friday to attend a business college.

### TREASURE TROVE

#### Hidden When the Enterprise Editor Was a Baby

Birch Bark Cashed by Trappers in the State's Early Days Found Recently in Washington.

A cache of birch bark hidden since 1860, near the site of an old fur-trading post, was uncovered by the Columbia river undermining a huge sand bank, says a dispatch from Deep River, Wash.

Seventy years ago, when Northwest fur companies were engaged in fierce competition over the rich otter and beaver pelts of the north Pacific coast, many trappers came from Canada and the Great Lakes region.

They generally preferred birch bark canoes to cedar dugouts and best birch of good quality should not be found on the rivers of the western slope, some had a stock shipped from Montreal, to London, thence to Astoria, Ore.

To prevent the valued canoe material from falling into the hands of competing fur traders, the Astoria people sent it up the river by relays, at each step burying it from sight. This historic specimen of trapping days here will be consigned to the state museum.

### PRETTY RIVER COURTESIES

Capt. Philip Reybold, who operated a passenger steamer—the Admiral—on the York river, between West Point, Va., and Baltimore, describes in a southern paper the enormous difference between boarding a ferry-boat then and now, especially for ladies. It was an old custom of the region for lady passengers to wait to be escorted on and off the steamer. When the boat made a landing the ladies would gather in the salon of the main deck and wait until the captain came down from the pilot house to lead them to the dock. He would approach the eldest of the waiting group and walk with her down the stairway to the landing place, she leaning on his arm. The rest of the ladies would follow, servants with luggage bringing up the rear.

### FAIRY DOLLS

Late in the afternoon the settlement worker returned. It was the swarming library hour. The kiddies are always so eager to get books and so careful of them—sometimes on rainy days bringing them back wrapped up in paper. One small girl wanted only fairy tales. When asked why nothing else would do, she said:

"Because I read them to my dolls."  
"How many have you?"  
And the little Serafina answered:  
"I can have as many dolls as I want, if I believe in fairies."

### NO AGE LIMIT

"This department store advertises 'Tootsy Togs.'"  
"What are 'Tootsy Togs'?"  
"I judge they are something for children to wear, but they may be suitable for flappers. You never can tell about clothes nowadays."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### THIS OLD EARTH

Based on radio-activity observations, Prof. William Duan of Harvard says the world is between 8,000,000 and 17,000,000 years old.

### THE LITTLE BUSY BEE

The cave man had one source of living open to him—hunting. If he were puny, he had small chance of surviving.

Later the weaker or less ferocious cave man added another way of making a living—cultivation of the soil. So the system expanded, until today even a paralyzed blind man can earn his own living, provided his brain is intact.

Some of the occupations most of us consider side issues in our civilization are really gigantic industries. For instance, M. F. Bryant of Medina, O., one of the kings of the honey industry, says 900,000 Americans are beekeepers, producing \$80,000,000 worth of honey a year. Some of them make \$25,000 a year apiece.

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## Welcome, County Fair Visitors!

Leave your bundles here and make this store your headquarters.

With each \$25 cash purchase we will give FREE one 25-lb. sack Olympic FLOUR  
\$20 cash purchase ..... 13 lbs. sugar FREE  
\$15 cash purchase .....  
one 10-lb sack Olympic Flour FREE  
\$10 cash purchase ..... 6 lbs. Sugar FREE  
\$5 cash purchase .....  
5 bars Crystal White Soap FREE

## STENBERG Bros.

Third and Lyon, Albany, Oregon

### "THANK YOU" THEIR GREETING

Children of Unhappy Russia Taught to Say "Spotsiba" to Americans in Famine Districts.

A thing to remember is that Alexejewski is only one among many villages in the Samara district in which the American relief administration is conducting feeding operations, but they are so much alike that having seen one of them you really have seen them all.

We arrived just as the little people were finishing their midday meal of corn grits with sugar and milk and bread and cocoa, and as they filed out past us on their way back to their homes each one of them made a little curtsy and said "Spotsiba," which means "thank you."

Our little Russians everywhere are always saying this to us. I have actually met children on the street in Moscow who have curtsied to me and said "Spotsiba!" One supposes their parents teach them that they must never pass an American without saying "thank you." It is rather pathetic and was always to me exceedingly embarrassing. — Eleanor Franklin Egan in the Saturday Evening Post.

### FAITHLESS JACK

He (continuing his narrative)—And there was I close up to one of those Big Berthas.  
She—Oh, Jack, you horrid thing! And you told me you'd never look at a girl over there.

### The Old Stand Barber Shop

GUARANTEED WORK  
LAUNDRY  
CLEANING AND PRESSING  
D. D. RIBELIN, Prop.

### Cheat Seed

Pump riceland seed, already treated with copper carbonate for

### Smut Prevention

Ready to sow.  
\$3 per cwt.

### Murphy's Seed Store

ALBANY, OREGON

### E. L. Stiff

FURNITURE EXCHANGE

We have lots of good USED FURNITURE

on hand and are getting more every day Beauty Banquet Ranges \$65 to \$92

Used ranges \$20 to \$40. Very good condition. All at bargain prices. 422 West First st., Albany, Oregon.

### Before buying automobile supplies of any kind it will pay you to come to Halsey Garage

and get prices. We handle GOODYEAR, FISK and GATES TIRES and are able to sell you a tire at almost any price you wish to pay.

Automobile repairing. Willard battery service.  
HALSEY GARAGE  
FOOTE BROS., Props.  
{ Shop, 1645  
{ Residence, 164

## The Strength of the Pines

By Edison Marshall

Author of "The Voice of the Pack"  
Illustrations by Irwin Myers  
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### SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—At the death of his foster father, Bruce Duncan, in an eastern city, receives a mysterious message, sent by a Mrs. Ross, summoning him peremptorily to southern Oregon—to meet "Linda."

CHAPTER II.—Bruce has vivid but baffling recollections of his childhood in an orphanage, before his adoption by Newton Duncan, with the girl Linda.

CHAPTER III.—At his destination, Trail's End, news that a message has been sent to Bruce is received with marked displeasure by a man introduced to the reader as "Simon."

CHAPTER IV.—Leaving the train, Bruce is astonished at his apparent familiarity with the surroundings, though to his knowledge he has never been there.

CHAPTER V.—Obedient to the message, Bruce makes his way to Martin's cross-roads store, for direction as to reaching Mrs. Ross' cabin.

CHAPTER VI.—On the way, "Simon" sternly warns him to give up his quest and return East. Bruce refuses.

CHAPTER VII.—Mrs. Ross, aged and infirm, welcomes him with emotion. She hastens him on his way—the end of "Pine-Needle Trail."

CHAPTER VIII.—Through a country puzzlingly familiar, Bruce journeys, and finds his childhood playmate, Linda.

CHAPTER IX.—The girl tells him of wrongs committed by an enemy clan on her family, the Rosses. Linda, occupied by the clan were stolen from the Rosses, and the family, with the exception of Aunt Elmira (Mrs. Ross) and herself, wiped out by assassination. Bruce's father, Matthew Folger, was one of the victims. His mother had fled with Bruce and Linda. The girl, while small, had been kidnapped from the orphanage and brought to the mountains. Linda's father had deeded his lands to Matthew Folger, but the agreement, which would confute the enemy's claims to the property, has been lost.

CHAPTER X.—Bruce's mountain blood responds to the call of the blood-feud.

CHAPTER XI.—A giant tree, the Sentinel Pine, in front of Linda's cabin, seems to Bruce's excited imagination to be endeavoring to convey a message.

CHAPTER XII.—Bruce sets out in search of a trapper named Hudson, a witness to the agreement between Linda's father and Matthew Folger.

CHAPTER XIII.—A gigantic grizzly, known as the Killer, is the terror of the vicinity, because of his size and ferocity.

CHAPTER XIV.—Dave Turner, sent by Simon, bribes Hudson to swear falsely concerning the agreement, if brought to light, he knowing its whereabouts.

CHAPTER XV.—Hudson and Dave visit the former's traps. A wolf, caught in one, is discovered by the Killer. Disturbed at his feat, the brute strikes down Hudson. Bruce, on his way to Hudson, shoots and wounds the Killer, driving him from his victim. Hudson, learning Bruce's identity, tries to tell him the hiding place of the agreement, but death summons him.

CHAPTER XVI.—

Dave Turner traveled hard and late, and he reached Simon's door just before sundown of the second day. Bruce was still a full two hours distant. But Dave did not stay to knock. It was chore-time, and he thought he would find Simon in his barn, supervising the feeding and care of the live stock. He had guessed right, and the two men had a moment's talk in the dusky passage behind the stalls.

"I've brought news," Dave said.

Simon made no answer at first. The saddle pony in the stall immediately in front of them, frightened at Dave's unfamiliar figure, had crowded, trembling, against his manger. Simon's red eyes watched him; then he uttered a short oath. He took two strides into the stall and seized the halter rope in his huge, muscular hand. Three times he jerked it with a peculiar, quartering pull, a curbing that might have been ineffective by a man of ordinary strength, but with the incomprehensible might of the great forearm behind it was really terrible punishment. Dave thought for a moment his brother would break the animal's neck; the whites began to show about the soft, dark pupils of his eyes. The strap over the head broke with the fourth pull; then the horse recoiled, plunging and terrified, into the opposite corner of the stall.

Simon leaped with shattering power at the creature's shoulders, his huge arms encircled his neck, his shoulders heaved, and he half-threw it to the floor. Then, as it staggered to rise, his heavy fist flailed against its neck. Again and again he struck, and in the half-darkness of the stable it was a dreadful thing to behold. The man's fury, always quickly aroused, was upon him; his brawny form moved with the agility of a panther. Even Dave, whose shallow eyes were usually wont to feast on cruelty, viewed the scene with some alarm. It wasn't that he was moved by the agony of the horse. But he did remember that horses cost money, and Simon seemed determined to kill the animal before his passion was spent.

The horse cowered, and in a moment more it was hard to remember he was a member of a noble, high-spirited breed—a swift runner, brainy as a dog, a servant faithful and worthy. He stood quiet at last, his head hanging low, knees bent, eyes curiously sorrowful and dark. Simon fastened the broken strap about his

neck, gave it one more jerk that almost knocked the animal off his feet, then turned back to Dave. Except for a higher color in his cheeks, darker lights in his eyes, and an almost imperceptible quickening of his breathing, it did not seem as if he had moved.

"You're always bringing news," he said. "If it's as important as some of the other news you've brought don't take my time."

"All right," the other replied sullenly. "You don't have to hear it. But I'm telling you it's of real importance this time—and some time you'll find out." He scowled into the dark face. "But suit yourself."

Dave walked clear to the door, then turned. "Don't be a fool, Simon," he urged. "Listen to what I have to tell you. Bruce Folger knows where that secret agreement is."

For once in his life Dave got a response of sufficient emphasis to satisfy him. His brother whirled, his whole expression undergoing an immediate and startling change. If there was one emotion that Dave had never seen on Simon's face it was fear—and he didn't know for certain that he saw it now. But there was alarm—unnistakable—and surprise, too.

"What do you mean?" he demanded. "Out with it!" His tone was really



"What Do You Mean? Out With It!"

urgent now, not insolent as usual. "Good Lord, man, don't you know that if Bruce gets that down to the settlements before the thirtieth of next month we're lost—and nothing in this world can save us? We can't drive him off, like we drove the Rosses. There's too much law down in the valleys. If he's got that paper, there's only one thing to do. Help me saddle a horse."

"Wait a minute. I didn't say he had it. I only said he knew where it was. He's still an hour or two walk from here, toward Little River, and if we have to wait for him on the trail, we've got plenty of time. And of course I ain't quite sure he does know where it is."

Simon smiled mirthlessly. "The news is beginning to sound like the rest of yours."

"Old Hudson is dead," Dave went on. "And don't look at me—I didn't do it. I wish I had, though, first off. For once my judgment was better than yours. The Killer got him."

"Yes. Go on."

"I was with him when it happened. My gun got jammed so I couldn't shoot."

"Where is it now?"

Dave scrambled in vain for a story to explain the loss of his weapon to Bruce, and the one that came out at last didn't do him particular credit. "I—I threw the gun a thing away. Wish I hadn't now, but it made me so mad by jamming—it was a fool trick. Maybe I can go back after it and find it."

Simon smiled again. "Very good so far," he commented.

Dave flushed. "Bruce was there, too—last is, creased the bear—and the last minute before he died Hudson told him where the agreement was hidden. I couldn't hear all he said—I was too far away—but I heard enough to think that he told Bruce the hiding place."

"And why didn't you get that information away from Bruce with your gun?"

"Didn't I tell you the thing was jammed? If it hadn't been for that, I'd done something more than find out where it is. I'd stopped this nonsense once and for all, and let a hole through that tenderfoot big enough to see through. Then there'd never be any more trouble. It's the thing to do now."

Simon looked at his brother's face with some wonder. More crafty and cunning, Dave was like the coyote in that he didn't yield so quickly to fury as that gray wolf, his brother. But when it did come, it scared him. It had come now. Simon couldn't mistake the fact; he saw it plain in the glowing eyes, the clenched hands, the drawn lips. Dave was remembering the pain of the blow Bruce had given him and the smart of the words that had preceded it.

"You and he must have had a little session down there by the creek," Simon suggested slowly, "when your gun was jammed. Of course, he took the gun. What's the use of trying to

fasten the broken strap about his