



The most enticing line of KITCHEN RANGES ever seen in Halsey is on display at the store of HILL & CO., FURNITURE RUGS LINOLEUMS CONGOLEUMS

NOT CLASSED AS ORNAMENTS

In the Early Days of the World Jewels Were Looked Upon and Prized as Talismans.

Seven thousand years ago jewelry was in use. Probably it had its origin not so much in the desire for personal adornment as in the belief in magic.

Jewels began to be objects of ornament, as well as of magic, about the time when stones possessing some inherent beauty began to be used, at some indefinite period prior to 5000 B. C.

The period from 5000 to 2500 B. C. was marked by wonderful advances in the making of jewels, and the art reached its highest point in Egypt about the latter date.

Down from the paleolithic period had come the necklace, and, with the early Egyptians jewels were still necklaces. These had developed in three forms: Tubular beads, probably bones; spherical beads, such as drilled pebbles, etc.; and disk beads made from ostrich egg shells cut into small disks, which were pierced and strung.

—National Jeweler.

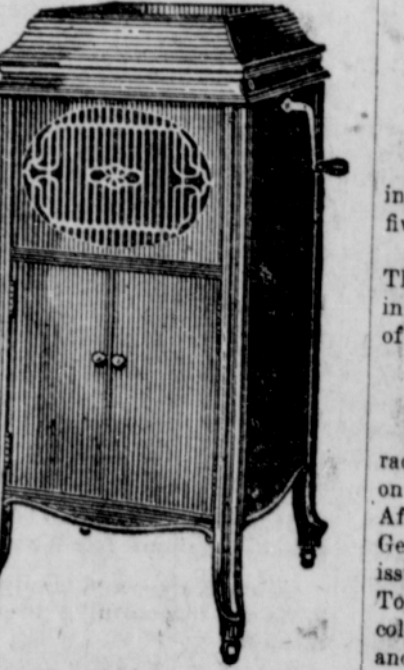
found, said to the sheriff: "Boss, I've been working 'round here eber since des been any sawmill, and I hain't never seen no vizes."—Off the Record.

GRAFTOLOGY

"Why are you opposed to a censorship of the movies?"

"I am afraid," answered Senator Sorghum, "that some of the censors might be susceptible to pecuniary persuasion. Varieties of graft are already sufficiently numerous, without introducing a photograft."

This NEW MODEL Brunswick ONLY \$200.00



This new number has the Double Ultona, a 11 wood amplifier and Record Filing Cabinet, just like the more expensive numbers.

Period Models \$150 to \$360 Visit our music booth at the FAIR next week. WOODWORTH DRUG @ Albany Oregon

TOO MUCH FOR OLD WARRIOR War Song of Fijian Girls Strained Aged Fighter's Heart to the Bursting Point.

We were dinner guests of the king of Mbau in Fiji. We were served with the most delicious meal I had while in the South Seas.

While they moved their bodies back and forth and waved their arms in undulations of the dance, they sang, keeping time to the music by tapping their feet on the floor.

FUSSING OVER A TRIFLE



Mr. Pester—The baby's been playing with the cards again. There are five missing from this deck.

His Wife—What if there are? There are plenty left to go around in that old four-handed poker game of yours.

CALLED "RACE OF LIARS"

The natives of Togoland are a race of liars, says an official report on that British mandated sphere in Africa, which was taken over from Germany.

"The natives have no letters, arts or science," says the report. "Concealment of design is the first element of safety, and as this axiom has been consistently carried out for generations the native character is strongly marked by duplicity. Even in matters of little moment it is rare for them to speak the truth."

THE JUDGE EXPLAINS

"You part friends?" "Certainly, your honor," said the woman who had just been granted her divorce decree, "and I'd like to ask you a question."

"Well?" "I'm not used to living alone. If I should become frightened at night would it be all right to call John, here?"

BREVITY WON THE WAR

Because most all of the noted successful leaders had names containing at the most only eight letters, "Brevity" is the latest answer to the mooted question, "Who won the war?"

THE OTHER KIND

The Jailer—So you got the goods on that fellow you just brought in? The Constable—You bet I have. An' they ain't dry goods, either.

Even as He is Pure.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.

Not Afraid.

I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me. I will not be afraid of ten thousand people.—Psalm 5:3-6.

THE PRIMAL URGE

"Young man, before things go any further, I must ask what you mean by spending every evening with my daughter. Are your intentions serious?"

"Well—er—to tell the truth, sir, it's so cold everywhere else, and you keep it so nice and warm here, that I simply can't resist the opportunity!"—Judge.

Come to Linn County's Fair

OCTOBER 3, 4, 5, 6

and make this store your headquarters—the store that has been boosting Linn county for almost threescore years.

Everything for Men and Boys



The store with a square deal for every customer. ALBANY, OREGON

FOR RENT 400-Acre Farm Fair buildings. Three miles from Halsey. W. J. RIBELIN

F. M. GRAY, Drayman. All work done promptly and reasonably. Phone No. 269.9

TRUCKING Hay, Grain, stock hauling, etc. Heavy hauling a specialty. W. H. BEENE Halsey, Oregon

Halsey Meat Market Dealer in Fresh and Cured Meats 30 days' credit FALK BROS., Props.

We make a Specialty of Friendship, Engagement and Wedding Rings F. M. FRENCH & SONS ALBANY OREG.

I. O. O. F. WILDEY LODGE NO. 65. Regular meeting next Saturday night.

Amor A. Tussing LAWYER AND NOTARY BROWNSVILLE, OREGON

C. C. BRYANT ATTORNEY AT LAW Cusick Bank Building, Albany, Oregon.

FARMERS usually have an accumulation of articles no longer needed, or succeeded by better ones, which somebody would like to obtain. An advertisement the size of this, costing 25c, might find a buyer and convert what is now only trash into good CASH

lie to me?" "He did. What could I do?" "And now you want him potted from ambush."

"What's the use of waiting? Who'd know?" The two men stood face to face in the quiet and deepening dusk of the barn; and there was growing determination on each face.

"Yes," Simon echoed in a strange half-whisper. "Let the buzzards talk to him."

Dave took fresh heart at the sound of that voice. "No one would have ever known it," he went on. "No one would ever know it now. They'd find his bones, some time, maybe, but there'd be no one to point to. They'd never get anything against us. I tell you—it's all the way, or no way at all. Tell me to wait for him on the trail."

"Any time now. And don't postpone this matter any more. We're men, not babies. He's not a fool or a coward, either. And he's a shot—I saw that plain enough—and how'd you like to have him shoot through your windows some time? Old Elmira and Linda have set him on, and he's hot for it."

"I wish you'd got that old heifer when you got her son," Simon said. He still spoke calmly; but it was plain enough that Dave's words were having the desired effect.

"And remember, too," Dave urged, "what you told him when you met him in the store. You said you wouldn't warn him twice."

"I remember." The two men were silent, but Dave stood no longer motionless. He was shivering all over with malice and fury.

"Then you've given the word?" he asked. "I've given the word, but I'll do it my own way. Listen, Dave." Simon stood, head bent, deep in thought.

"Could you arrange to have Linda and the old hag out of the house when Bruce gets back?" "Yes—"

"We've got to work this thing right. We can't operate in the open like we used to. This man has taken up the blood-feud—but the thing to do—is to let him come to us."

"But he won't do it. He'll go to the courts first." Simon's face grew stern. "I don't want any more interruptions, Dave. I mean we will want to give the impression that he attacked us first—on his own free will. What if he comes into our house—a man unknown in these parts—and something happens to him there—in the dead of night? It wouldn't look so bad then, would it? Besides—if we got him here—before the clan, we might be able to find out where that document is. First, how can you tell when he's going to come?"

"He ought to be here very soon. The moon's bright and I can get up on the ridge and see his shadow through your field glasses when he crosses the big south pasture. That will give me a full half-hour before he comes."

"It's enough. I'm ready to give you your orders now. They are—just to use your head, and on some pretext get those two women out of the house so that Bruce can't find them when he returns. Don't let them come back for an hour, if you can help it. If it works—all right. If it doesn't, we'll use more direct measures. I'll tend to the rest."

He strode to the wall and took down a saddle from the hook. Quickly he threw it over the back of one of the cow ponies, the animal that he had punished. He put the bridle in Dave's hand. "Stop at the house for the glasses, then ride to the ridge at once," he ordered. "Then keep watch."

browse on the parched grass. Dave felt a little tremor of excitement at the thought that if it were not Bruce, it was more likely the last of the grizzlies, the Killer. The previous night the gray forest king had made an excursion into Simon's pastures and had killed a yearling calf; in all probability he would return tonight to finish his feast. In fact, this night would in all probability see the end of the Killer. Some one of the Turners would wait for him, with a loaded rifle, in a safe ambush.

But it wasn't the Killer, after all. It was before his time; besides, the shadow was too slender to be that of the huge bear. Dave Turner watched a moment longer, so that there could be no possibility of a mistake. Bruce was returning; he was little more than a half-hour's walk from Linda's home.

Turner swung on his horse, then lashed the animal into a gallop. Less than five minutes later he drew up to a halt beneath the Sentinel Pine, almost a mile distant. For the first time, Dave began to move cautiously. It would complicate matters if the two women had already gone to bed. The hour was early—not yet nine—but the fall of darkness is often the going-to-bed time of the mountain people. It is warmer there and safer; and the expense of candles is lessened. But tonight Linda and old Elmira were sitting up, waiting for Bruce's return.

A candle flame flickered at the window. Dave went up to the door and knocked. "Who's there?" Elmira called. It was a habit learned in the dreadful days of twenty years ago, not to open a door without at least some knowledge of who stood without. A lighted doorway sets off a target almost as well as a field of white sets off a black bull's-eye.

Dave knew the truth was the proper course. "Dave Turner," he replied. A long second of heavy, strange silence ensued. Then the woman spoke again. There was a new note in her voice, a curious hoarseness, but at the same time a sense of exultation and excitement. But Dave didn't notice it. He might, however, have been interested in the singular look of wonder that flashed over Linda's face as she stared at her aged aunt. Linda was not thinking of Dave. Her whole attention was seized and held by the unfamiliar note in her aunt's voice, and a strange drawing of the woman's features that the closed door prevented Dave from seeing. It was a look almost of rapture, hardly to be expected in the presence of an enemy. The dim eyes seemed to glow in the shadows. It was the look of one who had wandered steep and unknown trails for uncounted years and sees the distant lights of his home at last.

"Such work cannot, of course, be done on a strictly economic basis, but London will benefit greatly by the intensive campaign it is intended to pursue, for better housing all round will mean better health and therefore a happier people."

When the scheme, which involves nothing less than the clearance of all the slum areas in London is completed," says Colonel Levita, chairman of the housing committee, "it will have entailed the displacement of some 45,000 people and an expenditure of many millions of pounds. The main idea is to make London a slumless city."

"All but the viz" Recently a chattel mortgage in a rural district was foreclosed on the following: "Eight oxen, viz. one yoke (2) named Tom and Bill; one yoke (2) named Spot and Black; one yoke (2) named Red and Sam; one yoke (2) named Jake and Bright."

The sheriff made his levy, and reported that he had made diligent search around defendant's premises, but had been unable to find the "viz." An old negro, who worked at the sawmill where the oxen were

For the First Time, Dave Began to Move Cautiously.

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(To be continued.)

PASSING THE BUCK

"I don't understand your American slang. For instance, 'Let George do it.'"

"That means passing the buck to someone else. In England you would say, 'Let Lloyd George do it.'"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THEY FIXED IT



Father—Now my watch has stopped again. I suppose it needs a cleaning. Little Harry—No, daddy, it doesn't. Junior and I cleaned it in water this morning.

CLEANING UP LONDON

Twenty-two of the worst slum areas in London are to be wiped out by the London county council. The work is to be spread over the next ten or twelve years and the government will assist in it.

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