

**Are You Looking Ahead?**  
Are you saving for the future or spending all as you go?  
**Saver or Spender?**  
The saver will soon be able to own his own farm or business. His success is assured.  
The spender has a good time early in life, spending all, and too late realizes the truth of the saying: "The secret of success is saving."  
**Which One Are You?**  
Save a little each week and prepare for the future.  
**The First Savings Bank of Albany, Oregon**  
Where Savings are safe

How about your **FIRE INSURANCE?**  
For a safe and sane policy see  
**JAY W. MOORE**  
Real estate, loans and insurance, Halsey, Oregon

**HALSEY STATE BANK**  
Halsey, Oregon  
**CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$35,000**  
Commercial and Savings accounts Solicited

The candy girl, or rather the girl who likes candy, is everywhere. Her opposite would be hard to find. And if she gets her candy from us she knows that she gets the best confectionery in town. That is why she says: "Be sure and get it at Clark's."  
Sott drinks, too.  
We sell  
**the Claxtonola**  
Come in and hear it play  
All phonograph records and needles.  
**Clark's Confectionery**

Do you want a **Fairbanks-Morse Scale for \$21.50?** You can get it at the  
**MORNHINWEG STORE.** Call and see them.  
Don't forget we sell **PLOWS, HARROWS, DISCS, CREAM SEPARATORS,** in fact, everything in the implement line. Special prices on **DRILLS** while they last.  
Red Seal **BATTERIES.** Fresh stock. Call and get prices on implements. The store for quality and promptness.  
**G. W. Mornhinweg**

**Automobile Insurance**  
Fire, theft, collision, property damage and personal liability. Protect yourself against loss.  
**C. P. STAFFORD, Agent.**

**Vote 314 X YES**  
and Have  
**Free Public Schools**  
**OPEN to All**  
**GOOD enough for All**  
**ATTENDED by All**  
All for the Public School and the Public School for All  
**One Flag! One School! One Language!**  
P. S. MALCOLM, 33\*,  
Inspector-General in Oregon,  
Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite.  
(Paid Advertisement)

**A Modern Barber Shop**  
Laundry sent Tuesdays  
Dyeing, Cleaning and Pressing  
**ABE'S PLACE**

**N. C. LOWE**  
Lebanon's Reliable Funer I Director and Mortician  
Large stock; fine equipment, including two good auto hearses. Prices most reasonable. Lady attendant.  
Lebanon, phone 9.

**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 hazy 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 had 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 the 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 crossroads 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 insists on his staying—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. Lands 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 kidnaped from the orphanage and brought to the mountains. Linda's father had deduced the mountains, and 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, on his way to Hudson, she and her wounds the Killer, driving him from the victim.  
**CHAPTER XVI.**—Hudson, learning Bruce's identity, tries to tell him the true place of the agreement, but death summons him.  
**CHAPTER XVII.**—Simon, believing Bruce knows where the document is concealed, lays plans to trap him.  
**CHAPTER XVIII.**—Dave decoys Linda and Aunt Elmira from their home. The man insults Linda and is struck down by the aged woman. Elmira's son has been murdered by Dave and at her command, after securely binding the desperado, Linda leaves them alone.  
**CHAPTER XIX.**—Bruce falls into Simon's trap, and is made prisoner.  
**CHAPTER XX.**—Charging Bruce with attempting to reopen the blood-feud, the clan, after a mock trial, decides to leave him, bound, in a pasture on the spot where the Killer had slain and half eaten a calf the night before. They look for the return of the grizzly and the probable slaying of Bruce by the animal.  
**CHAPTER XXI.**—Bruce, helpless, awaits arrival of the Killer and death.  
**CHAPTER XXII.**

She knocked on it softly. "Are you there, Bruce?" she called.  
No answer returned to her. The rooms, in fact, were deeply silent. She tried the door and found it unlocked. The room had not been occupied.  
Thoroughly alarmed, she went back into the front room and tried to decipher the mystery of the strange weapon. She couldn't conceive of any possibility whereby Bruce would exchange his father's trusted gun for this. Possibly it was an extra weapon that he had procured on his journey. And since no possible gain would come of her going out into the forests to seek him, she sat down to wait for his return.  
The moments dragged by and her apprehension grew. She took the rifle in her hands and, slipping the lever part way back, looked to see if there were a cartridge in the barrel. She saw a glitter of brass, and it gave her a measure of assurance. She had a pistol in her own room—a weapon that Elmira had procured, years before, from a passing sportsman—and for a moment she considered getting it also. She understood its action better and would probably be more efficient with it if the need arose, but for certain never-to-be-forgotten reasons she wished to keep this weapon until the moment of utmost need.  
Her whole stock of pistol cartridges consisted of six—completely filling the magazine of the pistol. Closely watched by the Turners, she had been unable to procure more.  
A dreadful night these six little cylinders of brass had been a tremendous consolation to her. They had been her sole defense, and she knew that in the final emergency she could use them to deadly effect.  
Linda was a girl who had always looked her situations in the face. She was not one to flinch from the truth and with false optimism disbelieve it. She knew these mountain realms; better still she understood the dark passions of Simon and his followers, and this little half-pound of steel and wood with its brass shells might mean, in the dreadful last moment of despair, deliverance from them. It might mean escape for herself when all other ways were cut off. In this wild land, far from the reaches of law and without allies except for a decrepit old woman, the pistol and its deadly loads had been her greatest solace.  
The hours passed, and the clouds were starting up from the horizon when she thought she saw Bruce returning. A tall form came swinging toward her, over the little trail that led between the tree trunks. She peered intently. And in one instant more she knew that the approaching figure was not Bruce, but the man she most feared of anyone on earth, Simon Turner.  
Her thoughts came clear and true. It was obvious that his was no mission of stealth. He was coming boldly, freely, not furtively; and he must have known that he presented a perfect rifle target from the windows. Nevertheless, it is well to be prepared for emergencies. If life in the mountains teaches anything, it teaches that. She took the rifle and laid it behind a little desk, out of sight. Then she went to the door.  
"I want to come in, Linda," Simon told her.  
"I told you long ago you couldn't come to this house," Linda answered.

She knew this man. She knew the hatred that was upon him. And she realized, as if by an inspiration from on High, that before he went to his house to sleep he would go once more into the presence of Bruce, confined somewhere among these ridges and suffering the punishment of having opposed his will. Simon would want one look to see how his plan was getting on; perhaps he would want to utter one taunting word. And Linda saw her chance.  
She dropped the rifle and darted into her own room. There she procured a weapon that she trusted more, her little pistol, loaded with six cartridges.  
If she had understood the real nature of the danger that Bruce faced she would have retained the rifle. It shot with many times the smashing power of the little gun, and at long range was many times as accurate, but even it would have seemed an ineffective defense against such an enemy as was even now creeping toward Bruce's body. But she knew that in a crisis, against such of the Turners as she thought she might have to face, it would serve her much better than the more awkward heavier weapon. Be-

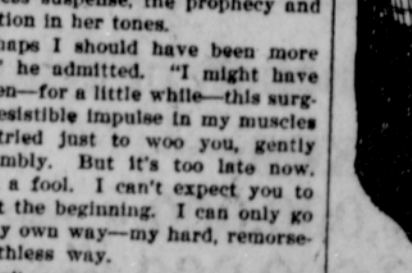


"I Told You Long Ago You Couldn't Come to This House," Linda Answered Through the Panels.

through the panels. "I want you to go away."  
Simon laughed softly. "You'd better let me in. I've brought word of the child you took to raise. You know who I mean."  
Yes, Linda knew. "Do you mean Bruce?" she asked. "I let Dave in tonight on the same pretext. Don't expect me to be caught twice by the same lie."  
"Dave? Where is Dave?" The fact was that the whereabouts of his brother had suddenly become considerable of a mystery to Simon. He had thought about him and Linda out in the darkness together, and his heart had seemed to smolder and burn with jealousy in his breast. It had been a great relief to him to find her in the house.  
"I wonder—where he is by now," Linda answered in a strange voice. "No one in this world can answer that

question, Simon. Tell me what you want."  
She opened the door. She couldn't bear to show her face to this man. And she knew that an appearance of courage at least, was the wisest course. "Simon, listen to me, I want to fight you any more. I'll let you keep those lands and never try any more to make you give them up. You and your brothers can keep them forever, and we won't try to get revenge on you, either. He and I will go away."  
He gazed at her in deepening wonderment. For the moment, his mind refused to accept the truth. He had known perfectly the call of the blood in her. He had understood her hatred of the Turners; he could hate in the same way himself. He realized her love for her father's home and how she had dreamed of expelling its usurpers. Yet she was willing to renounce it all. The power that had come to her was one that he, a man whose code of life was no less cruel and remorseless than that of the Killer himself, could not understand.  
"But why?" he demanded. "Why are you willing to do all this for him?"  
"Why?" she echoed. Once more the luster was in her dark eyes. "I suppose it is because—I love him."  
He looked at her with slowly darkening face. Passion welled within him. An oath dropped from his lips, blasphemous, more savage than any wilderness voice. Then he raised his arm and struck her tender flesh.  
He struck her breast. The brutality of the man stood forth at last. No picture that all the dreadful dramas of the wild could portray was more terrible than this. The girl cried out, reeled and fell fainting from the pain, and with smoldering eyes he gazed at her unmoved. Then he turned out of the door.  
But the curtain of this drama in the mountain home had not yet rung down. Half-unconscious, she listened to his steps. He was out in the moonlight, vanishing among the trees. Strange fancies swept her, all in the smallest fraction of an instant, and a voice spoke clearly. With all the strength of her will she dispelled the mists of dawning unconsciousness that the pain had wrought and crept swiftly to the little desk placed against the wall. Her hand fumbled in the shadow behind it and brought out a glittering rifle. Then she crept to the open doorway.  
Lying on the floor, she raised the weapon to her shoulder. Her thumb pressed back, strong and unflinching, against the hammer; and she heard it

click as it sprung into place. Then she looked along the barrel until she saw the swinging form of Simon through the sights.  
There was no remorse in that cold gaze of hers. The wings of death hovered over the man, ready to swoop down. Her fingers curled tighter about the trigger. One ounce more pressure, and Simon's track of wickedness and bloodshed would have come to an end at last. But at that instant her eyes widened with the dawn of an idea.  
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He Struck Her Breast. The Brutality of the Man Stood Forth at Last.

He listened gravely. Her cheeks blazed. It was a strange scene—the silent room, the implacable foe, the breathless suspense, the prophecy and inspiration in her tones.  
"Perhaps I should have been more gentle," he admitted. "I might have forgotten—for a little while—this surging, irresistible impulse in my muscles—and tried just to woo you, gently and humbly. But it's too late now. I'm not a fool. I can't expect you to begin at the beginning. I can only go on in my own way—my hard, remorseless, ruthless way."  
"It isn't every man who is brave enough to see what he wants and knock away all obstacles to get it," he went on. "Put that bravery to my credit. To pay no attention to methods, only to look forward to the result. That has been my creed. It is my creed now. Many less brave men would fear your hatred—but I don't fear it as long as I possess what I go after and a hope that I can get you over it. Many of my own brothers hate me, but yet I don't care as long as they do my will. No matter how much you scorn it, this bravery has always got me what I wanted, and it will get me what I want now."  
The high color died in her face. She wondered if the final emergency had come at last.  
"I've come to make a bargain. You can take it or you can refuse. On one side is the end of all this conflict, to be my wife, to have what you want—bought by the rich return from my thousands of acres. And I love you, Linda. You know that."  
The man spoke the truth. His terrible, dark love was all over him—in his glowing eyes, in his drawn, deeply lined face.  
"In time, when you come around to my way of thinking, you'll love me. If you refuse—this last time—I've got to take other ways. On that side is defeat for you—as sure as day. The time is almost up when the title to those lands is secure. Bruce is in our hands."  
She got up, white-faced. "Bruce—?"  
"Yes! Did you think he could stand against us? I'll show him to you in the morning. Tonight he's paying the price for ever daring to oppose my will."  
She turned imploring eyes. He saw them, and perhaps—far distant—he saw the light of triumph, too. A grin

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