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The Blade Glittered; but Linda Was Afraid to Look at It Closely.

the cleared lands that the Turners cultivated. She went to their very edge. It was a rather high point, so she waited here for the moon to emerge again. Never, it seemed to her, had it moved so slowly. But all at once its light flowed forth over the land.

Her eyes searched the distant spaces, but she could catch no glimpse of Simon between the trees. Evidently he no longer walked in the direction of the house. Then she looked out over the tilled lands.

Almost a quarter of a mile away she saw the flicker of a miniature shadow. Only the vivid quality of the moonlight, against which any shadow was clear-cut and sharp, enabled her to discern it at all. It was, Simon, and evidently his business had taken him into the meadows. Feeling that she was on the right track at last, she urged her horse forward again, keeping to the shadow of the timber at first.

Simon walked almost parallel to the dark fringe for nearly a mile; then turned off into the tilled lands. She rode opposite him and reined in the horse to watch.

When the distance had almost obscured him, she saw him stop. He waited a long time, then turned back. The moon went in and out of the clouds. Then, trusting to the distance to conceal her, Linda rode slowly out into the clearing.

Simon re-entered the timber, his inspection seemingly done, and Linda still rode in the general direction he had gone. A curious sense of impending events came over her as she headed on toward the distant wall of forest beyond.

Then, the clouds slowly dimming under the moon, the light grew with almost imperceptible encroachments. At first it was only bright enough to show her own dim shadow on the grass. The utter gloom that was over the fields lessened and drew away like receding curtains; her vision reached ever farther, the shadows grew more clearly outlined and distinct. Then the moon rolled forth into a wholly open patch of sky—a white sphere with a sprinkling of vivid stars around it—and the silver radiance poured down.

It was like the breaking of dawn. The fields stretched to incredible distances about her. The forest beyond emerged in distinct outline; she could see every irregularity in the plain. And in one instant's glance she knew that she had found Bruce.

His situation went home to her in one sweep of the eyes. Bruce was not alone. Even now a great, towering figure was creeping toward him from the forest. Linda cried out, and with the long strap of her rein lashed her horse into the fastest pace it knew.

Bruce did not hear her come. He lay in the soft grass, waiting for death. A great calm had come upon him; a strange, quiet strength that the pines themselves might have lent to him; and he made no cry. In this dreadful last moment of despair the worst of his terror had gone and left his thoughts singularly clear. And but one desire was left to him; that the Killer might be merciful and end his existence with one blow.

It was not a great deal to ask for; but he knew perfectly that only by the mercy of the forest gods could it come to pass. They are usually not so kind to the dying; and it is not the wild-animal way to take pains to kill at the first blow. Yet his eyes held straight. The Killer crept slowly toward him; more and more of his vast body was revealed above the tall heads of the grass. And now all that Bruce knew was a great wonder—a strange expectancy and awe of what the opening gates of darkness would reveal.

The Killer moved with dreadful slowness and deliberation. He was no longer afraid. It was just as it had been before—a warm figure lying still and helpless for his own terrible pleasure. A few more steps and he would be near enough to see plainly; then—after the grizzly habit—to fling into the charge. He paused, his muscles setting. And then the meadows suddenly rang with the undulations of his snarl.

Almost unconscious, Bruce did not understand what had caused his utterance. But strangely, the bear had lifted his head and was staring straight over him. For the first time Bruce heard the wild beat of hoofs on the turf behind him.

He didn't have time to turn and look. There was no opportunity even for a flood of renewed hope. Events followed upon one another with startling rapidity. The sharp, unmistakable crack of a pistol leaped through the dusk, and a bullet sang over his body. And then a wild-riding figure swept up to him.

It was Linda, firing as she came. How she had been able to control her horse and ride him into that scene of peril no words may reveal. Perhaps, running wildly beneath the lash, his starting eyes did not discern or interpret the gray figure scarcely a score of yards distant from Bruce; and it is true the grizzly's pungent smell—a thing to terrify much more and to be interpreted more clearly than any kind of dim form in the moonlight—was blown in the opposite direction. Perhaps the lashing strap recalled the terrible punishment the horse had undergone earlier that evening at the hands of Simon and no room was left for any lesser terror. But most likely of all, just as in the case of brave soldiers riding their horses into battle, the girl's own strength and courage went into him.

The bear reared up, snarling with wrath, but for a moment it dared not charge. The sudden appearance of the girl and the horse held him momentarily at bay. The girl swung to the ground in one leap, fired again, thrust her arm through the loop of the bridle rein, then knelt at Bruce's side. The white blade that she carried in her left hand slashed at his bonds.

The horse, plunging, seemed to jerk her body back and forth, and endless seconds seemed to go by before the last of the thongs was severed. In reality the whole rescue was unbelievably swift. The man helped her all he could. "Up—up into the saddle," she commanded. The grizzly growled again, advancing remorselessly toward them, and twice more she fired. Two of the bullets went home in his great body, but their weight and shocking power were too slight to affect him. He went down once more on all fours, preparing to charge.

Bruce, in spite of the fact that his limbs had been nearly paralyzed by the tight bonds, managed to grasp the saddlehorn. In the strength of newborn hope he pulled himself half up on it, and he felt Linda's strong arms behind him pushing up. The horse plunged in dandy fear; and the Killer leaped toward them. Once more the pistol cracked. Then the horse broke and ran in a frenzy of terror.

Bruce was full in the saddle by then, and even at the first leap his arm swept out to the girl on the ground beside him. He swung her toward him, and at the same time her hands caught at the arching back of the



For the First Fifty Feet She Was Half Dragged.

saddle. For the first fifty feet she was half dragged, but slowly—with Bruce's help—she pulled herself up to a position of security. The Killer's charge had come a few

(Continued on page 4)

**Jots and Tittles**

(Continued from page 1)

Up to September 15, 1922, in Linn county there were registered 20 motor vehicle dealers, 298 chauffeurs, 689 motor vehicle operators, 90 motorcycles, 8961 passenger cars, 8 ambulances and hearses, 11 busses and stages, 81 commercial cars of less than one ton capacity, 266 trucks of from one to five tons capacity and 11 trailers of from one to five tons capacity, or a total of 4323 licensed passenger and commercial motor vehicles.

The big Shedd-Davis store at Shedd has a new roof.

George Laubner followed the building of the new lumber shed with a fine new office building at his lumber yard.

The W. F. M. S. met with Mrs. M. E. Gardner Saturday afternoon. The lesson, "India's Heritage," was discussed by Mrs. A. W. Foote and Mrs. B. M. Miller. A demonstration showing the views of two missionary women was given by Mrs. B. M. Miller and Mrs. D. S. McWilliams. Mrs. VanNise was a guest and became a member of the society. Mesdames A. W. Foote, Arthur Wesley, B. M. Miller, E. B. Penland, D. Sturtevant, John Standish, Frank Hadley, Van Nise, D. S. McWilliams and Eliza Braudon were present.

Mrs. C. T. Cook and Claude, who have been ill with the grip, are better.

Lyle Chance and wife are very ill with the grip. Mrs. Lillian Howe, nurse, of Brownsville, is attending them and Frank Hadley has been looking after their livestock. Both patients are reported mending nicely.

Miss Minnie Harlow of Eugene came Wednesday to be the guest of her cousin, Mrs. J. W. Moore, Saturday the Moores accompanied her to Eugene for the week end.

Prof. English and family spent the week end in Eugene.

Mrs. Mary West was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Effie Hayward, over the week end.

Albertha Koontz and Nora Pehrson came home from Willamette for the week end.

Ercell Sued came home for the week end.

Miss Marjory Lent spent the week end at the O. F. Neal home. She is attending the U. of O.

A petition has been filed asking that the widow be appointed administrator of the estate of the late J. W. Hults and Moss King, William Morfit and J. O. Kettlewell appraisers.

W. P. Wahl and family were at the county seat Saturday.

J. H. McMahan and wife attended the livestock show in Portland.

Miss Nettie Spencer is spending some weeks visiting with a nephew and family at Corvallis.

Mrs. B. M. Taylor of Corvallis visited her sister, Mrs. M. B. Southern, the latter part of last week.

Charles Mornhinweg and Will Kirk were at the county seat Saturday.

The county farm bureau will try to have the Canada thistle law amended as Mr. Stevenson suggests, doing away with the ten days' notice to owners to cut the weed.

W. A. Cummings was at county seat Thursday.

Prof. English sets price right on the word "prove." It is sometimes used by word writers as the past tense of "prove." Nevertheless, it has fallen largely into disuse in the last generation, except in a legal phraseology.

Miss Pearl Carey was at home in Eugene Friday. Her father, W. J. Carey, who was having a good deal of trouble with rheumatism.

More taxes are delinquent in this county than ever before.

D. S. McWilliams was at the county seat Saturday.

The first juvenile industrial club this year is a sewing club at Franklin Butte.

Volunteers are rocking the road between Shedd and Fayetteville.

The Methodist and Presbyterian women of Shedd have a union missionary society.

(Continued on page 4)

**E. L. STIFF Furniture Exchange**

We have lots of good **USED FURNITURE** on hand and are getting more every day  
**9x12 Pabcolin Rugs, \$11**  
**Beauty Banquet Ranges \$65**  
 Used ranges \$20 to \$40. Very good condition. All at bargain prices.  
 422 West First st., Albany, Oregon.

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

**WE DO DYEING**

**HUB CLEANING WORKS (Inc.)**  
 DYERS CLEANERS  
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**E. C. Miller, Local Agent**

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**50 Blackface Ewes,** from 1 to 3 years old. Big, fine ewes.  
**1 Shropshire Buck,** registered. Or will let out on shares 25 old ewes, or at \$2.50 per head.  
**2 grade Jersey heifers** to freshen this fall.

I WANT TO BUY  
 1 Carload  
**Oat and Vetch or Clover Hay**  
 and 1 car Cheat Hay  
 R. B. MAYBERRY,  
 477 West Eighth street, Eugene, Ore

**Fresh and Cured Meats**

All kinds of **FISH** in season  
 Quarters of **BEEF** for canning purposes at canning prices  
**W. F. CARTER**

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**Amor A. Tussing**

LAWYER AND NOTARY  
 BROWNVILLE, OREGON

**WILDEY LODGE NO. 65,** Regular meeting next Saturday night.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE**

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of the county court of Linn county, Oregon, made October 16th, 1922, authorizing and directing the undersigned as administrator of the estate of W. H. Kirkpatrick, deceased, to sell lots 5, 6, 7 and 8 in E. Hayes addition to Halsey, Linn county, Oregon.  
 Therefore, I will, from and after the 20th day of November, 1922, at my residence in Halsey, Oregon, sell the real property above described at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in hand, subject to confirmation by said court.  
**F. M. GRAY, Administrator.**  
**L. L. SWAN, Atty. for Adm.**

**TURPIN'S** Goods called for & Delivered  
**D. D. RIBELIN, Agent**  
**PRICE LIST**

Men's Suits cleaned.....\$1.50	Women's Suits cleaned.....\$1.50
" Suits pressed......75	" Suits pressed.....75c to 1.00
" Pants cleaned.....50 and .75	" Skirts cleaned.....50 to 1.50
" Coats cleaned.....1.00	" Skirts pressed......25 to 1.00
" Pants pressed......25	Bloomers cleaned......75
" Coats pressed......50	Dresses cleaned......75 to 2.00
" O'coats cleaned.....1.50	O'coats cleaned.....\$1.50 to 2.00
" O'coats pressed......75	O'coats pressed......75 to 1.25
	Cloves cleaned......15 to .25

Now is the time to have your car put in condition for next season's use. By having the work done at this time of year, when your car is idle, you will not be annoyed by having to wait for it to be repaired next spring, when the best weather is at hand for using the car. Come in and let us make an estimate of the cost of repairing it.

We have just received a shipment of spotlights, windshield cleaners, top and certain patching and many other useful winter accessories.

We are pleased to have you inspect our lines of tires and accessories at any time, and our prices are the lowest it is possible to make.

**Halsey Garage** **FOOTE BROS. Props.**