STOVES and

RANGES

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First-class grinding and grain cleaning done

^

of the strange, dark figure that lay so prone in the grass in front. The darkness dropped over him as the moon went behind a heavy patch of

And in that moment the Killer understood. He remembered now. Possibly the upright form of Simon had suggested it to him; possibly the wind had only blown straighter and thus permitted him to Mentify the troubling smells. All at once a memory flashed over him-of a scene in a distant glen, and similar tall figures that tried to drive him from his food. He had charged then, struck once, and one of the forms had lain very still. He remembered the pungent, maddening odor that had reached him after his blow had gone home. Most clearly of all, he remembered how his claws had struck and sunk.

He knew this strange shadow now. It was just another of that tall breed he had learned to bate, and it was simply lying prone as his foe had done after the charge beside Little river. In fact, the still-lying form recalled the other occasion with particular vividness. The excitement that he had felt before returned to him now; he remembered his disappointment when eyes widened. The thin above had driven him from his dead. But there were no whistling bullets Except for them, there would have been further rapture beside that stream; but he might have it now.

The old hunting madness came back to him. It was fair game, this that lay so still in the grass, just as the body of the calf had been and just as the warm body of Hudson in the distant glen.

The wound at his side gave him a twinge of pain. It served to make his nemories all the clearer. The lurid lights grew in his eyes. Rage swept

But he didn't charge blindly. He retained enough of his hunting caution to know that to stalk was the proper course. He moved farther out from the edge of the forest.

At that instant the moon came out and revealed him, all too vividly, to Bruce. The Killer's great gray figure in the silver light was creeping toward him across the silvered grass.

When Linda left her house, her first realization was the need of emution. It would not do to let Simon see her. And she knew that only her long training in the hills, her practice in climbing the winding trails, would enable her to keep pace with the fest-walking man without being seen.

In her concern for Bruce, Linda bad completely forgotten the events of the earlier part of the evening. Wild and stirring though they were, they now seemed to her as incidents of remote years, nothing to be remembered in our of crisis. But she remembered them vividly when, two hundred yards from the house, she saw two strange figures coming toward her be-

Cleaning

Pressing

Repairing

tween the moonlit tree trunks.

There was very little of reality about either. The foremost figure was bent and strange, but she knew that it could be no one but Eimira. The second, however-half-obscured behind her-offered no interpretation of outline at all at first. But at the turn of the trail she saw both figures in vivid profile. Elmira was coming homeward, bent over her cane, and she led a saddled horse by its bridle

Still keeping Simon in sight, Linda ran swiftly toward her. She didn't understand the deep awe that stole over her-an emotion that even her fear for Bruce could not transcend. There was a quality in Elmira's face and posture that she had never seen before. It was as if she were walking in her sleep, she came with such a strange heaviness and languor, her cane creeping through the pine needles of the trail in front. She did not seem to be aware of Linda's approach until the girl was only ten feet distant. Then she looked up, and Linda

saw the moonlight on her face, She saw something else too, but she didn't know what it was. Her own drooping, the eyes looked as if she were asleep. The face was a strange net of wrinkles in the soft light. Terrible emotions had but recently died and left their ashes upon it. But Linda knew that this was no time to stop and wonder and ask questions, "Ofve me the horse," she command-

"I'm going to belp Bruce." "You can have it," Elmira answered

n an unfamiliar voice. "It's the horse that-that Dave Turner rode hereand he won't want him any more."

Linda took the rein, passed it over the horse's head, and started to swing into the saddle. Then she turned with a gasp as the woman slipped something into her hand.

Linda looked down and saw it was the hilt of the knife that Elmira had carried with her when the two women had gone with Dave into the woods. The blade glittered; but Linda was afraid to look at it closely. "You might need that, too," the old woman said. "It may be wet-I can't remem-

ber. But take it, anyway." Linda hardly heard. She thrust the blade into the leather of the saddle, then swung on the horse.

She rode swiftly until she began to fear Simon might hear the hoof beat of her mount; then she drew up to a walk. And when she had crested the hill and had followed down its long slope into the gien, the moon went under the clouds for the first

She lost sight of Simon at once. Seemingly her effort to save Bruce had come to nothing, after all. But she didn't turn back. There were light patches in the sky, and the moon might shine forth again. She followed down the trail toward

D. D. RIBELIN, Agent

PRICE LIST



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. Evi dently 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

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 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

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 wildanimal 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 swe of what the opening gates of darkness would

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 sud-denly rang with the undulations of

Almost unconscious, Bruce did not understand what had caused his utterancer 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 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 sung 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. haps, 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 smella thing to terrify much more and to be interpreted more clearly than any kind of dim form in the moonlightwas 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 bat-tle, the girl's own strength and courage went into him.

The bear reared up, snarling with wrath, but for a moment it dured 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 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. Inreality 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 the fields lessened and drew away like plunged in deadly fear; and the Killer eaped 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)

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 uext 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 curtain 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 prizes are the lowest it is possible to make,

Halsey Garage FOOTE BROS.

Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)

ators, 90 motorcycles, 8951 pas-

senger cars, 8 ambulances and

hearses, 11 busses and stages, 81

commercial cars of less than one

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

The big Shedd-Davis store at

George Laubner followed the

building of the new lumber shed

with a fine new office building at

The W. F. M. S. met with Mrs.

demonstration showing the

M. F. Gardner Saturday after-noon. The lesson, "India's Her-

itage," was discussed by Mrs. A. W. Foote and Mrs. B. M. Miller.

became a member of the rociety.

Mesdames A. W. Foote, Arthur
Wesley, B. M. Miller, E. B. Pen-

S. McWilliams and Eliza Braudon

Mrs. C. T. Cook and Claude,

who have been ill with the grip,

Lyle Chance and wife are very

tending them and Frank Hadley

Miss Minnie Harlow of Rugen

per to Eugene for the week end.

Alberta Koontz and Nora Pehrs-

on came home from Willamette

Ercell Sueed came home for the

A petition has been filed asking

late J. W. Hults and Moss King,

William Morfit and J. C. Kettle-

J. H. McMahan and wife at-

ended the livestock show in Port-

Miss Nettie Spencer is spend-

ing some weeks visiting with a

nephew and family at Corvallie.

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

Charles Mornhinweg and Will

Kirk were at the county seat Sat-

The county farm bureau will

try to have the Canada thietle law

amended as Mr. Stevenson sig-

gests, doing away with the ten

prise right on the word 'proven.
It is sometimes used by wood

writers as the past teuse of "prove."

Nevertheless, it has fallen largely

into disuse in the last generation

her father, W. J. Carey, who was

having a good deal of trouble with

More taxes are delinquent in

D. S. McWilliams was at the

(Continued on page 4)

except in a legal phrase

Miss Pearl Carry ca

heumatism.

missionary society.

home in Eugene Priday t

this county than ever before.

W. A. Cummings

county seat Thursda

Prof. English sets

Mrs. B. M. Taylor of Corvallie

he week end in Eugene.

erland, over the week end.

She is attending the U. of C

at the county seat Saturday.

for the week end.

week end.

well appraisers.

Shedd has a new roof.

his lumber yard.

were present.

nending nicely.

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

Furniture

PAGE 3

We have lots of good

Up to September 15, 1922. in Linn county there were registered 20 motor vehicle dealers, 298 chauffeurs, 689 motor vehicle oper-USED FURNITURE 9x12 Pabcolin Rugs, \$11 Beauty Banquet Ranges \$65 to \$92 ton capacity, 266 trucks of from

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

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viewe of two missionary women was given by Mrs. B. M. Miller and Mrs. D. S. McWilliams. Mrs. VanNice was a guest and WE DO DYEING HUB CLEANING WORKS (Inc.)

land, D. Sturtevant, John Staud-ish, Frank Hadley, Van Nice, D. DYERS CLEANERS TAILORS HATTERS Cor Fourth and Lyon sts. Albany

ill with the grie. Mrs. Lilliad E. C. Miller,

Oregon

has been looking after their livetook. Both patients are reported 50 Blackface Ewes. from 1 to 3 years old. Big, fine ewes. ame Wednesday to be the guest of her cousin, Mrs. J. W. Moore, saturday the Moores accompanied 1 Shropshire Buck, registered. Or will let out on shares 25 old ewes, or at \$2.50 per head. 2 rad Jersey heifers Prof. English and family spent

to freshen this fall. I WANT TO BUY

Mrs. Mary West was the guest of her daughter. Mrs. Effie Hav. Oat and Vetch or Clover Hay and 1 car Cheat Hay

R. B. MAYBERRY,

Mies Marjory Lent spent the week end at the O. F. Neal home. Fresh and Cured Meats All kinds of FISH in season that the widow be appointed ad-ministrator of the estate of the purposes at canning prices purposes at canning prices

W. F.CARTER

W. P. Wahl and family were The Old Stand Barber Shop

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LAWYER AND NOTARY BROWNSVILLE, ORKOON

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

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE

Notice is hereby given that by virtue 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 Pres byteriam women of Shedd have a union missionary society.

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.

subject to confirmation by said court.

F. M. GRAY, Administrator.

L. L. SWAN, Atty. for Admr.

Pants cleaned __ 50 and .75 Suits cleaned50 to 1.50 Skirts pressed ... 25 to 1.00 Coats cleaned 1.00 Pants pressed25 Couts pressed ...

TURPIN'S

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