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AZORS

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Ink
Ingram's Cold
Cream

Nature's Remedy
Nail File
Nerve Tonic

Gum
Blue
Goldman's Hair
Tonic

Ocedar Polish
Oils
Omar Cigarettes

RINGO Drugstore

Jots and Littles

(Continued from page 3)

At the Ash Swale school the teacher and pupils co-operate in providing a hot lunch with soup at noon.

Delbert Large fell from a swing at the Oak Plain schoolhouse last week and broke an arm.

Ira W. Sperry, a pioneer of this county and brother of C. Sperry of Brownsville, died at his home in Ashland Monday.

Al Savage brought Frank Porter's red polled cattle home from the Portland show Monday.

Mrs. P. J. Starr has so far recovered that she has returned from Corvallis and has been visiting friends here.

Principal Maxwell of Tangent high school was in Halsey Monday making arrangements for the school play which is to given at the Rialto tonight.

C. P. Stafford and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Barbara Dean, attended a banquet at Dr. Barnum's

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AN AVALANCHE of THRILLS
Daring deeds and rescues 'mid the blizzards of the north. The romance of a dazzling heroine who bewitched the law.
A sensational two-star triumph



Also "Robinson Crusoe" and "Felix at Sea."
Starting at 8 p. m. sharp

home Sunday evening, together with Mrs. Dean's daughter, Mrs. C. O. Dryden of Oregon City, and family.

C. O. Dryden and family came from their home at Oregon City and stopped at the Stafford home Saturday, returning home Monday.

Mrs. Van Winkle was offered an appointment as county assessor to succeed her husband, but declined and recommended Lee D. Giddings, deputy since a year ago last April, and now is county assessor.

Mrs. Nancy Loretta Gunsalus Metzger, mother of A. W. Metzger, who recently left the Rain Clothing company at Albany and bought and remodeled the Self Service shoe store, died in that city Sunday, aged 68. The elder Mr. Metzger was killed a couple of years ago in a railroad accident.

The revival services at Albany, which are billed to continue till Dec. 10, opened with 2000 people present. A good many from Halsey are attending.

The Vick Brothers automobile store and shop at Albany, which has been doing such a heavy business, is about to be closed. Mr. Vick goes to Salem to manage the parent house of the firm. Stock is being sold at a reduction to save freighting it to Salem. Some tire bargains are advertised in this issue.

Mrs. S. P. Brock's home on First street has been renovated, repainted, papered, etc., and she has moved into it, after spending some months with her children in the country. Mrs. Margaret Starnes is taking care of her.

Ernest Crabtree, grandson of the man for whom Crabtree, in this county, was named, and Wayne Dimmick were arrested in Portland Monday and confessed a series of eight robberies. They say that after a month's experience as robbers they had concluded the game did not pay and were preparing to go to work in a logging camp when they were caught. They were right. It don't pay

Mrs. J. J. Corcoran went to Portland Monday, where her son, William, at the Good Samaritan hospital, was to submit to the grafting of flesh from his leg into his side where he was burned badly by an electric current.

Miss Ruth Frum is still ill with the flu. Many others hereabouts have it.

The women's missionary meeting of the Christian church was at Mrs. George Maxwell's Tuesday.

A. C. Armstrong shipped a carload of hay to Portland or near there this week.

Fifteen-year-old Kenneth Smith, who lived near Lebanon, started to go hunting Tuesday afternoon with a 22 rifle and later was found unconscious with a probably fatal bullet wound between the eyes. It is thought the gun was discharged while he was climbing a fence.

The operatta "The Love Pirates of Hawaii" will be presented at Rialto hall Saturday evening, Dec. 16, by the high school students under the auspices of the Ladies' Study club.

LEFT IN IDLENESS

"What's worrying you now?" "A problem of unemployment," said Senator Sorghum. "I have a whole lot of money available for my campaign fund and I don't dare use it."

The Strength of the Pines

(Continued from page 3)

somewhat different. He would shoot him down as remorselessly as he would shatter a lynx from a tree top.

The truth was that Linda had guessed just right. "It's the easiest way," Simon had said. "They'll be trying to get out in a very few days. If the man—shoot straight and to kill! If Linda, plug the horse and bring her here behind the saddle."

Linda turned softly, then started back. She did not even give a second's thought to the folly of trying to break through. She watched the sentinel over her shoulder and saw him turn about. Far distant though he was, she could tell by the movement he made that he had discovered her.

She was almost four hundred yards away by then, and she lashed her horse into a gallop. The man cried to her to halt, a sound that came dim and strange through the burn, and then a bullet sent up a cloud of ashes a few feet to one side. But the range was too far even for the Turners, and she only urged her horse to a faster pace.

She flew down the narrow trail, turned into the main trail, and galloped wildly toward home. But the sentry did not follow her. He valued his precious life too much for that. He had no intention of offering himself as a target to Bruce's rifle as he neared the house. He headed back to report to Simon.

Young Bill—for such had been the identity of the sentry—found his chief in the large field not far distant from where Bruce had been confined. The man was supervising the harvest of the fall growth of alfalfa. The two men

walked slowly away from the workers, toward the fringe of woods.

"It looks as if we'll have to adopt rough measures, after all," Young Bill began.

Simon turned with flushing face. "Do you mean you let him get past you—and missed him? Young Bill, if you've done that—"

"Won't you wait till I've told you how it happened? It wasn't Bruce; it was Linda. For some reason I can't dope out, she went up in the big burn back of me and saw me—when I was too far off to shoot her horse. Then she rode back like a witch. They'll not take that trail again."

"It means one of two things," Simon said after a pause. "One of them is to starve 'em out. It won't take long. Their supplies won't last forever. The other is to call the clan and attack—"

"And that means loss of life."

"Not necessarily. I don't know how many guns they've got. If any of you were worth your salt, you'd find out those things. I wish Dave was here."

And Simon spoke the truth for once in his life; he did miss Dave. And it was not that there had been any love lost between them. But the truth was—although Simon never would have admitted it—the weaker man's cunning had been of the greatest aid to his chief. Simon needed it sorely now.

"And we can't wait till tomorrow night—because we've got the moon then," Young Bill added. "Just a new moon, but it will prevent a surprise attack. I suppose you still have hopes of Dave coming back?"

"I don't see why not. I'll venture to say now he's off on some good piece of business—doing something none of the rest of you have thought of. He'll come riding back one of these days with something actually accomplished. I see no reason for thinking that he's dead. Bruce hasn't had any chance at him that I know of. But if I thought he was—there'd be no more waiting. We'd tear down that nest tonight."

Simon spoke in his usual voice—with the same emphasis, the same undertone of passion. The truth was that he had slowly become aware that Young Bill was not giving him his full attention, but rather was gazing off—unfamiliar speculation in his eyes—toward the forests beyond.

Simon's impulse was to follow the gaze; yet he would not yield to it. "Well?" he demanded. "I'm not talking to amuse myself."

The younger man seemed to start. His eyes were half-closed; and there was a strange look of intentness about his facial lines when he turned back to Simon. "You haven't missed any stock?" he asked abruptly.

Simon's eyes widened. "No. Why?" "Look there—over the forest." Young Bill pointed. Simon shielded his eyes from the sunset glare and studied the blue-green skyline above the fringe of pines. There were many grotesque, black birds wheeling on slow wings above the spot. Now and then they dropped down, out of sight behind the trees.

"Buzzards!" Simon exclaimed. "Yes," Young Bill answered quietly. "You see, it isn't much over a mile from Folger's house—in the deep woods. There's something dead there, Simon. And I think we'd better look to see what it is."

"You think—" Then Simon hesitated and looked again with reddening eyes toward the gliding buzzards. "I think—that maybe we're going to find Dave," Young Bill replied.

CHAPTER XXVI

The twilight at Trail's End is never long in duration, due to the simple fact that the mountains cut off the flood of light from the west after the setting of the sun, but tonight there seemed none at all. The reason was merely that heavy banks of clouds swept up from the southeast just after sunset.

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They came with rather startling rapidity and almost immediately completely filled the sky. Young Bill had many things on his mind as he rode beneath them, yet he found time to gaze at



Then Simon Hesitated and Looked Again With Reddening Eyes Toward the Gliding Buzzards.

them with some curiosity. They were of singular greenish hue, and they hung so low that the tops of nearby mountains were obscured.

The fact that there would be no moon tonight was no longer important. The clouds would have cut off any tell-tale light that might illumine the activities of the Turners. There would not be even the dim mist of starlight.

Young Bill rode from house to house through the estate—the homes occupied by Simon's brothers and cousins and their respective families. He knocked on each door and he only gave one little message. "Simon wants you at the house," he said, "and come

He would turn to go, but always a singular quiet and breathlessness remained in the homes after his departure. There would be a curious exchange of glances and certain significant sounds. One of them was the metallic click of cartridges being slipped into the magazine of a rifle. Another was the buckling on of spurs, and perhaps the rattle of a pistol in its holster. Before the night fell in reality, the clan came riding—strange, tall figures in the half-darkness—straight for Simon's house.

His horse was saddled, too, and he met them in front of his door. And in a very few words he made all things plain to them.

"We've found Dave," he told them simply. "Most of you already know it. We've decided there isn't any use of waiting any more. We're going to the Folger house tonight."

The men stood silent, breathing

hard. Simon spoke very quietly, yet his voice carried far. In their growing excitement they did not observe the reason, that a puzzling, deep calm had come over the whole wilderness world. Even in the quietest night there is usually a faint background of winds in the mountain realms—troubled breaths that whisper in the thickets and rustle the dead leaves—but tonight the heavy air had no breath of life.

"Tonight Bruce Folger is going to pay the price, just as I said." He spoke rather boastingly; perhaps more to impress his followers than from impulse. Indeed, the passion that he felt left no room for his usual arrogance. "Fire on sight. Bill and I will come from the rear, and we will be ready to push through the back door the minute you break through the front. The rest of you surround the house on three sides. And remember—no man is to touch Linda."

They nodded grimly; then the file of horsemen started toward the ridge. Far distant they heard a sound such as had reached them often in summer, but was unfamiliar in fall. It was the faint rumble of distant thunder.

Bruce and Linda sat in the front room of the Folger house, quiet and watchful and unafraid. It was not that they did not realize their danger. They had simply taken all possible measures of defense; and they were waiting for what the night would bring forth.

"I know they'll come tonight," Linda had said. "Tomorrow night there will be a moon, and though it won't give much light, it will hurt their chances of success. Besides—they've found that their other plot—to kill you from ambush—isn't going to work."

Bruce nodded and got up to examine the shutters. He wanted no ray of light to steal out into the growing darkness and make a target. It was a significant fact that the rifle did not occupy its usual place behind the desk. Bruce kept it in his hands as he made the inspection. Linda had her empty pistol, knowing that it might—in the mayhap of circumstance—be of aid in fighting an assailant. Old Elmira sat beside the fire, her stiff fingers busy at a piece of sewing.

"You know—" Bruce said to her. "That we are expecting an attack tonight?"

The woman nodded, but didn't miss a stitch. No gleam of interest came into her eyes. Bruce's gaze fell to her work basket, and something glittered from its depth. Evidently Elmira had regained her knife.

(To be continued.)

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 covert what is now only trash into good **CASH**

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CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$35,000
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Are you saving for the future or spending all as you go?
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The saver will soon be able to own his own farm or business. His success is assured.
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Where Savings are safe

How about your **FIRE INSURANCE?**
For a safe and sane policy see **JAY W. MOORE**
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North South
No. 18, 12:01 p. m. No. 23, 11:29 a. m.
24, 5:50 p. m. 17, 3:30 p. m.

SUNDAY MAIL HOURS
The delivery window of the Halsey postoffice is open Sundays from 9:15 to 9:45 a. m. and 12:20 to 12:35 and 4:45 to 5:00 p. m.

PAID-FOR PARAGRAPHS
Admittance Here 5 Cents a Line
I want my wire stretchers NOW
G. W. MORRHINWEG,
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Betty Compson Coming
Betty Compson and Tom Moore, featured players in "Over the Border," a new Paramount picture dealing with bootlegging operations along the Canadian border which come to the Rialto theater tomorrow, are finely cast in that strong production.

Old papers, 5c a bundle. Entrance office.

Last Thursday an earthquake centering in the Pacific ocean west of Chili threw down much of the city of Coquimbo, Chile, and did great damage in other places, killing 1400 people. A succession of tidal waves, one of them over 150 feet high, did damage along 700 miles of the South American coast and to islands in the Pacific.
The Southern Pacific owns over 58,000 cars. Contracts are about to be let for 8000 new freight cars.

The northwest international exposition at Portland last week is pronounced the biggest livestock exhibition in the world.

The primary system of nominations, which is being attacked in Oregon, was put to vote in Idaho and sustained by a big majority. The same thing occurred in Nebraska.

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