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Rogoway Second and Baker sts. ALBANY

The Gobbler and Ann Maria Teller
 By F. H. SWEET

NOV. 23, 1922 HALSEY ENTERPRISE PAGE 3

Jots and Littles
 (Continued from page 1)
 The high school boys will play basket ball in the city hall.

Charles Sterling and wife were over from Brownsville Friday evening.

A week-old son of Claire Kirk and wife of Brownsville died Thursday.

Miss Meade's optical advertisement reads as though she had taken a business partner.

W. M. King of Brownsville went Jesse Hinman's bail, giving a certified check for the \$1500.

Dr. Price is reported as performing many miraculous cures at the Albany revival meetings.

The charge of sodomy against Jesse Hinman comes before the grand jury that meets Nov. 28.

A carload of old friends came from Franklin Friday and spent the day with J. C. Curry and wife.

Emmett A. Ager of Lebanon has been bound over to grand jury on a charge of burning his house for \$500 insurance.

A good many went from this city to Corvallis Saturday and saw the U. of O crew beat O. A. C. football team 10 to 0.

J. M. Ringo and R. E. Ringo and daughter of Lebanon came over and spent Friday with Mrs. Adda Ringo.

Harry Park and wife of Brownsville came over Saturday to take their daughter, Mrs. Lillian Loop of McMinnville, home from the train.

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

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 \$70
 to \$92
 Used ranges \$29 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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 Cor Fourth and Lyon sts.
 Albany Oregon

E. C. Miller, Local Agent

FOR SALE
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
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

The Old Stand Barber Shop
 GUARANTEED WORK
 LAUNDRY
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 All work done promptly and seasonably. Phone No. 259.9

W. J. Ribelin
 Office 1st door south of school house
 Halsey, Oregon.
Dealer in Real Estate.
 Handles Town and Country Property. Give him a call and see if he can fix you up.

Amor A. Tussing
 LAWYER AND NOTARY
 BROOKSVILLE, OREGON

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

Mrs. R. W. Kessell of Harrisburg is county agent for the Red Cross Christmas Seal Sale, which starts December 1st, and ends on Christmas eve.

The play "Let's All Get Married," staged at Rialto hall Thursday night by the Tangent high school, drew a good attendance and was pronounced excellent.

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and drowsy and easy to remove from the limb.

Ann Maria was shy, but had signals of red and blue and other shades in clothing to hang from her window, and these she used freely. Lester was not shy nor to be intimidated, but he was diplomatic, and so managed his labor and hunting and fishing as to keep the window conspicuously in sight. When Job went from the house, soon after dusk, a white skirt and a blue jacket appeared successively at the window. Lester dropped his fishing pole unceremoniously and scuttled forward to a forbidden interview.

They were standing close together in the shade of the vine-covered porch when there came a shrill outcry of gobbler-gobbling and denunciatory threats and exclamations of pain from the direction of the woods.

"Your father's got the gobbler, or the gobbler's got him, or both," commented Lester, as he stuck his head through the vines to listen.

"They're coming this way, slowly," said Ann Maria, after some moments.

"Then it's your father who's got him, a little," declared Lester, with conviction. "But it's a fight."

"Hadden't you better be going now?" asked Ann Maria, at the end of another five minutes, as she tried half-heartedly to disengage herself from his embrace.

"No," he decided, "it'll take another five minutes to get here, and there's a good chance of the gobbler's breaking away and it all having to be done over again. Then at the worst I can push back into the vines out of sight. Your father'll be too excited to bother about me. Now you will consent, won't you?" dropping his voice coaxingly.

"You've spoken to the minister and all, and he'll be looking out for us any time I can get you away. Won't—"

There came a tremendous clatter right at the corner of the house. "Gobbler-gobbler-gobbler!" shrieked the turkey; and "I'll wring your blamed old neck soon's I get a good hold, see 't I don't, you—you limp of feathers!" snarled the man. And then followed a more determined flapping of wings, threats and snarls of pain, accompanied by a tugging and dragging sound, and—

"Crowd into the vines, quick!" whispered the girl. "He's right here."

The arm left her waist, and she stepped out to the edge of the porch, where a streak of moonlight touched her and flickered off in front.

Another moment, and the struggling Job and the gobbler broke into the flicker. The angry bird looked rough and disheveled; the man's hat was gone, and trickles of blood showed on face and hands where claws and beak had been at work. Of the two, the bird was the fresher.

"I'll wring—your—blamed," gasped Job, thickly, and then, "Drat it all! He's got away!"

The gobbler flopped off into the air. The man stumbled after, yelling as dusk. Job and Ann Maria! Ann Maria! he did so. "A— Come and help. I'm— The sight of the man's face and ed figure, with blood on his hands, filled the girl's head.

"Dad!" she cried, as she raced after him. "The horrid thing will kill you. Come back!"

From the darkness of the porch another figure sprang out.

"If that raging old gobbler tackles Ann Maria he's liable to claw her eyes out," he exclaimed anxiously, and disappeared, too, in the gloom.

Straight across lots, and less than a fourth of a mile away, was the minister's home. Around it grew apple trees. The gobbler went directly for these, dashed, weak from exertion, and with dusk he would become stupid



Looking With Ominous Eyes at a Big Gobbler.

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 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 prices are the lowest it is possible to make.

Halsey Garage FOOTE BROS. Props.

need them some other time."

He held her from him with his arm; and it was as if his strength flowed into her. Her blazing eyes sought his, and for a long second their wills battled. And then a deep wonder seemed to come over her.

"What is it?" she breathed. "What have you found out?"

She spoke in a strange and distant voice. Slowly the fire died in her eyes, the drawn features relaxed, her hands fell at her side. He drew her away from the lighted doorway, out of the range of any of the Turners that should turn to answer the rifle fire. The wind roared over the house and swept by in clamoring fury, the electric storm dimmed and lessened as it journeyed on.

These two knew that if death spared them in all the long passage of their years, they could never forget that moment. The girl watched him breathlessly, oblivious to all things else. He seemed wholly unaware of her now. There was something aloof, impassive, infinitely calm about him, and a great, far-reaching understanding was in his eyes. Her own eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"Linda, there's something come to me—and I don't know that I can make you understand. I can only call it strength—a new strength and a greater strength than I ever had before. It's something that the pine—that great tree that we just saw split open—has been trying to tell me for a long time. Oh, can't you see, Linda? There it stood, hundreds of years—so great, so tall, so wise—in a moment broken like a reed. It takes away my arrogance, Linda. It makes me see myself as I really am. And that means—Power."

His eyes blazed, and he caught her hands in his.

"It was a symbol, Linda, not only of the wilderness, but of powers higher and greater than the wilderness. Powers that can look down, and not be swept away by passion, and not try to tear to pieces those who in their folly harm them. There's no room for such things as vengeance in this new strength. There's no room for murder, and malice, and hatred, and bloodshed."

Linda understood. She knew that this new-found strength did not mean renunciation of her cause. It did not mean that he would give over his attempt to reinstate her as the owner of her father's estates. It only meant that the impulse of personal vengeance was dead within him. He knew now—the same as ever—that the duty of the men that dwell upon the earth is to do their allotted tasks, and without hatred and without passion to overcome the difficulties that stand in the way. She realized that if one of the Turners should leap through the door and attack her, Bruce would kill him without mercy or regret. She knew that he would make every effort to bring the offenders to the law. But the ability to shoot a fleeing enemy in the back, because of wrongs done long ago, was past.

Bruce's vision had come to him. He knew that if vengeance had been the creed of the powers that ruled the world, the sphere would have been destroyed with fire long since. To stand firm and straight and unflinching; not to judge, not to condemn, not to resent; this was true strength.

"I know," the girl said, her thoughts wandering afar. "Perhaps the name for it all is—tolerance."

"Perhaps," he nodded. "And possibly it is only—worship!"

The Turners had gone. The dimming lightning revealed the entire attacking party half a mile distant and

out of rifle range on the ridge; and Bruce and Linda stole together out into the storm.

The green foliage of the tree had already burned away, but some of the upper branches still glowed against the dark sky. A fallen branch smoldered on the ground, hissing in the rain, and it lighted their way.

Awed and mystified, Bruce halted before the ruin of the great tree. He had almost forgotten the stress of the moment just passed. It did not even occur to him that some of his enemies, unseen before, might still be lurking in the shadow, watching for a chance to harm. They stood a moment in silence. Then Bruce uttered one little gasp and stretched his arm into the hollow that the cleft in the trunk had revealed.

The light from a burning branch behind him had shown him a small, dark object that had evidently been inserted in the hollow tree trunk through some little aperture that had either since been closed up or they had never observed. It was a leathern wallet, and Bruce opened it under Linda's startled gaze. He drew out a single white paper.

He held it in the light, and his glance swept down its lines of faded



And the Triumph on Bruce's Face Changed to a Singular Look of Wonder.

ink. Then he looked up with brightening eyes.

"What is it?" she asked.

"The secret agreement between your father and mine," he told her simply. "And we've won."

He watched her eyes brighten. It seemed to him that nothing life had ever offered had given him the same pleasure. It was a moment of triumph. But before half of its long seconds were gone, it became a moment of despair.

A rifle spoke from the coverts beyond—one sharp, angry note that rose distinct and penetrating above the noise of the distant thunder. A little tongue of fire darted, like a snake's head, in the darkness. And the triumph on Bruce's face changed to a singular look of wonder

(To be continued.)

Virtue and Vice.

If he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons.—Johnson.