

Hill & Co.
FURNITURE for the home
FLOOR COVERING
Congoleum and Lino-
leum in rugs or by
the yard
Our prices are made with
the object of selling
goods
STOVES and
RANGES
the best makes
See our stock and prices before you buy

First-class Spinding, any day, any time, at \$1.60
per ton.

I am offering all lines of feeds at attractive
cash prices. See me before buying.

O. W. FRUM
HAY, GRAIN, FEED
AND LIVESTOCK

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 imple-
ment 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

START SOMETHING

If you would make progress start something worth while.
There is nothing you can start that will contribute more to
your progress and happiness than a bank account.
Money in the bank creates confidence. "Confidence begets
enthusiasm and enthusiasm conquers the world."

Start a Bank Account and keep it growing.

First Savings Bank of Albany, Oregon

Where Savings are safe

HALSEY STATE BANK

Halsey, Oregon

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$35,000

Commercial and Savings accounts Solicited

**F. M. GRAY,
DRAYMAN**

All work done promptly and reason-
ably. Phone No. 269

**HALSEY
Cream and Produce Station**

Cash paid for
Cream, Poultry, Eggs and
Veal. **M. H. SHOOK.**

Fresh and Cured Meats

All kinds of **FISH** in season
Quarters of **BEEF** for canning
purposes at canning prices

W. F. CARTER

I. O. O. F.

WILDEY LODGE NO. 65.

Regular meeting next Saturday
night.

Amor A. Tussing

LAWYER AND NOTARY

BROWNSVILLE, OREGON

DELBERT STARR
Funeral Director and Li-
censed Embalmer

Reasonable prices
Auto hearse. Lady assistant
Brownsville, 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
TAILORS HATTERS

Cor Fourth and Lyon sts.
Albany Oregon

E. C. Miller, Local
Agent



"Seeing is Believing."
Let father and mother
see your Christmas pres-
ent.

Give them Kryptoks,
the one-piece bifocal for
near and distant vision.

Mead & Albro,
Jewelers and Opticians
ALBANY

Now is the time to have the brakes
on your car relined with Thermoid
lining. We sell it.

HALSEY GARAGE

Telephone 16x5

FOOTE BROS. Props.

Automobile Insurance

Fire, theft, collision, property damage and
personal liability. Protect yourself against
loss.

C. P. STAFFORD, Agent

Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)
Good apples are retailing for \$1
a box.

There are six rural routes out of
Albany, serving 3057 patrons.

Miss Nettie Spencer has been in
Portland since before Christmas.

Miss Ida Mitzner came home
from Monmouth for the week end.

The Lake Creek community will
have a fair preceding the county
fair.

Lebanon is furnishing school
children with milk for their lunches
at one cent a glass.

Frum's warehouse, when empty
next summer, may be used for
more Parrott meetings.

T. B. Sprenger and wife of Shedd
visited their daughter, Mrs. Harry
Commons, here Friday.

Mrs. Inez Freeland, assistant
principal at the high school, spent
the week end in Corvallis.

Mrs. C. N. Tyson of Brownsville
has a broken arm, the result of
slipping and falling on the stairs.

Vivian Robnett of Holley and
M. M. Farley of Crawfordsville
were married Sunday at Holley.

Miss Bessie Dykstra has been
confined to her bed by illness for
several days at Mrs. Ringo's home.

Hardly a month passes without
somebody from a distance buying
Linn county blooded stock and
shipping it by the carload.

Several boys' and girls' clubs are
being formed at Lake Creek.
These clubs are the biggest boosters
for better farming ever devised.

Pledges have been signed for
several hundred dollars toward the
cost of a tabernacle at Brownsville
for the accommodation of the
crowds that would come to more
divine healing meetings.

The four-year-old son of Glenn
Hill of Shedd must be fond of his
grandpa, here in Halsey. He
started for Halsey on his tricycle
the other day and had gone a mile
before he was stopped.

Grand Prairie and Calamette
granges, in joint session, voted 76
to 11 in favor of the grange income
tax measure now before the legis-
lature. They also oppose any of
the market road funds going to the
Pacific highway.

The missionary society of the
Christian church gave a silver tea
Tuesday afternoon at the home of
Mrs. John Pittman. The proceeds
were given to the Chinese mission
in Portland. A letter was read in
regard to the mission.

The Painless Parker show was
not permanently backed off the
boards when the lights went out
last week Monday night. It came
back last Monday night and gave
a large congregation some valuable
dental information, interspersed
with reels of comedy.

Thieves broke open the back door
of Herman Mitzner's home, be-
tween here and Shedd, Sunday
while he and his wife were at
church in Halsey and stole a sum
of money that had been left in the
house. That isn't larceny; it's
burglary, a penitentiary offense.

To avoid the bad weather that
usually follows the state fair, our
county fair will probably be held
first this year, opening on labor
day. The night show has been a
money loser and is likely to be
abandoned, and less money will
be spent on the "agricultural horse
trot." Douglas Taylor is one of
the directors.

The editor's office hours are from
10 to 5 every week day except
Monday, when he is liable to be
away all day. For the rest of the
time he is in or out, day or night,
(often in at night,) as the busi-
ness requires.

(Continued on page 4)

OLIVER TWIST

Fictionized by Arrange-
ment With Jackie Coog-
an Productions From
the Screen Version of
Charles Dickens' Fa-
mous Work Released
by Associated First Na-
tional.

By WALTER ANTHONY

Chapter IV

THE SOUL OF NANCY

"Make 'em your model," the old
gentleman admonished Oliver con-
stantly, referring of course to Char-
ley Bates and the Dodger. "Do
everything they bid you and take
their advice in all matters—espe-
cially the Dodger's, my dear. He'll
be a great man and will make you
one, too, if you take pattern by him.
Is my handkerchief hanging out of
my pocket, my dear?"

"Yes, sir," said Oliver.

"See if you can take it out with-
out my feeling it."

Oliver held up the bottom of the
pocket with one hand, as he had
seen the Dodger hold it, and drew
the handkerchief, lightly out of it
with the other.

"Is it gone?" cried the merry old
gentleman.

"Here it is, sir," said Oliver.

"You're a clever boy, my dear."

For many days Oliver remained
in Fagin's room picking the marks
out of handkerchiefs and sometimes
taking part in the game described.
At length, however, he began to lan-
guish for fresh air and entreated
the old gentleman to allow him to
go out to work with his two com-
panions.

One morning, Oliver obtained the
permission he had so eagerly sought.
There had been no handkerchiefs to
work upon for two or three days.

The three boys sallied forth; the
Dodger with his coat-sleeves tucked
up and his hat cocked as usual;
Charley Bates sauntering along with
his hands in his pockets; and Oliver
between them, wondering.

They were just emerging from a
narrow court in Clerkenwell, called
"The Green," where the Dodger
made a sudden stop, and, laying his
finger on his lip, drew his com-
panions back again with the great-
est caution.

"What's the matter?" demanded
Oliver.

"Hush," replied the Dodger. "Do
you see that old cove at the book-
-stall?"

"The old gentleman over the
way?" said Oliver. "Yes, I see
him."

"He'll do," said the Dodger.

What was Oliver's horror and
alarm as he stood a few paces off,
to see the Dodger plunge his hand
into the old gentleman's pocket and
draw from thence a handkerchief!

In an instant the whole mystery
of the handkerchiefs, the watches
and Fagin and his lessons rushed
upon the boy's mind; then, con-

science, Oliver was destined to know
very much about the loving care
with which he was, for the first time
in his life, surrounded. Privation,
weariness, anguish and exposure
conspired to bring Oliver close in-
deed to his death, but care, medical
attention and the prayers of noble
creatures ultimately triumphed.

"Where's the third boy?" the
merry old gentleman asked himself
in nervous apprehension as the foot-
steps of the Dodger and Charley
Bates were noted by Fagin. He did
not have long to wait for an answer.
Bates and the Dodger, opening the
door, stood abashed before their
master.

"Where's Oliver?" said the fur-
ious gentleman, far from being mer-
ciful.

"Why, the traps have got him,



Bill Sikes and Toby Crackitt
take Oliver on a marauding trip;
lower picture is of Jackie Coogan
as Oliver.

believe the testimony of his own
eyes, was forced to concede a re-
luctant "I'm afraid he is" to the po-
lice officer, who, pointing to Oliver,
asked if he was the culprit. "But
please don't hurt him," added the
old gentleman compassionately gaz-
ing at the frightened child.

It would have gone badly with
Oliver at the court had not the
bookseller arrived at just the jun-
cture when the judge was about to
pass sentence. The boy was clearly
guilty in Judge Fag's judicial
mind. Everybody was guilty when
brought to book in that amiable
jurist's court, and why should he
make an exception in favor of a boy
whose weakness and fright caused
him actually to faint. But the book-
seller's testimony could not be im-
peached. He had seen the entire
transaction from within the store,
where a customer had detained him.

The old gentleman, whose pres-
ence at the bookstall had been the
cause of Oliver's misfortune, was
overjoyed at the confirmation his
faith in the boy had received, and
eager to make what amends were
possible under the circumstances,
carried the fainting boy out of the
court and thence to his home.

Mr. Brownlow was Oliver's bene-
factor and Mrs. Bedwin, the house-
keeper who presided over the
Brownlow home, was Oliver's fairy
godmother, though it was weeks be-

and that's all about it," said the
Dodger.

What would have happened out
of the demoniacal frenzy of the merry
old gentleman will never appear,
which, of course, is fortunate, for
Mr. John Dawkins, who, though never
hitherto noted for his admiration
of Bill Sikes, was certainly grateful
when that burglarious gentleman
put in an appearance and diverted
the attention of Fagin from his vic-
tims. With much fiction and some
fact, the boys pieced together a
story that explained the absence of
Oliver; how he had been arrested
and how it wasn't possible for them
to save him.

Nancy Sikes coming shortly after-
wards, was finally induced by the
combined persuasiveness of Bill and
Fagin to undertake the somewhat
delicate task of presenting herself
at the police headquarters to make
inquiry concerning the whereabouts
of Oliver.

Dutifully attending to her errand,

Nancy found that Oliver had been
taken from the court by the old gen-
tleman whose pocket he was sup-
posed to have picked, and by that
worthy and sorrowful old man had
been taken, the police didn't know
where.

"Bill, my dear," said Fagin to his
friend, Mr. Bill Sikes, murderer,
"we've got to get that boy back. He
means a lot of money to us." Bill
dropped his customary contemptu-
ous attitude with his "partner" and
listened carefully while Fagin ex-
plained to him why it was necessary
that Oliver should be committed to
a life of dishonor.

With returning health, Oliver re-
joiced in his surroundings. He told
his friend, Mr. Brownlow, about his
life at the workhouse, at Sowerber-
ry's and later at Fagin's. To the
horror of the good people, he gave
an imitation of the merry old gen-
tleman teaching him how to pick
pockets and it was not necessary
for him to assert how he had been
made to think it was but a game.

Needless to say, Mr. Brownlow
and Mrs. Bedwin believed Oliver's
story implicitly; but Mr. Brownlow
had a friend, Mr. Grimwig, who
thought it was a sign of weakness
ever to agree with anybody. Ac-
cordingly, he assured his friend, Mr.
Brownlow, that he would regret his
kindness to the lad, for it was clear
to him (Mr. Grimwig) that Oliver
was born to evil.

"Very well," answered Mr.
Brownlow one day when Grimwig
was unusually persistent in the ut-
terance of his suspicions, "I will
prove to you that Oliver is trust-
worthy."

Calling the boy to him, he en-
trusted him with a twenty-pound
note, some books and the commis-
sion to go to the bookstall to pay his
bill, and "be sure that you are back
in fifteen minutes," said Mr. Brown-
low.

Putting his watch on the table in
front of him, Mr. Brownlow resumed
his chair, Mr. Grimwig sat in his,
and both stared at the dial of the
watch. It grew so dark that the fig-
ures on the face of the watch were
no longer discernible.

Grimwig's doubt produced its own
evidence; Oliver was caught. Nancy
and Bill, haunting the district
through which the boy had to pass,
kidnapped him with such speed and
energy as persuaded the casual pass-
ers-by that Oliver was indeed the
"naughty little brother that had run
away from home," as described in
well-feigned tenderness by Nancy.

At Mr. Fagin's it was but the
work of a few minutes to reduce
Oliver to the condition of rags and
desolation in which he had lived up
to the time of his arrest, and now,
with all his illusions gone and the
blank misery of his condition star-
ing him in the face, Oliver sought in
vain for peaceful, restful sleep.

"I'll be back, Mr. Brownlow, in fif-
teen minutes," he murmured in his
troubled dreams.

Oliver's disappearance shattered
the happiness, but not the faith of
the Brownlow home. Neither Mr.
Brownlow nor Mrs. Bedwin believed
that the gentle lad had betrayed
their confidence, but were sure he
had been the victim of some ugly
plot.

And in the days of Oliver's res-
toration to the "gentle" care of Fa-
gin, Nancy came to regret her part
in the plot for Oliver's destruction.
Oliver's piteous plight and his dear
innocence awakened in Nancy that
maternal instinct which is latent
even in the most abandoned of wo-
men.

(To Be Continued)