

ber of people who are trading organs for more expensive pianos. The show **Opposite** Postoffice room of the Davenport music house Hub Candy Co., First street, next door to Blain Clothing Co. in Albany is full of second-hand organs that have been taken in trade for pianos. W. E. Lynch of Hillsboro is visiting his father, Henry Lynch, who is d Lyon ill. His sister, Mrs. Bettie Shafer, returned to her home at Salem Saturday. Many Halsey people will reshould member Mrs. Shafer, who had charge of "The McAllister" rooming house at Newport several years ago.

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with Franklin, Washington, Adams and other great figures of the period. Through these pages we walk side by idds with them and take part in their daily life. Irving Bacheller is one novelist of merit who is conspicuous for following a vein of pure Americanism. He grew up among men of rural New York state-men racy of the soil, independ-ent, self-reliant, God-fearing, fun-lov-ing. He listened to their tales and drank in the very spirit of democracy. He is not a sensational or melodramatic novelist. He has kept his visions high and lighted the torch for pilgrims lost on the way. His light has been sure light and not the will-o'-the-wisp light rising from the swamps of putrescence and decay. The mingled strength and beauty, the tenderness, courtesy and chivairy found in his books are an inspiration and an influence upon Amer-ican society. can society.

CHAPTER I 13.

The Horse Valley Adventure.

"The first time I saw the boy. Jack Irons, he was about nine years old. I was in Sir William Johnson's camp of magnificent Mohawk warriors at Albany. Jack was so active and successful in the games, between the red boys and the white, that the Indians called him 'Boiling Water.' His laugh and tireless spirit reminded me of a mountain brook. There was no lad, near his age, who could run so fast, or jump so far, or shoot so well with the bow or the rifle. I carried him on my back to his home, he urging me on as if I had been a battle horse and when we were come to the house, he ran about doing his chores. I helped him, and, our work accomplished, we went down to the river for a swim, and to my surprise, I found him a well-taught fish. We became friends and always when I have thought of him, the words Happy Face have come to me. It was, I think, a better nickname than 'Boiling Water,' although there was much propriety in the latter. I knew that his energy given to labor would accomplish much and when I left him, I repeated the words which my father had often quoted in my hearing:

"'Seest thou a man diligent in his calling? He shall stand before kings.' '

This glimpse of John Irons, Jr .- familiarly known as Jack Irons-is from a letter of Benjamin Franklin to his wife.

Nothing further is recorded of his boyhood until, about eight years later. what was known as the "Horse Valley Adventure" occurred. A full account of it follows with due regard for background and color:

lines was located like I were York ahead of the marauders. A little state. Cat's blood an' gunpowder! J had to kick an' scratch to keep my nose an' toes from gittin'-brittle." At this point, Solomon Binkus paused to give his words a chance "to sink in." The silence which followed was broken only by the crack of burn-

tails. I were lonesome-lonesomer'n

a he-bear-an' the cold grabbin' holt

o' all ends o' me so as I had to stop

ing faggots and the sound of the night

wind in the tall pines above the gorge. Before Mr. Binkus resumes his nar rative, which, one might know by the tilt of his head and the look of his wide open, right eye, would soon happen, the historian seizes the oppor tunity of finishing his introduction. He had been the best scout in the army of Sir Jeffrey Amherst. As a small boy he had been captured by the Senecas and held in the tribe a year and two months. Early in the French and Indian war, he had been caught by Algonquins and tied to a tree and tortured by hatchet throwers until rescued by a French captain. After that his opinion of Indians had been, probably, a bit colored by prejudice. Still later he had been a harpooner in a whale boat, and in his young man-

hood, one of those who had escaped to him. the infamous massacre at Fort William Henry when English forces, having been captured and disarmed, were turned loose and set upon by the savages. He was a tall, brawny, broadshouldered, homely faced man of thirty-eight with a Roman nose and a prominent chin underscored by a short sandy throat beard. Some of the adventures had put their mark upon his weathered face, shaven generally once a week above the chin. The top of an' ride 'em back an' swim the river his left ear was missing. There was a it the place o' the many islands. long scar upon his forehead. These were like the notches on the stock of his rifle. They were a sign of the sign. stories of adventure to be found in

that wary, watchful brain of his. Johnson enjoyed his reports on ac count of their humor and color and he describes him in a letter to Putnam as a man who "when he is much interested, looks as if he were taking ain with his rifle." To some it seemed that one eye of Mr. Binkus was often drawing conclusions while the other was engaged with the no less impor-

tant function of discovery. His companion was young Jack Irons west of Fort Stanwir, in Tryon coun-

o' all ends o' me so as I had to stop had been camping, and the swamp at through the forest. It covered ground an' argue 'bout whar my bound'ry the east end of it and was soon far so swiftly that the boy had, now and after daylight, he had picked up the boy, Jack Irons, at a hunting camp on Big Deer creek, as it was then called, and the two had set out together to warn the people in Horse valley, the Big creek. where Jack flved, and to get help for a battle with the savages.

near its blgger waters. He had the knees never quite straightened,

crossed the lake, on which his party with which the scout made his way

It will be seen by his words that Mr. Binkus was a man of imagination, but -again he is talking.

the wilderness and had canoes hidden

"I were on my way to a big Injun Pow-wow at Swegache fer Sir Billayes it were in Feb'uary, the time o the great moon o' the hard snow. I found a heap o' Injuns at Swegache-Mohawks, Senekys, Onandogs an' Algonks. They had been swappin' presents an' speeches with the French. Just a little while afore they had had a bellerin' match with us 'bout love an' friendship. Then suddenlike they tuk It in their heads that the French had a sharper hatchet than the English. I were skeered, but when I see that they was nobody drunk. I pushed right into the big village an' asked fer the old Senecky chief Bear Face-knowin' he were that-an' said I had a letter from the Big Father. They tuk me

"I give him a chain o' wampum an' then read the letter from Sir Bill. It offered the Six Nations more land an a fort, an' a regiment to defend 'em "A powerful lot o' Injuns tralled back to Sir Bill, but they was a few went, over to the French. I kind o' mistrust thar's some o' them runnyzades behind us. They're 'spectin' to zit a lot o' plunder an' a horse aplece We'll poke down to the trail on the edge o' the drownded lands afore suncise an' I kind o' mistrust we'll see

Jack Irons was a son of the muchespected John Irons from New Hampshire who, in the fertile valley where he had settled some years before, was preeding horses for the army and sendng them down to Sir William Johnson. Hence the site of his farm had been. called Horse valley.

Mr. Binkus went to the near brook and repeatedly filled his old felt hat with water and poured it on the fire. 'Don't never keep no fire a-goin' a'ter a big lad of seventeen, who lived in ['m dried out," he whispered, as he a fertile valley some fifty miles north- stepped back into the dark cave, 'cause ye never kin tell."

then, to break into a dog-trot in order to keep along with the old w They kept their pace up the of Cobble hill and down its and the valley beyond to the

It was a curlous, long, loose stride,

"I'm hot 'nough to sizzle a when I tech water," said the he waded in, holding his powder-horn in his left hand ; reek's surface.

They had a few strokes ming at midstream, but man keep their powder dry.

"Now we've got jest 'nough to keep us from gettin' for said Solomon, as he stood on ther shore and adjusted his n ain't more'n a mile to your h They hurried on, reaching t

valley road in a few minutes "Now I'll take the bee trail place," said the scout. "You cu the medder to Peter Boneses' 'em over with all their grit an' ammunition."

Solomon found John Irons

of his sons and three of his digging potatoes and pulling field near the house. The clear and the sun shining wa omon called Irons aside and of the approaching Indians.

"What are we to do?" Iro "Send the wonien an' th back to the sugar shanty." s mon. "We'll stay here 'cau run erway the Boneses'll git lifted. I reckon we kin cond "How?"

"Shoot 'em full o' meat. "I 'a' traveled all night. Them Injuns is D. Adding a line of builders' hardware tired an' hungry. Been three days on the trail. No time to hunt! I'll hustle see the new stock some wood together an' start a fire. You bring a pair o' steers right here STIMSON THE SHOE DOCTOR handy. We'll rip their hides off an git the reek o' vittles in the air soon as God'll let us."

(To be continued)

A Wenatchee hotelkeeper threw an ink well at a man who was using profame language in the presence of women and hit him in the head. The thrower was arrested on a charge of disturbing the peace, but the court discharged him. saying he was not disturbing but preserving it.

steep side far slope shore of	Hub Cleaning Works, Inc. Cor. Fourth and Lyon Master Dyers and Cleaners Made - To - Measure Clothes
an' smoke scout as rifle and above the of swim- naged to	If you have friends they should have your photograph. Clifford's Studio 333 West First street, Albanv.
	Irvin's Garage-Next to Commu- nity house. Exide Battery distrib- ntors for Linn county. Repairs made on all makes of batteries.
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The survey committee of the valley water system will meet State Engineer Luper at Salem the latter part of this week to start the work of investigation. The state will appropriate \$3000 to match a like sum to be raised by backers of the scheme and this \$6000 it is thought will be enough to determine the extent of the water supply and the probable cost of the plant. Prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5 are offered for the three best names suggested to Secretary Victor Oliver of Albany for the company.

Miss Grace Millgate, who spent two years at the Elmo tuberculosis sanitarium, near Aberdeen, Wash., has been sent by the Oregon Tuberculosis association to work in the schools or this county for a month or six weeks. In co-operation with County Superintendent Geer she will visit all the

ARE, schools in the county, not confining activities to tuberculosis, but will attempt to arouse health interest in the pupils and will answer any who ask health questions.

The botulinus poison, which killed the twelve people who ate a dinner together at Albany, differs from other Second street, opposite Hamilton's bacillus diseases which produce ptomaine in the fact that its virulence is in the ptomaines it produces. Other ptomaines, as far as known, are harmless, the poisoning being the direct work of the microbes themselves. An anti-toxin has been produced that will neutralize botulinus if injected at the same time the poison is taken or immediately after, but after the lat-

ter has been retained long enough to ring the principal. Cheap raise. No cause recognizable symptoms the remedy is of no avail.

> (Continued on page 4) 1. 8.14