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## GENERAL HARDWARE HILL & C.

"I am so grateful. I feel like the ter. king's cat. I am trying to express my how I behave. I am not a fighter." feelings. I think I know, now, why the Indian women do the drudgery." As she looked at him her dark eyes

were very serious. "I have done little," said he. "It is Mr. Binkus who rescued you. We live in a wild country among savages and the white folks have to protect each other. We're used to it."

"I never saw or expected to see men like you," she went on. "I have read of them in books, but I never hoped to see them and talk to them. You are like Ajax and Achilles."

Then I shall say that you are like the fair lady for whom they fought." "I will not ride and see you walk-

"Then sit forward as far as you can and I will ride with you," he answered. In a moment he was on the colt's back behind her. She was a comely maiden. An authority no less respectable than Major Duncan has written that she was a tall, well-shaped, funloving girl a little past sixteen and good to look upon, "with dark eyes and auburn hair, the latter long and heavy and in the sunlight richly colored"; that she had slender fingers and a beautiful skin, all showing that she had been delicately bred. He adds that he envied the boy who had ridden before and behind her half the length of Tryon county.

It was a close association and Jack found it so agreeable that he often referred to that ride as the most exciting adventure of his life.

"What is your name?" he asked. "Margaret Hare," she answered. "How did they catch you?"

"Oh, they came suddenly and stealthfly, as they do in the story books, when we were alone in camp. My father and the guides had gone out to hunt." "Did they treat you well?"

"The Indians let us alone, but the two white men annoyed and frightened us. The old chief kept us near him." "The old chief knew better than to

let any harm come to you und they were sure of getting away with their plunder." "We were in the valley of death and

you have led us out of it. I am sure that I do not look as if I were worth saving. I suppose that I must have turned into an old woman. Is my hair white?" "No. You are the best-looking girl

I ever saw," he declared with rustic frankness.

"I never had a compliment that pleased me so much?" she answered, as her elbows tightened a little on his hands, which were clinging to her coat. "I almost loved you for what you did to the old villain. I saw blood on the side of your head. I fear he hurt

"He jabbed me once. It is nothing." "How brave you were! "I think I am more scared now than

I was then," said Jack. "Scared! Why?"

"I am not used to girls except my sisters."

She laughed and answered: 'And I am not used to heroes. I

am sure you cannot be so scared as I am, but I rather enjoy it. I like to be scared-a little. This is so differ-"I like you," he declared with a

"I feared you would not like an Eng-

lish girl. So many North Americans hate England." "The English have been hard on us."

"What do you mean?" "They send us governors whom we

do not like; they make laws for us which we have to obey; they impose hard taxes which are not just and they will not let us have a word to say about It." "I think it is wrong and I'm going

to stand up for you," the girl answered. "Where do you live?" he asked.

"In London. I am an English girl, but please do not hate me for that. I want to do what is right and I shall never let anyone say a word against Americans without taking their part." "That's good," the boy answered. "I'd love to go to London."

"Well, why don't you?"

"It's a long way off." "Do you like good-looking girls?" 'I'd rather look at them than eat.' "Well, there are many in London."

"One is enough," said Jack. "I'd love to show them a real hero." "Don't call me that. If you would

But first you'll want to know "I am sure that your character is as good as your face."

ored," said Jack.

took my hand and helped me on the pony-or nearly all. You are a gentleman."

"No-Church of England."

seen a Presbyterian.

pany ahead were stopping to make a camp for the night, the boy and girl dismounted. She turned facing him and asked: "You didn't mean it when you said

his father's home and the boy had lived his leisure in them. He thought

as a young doe playing in the water

yourself," said she. "I am sure you

"How much better a boy's head looks with his hair cut close like yours. Our boys have long hair. They do not look so much like-men."

to the bush," the boy remarked. "You really look brave and strong One would know that you could do things."

"I've always had to do things." They came up to the party, who had stopped to camp for the night. It was a clear, werm evening. After they had hobbled the horses in a near meadow flat, Jack and his father made a lean-to for the women and children and roofed it with bark. Then they cut wood and built a fire and gathered boughs for bedding. Later, tea was made and beefsteaks and bacon grilled on spits of green birch, the dripping fat being caught on slices of toasting bread whereon the meat was presently

served. The masterful power with which the the ax and their cunning craftsmanship impressed the English woman and her daughter and were soon to be the topic of many a London tea party. Mrs. Hare spoke of it as she was eat-

ing her supper. the Aeneid and the Odes of Horace

land," said John Irons. "That is the most astonishing thing I have ever heard!" she exclaimed. "How has he done it?"

"The minister was his master until we went into the bush. Then I had to be farmer and school-teacher. There is a great thirst for learning in this New World."

"How do you find time for it?" "Oh, we have lessure here-more

"Gosh! I hope it ain't so dark col-"I knew all about you when you

"I hope so." "Are you a Presbyterian?"

"I was sure of that. I have seen Indians and Shakers, but I have never

When the sun was low and the com-

that I was good-looking-did you?" The bashful youth had imagination and, like many lads of his time, a romantic temperament and the love of poetry. There were many books in

a moment and answered: "Yes, I think you are as beautiful

"And you look as if you believed



would like me better if I were fixed up

"I do not think so."

"Long hair is not for rough work

stalwart youth and his father swung

"It may surprise you further to learn that the boy is fairly familiar with and the history of France and Eng-

just call me Jack Irons I'd like it bet- than you have - In Eugland even your

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wealthy young men are overworked. They dine out and play cards until three in the morning and sleep until midday. Then luncheon and the cockfight and tea and parliament! The best of us have only three steady habits. We work and study and sleep."

"And fight savages," said the woman. "We do that, sometimes, but it is not often necessary. If it were not for white savages, there would be no red ones. You would find America a good country to live in."

"At least I hope it will be good to sleep in this night," the woman answered, yawning. "Dreamland is now the only country I care for."

The ladies and children, being near spent by the day's travel and excitement, turned in soon after supper. The men slept on their blankets, by the fire, and were up before daylight for a dip in the creek near by. While they were getting breakfast, the women and children had their turn at the creekside.

That day the released captives were in better spirits. Soon after noon the company came to a swollen river, where the horses had some swimming to do. The older animals and the following colts went through all right, but the young stallion which Jack and Margaret were riding began to rear and plunge. The girl in her fright jumped off his back in swift water and was swept into the rapids and tumbled about and put in some danger before Jack could dismount and bring her ashore.

"You have increased my debt to you," she said, when at last they were mounted again. "What a story this is! It is terribly exciting."

They rode on in silence, feeling now the beauty of the green woods. It had become a magic garden full of new and wonderful things. Some power had entered them and opened their eyes. The thrush's song grew fainter in the distance. The boy was first to speak "I think that bird must have had a

long flight sometime," he said. "I am sure that he has heard the music of Paradise. I wonder if you are as happy as I am."

"I was never so happy," she swered. "What a beautiful country we are in! I have forgotten all about the danger and the hardship and the evil men. Have you ever seen any place

"No. For a time we have been riding in fairyland." "I know why," said the boy. "Why?"

"It is because we are riding together It is because I see you." "Oh, dear! I cannot see you. Let us get off and walk," she proposed.

They dismounted. "Did you mean that honestly?" "Honestly," he answered.

She looked up at him and put her hand over her mouth. "I was going to say something. It would have been most unmaidenly," she remarked

"There's something in me that will not stay unsaid. I love you," he declared.

She held up her hand with a serious look in her eyes. Then, for a moment, the boy returned to the world of re ality.

"I am sorry. Forgive me. I ought not to have said it," he stammered. "But didn't you really mean it?" she asked with troubled eyes.

"I mean that and more, but I ought not to have said it now. It isn't fair. You have just escaped from a great danger and have got a notion that you are in debt to me and you don't know much about me anyhow. She stood in his path looking up at

"Jack," she whispered. "Please say it again."

No, it was not gone. They were still in the magic garden. "I love you and I wish this journey

could go on forever," he said. She stepped closer and he put his arm around her and kissed her lips. She ran away a few steps. Then, indeed, they were back on the familiar trail in the thirty-mile bush. A moose bird was screaming at them. She turned and said:

"I wanted you to know, but I have said nothing. I couldn't, I am under a sacred promise. You are a gentleman and you will not kiss me or speak of love again until you have talked with my father. It is the custom of our country. But I want you to know that I am very happy."

"I don't know how I dared to say and do what I did, but I couldn't help "I couldn't help it either. I just

longed to know if you dared." "The rest will be in the future-perhaps far in the future." His voice trembled a little. "Not far if you come to me, but I

can wait-I will wait." She took his band as they were walking beside each other and added: "For you." "I, too, will wait," he answered, "and Repairing by

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HALSEY GARAGE

as long as I have to." Mrs. Hare, walking down the trail to meet them, had come near. Their journey out of the wilderness had end-

ed, but for each a new life had begun. The husband and father of the two ladies had reached the fort only an hour or so ahead of the mounted party and preparations were being made for an expedition to cut off the retreat of the Indians. He was known to most of his friends in America only as Col. Benjamin Hare—a royal commissioner who had come to the colonies to inspect and report upon the defenses of his majesty. He wore the uniform of a colonel of the King's guard. There is an old letter of John Irons which says that he was a splendid figure of a man, tall and well proportioned and about forty, with dark eyes, his hair and mustache just beginning to show

"I shall not try here to measure my gratitude," he said to Mr. Irons. "I

will see you tomorrow." "You owe me nothing," Irons answered. "The rescue of your wife and daughter is due to the resourceful and

famous scout-Solomon Binkus." "Dear old rough-barked hickory man!" the colonel exclaimed, "I hope to see him soon."

He went at once with his wife and daughter to rooms in the fort. That evening he satisfied himself as to the Main. character and standing of John Irons. learning that he was a patriot of large influence and considerable means.

The latter family and that of Peter Bones were well quartered in tents with a part of the Fifty-fifth regiment then at Fort Stanwix. Next morning Jack went to breakfast with Colone Hare and his wife and daughter in their rooms, after which the colonel invited the boy to take a walk with him out to the little settlement of Mill river. Jack, being overawed, was rather slow in declaring himself and

the colonel presently remarked: "You and my daughter seem to have

got well acquainted." "Yes, sir; but not as well as I could wish," Jack answered. "Our journey ended too soon. I love your daughter, sir, and I hope you will let me tell her and ask her to be my wife sometime."

"You are both too young," said the colonel. "Besides you have known each other not quite three days and I have known you not as many hours. We are deeply grateful to you, but it is better for you and for her that this matter should not be hurried. After a year has passed, if you think you still care to see each other to come to England. I think you are a fine, manly, brave chap, but really you will admit that I have a right to know you better before my daughter

engages to marry you." Jack freely admitted that the request was well founded, albeit he declared, frankly, that he would like to be got acquainted with as soon as pos-

"We must take the first ship back to England," said the colonel. are both young and in a matter of this kind there should be no haste. If your affection is real, it will be none the worse for a little keeping."

(To be continued)

## DARK AND QUIET 25 MILES UP

Air is So Rare There the Light Waves Pass Unobstructed in Silence.

As we ascend from the earth's surface the air becomes less dense, or, as usually stated, more rare and all of its components decrease in amount; at 30 miles up there is little or no oxygen and the density of the air at that altitude is about one one-hundredth that at the sea level. At 50 miles the nitrogen ceases and there is practically no water vapor above 5 miles, says S. E. Tillman, in the North American Review. Above 25 miles the air is too rare to transmit sound and absolute si-

lence there prevails. As the air is very rare at that altitude and as no motes or dust are there the light waves pass almost unobstructed and there is nearly total darkness and absence of all color; the temperature, too, is very STIMSON THE SHOE DOCTOR low, probably approaching that of outward space; this region is then

one of dark color, cold, silence. The fact, however, that meteors sometimes become luminous at the height of 100 miles and more, shows that there is an atmosphere of some sort at that height, probably hydrogen; helium or kindred unknown gases.

What's an "dily politician '?

FEB, 28, 1924

Hlbany Directory

This is good advice: "If you live in Albany, trade in Albany; if you live in some other town, trade in that town."

But in these automobile days many re-siding elsewhere find it advisable to do

larger town. Those who go to Albany to transact business will find the firms named below ready to fill their require-

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nents with courtesy and fairness.

| HALSEY ENTPRAZISE

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PAGE 5

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ALBANY

FURNITURE AND

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(Continued from page 1)

Wid Allen returned from Corvallis

Pelma Wahl came home from Cor-

Helen Armstrong came home from Eugene Saturday morning. Miss Minnie Harlow of Eugene

R. F. Campbell and family arrived Saturday. He has employment on the railroad.

A new boy weighing 1314 pounds arrived at the John Martin home a few days ago. Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Carey were

guests at the A. C. Armstrong home Saturday evening. Miss Alberta Koontz visited home folks over the week end.

Mrs. S. J. Chenoweth, mother of Mrs. Horace Armstrong came Saturday for an extended visit. Mrs. Joe Krewson of Leona arrived Thursday for a visit with her mother,

Mrs. J. T. Curry, who is ill. Ivan Paine of Plainview was arrested Friday by Sheriff Richard for having liquor. He paid \$200 fine. Hall's Floral and Music Shop Mrs. A. E. Foote and Mr. and Mrs.

George F. Schroll and daughter Ruby drove to Peoria Sunday afternoon. J. M. Lynch of Kelso, Wash., has been visiting with Charles Powell and

family. He returned home Friday. The Mitzner family motored to Albany Friday evening to attend the revival meetings. Miss Ida returned with them to spend the week end.

T. B. Davidson of Eugene was visiting his nephew, Claude Davidson, and looking after farm interests here Friday. All Endeavors are invited to attend the gathering in their new quarters in the Christian church Sunday evening

at 6:30 and learn the way to happiness. Miss Helen Benedict, who teaches in the Sweet Home school, motored to Halsey Friday and took the train for Albany

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of the Church of Christ have moved into their new room in the addition recently built to the church. Glen Stevenson and family arrived

home folks. They also drove to Brownsville for a visit with Harold and wife Eunday. Clifford Carey and his bride spent the week end and holiday at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A.

Saturday for a week-end visit with

Carey, and a dinner was given Sunday in honor of the young people. Frederick Sutton, grandson of Mrs. Eliza Brandon, had the misfortune to injure his hip. He was recently taken to a spec'alist at Tacoma, who pronounced it a "lock hip," straightened it, and put it in a plaster cast, which must be kept on for six months. His

parents reside at Orondo, Wash. A recommendation to the juvenile court that Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Miller be permittd to adopt Laura Bell Crow has been filed by the state child welfare commission.

Waldo Anderson & Son. distrib. Ed Zimmerman of Shedd ran iato a pole and damaged his machine, \$50 worth at Ninth and Washington streets, albany, Saturday in trying to avoid a collision with M . Haley's machine. As Zimmerman was going east on Ninth street and Haley south on Washington it looks as though the

right of way was Zimmerman's. (Continued on page 4)