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Albany 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 residing elsewhere find it advisable to do at least part of their buying in the larger town. Those who go to Albany to transact business will find the firms named below ready to fill their requirements with courtesy and fairness.

Albany Directory—Continued Phone 312 V Satisfaction guaranteed Price \$3.50 FRED B. JONES Piano Tuning and Repairing ALBANY Piano Tuner for leading music stores in Albany. New and used FURNITURE AND FARM MACHINERY bought, sold and exchanged at all times BEN T. SUDELL Phone 76-R, 123 N. Broadalbin st., Albany

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Halsey Happenings (Continued from page 1) Grand jury meets today. Wid Allen returned from Corvallis Thursday.

Born, Feb. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Warren Isom, a son. Delma Wahl came home from Corvallis Friday evening.

Helen Armstrong came home from Eugene Saturday morning. Miss Minnie Harlow of Eugene visited with Mrs. Jay Moore last week.

R. F. Campbell and family arrived Saturday. He has employment on the railroad. A new boy weighing 13 1/4 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. Mrs. A. E. Foote and Mr. and Mrs. George F. Schroll and daughter Ruby drove to Peoria Sunday afternoon.

J. M. Lynch of Kalso, 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 Saturday for a week-end visit with home folks. They also drove to Brownsville for a visit with Harold and wife Eandy. Clifford Carey and his bride spent the week end and holiday at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. 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 specialist 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 permitted to adopt Laura Bell Crow has been filed by the state child welfare commission. Ed Zimmerman of Shedd ran into a pole and damaged his machine, \$50 worth at Ninth and Washington streets, Albany, Saturday in trying to avoid a collision with M. Halsey's machine. As Zimmerman was going east on Ninth street and Halsey south on Washington it looks as though the right of way was Zimmerman's.

Waldo Anderson & Son, distributors and dealers for Maxwell, Chalmers, Essex, Hudson & Hupmobile cars, Accessories, Supplies, 1st & Broadalbin.

FARM LOANS Write for booklet describing our 20-year Rural Credit Amortized Loans. The loan pays out in 20 payments, returning the principal. Cheap rates. No delay. BEAM LAND CO., 133 Lyon St., Albany, Ore.

"I am so grateful. I feel like the king's cat. I am trying to express my 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 walking."

"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, fun-loving 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 stealthily, 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 unless they were sure of getting away with their plunder."

ter. But first you'll want to know how I behave. I am not a fighter." "I am sure that your character is as good as your face." "Gosh! I hope it ain't so dark colored," said Jack. "I knew all about you when you took my hand and helped me on the pony—or nearly all. You are a gentleman." "I hope so." "Are you a Presbyterian?" "No—Church of England." "I was sure of that. I have seen Indians and Shakers, but I have never seen a Presbyterian."

When the sun was low and the company 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 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 his father's home and the boy had lived his leisure in them. He thought a moment and answered: "Yes, I think you are as beautiful as a young doe playing in the water lilies."

"And you look as if you believed yourself," said she. "I am sure you would like me better if I were fixed up a little." "I do not think so." "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." "Long hair is not for rough work in 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, warm 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 stalwart youth and his father swung 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 eating her supper.

wealthy young men are overworked. They dine out and play cards until three in the morning and sleep until midday. Then luncheon and the cock-fight 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 creek-side. "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! 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. "Why?" "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 answered. "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 like it?" "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.

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 ended, 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 gray.

"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 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 Colonel 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. You are deeply grateful to me, 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, I will ask you 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 possible.

"We must take the first ship back to England," said the colonel. "You 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)

Albany Bakery, 321 Lyon street, Best one-pound loaf of bread made. 5 cents. Wedding cakes to order.

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Hub Candy Co., First street, next door to Blain Clothing Co. Noon lunches. Home-made candy and ice cream.

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 silence there prevails.

As the air is very rare at that altitude and as no notes 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 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 " oily politician " ?



JACK AND HIS FATHER MADE A LEAN-TO.