

We have the best stock of Heavy Harness ever shown in Halsey. See it and learn prices: UNIVERSAL STOVES and RANGES are the last word in cooking convenience and efficiency. We have the best line of them ever shown in Halsey. FURNITURE AND GENERAL HARDWARE HILL & Co.

Why send to mail order houses when you can buy better tires in your home town for the same price? We also have our better grades of tires attractively priced. HALSEY GARAGE ALBERT FOOTE Prop. Telephone 16x5

Brownsville photographer and floral botanist, died last week Thursday at the home of a daughter in Brownsville.

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

Albany Electric Store, Radio sets, Electric wiring, Delco light products. GLENN WILLARD WM. HOPFICH.

Albany Floral Co. Cut flowers and plants. Floral art for every and all occasions. Flower phone 458-1.

Blue Bird Restaurant, 309 Lyon street. Eat here when in Albany. Open from 6 to 2 and 5 to 8. MRS. BLOUNT.

BRUNSWICK PHONOGRAPHS at WOODWORTH'S

BUNGALOWS in Albany for sale. Would exchange for farm property. Davenport Music House.

Eastburn Bros.—Two big grocery stores, 212 W. First and 225 South Main. Good merchandise at the right prices.

Films developed and printed. We mail them right back to you. Woodworth Drug Company, Albany, Oregon.

First garage going north. Tires, accessories, oils, gasoline, repair work. W. H. HULBERT.

FORD SALES AND SERVICE Tires and accessories. Repairs. KIRK-POLLAK MOTOR CO.

Fortmiller Furniture Co., furniture, rugs, linoleum, stoves, ranges. Funeral directors. 427-433 west First street, Albany, Oregon.

HOLMAN & JACKSON Grocery—Bakery Everything in the line of eats. Opposite Postoffice

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

Hub Cleaning Works, Inc. Cor. Fourth and Lyon Master Dyers and Cleaners Made-To-Measure Clothes

If you have friends they should have your photograph. Clifford's Studio 333 West First street, Albany.

Irvin's Garage—Next to Community house. Exide Battery distributors for Linn county. Repairs made on all makes of batteries.

MAGNETO ELECTRIC CO. Official Stromberg carburetor service station. Conservative prices. All work guaranteed. 119-121 W. Second.

Men and money are best when busy. Make your dollars work in our savings department. ALBANY STATE BANK. Under government supervision.

Miller Motor Sales Oakland and Jewett cars Supplies and accessories First and Baker Sts. Albany, Oregon

Morton & Spear Service Company Headquarters for good tires First and Lyon Phone 65

Murphy Motor Co., Buick and Chevrolet automobiles. Tires and accessories. Albany, Oregon. Phone 200.

ROSCOE AMES HARDWARE, the WINCHESTER STOKE 322 W. First st.

S. S. GILBERT & SON Adding a line of builders' hardware Old customers are invited to call and see the new stock.

STIMSON THE SHOE DOCTOR Second street, opposite Hamilton's store. "Sudden Service."

Waldo Anderson & Son, distributors and dealers for Maxwell, Chalmers, Essex, Hudson & Huppobile 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, retaining the principal. Cheap rates. No delay.

BEAM LAND CO., 133 Lyon St., Albany, Ore

FARM LOANS at lowest rate of interest. Prompt service. Courteous treatment. Wm. BAIN, Room 5, First Savings Bank building, Albany

Albany Directory—Continued

HALLS' FLORAL & MUSIC SHOP We grow our own cut flowers Gold banded, Rubrum and other hardy Lily bulbs now on hand. Nice geraniums every Saturday. Phone 166j

Phone 312 Y 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. SUTTELL Phone 76-R, 123 N. Broadalbin st., Albany

ALBANY Metzger's SHOE SERVICE OREGON Shoes that cost less per month of wear

Halsey Happenings (Continued from page 1)

A state fish hatchery and feeding ponds may be established near Silverton.

The Price meetings began Sunday at the armory in Albany, to run two weeks and one day.

There was nothing objectionable in "Black Oxen" as shown on the screen at the Globe theater, but the story as published is nauseatingly nasty in places.

The sheriff's office has mailed to each taxpayer in the county a cheerful bill; deprecating the amount of tax money required to keep him (the sheriff) from the door.

Jay W. Moore is after the republican nomination for the county assessorship. Mr. Giddings is a democrat. It makes no difference which party wins. We'll have to dig up the taxes anyway.

The president of the Oregon and Western Colonization company is expected from the east in April to discuss the proposed transfer to the county of its right of way to a road over the Santiam Pass.

The city paying the lowest millage tax in this county this year is Soda-water 45.4 Halsey is next for low, 45.9. Scio pays the highest, 92.6, Lebanon 65.1, Brownsville 58.9, Albany 56.8, Harrisburg 56.4 and Sweet Home 49.9.

Our advertising columns show plenty of good second-hand sewing machine bargains and recently they told of a large number and variety of second-hand organs which the owner wanted to find buyers for at attractive prices. The market in these lines beckons.

Mrs. Leona Francis Goin, 42, wife of Linn County Representative S. H. Goin, died in a Salem hospital Friday, following an operation for appendicitis. Mrs. Goin was born at Halsey June 9, 1881, and had spent all of her life in this county. Her maiden name was Francis.

The new officers of the Linn county Jersey Cattle club are W. H. McConnell of Shedd, president; Ed. Schell, vice-president; Mrs. S. B. Helt of Scio, secretary, and C. C. Dickson and C. H. Brown of Shedd, members of the executive committee.

A persistent spot on the side of W. A. Carey's head, near the right eye, is now pronounced a cancer and he is taking radio treatment for it in Eugene. If this succeeds as well as the X-ray did in Arthur Wesley's case one of the direst and most fatal afflictions of mankind will have been brought under control.

In the serial story "In the Days of Poor Richard," now running in the Enterprise, the genius of Living Bachelder causes the dead to come forth and walk before us. We are brought into intimate contact with the founders of the republic. George Washington, Ben Franklin and their associates are pictured in their everyday home life, as well as in their relations with kings, potentates and princes. The story affords a rare chance to imbibe lessons in the history of this country in a manner that makes them seem as real as if they had occurred in our own lives. It is profitable reading for old and young. New subscribers can get back numbers.

(Continued from page 2)

a knack of shooting with the rifle and pistol, which had won for him the Franklin medal for marksmanship. In the back country the favorite amusement of himself and father had been shooting at a mark. Jack forged ahead, not only in the printer's art, but on toward the fullness of his strength. Under the stimulation of city life and continuous study, his talents grew like wheat in black soil. In the summer of 'seventy-three he began to contribute to the columns of the Gazette. Certain of his articles brought him compliments from the best people for their wit, penetration and good humor. He had entered upon a career of great promise when the current of his life quickened like that of a river come to a steeper grade. It began with a letter from Margaret Hare, dated July 14, 1773. In it she writes:

"When you get this please sit down and count up the years that have passed since we parted. Then think how our plans have gone awry. You must also think of me waiting here for you in the midst of a marrying world. All my friends have taken their mates and passed on. I went to Doctor Franklin today and told him that I was an old lady well past nineteen and accused him of having a heart of stone. He said that he had not sent for you because you were making such handsome progress in your work. I said: 'You do not think of the rapid progress I am making toward old age. You forget, too, that I need a husband as badly as the Gazette needs a philosopher. I rebel. You have made me an American—you and Jack. I will no longer consent to taxation without representation. Year by year I am giving up some of my youth and I am not being consulted about it.'

"Said he: 'I would demand justice of the king. I suppose he thinks that his country cannot yet afford a queen. I shall tell him that he is imitating George the Third and that he had better listen to the voice of the people.'

"Now, my beloved hero, the English girl who is not married at nineteen is thought to be hopeless. There are fine lads who have asked my father for the right to court me and still I am waiting for my brave deliverer and he comes not. I cannot forget the thrush's song and the enchanted woods. They hold me. If they have not held you—if for any reason your heart has changed—you will not fail to tell me, will you? Is it necessary that you should be great and wise and rich and learned before you come to me? Little by little, after many talks with the venerable Franklin, I have got the American notion that I would like to go away with you and help you to accomplish these things and enjoy the happiness which was ours, for a little time, and of which you speak in your letters. Surely there was something very great in those moments. It does not fade and has it not kept us true to our promise? But, Jack, how long am I to wait? You must tell me."

This letter went to the heart of the young man. She had deftly set before him the gross unfairness of delay. He felt it. Ever since the parting he had been eager to go, but his father was not a rich man and the family was large. His own salary had been little more than was needed for clothing and books. That autumn it had been doubled and the editor had assured him that higher pay would be forthcoming. He hesitated to tell the girl how little he earned and how small, when measured in money, his progress had seemed to be. He was in despair when his friend Solomon Binkus arrived from Virginia. For two years the latter had been looking after the interests of Major Washington out in the Ohio river country. They dined together that evening at the Crooked Butte and Solomon told him of his adventures in the West and frontier stories of the notorious one-legged robber, Micah Harpe, and his den on the shore of the Ohio and of the cunning of the outlaw in evading capture.

Solomon read the girl's letter and said:

"If I was you I'd swim the big pond if necessary. This 'ere is a real simon pure, four-masted woman an' she wants you for captain. As the feller said when he seen a black fox, 'Come on, boys, it's time for to wear out yer boots.'

"I'm tied to my job."

"Then break yer halter," said Solomon. "I haven't money enough to get married and keep a wife."

"I mean that ye're wuth at least a thousand pounds cash money."

"I would not ask my father for help and I have only forty pounds in the bank," Jack answered.

Solomon took out his wallet and removed from it a worn and soiled piece of paper and studied the memoranda it contained. Then he did some ciphering with a piece of lead. In a moment he said:

"You have got a thousand an' fifteen pounds an' six shillin' fer to do with as ye please an' no questions asked—nary one."

"You mean you've got it?"

"Which means that Jack Irons owns it hide, horns an' taller."

Tears came to the boy's eyes. He looked down for a moment without speaking. "Thank you, Solomon," he said presently. "I can't use your money. It wouldn't be right."

Solomon shut one eye an' squinted with the other as if he were taking aim along the top of a gun barrel. Then he shook his head and drawled:

"Cat's blood an' gunpowder! That 'ere slaps me in the face an' kicks me on the shin," Solomon answered. "I've walked an' paddled eighty mile in a day an' been stabbed an' shot at an' had to run fer my life, which it ain't no fun—you hear to me. Who do ye s'pose I done it fer but you an' my kentry? There ain't nobody o' my name an' blood on this side o' the ocean—not nobody at all. An' if I kin't work fer you, Jack, I'd just er-bout as soon quit. This 'ere money ain't no good to me 'cept fer body cover an' powder an' balls. I'd as leave drop it in the river. It bothers me. I don't need it. When I git tum I go an' hide it in the bush some-whars—jest to git it out o' my way. I been thinkin' all up the road from Virginia o' this 'ere gold demnable money an' what I were a-goin' to do with it an' what it could do to me. An', set I, I'm er-goin' to ask Jack to take it an' use it fer a wall 'twixt him an' trouble, an' the idee hurried me er-long—honest! Kind o' made me happy. Course, if I had a wife an' children, 'twould be different, but I ain't got no one. An' now ye tell me ye don't want it, which it makes me feel lonesome 'n a tarred Tory an' kind o' sorrowful—ayes, sir, it does."

Solomon's voice sank to a whisper. "Forgive me," said Jack. "I didn't know you felt that way. But I'm glad you do. I'll take it on the understanding that as long as I live what I have shall also be yours."

"I've two hundred pound an' six shillin' in my pocket an' a lot more hid in the bush. It's all yours to the last round penny. I reckon it'll party nigh bridge the slough. I want ye to be married respectable like a gentleman—silk duds, plenty o' cakes an' pies an' no slightin' the minister er the rum bar."

"Major Washington give me a letter to take to Don Franklin on 't'other side o' the ocean. Ye see ev'ry letter that's sent ercross is opened an' read afore it gits to him eason it's guarded keeful. This 'ere one, I guess, has suthin' powerful secret in it. He pays all the bills. So I'll be goin' erlong with ye on the nex' ship an' when we git thar I want to shake hands with the gal and tell her how to make ye behave."

That evening Jack went to the manager of the Gazette and asked for a six months' leave of absence.

CHAPTER IV The Crossing.

There were curious events in the voyage of Jack and Solomon. They sailed on or about the eleventh of October, 1773. Their ship was the Snow which had arrived the week before with some fifty Irish servants, indentured for their passage. The food was of poor quality, the cooking a tax upon jaw, palate and digestion, the service unclean. When good weather came, by and by, and those who had not tasted food for days began to feel the pangs of hunger the ship was filled with a most passionate lot of pilgrims. It was then that Solomon presented the petition of the passengers to the captain.

"Cap'n, we're 'bout wore out with whale meat an' slobgotton. We're all down by the head."

"Som' L" said the captain. "This 'ere man had a good recommend an' said he could cook perfect."

"A man like that kin cook the passengers with their own heat," said Solomon. "I feel like my belly was full o' rocks. If you'll let me into the galley, I'll right ye up an' shift the way o' the wind an' the course o' the ship. I'll swing the bow toward heaven 'stead o' hell an' keep her 'linter straight an' it won't cost ye a penny. They's too much swearin' on this 'ere ship. Can't nobody be a Christian with his guts a-b'illin'. His tongue'll break loose an' make his soul look like a waggin with a smashed wheel an' a b'usted ex. A cook could do more good here than a minister."

"Can you cook?"

"You try 'em an' I'll agree to happy ye up so ye won't know yourself. Yer meat won't be raw ner pebbled an' there won't be no insects in the biscuit."

So Solomon was installed as cook and happiness returned to the ship. In the course of the voyage they overhauled the Star, a four-masted ship bound from New York to Dover. For hours the two vessels were so close that the passengers engaged in a kind of battle. Those on the Star began it by hurling turpise at the men on the other ship who responded with a volley of apples. Solomon dismounted on the deck of the stranger Captain Preston and an English officer of the name of Hawk whom he had known at Oswego and hailed them. Then said Solomon:

"It's a shipload o' Tories who've had enough of Ameriky. They's a cuss on that tub that I helped put a coat o' tar an' feathers on in the Ohio kentry. He's the one with the black pipe in his mouth. I don't know his name but they use to call him Slops—the dirtiest, low-downdest, d—n Tory traitor that ever lived. Helped the Injuns out thar in the West. See that 'ere black pipe? Allus carries it in his mouth 'cept when he's eatin'. I guess he goes to sleep with it. It's one o' the features o' his face. We tarred him plenty now you hear to me."

That evening a boat was lowered and the captain of the Snow crossed a hundred yards of quiet sea to dine with the captain of the Star in the cabin of the latter. Next day a stiff wind came out of the west. All sail was spread, the ships began to jump and gore the waves and the Star ran away from the smaller ship and was soon out of sight. Weeks of rough going followed. Meanwhile Solomon stuck to his task. Every one was sick but Jack and the officers, and there was not much cooking to be done. Because he had to take off his coat while he was working in the galley,

They overhauled the Star.

Solomon gave the precious letter into Jack's keeping. About noon on the twenty-ninth of November they made Dover and anchored in the Downs. Deal was about three miles away and its boats came off for them. They made a circuit and sailed close in shore. Each boat that went for passengers had its own landing. Its men threw a rope across the breakers. This was quickly put on a windlass. With the rope winding on its windlass the boat was slowly hauled through the surge, its occupants being drenched and sprinkled with salt water. They made their way to the inn of the Three Kings where two men stood watching as they approached. One of them Jack recognized as the man Slops with the black pipe in his mouth.

"That's him," said the man with the black pipe, pointing at Solomon, whereupon the latter was promptly arrested.

"What have I done?" he asked.

"You'll learn directly at 'eadquarters," said the officer.

Solomon shook hands with Jack and said: "I'm glad I met ye," and turned, and walked away with the two men. Jack was tempted to follow them, but feeling a hidden purpose in Solomon's conduct went into the tan.

So the friends parted. Jack being puzzled and distressed by the swift change in the color of their affairs. The letter to Doctor Franklin was in his pocket—a lucky circumstance. He decided to go to London and deliver the letter and seek advice regarding

the relief of Solomon. At the desk in the lobby of the Three Kings he learned that he must take the post chaise for Canterbury, which would not be leaving until 8 p. m. This gave him time to take counsel in behalf of his friend. Turning toward the door, he met Captain Preston, who greeted him with great warmth and wished to know where was Major Binkus.

Jack told the captain of the arrest of his friend.

"I expected it," said Preston. "So I have waited here for your ship. It's that mongrel chap on the Star who got a tarring from Binkus on your deck, as I did, and proclaimed his purpose. So I am here to do what I can to help you. I cannot forget that you two men saved my life. Are there any papers on his person which are likely to make him trouble?"

"No," said Jack, thinking of the letter lying safely in his own pocket. "That's the important thing," Preston resumed. "Binkus is a famous scout who is known to be anti-British. Such a man coming here is supposed to be carrying papers. Between ourselves, they would arrest him on any pretext. You leave this matter in my hands. If he had no papers he'll be coming on in a day or two."

"I'd like to go with you to find him," said Jack.

"Better not," Preston answered with a smile. "Why?"

"Because I suspect you have the papers. They'll get you, too, if they learn you are his friend. Keep away from him. Sit quietly here in the inn until the post chaise starts for Canterbury. Don't let anyone pick a quarrel with you, and remember this is all a sacred confidence between friends."

"I thank you and my heart is in every word," said Jack as he pressed the hand of the captain. "After all, friendship is a thing above politics—even the politics of these bitter days."

He sat down with a sense of relief and spent the rest of the afternoon reading the London papers, although he longed to go and look at the fortress of Deal Castle. He had tea at five and set out on the mail carriage, with his box and bag, an hour later. The road was rough and muddy, with deep holes in it. At one point the chaise rattled and bumped over a plowed field. Before dark he saw a man hanging in a gibbet by the roadside. At ten o'clock they passed the huge gate of Canterbury and drew up at an inn called the King's Head. The landlady and two waiters attended for orders. He had some supper and went to bed. Awakened at 5 a. m. by the sound of a bugle, he arose and dressed hurriedly and found the post chaise waiting. They went on the King's road from Canterbury and a mile out they came to a big, white gate in the dim light of the early morning.

A young man clapped his mouth to the window and shouted: "Sixpence, yer honor."

It was a real turnpike and Jack struck his head out of the window for a look at it. They stopped for breakfast at an inn far down the pike and went on through Sittingbourne, Faversham, Rochester and the lovely valley of the River Medway, of which Jack had read.

At every stop it amused him to hear the words "chaise an' pair," flying from host to waiter and waiter to hostler and back in the wink of an eye.

Jack spent the night at the Rose in Dartford and went on next morning over Gadshill and Shooter's Hill and Blackheath. Then the Thames and Greenwich and Deptford, from which he could see the crowds and domes and towers of the big city. A little past two o'clock he rode over London bridge and was set down at the Spread Eagle, where he paid a shilling a mile for his passage and ate his dinner.

Such, in those days, was the crossing and the trip up to London, as Jack describes it in his letters.

(To be continued)

The report of Basil Manley, director of the People's Legislative Service of Washington, D. C., says: "The present high price of bread is not only levying heavy tribute upon every man, woman and child who eats the bakers' products, but this indefensible high price is in large measure responsible for the deplorable condition of American farmers." He declares that English bread, made from American wheat, retails for 3.9 cents per pound, in American currency, and he says: "If any government should levy taxes as oppressive as private industry now imposes on the bread of the American people, revolution would be inevitable."

The mother of L. L. Haskin, the