

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 automatic 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 Floral Co.** Cut flowers and plants. Floral art for every and all occasions. Flower phone 458-J.

**Albany Electric Store.** Radio sets. Electric wiring. Delco Light products 202 Second. GLENN WILLARD WM. HOFELICH.

**Auto Electric Service—Rechargeable A & B batteries—WILLARD storage battery.** Phone 23. 119-121 W. Second st. H. D. Preston—J. C. Cochran.

**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

**Davenport Music company** offers Piano-casé organ, good as new Estey organ, good as new Used Pianos.

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

**Elite Cafeteria and confectionery** Home cooking. Pleasant surroundings. Courteous, efficient service. We make our own candies. W. S. DUNCAN.

**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. 427-423 west First street, Albany, Oregon.

**FULLER GROCERY**, 285 Lyon (Successor to Stenberg Bros.) Groceries Fruits Produce Phone 263R

**F. W. SEKAUER**, auto and general painter Get my estimate. 201 E. First street

**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.

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

**MARINELLO PARLORS** (A beauty aid for every need) St. Francis Hotel Prop. INGA HAUGE

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

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

**ROSCOE AMES HARDWARE**, the WINCHESTER STORE 322 W. First st.

**S. S. GILBERT & SON** Builders' and shelf hardware, garden tools, crockery and glassware. New Stock. New low prices.

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

**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, retiring the principal. Cheap rates. No delay. BEAM LAND CO., 133 Lyon St., Albany, Ore.

**FARM LOANS** at lowest rate of interest.

**Real Estate Insurance** Prompt service. Courteous treatment. WM. BAIN, Room 5, First Savings Bank building, Albany

**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

**FRED B. JONES** Piano Tuning and Repairing ALBANY Piano Tuner for leading music stores in Albany. Inquire Davenport music house

**FURNITURE AND FARM MACHINERY** bought, sold and exchanged at all times

**BEN T. SUTTELL** Phone 76-R, 123 N. Broadalbin st., Albany

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

**Why suffer from headache? Have your eyes examined.** S. T. FRENCH Optometrist, with F. M. FRENCH & SONS JEWELERS—OPTICIANS Albany, Oregon

**Have Your Eyes Examined Once a Year** You take good care of your teeth, yet they may be replaced. But what about your eyes? Make it a rule to have them examined once a year.

**Meade & Albro,** Optometrists, Manufacturing Opticians Albany, Oregon



At the university of California hospital a baby started to bleed at birth and before it could be prepared for a blood transfusion its arteries collapsed. The heart cavity was pierced with a hypodermic needle and four ounces of the father's blood was injected. The child began to improve at once and is now well.

Shipments of American wheat from the Columbia river during the last few months of 1923 were nearly half of the entire amount shipped from the United States, and in December they were more than half.

**DELBERT STARR** Funeral Director and Licensed Embalmer Efficient Service. Motor Hears. Lady Attendant. Brownsville, Oregon

**W. L. WRIGHT** Mortician & Funeral Director Halsey and Harrisburg C all D. TAYLOR, Halsey, or W. L. WRIGHT, Harrisburg

**Amor A. Tussing** LAWYER AND NOTARY HALSEY, OREGON

**Halsey Meat Market** The market where you always get the best in meats. W. F. CARTER

**BARBER SHOP** First-Class Work Agent for Eugene Steam Laundry Sent Tuesdays. J. W. STEPHENSON, Prop.

stunned and wounded about the shoulders. They helped him to his feet and led him away. He was trembling with fear. Solomon found a pine torch, still burning, near where the fire had been. By its light they dressed his wounds—the old scout having with him always a small surgeon's outfit.

"What is 'other captive?' he asked in the Indian tongue. "About a mile down the trail. It's a woman and a boy," said the warrior. "Take us whar they be," Solomon commanded.

The three started slowly down the trail, the warrior leading them.

**CHAPTER XVIII** The Voice of a Woman Sobbing. Over the ridge and more than a mile away was a wet, wild meadow. They found the cow and horses feeding on its edge near the trail. The moon, clouded since dark, had come out in the clear mid-heavens and thrown its light into the high windows of the forest above the ancient thoroughfare of the Indian. The red guide of the two scouts gave a call which was quickly answered. A few rods farther on, they saw a pair of old Indians sitting in blankets near a thicket of black timber. They could hear the voice of a woman sobbing near where they stood.

"Womern, don't be skeered o' us—we're friends—we're goin' to take ye hum," said Solomon. The woman came out of the thicket with a little lad of four asleep in her arms.

"Where do ye live?" Solomon asked. "Far south on the shore o' the Mohawk," she answered in a voice trembling with emotion. "What's yer name?" "I'm Bill Scott's wife," she answered.

"Cat's blood and gunpowder!" Solomon exclaimed. "I'm Sol Binkus." She knelt before the old scout and kissed his knees and could not speak for the fulness of her heart. Solomon bent over and took the sleeping lad from her arms and held him against his breast.

"Don't feel bad. We're a-goin' to take keer o' you," said Solomon. "Ayes, sir, we be! They ain't nobody goin' to harm ye—nobody at all." There was a note of tenderness in the voice of the man as he felt the chin of the little lad with his big thumb and finger.

"Do ye know what they done with Bill?" the woman asked soon in a pleading voice. The scout swallowed as his brain began to work on the problem in hand. "Bill broke loose an' got erway. He's gone," Solomon answered in a sad voice.

"Did they torture him?" "What they done I couldn't jes' tell ye. But they kin't do no more to him. He's gone." She seemed to sense his meaning and lay crouched upon the ground with her sorrow until Solomon lifted her to her feet and said:

"Look here, little womern, this don't do no good. I'm goin' to spread my blanket under the pines an' I want ye to lay down with yer boy an' git some sleep. We got a long trip tomorrer. "Tain't so bad as it might be—ye're kind o' lucky 'ter all is said an' done," he remarked as he covered the woman and the child. The wounded warrior and the old man were not to be found. They had sneaked away into the bush. Jack and Solomon looked about and the latter called but got no answer.

"They're skeered clear down to the toe nails," said Solomon. "They couldn't stan' it here. A lightnin' rowler is a few too many. They'd rather be aigh a rattlesnake."

The scouts had no sleep that night. They sat down by the trail side leaning against a log and lighted their pipes. "You 'member Bill Scott?" Solomon whispered. "Yes. We spent a night in his house."

"He were a mean cuss. Sold rum to the Injuns. I allus tol' him it were wrong but—my God A'mighty!—I never 'spected that the fire in the water were a goin' to burn him up sometime. No, sir—I never dreamed he were a-goin' to be punished so—never."

They lay back against the log with their one blanket spread and spent the night in a kind of half sleep. Every little sound was "like a kick in the ribs," as Solomon put it, and drove them "into the look and listen business." The woman was often crying out or the cow and horses getting up to feed.

"My son, go to sleep," said Solomon. "I tell ye there ain't no danger now—not a bit. I don't know much but I know Injuns—plenty."

In spite of his knowledge even Solomon himself could not sleep. A little before daylight they arose and began to stir about. "I was badly burnt by that fire," Jack whispered. "Inside!" Solomon answered. "So was I. My soul were a-sweatin' all night."

The morning was chilly. They gathered birch bark and dry pine and soon had a fire going. Solomon stole over to the thicket where the woman and child were lying and returned in a moment. "They're sound asleep," he said in a low tone. "We'll let 'em alone."

He began to make tea and got out the last of their bread and dried meat and bacon. He was frying the latter when he said:

"That 'ere is a mighty likely womern."

He turned the bacon with his fork and added: "Turrible purty when she were young. Allus hated the rum business."

Jack went out on the wild meadow and brought in the cow and milked her, filling a basin and a quart bottle. Solomon went to the thicket and called: "Mis' Scott!"

The woman answered. "Here's a tow'l an' a little jug o' soap, Mis' Scott. Ye kin take the boy to the creek an' git washed an' then come to the fire an' eat yer breakfast."

The boy was a handsome, blond lad with blue eyes and a serious manner. His confidence in the protection of his mother was sublime.

"What's yer name?" Solomon asked, looking up at the lad whom he had lifted high in the air. "Whig Scott," the boy answered timidly with tears in his eyes.

"What! Be ye skeered o' me?" These words came from the little lad as he began to cry: "No, sir, I ain't skeered. I'm a brave man."

"Courage is the first virtue in which the young are schooled on the frontier," Jack wrote in a letter to his friends at home in which he told of the history of that day. "The words and manner of the boy reminded me of my own childhood."

Solomon held Whig in his lap and fed him and soon won his confidence. The backs of the horses and the cow were so badly galled they could not be ridden, but we were able to lash the packs over a blanket on one of the horses. We drove the beasts ahead of us. The Indians had timbered the swales here and there so that we were able to pass them with little trouble.

The next morning they met a company of one of the regiments of General Herkimer who had gone in pursuit of Red Snout and his followers. Learning what had happened to that evil band and its leader the soldiers faced about and escorted Solomon and his party to Oriskany.

(To be continued)

**Halsey Happenings etc.** (Continued from page 1) Mrs. S. P. Brock has been seriously ill.

Lida E. Gum is suing Charles L. Gum for divorce at Albany, by gum! All the children of the W. C. T. U. farm home were admitted, free, to the Globe theater, Albany, Friday. The play was "Boy of Mine."

At a meeting Friday evening the Pine Grove cemetery association voted an assessment of \$1 a share for cleanup and maintenance purposes. The Linn county Jersey picnic will be at McConnell's Midway Jersey farm, a mile west of Shedd, next Saturday. Chester Mulkey, president of the state Jersey club, is expected to be the principle speaker.

Russell Loomis, Myrtle Piper and Bob Ward, Sodaville on their way to Lebanon by auto, stole several hundred dollars worth of articles from a stalled car that had been temporarily deserted beside the road. The girl has confessed. Loomis and Piper were arrested, but Ward, who



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**Southern Pacific** C. P. MOODY, Halsey, Agent

Over the worst places I had the boy on my back while Solomon carried 'Mis' Scott' in his arms as if she were a baby. He was very gentle with her. To him, as you know, a woman has been a sacred creature since his wife died. He seemed to regard the boy as a wonderful kind of plaything. At the camping places he spent every moment of his leisure toasting him in the air or rolling on the ground with him.

"One day when the woman sat by the fire crying, the little lad touched her brow with his hand and said: "Don't be skeered, mother. I'm brave. I'll take care o' you."

"Solomon came to where I was breaking some dry sticks for the fire and said laughingly, as he wiped a tear from his cheek with the back of his great right hand: "Did ye ever see sech a gol' durn cunnin' littlest cricket in yer born days—ever?"

"Always thereafter he referred to the boy as the Little Cricket." Jack wrote in another of his letters that as they fared along, down toward the sown lands of the upper Mohawk, Solomon began to develop talents of which none of his friends had entertained the least suspicion.

"He has had a hard life full of fight and peril like most of us who were born in this New World," the young man wrote. "He reminds me of some of the Old Testament heroes, and is not this land we have traversed like the plains of Mamre? What a gentle creature he might have been if he had had a chance! How long, I wonder, must we be slayers of men? As long, I take it, as there are savages against whom we must defend ourselves."

Mrs. J. F. Wells of Brownsville and her daughter, Mrs. Loomis, and granddaughter Barbara, were all passengers to Salem Saturday.

Miss Wanda Veatch went to Eugene Thursday to spend a few days with her sister, Miss Enid Veatch, who is a student at the U. of O.

Guy Bramwell and family from Brownsville and Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hoover of Harrisburg were visitors at the J. C. Bramwell home Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Campbell and two sons, who went to Eugene last week to reside, did not find work as expected, so returned to Halsey and left for Kelso, Wash., Friday.

Albany will change its three-quarter inch service water pipe into Bryant park to one of an inch and a quarter, it being conceded that sufficient water ought to be supplied, now that 50c a night is charged campers. On the Henry Zimmerman place Sunday afternoon Milford Muller saw a good-sized porcupine. Percy is no racer. Milford turned a box on its side and with a stick prodded the animal until it entered. Then he fastened it in. Monday morning he had his capture on exhibition in front of Clark's confectionery and had quite an attendance. The porcupine does not, as popularly believed, throw his quills, but the fellow who kicks him is likely to take some away with him.