

GLOBE ALBANY THE PICK OF THE BIG PICTURES SUNDAY-MONDAY JUNE 29-30 A SON OF THE SAHARA with BERT LYTL and CLAIRE WINDSOR Actually Filmed in Algeria coming POLA NEGRI IN SHADOWS OF PARIS

Halsey Happenings etc.

(Continued from page 5) H. W. Clingman was in Albany Thursday. Miss Mary La Rue made a trip to Albany Saturday. Marvin Martin of Brownsville was a passenger to Harrisburg Monday. La Velle Palmer visited in Corvallis the latter part of last week. Miss Pearl Campbell returned Saturday to Albany, where she has employment. Miss Lillian Saeed is visiting at the home of her parents, N. T. Saeed and wife. Mrs. J. O. Cross was a passenger Monday to Harrisburg, where she has a class in music. Miss Dorothy Cornelius arrived Monday for a week with Mrs. L. C. Mirriam and other friends. Mrs. Florence Leeper arrived from Eugene Thursday to visit her mother, Mrs. May Miller. Mrs. Elbert Isom was taken in as a member at last week's meeting of the Neighbors of Woodcraft. C. T. Hockensmith and family of Albany were visiting at Mrs. Bond's and J. L. Palmer's Sunday of last week. Mrs. M. H. Crandall of Portland arrived Friday to visit Mrs. H. W. Clingman. She was joined in the evening for a few hours by her husband, who is a Southern Pacific conductor. She returned to Portland Saturday. This week's is the last announcement of our big premiums to new subscribers and paid-in-advance subscribers who obtain new ones. The offer expires next Monday and will not be renewed. Those who have obtained premiums under this offer are well pleased with them. Our supply of those Wear-Ever Aluminum frying pans now again enables us to fill all orders. Mr. and Mrs. Preston Murphy of Independence visited at the home of their niece, Mrs. Jay Moore, last week. They are deaf mutes and former schoolmates of John LaRue and enjoyed a "talk" with him while here. They were on their way to Eugene to visit their old home. Mrs. E. A. LaFollette, formerly known as Mrs. Clara Cross, is certainly a busy woman in her eastern Oregon home. Her sister, Mrs. William White, says that she is raising 500 turkeys for market and plans to hatch that many more, which will make a flock of 1000 in all (as counted before they hatch). The Halsey porcupine comes in for a little more notice this week. He was taken over to enjoy the pioneer picnic by Albert Miner. While there he sat on the radiator of the car and partook of refreshments, to the amusement of the crowd. To wind up the day Frank Gansle took him to a meeting of the Orientals where he gravely made the acquaintance of the members. Last Sunday F. B. Armstrong, superintendent of the Salem paper mill, Bert Gross, an employe, and Dale Edson and R. A. Finley, in an auto, liquored up and speeded up through Albany. Speed Cop Bloom followed them at 60 miles an hour, brought them to a halt by shooting their rear tires with his pistol, whipped them when they attacked him and, with the assistance of Officer Lillard, jailed them. They paid fines.

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In Days of Poor Richard

(Continued page 3)

"Colonel Binkus, will you help this man to take me down to the British ship?" Arnold asked. "I have an engagement with its commander and am a bit late." Solomon had had much curiosity about that ship. He wished to see the man who had gone into the bush and then to Smith's with Arnold. "Sart'n," Solomon answered. They got into a small barge with the general in the cushioned rear seat, is flag in hand. They came up to the Vulture and made fast at its landing stage where an officer waited to receive the general. The latter ascended to the deck, a moment a voice called from above: "General Arnold's boatmen may come aboard." A British warship was a thing of great interest to Solomon. Once aboard he began to look about him at the shining guns and their gear and he tackled the men. He looked for Arnold, but he was not in sight. Among the crew, then busy on the deck, Solomon saw the Tory desperado "Slops," one time of the Ohio river country, with his black pipe in his mouth. Slops paused in his hauling and reeling to shake a hat at Solomon. They were heaving the anchor. The sails were running up. The ship had begun to move. What was the meaning of this? Solomon stepped to the ship's side. The stair had been hove up and made fast. The barge was not to be seen. "They will put you all ashore below," an officer said to him. Solomon knew too much about Arnold to like the look of this. The officer went forward. Solomon stepped to the opening in the deck rail, not yet closed, through which he had come aboard. While he was looking down at the water, some ten feet below, a group of sailors came to fill in. His arm was roughly seized. Solomon stepped back. Before him stood the

"me but I had enough." Washington was one of those who put him on a stretcher and carried him to the hospital. When he was lying on his bed and his clothes were being removed, the commander in chief paid him this well deserved compliment as he held his hand: "Colonel, when the war is won it will be only because I have had men like you to help me." Soon Jack came to his side and then Margaret. General Washington asked the latter about Mrs. Arnold. "My mother is doing what she can to comfort her," Margaret answered. Solomon revived under stimulants and was able to tell them briefly of the dire struggle he had had. "It were Slops that saved me," he whispered. He fell into a deep and troubled sleep and when he awoke in the middle of the night he was not strong enough to lift his head. Then these faithful friends of his began to know that this big, brawny, redoubtable soldier was having his last fight. He seemed to be aware of it himself for he whispered to Jack: "Take keer o' Mirandy an' the Little Cricket." Late the next day he called for his Great Father. Feebly and brokenly he had managed to say: "Jes' want-to-feeel-his hand." Margaret had sat beside him all day helping the nurse. A dozen times Jack had left his work and run over for a look at Solomon. On one of these hurried visits the young man had learned of the wish of his friend. He went immediately to General Washington, who had just returned from a tour of the forts. The latter saw the look of sorrow and anxiety in the face of his officer. "How is the colonel?" he asked. "I think that he is near the end," Jack answered. "He has expressed a wish to feel your hand again." "Let us go to him at once," said the other. "There has been no greater man in the army." Together they went to the bedside of the faithful scout. The general took his hand. Margaret put her lips close to Solomon's ear and said:



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"General Washington has come to see you." Solomon opened his eyes and smiled. Then there was a beauty not of this world in his homely face. And that moment, holding the hand he had loved and served and trusted, the heroic soul of Solomon Binkus went out upon "the lonesome trail." Jack, who had been kneeling at his side, kissed his white cheek. "Oh, general, I knew and loved this man!" said the young officer as he arose. "It will be well for our people to know what men like him have endured for them," said Washington. "I shall have to learn how to live without him," said Jack. "It will be hard." Margaret took his arm and they went out of the door and stood a moment



looking off at the glowing sky about the western hills. "Now you have me," she whispered. He bent and kissed her. "No man could have a better friend and fighting mate than you," he answered. "We spend our years as a tale that is told," Jack wrote from Philadelphia to his wife in Albany on the 30th of June, 1787: "Dear Margaret, we thought that the story was ended when Washington won. Five years have passed, as a watch in the night, and the most impressive details are just now falling out. You recall our curiosity about Henry Thornhill. When stopping at Kinderhook I learned that the only man of that name who had lived there had been lying in his grave these 20 years. He was one of the first dreamers about liberty. What think you of that? I, for one, cannot believe that the man I saw was an impostor. Was he an angel like those who visited the prophets? Who shall

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say? Naturally, I think often of the look of him and of his sudden disappearance in that Highland road. And, looking back at Thornhill, this thought comes to me: Who can tell how many angels he has met in the way of life all unaware of the high commission of his visitor? "On my westward trip I found that the Indians who once dwelt in the Long House were scattered. Only a tattered remnant remains. Near old Fort Johnson I saw a squaw sitting in her blanket. Her face was wrinkled with age and hardship. Her eyes were nearly blind. She held in her withered hands the ragged, moth-eaten tail of a gray wolf. I asked her why she kept the shabby thing.

theme, viz: the settling of the immense interior and bringing its trade to the Atlantic cities. "I was coughing with a severe cold. He urged me to take some remedies which he had in the house, but I refused them. "He went to his office while Lee and I sat down together. The latter told me of a movement in the army led by Colonel Nicholas to make Washington king of America. He had seen Washington's answer to the letter of the colonel. It was as follows: "Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me sensations more painful than your in-

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"Because of the hand that gave it," she answered in English. "I shall take it with me to the Happy Hunting Grounds. When he sees it he will know me." "So quickly the beautiful Little White Birch had faded. "At Mount Vernon, Washington was as dignified as ever but not so grave. He almost joked when he spoke of the sculptors and portrait painters who have been a great bother to him since the war ended. "Now no dray horse moves more readily to the mill than I to the painter's chair," he said. "When I arrived the family was going in to dinner and they waited until I could make myself ready to join them. The Jocular Light Horse Harry Lee was there. His anecdotes delighted the great man. I had never seen G. W. in better humor. A singularly pleasant smile lighted his whole countenance. I can never forget the gentle note in his voice and his dignified bearing. It was the same whether he were addressing his guests or his family. The servants watched him closely. A look seemed to be enough to indicate his wishes. The faithful Billy was always at his side. I have never seen a sweeter atmosphere in any home. We sat an hour at the table after the family had retired from it. In speaking of his daily life he said: "I ride around my farms until it is time to dress for dinner, when I nearly miss seeing strange faces, come, as they say, out of respect for me. Perhaps the word curiosity would better describe the cause of it. The usual time of sitting at table brings me to candle-light, when I try to answer my letters." "He had much to say on his favorite

formation of there being such ideas in the army as those you have imparted to me and I must view them with abhorrence and reprehend them with severity. I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs which could befall my country." "Is it not a sublime and wonderful thing, dear Margaret, that all our leaders, save one, have been men as incorruptible as Stephen and Peter and Paul? "When I went to bed my cough became more troublesome. After it had gone on for half an hour or so my door was gently opened and I observed the glow of a candle. On drawing my bed curtains I saw, to my utter astonishment, Washington standing at my side with a bowl of hot tea in his hand. It embarrassed me to be thus waited on by a man of his greatness. "We set out next morning for Philadelphia to attend the convention, Washington riding in his coach drawn by six horses. I riding the blaze-faced mare of destiny, still as sweet and strong as ever. A slow journey it was over the old road by Culvert's to Annapolis, Chestertown, and so on to the north. "I found Franklin sitting under a tree in his dooryard, surrounded by his grandchildren. He looks very white and venerable now. His hair is a crown of glory. "Well, Jack, it has been no small part of my life work to get you happily married," he began in his playful way. "A celibate is like the odd half of a pair of scissors. It only to scrape a trencher. How many babies have you?" "Three," I answered. "It is not half enough," said he.

Table with 2 columns: North, South. Rows: No. 18, 11:37 a. m.; No. 17, 12:15 p. m.; No. 24, 4:27 p. m.; No. 23, 7:26 p. m.; No. 22, 3:20 a. m.; No. 21, 11:32 p. m.; No. 21 and 22 stop only if flagged; No. 14, due Halsey at 5:09 p. m., stops to let off passengers from south of Roseburg; No. 23 runs to Eugene only; No. 21 runs to Eugene, thence Marshfield branch; Passengers for south of Roseburg should take No. 17 to Eugene and there transfer to No. 15.

SUNDAY MAIL HOURS The delivery window of the Halsey postoffice is open Sundays from 10:40 to 10:50 a. m. and 12:15 to 12:30 p. m. Sunday mail goes out only on the north-bound 11:37 train: Mail goes south once a day, closing at 11:05 a. m.; north twice, closing 11:25 a. m. and 5:30 p. m. Mail stage for Brownsville, Crawfordville and Sweet Home leaves daily at 6:45 a. m.

"A patriotic American should have at least ten children. I must not forget to say to you what I say to every young man. Always treat your wife with respect. It will procure respect for you not only from her, but from all who observe it. Never use a slighting word." "My beloved, how little I need this advice you know, but I think that the old philosopher never made a wiser observation. I am convinced that civilization itself depends largely on the respect that men feel and show for women.

"I asked about his health. "I am weary and the night is falling and I shall soon lie down to sleep, but I know that I shall awake refreshed in the morning," he said. "He told me how, distressed by his infirmity, he came out of France in the queen's litter, carried by her magnificent mules. Of England he had only this to say: "She is doing wrong in discouraging emigration to America. Emigration multiplies a nation. She should be represented in the growth of the New World by men who have a voice in its government. By this fair means she could repossess it instead of leaving it to foreigners, of all nations, who may drown and stifle sympathy for the mother land. It is now a fact that Irish emigrants and their children are in possession of the government of Pennsylvania.

"I must not fail to set down here in the hope that my sons may some time read it, what he said to me of the treason of Arnold. "Here is the vindication of poor Richard. Extravagance is the way to self-satisfaction. The man who does not keep his feet in the old, honest way of thrift will some time sell himself, and then he will be ready to sell his friends or his country. By and by nothing is so dear to him as thirty pieces of silver." "I shall conclude my letter with a beautiful confession of faith by this master mind of the country. It was made on the motion for daily prayers in the convention now drafting a constitution for the states. 'I shall never forget the look of him as, standing on the lonely summit of his eighty years, he said to us:

"In the beginning of our contest with Britain when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for Divine protection. Our prayers, sirs, were heard and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a directing Providence in our affairs. And have we forgotten that powerful friend? Or do we imagine that we no longer need His assistance? I have lived, sirs, a long time and the longer I live the more convincing proof I see of this truth that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice it is probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, sirs, that except the Lord build the house they labor in vain who build it. I firmly believe this and I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall succeed in this political structure no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided and confounded and we ourselves become a reproach and a byword down to future ages. And, what is worse, mankind may hereafter despair of establishing government by human wisdom and leave it to chance, war and conquest." "Dear Margaret, you and I who have been a part of the great story know full well that in these words of our noble friend is the conclusion of the whole matter."

(THE END)

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