

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

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

Auto Electric Service—Rechargeable A & B batteries—WILLARD storage battery. Phone 23. 119-121 W. Second st. H. D. Prestor—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-cases 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. 427-433 West First street, Albany, Oregon.

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

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

HOLMAN & JACKSON Grocery—Bakery Everything in the line of extra 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 photographs. 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. WIN. LERED ROSE.

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

MOORE'S MUSIC HOUSE "Everything musical" 223 W. First st.

Murphy Motor Co. Buick and Chevrolet automobiles. Tires and accessories. Albany, Oregon. Phone 260.

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."

THE MARGUERITE SHOPPE Shampooing, Marcelling and Scalp Treatments. Margaret Countryman, Globe Theater bldg. Phone 158J Prop.

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

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

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

Albany Directory—Continued

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

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.

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

Quality What a satisfaction to know that your KRYPTOK GLASSES are built upon the highest standard of QUALITY.

Anyone buying for quality will look for KRYPTOKS.

Meade & Albro, Optometrists, Manufacturing Optician Albany, Oregon

An up-to-date hydraulic gold-mining plant will be installed near Foster on the South Santiam river by a company of Albany capitalists.

Rev. George Douglas Byers, reported murdered on the island of Hainan near the China coast, presumably brigands, was a graduate of Albany college.

The red spider, a menace to the hop crop, is doing considerable damage in the hop fields around Harrisburg. The bug turns the leaves red as well as the hops.

F. M. GRAY, DRAYMAN All work done promptly and reasonably. Phone No. 269

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

W. L. WRIGHT Mortician & Funeral Director Halsey and Harrisburg Call D. TAYLOR, Halsey, or W. L. WRIGHT, Harrisburg

DR. WHETSTONE DENTIST
HALSEY HOTEL
Wednesday and Friday
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BARBER SHOP First-class Work
J. W. STEPHENSON, Prop.

FARM LOANS I can make both FARM and CITY LOANS at a very low rate of interest from 5 to 10 years. Write me for particulars. G. W. LAYMAN, Salem, Ore. 419 Oregon Blvd.

Pay Gravel



by HUGH PENDEXTER

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They walked their horses for half an hour, and Dinsdale was beginning to believe the alarms of the night had been exhausted when the gambler swore softly and warned:

"They're coming!" Dinsdale cut in ahead of him, both hand-guns drawn, and sharply said: "No place for rifles! I'm using hand-guns. Shoot by the flash of them if you can."

"I'm sitting in with my derringers. They'll know I'm dealing." And Joe's stirrup rubbed against Dinsdale's. The horses stood motionless, their ears pricked forward to catch the telltale sounds. Dinsdale suddenly whispered:

"No Injun's feet making that racket! White man's boots. Only one man, at that. Keep behind me so we won't be shooting each other."

San Juan fell back. Dinsdale cocked a gun and held it half raised. The clattering footsteps drew nearer. The affair took on a new complexion when a shrill scream of despair cut the night; and Dinsdale felt the roots of his hair prickling as he pictured the another spring of a Sioux on the back of the victim. The scream was answered by a chorus of diabolical howls. Again came the terrified cry, and the gambler exclaimed:

"A woman!" "She must have broken loose from them!" Dinsdale cried. "Here she is!" He leaped from the saddle, groped with his hands and threw his arms about a wildly struggling form.

"Hush your noise, child." For the figure was very slight. "We're white and friends," he added. "Save me! Save me!" she faintly cried, now clinging to him. "Save me, or kill me!"

"Get her on to the horse. We must ride through them," softly warned the gambler.

He drove his horse alongside Dinsdale and cried: "Hil, girl! Keep shut if you want to be saved. You're all right."

The Indians redoubled their ferocious cries as Dinsdale mounted and pulled the girl up after him, much as if she had been a bag of meal. He drew her across the horse behind him and directed:

"Sit straddle! Arms around my waist. My waist, not my neck! All ready, Joe. Let her go!"

The Indians, confident of soon overtaking their victim, were using time and breath in voicing their bloodcurdling cries. They had heard the girl cry out but attached no significance to it. They never dreamed that succor was at hand for her until they heard the thudding of swift hoofs, and then it was too late for them to take shelter.

For a moment they listened, astounded. Then Dinsdale and the gambler were upon them, both hands of each splitting fire. The first flashes of Dinsdale's heavy guns revealed the position of the Indians; then it was over before the red men had had time to realize it had commenced.

With the crashing boom of the big Colts and the murderous bark of the derringers three of the fire hucks dropped on the canyon floor and went to talk with the ghosts. The other two managed to crawl to one side, bleeding profusely. Fifty rods up the canyon Dinsdale checked the mad rush of his horse.

"Those ahead must have heard our guns. They'll be laying for us," he warned.

From behind them rose the wailing cry of a wolf, a signal of discovery. The cry quavered and abruptly ceased as a wounded warrior reached the maximum of effort.

"That tells the others the whole story. We must be out of this before daylight—and no turning back. Hil, girl, how many were there of them?" The girl moaned hysterically and clutched the speaker's waist more tightly. Dinsdale reached back and pinched her ear, and commanded:

"Stop that noise. How many jumped you?"

"They fired from the sky. They killed Belman and his wife. They killed the Stacey brothers. Young Dawley fired back. They dropped from the sky and used clubs. Oh! Oh! Oh! With clubs! Young Dawley. A dozen, like pictures of devils. Out of the black sky almost into our fire."

"Call it thirteen," said Dinsdale to his companion.

"Five or six out of it already. Six or seven left! Not enough for breakfast! Load up and get going, Pebe," snarled the gambler.

"A moment, I'm loaded. Stop your noise, girl, or they'll have your scalp!" On swept the horses at a gallop. They plunged recklessly down a steep grade, and their riders were blind men because of the velvet darkness.

Then appeared a slight suggestion of light ahead, and this when reached became an abrupt turn in the canyon wall.

Rounding it, they beheld the source of the faint illuminations—a rosy bed of coals, with flames licking through the charred embers of two wagons. The ground was strewn with boxes and bales, and the horses had been butchered! But what constituted a more horrible litter were the mutilated forms within the zone of light.

The girl had named four dead men and one woman. Her rescuers counted nine stark figures, which meant the Belman outfit had been wiped out with the exception of one—the girl.

"Watch sharp!" yelled San Juan, glomping into the lead with the reins in his teeth and his derringers ready. There was no sign of the enemy on the canyon floor, and the riders devoted their attention to the walls of broken rock now faintly illumined by the fire. Thirty feet up and on the right-hand side something moved and dislodged pebbles.

Instantly Dinsdale threw up a gun and began firing. With the third bullet a savage rolled down the uneven slope and sprawled grotesquely across a boulder. He wore three feathers of the golden, or war, eagle in his long black hair. The red paint along the median line of the hair was conspicuous.

To count coup Dinsdale bent low to one side, and the girl screamed for him not to drag her from the horse. He snatched away the feathers, only to drop them as several bullets whistled about his head.

San Juan Joe was firing at the left-hand wall. Rifles bellowed an answer, filling the canyon with crashing echoes. A dead warrior, his head smashed by a heavy derringer bullet, hung over a rock, his hands hanging down as if he were trying to reach the rifle just below him. Then in a few mighty springs the frightened horses turned a bend in the road and leaped into the darkness. Dinsdale felt the girl's arms relaxing. Replacing his belt guns, he reached around and caught her just as she began to topple into the road. He pulled her around in front of him and placed a hand over her heart. She still lived.

After a mile of reckless traveling the men drew rein and listened. There was no sound of pursuit. Then the gambler said:

"It's near here. Can you hear it? Running water on the right. The spring where the Metz family was wiped out. Five men and two women."

The girl gave a little shiver and began to weep.

"She's come to her senses," Dinsdale announced. "Get some water and perhaps she'll feel better. Are you hurt, girl? And what's your name?"

"I ain't hurt! Wish I was dead. I'm Lottie Carl," she moaned. "They dropped down out of the sky and began shooting. The Stacey boys were ascending a broken wheel by the fire."

"Any of your folks with them?" Dinsdale asked.

"None of my folks. I ain't got any. But they was good to me. Only friends I had. Then they dropped out of the sky like big black birds. They fell almost into our fire. The Staceys and the Belmans was killed in a jiffy, Oh!"

"Can you ride behind me now?" asked Dinsdale.

"Here in front, I'm 'traid of the dark when I ride behind you. I'd feel them clawing at me."

In this fashion they came to the upper end of the canyon and into the dawn.

Both stared curiously at the one survivor of the massacre. She was slight of physique, thin of face from horror and probably privations. She looked undernourished, and her coarse gown and man's boots did not make for attractiveness. San Juan Joe, however, something of an expert in feminine appraisals, mentally decided that her large gray eyes and wealth of chestnut hair would some day transform her into a beauty.

"How old are you, girl?" he asked. "Seventeen," she answered, studying them with great frankness.

Dinsdale mumbled: "Thought you was a mite of a child, not more than thirteen by the heft of you."

"I ain't very hefty," she admitted. "We was Ohio folks. Now they're all dead. Wish I was with them!"

"That's no way to talk," said Dinsdale. "Troubles are all ended. Tell us how you managed to get away from them."

Her lips trembled, but this time she fought down the hysteria and managed to explain:

"They were so sure of me. I was crazy from it all. They got to dan-



going away

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ing. They began hurting the poor, dead bodies. Oh, but that was awful!" She ceased speaking and bit her lips. Again conquering her weakness, she went on:

"It was while they were busy that I started to walk away. I was hoping they'd kill me quick. Before I knew it I was at the turn in the road. Beyond that the light didn't shine. I began running. I guess you know the rest."

"I couldn't run very fast in these," she thrust forward a boot. "Seems as if they didn't want to catch me at first. They was hooting and laughing as they come after me. That's about all."

"Now I know what 'trouble' the cards meant and who had to cut the deuce," remarked the gambler.

They took to an old lodge-pole trail and followed it to Pleasant valley. Beside a spring the men halted and produced bacon, bread and coffee. The gambler started to cook the breakfast.



She insisted on attending to the cooking.

but the girl insisted on taking charge of the coffee pot and frying pan, and gravely informed him:

"It's for the woman to get the meals."

San Juan stepped back and stared dumbly at Dinsdale. Like an old housewife, weighted with responsibilities, the girl fried the bacon and made the coffee, then fried the bread in the bacon fat. She had been used to hard work. After they had eaten and while she was washing the utensils at the spring San Juan murmured:

"What's to be done with her?" Dinsdale frowned and rubbed his jaw, then gave it up.

"Time enough to decide that when we get to Deadwood," he said.

"Kitty will take care of her," mused the gambler.

"Kitty?" repeated Dinsdale.

"Friend of mine. Good friend, too, but it won't do to stick here any longer. We're too near the canyon. The Injuns may be sneaking round these parts. We must be going."

They followed the road toward Custer and frequently passed old prospect holes, dug the year before, and not a few deserted cabins. At midday they rounded a low hill and came in sight of the town, the first to be laid out in the Black hills and now an excellent example of a "busted" boom. In 1875, when white men were taboo in the hills, it had been a magic town, with a main street half a mile long and crowded with business houses and disreputable resorts. Now its merchants and gamblers and its painted women were hunting their profits in

Deadwood City. There were some hundred and fifty inhabitants, mostly men. In the town, with row after row of dwellings left to the ravages of squirrels and kindred mischief workers.

San Juan took his companions to a hotel, where the girl was given a room while the men ordered dinner. When she rejoined them they nodded approval. Although her pale face and thin features made her look all eyes, there was no ignoring her neatly brushed hair, fine as spun silk. She glanced shyly at them and said:

"I ain't thanked you for what you've done for me."

"Never mention it," said San Juan bowing gallantly. "Now we'll eat."

He ushered them into the dining room, pulled out a chair for Lottie Carl and seated her with quite the grand manner.

The fare was bountiful, and Lottie Carl found that the tragedy had not killed her appetite. They had finished and the gambler was cutting the end of a cigar when a man rushed into the room and hoarsely cried out:

"Wild Bill's been shot! Done to death from behind by that dirty snake of a Jack McCall! D—n him! If Deadwood City ain't stretched his miserable weasens' before now it oughter be busted flatter than this town even is."

"But Wild Bill Hickock! Some one got the drop on Wild Bill!" incredulously gasped Dinsdale.

"Get the drop, h—ll!" howled the newsbearer. "McCall took grubstake from him. Made off to be everlastingly obliged to him. Then stood behind him while Bill was playing a few cards and shot him through the back of the head. S'pose that skunk would 'a' dared make a move if Wild Bill had had half a eye on him? An' at that Bill had a gun pulled clear of the holster an' cocked when they picked him up from the table where he fell, face down."

San Juan sorrowfully lamented. "Wild Bill was white. Too bad. Too bad."

They left the dining room and found that the hotel and town was alive with the news. From the hotel proprietor San Juan bought a roll of blankets for the girl and some cooked food, and hired a horse. When they struck on the corduroy road that led to Deadwood City San Juan was keen to make fast time; but the girl, wearied by her terrible experiences and unused to horseback riding, made haste an impossibility. Dinsdale detected his companion's impatience and suggested that he ride on ahead, adding:

"I'll fetch Lottie Carl along."

"No; I'll stick along with you two. There's probably some excitement in town over Wild Bill's death, and I'd like to be there."

The travelers passed through fair valleys, richly grassed, that would have delighted the heart of the husbandman. According to Dinsdale's count they crossed Spring creek thirty-one times in traveling a dozen miles. They made their camp on the head waters of this stream, and built a lean-to, or half-faced camp, for the girl. She insisted on attending to the cooking.

Early in the morning, while the valley was still swathed in white fog, they were up and eating and soon on their way. A short ride brought them to Hill City, which interested Dinsdale hugely. There were two hundred log houses, many of them uncompleted, and not a solitary inhabitant.

Deadwood City again was the answer for this wholesale abandonment. Once the citizens heard of the poor man's diggings in the northern gulch they had stampeped as one.

That noon they rode into Rapid City

(Continued on page 6)