

# 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 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. HOPLICH.

**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-case organ, good as new. Baby 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. Courtrooms, 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. 427-431 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 cats. 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. Second and Ferry. Master Dyers and Cleaners. Made-To-Measure Clothes.

**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. WINNIFRED 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 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.

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

**THE MARGUERITE SHOPPE** Shampooing, Marceling and Scalp Treatments. Margaret Countryman, Globe Theater bldg. Phone 154. Prop.

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

**FURNITURE AND FARM MACHINERY** bought, sold and exchanged at all times. BEN T. SUDELL

Phone 76-R. 123 N. Broadalbin st. Albany

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

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

# Albany Directory—Continued

**FARM LOANS** Write for booklet describing our 20-year Rural Credit Amortized Loan. The loan pays out in 20 payments, requiring the principal. Cheap rates. No delay.

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

**Metzger's SHOE SERVICE** OREGON ALBANY

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 ask for KRYPTOKS.



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

**A Modern Barber Shop** Laundry sent Tuesdays Agency Hub Cleaning Works **ABE'S PLACE**

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

**F. M. GRAY, DRAYMAN** All work done promptly and reasonably. Phone No. 267

**HALSEY Cream and Produce Station** Cash paid for Cream, Poultry, Eggs, Veal & Hides. M. H. SHOOK

**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 12 to 8:30

**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. LAPLAK, Salem, Ore. 410 Oregon Bldg.

# Pay Gravel

By **HUGH PENDEXTER**

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(Continued from page 2)



"Hold Yer Yap, Yer Poor Fool Idiot!" Roared Allen.

be big medicine and let him live, and he saw things." "I was wakan witsasha, mystery man," proudly recited the man called Scissors. "Any one might get to be pejihuta witsasha, a common grass root man, but I was wakan. Before they could cut off my arms I pulled out my little scissors and made a picture of their chief. They thought it was magic. It was magic. None of you fellows ever see it done before. It's an art. Always could do it. I can go anywhere in these hills and if the Indians see my scissors they won't hurt me. Can't remember when I couldn't do it. See here."

He whipped out a pair of scissors and a piece of paper, and, squinting at Bandy Allen, began cutting the paper with marvelous rapidity. He held the scissors in one position, working the blades, and turning the paper back and forth and in half-circles in a most bewildering manner. "The Sioux call me Two Knives Talking—each scissors blade is a knife to them, you know," he explained in a singsong voice as he whirled the paper.

Dinsdale studied him with much sympathy. He was a slight, washed-out looking specimen, and his face was vacuous. He had all the appearance of one mentally unbalanced. Allen lowered at him wrathfully, undecided whether to remain as an accommodation to the artist or to withdraw. The man suddenly raised a shout of laughter, and Scissors triumphantly held up the result of his skill. It was an exceedingly clever caricature of Allen with the long, tagged hair and bow legs grotesquely accentuated.

"Give me four bits for it?" asked Scissors, ruffing his thin yellow hair and tentatively offering the picture to Allen. "Roaring an oath, Allen ran his eyes over the grinning faces and dropped a hand on a gun. "Who's laughin' at me?" he demanded, advancing a few steps. The smiles vanished. Standing in front of Scissors, he drew back his fist to drive it into the simple face. Dinsdale stepped between the two and informed Allen: "I was laughing, too. I'm laughing now."

And he grinned broadly. The men scattered. Allen reached for both guns, but with a flint of his hand Dinsdale had him covered and was saying: "Better keep your hands out of mischief." Allen controlled his rage, for the muzzle of the forty-four was most convincing.

"I wasn't goin' to use a gun on 'er fool," he grumbled. "He was makin' game of me, an' he oughter be smashed in the face." Dinsdale slipped the gun into the holster and informed Allen: "Have it that I made game of you. Smash me in the face." Allen stared at him furiously, but instinct warned him to be wary. "I ain't got any fight with you yet, mister. This fellar's a nuisance. You didn't have no call to bust into this game. I'm a poor forgetter."

With that he turned and swaggered to the door. Dinsdale looked after him thoughtfully for a moment, then laughed lightly.

scissors felt called upon to vindicate his art, and loudly protested:

"I've made pictures of lots of men in this town, bigger men than Bandy Allen. They never got mad. When I was with the Sioux I made one of old One Stab, who married Red Cloud's daughter. He was so pleased he gave me a rifle. Lots of men in San Juan Joe's place buy my pictures. Bandy Allen don't want to get uppish with me, or I'll tell Joe.

"But I'm much obliged to you, stranger. You meant well. Still I don't think Bandy Allen would hurt me. I'm wakan witsasha, you know. White men as well as the Sioux are findin' that out."

With a duck of his head he worked his way through the group and into the street.

"Who is he? What is he?" inquired Dinsdale. The men were eyeing him curiously. A miner informed him: "Scissors is a natural fool in everything outside of cutting paper into pictures and talking polite. He blew into the hills right after Custer was wiped out. He was caught on the way by some of Crazy Horse's bucks. Seeing he was foolish they didn't skin him alive offhand. And when they found out what he could do with scissors and paper they took him to be big medicine. He can cut out buffalo, elk, bear, any animal or bird. He can cut out horses on the dead gallop, or a whole string of men fighting, or anything."

"He must have been educated somewhere before he went foolish," mused Dinsdale. "He talks well. What's his real name?" "Don't know. He's just Scissors to us, and Two Knives Talking to the Indians. Well, he's lucky in one way—he don't have to pack any guns in his outfit."

And the miner glanced significantly at Dinsdale's two big Colts.

"I have to pack guns, and I can use two at once," Dinsdale informed him, his face hardening. "Some of you fellows get the same habit and there'll be fewer Injun killings." "An' fewer stage holdups," supplemented a voice from the back of the crowd.

"Why, surely, if you know how to use your guns and have sand enough to take a chance," agreed Dinsdale.

He waited a few moments to see if others wished to indulge in innuendo, and as the men remained silent he returned to the street. "I'm doing well," he grimly muttered as he aimlessly wandered down the street. "In town only for a few hours and already I've thrown a gun on a bow-legged scrub—and offered to fight San Juan Joe, although the public doesn't know about that. Reckon I'll drop around and see Joe. I owe him some sport because of the girl. I'll see if I can't put him in a better humor."

**CHAPTER IV** Hunting for Action.

For two days Dinsdale walked and rode up and down Deadwood Gulch and made several short trips to outlying places. Most of these diggings were abandoned because of the Indian scare, and the few being worked were under a heavy guard. Several times he passed San Juan Joe's big tent, in front of which stood an Indian medicine-pole, but saw nothing of the proprietor. Once he met Kitty the Schemer. It was on the road to Crook City. He was returning to Deadwood, and she was riding north in the company of several men. She flashed him a smile and bowed graciously. He asked himself: "What is the little cat planning now? Sharp claws?"

Another encounter, and one that left him in poor spirits, was with Mrs. Colt. "How's Little getting along?" he asked, genuinely pleased to meet her. "I was thinking of calling next Sunday." She eyed him with disapproval. "We'll say you've had your visit here and now," she told him. "Don't call at the house to see Lottie Carl till I say so. You and your two guns!"

"Surely other men wear two guns in Deadwood," he defended. "Scoundrels do, and men who have an honest right to wear them. Are you a guard on a treasure coach? Guarding any diggings? Going to fight Injuns? As far as I can make out you ain't even a gambler. You ride around, but don't seem keen to be earning an honest living."

"If I don't want to work, that's my business. If I do want to work, and can afford to wait till I strike something to suit, that also is my business. I won't bother you, Mrs. Colt. So long as you're good to Lottie Carl nothing else matters." "You talk pert. You've told me to keep my nose out of your business. But I ain't going to get fired up over that. You're new here. Your way of coming made you known to the whole town. What you do is noticed." "Lottie Carl is too green to look after herself. I fired a prompt-paying boarder yesterday, fired him neck and baggage, for winking at her. She ain't in any danger in my house, but if you ain't the proper sort I'd have my doubts. The little fool seems to think she belongs to you along of what you done. So well wait a bit, young man."



# going away To Oregon's Vacationland low roundtrip fares

Crater Lake, Tillamook, Newport, Coos Bay beaches, Oregon Caves, the McKenzie River and scores of delightful mountain resorts in Oregon are available for your vacation this summer. Special low roundtrip fares are now in effect to all points. Stopovers along the line. And on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays even lower roundtrip fares are sold, without stopovers along the route. These fares have a return limit of 16 days. For complete information and copy of our booklet "Oregon Outdoors" communicate with

C. P. MOODY, Halsey, Agent—Phone 275

# Southern Pacific

of work. If I won't be a merchant or miner I can be a gambler. Gambler's seem to be thought of highly here."

It was late afternoon of the day he had met Mrs. Colt when he passed through the entrance of San Juan Joe's tent. Although it was not the rush hour a considerable number of men were trying their luck at faro, roulette and monte. For several minutes Dinsdale sought to locate the proprietor, but was unsuccessful. Satisfied he was not in the tent, Dinsdale wandered to the faro layout and placed a few bets, staking greenbacks, to the envy of the other players. He quit the game a hundred dollars winner and without any enthusiasm passed on to a roulette wheel and quickly dropped the gold he had won at faro. He smiled as if pleased when a man exclaimed:

"There goes the greenback man!" He was slowly making for the exit when a shrill voice halted him. He turned to face the grinning Scissors. The fellow had his paper and scissors in hand, but what made Dinsdale's eyes widen was the great horned owl perched on Scissors' shoulder.

"I want you to meet Sitting Bull," said Scissors, reaching up a hand to tickle the owl's head. "Howdy-do, Sitting Bull," gravely greeted Dinsdale. "Chief, this is the young man I was telling you about. Friend of mine. Ain't many folks that can tame an owl and have him like Sitting Bull." Scissors proudly informed Dinsdale:

"I should say that is true. No more trouble with that bow-legged cuss, eh?" Scissors chuckled and idly snipped out the profile of a swarthy Mexican, big hat and all, and replied: "Allen wouldn't dare bother me here. I have too many friends among the customers. Joe lets me circulate around and pick up a living. He wouldn't take kindly to any man trying games on me or Sitting Bull."

He held the silhouette before the Mexican and raised four fingers. The Mexican gazed with much pleasure at the likeness. The big hat intrigued him, and he handed over four bits and tucked the paper in his shirt. Scissors turned back to the amused Dinsdale and confided:

"That's the way it goes. If Joe knew how much I take in he'd probably ask for a rake-off. Took in most an ounce today. The night ought to bring it up to two ounces, maybe more." "You don't say!" exclaimed Dinsdale. "And what do you do with all your gold?" Scissors' amiable grin gave place to an expression of fear.

"That's telling," he muttered. "Sitting Bull knows, and I know. That's enough to know. And no one else has time to think about me. They're whispering on the street today that some new men are in town, some that have robbed a railroad train. I don't want those fellows to hear about my savings. Still I hope they are here. They throw their dust around mighty free-like."

"How do you know that unless you know them by sight?" quickly asked Dinsdale.



"This Might Give You Some Lead Instead of Gold," Warned Dinsdale. Within two nights after it happened. "But if these gentlemen of the road knew you talked like this they might not like it. They might give you some lead instead of gold," warned Dinsdale.

Scissors' fainous face showed much alarm. "Don't you tell them that I've talked," he begged. "I'll keep my mouth shut after this. If any of them hear I've talked and speak to you, you just say it isn't so." Dinsdale smiled curiously. "So you're taking me for one of them," he murmured.

Scissors became flurried and backed away from Dinsdale as if suddenly afraid of him; but he repeated: "Just tell them it isn't so. Now I must make a picture of 'Horseshoe' Webb, over at the monte table."

A pause and a sharp glance at Dinsdale's expressionless face. "He's very ugly or very good-natured in his drinks. Just now he's good-natured." With a heavy duck of his head, which the big owl seemed to imitate, he sidled his way to the monte table, where Horseshoe Webb was twisting his huge black mustache and smiling amiably. Webb wore a gayly-embroidered buckskin coat and carried an ivory-handled revolver at the front of his belt. From below the skirts of the coat protruded the decorated sheath of a long knife. Dinsdale shifted his position so that he might study Webb more closely. He was large and gaunt of frame, and yet was very vain. He covered his uncouth figure with the softest of buckskins and received his name from a horseshoe of brilliant worn in his neck scarf. And he was inordinately proud of his long black mustache.

(To be continued)

One of the thousands of tobacco fires occurred when C. P. Hulegard's barn and contents at Millhorn station on the Oregon electric was burned last week. Loss \$1500. The electric railroad does not throw cinders, but some fool cigaret smoker threw his stub from a car window.