This is good advice; "If you live in Albany, trade in Albany; if you live tiring the principal. Cheap rates. No in some other town, trade in that town. delay.

BEAM LAND CO., But in these automobile days many re-siding 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 require-ments with courtesy and fairness.

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Elite Cafeteria and confectionery Home cooking. Pleasant surround-ings. Courteous, efficient service. We make our own candies.
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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

of Hearing of Final Account Notice is hereby given that the final account of A. G. Waggener as adminis-trater of the estate of John F. Waggen-er, deceased, has been filed in the Goun-ty Court of Linn County, State of Oregon, and that the 10th day of November, 1924, at the hour of 10 o'clock a m., has been duly appointed by said Court for the hearing of objections to said final account and the settlement thereof, at which time any person interested in said estate may appear and file objections thereto in writing and con-

test the same. Dated and first published Oct. 8, 1924.

A. G. WAGGENER, Administrator of the Estate.

AMOR A. Tussing, Att'y for Adm'r

Cutting Soy Beans for

Hay With Common Mower Soy beans for hay may be cut any time after the pads are formed and before many of the leaves begin to Too early cutting lowers the yield and late cutting reduces the quality of the hay. They may be cut with an ordinary mower, allowed to wilt for a day in the swath, and the curing R. Sumner, agronomy specialist, Kan-

sas State Agricultural college. Harvesting the seed crop should leaves have fallen and most of the kind of work. That word I got must pods have changed color. This rule have been a fulse trail." will vary somewhat with the season,

says. The beans may be harvested with either a grain or corn binder or a mower with side delivery attachment. Care in handling is necessary to prevent shattering. The crop should be shocked, capped, and allowed to stand for at least two weeks before threshing. Stacking soy beans is a good forty year. Sold by all druggists.

P. J. CELENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio practice, says the agronomist.



(Continued)

San Juan Joe studied the reckless face in silence for a full minute, then glided to the door and opened it quickly to make sure there was no eavesdropper. Returning to the table, he poured out two drinks, and demanded; "If you don't care to sit in will you promise never to tell what I'm about

"Think I'd spoil good sport?" hotly asked Dinsdale. "If I don't sit in I'll

to tell you?"

never breathe it to a living soul." "That's good enough for me. This is the game," and he leaned across the table and lowered his voice to a whisper. "Several business men in this town believe the hills are beginning to play out except for those who locate and develop quartz mines. They agree with me it'll be easy to hold up one of the treasure-coaches. Profit, two hundred thousand and upward. There Now you know I'm a bad-man."

His black eyes bored into Dinsdale's to observe how he received the startling confidence. Dinsdale's face re mained expressionless. He tasted his drink and said:

"If the ropes are rigged it ought to be simple and easy. I could get the stuff alone. Getting away might be harder."

"Harder than the Ogalala job?" queried San Juan, and he grinned wickedly.

"This isn't any confessional," coldly retorted Dinsdale, his eyes half clos-"But every one knows, or ought to, that it's easier to hold up a stage than a train. A stage is boy's play If I had my wad I'd gamble you I could slip on a mask and hold up any stage on the line with two corncobs for guns

-passenger-coaches, of course." "I believe you," softly cried Sar Juan.

"Of course you've got all the neces sary information?" "A, B, C," assured the gambler "There will be five of us, and you're to

be one of the two to work on the in side. Does that scare you?" "I don't scare," growled Dinsdale know definitely when the coach is to

start. We'll hope it'll be fat."
"They may hold it back till the soldiers come. "If they could be sure the soldiers will get here ahead of the reds. As it is, Patrick & Saulsbury are threatening to pull off their stages unless If it looks like the Indians will be buzzing around this guich they'll start the treasure-coach at once. Depends

on what they think the chances are. That's what I'm going to find out." He turned to his desk and from behind a drawer pulled out a large bag of dust and tossed it on the table, saying:

"Spending money. Sorry it isn't greenbacks. I'll O. K. you at the tables so you can play on L. O. U.'s if you want action. We'll settle after dividing the gold."

"Just a word mora Bandy Allen? The man I killed. Was he one of the gang?" San Juan laughed in deep amuse

ment. "We'd never trust a loose-tongue dog like that. He stuck up some

or with the Rapid City outfit." "I knew he wasn't getting his dust by working. I tried to get away from the poor fool. But it was him or me. "French Curly and Big George riled him up by telling him you had bluffed him in the Bed Rock. He thought he must get you to gek back his repirtation. You did a good turn for the town. It was a nistake for me to send you away. Instead of being fired up over it the people knew after a few hours that you werden't to blame. Why, some even talked of putting you in as marshal. Wild Bill was picked for

that job, but McCail stopped him." "If Wild Bill was marshal now I wouldn't want any of this treasure completed in the windrows, advises H. game. And if. Jim Omaha blows in, and I know it, you needn't bother to bunt for me. I'll be gone for good." "Bump! Omena is overrated. Railstart when half or three-fourths of the road man. No good up here on this

They parted, Dinsdale going into variety and harvester used. If the the tent. Scissors was giving much of crop is allowed to get over-ripe much his attention to the big owl, Sitting loss will result from shattering, he Bull, and for the time being was quite indifferent to all offers for pictures.

> Hall's Catarrh Medicine is a Combined local and internal, and has been success ful in the treatment of Catarrh for over

beginning to look ugly. "Trying to make sure I've got my nerve? All I There's only one man I don't want studying my face-Jim Omaha." San Juan Joe laughed in deep satis-

faction.

"You're my own kind," he said. "It'll net us at the least an even forty thousand aplece. If any of our number cashes in, his share will be evenly divided. And it's likely there will be more than two hundred thousand on the coach. Why, man! with your metal to back me I can find games better even than the treasure-coach! through running a gambling place. Kene Frank's been cutting into my trade. If it wasn't for the big game I'd have to clean him up-with cards or guns. But now I can see half a million apiece before we finish."

"Not so fast," quietly cautioned Dinsdale. "I must have a stake. I'll go in on this. I'll do inside work and take the big risk-but always providing the other men are all right. Who

are they?" "'Horseshoe' Webb will work on the inside with you."

"Just how? What are we to do? Explain," curtly demanded Dinsdale. "He's hired as one of the guards. You'll be hired as another. There will be ten other guards. We've planned it so you two, working with the three of us, who will be in ambush, can take care of the ten guards and not shed a drop of blood."

"That's all right. Now who are the

"I make the third man. Bud Roach from Crook City is the fourth. I can't tell you who the fifth man is." "Then it's all off and I'll forget all about it, just as I promised," declared

Dinsdale, "You'll know everything once we've got the stuff. Even Horseshoe Webb or Roach doesn't know Number One, the leader."

"Don't like it. Never did like going It blind. When I tie up with a man to do risky work I want to know his face, his heart. I want to know him down to the ground," firmly demurred Dinsdale.

"But you know me. If I vouch for the chief that ought to be good enough for you. Webb and Roach know me. I'm Number Two in the partnership. I give them their orders. But they're ignorant dogs. They might talk too much when drunk. Say they did and I got into a pickle. The chief, untey can have an escort of troops, known, is left free to get me clear. You're different, of course. If you'd come from Rapid City when sent for, the chief would have been willing, perhaps, for you to know him before we work it. But it's too late now. After we've corraled the gold you'll know him and like him.

"Dinsdale, that's the way the game lays and you'll have to take it or leave it. I'm sorry, but I can't tell you any more. If it was for me to decide I'd put all the cards down face up. The chief will be there and will hold the ribbons. You'll meet him immediately after we've got the stuff."

Dinsdale swallowed his dripk and pursed his lips thoughtfully. Finally he slapped his hand recklessly on the table and decided.

"All right. I drop. I'll go it blind, banking on you. I'm broke and haven't stages, I reckon, but he worked alone, any choice. But it's the last time I work without knowing every man who's sitting in. Safest way is to go

it alone." "Good!" cried the gambler. "Til circulate around and make everything ready. By tomorrow night I ought to caused him to fear she was sorrowing, and somehow the zest of picking up the town life was lost as he resumed his walk to Frank's place.

There was no mistaking the increase in play at the hall. Men were continually passing in and out and, on entering, Dinsdale found the floor. around the tables uncomfortably crowded. But the largest gathering was around the Twenty-one game, although before the coming of the pretty French girl it had not been popular enough to be included among Keno Frank's offerings. Favorite with tenderfeet in the early 'fifties it had gone into the discard before 'seventy-six.

Now it was a magnet and miners and townspeople were packed several deep about the table, and it was only by persistent effort that Dinsdale could work close enough to look down on the attractive dealer. French Curly, barred from placing a bet, stood close to her left, his cavernous eyes never ceasing their steady scrutiny. With his days numbered by the ravages of consumption, he stood by her side, a

death's head. In sweeping her gaze about to detext professionals, the girl's glance found Dinsdale, and there was a quick flash of interest in the dark eyes, and

Dinsdale paused and attempted to talk with him but the man seemed to have slipped mentally and was slow to respond. On his way to the exit Dinsdale encountered Pyrites. Garrulous as ever and bubbling over with new projects the prospector clung to him and begged him to make one more trip into the hills.

NOV. 5, 1924

"I know a vein-mine that'll be the talk of the territory," he mysteriously whispered.

"No use, Pyrites," laughed Dinsdale. "I'm poor medicine when it comes to hunting gold. There's only one pieusant thing I remember about our trip: the pretty girl who dealt Twenty-one

at Calvin's place. Pyrites was disconsolate over the

refusal. "The girl's up there," he informed. She's dealing at Keno Frank's. Joey tried to get her, with Keno ready to shoot, and then quit cold. The boys say that other petticoat of a Kitty ask is to have my chance to get clear. heard about it and put her foot down. French Curly tried to play in her game after she'd warned him off and she shoved the muzzle of a fortyfour against his head and scared him stiff. She's bringing lots of trade to Keno's place."

"What became of Easy after I left

Rapid City?" "I remember him and some longhaired fellers riding out of town ker whooping, but I'd had too many drinks to remember anything else. Reckon they was a bad lot. Reckon

you had the right sabe about him." Dinsdale shook him off and strolled down the street as far as the Grand Central hotel and was the recipient of many congratulations over his escape. The hard feeling against him when he left town seemed to have vanished. As an escaped prisoner from the Ogalala his advice was eagerly sought by all who believed the red menace was fast approaching a

climax. He learned that several men had been killed in the outlying gulches during his absence. To all who talked with him, including Mayor Farnum and several of the city council, he repeated his belief that Crazy Horse and American Horse would strike at Crook's forces instead of making for the hills. And he added, as his belief, that Crook would stand them off and at worst make a running fight of it and bring his soldiers down to the hills, where any disparity of numbers would be equalized for the whites.

This talk made a deep impression. especially as it did much to quiet the town's fears. The situation was rap idly approaching a pitch where the entire gulch would be thrown into a panic. After leaving the hotel and while walking to Keno Frank's place he was much startled to have two plump arms thrown around his neck. He hastily disengaged himself from the convulsive embrace and laughingly rebuked:

"Why, Lottle Carl! Right on the public street, too! What would the Widow Colt say?"

"I don't care!" she cried. "I'm mighty tickled to see you. Every one said you was killed. Besides, she's Mother Colt now. Aren't you coming to the house?"

"I can't now, Lottle," "But I want you to," she persisted.

lieve she knows you're out." "She doesn't. But when I heard you were back I just had to look for you. But I reckon you ain't very glad to see Proper food and clothing had done

much for Lottle Carl, but seventeen was very youthful to Dinsdale. And

"I'm more glad to see you than you can imagine, Lottle Carl," he gravely told her. "But I'm broke, and I haven't a right to see any girl. So you run along home-" "I have money! Lots of it," she

eagerly interrupted. "All that money they gave me when you brought me to this place. Come to the house-" "Bless your heart! I can't rob children. As to coming to the house, Mrs. Colt must have a better opinion of me first,"

"But you've changed already. You're behaving better. Oh, I'm finding fault. I didn't mean you had to change."

"You're a good girl, Lottle Carl, and you're going to make a mighty fine woman. Do as your new mother says. Now you must trot along." Her haste in turning from him

the nand holding the caras gave a con-

her work, her head slightly bowed, her soft voice calling the game. Dinadale proceeded to the Bed Rock to secure a room. The illiterate land- her hair bobbed, lord gave him a boisterous welcome and eulogized him for resisting the attractions of the Grand Central, and promised some most unusual "flour

doin's" and "chicken fixin's" for supper. Scissors, too, was there, and driving an active trade in paper souvepirs. The men were very partial to the profile of Crazy Horse. Dinsdale looked over a man's shoulder and was amazed at the striking resemblance turned out by a few snips of the scis-

He endeavored to retrent and go to his room, but Scissors saw him and caught his arm and proudly informed

"I've leen telling them about you,"
Then in a sly aside: "You'd think this
place was full of Mr. Easis by the way

(Continue) (vontinued on page 4)



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Halsey Happenings etc. (Continued from page 1) P. M. Bond and family got

Friday from that eastern home Linn county has increased in population 46 per cent in the last five years, the Portland chamber of commerce reports. Only Curry, Lincoln, Josephine and Lane ex-

ceded that percentage. Harrison Cunningham, brother of Mrr. George Taylor, died Friday at his home in Stockton, Cal. tis father, J. C. Cunningham, also of Stockton but well known

around Halsey, died last year, The storm damaged the Harrisburg bridge contractors \$10,000 by washing out false work in the channel. Some of the politicians were damaged yesterday by the washing out of their false work in

flood of votes. Those who read and enjoyed the "Mother Colt won't even like your story "A Man for the Ages" in seaking to me like this. I don't be- the Enterprise a year or two ago ought to see "Abraham Lincoln Sunday, Monday or Tuesday, at the Globe theater, Albany. Loyal Americans never tire ; of hearing of Lincoln.

There has not been a revolution in the Methodist church. Thursyet he knew two or three short years day evening is prayer-meeting might find him acting the seeker, and night, as of old. A printer's he wondered what she would think of error made the Enterprise notice him then. and last week. Don't believe it,

John Standish has changed locations again and is running an intertype machine on the Scobie (Mont.) Sentinel. He has been appointed district manager of the Associated Advertising Artists and has under his jurisdiction over 100 studios, which are putting out an immense amount of holiday work.

Mrs. T. Norris of Sweet Home last Friday came near being calped when her hair was caught in a pump engine and wound around a shaft. Her hand caught in the machine and stopped it after a five-inch wound had been torn in the scalping process. It is not always lucky to get one's vulsive jerk. Then she was intent on hand caught in machinery, but it was this time. She would have been more lucky if she had worn

Mrs. William Wheeler received word last week of the tragic death of her youngest brtner, Willis A. Davis, sheriff of Delta county, Col., who was shot down in cold blood by a man he had just arrested under a warrant for larceny. When Davis was four days old his mother died and Mrs. Wheeler, then 17, took the mother's place in caring for him. He was a mea of ability and of exemplary character and had the respect of a large circle of acquaintances. He would have been 57 years old this month. A widow and seven chi-

(Continued on page 4)