

# 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.

**ACCESSORIES AND TIRES**  
Auto Supplies  
J. H. ALLISON  
442 West First St.

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

**BRUNSWICK**  
PHONOGRAPHS  
at  
WOODWORTH'S

Call and see the big assortment of Christmas presents at  
S. S. GILBERT & SON'S  
330 W. First St. Albany, Ore.

**Davenport Music company** offers Piano-casé organ, good as new. Esey 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.

**FORD SALES AND SERVICE**  
Tires and accessories  
Repairs  
KIRK-PULLAK 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

**HOLMAN & JACKSON**  
Grocery—Bakery  
Everything in the line of eats  
Opposite Postoffice

**Hub Candy Co., First street, next door to Blain Clothing Co.**  
Nona lunches.  
Home-made candy and ice cream.

**Hub Cleaning Works, Inc.**  
Cor. Second and Ferry  
Master Dyers and Cleaners  
Made-To-Measure Clothes

**IMPERIAL CAFE, 209 W. First**  
Harold G. Marphy Prop.  
Phone 665  
WE NEVER CLOSE

**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.

**Mon 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.

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

**THE MARGUERITE SHOPPE**  
Shampooing, Marcelling and Scalp Treatments. Margaret Countryman, 1-0 West Second st. Phone 22.

**THE SPECIALTY SHOPPE**  
for hemstitching and stamped goods. Opposite Hamilton's, 318 W. Second st.

**Waldo Anderson & Son.** distributors and dealers for Maxwell, Chalmers, Essex, Hudson & Hupmobile cars. Accessories, 5 poles, 1st & Broadalbin.

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

**BEN T. SUTTELL**  
Phone 76-R, 123 N. Broadalbin st., 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.  
BRAM LAND CO.,  
133 Lyon street, Albany, Ore.

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

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

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

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

Highest market prices paid for  
**Hogs & Beef Cattle**

**W. H. BEENE** Phone 169  
State Inspected Scales

**A Modern Barber Shop**  
Laundry sent Tuesdays  
Agency Hub Cleaning Works

**ABE'S PLACE**

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

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

**Sinners in Heaven**  
(Continued from page 2)

ly, Barbara's purpose in life just now. Any display of it was, she felt intuitively, abhorrent to him. In silence she watched him unfasten the box, take out the spirit-lamp, reach among the other contents, and abstract a tin of milk.

Presently he brought some steaming milk in a small tin mug. She had often used that mug upon picnics with Aunt Dolly; the sight of it caused another wave of homesickness and loss.

"I can't drink it," she muttered, turning away.

"You must," he replied quietly, seating himself on the ground beside her, his countenance inexorable. She took no notice.

"Come along! Don't be silly, Barbara!"

Quickly she turned and faced him. Then rather too hastily she took the mug; but her hands trembled, and the milk splashed over the edge. He placed his fingers over hers and guided them; and the cool firm touch brought a peculiar sense of calm and security.

"It tasted—queer!" she remarked. Rising, he returned to the work of unfastening their luggage.

"Your case is unstrapped," he said presently. "Will you unpack it now?"

"Oh—I can't! Not yet," she said wearily.

"Shall I?"

"No! Oh, dear me, no!" She started up in alarm.

"Well, but—don't you want things for the night?"

"No."

He looked at her in mute inquiry. "You don't suppose," she asked with asperity, "I shall ever—address in this place?"

As he turned away, she saw the same flash of white teeth in the dim light that she had seen the first time they met.

"I advise you to change, after such a soaking," was his only remark. He stood near the door, as if uncertain, for a few moments, then pushed it open. "I shall have my supper outside."

"Good-night!" he added.

There was much sense in his advice: her clothes felt stiff and heavy. Wearily she opened her suitcase, surprised to find most of the contents dry. She hastily undressed and slipped into cool, fresh garments. Throwing on a loose Japanese dressing gown, she lay down again, exhausted. All fears sank into oblivion. . . . She fell into a deep, heavy sleep.

III

The flare of many torches illuminated the midnight darkness in the south of the island. Chimbabohi, the old chief, sat in the leafy council chamber near the entrance of the sacred palm grove, surrounded by his trusted warriors. In the center of the large circle of squatting figures stood Babooma—next in rank to the chief—recounting in his muttering, sing-song dialect, the strange story which, arousing tragic memories, caused consternation and foreboding in every heart.

When he ceased, Chimbabohi sat silent, pulling his beard with wrinkled dark hands that trembled. An agitated babel broke out all around, fierce native oaths blending with walls of distress.

The chief at last commanded silence and spoke.

"Whence came they, Babooma? Was there no strange canoe floating, like a vast island, upon the lagoon?"

"There was not, O Chief. The white woman appeared in my path as if

sprung from the waving palm! The white man"—he looked furtively round—"did fall from the skies, sending his bolt before him!" He shivered, stroking his sore shoulder. "The great white man is a giant, O my Chief! He will not easily be killed."

"How great is the tribe? Didst thou not see others, Babooma?"

"None other did I stay to see, O Chief! Perchance they are evil spirits come to haunt the huts where live the ghosts of our slain ones. Or perchance they stay with ball-devils like unto those other evil ones."

The chief sat in deep thought for some moments; then rose and waved his spear.

"The Vow!" he cried. "Let preparations be made, my warriors. When next darkness hides the earth, we will fall upon this white tribe, true to the Vow!"

A confusion of voices resounded, accompanied by many furtive glances into the darkness of the forest; the savage joy of revenge was yet tempered with awe. Memories of the means of warfare adopted by white men caused them to follow their chief in still half-fearful excitement to the sacred palm grove.

Presently the sound of native voices rose once more, singing their Song of Hate.

The man sitting outside the little hut raised his face, inhaling the soft scents, grateful for the refreshing wind. All night he had sat motionless, head hidden in his hands. There was nobody to see, in his haggard features, what Barbara had seen that morning.

Although his eyes had not closed, this solitary vigil, with its forced inaction, had revived and intensified the morning's sufferings. The sense of powerlessness which had attacked Barbara with such violence in the afternoon now attacked him. Again and again he strove to turn his thoughts from the wrecked mass out there upon the reef; from the dark waters and the monsters which infested them, where those friends, strong and full of life not many hours ago, now lay hidden. What awful fate, worse than mere drowning, had been theirs? . . . He strove to restrain his mental agony, dragging his mind away, for down that road madness lay. . . . There were natives, possibly cannibals, upon this island, to be faced sooner or later. Therein, to his mind, lay hope. For surely they were in touch with civilization? During his travels he had picked up a good number of dialects employed among Polynesian and Melanesian natives. With luck he might find means of rescue through their enterprise, if they had any. But this was doubtful. He knew well the characteristics of the Pacific: knew the trade routes, the ports of call, the features of islands in touch with civilization, the features of many practically unknown. . . . Intercourse with strange natives, too, meant considerable risk, with a woman in his care. . . . At that thought, the same strange thrill shot through his frame which he had experienced in the morning; the awful loneliness of spirit seemed to fall from

him.

Scattering his reflections, a strangled, terrified cry came from the hut. He sat up, alert in a moment. All had been quiet hitherto. The draught dropped into the milk had done its work. He had been fortunate in rescuing the case of medicines and first-aid necessities from the machine. Again, louder, another cry smote upon his ears. He sprang to his feet. . . .

Reaction had come upon Barbara, awakening from the heavy effects of the drug, so vividly that she was almost delirious. The little hut seemed

to swing round and round, now darting suddenly up toward the sky, now dropping, as a stone, into limitless space. And ever, from the four quarters of the globe, roared what seemed like ten thousand trains. . . . To escape was impossible, for somebody had barricaded the door. . . . The hut rushed down now toward the dark fathomless waters. . . . they closed above her head, and everywhere black hands surrounded her—black leering faces came close. . . . With a shriek of terror she covered against the wall, when the door opened; then perceiving freedom, she ran blindly toward the starlight without.

A pair of arms caught her upon the threshold. Half-demented, she struggled in their hold, gasping hard sobs. But they closed more tightly; and their protective warmth shut out the lurking dangers. Gradually she grew calmer; the nightmare sensations of returning consciousness abated. Censuring to struggle, she leaned exhausted against him, her arms clinging to one of his, the waves of her long hair falling across his breast.

So for several minutes they remained—two derelict beings hurled, helpless pawns, over the boundary line of civilized life into a world yet in its infancy—each conscious of a sense of comfort in each other's nearness.

Presently he straightened himself. With two fingers he felt her brow and cheek; they were of little more than normal heat. He stroked back the hair clustering over her forehead; and she stirred, raising her head.

"You must lie down again and sleep," he said, drawing her toward the bed of coats. But her grasp tightened upon his arm.

"You are not going—far away? It—it's like a vault in here—full of death—" Her voice rose unaturally.

"I won't leave you at all," he said hurriedly, but with a decision which obviously relieved her. "It's not safe—for either of us—alone—tonight."

Her eyes wandered over his face, in the dim starlight, in a dazed manner, while she sank back upon the coats with a long sighing breath.

One hand still clasped in hers, the other arm passed under her head for a pillow, he remained upon the ground by her side. The turmoil of his own spirit seemed unaccountably soothed. Though never sleeping, a comforting drowsy numbness replaced the sharp suffering of his mind. . . .

But when the early light of dawn pierced through the aperture, it brought with it the remembrance of a man's hand-clasp, the trust in one

honest brown eye, the shade in place of the other. . . . The wonderful peace which seemed to have descended upon the little hut, tilling his mind, filling it, during those hours of close protection and companionship, with something exquisitely beautiful, albeit incomprehensible, was shattered at one blow.

He half-withdrew his arm; then, pausing, bent over the sleeping girl and looked long upon the delicate features, the sensitive lips and dark lashes. As he looked, an unbidden thought fitted across his mind, bringing a slow flush into his face. Had another taken indisputable possession? Had he reached to the very depths of her soul; fired all the deepest fibers of her womanhood? . . .

He drew himself up, gently freeing his hand and arm. The question opened vistas down which he refused to look. A part of his nature that might have been illuminated as if by many-hued candles; and he felt dazed, strange to himself, almost, for once, afraid.

He rose with difficulty, his limbs cramped after long sitting; stretched his arms; looked down once more upon the sleeping form confident of his protection.

Croft was a lover of cleanliness, fair play, victory always—but victory with honor. Throwing back his head in a characteristic way, his eyes still resting upon the sleeping face, he smiled. It was the little smile which many men knew well, which enemies feared, but which those he led had ever loved to see: that smile with him meant a challenge, and a challenge precluding achievement.

Noisefully, he opened the door and went out. Seizing two old basins discovered among the rubbish in the hut, he strode toward the river.

Save for the distant surf, no sound was audible. From the palm grove he keenly surveyed the bay: it was deserted; the world might have been dead. Plunging through the tall bamboo he came out upon the deepened stretch of water glimmering faintly, like moving darkness, below him. Then, throwing off his garments, he dived into the shadowy ripples, feeling a primitive delight in the cold sting to his tired limbs. Afterward, slipping into his shirt and breeches, he filled his basins and returned to the grove.

When he emerged from the bamboo, the sound of voices fell upon his ears. Hastily stepping back, he waited, listening intently. The voices came nearer, then receded toward the seaward outskirts of the palm grove. Croft took a few noiseless strides in their direction, soon discovering the dark forms of three natives among the trees. Soundlessly creeping in their wake, he hid again, close enough to hear their speech, while they paused at the top of the slope.

He could see now, in the stronger light, that all were armed with long spears, two also carrying bows and arrows. The third, an old man, wore round his neck a large clam-shell disk—emblem of the rank of chief—and through his nose-cartilages a dark stone. Rings, probably of tortoise-shell, hung from his ears.

Croft wondered if this were a visit of negotiation, with a view to a compact of friendship with visitors to

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Discovering the Dark Farms of Three Natives.

their island. He recognized them for members of the huge scattered family of Melanesians, or Papuans, which have some undoubted connection with the African blacks, and are to be found in numberless South Sea islands as well as in Melanesia proper. Although their dialect is more or less local, there is sufficient similarity to make it fairly intelligible to any one accustomed to the variations.

(To be continued)

**Hall's Catarrh Medicine** is a Combined Treatment, both local and internal, and has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over forty years. Sold by all druggists.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

## Birthday Doings at Charity Grange

Two Millers, a Kizer and a Balking Auto

Charity grange last Saturday had an open all-day meeting, with cafeteria lunch at noon, in honor of its continuous existence for over fifty years and of the founding of the order, about fifty-five years ago.

The local body has had its own hall for many years and through all the years since its birth has never suspended its meetings, but more to the point is the fact that it has made a good growth in membership during the past year, as has Oregon, which leads the states in that respect.

Governor Pierce had been requested to attend, but domestic affliction prevented. He had just returned from the funeral of a sister in California and is now at the bedside of his wife, who is very low with a cancer.

Mr. Pierce had, however, telegraphed to Milton M. Miller to take his place and the latter came from Portland, addressed the assemblage and took an afternoon train back to the metropolis, where he had an appointment to speak in the evening. Mr. Miller was not in a despairing mood regarding the league of nations and a possible abolition of war, and he warned the rich tax dodgers that they had not killed the income tax in Oregon, but only postponed it.

B. M. Miller made the address of welcome to the guests of the day and an address on the achievements and prospects of the order, stressing the fact that the farmers' hope for redress of economic inequalities lies in co-operation, not co-operative marketing alone, but united action on public questions. He deplored the fact that they are so often divided on public issues and urged that they get together and discuss subjects to be voted on, that each might learn the reasons for differing opinions, sift the facts and combine on what seems to be for

C. P. Kizer urged farmers to pull together if they would place their vocation among the prosperous industries. He also read Fred Lockley's recent article under "Impressions and Observations of the Journal Man" describing Governor Pierce and his characteristics, as revealed through an interview with one who knows him.

The Wheelers enjoyed the affair through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wesley and their auto.

Besides the feast of foods the grange provided music, speaking and acting that were well received, the most side-splitting feature being a repretation of a struggle with a balky automobile, in which four boys represented the wheels and four chairs full of girls the seats and passengers. Schoolmaster Wayne Veatch was the perplexed and industrious chauffeur.

The Oregon Tuberculosis association, in a list of indorsements of its work by educators, quotes this from Mrs. Geer, Linn county school superintendent: As Christmas time draws near I again have the opportunity to endorse the Christmas seal sale in the schools of Linn county. Surely no seal sold during the Christmas season can bring a more forceful application of the message of "peace on earth, good will to men" than this one. Our teachers have responded gladly in the past and I feel sure you can count upon them this year.

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We guarantee highest market prices.  
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