

Albany Directory

ALBANY BAKING CO.
405 West First
BUTTER-NUT BREAD

Albany Floral Co. Cut flowers and plants. Floral art for every and all occasions.
Flower phone 458-7.

ALBANY STATE BANK—We invite your business. Savings and commercial accounts. Capital, surplus, undivided profits, \$100,000.

EASTBURN'S GROCERY
4th and Lyons Street
The place to buy good groceries at the right price. On the corner, plenty of room to park. Albany.

FORD SALES AND SERVICE
Tires and accessories
Repairs
KIRK-POLAK MOTOR CO.

Fortmiller Furniture Co., furniture, rugs, linoleum, stoves ranges. Funeral directors. 47-433 west First street, Albany, Oregon.

FINTEL WRECKING CO.
436 West 1st
Used Parts for all cars

Hemstitching, stamped goods, fancy work of all kinds at the SPECIALTY SHOP
318 West Second st.

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

HUB Confectionery, Noon lunches. Home-made candy and ice cream. First street, next door to Blain Clothing Co.

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

Jennings Auto Top Shop—Auto trimming, seat covers and winter inclosures. 202 E. Second. Phone 418J.
N. L. Jennings Manager

MAGNETO ELECTRIC CO.
Investigate the new Prestolite Battery prices before buying.

Pianos! Pianos!! Some big bargains in second-hand pianos; one \$85, one \$195; one \$250. Call at Davenport Music House, Albany.

PULLMAN CAFE
Good food. Popular prices
227 W. First

ROSCOE AMES HARDWARE
The Winchester Store

FARM LOANS
at lowest rate of interest.
Real Estate Insurance
Prompt service. courteous treatment
WM. BAIN, Room 5, First Savings Bank building, Albany

W. L. WRIGHT
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
D. C. ROSSMAN, Local Manager
Lady Assistant
All calls answered day or night
Phone 255
Halsey, Oregon

REFEREE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That pursuant to an order of sale made and entered in the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Linn, Dept. No. 2, on the 28th Day of April, 1927, in that certain suit therein wherein Jesse B. Schroll, Annie M. Schroll his wife, and Clara L. Carlson and C. E. Carlson her husband, were plaintiffs, and Emory Wallace Schroll, Ruby Almon, H. L. Almon her husband, Pearl P. Sturgis, J. H. Sturgis her husband, and George W. Schroll and Ruth Schroll his wife, were defendants, and appointing and directing the undersigned as sole referee to sell the real property herein-after described, I, the undersigned referee will on Saturday, the 4th Day of June, 1927, at the hour of One o'clock P. M. of said day, at the front door of the courthouse at Albany in Linn County, Oregon, offer and sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in the manner required for sale of real property on execution, subject to confirmation of said court, all the following real property, to-wit:—All of Blocks 22, 39 and 40 of the City of Halsey in Linn County, Oregon; also beginning 60 Ft. West of the S. W. corner of Block 38 in the City of Halsey in Linn County, Oregon, and running from thence North 720 Ft. to the county road; Thence West 123 Ft.; Thence South 720 Ft. to a point due W. of the place of beginning; and thence East 123 Ft. to beginning; as said blocks are numbered, designated and described on the maps and plats of said city of record in the office of the County Recorder of said County. Dated and first published May 5, 1927.
FRANK RICHARD,
Sole Referee.
Tussing & Tussing, Attys for Pliffs.
Hewitt & Sox,
Attys for Dfts., Emory Wallace Schroll et al.

A printer omitted the "i" from the name of Miss Louise Jones last week and this week she refuses to speak to the editor.—Tarville Herald.

LOOK!
PABCO
DE LUXE
Rugs
Regular \$14.00
\$8.75

Albany BARGAIN HOUSE
Second and Baker Phone 411J

M. & J. CAFE
Featuring
25¢ Meals
115 Lyon st.
Albany Oregon

George William Wright
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Loans money at 5% on farms
Baltimore bldg., Albany, Oregon

Your eyes examined and a fine pair of

Toric Reading Glasses
in a frame of your own choice
\$6 to \$7.50

F. M. French & Son
Jewelers and Optometrists
Albany, Oregon

Must sell
High Grade Used PIANO
near Halsey. Will sell on easy terms to responsible party. Phone or address J. A. Given, Vandran Hotel, Albany.

Albany Creamery Association
Manufacturers of
LINN BUTTER
and Buyers of Eggs
A Farmers' Co-operative Creamery

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



Headaches
Headaches, indigestion, sleeplessness and nervous troubles are often caused by eyestrain. An eyestrain is caused by not wearing the right glasses. Right glasses will relieve eyestrain, and trouble due to eyestrain will disappear. The first thing to do is to have your eyes examined and know what glasses will be the right ones.
Quick Optical Repair Work.—Glasses or spectacles broken? Guards went out of alignment? Temples too long or too short? Whatever your requirements, our service is prompt and highly satisfactory. Bring your repair work to us.
MEADE & ALBRO
Optometrists, 312 First st., Albany, Ore.

NOTICE of Appointment of Excutri
Notice is hereby given that, the undersigned by an order of the County Court of Linn County, Oregon, has been appointed Excutrix of the last will and testament of Richard C. Farwell, deceased.
All persons having claims against said estate are required to present them within six months from the date of this notice, with the proper vouchers to the undersigned at her residence, about three miles east of Shedd, in Linn County, Oregon.
Dated and first published this 28th day of April, 1927.
Grace Farwell, Excutrix aforesaid.
Tussing & Tussing, Attys. for Excr.



With the Clock Turned Back

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

CHAPTER IV Under Cover

An hour later, in spite of the discomforts incident to a first day in the woods, Thomas Brent was undergoing a feeling of half contentment for the first time since he could remember. The meal which had started with frog legs had ended gloriously with light bread and cream gravy cooked by Freck. And the strangest part of it had been that, although Mr. Brent approached every bit of food gingerly and with suspicion, and with many maledictions against the physician who would send him there, he kept on eating and relishing just the same.

Freck was nodding a few feet away. Mr. Brent allowed his eyes to travel upward toward the tree above him, then far down to where the stream lay.

"Freck," he asked presently, "don't I see a light down there?"
Freck rubbed his eyes, gazed hard, even stepping out of the range of the fire that he might see the better. "Yeh," he answered authoritatively. "It's a light."

"What's it doing there? I hear somebody talking—sounds like a couple of women."

Freck started back again to his place against the rocks. "Guess it's old Mammy Taylor and Mammy Bacon. They come out here crawdadding once in a while."

"Crawdadding? What's that?"
"Catching crawdads. They're little hard-shelled things with flippers on that live in the water." Freck tried his best to give as vivid a description as he could. "We'll get some of 'em tomorrow. We've got a lot of things to do, Mr. Brent. We got to go swimming, and hunting, and rob birds' nests, and lots of things."

The answer was only a grunt from Mr. Brent. He closed his eyes and soaked in the sounds of the night, the faint screeching of an owl in the far-away hickories, the droning of the crickets, the tinkling of the water, and the ripples far below.

Freck's voice at last aroused. "Guess Mammy Taylor and Mammy Bacon are going to stay all night. They've built a fire."

"Huh," said Mr. Brent dreamily. "Wish I had something to put on my feet. They are sore as bolts."

"Yes, Mammy Taylor and Mammy Bacon are the biggest women in town, I guess. One of 'em weighs more than two hundred pounds. She's got an uncle that's a voodoo."

"Colored?"
"Yes," replied Freck. "They are getting crawdads for a party maybe."

"Well, I wish they'd move on. I don't like 'em." Brent settled against the rocks again. His face was assuming the grouchy appearance which the frog legs for a few minutes had driven away. His mind was working on business again.

"If I had a fellow like that Ed-wards, it wouldn't make so much difference," he was saying to himself. "Scrotties doesn't know anything and I'll be blamed if I'm going back there and handle that business and kill my self. I'll stay out here and die first."

There was a heavy roar from above; a crash. Thomas Brent sent a glance upward to note nothing but blackness.

"Here comes my raid," averred Freck.
A flash. The branches of the trees swung lower than ever. The red of the fire paled momentarily in the greenish light. A drop of rain sizzled in the fire; a roar. The lightning broke again.

Thomas Brent leaped to his feet. "Back in the cave, Freck," he shouted, and the boy jumped with him. The rain had come—solidly, with the roar of a waterfall. They saw the fire flare, fall, and rise again before the onslaught of the enemy. They saw it flicker and fall. They were in darkness.

There was nothing to do but sit there and listen to the rain and the swishing of the branches without. Nothing to do—nothing for Thomas Brent to do but sit there and reflect that rain would bring dampness, and dampness would bring rheumatism, possibly a cold, possibly pneumonia; if it were nothing else, it would be typhoid fever, or some kindred ailment. In the horizon of Mr. Brent's thoughts there was nothing good.

"A fine chance I've got," he muttered again and again; "a fine chance. Why, two weeks out here and they'll be taking me home in a wooden kimono. Huh! Why—"

It was then that there came from

of lightning had shown him a queer picture in the middle of the stream. One of the women was kneeling on the great rock, chanting in her plantation manner:
Oh, frow out de life line,
Frow out de life line—

"Shut up, Lizzie Taylah!" came shoutingly from the other, "cause dey ain't gwine be no life line. Dat ar man's jest gwine let us stay out heah an' drown our poah haid off, an' ef he deese, lady, I'll hant him! I'll hant him 'till his fohlock hangs down like a sheepskin at de gable end ob a tubkey roost. Stop yoh chantin', Lizzie Taylah, an' stahnt hantin'."

Mr. Thomas Brent listened in amazement. Then dazedly and drippingly he rose from the water and in desperation started for the rock. The fattest of the women saw him coming. As he drew near, almost shoulder-deep in the water, she allowed one more screech to echo forth and then plumped down upon him.

"What the—"
That was all. Brent went under, to come up with a struggling, gasping, two-hundred-pound negro mammy in his arms.

"Whaffo yo!" she began, "whaffo—"
"That's enough," grunted the man, and started back to shore. Ten minutes later, panting and exhausted, he dragged the woman up on the bank and left her there as he started for the other.

Once again there was a struggle, once again he went under, this time with Mammy Taylor, both to founder and to blow water like porpoises.

Then, reaching the shore again, Brent stood angrily defiant. "Now!" he shouted.

"Yeh, now!" came back in feminine tones. "Now we'se gwine to lay out oheah an' get striked wif lightnin'."

"Gwine git pneumonia, dat's what we'se gwine git!" came from Mammy Taylor.

"Shut up!" yelled Mr. Brent.
"We'se gwine die ob de pneumonia," "Gwine die," chanted Mammy Taylor.

"Gwine die," added Mammy Bacon. "An-n-n-n-n-n go to Hebbin'!"
"Gwine die!"
"Stop that singing!" ordered Brent angrily.

"Gwine leave us—" began Mammy Taylor again with two-hundred-flesh power.

"On de bank!"
"All a-lone!"
"Oh-h-h, gosh!" The exclamation was Mr. Thomas Brent's as he seized Mammy Taylor and half dragged her to her feet. "If you're going to sit out here in the rain all night instead of doing the sensible thing, well, grab hold of something."

And thus the start up the hill to the cave was made. Thus it was begun, but thus it was not finished. They went twenty feet and then slipped back ten; then thirty and slipped back twenty. Puffing, blowing, trying to talk and merely gasping, Brent clung to trees, bits of shrubbery—anything that would help him with his hefty burden.

At last he succeeded, placed the chattering figure in the cave by the side of the sleeping Freck, and turned to go down the hill again. And he repeated his former descent, with the difference of receiving a few more bumps.

Once again at the bottom, Mammy Bacon was waiting, chanting again, singing hymns of the camp meeting, while her eyes glowed white and big in the flashing of lightning, and her clothing ran more and more water with every fresh outburst of rain. Mr. Brent pulled himself to his feet and tried to size up the burden that he must haul to the top of the hill. It was impossible in the darkness. He merely grabbed, managed to seize an arm and started.

A half hour later, a huddled, miserable figure of a man sat hunched in the darkness on the little ledge beyond the cave. The rain had changed to a drizzle now, but that, instead of helping, only made his clothing cling to him the more uncomfortably and clammyly. He vaguely felt that his body was black and blue and purple. He knew that every muscle twitched and that rheumatism was beginning to get out its sledge hammers for class work in various parts of his anatomy. His stomach was craving for food that did not exist. His lungs were still sore from their puffing. His bare feet were bleeding. From within the cave were coming sleepy sounds:

"How's yo' all, Lizzie Taylah?"
"Ah's all done wrapped up in dis yere blanket. How's yo'?"
"Ah's comf'tle. Ah done guess we'll have to call dat man de sallah 'cause he done kem out in his lifeboat an' saved our lives."

Outside the man of many bruises and discomforts snorted.
Again came the sounds from within.
"Lizzie—"
"Mm-hum-m-m-m."

"Dat sho is a luvable man; done give up his cave lak dis yere."
"Sho is, Sallie."

"Know what Ah's gwine do? Ah'se gwine 'r plump right out theah an' frow mah shms eroun' him. He sho' wouldn't mind O' Mammy Bacon."

It was right at that moment when Mr. Thomas Brent, former cave dweller, sent his hands spasmodically into the air. "Back to nature!" he ruminated angrily again as his prize sore toe bumped into a jagged stone on the downward descent. "Back to boyhood! It's back to town for me!"

He suddenly ceased. Another flash

CHAPTER V Confidential Agent

A deep, satisfied snore from within the cave seemed to answer Mr. Brent's decision and sent into his brain a flare of anger that grew with every second. He turned and looked into the darkness. His face was scowling. He shook a fist that palpitated with pent-up rage, and then like a turtle dropping from a log he let himself slide over the ledge and down the muddy foot path.

"I can't get any dirtier, I can't get any muddier, I can't get any wetter, so what's the difference where I land?" he growled as he bumped about here and there in his downward descent.

Now and then he would strike a tree or large rock which would hold him and allow him to steady himself for a moment. Then he would go slipping on again. At last he reached the bottom and began a groping, tortuous journey toward the railroad tracks a mile away.

"I might as well be lost down here as sitting up there on that ledge like a nimny," he grumbled. "I'll find that railroad track if it takes me all night. I'll—"

He had bumped into a barbed wire fence and was hanging there something like a quarter of beef on display in a butcher shop.

Dazedly he got his bearings, and gradually there showed before him the dark form of the railway "fill." Slowly he crawled over the fence and then, something after the fashion of a half-carrening sidewheeler, he touched his feet to the rock ballast and started on the long tramp to Dodson, the nearest railway station.

"The next time I listen to a doctor," he burst forth time and time again, "I'll—Ouch!" He had bumped his sore toe against a railroad tie, and further comment upon physicians and medicine were lost.

The storm had died down to a drizzle now—a cold drizzle, which made Mr. Brent uncomfortable and shivering. He rammed his hands deep into his pockets and hunched his head deeper in his shoulders and limped along staring moodily ahead at the faint strip of gray which told of the railroad's course through the darkness.

Suddenly he started. A shrieking whistle had come from behind and a



Suddenly He Started. A Shrieking Whistle and a Circle of Light Shone Upon Him.

circle of glaring light shone about him. Hastily he retreated from the track to stand in the dripping weeds and underbrush and gaze enviously as a comfortable, brightly-lighted thing of steel and wheels whirled past him. Then with mincing steps over the rock ballast he took to the tracks again, shaking a trembling fist at the disappearing train.

"Fool!" he howled at himself. "Idiot! Maniac!" A mile dragged by. Two, three, four, five, and there showed before him the red and green lights of the station. He approached the door, reached for the handle, and then paused with an inarticulate howl on his lips. He had stubbed that favorite toe again. "Doggone it," he muttered. "I'll—"

He stopped.

From around the corner had come the sound of a voice that seemed familiar. More than that he had heard his own name. Thomas Brent suddenly began to take an interest in life. Quickly he slunk out of the circle of light made by the telegrapher's lamp and into the shadow of a loaded truck. He had not been seen, he knew that, yet someone had called his name. Again he heard the voice. Did the station agent know anything? It was a strange tone, yet one that seemed to carry a vague memory. Mr. Brent listened closely as the answer came.

"Yes, we're on the right track. But I think we'd better go up to the hotel and stay for the night and start our active investigations in the morning."

Thomas Brent knew that voice. It was Philip Scrotties', and as he came to the realization of the president of the Amalgamated Foundry company, he wiggled his sore-toe in pure excitement. Then he ceased the exertion that nothing might interfere with his hearing. The other man was talking now.

"Just what did you find out, Mr. Scrotties?"