

The Halsey Enterprise

An Independent Newspaper

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Devoted to the material upbuilding of Halsey and surrounding country and to the general subscription of the community.

Joe Rogers Arrested in Shedd for Grand Larceny.

Joe Rogers, who is wanted in Coner D'Aalene, Idaho, for grand larceny, was arrested at Shedd Sunday (7) by Sheriff Kent and is in the Linn county jail pending removal to Idaho. He has a criminal record.

Rogers was brought about to his arrival in Shedd to attend the funeral of his brother, who was shot last week in Vanover by a policeman, as Rogers was in the act of making away with a slot machine. The policeman shot twice into the air to warn him to stop, but Rogers kept going and the third shot landed in his shoulder causing his death.

The two Rogers brothers bought an automobile in Coner D'Aalene on time and then Joe's brother ran away with it to Spokane and sold it for \$600. It is for this that he is wanted in Idaho on the grand larceny charge. Joe claims he had been in Shedd for six weeks, but residents say he just arrived the other day from eastern Oregon. His parents have been living near Shedd since last October.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative power of Hall's Catarrh Medicine that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Game Commission Must Go.

Regardless of whether the legislature, at its special session in January creates two commissions to handle the game and fish affairs of the state, the present members of the commission are doomed to removal, according to a lengthy statement issued by Gov O'cott.

In making his decision Governor O'cott said his contemplated action was solely in the interest of game and fish propagation, which under the present regime, he declares, is endangered by squabbles and bickerings which have caused dissatisfaction, distrust, and lack of confidence.

As explained by the executive, if the legislature follows his recommendations and creates two commissions—one to handle the commercial fishing interests and the other to administer the affairs of hunters and anglers—the terms of the present commissioners will automatically expire. If, on the other hand, the legislature rejects the recommendations of the governor, he will remove the present commissioners at the termination of the special session.

Swami Ram's Reincarnation
By FRANK BLIGHTON

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"As I have knelt before the shrine of the Blue Buddha, I have learned the meaning of such devotion as yours; come, therefore, to me and speedily. I write in English that you may see how I have improved."

"INDIRA."
Buck thrust the massive into his pocket and turned to the twisted tangle of the wrecked diner. He regretted that he had read the note through on the impulse of the moment, for the intimate affairs of a chance traveling companion were surely no business of his.

The texture resembled that of the paper which Jitendra had been reading at the beginning of their conversation. The peculiar style and idiom of the communication left little doubt

that it was the same and had somehow escaped from him at the instant of the crash.

A sinister jet of flame spiraled up from the splintered fragments. The trainmen were already hewing frantically at the debris, and presently a negro crawled painfully through the orifice they made, dragging a broken leg.

Another followed, then another, his face grimed with the smoke of the fast rising fire which, in spite of desperate efforts, seemed destined to consume the demolished car.

But of Jitendra the mining man saw no sign, and he smothered an imprecation at the exasperating slowness of the crew, as he wrenched an ax from one of them and attacked the pile at another point.

CHAPTER II.

Rescuing a Hindu.

"Everybody's out, Buck!" protested Conductor Martin, running over to him.

"No!" shouted the fair-haired, blue-eyed giant. "There's a passenger stuck somewhere beneath this mess—the little dark chap who was sitting

The varnished fragments of the car yielded eagerly to the darting tongues of flame which ran along the ground under the debris or hissed against the pitifully inadequate water which was futilely poured on the wreckage from above, as volunteers hurried back and forth from the engine with pails.

Hewing desperately, Williams at last cleared a small opening above which the wreckage piled itself in such shape as to form a triangular orifice. Buck dropped to his knees and peered beneath. The fast increasing fire volleyed forth a great cloud of smoke through the new hole, which only appeared to create a better draft for its more rapid progress.

The American wormed himself into it, twisted, and writhed forward.

"Come back, Buck!" cried Martin, grasping his leg. "He's only a guinea, anyway—not worth the risk."

But the American obstinately jerked himself free and disappeared into the mass of steel and splinters. A little way ahead, to the right of him, he could discern a small, inert, chocolate-colored body, unconscious of the reeking smoke which already thinly enshrouded his calm face.

Buck grasped him.

The body yielded easily, as if destined itself had arched over it a protection. Very slowly he worked his way back through the dense, stifling atmosphere. A shower of sparks swept down his neck, burning him bitterly; but Buck was heedless of it.

Obstinately propping himself now on one hand and knees, and again pushing himself backward as he flattened out, he never relaxed his grip on the unconscious diminutive figure. Eager hands dragged them both from the opening.

As the American emerged and the others caught sight of the limp body he had rescued, the passengers broke into cheer.

"Cripes!" gasped Williams, beating at his scorched neck until the smoldering around the collar of his coat was extinguished. "Somebody get me some vaseline or engine oil!"

He laved his burns eagerly, then knelt to examine the motionless body he had dragged to safety.

"Give me some water, will you?" he commanded, reaching for his hip-pocket with the words. With his own hands he washed the blood from the little man's head and bound it round with his handkerchief, after tearing it in twain and knotting the ends together.

"Only a scratch," he muttered.

He forced the neck of his flask between the lips of the unconscious doll-like figure. The fire was nearly out, and the section men from Separ were already over the edge of the steep bank. A whistle was sounding faintly down the road in front.

The head brakeman came wearily back to the group around the dead and injured and handed a telegram to Conductor Martin.

"Extra twenty-seven sixty-nine's engine and a wrecking crew have been sent back from Deming; that's her whistling now," explained the trainman.

Jitendra stirred.

Never before in all his life had a fiery, potent liquid like the one now trickling down his throat passed his lips. The thud of the wrecked car as it toppled at last into the ditch seemed to aid in his awakening.

He sat suddenly erect, looked stupidly around. Friendly hands helped him into the Pullman.

"Feeling better?" Buck Williams had already forgotten his own trivial injuries in the solicitude he felt for this timorous little alien peering up at him with apologetic eyes.

"Yes, sahib," breathed the brown man. "I do not understand—"

"Oh, it's all over," cheerfully interrupted Williams. "We had a breakdown on the locomotive and came to a quick stop. The old wooden diner

crumpled up—that's all. Couldn't expect anything else, hitting the hill the way we were, with a big hog like that in front and the steel Pullman behind. A couple of niggers killed—and you got the worst deal of any of the passengers, I guess."

The somber look in the eyes deepened as Jitendra scanned his face with a quaint intentness which was altogether new and a little uncanny. Williams shifted uneasily as he went on: "Wrecking crew's got the engine on the track again; we'll only be a few hours late into El Paso. Do you think you'd better get off at Deming and let a doctor look you over?"

Jitendra shook his head. "I am not much hurt. Sahib Buck," he gravely replied. "But how came I to escape the fire? Was I not overwhelmed by the disaster?"

"Oh, you were penned in under that old hulk of a diner until we dragged you out," laughed the mining man. "But that's done L.O.W. You'll be in Chicago, almost the same as if nothing had happened, in two days. It was lucky for both of us that we were toward the back end of the car."

"It was fate," affirmed Jitendra, with an emphatic positiveness contrasting strangely with his wee figure. "But you, Sahib Buck—were you, too, immersed in the shatterings?"

"Nix," grinned Williams. "I backed-pedaled right over tables and chairs till I landed in the vestibule."

"I seemed to be looking down upon you the last I remember," mused the Oriental, fastening his eyes searchingly upon the other man's.

"I missed you," admitted Buck unhesitatingly, "and grabbed an ax and chopped down to where you lay. But I am sure that you would have done as much for me. Do you remember what we were talking about when the smash came?"

Jitendra nodded.

"Yes, Sahib Buck. You were inquiring of me concerning certain powers of my people. But Vishnu willed that I should not reply. So my lips were sealed, as you saw. It may be that I shall never reveal to you, sahib, the things of which I was about to speak."

"Why not?" demanded Williams curiously. The finality in the voice of the Hindu interested and, oddly enough, disquieted him.

"Sahib Buck," patiently began Jitendra, "it is not easy for me to explain the powers which rule us in spite of our complacent self-confidence. But I saw you running for this train—which was late. Tell me if you can, did you make it late?"

"No."

"Nor did I," affirmed the Oriental. "Nor did either you or I check its mad rush toward the plaçes whither we are traveling. Therefore, how shall I make clear to you that what I may call fate bears rule over all? It is not well that men should know too much of such things, sahib, else they would lay the blame for their evil deeds on destiny or fate. So is it not wiser to deal warily with such matters, that, being in ignorance, men shall have the more fear of that which is hidden and kept secret?"

"Perhaps," ironically admitted Williams.

"This morning," imperturbably went on Jitendra, "I did not know that such a man as you lived, nor did you know me. Fate willed that we meet and journey on together."

"To El Paso?" interposed the other.

"No matter the same fate shall decide that bade you drag me from the burning car. I did not ask it, for Vishnu had sealed not only my lips, but smothered my thoughts. Fate spoke, sahib, and you obeyed. And now the same fate whispers to me bidding me turn aside from my journey and go on with you until it permits me to preserve you as you have this day preserved me."

"Oh, I say, Mr. Jitendra, I can't let you interrupt your trip to bother about me or my affairs," protested Williams. "Really, it's very thoughtful of you, but it's wholly unnecessary."

He straightened his strong, young body and leaned back in the Pullman at this typical oriental method of appreciation. One touch of nature makes the whole world akin, and Buck Williams vaguely grasped the spirit of religious gratitude that burned in the frail figure before him.

"Noblesse oblige" it enunciated as loudly as if spoken in actual words audible above the roar of the train, now racing again toward El Paso.

"Who shall say?" cryptically replied Jitendra. "Sahib, I have said that the ways of your people are not the ways of mine. But I have also said that fate or destiny bears rule over all peoples. And I may not journey far upon the Seven Paths if I try to step aside from the Karma which fate lays upon me. Only by obedience may I progress. Otherwise I am in fetters until another incarnation of sorrow and pain has set me free."

The quick grind of the brakes diverted Buck Williams from a reply. The belated limited came to a stop. A boy leaped up the steps of the Pullman bearing a telegram.

"Mr. Williams!" shouted Conductor Martin. "The young man hurried to the end of the car, rescued the man who

and the train picked up again as he tore it open to read:

"Cullacan, Mexico, June 15, 1913.

"Buchanan Williams,

"Clifton, Arizona.

"Forward Train No. 6, East-bound. "Manuel Pacheco and mine crew take to the hills after plundering company store. Meet me Sheldon hotel, El Paso, quick. More trouble brewing around El Tigre.

"WILLIAM SCOTT."

Four and a half hours late the limited slipped into the Union station at El Paso. Buck Williams had forgotten the wreck, Jitendra, and everything else in the chaos of new thoughts regarding the peril to his mine.

He climbed into a taxicab and was whirled to the hotel. Scott leaped across the lobby with extended hand.

"Buck!" he cried, delightedly. "Great guns, man, but I'm glad to see you! The whole province of Sinaloa is shot to h— again—another revolution started. Pacheco and those lazy Mexicans have robbed you of nearly everything you own on top of the grove. From the looks of things, they're planning to cop the El Tigre itself."

"So?" drawled Buck, stiffening a little, the light of battle flaming in his blue eyes, suddenly grown cold. "I picked up a rumor of this at Clifton yesterday. One of the mine bosses overheard some Mexicans discussing El Tigre. He told the superintendent, who repeated it to me. I had just time to pack my bag, and by sheer luck I caught No. 6 east-bound at Lordsburg."

"We can't do much without an army," gloomed Scott, kicking in a dubious fashion at the tiled floor. "I had a mighty hard two days getting through—came by way of Chihuahua after striking overland from the coast—and got the last train out. Americans are thick enough along this side of the border; but a mosquito with a gun that would fit him couldn't pack it across into Juarez—no, sir! The commander at Fort Bliss says we ought to stay at home."

"He hasn't a five-million-dollar mine to lose," sententiously observed Williams, turning to the register. He stumbled against a diminutive figure, whose head just topped the onyx-framed desk.

"What—you here?" he cried. "I told you that I didn't want you to recapitulate my small assistance this afternoon, Mr. Jitendra."

The brown man salaamed low.

"What says the Ancient Wisdom, Sahib Buck? 'The longest way round is off the shortest way home.'"

Williams threw back his head and laughed long and loud.

"Scotty, look at this!"

He jerked a derisive thumb toward the chocolate hued, undersized atom of humanity standing humbly but firmly at his side.

"I pulled him out from under a wrecked diner this afternoon. Now he insists on trailing me until he has paid the score by doing as much for me. Do you think he'd make one bite for Manuel Pacheco and his regiment of thieves?"

CHAPTER III.

Jitendra Returns.

Four hundred and fifty miles on horseback through a country devoid of law, bristling with ragged, semi-civilized peons lustful for loot—ignorant, ungovernable, and virulently despising "gringos"—is a journey some men would hesitate before taking even to battle for a five-million-dollar gold mine.

Buck Williams thought it all over as he puffed meditatively at an after-supper cigar in the Sheldon, while Billy Scott fidgeted on the seat beside him or nervously paced the lobby.

But the calm-eyed Hindu, squatting tailor-fashion on the farther end of the same divan, was as motionless as an idol in the great temple at Benares. Only his adoring eyes, like those of a dog whose master refuses him a caress, betrayed the ferment beneath the folds of the soft snow-white turban, which he donned shortly after his arrival.

"Scotty," blurted Williams, tossing away a half-consumed cigar; "did Friday Thornton and the rest of the boys down in Cullacan elect to vamoose or stick around a while?"

"They stuck—at least most of them did the last I heard of them," replied the superintendent. "Hank Gregory, Tommy Wickware, and a dozen more you know are still in town. They expect intervention by the United States."

"The only intervention so far seems to be on this side of the line," grimly retorted the magnate. "What I'm figuring on is this: We can get across all right—a hundred thousand soldiers couldn't guard the boundary between here and Agua Prieta alone—to say nothing of reaching as far as the Colorado river. Once in, we ought to be able to double back east until we strike San Pedro, then skirt the west branch of the railroad as far as Sanchez, and from there across country to Cullacan."

"However, even if we can do that, what then? If Manuel Pacheco and his friends are after El Tigre mine two of us can't stop them. But it's up to me to stop them if I expect to hold

that I've sweat blood to get for the past five years. How do you feel about trying?"

"I think you're plumb crazy to think about it," frankly replied Scott. "It was bad enough in Madero's insurrection. With him gone and Huerta in power, what chance has a man got, Buck? Orozco, Carranza, and a dozen ether self-made generals are roaming around Chihuahua, murdering, robbing, burning railroads and raising h— generally. Now Moreno's bedeviling Sinaloa. Every one down country is trying to get out. Believe me, I wouldn't try to get back the same way I came out for a half-interest in El Tigre itself."

"All right," tersely retorted Williams. "You take the train back to Benson, drop down to Nogales and see if you can get through to Cullacan by way of Guaymas along the west coast. Trains are still running through to Mazatlan on that division. I'll hit it down the other way. That gives us two chances. If you reach Cullacan before I do, get the boys together and start for El Tigre with every gun and cartridge you can buy, beg or borrow. If I get there first I'll leave instructions in case I want you to follow me to the mine. If you can't get through, shoot back to Nogales and wait until you hear from me."

Deaf to entreaty, expostulation, or argument, Buck Williams slipped out of the hotel before midnight and rode to the northwest. His long detour carried him far beyond the regulars, and he easily eluded the American "line-riders."

Before daybreak he was well past the monuments in the first fringe of hills south of the Arizona boundary line.

In a shallow arroyo he gathered a few dry twigs and lighted a smokeless fire to boil his coffee. His horse and one burro, carrying the meager supplies necessary for the hazardous journey, were picketed behind a knot of waterworn boulders, while he crept warily down the defile to reconnoiter the valley below.

A solitary horseman, whose seat betrayed his unfamiliarity with that mode of travel, popped around a bend in the gully. With incredible swiftness Williams whipped his ready rifle to his shoulder, then lowered it with an amazed exclamation.

"You—you persistent little chocolate-drop," he gasped, as the expressionless face of Jitendra looked down into his own. "What in hades are you following me for? Didn't I tell you that you were under no obligation to me?"

"You did, Sahib Buck."

"Well—oh, for the love of Mike—beat it back to El Paso, will you? You'll look like a sieve if Kosterlitzky's rurales ever see that snow-white, cinnamon-bun headpiece of yours. See here, you loyal little devil—you don't owe me a thing—do you get me?—not a thing! You'll only bother me."

"I can't guarantee you any protection, and I won't have you dogging along to bait some one else after me. I appreciate how you feel, and I admire you for it. But this isn't India—it's Mexico—a synonym for hell. I don't want to be rude to you, but I simply can't and won't stand for any nonsense—because I refuse to take any blame if anything happens to you."

"Will Sahib Buck grant me leave to speak?"

"It won't do any good," obstinately averred Williams, shaking his head angrily. "If you hadn't been padding along behind me all night I'd have been a mile further up in those hills already. As it is, I suppose my coffee is spoiled. Now, see here, Jitendra—if you've got anything up your sleeve worth while just you sit down here on the ground and fade away."

"That's the way you can be of some real service to me—just vanish—down into the ground or up into the air—any way that suits you. Come out at El Tigre mine if you want to—I won't kick if I find you there—but if I catch sight of you again in the meantime I'll shoot you myself, so help me Bob!"

Jitendra regarded him solemnly.

"As Sahib Buck wills, so be it," he quietly replied.

Without another word Williams whirled on his heel and hurried back to his coffee pot. An hour afterward he stooped his horse at the fringe of the timber-line of the Chiricahua

There was no sign of the Hindu nor of any other living human being. With a grunt of relief he spurred up the trail.

Nine days later, unutterably weary, astride a horse whose painful amble and emaciated ribs signified an exhaustion proportionate to that of his rider, Buchanan Williams drew rein in the thick group of pines overlooking El Tigre camp, where it clung to the side of a precipitous ravine in the majestic mountains of the coast range.

The pack burro had long since been an abandoned luxury.

A few hundred feet below was the treasure which had been hidden in nature's safe-deposit vault since the dawn of creation—undreamed of, until his supreme engineering knowledge and superb energy had reached down to drag it to the light of day.