The Halsey Enterprise

An Independent Newspaper

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CHAS. BALLARD, Editor

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Our Sermonette.

What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God? Micah 6:8.

That these are very teasonable requirements will be conceded by all. That God could not require less from those whom he is educating for the future judging of the world is evident; and yet all three of these qualities specified thru the prophet, are comprehended in the one word, Love. Love requires that we shall deal justly with our neighbors, with the brethren, with our families, with ourselves; that we shall seek to cultivate our appreciation of the rights of others,—their physical rights, their moral and intellectual rights, their liberties; and that, appreciating these, we shall in no sense of the word seek to abridge or deny them

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, (Seal) Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Bert Cohen of Portland, traveling freight and passenger agent for the O E, was over at Tulsa last week to make observations concerning business, and stated that if there was not a probability of more returns than heretofore that the side tracks would be removed to other places and the station be moved elsewhere. Now if the farmers around Tulsa are anxious to see business move and keep their place on the map it would be well for them to get busy and do something. Roads are needed to get to the station from all directions and that will mean that the farmers must work together, and the ones that are interested in certain roads should make a concerted pull for that particular road and not depend too much on the people who are not particulariy interested in that road. Let them do this from all sides and make Tulsa a real shipping point. The place could well support a ware house and much of the business that goes elsewhere could be concentrated right there, which would be a help to the place as well as a convenience to the shippers.

Tangent Items.

Howard B Jenks went to Hubbard Thursday on imporfant business.

Mrs Viola Houten of Freewater, Ore, has been visiting with her mother, Mrs M J Smith. While here she received a telegram announcing the death of her husband's brother in Seattle.

Mrs Thomas Smith, daughter Gladys, and grandchild Virginia, of Springdale, Wash, are visiting with Mrs Smith's brother in-law, L F Smith. Mr Smith, who died five years ago, was a resident of Tangent 40 years ago.

The many friends of Loren Luper will be glad to learn that he will be home this week from Los Angeles, Cali. He has recovered from his serious illness, of autataxine poison, and will hit the high places for old Oregon.

W A Slate, plumber and machinist, was painfully injured Friday of last week when he was pouring babbitt metal into the bearing for some machinery, the moisture causing the molten metal to explode and fly into his eyes. The right eyeball was damaged, but the physician attending the case does not believe that the injury will be permanent. He was taken to Albany to have his wounds attended to.

Locals.

Mr Delos Wesley has bought the Conkright place. He will make that his home in the future.

Ernest Goudley has bought the gasoline washing machine and engine of Guy Bramwell. Mr Bramwell expects to install an electric washer in its stead.

Mrs Fred Jackson of Lake Creek, brought her baby in to Halsey this week to the doctor. While here she visited some of her friends.

Albert W Mitzner from Marion, Ore, who has been visiting with his relatives here in Halsey for the past two weeks, returned to his home Tuesday.

The Epworth League gave a surprise party Wednesday evening at the home of W A Carey in honor of his son Everettt, who lately returned from the service.

Mrs David Froman of Albauy visited from Saturday until Monday evening with Mrs C M Ward who has been on the sicklist with the grippe.

C J White, a former business man of Halsey, spent a few hours here last Sunday. He is in the wholesale lumber business in Eugene.

Swami Ram's Reincarnation

By FRANK BLIGHTON

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—While his train is held on a siding Tom Davenport, engineer of the Pacific Limited, becomes interested in the furtive movements of a small brown man, evidently a foreigner, and investigates. What he discovers sends him back to his cab in a hurry. Buchanan Williams, mining man, boards the train and makes the acquaintance of the stranger, Jallsingrao Jitendra, who proves to be an East Indian. The limited is wrecked.

CHAPTER II.—Williams, though painfully burned, saves Jitendra, who had been pinned under the wreck. The Hindu vows eternal gratitude. Williams receives a message telling him Mexican revolutionists have seized his mine, known as "El Tigre," and killed or driven off the Americans.

"H'm!" muttered Williams, as he carefully scanned the camp through his glass for signs of hidden enemies. "Manuel and his friends seem to have other business than running El Tigre just now, at least. Wonder if Scotty was wrong?"

He gave a little chortle of satisfaction as the glass focused on the door to the underground bullion house and supply chamber. It was marred and battered, but evidently it had resisted the efforts of the pillagers to enter it.

"Not so easy to bore through steel-reinforced concrete," laughed the weary man. "Lucky I followed my hunch and stuck those worn-out mine-rails into the cement mixture when I hung that door. Well, I've got to take a chance, I suppose, and I'd better take it in daylight than after dark. There's some canned stuff inside my cellar, and I guess it won't taste so awful bad after a diet of frijoles and berries. If Pacheco and his gang do swoop down on me, I might make a stand in the bullion-vault until they starve me out, anyway!"

He rode fearlessly down the narrow path with the quiet poise of a man who is willing to risk all for the thing his brain has built and his hands secured.

The cluster of desolate-looking miners' cabins on both sides of the road up which supplies were brought from Culiacan, fifty odd miles to the west, almost unnerved him.

His horse shied violently; something quivered in the bushes on his right. Williams glimpsed at the half-naked brown body and covered it with his pistol, while he steadied the frightened animal with his other hand.

The bushes parted.

Out upon the flat rock, within a dozen feet of the alarmed American, poked a turbaned head, beneath which a thin, worn, ascetic face smiled into the muzzle of the ready weapon.

"Good morning, Sahib Buck," piped the diminutive figure as it squatted weakly upon the slab of fire-bitten granite, gazing into the amazed and pitying eyes of El Tigre's owner.

Buck Williams could not at once reply.

He was fascinated by the rapt look upon Jitendra's features—an ecstatic gleam, such as a follower of Mohammed might wear when he at last beholds the shimmering minarets of Mecca shining brightly across the hot sands, signifying the end of his pilgrimage.

CHAPTER IV.

Pacheco's Death.

"How did you get here?" demanded the magnate.

"The ways of my people are not the ways of yours, sahib. Did you not give me permission to come? And who am I that I should presume to disobey you—or the gods?"

"The gods?"

"Vishnu and Siva," salaamed the Hindu. "They, too, are here. Has the sahib never read the lines of one of his own people?

"Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear,
And one to me are shame and fame."

"But it's incredible," returned the mine owner. "I rode my horse almost to death—and there were times when I had all I could do to get through."

He gazed, more and more mystified, at the gaunt figure who seemed to have forgotten fatigue or hunger at the mere sight of him. Jitendra was naked to his loins, which were girded with a cloth almost the same hue as his body.

His legs and feet were bare, and save for a thick something swathed about his neck and his snow-white turban, he was otherwise nude. It was inexplicable—and the incongruity of the poetry which the Hindu had quoted, together with his devotion, added to the American's perplexity.

Then his eyes fell upon the feet of the little brown man.

He was conscious of a swift, remorseful throb. The feet were bare—bruised, cut, swollen, bleeding—the feet of a man who has plodded across the flinty surface of the open country, who has unhesitatingly kept on through chaparral, woods, streams—the feet of a man unused to unremitting pursuit.

Buck Williams gulped—there was a lump in his throat.

"You have followed me all of these nine days—afoot?" he sternly demanded.

[illegible]

have been expecting you for some days."

Buck Williams struggled futilely.

A rawhide riata had been looped around his elbows behind his back, throwing his shoulders so far out of place that the pain was frightful. Another twist of the same lariat had pinioned his wrists, his knees and ankles being left free.

Naturally a man of strong impulses, Williams ceased to wrench at the instant.

"But why—of course it's absurd even to think of it—but why in the devil didn't you work the occult stuff, Jitendra—that is, if you could? I'm sorry to have caused you all this trouble and worry. If you could send your astral body on ahead and then follow it—well, I wouldn't have cared. Why didn't you do that?"

"Sahib, it is not permitted to invoke the powers of the gods when our own efforts will avail. Only when no other means are at hand for deliverance may I call upon Vishnu and Siva."

There was nothing to be gained by discussion, Williams decided. Yet he could not imagine in what manner the Oriental had anticipated his own arrival.

"You were ahead of me?" he asked.

Jitendra bowed.

"How did you know this was El Tigre? There are many other mines around these hills."

The Hindu silently stretched his hand, pointing to the huge sign on the company store above them. The mine owner laughed.

"It was a foolish question, wasn't it? I guess I'm almost too tired to think straight. Well, we'd better be getting up to camp," continued Williams.

He dismounted stiffly from the horse, and the other dropped lightly to the road, meekly following in the rear. "I'm a man of my word, Jitendra; and while I can't promise that you'll ever live long enough to resume your journey at El Paso, I'll be glad of your company until Scotty and the other boys arrive from Culiacan. If you get in bad, remember, I gave you the straight dope on this proposition, and don't blame me."

A careful search of the premises disclosed no pseudo-insurrectos in ambush.

Williams, much relieved, permitted Jitendra to aid in carrying a supply of canned food to his own house, a stout adobe building somewhat higher than the others, with its back against the hill. His horse was picketed alongside where the thick grass carpeted the slope, and a brook beyond obviated the necessity of fetching water up the steep ascent from the bed of the creek far below.

The two ate ravenously, but Jitendra scrupulously abstained from anything except vegetables. He glanced at the American and fingered a can of condensed milk longingly.

"Take it—there's lots more in the storehouse," said Williams kindly.

Jitendra bowed his thanks and ripped off the top with an opener. "In my country," he observed, "we drink the milk of the goat."

But Buck Williams, worn and weary, only half understood him. He relaxed in his chair and slept as sleeps a man who feels at last a degree of comparative safety after many perils.

Once he fancied he heard the notes of a fife, but drowsed off again, to dream of the invincible spirit of the men of '76, who rebelled against oppression, laying down their lives that their descendants might enjoy the blessings of liberty.

He saw vividly an army of soldiers in buff and blue, with cocked hats, marching across the muddy Rio Grande, and before the stern and indomitable man who led them Manuel Pacheco and his ragged bandits fled precipitately.

But the dream passed; at least the phantasmagoria of the Continental army, with Washington at its head, faded, while oddly enough, the features of Pacheco persisted. Something was gripping his arms cruelly. Buck Williams tried to rise.

He half leaped from the comfortable chair in which he had been sitting. His heavy eyes widened.

Opposite him sat Manuel Pacheco himself, on his face an evil leer; and trussed like a chicken in the corner was the Hindu, gazing mutely at him with a curiously intent expression.

"Welcome to El Tigre, Senor Williams," sneered the ex-foreman. "I exorable thongs, but cursed his former mine foreman with expletives of a high dynamic quality.

Pacheco merely adjusted his heavy, gold-fringed epaulets and complacently patted away an imaginary wrinkle in the neat blue coat he wore as he signaled to the other mozos, standing respectfully but curiously beyond the door.

"Assist Senor Williams and his servant to horses," he curtly directed.

It was already sunrise. Outside the house the two were securely bound to the animals, and the party started down the trail toward the coast. At the fork of the highway leading on the left to Culiacan, they debouched to the right.

"Where are you taking us?" imperiously demanded El Tigre's owner.

"The commandante at Zapatillo desires your presence, senor," leered Pacheco.

"I'll get you for this, you greaser dog!" exclaimed the American.

For answer Pacheco drove his horse between the animal Williams was riding and Jitendra's mount, leaned over and struck the American a heavy blow across his unprotected face.

Although half-blinded with rage at the blow, Williams an instant later felt a strange thrill of some event out of the ordinary. Pacheco drew back, his brutish face wreathed in a grin of ferocious triumph; but the smile suddenly stiffened.

He reeled in his saddle; a second later his eyes almost started from their sockets with agony. His cigar-colored features grew purplish and a fleck of foam rose to his gasping lips.

His bridle-hand relaxed; convulsively his legs drove the spurs on the high-topped boots into the sides of the horse he was riding. The animal reared, pawing the air with a peculiar and unaccountable terror, and would have bolted had not one of the command grasped it by the reins.

Buck Williams gazed mutely at the retribution which had struck down the bandit. The outcry of the privates he scarcely heard. He did not need their chorus of alarm to know that Pacheco was dying—was dead.

Yet there had been nothing—absolutely nothing—save only the quick bending of Jitendra's lean body in the captain's direction—a swift inclination of the turbaned head at the instant following the cowardly blow.

The sergeant, Jesus Corabado, volleyed a command and the column halved, while the corpse of Manuel Pacheco was stripped of uniform and equipment. Following the unique but simple Mexican insurrecto method of promotion, Corabado donned the neat blue jacket, with its heavily fringed epaulets, and buckled the sword around him.

On the same principle, a corporal substituted the former sergeant's coat for his own, and a private in his shirt-sleeves put on the corporal's jacket.

"Volante!" cried the new captain.

The soldiers closed in and the column moved forward. Manuel Pacheco that was lay rigid and stark on the caliche, gazing at the cerulean sky with fixed and sightless eyes.

Buck Williams turned to look at Jitendra. The Oriental's face was inscrutable. He was gazing straight ahead, immovable, as if beholding some scene yet to emerge from the womb of

They rode on for several miles, the American growing more and more perplexed. Something—from somewhere—had annihilated the man who had vented his brutality in a contemptible blow upon the face of one powerless to resist.

Had Buck's hands been unbound, Manuel Pacheco, ex-foreman in the employ of the El Tigre mine, would never have dared to offer such an affront to its owner; no, not if he had been in the center of a regiment of disciplined troops instead of a mere company of ragged peons whose counterfeit military air only heightened their ridiculous appearance and magnified their ignorant swagger.

They were banditti, not patriots; and their movements now were those of a body of half-terrified, yet revengeful men actuated by some intelligence superior to their own. The hideously sudden and unexplained death of their previous commander had dazed them.

The more he thought, the more incomprehensible the whole affair appeared to Buck Williams. He knew Mexico. His acquisition of the mineral land on which El Tigre was located had been achieved during the last years of the Diaz regime.

The very name of the mine itself had been derived from him. El Tigre signified "The Tiger," and that name had fallen once from the lips of a thieving peon, who was overtaken and effectually chastised by Buck himself for stealing camp supplies in the early days of his operations.

For Buck was named "The Tiger" because of his implacable fury when any attempt to victimize him was made by the subtle methods which Mexicans usually employ with a "gringo" unaccustomed to their ways.

Now "The Tiger" was bound fast to the back of a horse, en route to some tribunal of whose authority he was ignorant but of whose judgments he could guess.

Pacheco, of himself, would not have dared to presume to lay hands upon him, nor did the indolent Mexican foreman possess sufficient initiative to seize on a mining property of the magnitude of El Tigre unless with inspiration from bigger minds than his. But Pacheco was dead—a bloated purple corpse—struck down almost at the instant of his atrocious blow and hurled into the great unknown.

Pacheco's death was, and forever would be, utterly baffling, Buck Williams knew—unless Jitendra could and would explain it.

He turned to glance at the little Hindu with growing feeling of respect, bordering on awe. He noticed that, while surrounding them, the soldiers were riding well away from Jitendra and himself.

The mysterious demise of their captain had evidently not been without its effect. Buck wondered why Jitendra and himself had not been shot down.

It must be because definite orders had been sent out both for his capture and disposition—otherwise the rifles of the bandit command would, ere this, have visited a death as sudden, but by no means as mysterious, upon both.

"Jitendra," whispered Williams.

The Hindu turned.

"What was it that killed Pacheco?"

"The vengeance of Vishnu, sahib," answered the other.

"I do not understand," replied the mine owner. He was a little irritated to think that he, a strong, lusty American, was inferior in resources for resistance to his enemies, while a gaunt, emaciated, undersized atom bound as securely as himself to another horse, invoked apparently occult powers with such startling results.

Jitendra's hands were tied as were his own—he could see the flesh swelling on the bony wrists where the taut rawhide was shrinking in the heat of the sun.

"The vengeance of Vishnu," at last he mechanicaly repeated, when the Hindu had apparently failed to notice his remark.

"Yes, Sahib Buck."

The squalid adobe structures of Zapatillo were now clearly in view. The soldiers sat a little more erect, closed their ragged ranks into slightly straighter lines, and the horses, sensing a delayed meal, moved forward at a swifter pace.

Still Jitendra did not vouchsafe any explanation. Only at the gate of the carcel itself, a few minutes later, did Buck Williams catch a low murmur of words. He listened eagerly.

The Hindu seemed to be chanting, but the words were English:

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly—I am the wings.
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

CHAPTER V.

Incarcerated.

The jail at Zapatillo was a structure in which one would not particularly care to remain for a prolonged period. The intensely hot, humid day made the walls reek with a stench from the insanitary conditions which always prevail in prisons, no matter how well cleaned.

The food was unspeakable; the water insufficient and unpalatable.