

The Halsey Enterprise

An Independent Newspaper

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

CHAS. BALLARD, Editor

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Devoted to the material upbuilding of Halsey and surrounding country and Linn county generally. Subscription rate \$1.50 per year in advance.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE OF HEARING OF FINAL ACCOUNT.

Notice is hereby given that the final account of H. C. Davis as administrator of the estate of Clara B. Davis, deceased, has been filed in the County Court of Linn County, State of Oregon, and that the 24th day of February, 1920, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., has been fully 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 contest the same.

Dated and first published January 22 1920.

H. C. DAVIS,

Administrator of the Estate.

Amor A. Tussing,

Att'y for Administrator.

1-22 to 2-19.

Dr. HAROLDE E. JACKSON

Dentist.

304-305 1st National Bank

Building.

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Our Sermonette.

Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord. Ps 31: 24.

It would seem as though the adversary at times attempts to discourage us by making us think that the trials and difficulties of the "narrow way" of sacrifice will be unavailing anyhow, and that we might as well give up.

What course should we pursue at such a time? We should follow the example of our Lord, and seek the Father's face, anxious to know whether or not our interests are all right with him; anxious for some assurance that while the world may hate us, and say all manner of evil against us falsely, we still have his approval; anxious for some fresh assurance that it will be well with us, that the Lord will grant us a part in the better resurrection to life eternal.

Catarhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure catarhal deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. Catarhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Many cases of deafness are caused by catarh, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarhal Medicine acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Catarhal Deafness that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarhal Medicine. Circulars free. All Druggists, 75c.

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Linn County Good Roads Meeting Held in Albany Saturday.

The Linn County Good Roads Association which convened in Albany last Saturday elected officers for the ensuing year and plans to be a factor in the road development of the county and state in a larger way than ever before. The officers elected were:

Rex Davis of Harrisburg, president; A C Schmitt of Albany, secretary and treasurer; for vice presidents, P A Young and F J Miller of Albany, Dr A W Carmack of Fry Station; A M Reeves of Lebanon, C H Koozts of Halsey, C E Stanard of Brownsville, W W Poland of Shedd, R C Peery of Scio, and V Shelton and O H Russell of Sweet Home.

The following men of Halsey, Shedd

and Tangent were present and members of the organization, according to the Albany Democrat:

From Halsey: Geo Laubner, H C Davis, D Taylor, and Ben T Suddell.

From Shedd: J C Brown, C Crison-Ed Mitchell, C H Davidson, J B Cornett, John Dannen, W H McBride, and Isaac Wheeler.

From Tangent: R C Bailey, John Archibald, Chas Kutcher, A L Sheer, W E Parker, L B Luber, D W Shirley, and Perry Parker.

Officers for Linn County Fair Elected.

Future plans and policies of the Linn county fair was discussed in the first meeting of the new board which met in Albany Tuesday, and officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

F H Pfeiffer, president; W R Scott, vice president; A C Schmitt, secretary; P A Young, treasurer.

A resolution was passed to file an amended articles of Incorporation changing the place of holding the fair from Scio to Albany and for providing a board of 39 directors. No definite action will probably be taken in making final arrangements for the fair until the complete board of 39 men is secured.

Wayne Stewart, who has been identified with the racing program of the fair at Scio for several years, was present and proposed a racing program to consist of both harness and running races with purses offered to the amount of \$2500 to \$3000. An up-to-date track will probably be built at the old round-up grounds.

The matter of permanent buildings to be built and placed under the supervision of the woman's auxiliary that is expected to be organized here in the near future was discussed.

The exhibit of the schools of the county which in times past has been one of the leading features of the county fair is expected to aid in making a creditable exhibit as the conveniences will be greater than ever before. The grand stand and fence is to be repaired and a base ball diamond in the center of the race track arranged for.

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, Jaisingrao Jitendra, who proven 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 the Americans.

CHAPTER III.—On his way to the mine alone, Williams discovers that Jitendra is following him, and he orders him to turn back. The Hindu apparently acquiesces, but when Williams reaches the mine he finds Jitendra there.

CHAPTER IV.—The Hindu declares Fate has bound him and Williams together, and asserts mysteriously that the gods Vishnu and Siva are with him. Williams, somewhat touched, allows him to stay. While in a sleep of exhaustion Williams is made prisoner by a Mexican force headed by Manuel Pacheco, his former mine foreman. With Jitendra, also a prisoner, the party sets out for Zapatlillo. On the way Pacheco brutally strikes Williams and almost immediately falls from his horse dead, apparently without cause.

Buck Williams and Jitendra jointly occupied a black, fetid hole on the level of the street. It opened on the corridor, not far from the main gate.

A soldier in the passage guarded them, notwithstanding the thick earthen walls, with oak doors, traversed by heavy bars of wrought iron, which, of themselves, were certainly capable of detaining two men without tools to burrow or gnaw through them.

The American had not willingly entered the cell.

In fact, he had strenuously objected. In terse Spanish idiom he demanded to be first taken before the jefe politico, an official corresponding to a circuit judge in his own country.

His demand was ignored. Then the tiger in him boiled up. His hands had been unbound after the main gate of the prison closed behind him. With characteristic, desperate courage, Buck hurled himself on a soldier and seized his weapon.

But the others, with a sinister deliberation, considering the mine owner's preconceived theory that some mysterious and malign influence was behind his seizure, covered him—and they were twelve to one.

for a moment the room atmosphere of the carcel was surcharged with an impending tragedy.

Buck, glaring with malevolent eyes into the faces of his guards, knew that he could never hope to leave that horrible hole alive if he persisted in his frantic impulse to force his way out against such odds.

A curious sense of helplessness overwhelmed him; his strength seemed to be ebbing away. He paused, irresolutely, unheeding the sharp command of the captain of the guard to surrender.

Jitendra, impassive as a sphinx, stood aside, but the glitter of his shy, brown eyes showed that no detail of the scene before him was unnoticed. The rifle rattled to the earth at Buck's feet.

He turned at the imperative gesture of the commanding officer and meekly entered the cell toward which he and Jitendra had been walking. Inside the cell, once the door closed behind them, the light was dim.

Jitendra submissively seated himself cross-legged in one corner and remained utterly silent. The American, inwardly raging at his own unaccountable surrender and the memory of the injustice to which he had been subjected, paced up and down, true to his designation of "El Tigre."

The Hindu looked at him calmly.

"Sahib Buck wishes to leave this place?"

"Leave it?" roared the American. "Did I try to break into it?"

He loosened the collar of his shirt and mopped the perspiration from his neck. The foul apology for air was suffocating.

"See here, Jitendra, do you want to help me get out?"

"Assuredly, sahib."

"Then get up, go to the door, and demand that the British ambassador be notified of your arrest. When you get out, as you surely will, send a telegram to William Scott, International hotel, Nogales, Arizona, U. S. A., telling him I'm here. That may help a little. There's something going on here that I don't understand at all, Jitendra. I didn't ask you to come with me—I did the best I could to get you to go on about your own business. So there's no reason at all for you to be locked up, and if there's any why I should be, I want to know it!"

"Do you, indeed?"

Buck leaped toward the sound and peered through the tiny, grated orifice in the iron-bound oak door. The query was in English, but it carried a mocking sneer which worked the mine owner into a new frenzy.

He could not make out the features of the speaker in the semi-darkness, yet he fancied he had heard the voice on some other occasion.

"I see you do not recognize me," blandly went on the same speaker. "Well, Mr. Williams, I'm Herbert Hardinge—you recall the name, don't you—Hardinge, agent for the United Kingdom Exploration company?"

"Yes," replied Williams brusquely; "that is, if you are the same Hardinge that tried to beat me out of the El Tigre property five years ago. What of it?"

"I just heard of your plight," smoothly answered the syndicate agent, "and hurried down to see if I could be of any assistance to you."

Williams hesitated.

Herbert Hardinge had consistently and relentlessly opposed him in the past. Their litigation over the ownership of El Tigre had been expensive to both and it had only ended when the highest court in Mexico upheld his own prior rights.

But blood is thicker than water, and the Anglo-Saxon love of justice sometimes causes white men in foreign lands to forget past differences in new perils. So Williams replied:

"That's mighty white of you, Hardinge. I don't know why I'm here, for I've done nothing to merit imprisonment. Of course, I don't want to stay—I want to get back to El Tigre—and if you can help me out I'll surely be grateful to you."

"I think the matter can be very easily arranged," suavely answered the Englishman; "otherwise I should not have bothered about coming down."

"How?"

"If you will transfer El Tigre mine to the ownership of my company, promise to return to the United States without delay, and give a pledge not to re-enter Mexico for five years, you will be free in half an hour."

Williams could not credit his hearing. What had El Tigre's ownership to do with his arrest, or in what manner could the abandonment of his property be made an excuse for releasing him?

"I see that you do not thoroughly understand your present position," satirically observed Hardinge as Williams gaped vainly for words with which to voice his indignant surprise.

"You are right—I don't, Hardinge. But, before you go further, let me tell you this: I returned to El Tigre yesterday from the United States. I was set upon by my former mine foreman, bound while asleep, and he started to bring me here. He offered no explanation for his extraordinary and illegal conduct."

"He died, from some cause I can-

not understand, while on the way. But I did not jeopardize myself by returning to Mexico with any intention of being coerced into signing away the property I have fought for years to develop. Why should I purchase freedom by voluntarily surrendering El Tigre, when I came back here to hold it, at all hazards?"

"I would not advise haste in a decision," Hardinge's tone was frigid. "You ought to think this matter over and weigh things carefully, Williams, before coming to a conclusion which may only involve you further."

"How can it involve me? What matter are you referring to?"

"The officials of the government at Mexico City who decided that you were the rightful owner of El Tigre have been superseded by other men."

"I know that, Hardinge. But even the ones now in power will not presume to declare my titles invalid without a hearing on the merits, nor uphold an arrest for peacefully occupying my property—surely, at least, not before the reopening of a case which was settled before their highest court."

"No?" The query carried an undertone of insolent sarcasm.

"No!" The defiance in the prisoner's voice was unmistakable.

"I supposed, Williams, that you had been in Mexico long enough to understand the unstable character of the government. But you are evidently unaware that since your departure from the state of Sinaloa it has seceded."

"I had not heard of it."

"Nor that General Juan Moreno is now the provisional governor of the province?"

"It's all news to me."

"I imagined it would be. Now, let us be frank. I am uncommonly generous with you, Williams. As governor of this province, General Moreno has declared titles to all property held or acquired by Americans within the past ten years void, and they have been confiscated. Hereafter no American can acquire, nor hold, by purchase or otherwise, property in Sinaloa, during the existence of this provisional government, at least. This decree has the support of Moreno's advisors and the approval of a large majority, at least, of the residents of the province. You see where you are, don't you?"

Williams gasped.

The sheer audacity of the thing was incredible. Yet, what could he or other Americans expect from the bungling way the whole "Mexican problem" seemed to have been handled at home?

"But what has this to do with my arrest?" he savagely demanded.

"Everything," bluntly retorted Hardinge. "You were an interloper and a trespasser on property now owned and about to be operated by the United Kingdom Exploration company. Orders were issued by Governor General Moreno himself that you should be brought in, if you came back to El Tigre. You returned and Captain Manuel Pacheco, one of Moreno's own staff, was sent to carry out the order. That is why you are here."

"I see," bitterly exclaimed the prisoner. "But why was I not taken before the jefe politico and warned about this new law?"

"Governor Moreno has suspended the civil statutes until the province is entirely pacified."

"Then why was I not taken before him?"

"Ah! I think you will scarcely be anxious to face a military tribunal composed of General Moreno's officers, Williams—at least, if you still possess the discretion with which I have always credited you."

"Why not? What have I to fear from him or his officers?"

"You ought to know. Captain Pacheco did not return to Zapatlillo with his command, did he?"

"I realize it. But what has that to do with me?"

"You are accused of murdering him this morning."

"Rats!"

"The military court," evenly resumed Hardinge, "I am informed, will accord you a hearing this afternoon—probably within an hour. You know what that signifies as well as I. You were armed and arrested by Captain Pacheco. He was murdered—they have brought in his body. You are accused. The lieutenant of the command, who succeeded to Pacheco's title, the sergeant and other officers, as well as some of the privates, were giving their testimony before the court when I was admitted to the carcel."

Buck Williams laughed contemptuously.

"That is why I came," severely continued Hardinge, "to see if I could help you out of this ugly mess. I've fought you, but I don't particularly wish to see you backed against the wall of the carcel and shot to death at sunrise tomorrow morning. I'm a persistent enemy, Williams, but not a vindictive one. Now, what do you say to my former proposition about getting out of Mexico?"

"If that's the best card you have up your sleeve with which to hoodwink me out of El Tigre, Hardinge, you'd better go back to your exploration company and wait for Moreno's firing squad to shoot. Why, man, it's absurd!

I was tied, hand and foot, on the back of a horse, when Pacheco kicked off. How can they reason I killed a man in such circumstances?"

"They don't need any reasons—an excuse is enough," laughed Hardinge brutally. "Pacheco was well and strong when he left. He died in some way not yet determined just after striking you. The physician who performed the autopsy says he was murdered."

"Does that prove I killed him?"

"Who else? Pacheco's own men certainly did not—they worshiped him. You are against the guns, Williams—literally. But if you want to be obstinate, don't fancy I'm trying to persuade you to do the only thing that will let me help you. Your mine or your life—take your choice—or lose them both if you want to! But when you look into the rifles of the firing squad admit to yourself at least that I did all I could to save you."

"Thank you," dryly answered the prisoner. "But why this sudden solicitude, Hardinge?"

"Purely a matter of expediency—an anchor to leeward, we'll say. Governor Moreno has already issued us a legal title to El Tigre. If the provisional government is permanent, we'll need nothing more. If it falls, we'll then have your transfer of title to us and continue operating it as if nothing had happened. The exploration company is interested in mining—not politics."

"But I see no reason to believe that you can do what you promise—or will. Why should I permit myself to be frightened into transferring a title to a five-million-dollar mine—and perhaps be shot down, just the same, between here and the border? If I'm up against a brace game, Hardinge, go ahead with it. I have associates in the United States who put money into that property. They trust me."

"I am fully aware of that."

"I have full power to act for them in any way that seems best to protect their interests," hotly went on Williams. "But if I did what you ask me to do I'd be a blithering ass. You could take the deed and have me shot, anyway—they'd only think I'd betrayed them—and fled with their money. Then, again, I may be out of here tomorrow—and then where would I be? Suppose Moreno's provisional government goes down? Your company would then have El Tigre without paying a nickel. Nix, Hardinge; you've got to show me more than that to get my signature."

Hardinge grinned evilly.

The saturnine features of his powerful face leaped suddenly into the blaze of the match with which he was lighting a cigar. His hard eyes gleamed with amusement as he half turned away from the door.

"All right! A man about to be shot isn't altogether in a position to make terms, Williams. Believe it or not—I can do what I've promised, and people who know me will tell you that I always do as I promise. It so happens that General Moreno will be quite willing to mitigate your sentence in any way I might request; but you don't have to believe that, either, unless it suits you to do so. Well, I'm going. This foul air is giving me a headache."

He turned nonchalantly away, Buck, with a feeling of supreme despair, tried to steady his voice for another question.

"How do you happen to have such a pull with General Moreno?"

"I'm surprised that you ask, Williams. Moreno was ambitious to become governor and wanted to start a revolution. That meant arms, men, money. He had none. The United States has forbidden their export to rebels, so he talked things over with us. In return for certain mining concessions in Sinaloa we supplied what he needed. It's very simple, but of course I'll deny that I ever made this admission if you should mention it to anyone else. However, I guess there's little danger—you're incommunicado. No one will see you until the sentence is carried out tomorrow morning."

Williams pondered. Hardinge's statement impressed him as truthful. But he played his last card with all the coolness of a poker player who has been called for his final chip.

"This other fellow, Hardinge,—he jerked his thumb toward the interior of the cell—"he's a British subject and a stranger here, who thinks he owes me something because I pulled him out of a train wreck near El Paso on the way down. As a British subject yourself you won't mind notifying the British ambassador he's here—will you—no matter what happens to me?"

"I certainly will not," angrily snapped the syndicate agent. "What the devil do you take me for—a fool?"

"No," drawled the American, with a deliberation that brought a red flush to the Englishman's face, "not a fool, Hardinge, but a cold-blooded, calculating dog who will deliberately plan to murder a rival to gain his ends. Go on with your fake court-martial, you white-livered beast! I'd rather welter in my own blood a thousand times than give you the satisfaction of putting over a thing like this—to rob me and the men who have backed me with their confidence and money. Shoot—and be damned to you!"

To be continued.