

The Halsey Enterprise

An Independent Newspaper

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

CHAS. BALLARD, Editor

Entered as second-class matter October 3, 1912, at the post office at Halsey, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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

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Our Bible Question.

In last week's Sunday school lesson we noticed that Ananias and his wife Sapphira were both struck dead for lying. Millions of people had told lies prior to that time, and millions have told them since then, yet that is the only case on record of anybody being struck dead for telling a falsehood.

Question. Why were Ananias and his wife struck dead for lying? Let us see who will give the best answer to our question.

The following answers have been received:

Let us go back to the time when Christ said to Peter "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

"And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

Peter was a very stern though just man, and he saw a detriment to the church in what Ananias and his wife did, and to impress it upon the Christian people how wrong it is to lie to the Holy Spirit, he used the power Christ had given him to loose Ananias and his wife from the church. —G R Walker.

"A little leaven leaveneth the

whole lump, purge out the old leaven" says Paul concerning an incestuous member in the church. 1 Cor 5: 6-7. When the people of Israel suffered because of the sin of Achan, God ordered his removal by death and the people had peace. Josh 6: 7. The continued presence of such "leaven" in the church as Ananias would have spelled ruin for the young institution, hence their removal in such an effective manner. That this manifestation of the Divine wisdom had also a salutary effect upon the church, and that it was intended to be exemplary is seen in the 11th verse. That the sin of Ananias and his wife was any worse than the sin of hypocrisy today I doubt, and their end not being the lot of such persons in this age is not any assurance that "Lying lips have ceased to be an abomination unto the Lord" and I believe an application of the Savior's words in Luke 13: 1-5 will make clear that though the Lord is longsuffering and tolerates them now, there will come a time when he will purge out this foul leaven as effectively as he did in the infancy of the church. Read Rev 21: 8. —C H Phillips.

The Christian church was a new institution and in some places they were uniting with it by the thousands and there were apt to be many who joined without being thoroughly consecrated to the Lord. To show that it was quality he wanted and not quantity, he gave a lesson that kept out those that were not thoroughly in earnest. —Editor.

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with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarrh Cure was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years. It is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in Hall's Catarrh Cure is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. All Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

School Notes

Parent Teacher Association meets at the regular time next Saturday. The High School is going to give a Basket Social immediately afterwards. Every one invited. Remember it is next Saturday, the 7th. Ladies bring your baskets and the gentlemen their cash.

Gertrude McKern substituted for Mrs Clara Cross Monday and Bertha Walker in the primary room but Hazel Straley took the primary grade Tuesday and Wednesday.

Miss Showalter took another sick spell Wednesday; she has tendered her resignation as teacher, to take effect in a few days. Hazel Straley took her place Thursday; Mrs Minnie Cross being under a surgeon's care, having been operated on for appendicitis on Wednesday, the primary grades are temporarily out of a teacher.

Mrs Bond was one of the judges for the Shedd High School debate held between the Shedd and Brownsville High Schools at Shedd. Supt Boettler and M Allen of Albany were the other two. All three votes were cast in favor of Shedd.

The seniors of the Halsey High School are going to debate on the same subject at the March P T A meeting.

Lawrence Wells returned to school Monday after an attack of the flu.

The Caesar class had their final examination Monday and the geometry class plans to have theirs Friday. The remaining examinations will be held the

12th and 13th. Every one is beginning to review for them. High School Reporter.

Items From Brownsville Clipped From The Times.

The Albany semi-weekly Democrat and the Lebanon Express have been designated county official papers for another year.

William Huddleston, well known at Waterloo, dropped dead of apoplexy at Mill City Wednesday of last week.

Mrs Vidito, wife of our city marshal, who has been ill for some ten days or more, is slowly recovering.

G W Humphrey, editor and owner of the Jefferson Review after almost a half century as a printer and 27 years as publisher, recently sold his paper to H B Mars of Gervais. [The editor of the Enterprise went to Gervais two months or more before he thought out the Enterprise, to buy out the Gervais Star, but circumstances were not propitious so it was passed up.]

Mrs A B Miller of the south side has been seriously ill for more than a week and had Dr Powell three times a day for a while, but is recovering very fast now.

Mrs Ada Downs, daughter of Rev and Mrs Downs, arrived home from O A C at Corvallis Monday evening. Miss Downs was taken ill and Mrs Downs was summoned to her bedside and returned with her, Miss Downs was advised by her physician, Dr Howard, formerly of this place, to take a month's rest to recuperate.

A late report states that Mrs W P Elmore, who recently left here for a visit with relatives at Newburg, was seriously ill at that place and Mr Elmore has been summoned to her bedside, leaving Tuesday.

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, Jalsingrao 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 the Americans.

CHAPTER III.—On his way to his 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 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.

CHAPTER V.—Arriving at Zapatlillo Williams and Jitendra are placed in a filthy cell. Williams is visited by Herbert Hardinge, representative of a rival mining company. He offers Williams his liberty if he will abandon El Tigre and agree to leave the country. Williams indignantly refuses.

"If Mr. Vishnu has any pull in this precinct, I sure hope he'll do something for you," he sarcastically observed. "I wouldn't bother about sending him any thoughtless messages, Jitendra. If I knew Vishnu well enough I'd brace him for a good gun and about fifty cartridges. Of course Moreno's men might get me, but it would be some satisfaction to have a little company across the river tomorrow morning. Do you suppose Vishnu could slip us a .30-30 in here, somehow?"

"Sahib Buck wishes a gun?"

"In the absence of anything that will assist us both to dissolve and float out of here through the keyhole—I've—I'll be very glad to have a gun. I've heard how people in India grow plants from seeds under a cloth in a few minutes. Now, if you can pull off a stunt like that, only grow me a gun instead of a plant—one that won't miss fire or jam cartridges in the magazine—I'll guarantee to make mighty good use of it. Do you happen to have any gun-seeds or ammunition sprouts with you?"

Jitendra grew thoughtful. "Very well. Will the sahib not first seek repose?"

Williams sneered. "We'll have plenty of sleep a little after sunrise," he remarked. "Why waste the time now?"

"What says the Ancient Wisdom: 'Sleep is a lake wherein the soul finds food.'" politely returned the other. "In sleep many strange things come to one—is it not so?"

The mine owner sat down with a sardonic smile. Jitendra was chanting softly. Even the proximity of death had not changed him in the slightest. As Williams pondered and listened to the regular tramp of the Mexican on guard in the corridor, something of the utter fatalism of life—or death—came over him.

Why cry out or struggle against the inevitable? Sooner or later he must certainly pass from out the ferment of humanity, to lie forgotten in some quiet corner. It might as well be now as any other time, except for one thing—El Tigre.

For an instant a flame of bitter hatred blazed up as he thought of the crafty Hardinge. Had it not been for that subtle, human scorpion he would not be lying in this horrid hole, waiting the summons which would terminate his ambitious life.

But the bitterness died away.

Hardinge was only another puppet of fate—a stuffed doll—like himself, a mere marionette in the drama of existence, for fate bears rule over all. Presently he, too, would be thrust back into the cosmic trunk by the Great Property Man of the whole fantastic show, and death, the wardrobe mistress, would receive the battered automaton, the same as she would claim him at sunrise.

The voice of the chanting Hindu grew fainter.

The drowsy American felt that he was falling into the abyss of all things—the place from which he had sprung. Around him mysterious creatures, with calm, untroubled countenances, like Jitendra's face, swirled on soundless wings.

The world of strife and struggle, of bitter hate and burning discord, of which he had been a part was blotted out, and, instead, there was only a superlative sense of contentment, a divine peace, a sweet oblivion.

"Sahib Buck! Sahib Buck!"

Williams struggled in dazed fashion to his knees.

Between his dream and the darkness he was so confused that he did not realize where he was—or why. Something cold, metallic, slender, was forcing itself into his hands.

"There is little time, sahib," hissed the voice. "See—the door is open and the gods granted thy request. Make haste, I pray thee, and depart. Beware of the other who sits asleep just within the gate of this place."

"W-w-who—what the devil are you talking about? Oh, I remember now—it's you, Jitendra, isn't it?"

"Yes, sahib, but delay not. The night is yet young—by dawn thou must be far from here."

Unbelievably the mine owner staggered to his feet. He tried to look around the obscure interior of the cell. Then he saw that the iron-bound oaken door leading into the corridor was open, as a draft of air came through.

Near it two flaming points of light, swaying rhythmically in the corner, blazed back at him. Buck stumbled toward them, groping blindly.

Jitendra's hand was on his arm—the Hindu's slender fingers bit down on his biceps like steel tongs.

"Sahib, beware the vengeance of Vishnu! Not that way!"

He felt himself drawn forcibly aside and thrust into the corridor. He turned to glance at his friend. Two other crimson, glaring points of light blazed back into his startled eyes, but these seemed suspended just above the white turban which the Oriental wore. Like those the mine owner had seen in the cell corner, they might have been the angry orbs of the gods at whom he had scoffed.

Buck trembled.

A cold sweat streamed out on his forehead. He at last realized that he was in the passage leading to the gate of the carcel, and in his hands was a rifle—the thing he had jestingly commanded the patient, little brown man to secure for him through the exercise of his occult powers.

"Hurry, Sahib Buck," whispered Jitendra; "hurry not for me, for Vishnu and Siva have me in their holy keeping."

To be continued.

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 duly 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,
Atty for Administrator.

1-22 to 2-19.

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