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CHAS. BALLARD, Editor

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Our Sermonette.

Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. Jas 1: 4.

Not one step of progress can be gained without the exercise of this grace of patience; and not one of the graces more beautifully adorns the Christian character, or wins the approval of the world's conscience, or glorifies the God of all grace whose truth inspires it. It is long suffering meekness and endeavoring to stem the tide of human imperfections and weakness and endeavoring with painstaking care to regain the Divine likeness; it is slow to wrath and plenteous in mercy; it is quick to perceive the paths of truth and righteousness and prompt to walk in them; it is mindful of its own imperfections and sympathetic with the imperfections and shortcomings of others.

The Albany Angels' played the Halsey High School boys a game of basket ball last Saturday night with a score of 30 to 10 in favor of Albany. Some of the Albany boys were from the college.

Christian Church Notes

The Sunday school attendance showed a pleasant increase up to that of last week; this is very encouraging to all and should lead others to avail themselves of the opportunity to increase their knowledge of some of the great themes of the Bible.

Next Sunday's lesson provides some interesting and vital questions among which may be mentioned the following:

Why was it necessary for Cornelius to be saved?

Why did not the angel tell him he was saved, or what to do to be saved?

Why did the Holy Spirit send Peter to Cornelius instead of speaking pardon to him?

Why was it necessary for Cornelius to be baptized?

May WE, or may we not, expect such a demonstration of the Holy Spirit as came to Cornelius' house? If so, why? If not, why not?

Read the account in Acts 10; and if you can answer the questions come out at 10 sharp; if you can't, then you ought to come out and take part in the discussion.

Next Sunday morning Brothe Phillips promises a sermon of interest entitled "The expectant Christ." Don't miss this service members, and bring a friend.

The evening song service will be of the usual good order and will be followed by a sermon, the topic of which is, "Is the world really getting worse?"

We were glad to notice that the attendance last week was as great as at any evening service, and very gratified by the splendid attention and interest manifested in the sermon.

The C E contest progresses and competition runs high; keep up the good work by being present next week and taking part.

Church Reporter.

Swami Ram's Reincarnation

By FRANK BLIGHTON

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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 cabin 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 the mine, done, 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 Zapalillo. On the way Pacheco brutally strikes Williams and almost immediately falls from his horse dead, apparently without cause.

CHAPTER V.—Arriving at Zapalillo 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.

The cool, satiny rifle barrel sent a thrill of madly intoxicating ecstasy lighting through the American's brain. Like the tiger, from whom he had been named, he padded stealthily along the hert passage leading to the gate of the prison, filled with an angry vengeance.

The sleeping sentinel was loling in his chair. His weapon thudded down upon the head of the somnolent soldier, who rolled to the ground.

Williams seized the ringed key from the guard's inert fingers and thrust it into the lock. The last barrier swung upward, the soft breeze of the refulgent night kissed his feverish face, and he was blotted out by its protecting curtain.

Jalsingrao Jitendra squatted in the corner of the cell from which the American had so miraculously been released, and bent over the prostrate figure of the Mexican who had been on guard in the corridor.

Back and forth on the breast of the soldier, who lay rigidly upon his back, waved two sinister, menacing points of crimson, and in perfect unison waved also two others upon the head of the Hindu.

"Wouldst thou have life?" sternly demanded the little brown man of the prostrate figure.

"Si, senior!"

"Then heed well what I shall say," went on the other in cold, precise accents. "If they wake to find Sahib buck gone, thou, instead of he, will die. So, thou too must depart."

He leaned closer to the man, whose face was distorted with a hideous terror. As the Mexican comprehended the half-friendly attitude of the Hindu, hope struggled with despair in his eyes.

"Tell me, is it true that I, too, am to die with the coming of the sun?"

The Mexican nodded. "But that, senior, is not of my doing, nor is it in my power to save you—unless you flee with El Americano."

"We shall see," crisply returned the Oriental. "Where is it that the killers of men will work their evil powers upon me if I remain?"

"In the yard of the carcel, senior. They will tell you to go, that you are free, and then as you near the gate to pass through it they will fire at your back."

Jitendra pondered a moment, his head inclined a little forward. He was debating what course to pursue. If he

attempted to see how out into the night in this unknown country, his swollen feet would be a terrible handicap. Even with a horse he would almost certainly be seen, overtaken and shot by the soldiers who swarmed through the province of Sinaloa.

Beside, Sahib Buck must have ample time to reach his friends, else what he had done for his preserver would count for nothing.

"Where will the men stand to slay one who bears them no malice?" he queried.

"Does the senior remember how the carcel yard looks?"

"Somewhat."

"The passage through which you were brought to this cell leads to the carcel yard. Directly across on the other side is the gate to the street. The soldiers—"

"How many?"

"Six, senior, and a corporal, make up the firing squad. These will take you to the yard. You will be told that any reasonable request of yours will be granted. It may also be made to appear that you are free to depart. But, if so, be not deceived. You will never pass the gate alive.

"Behind, near the edge of the yard, close to the building and directly over an old drain, the six will stand with rifles ready. As you near the gate you will die by their shots. I have spoken truth, senior, I swear it by the saints."

"What is this drain?—I do not understand."

"A very old, large, round pipe, senior, once used to carry off waste, but now abandoned. You may see the end above the ground on the way to the gate. It is not far from the carcel itself where it comes up through the ground, from there it runs along the yard beneath where the soldiers stand. Senior, I swear I have told you all—will you now not take from me this strange, hideous monster with the flaming eyes, ere I die?"

"One more thing must I know," icily replied the Hindu. "If I should ask of the corporal a cigarette—what then?"

"The officer in command would give it to you."

"Now, listen with care to my words—for on them hang life or death for thee," venomously hissed Jitendra, bending so low that his lips almost touched those of the other man. "I shall ask for that cigarette when I start for the gate. And, if I am given it not—well, it were better for thee that thou wert never born. If I receive it, and thou also obey me in what I shall now require of thee—it shall be life and joy to thee in the years to come. Heed well, therefore, and fail not to obey me in all I shall command of thee."

He whispered a few words in the ear of the prostrate figure.

"That is all," he observed.

"I understand, senior. By the blessed saints, I swear to do as you have asked. Now, may I depart?"

Slowly Jitendra arose and stood before the door. The angry, crimson orbs above the breast of the soldier vanished, to reappear near the other two above the Hindu's turban.

"All men are brothers and thou art mine," resumed Jitendra. "To kill is sin. Therefore, and because thou hast promised to do as I have commanded, I bind upon thee the sacred symbols of Vishnu and Siva—that no harm may hereafter come to thee. Loose thy shirt."

The quivering Mexican obeyed. Something cold, clammy, and unpleasantly repugnant wrapped itself around him.

"Thus does Siva enfold thee," went on the Oriental. "Never again canst thou offend the gods by causing the death of any living thing." His lithe arm flung itself out in the darkness, and again the shuddering Mexican experienced the sublimity of horror as his hot blood raced through his icy body.

"With Vishnu, too, do I crown thee, brother. Now, if thou do but keep thy promise all will be well with thee. But"—Jitendra paused significantly—"of this also be assured. If I die at sunrise because thou hast lied, the gods Vishnu and Siva die not with me, but live on forever. Whither thou goest, even if it were to the ends of the earth, there Vishnu will pursue thee—and Siva, too, will seek thee out!"

CHAPTER VII.

Jitendra Disappears.

His excellency, Governor General Juan Moreno, scowled blackly into the sleep-heavy countenance of Herbert Hardinge. The two sat in the temporary official headquarters of the provisional government of Sinaloa. It was a little before dawn.

"Your bird has flown, senior," he tersely observed.

"What do you mean?" Hardinge's dismayed face grew gray beneath its reddish tan.

Moreno shrugged his shoulders. "I have the honor to inform you," punctiliously sneered the insurrecto, "that Senior Williams escaped from his cell some time tonight and is still at large. I have given orders that he shall be brought in, dead or alive. My men are searching everywhere for him. We learned of it an hour ago, when the officer of the night changed the

guards at the prison."

"Why—it's impossible!" gasped Hardinge. "How did he manage to do it?"

"We do not know. The sentry at the gate was found with his skull crushed and the gate open. Williams was gone. The guard who was on duty in the corridor, and who was personally responsible for the security of the prisoners, is under suspicion, but he cannot be found."

"Did the other prisoner escape also—the one claiming to be a British subject?"

"No. I do not understand why. We found him asleep in the cell. He answers no questions. He will be executed at sunrise, and Williams will be shot wherever found—those are my orders."

Hardinge nodded uneasily.

The escape was a thing he had not counted upon. With El Tigre's owner at large, his plans for seizing the mine might not be so easily carried out. The American government might make representations to Great Britain or Mexico, through diplomatic channels.

Hardinge's position, in that event, would be far from enviable. The little brown man who had been in the cell during his interview with Williams a few hours before might also prove to be an awkward stumbling block. With him gone, there would at least be no confirmatory witness to his threats.

Hardinge rose from his chair.

The first faint shimmer of the dawn was glinting the tops of the hills in the east. The time for the execution was near, and the Englishman determined to observe the removal of, at least, one possible impediment to his future schemes.

"Five million dollars is too big a stake to take any more chances of losing," he muttered as he reached the jail gate. "I might have known that a resolute fighter like Williams would be up to some trick—probably he promised that guard enough pesos to make him rich. If I'd been at all clever I would have seen this thing through myself, even if I had to walk that foul-smelling corridor all night to make sure."

He slipped into the jail yard, heedless of the glorious beauty of the new day, just in time to see the frail figure of the Hindu as he emerged from the building.

Jitendra was curiously calm—the face of Buddha himself could not have been more inscrutable, nor unmoved by fear. He chanted something in a low, clear tone as he passed Hardinge without a look of recognition.

The agent for the United Kingdom Exploration company shivered.

There was a quality in the timbre of that voice suggesting a mysterious, malign presence—a sense of something hovering over and around the place of death, invisible but, nevertheless, very real. The words, too, were disquieting.

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They little know the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Jitendra paused, waiting meekly for directions. The corporal in command of the squad pointed toward the wall.

"Your sentence has been set aside, senior. There is the path to the street."

The prisoner had not been bound. As the gate of the jail yard swung invitingly open the leering soldiers parted their ranks, resting their rifles on the ground—assuming an air of careless indifference, but, nevertheless, covertly watching the man.

"They're going to give him la ley fuega," shivered Hardinge. "I guess Moreno's got cold feet on his court-martial sentence—don't want to take chances officially. I wish I hadn't told him yesterday that this fellow claimed to be a British subject. If he should prove a good sprinter and they should miss—"

He chilled and broke off.

Jitendra stepped lightly and without emotion toward the gate, flinging back over his shoulder the innocent smile of a pleased child. Hardinge heard the low command and saw a soldier start to raise his rifle. He turned away.

A formal execution, with a man defiantly facing the firing squad, was not so unusual as to excite horror when the condemned was a native. But this was the epitome of betrayal—the deliberate, cowardly assassination of a man who has been told that he is free to depart, only to fall, bullet-shattered from behind, at the very verge of his coveted freedom.

La ley fuega is truly Mexican.

"Will you give me a cigarette, sar?"

Hardinge whirled.

Jitendra was retracing his steps toward the corporal in command. Murder is murder—but, even in Mexico, it is hard for a murderer to shoot down a pitiful, gaunt, soft-eyed, unsuspecting atom of humanity while appealing to him for a last solace.

The officer sheepishly passed over the materials. Jitendra dexterously rolled the golden-brown tobacco in the wrapper, and, still smiling, reached for the match which was tendered him.

To be continued.

W L Wells is preparing to move to near Alpine.

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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