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CHAS. BALLARD, Editor

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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 off 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.

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.

CHAPTER VI.—Both men are condemned to be shot next morning. Exhausted by rage at his impotence, Williams sleeps and is awakened by Jitendra pushing into his hands a loaded rifle and urging him to escape. After his departure Jitendra converses with the guard whose rifle he had given Williams.

CHAPTER VII.—Hardinge is dumfounded when informed by Moreno of Williams' escape, and visits the jail to make sure that Jitendra is executed. The latter is led out and informed that he has been pardoned and is free, the Mexicans intending to shoot him as he leaves the prison. Jitendra knows of the plot through the soldier he had intimidated, and has arranged to thwart it. Apparently overjoyed, he turns to leave the prison, at the moment of his departure being a cigarette from the officer in charge of the firing party. He lights it and drops the match on a trail of powder leading to a quantity concealed in proximity to the soldiers and at a distance from Jitendra. Most of the firing party, with Hardinge, are killed by the explosion. Jitendra disappears.

He bowed his thanks and again walked firmly toward the gate. A few feet further on he stooped to ignite the match on the end of the old drain where it projected above the ground. Crouching low, he sheltered the flame with his cupped hands.

The blazing remnant he dropped into the hole. He rose, facing the impatient soldiers, puffing vigorously, then turned and walked a step or two further in the direction of the entrance, still some distance away, which it was never intended he should reach alive.

This time Hardinge knew there would be no delay in the death-dealing volley.

A sound, curiously resembling a hiss, swept along beneath the surface of the ground, almost at the Englishman's feet. It was not unlike the subdued "swish" of a rocket as it hurtles through the air, or the whisper of a serpent beneath a tuft of grass.

The corporal had no time to recover from his surprise. Beneath his feet the earth suddenly upheaved, followed by a roar that mingled with the rattle

of the firing squad.

A great cloud of smoke leaped high above the carcel walls, carrying with it a shower of sun-baked, blood-stained earth, mingled with fragments of flesh.

Slowly the whitish-blue wreaths settled down or drifted away. Soldiers were strewn over the ground—some hideously mangled corpses, others writhing in agony.

Hardinge, miraculously uninjured, peered with amazed and horror-filled eyes for some sight of the Hindu. Jalsingrao Jitendra had vanished.

Thunderstruck for an instant, the quick-witted knave at the next bolted for the jail gate. He had not reached the opening, however, when a frightful yell of terror rose outside in the streets of Zapatlillo.

"Los Americanos! El Tigre! El Tigre!"

Behind the roar of other rifles rang out a hearty cheer. Herbert Hardinge, scurrying across the road for protection with Moreno's bodyguard, sprawled suddenly and lay still.

A hatless giant, with yellow hair and implacable blue eyes, upon his ferocious face a satyr's smile of utter contempt for danger, was riding at the head of the cyclonic knot of men.

His smoking rifle told the story of the Englishman's passing.

Shrieking Mexicans scattered for safety in every direction before that whirlwind, tigerish assault—fleeing as their forefathers had fled three generations before when confronted by fighting men of Anglo-Saxon blood.

With a venomous look of semisatisfaction, Buck Williams spurred his foaming horse over Hardinge's corpse, straight into the jail yard.

He sharply reined in the animal, as his inquisitorial eyes fell upon Jitendra's turban. He leaped to the ground and picked up the discarded head-dress.

"Too late!" he groaned. "I was sure that volley I heard was his finish. Great God! what hellish luck—five minutes more and I should have saved him!"

With a perplexed glance at the dead and dying soldiers clustered in or around the huge hole freshly gnashed in the earth, he remounted and rode dejectedly through the gate.

A man hurried up to him.

"Did you find him, Buck?"

"He's gone, Scotty. But he evidently had company, for hell must have broken loose in that jail yard—everybody's dead in there!"

"Gosh—that's tough! But why didn't you bring him along with you last night, Buck? The boys was on the way five minutes after we got the news down in Cullacan yesterday afternoon, and all Mexico couldn't have taken either you or him away from us."

"I don't know, Scotty. I was crazy, I suppose. All I thought of was myself—and getting back here to clean up that dog Hardinge. I remember Jitendra's saying something about beating it quick, and that his gods would keep an eye out for him. Scotty, I can't ever forgive myself—he was a good scout."

"He sure musta been, Buck!" consoled the superintendent. "But I wouldn't—"

"Look what he did for me," interrupted Williams. "He followed me almost five hundred miles after I threatened to shoot him if I saw him again; he gave Pacheco the 'Broadway Rouse' in some fashion I have never been able to figure out, the very minute that dirty greaser struck me across the face; and last night he grew this gun right up in the middle of that cell in there and then opened the door for me—all because I dragged him from under that wrecked car. And then I laid down on him like a yellow pup. I ain't a man, Scotty—I'm a pop-eyed, goose-brained blob! I might have figured they'd hand it to him pronto with me gone!"

"Aw! don't take it so much to heart, Buck. A man can't think of everything when he's making a gitaway. Besides, it ain't all your fault. If he could git you out, why couldn't he git out himself? What was there to hinder him from followin' you?"

"I don't know, Scotty. But I do know that he thought of me first—that's what galls me—and I never thought of him till I was half-way to Cullacan and run into you boys."

"Well, beefing won't help us any. If the little fellow's dead he ain't got nothing more to worry about. He's better off'n we are, I guess, for Moreno'll git his men together and start something if we don't beat it for El Tigre before they rally."

CHAPTER VIII.

Swami Ram Bids Adieu!

"Listen!"
Buck Williams held up a warning hand.

The two score American riders trailing behind him halted in the cover of the thick trees just above El Tigre mine. Some were aching with wounds, others reeling in their saddles with fatigue. But at the signal everything was forgotten except the possibility of another brush with Moreno's men.

Indomitable, resolute expressions replaced the lines which pain had painted

so on their faces as weapons were bosened and muscles grew taut with the suspense of the moment.

"What the devil is it?" wonderingly demanded Billy Scott.

"Do you hear it, too?" There was a note of relief in Buck Williams' voice. "Scotty, I thought for a minute I had the rams again—and its seven years since I touched a drink. That's the same tune I heard the night I got back to El Tigre, when I dreamed Washington was leading his army of ghosts against Pacheco's peons. Then I woke up to find that lousy thief had me hamstrung for fair!"

"It's a fluke or a life of some sort," averred Friday Thornton, "playing 'Yankee Doodle,' I guess."

"Git out, Friday," scoffed Tommy Wickwire. "That ain't 'Yankee Doodle' any more than it's 'Lead, Kindly Light.' If that ain't 'Everybody's Doing It,' I'm a greaser myself."

"It can't be any of Moreno's outfit," thoughtfully remarked Scott. "His shotgun artists never play nothin' but fantan and guitars."

"Here goes, boys!" shouted Williams, galloping his horse down the hill toward the building. The others followed unhesitatingly. The piping notes grew more clearly audible as they swept up the road to Buck's residence.

The owner of El Tigre was first out of the saddle. He strode into the building, with rifle ready, Scott, Thornton and Wickwire just behind. The quartette burst into the dining room.

Seated cross-legged on the floor was an emaciated, brown-hued little man, asked to the loins, save for an immaculate turban which encircled his head. From a small, reedlike pipe came the music which they had heard and upon which he was still performing vigorously, but with the greatest composure.

To be continued.

The Inspiration of the Bible.

A sermon by Chas Ballard.

All Scripture given by inspiration of God is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, instruction in righteousness that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. 2 Tim 3: 16, 17.

It is not my purpose to claim that God has dictated every word of the Bible to the writers, as an author of today would dictate to his amanuensis, but I do claim that "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit." (2 Peter 1: 21.)

It was God's purpose to give to man a revelation of his will, and he selected the men to write for him as he saw fit, and he opened their understanding so that they might say the right thing at the right time, in the right way, and at the right place. Sometimes his purpose was revealed by dreams, sometimes by visions, sometimes by direct communication with Jehovah himself. Sometimes his servants have been placed in peculiar circumstances that they might know of a surety the things whereof they wrote. At other times the writers have written words, the meaning of which they themselves had absolutely no conception. In fact, there are instances when the writers have asked for more information and have been told that it was not for them to understand in their day, but that it would be understood later, in "due time."

God proposed to give to mankind his written word and he has given it. And he has given it in such a way that the brainiest men the world has ever produced have not been able to refute it, and, though backed by the wealth and power of the world, and men who had the will to do it, they have never been able to obliterate it. Men have endeavored by every means possible to banish it from the face of the earth; they hid it, and buried it, and made it a crime punishable by death to have possession of it, and the most bitter and relentless persecutions have been waged against those who had faith in it, but still the book lives. Today while many of its foes slumber in death, and hundreds of volumes written to discredit it, and overthrow its influence are long since forgotten,

the Bible has found its way into every nation and language of earth, over 200 different translations of it having been made. The fact that this book has survived so many centuries, notwithstanding such unparalleled efforts to banish and destroy it, is at least circumstantial evidence that the great Being whom it claims as its author has also been its preserver.

I want to notice some of the internal evidences of the reliability of the sacred writings. I will refer to just a few of the prophecies.

One of them was uttered by Noah. After the flood Noah planted a vineyard and at one time drank of the wine until he became drunk. Ham, Noah's son, acted in a disrespectful manner at that time and when Noah was sober he pronounced a curse upon him, and a blessing upon the other two. It came in the nature of a prophecy. You will find it recorded in Gen 9: 25-27 as follows: "Cursed be Canaan a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren. Blessed be the Lord God of Shem; and Canaan shall be his servant; God shall enlarge Japheth and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant."

Canaan was the son of Ham. But his descendants are spoken of in the prophecy. Taking up these predictions one by one we can see the complete fulfillment of each of them. The Canaanites were made slaves of by the descendants of Shem when the Jews took possession of the land of Canaan. Later on when Africa had been peopled by the progeny of Ham it became the country from whence peoples of all nations procured their slaves either by direct purchase or by theft and kidnaping. Africa has always been the dark continent and its people have suffered many a heart ache and backache too as a result of the curse pronounced upon Canaan by the patriarch Noah.

The prophecy also stated that God should dwell in the tents of Shem. This was literally fulfilled when the tabernacle was erected in the wilderness and Jehovah adopted it as his earthly headquarters. It was typically fulfilled when the promised Messiah thru a long genealogy of the Jews made his appearance in Palestine.

Japheth's pathway was also marked out for him. "God shall enlarge Japheth." Did he ever do it? The descendants of Shem have never been given much to raveling or spreading out over earth. They would have been contented with enough territory for their needs there in western Asia, but not so with Japheth. Pushing eastward they peopled Asia; and westward they filled Europe, and southward they encroached upon the land pre-empted by Ham's descendants, and still not having room they crossed the ocean and have filled the two western continents. Did Noah look forward to the time when these great facts should be accomplished and imagine the whole thing or was he inspired of God? We, living at this end of the line and looking back over the centuries that have followed, and seeing the exact fulfillment of his prophecy will have to concede that God has spoken thru Noah when Noah uttered these words, and Moses must have been inspired also, for he wrote them.

The next prophecy that I will notice will be the one given by the angel to Hagar, when, tired and footsore, fleeing from the wrath of Sarah her mistress, she

was found by the fountain in the way to Shur. See Genesis 16: 11, 12.

"Behold thou art with child, and shalt bear a son and shall call his name Ishmael. And he will be a wild man; his hand shall be against every man and every man's hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren.

Hagar bore a son, and called his name Ishmael. As a boy he was wild and untamable. Many a trying hour was spent by Isaac, the heir according to promise, on account of the tricks and insults and injuries inflicted upon him by Ishmael, the son of the bond woman. His hand was against every man and every man's hand was against him.

Go with me a few years and find Joseph the petted son of his father. He dreamed that the twelve brethren were binding sheaves and the sheaves of the other eleven bowed down to his sheaf. His brothers were jealous of him on account of his father's partiality and his dream aroused their anger and they interpreted the dream to mean that the eleven brethren were to bow down to him.

Joseph dreamed again that the sun, moon, and eleven stars bowed down to him, and the brothers declared that neither they nor the father nor mother should ever bow down to him. The time came when Joseph was absolutely in their power and they determined to kill him, but before they did so there came along a band of people who offered to buy Joseph, and the brothers sold him and he was taken away to Egypt.

Do you remember what kind of people it was that bought Joseph? Gypsies, says one, but they were not. Notice carefully; they were Ishmaelites, their hand against Joseph and they took him to Egypt and for a paltry twenty pieces of silver they sold one of God's noblemen into slavery for life, so far as they were concerned.

More than that; The Arabs are the descendants of Ishmael and they have always been a wild untamable race. They live by rapine and plunder, they pitch their tents where they please without any respect for private property, and the owners may help themselves if they can.

They have never been conquered. Babylon was supposed to have conquered the world, but the Arabs never did bow the knee to any of the Babylonian rulers. The Medes and Persians conquered Babylon and incidentally the rest of the world except the Arabs, and they still roamed the plains and did as they would. Alexander the Great with his brazen coated Greeks swept the world in one great besom of destruction, and it is said of him that he wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, but he never subdued the Arabs.

The Romans, who claimed to be mistress of the world for many hundreds of years, could never control the descendants of Ishmael. They are wild men of the woods, their hands against every man and every man's hand against them, and they are tabernacling in the midst of their brethren for ever, living monuments of the prophecy of the angel who spake these words to the mother of an unborn nation.

Now I will call attention to only one more prophecy, although if I had the time and space I could recall a hundred, and then I will view the subject from another view point.

To be continued next week.