

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 Lin county generally. Subscription rate \$1.50 per year in advance.

Swami Ram's Reincarnation

By FRANK BLIGHTON

Copyright.
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 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 Har- dinge, 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 escapes.

CHAPTER VIII.—Reaching the mine, the Americans find Jitendra there and with him two king cobras which he had tamed and affectionately named Vishnu and Siva. The sudden death of Pacheco and the obedience of the prison guard, with the subsequent tragedy in the jail courtyard, are explained by the presence of the deadly snakes. Jitendra asserts that, having lost caste by the smoking of a cigarette, forbidden by his religion, he must, as a purification, be reincarnated, and declares that Jitendra has passed on, being reincarnated as Swami Ram.

On each side of him, swaying in perfect rhythm to the music, were two repulsive king-cobras. A hypnotic spell seemed to fill the room. Neither the piper nor the snakes appeared aware of the intrusion.

"Jitendra!" sharply ejaculated Williams.

The music abruptly ceased. The ophidians, as if sensing possible danger, flattened to the floor and glided with amazing swiftness over to the Hindu. He thrust one nonchalantly into his turban and the other into the neck-cloth he plucked from the floor and adjusted.

The four Americans gasped. It was several seconds before Williams could find his voice. So many weird things had happened that he would not have been surprised to see the little brown man disappear through the floor or dissolve into nothing while they watched.

"I thought you were dead, Jitendra!" at last exclaimed the mine owner.

The diminutive brown man arose and salaamed profoundly.

"The sahib speaks true of Jalsingrao Jitendra, who today incarnated in the Seven Paths from the prison part of the city—is it not so?"

Buck winced.

But his careful scrutiny of the half-starved figure before him removed the

sudden doubts which had projected themselves into his mind.

"You're Jitendra, all right," he positively replied. "I know your feet—you loyal little cuss! You cut the soles of them almost to pieces following me from El Paso. Look at them—they're raw yet!"

"Jalsingrao Jitendra has passed on," politely but firmly returned the Oriental, with the flicker of a smile across his mobile face. "But, verily, his soul reincarnates again in my body—but I, sahib, am called Swami Ram."

"I get you, Steve," laughed Buck uproariously. "And I think I savvy another little incident which occurred when the late Jalsingrao Jitendra—Gee! what a mouthful that name is—was in my company. If you had that interesting creature around your head when you leaned over toward Manuel Pacheco on the way to jail in Zapatlillo, no wonder he kicked off so mysteriously. I'll match a cobra against a greaser, any day."

"The vengeance of Vishnu is swift and sure," placidly returned the Hindu. "Likewise, sahib, Siva was of some small service to you during the earth-life of the late Jitendra."

"You mean down in the carcel?"

"The little brown man bowed low. "Sahib, when Siva crept under the door where no man might pass, and coiled upon the neck of the guard, think you not there were reasons why he wished, very much, to come inside to have speech with Jitendra?"

"Ugh!" shuddered Buck. "I should think there were—plenty of them. So that was how you nailed the sentry in the corridor. And it was his rifle which the late Jitendra gave me, I suppose?"

Swami Ram nodded.

"Vishnu and Siva, sahib, as you will testify, are not without power to succor the deserving in their distress."

"They're a couple of perfectly good snakes," hastily acquiesced the American. "But why did Jitendra die instead of following me out of the prison? And what became of that other Mexican guard?"

"Jitendra had lost caste by being thrust into that foul dungeon by unclean hands, sahib. Also, he had smoked a cigarette, which is likewise forbidden. He was to wed the Princess Indira, but she must now seek another husband. It was needful for him to exorcise for purification."

"But they took you out to shoot you, didn't they? I thought I heard the volley just as I rode up."

"A little patience, sahib. The guard in the hall vowed obedience to Vishnu and Siva in return for his life, thus becoming a novitiate on the Seven Paths. It was he who made ready for Jitendra to pass out by hiding the powder kegs in the old drain beneath the place where the killers of men were accustomed to stand.

"Also he strewn powder to the hole where Jitendra stood when he lighted the forbidden cigarette. Jitendra did not smoke cigarettes, but his act was necessary to carry out the will of the gods. For, sahib, those deluded ones were also fated to seek wisdom elsewhere. Not until they shall raise the veil of Maya from their vision and, perceiving Truth, resolve to kill no more, may they hope to return to earth-life."

Buck Williams grinned at the naive recital. His three friends were too astounded to speak.

"Where are you going now?" queried the mine owner.

"A novitiate of the gods, who was once a jail guard, waits for me with horses in the hills. Sahib, may a poor Swami presume upon your generosity?"

"Anything—up to half of El Tigre."

"I have already appropriated linen from your bed for a new turban, that Swami Ram may re-enter the world properly attired. But Vishnu and Siva are cold and hungry. Warmth they may find from my own body, but food, alas! I have none. Will the gracious sahib grant me the boon of another can of milk ere we journey on to meet the Princess Indira, who awaits a new husband in New England?"

(THE END.)

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, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. 2 Tim 3: 16, 17.

But this will be one concerning the christ. See Zechariah 11: 12, 13.

"If ye think good, give me my price: and if not forbear; so they weighed for my price thirty pieces of silver. And the Lord said unto me, cast it unto the potter: a goodly price that I was prized at of them, and I took the thirty pieces of silver and cast them unto the potter in the house of the Lord."

We are all acquainted with the shameful bargain made by Judas with the priests, that for thirty pieces of silver he would betray into their hands his Lord and Master. He carried out his bargain to the letter and received his pay. It may be possible that he would deliver Jesus up and get the money and Jesus would free himself, as he well knew Christ could have done had he wished. But when he found for a certainty that Jesus would not use his power on his own behalf but would allow his enemies to do with him as they would, he was filled with remorse and took the money back to the priests and tried to get them to let him go. But they said "No, we have kept our agreement with you. You have the money and we have the man. You do what you wish with the money and we will work our pleasure with the man. And when Judas found that he could do nothing for Christ he threw the money down on the floor of the temple (take notice to that) and went and hung himself.

Then the priests debated w'at they should do with the money. They couldn't put it into the treasury because it was blood money. They felt ashamed to divide it up between themselves. Notice what they finally did with it. They called a potter to them in the house of the Lord (the temple) and gave him the money for a field of land, to bury strangers in. Notice the words of the prophecy. "I took the thirty pieces of silver and cast them to the potter in the house of the Lord."

Those priests did not buy that potter's field for the purpose of fulfilling that prophecy. Indeed, they would have denied that the prophecy applied to them at all if they had thought anything about it, and yet, Jesus was sold for the exact amount the prophecy mentioned, and the money was used for the exact purpose that Zechariah said it would be, and in the exact manner, and while men at the foot of the cross were gambling for his clothes, Jesus on the cross in agony was pouring out his soul unto death that he might give a ransom for all of Adam's race that he might restore them to the Father in due time, the purchase money of his person was being applied to buy the potter's field to bury strangers in, so that now, you go into any city in this so called Christian land, or wherever there is a cemetery you will find in some part of it a place where the poor of earth or strangers may have a final resting place, where their remains may be deposited without money and without price, for the field has been paid for with the money that paid for the body of the Lamb that was sacrificed to take away the sin of the world.

But some one says "I don't like the characters of the Bible. Noah was a preacher of righteousness but he got drunk. Jacob was spoken of as one of the three patriarchs that stand for all that is good, yet he was a tricky, cheating thief. David was said to be a man after God's own heart, yet he stole another man's wife. To Peter was given the keys of the kingdom of heaven, yet he swore he never knew his master. Judas was one of the chosen twelve, yet he sold his master for thirty pieces of silver.

Those are pertinent objections, and I can only say that God has given a true history without overlooking their evil deeds for the sake of their good ones. Suppose Noah did get drunk? Men

of late years have got drunk and it has passed with mankind as a trivial offense, and I don't know of any body that would have a man hung for doing so, and very frequently men try to hide the fact from the world.

And suppose that Jacob did make a good bargain for a birth-right, and had to get possession of it by trickery, and had to collect his wages from his father-in-law in the same way, it is no more than some of the first people of the land are doing at the present time and the majority of the people wink at it, unless the trickery happens to hit them personally. I am not condoning the offense, and neither did God, but I am simply stating that if it is not proper, it is at least common.

If I had been writing the account I would in all probability have said nothing about either case, arguing that as they did it and I couldn't help it, there would be no use in agitating it, and I would think "the least said is the quickest mended" but it is not God's way of writing history.

And suppose that David did steal another man's wife, he paid as severe a penalty as was ever inflicted upon any one for his crime. If anything of that kind happens now there is practically nothing said about it a year after it happens, unless, perchance, it was a preacher that did it, and then the papers are full of it from Maine to California.

But even then, they don't get the advertisement that David has received. We would never have known anything about David's crime if God had not hewn strictly to the line.

And suppose that Peter did deny his master, Jesus forgave him for it. Peter was afraid for his life and probably thought he could do Jesus no good if he did acknowledge him. And suppose he did swear about it. I have heard men swear when there was no danger threatening; in fact, I believe there are some people who swear automatically; and just as soon as Peter began to swear he betrayed himself; and I want to tell you that if you can find a man in this age of the world who has walked close to Jesus for more than three consecutive years and he would be surprised into swearing, he would be so awkward about it that the people would detect it at once and say he was out of his element; and if some one who had got his inspiration from a railroad camp, or a lumber yard, or even a gas manufacturing plant, and some one should accidentally happen to hear him swear, do you think for a minute he would be accused of being a Galilean?

And as to Judas, he sold his master for thirty pieces of silver.

There are men living today who would sell their own grand mother or mother-in-law for less than fifteen dollars if they tho't they wouldn't get caught at it, but I have never yet run across a man who had gotten so debased with sin that he would be willing to exchange his eternal prospects for those of Judas.

When Jesus posed as a judge his judgments were wiser than Solomon's. A woman, caught in the very act of adultery was brought before Jesus by the self righteous Pharisees to see if Jesus would judge the same as Moses. Well, what does Moses say about it? Moses says she must be stoned. All right, go ahead and stone her; let him who is innocent (of the same offense) cast the first stone. The woman was left alone with Jesus,

Woman, has no one cast a stone at you? Not one. Well, I have a right to stone you but I won't do it. Go and sin no more. What was the woman's name? I don't know, nor do I know the name of the thief that was crucified with Jesus, but Jesus told him he should be with him in Paradise.

In these latter days things are done differently from the Bible way of doing them.

Two young men are guilty of the same offense. One is poor, the other, rich. Here is the newspaper account of the two trials. A young man, John Smith by name, was brought to trial yesterday before Justice Brown on a charge of drunkenness, and having no friends here to go on his bail he was sent to prison. The young man never has amounted to anything and it would be a blessing to the community if he were kept in jail all the time. His father is known here and should be censured for not restraining his son, but he is one of the same kind too, and his grandfather don't amount to much. Take them all together they are a bad lot. That is the way we dispose of the poor man, what will be done with the rich man?

A certain young man from the rural districts, whose name is withheld out of regard for his people who are quite respectable citizens of our community, came into our burg yesterday and after floating hither and thither among the disreputable place of the city was brought before his Honor, Justice Brown, on a charge of imbibing too freely of liquid hardware, and he was admonished and returned to his home a sadder and wiser man.

That is man's way of writing history but it is not God's way. We don't know the name of the poor woman taken in adultery, but he says to the proud and haughty King David "Thou art the man." and humbles him in the dust and records his acts in a book where thousands of years afterwards scoffers read it and proudly say, "We don't like the characters of the men whom God mentions as men after his own heart."

A few years ago a noted lecturer put in considerable time going over the country lecturing on the Mistakes of Moses, at about \$500 a night.

The man is dead now and I will not be too hard on him, but Moses was also dead all the time this man was giving his lectures. It don't take a very brave man to kick a dead lion. But Moses in his life time was a hard man to contend against. He was a student of the best schools in the world, for Egypt was the leading country of the world at that time and Moses being brought up as the son of Pharaoh's daughter, would certainly go to the best schools in the land, and we are told that he was learned in all the arts of the Egyptians until he was forty years old.

When men contended against him he usually triumphed over them. Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses and it is supposed that they found a grave in the bottom of the Red Sea. Miriam, his sister, withstood Moses, and she became a leper as white as snow. Korah, Dathan and Abiram withstood Moses and the earth opened up and swallowed them so deeply that they haven't got back yet.

After reading Ingersoll on the Mistakes of Moses. It would be interesting if we could have the candid opinion of Moses, the man of God, who after he was

(Continued on next page.)