

(Continued from page 3)

"I will," said Sarah. It was nearly two o'clock when Samson, having fed and watered his horses, got into bed. Yet he was up before daylight, next morning, singing a hymn of praise as he kindled the fire and filled the tea kettle around her parents and declared that she was very happy.

"Too bad! Isn't it?" said Sarah when Mrs. Waddell, who had come with her husband one evening to bring this news, had finished the story. "Yes, it kind of spiles the place said Samson. 'I'm afraid for Jim Kelso—' afraid it'll bust his fiddle if don't break his heart. His wife alone now. We must ask her to come and stay with us."

"The Aliens have taken her in," said Mrs. Waddell. "That's good," said Sarah. "I'll be down there tomorrow and offer to do anything we can."

When Mr. and Mrs. Waddell had gone Sarah said: "I can't help thinking of poor Harry. He was terribly in love with her."

"Well, he'll have to get over it that's all," said Samson. "He's young and the wound will heal."

It was well for Harry that he was out of the way of all this, and enter upon adventures which absorbed his thought. As to what was passing within him he had conclusive evidence from two letters, one from Col. Zachary Taylor, in which he says:

Harry had not heard from home since he left it. Abe had had a letter from Rutledge which gave him the news of Bim's elopement. The letter said:

"I was over to Beardstown the day Kelso and McNeil got off the steamer. I brought them home with me. Kelso was bigger than his trouble. Said that he was of youth were a part of the great plan. 'Thorns! Thorns!' he said. 'They are the teachers of wisdom and I am I that I should think myself my daughter too good for the like, once it is written that Jesus Christ did not complain of them?'"

"Have you heard from home?" Abe asked as they paddled on. "Not a word," said Harry. "You're not expecting to meet Bim, is that so?"

"That's the best part of getting home for me," said Harry, turning with a smile. "Let her drift for a minute," said Abe. "I've got a letter from James Rutledge that I want to read to you, here's a big lesson in it for both of us—something to remember as long as we live."

Abe read the letter. Harry sat motionless. Slowly his head bent forward until his chin touched his breast. Abe said with a tender note in his voice as he folded the letter: "This man is well along in life. He isn't youth to help him as you have, see how he takes it and she's the only girl he has. There are millions of pretty girls in the world for you to choose from."

"I know it, but there's only one Bim Kelso in the world," Harry answered mournfully. "She was the one I loved."

"Yes, but you'll find another. It looks serious, but it isn't—you're so young. Hold up your head and keep going. You'll be happy again soon."

"Maybe, but I don't see how," said the boy. "There are lots of things you can't see from where you are at this present moment. There are a good many miles ahead of you, I reckon, and one thing you'll see plainly, by and by—that it's all for the best. I've suffered a lot myself but I can see now it has been a help to me. There isn't an hour of it I'd be willing to give up."

They paddled along in silence for a time. "It was my fault," said Harry presently. "I never could say the half I wanted to when she was with me. My tongue is too slow. She gave me a chance and I wasn't man enough to take it. That's all I've got to say on that subject."

Some time afterward in a letter to his father the boy wrote: "I often think of that ride down the river and the way he talked to me. It was so gentle. He was a big, powerful giant of a man who weighed over two hundred pounds, all of it bone and muscle. But under his great strength was a woman's gentleness; under the dirty, ragged clothes and the rough, brown skin grimy with dust and perspiration, was one of the cleanest souls that ever came to this world. I don't mean that he was like a minister. He could tell a story with pretty rough talk in it, but always for a purpose. He hated dirt on the hands or on the tongue. He loved flowers like a woman. He loved to look at the stars at night and the colors of the sunset and the morning dew on the meadows. I never saw a man so much in love with fun and beauty."

They reached Havana that evening and sold their canoe to a man who kept boats to rent on the river shore. They ate a hot supper at the tavern and got a ride with a farmer who was going ten miles in their direction. From his cabin some two hours later they set out afoot in the darkness. "Going home is the end of all journeys," said Abe as they tramped along. "Did it ever occur to you that every live creature has its home? The fish of the sea, the birds of the air, the beasts of the field and forest, the creepers in the grass, all go home. Most of them turn toward it when the day wanes. The call of home is the one voice heard and respected all the way down the line of life. And, ye know, the most wonderful and mysterious thing in nature is the power that fool animals have to go home through great distances, like the turtle that swam from the Bay of Biscay to his home off Van Dieman's Land. Somehow, coming over in a ship, he had blazed a trail through the pathless deep more than ten thousand miles long. It's the one miraculous gift—the one call that's irresistible. Don't you hear it now? I never lie down in the darkness without thinking of home when I am away."

any more. It has moved. Our minds begin to beat about in the undiscovered countries looking for it. Somehow we got it located—each man for himself."

For another space they hurried along without speaking. "I tell you, Harry, whatever a large number of intelligent folks have agreed upon for some generations is so—if they have been allowed to do their own thinking," said Abe. "It's about the only wisdom there is."

He had sounded the keynote of the new Democracy. So, under the lights of heaven, peaking in the silence of the night of penetrable mysteries, they journeyed on toward the land of plenty. "It's as still as a graveyard," Harry whispered when they had climbed the bluff by the mill long after midnight and were in the little village. "They're all buried in sleep," said Abe. "We'll get Rutledge out of bed. He'll give us a shakedown somewhere."

His loud rap on the door of the tavern signaled more than a desire for rest in the weary travelers, for just then a cycle of their lives had ended.

(To be continued)

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More farming for a living should be done and there will be less risk of poor markets. If most farmers would produce what they could for home use the markets would be required to take less and as a result there would be less strain on them. The way to have markets is to save and conserve what you have. Use your markets only when it is necessary to sell the surplus you cannot eat or feed.

**PAINTS INJURE WOOD SILOS**  
Use of Preservatives for Coating Not as Much in Favor as Formerly—They Do No Good.  
When wood silos were first being introduced great pains were taken in coating them with tar paint, or something of that sort to preserve the wood, but this practically has gone out of use. Experiments show that these paints do but little good, and again, they are somewhat injurious to the silage, says the Michigan Farmer. Without paint a wood silo will last for a great many years.

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Rates: First class, 25c; second class, 30c per \$100.  
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Only authorized agents for Linn County.

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prise office.  
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**BIG FORTUNE IS UNCLAIMED**  
Treasury Department Holds \$83,000,000 for Liberty Bondholders in Accumulated Interest.

Washington.—Uncle Sam has \$83,000,000 of some people's money waiting in the Treasury department for them to come and get it, according to the latest figures of outstanding temporary Liberty bonds. This sum represents the interest due holders of temporary Liberty bonds who have not exchanged their bonds for permanent coupon-bearing securities on which the regular interest is paid. The figures show that there are 7,471,171 separate temporary bonds of various denominations, amounting to \$1,132,730,200, still in the hands of the owners who have not exchanged them for coupon bonds.

**House Dashed Down Hill**  
When Steel Cable Broke  
A two-story frame house "ran away" in Glencoe, a Chicago suburb, when a steel cable broke. Workmen engaged in moving the house across the street stopped it only after it had taken a wild flight. The dwelling, owned by C. N. Gillett, a banker, was raised on rollers and skids for the movement. As the building stood on top of a steep hill, a steel cable snapped and the runaway flight began. The flight ended at the bottom of the hill. The house was virtually undamaged.

**Hamp Huff's Bull Comes to Town.**  
Harlan, Ky.—Hamp Huff's bull strayed into town. He saw his image in a plate-glass window, charged it and the store owner has charged Huff \$75 for damages. The bull next cleaned out a department store and chased a negro with a loud hat to a bridge, forcing him to jump into a stream. Someone with a rope gave it a whirl and bull's visit to town came to an end.

The open season for pheasants from Oct. 15 to Oct. 31.

**Jots and Tittles**  
(Continued from page 1)

A. V. Holgate and wife of Lebanon were in Halsey Saturday evening.  
Mrs. G. W. Mornhinweg returned from her trip to Newport Sunday evening.  
Alex Power and wife of Lebanon were guests at the D. S. McWilliams home this week.

The promised crushed rock to hold down the dust on Second street has come.  
Rev. C. T. Cook and family and L. Straley and family are spending their vacation at Newport.

E. B. Penland and wife, accompanied by Mrs. Philo Starr, went to Newport last week for a short jaunt.  
Thursday night fire destroyed D. L. Ayers' barn near Harrisburg, with 40 tons of hay and some machinery.  
Mrs. C. M. Ward, who had been visiting at the home of her grandson, Karl Bramwell, left for Albany Friday.

Hugh Leeper joined his family Friday at McCredie Springs, where they are camping out. Mrs. Byerley is vacationing with them.  
Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Baker of Brownsville motored over Friday and took train for Salem for a business jaunt. Dean Tyer was chauffeur for them from Brownsville.

H. W. Chance and wife and son Lenn and grandson Harry, together with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hadley and Mrs. L. V. Chance, left for Newport-by-the-sea Friday.  
Mr. and Mrs. William Mills of Brownsville were Saturday callers at the Enterprise office. Mr. Mills has the flouring mill at that place and distributes the goods here, combining business with pleasure. Come again.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Linn and laughter, Mrs. Clarence Farnes, with the latter's little son Cecil James, of Long Beach, Cal., arrived Saturday from Washington, where they have been traveling for the past two or three months. They left for the home after a few days spent at the home of Mrs. Linn's brother, C. P. Stafford.

H. C. Church arrived from Portland Saturday to remain over Sunday with relatives. Mrs. Church and infant, who accompanied him this far, continued their journey to Marshfield.  
Glenn Peebler of Albany, 21, married and with two children, was arrested Sunday on complaint of 18-year-old Eva Carnegie, daughter of a neighbor, that he had entered her room at midnight and attempted an assault.

There are two rural mail routes out of Halsey. Grant Taylor has been delivering and collecting on one of these for over 20 years and V. H. Robinson on the other for more than fourteen. There seems to be an element of stick-to-itiveness in the character of these men.

The thirtieth annual convention of the W. C. T. U. at Albany last week re-elected Mrs. Emma Archibald as president, Miss Grace Driver vice-president, Mrs. Dora Davis corresponding secretary and Mrs. Cecil Wilhelm treasurer. Mrs. Minta Allen was elected recording secretary. An increase of 250 members was reported, Brownsville winning a flag for the greatest increase, 39.

J. W. Moore has got out a neat little folder describing some of the Linn county properties he has for sale. It will be distributed among the homeseekers whom the state chamber of commerce will bring this month and wherever else he thinks it will do the most good. Of course it is a handsome job, for it was printed in the Enterprise office. W. J. Ribelin is on deck also with a folder pointing out some of the bargains that investors in Mother Earth can find around Halsey. And the boom in buying land is just ahead.  
The opening day of the county fair will be "Portland 1925 fair day" and boosters from the metropolis will provide entertainment features. It has also been designated as home-coming day for ex-residents of Linn county.  
Linn county ex-service men have been flocking to the community house at Albany for a week, making applications before Willard L. Marks, county bonus commission attorney, for their share of



They Had a Long Day of Comfort in its Current.

and butter and cold meat and pie. The prospect of fifty miles nearer home before nightfall lightened their hearts and they laughed freely while Abe told of his adventures in the campaign. To him it was all a wild comedy with tragic scenes dragged into it and woefully out of place. Indeed he thought it no more like war than a pig sticking and that was the kind of thing