

have years of study trying to get over it. Have you got any work to give me? You know I can split rails about as fast as the next man and I'll take my pay in wheat or corn.

"You may give me all the time you can spend outside the store," said Samson.

That evening they had a talk about the whiskey business and its relation to the character of Elphalett Biggs and to sundry infractions of law and order in their community. Samson had declared that it was wrong to sell liquor.

"All that kind of thing can be safely left to the common sense of our people," said Abe. "The remedy is education, not revolution. Slowly the people will have to set down all the items in the ledger of common sense that passes from sire to son. By and by some generation will strike a balance. That may not come in a hundred years. Soon or late the majority of the people will reach a reckoning with John Barleycorn. If there's too much against him they will act. You might as well try to stop a glacier by building a dam in front of it. They have opened an account with slavery, too. By and by they'll decide its fate."

Such was his faith in the common folk of America whose way of learning and whose love of the right he knew as no man has known it.

In this connection the New Englander wrote in his diary: "He has spent his boyhood in the South and his young manhood in the North. He has studied the East and lived in the West. He is the people—I sometimes think—and about as slow to make up his mind. As Isaiah says: 'He does not judge after the sight of his eyes neither remove after the hearing of his ears.' Abe has to think about it."

In April Abe wrote another address to the voters announcing that he was again a candidate for a seat in the legislature. Late that month Harry walked with him to Fappsville where a crowd had assembled to attend a public sale. At one place there were men in the crowd who knew Harry's record in the war. They called on him for a speech. He spoke on the need of the means of transportation in Sangamon county with such insight and dignity and convincing candor that both Abe and the audience hailed him as a coming man. Abe and he were often seen together those days.

In New Salem they were called the disappointed lovers. It was known there that Abe was very fond of Ann Rutledge, although he had not, as yet, openly confessed to any one—not even to Ann—there being no show of hope for him. Ann was deeply in love with John McNeil—the genial, handsome and successful young Irishman. The affair had reached the stage of frankness, of an open discussion of plans, of fond affection expressing itself in caresses quite indifferent to ridicule.

For Ann it had been like warm sunlight on the growing rose. She was neater in dress, lovelier in form and color, more graceful in movement and sweeter-voiced than ever she had been. It is the old way that Nature has of preparing the young to come out upon the stage of real life and to act in its moving scenes. Abe manfully gave them his best wishes and when he spoke of Ann it was done very tenderly. The look of sadness, which all had noted in his moments of abstraction, deepened and often covered his face with its veil. That is another way that Nature has of preparing the young. For these the roses have fallen and only the thorns remain. They are not lured; they seem to be driven to their tasks, but for all, soon or late, her method changes.

On a beautiful morning of June, 1834, John McNeil left the village. Abe Lincoln and Harry and Samson and Sarah and Jack Kelso and his wife stood with the Rutledges in the doorway of the tavern when he rode away. He was going back to his home in the East to return in the autumn and make Ann his bride. The girl wept as if her heart would break

hear the birds singing in the meadows? said Jack Kelso. "Think of the happiness all around you and of the greater happiness that is coming when he returns. Shame on you!"

"I'm afraid he'll never come back," Ann sobbed.

"Nonsense! Don't get a maggot in your brain and let the crows go walling over your face. Come, we'll take a ride in the meadows and if I don't bring you back laughing you may call me no prophet."

So the event passed. Harry traveled about with Abe a good deal that summer, "electioneering," as they called it, from farm to farm. Abe used to go into the fields with the men whose favor he sought and bend his long back over a scythe or a cradle and race them playfully across the field of grain cutting a wider swath than any other and always holding the lead. Every now and then he was out of breath at the end of a swath and needed a few minutes for recuperation. That gave Abe a chance for his statement of the county's need and his plan of satisfying them. He had met and talked with a majority of the voters before the campaign ended in his election in August.

At odd times that summer he had been surveying a new road with Harry Needles for his helper. In September they resumed their work upon it in the vicinity of New Salem and Abe began to carry the letters in his hat again. Every day Ann was looking for him as he came by in the delight of the early morning on his way to work.

"Anything for me?" she would ask. "No mail in since I saw you. Ann was the usual answer. Often he would say: 'I'm afraid not, but here—you take these letters and look through 'em and make sure Ann would take them in her hands, trembling with eagerness, and run in doors to see candlelight, and look them over. Always she came back with the little bundle of letters very slowly as if her disappointment were a heavy burden."

"There'll be one next mail if I have to write it myself," Abe said one morning in October as he went on. To Harry Needles, who was with him that morning, he said: "I wonder why that fellow don't write to Ann. I couldn't believe that he has been fooling her, but now I don't know what to think of him. I wonder what has happened to the fellow."

The mail stage was late that evening. As it had not come at nine Mr. Hill went home and left Abe in the store to wait for his mail. The stage arrived a few minutes later. Abe examined the little bundle of letters and newspapers which the driver had left with him. Then he took a paper and sat down to read in the freight. While he was thus engaged the door opened softly and Ann Rutledge entered. The postmaster was not aware of her presence until she touched his arm.

"Please give me a letter," she said. "Sit down, Ann," said he, very gently, as he placed a chair in the fire-glow. She took it, turning toward him with a look of fear and hope. Then he added: "I'm sorry, but the truth is it didn't come. It is terrible, Ann, that I have to help in this breaking of your heart that is going on. I seem to be the head of the hammer that hits you so hard, but the handle is in other hands. Honestly, Ann, I wish I could do the suffering for you—every bit of it—and give your poor heart a rest. Hasn't he written you this summer?"

"Not since July tenth," she answered. Then she confided to Abe that her lover told her before he went away that his name was not McNeil but McNamar; that he had changed his name to keep clear of his family until he had made a success; that he had gone East to get his father and mother and bring them back with him; lastly she came to the thing that worried her most—the suspicion of her father and mother that John was not honest. "They say that he probably had a wife when he came here—that that is why he don't write to me."

Then after a little silence she pleaded: "You don't think that, do you, Abe?"

"No," said the latter, giving her the advantage of every doubt. "John did a foolish thing, but we must not condemn him without a knowledge of the facts. The young often do foolish things and sickness would account for his silence. You go home and go to sleep and stop worrying, Ann. You'll get that letter one of these days."

(To be continued.)

**Brownsville Briefs**

(Continued from page 3)

W. C. Templeton is the first in this vicinity, so far as heard from, to sow fall wheat. Thursday he cut a field of corn and put it into the silo and the following day sowed the ground, the long-delayed rain coming the next night and putting the soil in fine shape for the crop to start.

As one result of the splendid rain Sunday the proverbial smile that won't come off was much in evidence. The moisture was much needed to start the fall pasture.

Mr. Witt, for many years a resident of Crawfordville and vicinity,

but who with his family recently removed to Corvallis, was greeting old-time friends here Friday and Saturday. A son and daughter are in school at Corvallis.

Mrs. Turner of Corvallis came to Brownsville last week and she and her mother, Mrs. Goodall, will live in the latter's residence property on South Main street.

John Fox and family are new residents of Brownsville, having arrived Saturday from Crawfordville. They are occupying the recently-purchased residence in eastern South Brownsville. The daughter Lorena left Monday for her second year in Willamette university.

School began Monday with the promise of a year of good work. A brief session Friday got the preliminaries out of the way and everything in readiness for the regular routine work.

Parties were looking at the McHargue building the first of the week with a view to reopening the south side garage. Such a business rightly handled should do well at that stand.

**Dozen Toes Too Many Extras Are Amputated**

While Diekens of Chicago, whom nature endowed with 12 toes, couldn't stand the jokes of his playmates, so he underwent an operation to have the two extra toes cut off. He asked the doctor to preserve the toes in a jar of alcohol so he would have something to show the kids that the other boys didn't have. "The kids used to call me 'ducky' when I went in swimming and when I wore shoes they called me 'Bug feet,'" Willie told Dr. Karl Meyer. "Those toes took up a lot of room."

Makes Virginia Small. The combined area of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, 49,417 square miles, is more than three times the area of the kingdom of Denmark.

**ROPES BEAR AND TAKES HIM RIDING**

California Hunter Believes His Catch to Be the Largest Bear in Captivity.

El Paso.—A wild cinnamon bear went joy riding out San Antonio street in a claw-torn open car. Col. R. B. Pearson, hurriedly invaded the wilds for the last 45 years, was chauffeur for the bear. He stopped the car at San Antonio and Mesa because the bear was pulling loose from his hitching post. Rear seat and compartment were built up with burlap so that a saggy floor ran even from the top of the front seat back to the end of the car.

Iron ring rose from the center of the rear seat. From the bear's collar a chain circled between his paws and



Roped the Bear. through the ring. Chain was extended from the ring to a peg beside the front seat. Colonel Pearson roped the bear 150

miles west of Chihuahua and trundled him up in a "half-hitch" of theariat. Then he drove him overland to El Paso. He will try to tame the bear here. It weighs 180 pounds and is about seven months old. His owner believes it will weigh 1,100 when grown. He thinks his catch the largest bear in captivity.

This is the ninth bear Colonel Pearson has roped. He handled lions in Africa by the same method. Colonel Pearson said that he has traveled upward of 2,000 miles with this bear since making the catch. The animal still snaps fiercely at him and refuses to be tamed. Yet his trainer allows him all the leeway in the back seat. Twice while the auto stopped the bear lunged close enough to going over the car that a ring of bystanders instinctively backed off. Colonel Pearson was too busy talking about his "lucky catch" to worry about "Babe's" jumping off.

But Only Then. Most women hate flattery—when they hear it applied to other women.—Boston Transcript.

**Jots and Tittles**

(Continued from page 1)

Mrs. R. B. Mayberry spent Saturday in Albany.

Ted Mitzner left Saturday for Salem, to enter Willamette university.

A. L. Halsey and wife of Albany completed a lengthy Halsey visit last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Stewart of Halsey left Saturday's train for a day in Albany.

Mrs. Pearl Campbell left Saturday morning for Portland, where she will remain permanently.

T. P. Patton left Saturday for Lake Chelan, Wash. Mrs. Patton will leave for Portland soon.

D. G. Gray of Independence arrived Saturday to work in the Gooley pruner dryer. He is F. M. Gray's brother.

Miss Katherine Arnold of Shedd arrived Saturday morning to remain over Sunday with her sister, Mrs. An Irew Brown.

Newt Cummings of Halsey has been in the hospital this week receiving attention for a broken ankle, the result of a kick from a horse.

James Ward, sent to the penitentiary in connection with the killing of Marshal Storey at Sweet Home, escaped, but has been recaptured.

Miss Leila Chastain, well known in Brownsville and for a year or so a resident of Lebanon, goes to Eugene Bible university to train as an evangelistic singer.

Mrs. F. E. Gray of Cottage Grove, who has been spending the summer with her son in Salem, was a guest at the L. R. Wilson home, southwest of town, last week.

E. B. McKinney and family took possession Friday of the Mrs. C. M. Ward residence, which they have leased for a year.

Miss Claudia Householder of Roseburg, accompanied by the little son of Mrs. Lois Howe of Brownsville, arrived on the evening train from the south Friday and drove from here to Brownsville.

E. E. Carey received a silo the first of the week from the A. Wood Products company of Albany. He is erecting it on his farm southeast of town.

Misses Margie and Rena Walker and Hazel and Irene Quimby, who reside outside of town, have hired the Quirk house on Second street and will reside there during the school term.

Mrs. Francis E. Gray of Cottage Grove was here visiting friends and relatives last week. Mrs. Gray used to live here and her son, who is now on the Salem Statesman, at the age of 14 was the editor of a Halsey paper, the mother doing the soliciting and collecting while the boy did the mechanical work. This was a great many years ago.

After farming for eight years, R. G. Hamilton and family are going back to city life and are selling at auction all stock and farming machinery and tools on the place, which is called the McBride farm. It is 1 mile east of Peoria and 4 1/2 miles west of Shedd. The sale is to be September 28. Mr. Hamilton's son, Robert F. Hamilton, ex-sailor, and wife and Miss Geraldine Hamilton are going to attend O. A. C. Harold Hamilton left last week for Iowa, where he will remain permanently with an uncle and aunt.

O. V. Thompson of Brownsville left for Oakland Friday via Halsey.

Mrs. Otto Neff of this place left for Shedd Friday to visit relatives.

J. W. Drinkari and wife returned from a week's vacation last Friday evening.

Dr. Hein of Medford passed through here Friday in ending to go to Portland.

Rev. C. T. Cook and family returned Thursday from several days' outing at Newport.

Wid Allen lost a cow last Thursday. No one seemed to know what ailed her. She just died.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. L. Haynes and Miss Annetta of Eugene spent Sunday with the Wheelers of the Enterprise.

Mrs. Dr. Waltz and Mrs. Waltz senior, both of Brownsville, passed through Halsey last Thursday, taking train for the north.

Mrs. Archie Cornelius returned home from Eugene Saturday, after a few weeks' visit at her mother's. Her sister came back with her and will attend the high school here this winter.

Messdames Earl and Smeed of Albany, guests of Mrs. George Taylor for several days, left for their home Friday, declaring that their visit had been delightful.

J. C. Bramwell has entered into a contract with the government to carry the noon mails from and to the postoffice from trains. Mr. Bramwell had been carrying other mails for several years.

Mr. Cornelius, depot agent, and W. F. White drove to Junction City last Thursday night to attend an initiation and banquet given by the Woodmen. A team from Eugene put on the work and our townsmen arrived home in the "wee sma' hours" next morning.

September 27, 28, 29 and 30, and October 1 special trains will run to the state fair at Salem, leaving Halsey at 8:9 a. m. and returning, reaching Halsey at 7:29 p. m. They will reach the fair grounds at 9:40 a. m. and leave at 5:50 p. m. for Halsey.

A few Halsey visitors who were at the beach at Newport last week: Rev. C. T. Cook and family, H. W. Chance, Mrs. Lyle Chance, Frank Hadley, E. B. Penland, H. L. Straley, O. G. Coldiron, George Hockensmith and J. W. Rector. These men with their families were having an enjoyable time, according to the Yaquina Bay News.

Mrs. Laura Bramwell left for Salem Wednesday of last week and left her mother, Mrs. Mella Knott, 72 years of age, with Mrs. Bassett during her absence. Mrs. Knott, who is obliged to walk on crutches, in some way fell and broke her right arm, which had been broken some twelve years ago in the same place. Dr. Marks was called and treated her.

The new publishers of the Scio Tribune have doubled the size of the paper, raised the subscription price to \$2 a year in advance and that of advertising to 25 cents an inch for the first insertion, but run subsequent insertions of the same advertisement at 15 cents. For reading notices its price is 10 cents for the first insertion and 5 cents for each repetition. The paper is filling up with advertising, justifying the larger size.

E. C. Statzer, a photographer of Powers, stopped over here between trains Saturday on his way to Mill City and expressed himself as well pleased with what he saw of this bustling city. Mr. Statzer has seen a good deal of the world and thinks the Willamette valley is one of its choicest garden spots. He was a candidate for the legislature in Lane county a few years ago, but happened to be on the wrong ticket for that year.

L. C. Merriam returned this week from his vacation at Rogue River.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Winniford and Adrian Goodbrod returned Sunday from their extended trip through Oregon and Washington.

E. G. Ward of Albany was transacting business in Halsey the last part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray S. Hansell of Lewiston, Idaho, passed thru Halsey Friday on their way to Grants Pass. While here they made a short visit at the home of Mr. Hansell's uncle, C. P. Stafford. Mr. Hansell has disposed of his extensive farming interests at Lewiston and purchased a farm at Glendale, Ore.

Mrs. C. P. Stafford, accompanied by her guest, Mrs. Minnie Mc-

**J. W. MOORE Real Estate and Insurance**

A Question that is Easily Answered is what to offer your lady friend in the way of refreshments. Just bring her here and treat her to some of our delicious ice cream. That she will like it goes without saying. Besides, she will appreciate your thoughtfulness and generosity.

**CLARK'S CONFECTIONERY.**

**Smith Bros. Market** Fresh and cured Meats always on hand Also other Meats in season.

**SHORT TERM** POLICIES protect you against loss by fire on your hay, grain, clover and other seed for any length of time desired. Policies written and delivered on day of application. Rates on request. **C. P. STAFFORD,** Resident agent American Eagle Fire Insurance Company.

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Public typewriting done. Enterprise office. **Mrs. A. A. WHEELER.**



The Girl Wept as If Her Heart Would Break. when he turned far down the road and waved his hand to her. "Oh, my pretty lass! Do you not