

ing Hugh Leeper and L. W. Byerley and wives.

R. B. Mayberry and family were Albany visitors Sunday.

T. J. Skirvin shipped a car of vetch to San Francisco.

J. M. Hawkins was transacting business in this vicinity Tuesday.

R. L. Winniford had business calling him to Harrisburg the first of the week.

Miss Rena Walker journeyed to Harrisburg Wednesday to have her eyes attended to and get new glasses.

W. H. Beene and wife visited their aunt, Mrs. Joseph Gulliford, and cousin, Mrs. Will Gordon, at Eugene one day last week.

Dr. Garnjobst is making improvements about his place in the way of a woodshed and a wash house and a few minor additions.

J. C. Bramwell, our energetic mail carrier, played "hooky" Wednesday and hid away to Harrisburg to visit with his daughter, who dwells there.

Linn county has been spending all the money she could raise and more too, and no county exhibit was sent to the livestock show. Well, let's economize and be ready for the next chance.

J. W. Manrose, formerly a resident of this city, accompanied by his son-in-law, Mr. Dotkstadter, came up from Portland Sunday and brought a new anvil for his blacksmith shop, which John Salash leases from him.

The nine high schools in Albany, Halsey, Harrisburg, Brownsville, Lebanon, Scio, Mill City, Shedd and Tangent turn out pupils of such grade that their credentials are accepted as entitles the bearers to admission to the U. of O.

The Senior league of the Methodist church held its regular meeting last Tuesday evening and the birds were whispering to one another on Wednesday morning: "The Leaguers have something up their sleeves; there's going to be something doing pretty quick now." We wonder what?

The Missionary society of the Methodist church met with Mrs. C. T. Cook at the parsonage last Friday afternoon with 14 members and one guest present. Mrs. F. F. Fife became a member. Mrs. J. C. Standish was leader and a most interesting afternoon was put in.

Charles Howe of Brownsville passed through here Wednesday on his way to the stock show in Portland. Mr. Howe is one of the leading merchants of Brownsville and in addition to that he runs one of the largest and finest chicken ranches in the country and is successful along that line.

Mr. and Mrs. Clive Stafford celebrated their 10th wedding anniversary Wednesday by indulging in a fine family dinner. Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Dean dining with them. May they enjoy many more anniversaries and each time a fine dinner. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Stafford were pleasantly surprised by the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Laubner, Dr. and Mrs. Marks and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Drinkard and the evening was spent at five hundred.

Mrs. C. T. Cook was hostess at the parsonage last Tuesday evening when Intermediate Leaguers enjoyed a social such as they alone can enjoy. Games of magic and otherwise filled the major part of the time and these were followed by the "bestest punch, cake and salads that ever wuz." These young people are live wires and Mrs. G. W. Mornhinweg as their leader knows just how to work those wires for a great and good time. Some of us old people are sorry we can't be Intermediates.

Those who complain of the moving pictures could do much to remedy the evils they complain of if they would greet such elevating plays as "The Old Nest," which comes to the Rialto tomorrow, with full and profitable houses and withhold patronage from those shows of which they disapprove. That is the way to reform the movies, not by making profitable jobs for a lot of favorites of the politicians as censors. Usually the censors are a greater evil themselves than the shows upon which they exercise their alleged judgment.

Mrs. W. H. Dedman and child of Portland returned to their home Wednesday after a lengthy visit with Mrs. Dedman's parents, W. C. Cooley and wife of Brownsville,

One of the Filkins boys who were listed as draft evaders from this county served in the Canadian forces in the war and the other has not been heard from for years and may be dead, so the stigma of desertion ought not to attach to them.

E. B. McKinney and family spent Sunday with relatives near Wells station.

R. B. Mayberry and wife returned Friday morning from a hurried trip to Portland.

Mrs. M. E. Miller, from Harrisburg visited at the home of Mrs. E. C. Allen Wednesday.

Ed Ward of Albany was seen here on the streets Wednesday. He was a former resident here.

The steam roller has finished flattening down the crushed rock in the road between here and Shedd.

Mayberry & McKinney shipped a carload of hogs to Salem Wednesday.

Albert Miller and wife of Eugene were this week guests at the home of Mrs. Miller's son, Karl Bramwell.

Mrs. O. W. Perry left for Salem Wednesday after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. J. T. McNeal of Halsey.

Joseph Weber, who resides here and Brownsville, left for an eastern trip last Tuesday. He goes to Pontiac, Ill., and later to Iowa, where he has relatives.

A Man for the Ages (Concluded)

I come now to the last step in the career of my friend and beloved master. It was the Republican convention of 1860 in Chicago. I was a delegate. The New Yorkers came in white beaver hats, enthusiastic for Seward, their favorite son. He was the man we dreaded most. Many in the great crowd were wearing his colors. The delegations were in earnest session the night before the balloting began. The hotel corridors were thronged with excited men. My father had become a man of wealth and great influence in Illinois. I was with him when he went into the meeting of the Michigan delegates and talked to them. He told how he came West in a wagon and saw the spirit of America in the water floods of Niagara and saw again the spirit of America in the life of the boy, Abe Lincoln, then flowing toward its manhood. When he sat down, the Honorable Dennis Flanagan arose and told of meeting the Traylor party at the Falls, when he was driving an ox-team, in a tall beaver hat; how he had remembered their good advice and cookies and jerked venison.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am willing to take the word of a man whose name is hallowed by my dearest recollections. And believing what he has said of Abraham Lincoln, I am for him on the second ballot."

The green Irish lad, whom I remember dimly, had become a great political chieftain and his words had much effect. There was a stir among the delegates. I turned and saw the tall form of Horace Greeley entering the door. His big, full face looked rather serious. He wore gold-rimmed spectacles. He was smooth-shaven save for the silken, white, throat beard that came out from under his collar. His head was bald on top with soft, silvered locks over each ear. They called on him to speak. He stepped forward and said slowly in a high-pitched drawl:

"Gentlemen, this is my speech: On your second ballot vote for Abraham Lincoln of Illinois."

He bowed and left the room and visited many delegations, and everywhere expressed his convictions in this formula. Backed by his tremendous personality and influence, the simple words were impressive. I doubt not they turned scores of men from Seward to the great son of Illinois.

Then—the campaign with its crowds, its enthusiasm, its Vesuvian mutterings. There was a curious touch of humor and history in its banners. Here are three of them:

"Menard County for the Tall Sucker."

"We are for old Abe the Giant-Killer."

"Link on to Lincoln."

Then—those last days in Springfield. He came to the office the afternoon before he left and threw himself on the lounge and talked of bygone days with Herndon.

"Billy, how long have we been together?" he asked.

"Sixteen years."

"Never a cross word."

"Never."

"Keep the old sign hanging. A little thing like the election of a President should make no change in the firm of Lincoln and Herndon. If I live, I'm coming back some time and then we'll go right on with the practice of the law as if nothing had happened."

Then—that Monday morning in Springfield, at eight o'clock, on the eleventh of February, the train bore

RIALTO

FRIDAY

"THE OLD NEST"

Rupert Hughes' Heart-gripping Story of HOME

A picture that presents without false sentiment or melodrama the most beautiful and the most sacred of all themes—a mother's love.

It draws aside the curtain from the soul of the American home. It is so real, so genuine, that many will be moved to tears, through which the sunshine of laughter will break.

Also

HAROLD LLOYD in "By the Sad Sea Waves."

East, West, Home, s best Don't miss seeing

"THE OLD NEST"

The next number of the Lyceum Course

will be given TUESDAY, NOV. 15. It will be a real show. Don't miss it. Season tickets can still be had for the remaining three shows at Clark's.

75c, \$1.10, \$1.50

Automobile Insurance

Fire, theft, collision, property damage and personal liability. Protect yourself against loss.

C. P. STAFFORD, Agent.

him toward the great task of his life. Hannah Armstrong, who had foxed his trousers in New Salem, and the venerable Doctor Allen and the Brimsteads, and Aleck Ferguson, bent with age, and Harry Needles and Bim and their four handsome children, and my father and mother, and Betsy, my maiden sister, and Eli Freudenberg were there in the crowd to bid him good-by.

A quartet sang. Mr. Lincoln asked his friends and neighbors to pray for his success. He was moved by the sight of them and could not have said much if he had tried. The bell rang. The train started. He waved his hand and was gone. Not many of us who stood trying to see through our tears were again to look upon him. The years of preparation were ended and those of sacrifice had begun.

Now, we are at the foot of the last hill. For a long time I had seen it looming in the distance. Those days it filled my heart with a great fear. Now, how beautiful, how lonely it seems! Oh, but what a vineyard on that very fruitful hill! I speak low when I think of it. Harry Needles and I were on our way to Washington that fateful night of April 14, 1865. We reached there at an early hour in the morning. We made our way through the crowded streets to the little house opposite Ford's theater. An officer who knew me cleared a way for us to the door. Reporters, statesmen, citizens and their families were massed in the street waiting with tear-stained faces for the end. Some of them were sobbing as we passed. We were admitted without delay. A minister and the doctor sat by the bedside. The latter held an open watch in his hand. I could hear it ticking the last moments in an age of history. What a silence as the great soul of my friend was "breaking camp to go home." Friends of the family and members of the cabinet were in the room. Through the open door of a room beyond I saw Mrs. Lincoln and the children and others. We looked at our friend lying on the bed. His kindly face was pale and haggard. He breathed faintly and at long intervals. His end was near.

"Poor Abe!" Harry whispered as he looked down at him. "He has had to die on the cross."

To most of those others Lincoln was the great statesman. To Harry he was the beloved Abe who had shared his



"He Belongs to the Ages."

fare and his hardships in many a long, weary way.

The doctor put his ear against the breast of the dying man. There was a moment in which we could hear the voices in the street. The doctor rose and said: "He is gone."

Secretary Stanton, who more than once had spoken lightly of him, came to the bedside and tenderly closed the eyes of his master, saying:

"Now, he belongs to the ages."

We went out of the door. The sound of mourning was in the streets. A dozen bells were tolling. On the corner of Tenth street a quartet of negroes was singing that wonderful prayer:

"Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home."

One of them, whose rich, deep bass thrilled me and all who heard it, was Roger Wentworth, the fugitive, who had come to our house with Bim, in the darkness of the night, long before.

[THE END.]

FARMERS usually have an accumulation of articles no longer needed, or succeeded by better ones, which somebody would like to obtain. An advertisement of this kind, costing 25c, might find a buyer and convert what is now only trash into good CASH

FOR SALE—Ford Truck Waterpower Washing Machine Iron Bed complete with mattress and springs, full size. All in good condition. Phone MRS. C. S. FULLE, Route 2, Halsey.

FOR SALE or trade—One of the best 255-acre Dairy Farms, well improved, in the Willamette valley, for smaller place or some business. Twelve-room fancy house. If interested write H. R. SUIKER, R. 2, Tangent. Phone 19F13

LOST—REWARD Black Stallion Colt Two-year-old. White spot in forehead. Went astray about four months ago. H. R. SUIKER, Route 2, Tangent.

TAXI SERVICE Phone 19C5 Brownsville A call will bring me to Halsey in 15 or 20 minutes DEAN TYCER

Amor A. Tussing LAWYER AND NOTARY BROWNVILLE, OREGON

A. Peterson Practical Shoe Repairing. Fine Dress Shoes a Specialty 501 Lyon st., Albany, Oregon.

Shoe Repair Shop Two doors north of the hotel Am prepared to do all kinds of shoe repairing. Satisfaction guaranteed. JEWETT the COBBLER. I. O. O. F. WILDEY LODGE NO. 65. Regular meeting next Saturday night.

W. J. Ribelin Office 1st door south of school house Halsey, Oregon. Dealer in Real Estate. Handles Town and Country Property Give him a call and see if he can fix you up.

SANITARY Barber Shop and Baths First-class work guaranteed KARL BRAMWELL.

BARBER SHOP Electric Haircutting, Massaging, and Shampooing. Cleaning and Pressing. E. C. MILLER

WATCHMAKER & Jeweler Expert workmanship. Watches and clocks a specialty.

F. M. GRAY, Drayman. All work done promptly and reasonably. Phone No. 269.

C. C. BRYANT ATTORNEY AT LAW 201 New First Nat'l Bank Bldg. Albany, Oregon.

WRIGHT & POOLE LICENSED FUNERAL DIRECTORS HARRISBURG LEBANON Phone 35 Phone 15 Branches at Brownsville, Wm T Templeton, Mgr. Halsey Phone 166, Frank Kirk, Mgr.

HALSEY RAILROAD TIME

Table with columns for North and South, listing train times for various routes.

SUNDAY MAIL HOURS

The delivery window of the Halsey postoffice is open Sundays from 9:15 to 9:45 a. m. and 12:20 to 12:35 and 5:15 to 5:30 p. m.

PAID-FOR PARAGRAPHS

Admittance Here 5 Cents a Line

Chicken dinner every Sunday at Hotel Brownsville. 50 cents.

For Sale—Year-old fir slab block wood, \$2.50 per tier; fir block wood, \$3.00; maple and oak, \$3.50, delivered Halsey. Brownsville Warehouses: Chas. Sterling.

Apples—Boxes of delicious Jonathans and Spitzenbergs, \$1. G. W. Mornhinweg.

If you know an item of news phone it to No. 205.

For rent or for sale—Houses and farms in vicinity of Halsey. W. J. Ribelin.

Old papers, 5c a bundle at the Enterprise office.

Dr. E. W. Barnum, dentist, at Hotel Halsey every Tuesday and Friday.

Trespass notices ready printed at the Enterprise office. In small lots, ten cents each.

For sale—Cedar shakes and Posts. Load lots delivered. Brownsville Warehouses.



CAMILLA KENYON

The talented author of "Spanish Doublets" says of herself:

"I was born in San Francisco of the early days. My health kept me from school much of the time and threw me on my books as my only resource. Apparently I lacked all feminist proclivities, for I scorned girls' books and instead, revelled in tales of adventure.

"For sea stories, particularly with a buccaneering flavor, I had and have an abiding love. Perhaps this is because I was brought up on a tale—whether truth or legend I am not clear—of an ancestor, a soldier of fortune, who when business was slack, eked out a living as a freebooter, though of course after the fashion of a perfect gentleman. I sometimes think that the soul of the old adventurer may have encased itself by mistake in my earthly frame."

This paper will carry "Spanish Doublets" as a serial. It is a charming tale of adventure and romance in which the principal characters are women, and contains rare humor.

Woman's wit is successfully pitted against man's in this fascinating tale of love and adventure, the beginning of which will appear in the next issue of the Enterprise.

Tell your neighbor that for \$1.50 in advance he can get the Enterprise for a year, containing several of these most entrancing stories, any one of which would cost as much or more in book form, and he will also get all the local news fifty-two times in the year.

Subscribers wanting the whole story should start now. We cannot promise to supply back numbers later on.