

tollled up, pausing now and then for breath. I was leaning on my spade, rather dejectedly considering the modest excavation I had achieved, when I felt a little cool splash at my feet. Dropping my spade I whirled around—and a shriek echoed through the cave as I saw pouring into it the dark insidious torrent of the returning tide.

How had I forgotten it, that deadly thing, muttering to itself out there, ready to spring back like an unleashed beast? Cruseo had warned me—and then he had forsaken me, and I was alone.

And yet at first, wild as my terror was, I had no thought but that somehow I could escape. That these waters were for me the very face of death, sure and relentless, terrible and slow, did not at once seize hold upon my heart.

Frantically I sprang for the entrance on the cove. The floor of the cave was sloping and the water deepened swiftly as I advanced. Soon I was floundering to my knees, and on the instant a great wave rushed in, drenching me to the waist, dazing me with its spray and uproar, and driving me back to the far end of the cave.

With a dreadful hollow sucking sound the surge retreated. I staggered toward the archway that was my only door to life. The water was deeper now, and swiftly came another fierce rush of the sea that drove me back.

I fled to the far end of the cave, but the sea pursued me. Swiftly the water climbed—it flung me against the wall, then dragged me back. I clutched at the naked rock with bleeding fingers.

Again, after a paroxysm during which I had seemed to stand a great way off and listen to my own shrieks, there came to me a moment of calm. I knew that my one tenuous thread of hope lay in launching myself into that wild flood that was tearing through the cave. I was not a strong swimmer, but a buoyant one. I might find refuge on some half-submerged rock on the shores of the cove—at least I should perish in the open, in the sunlight, not trapped like a desperate rat. And I began to fight my way toward the opening.

And then a dreadful vision flashed across my mind, weighted down my feet like lead, choked back even the cry from my frozen lips. Sharks! The black cutting fin, the livid belly, the dreadful jaws opening—no, no, better to die here, better the clean embrace of the waters—if indeed the sharks did not come into the cave.

And then I think I went quite mad. I remember trying to climb up to the ledge which hung beetling fifteen feet above. Afterward my poor hands showed how desperately. And I remember that once I slipped and went clear under, and how I choked and struggled in the salt water. For my mouth was always open, screaming, screaming continually.

And when I saw the boat fighting its way inch by inch into the cave I was sure that it was a vision, and that only my own wild beseeching of him to save me had made the face of Dugald Shaw arise before my dying eyes. Dugald Shaw was still mending the boat on the shore of the cove, and this was a mocking phantom.

Only the warm human clasp of the arms that drew me into the boat made me believe in him.

The boat bobbed quietly in the eddy at the far end of the cave, while a wet, sobbing, choking heap clung to Dugald Shaw. I clasped him about the neck and would not let him go, for fear that I should find myself alone again, perishing in the dark water. My head was on his breast, and he was pressing back my wet hair with strong and tender hands.

What was this he was saying? "My lassie, my little, little lassie!"

And no less incredible than this it was to feel his cheek pressed, very gently, against my hair—

After a little my self-control came back to me. I stopped my senseless childish crying, lifted my head and tried to speak. I could only whisper. "You came, you came!"

"Of course I came!" he said huskily. "There, don't tremble so—you are safe—safe in my arms!"

After a while he lifted me into the stern and began to maneuver the boat out of the cave. I suppose at another time I should have realized the peril of it. The fierce flow through the archway all but swamped us, the current threatened to hurl us against the rocks, but I felt no fear. He had come to save me, and he would. All at once the dreadful shadow of the cavern was left behind, and the sunshine immersed my chilled body like a draught of wine. I lay huddled in the stern, my cheek upon my hand, as he rowed swiftly across the cove and drove the boat upon the beach.

Everybody but Captain Magnus was assembled there, including Cruseo. Cruseo it was who had given warning of my danger. Like a wise little dog, when I ignored his admonitions he had run home. At first his uneasiness and troubled barking had got no notice. Once or twice the Scotchman, worried by his fretfulness, had ordered him away. Then across his preoccupied mind there flashed a doubt. He laid down his tools and spoke to the animal. Instantly Cruseo dashed for the rocks, barking and crying with eagerness.

Then Mr. Shaw understood. He snatched the painter of the boat and

dragged it down the beach. He was shoving off as Cookie, roused by Cruseo's barking, appeared from the



Aunt Jane Shrieked and Fell into the Arms of Mr. Tubbs.

seclusion of his afternoon siesta. To him were borne the Scotchman's parting words:

"Virginia Harding—in the cave—hot blankets—may be drowning—"

"And at dat," said Cookie, relating his part in the near tragedy with unctious, "I jes' matchully plumped right down on mah bones and wrestled with le Lawd in prayah."

This unique proceeding on Cookie's part necessarily awoke the interest of the recovered Cuthbert Vane, just emerging after his prolonged slumbers, and of the trio who had a that moment returned from the woods—importuned for an explanation, Cooki arose from his devotional posture and put the portentous query:

"Mistah Vane, sah, be dey any propth coffin-wood on dis yere island?"

Instantly connecting my absence with this terrible question, Aunt Jane shrieked and fell into the arms of Mr. Tubbs. I got the story from Cuthbert Vane, and I must say I was unpleasantly struck by the facility with which my aunt seemed to have fallen into Mr. Tubbs' embrace—as if with the ease of habit. Mr. Tubbs, it appeared, had staggered a little under his fair burden, which was not to be wondered at, for Aunt Jane is of an overflowing style of figure and Mr. Tubbs more remarkable for brain than brawn. Violet, however, remained admirably calm, and exhorted Aunt Jane to remember that whatever happened it was all for the best.

"Poor Violet," I commented. "To think that, after all, it didn't happen!"

A slow flush rose to the cheeks of the beautiful youth. He was sitting beside the hammock, where I was supposed to be recuperating.

"It would have happened, though," said the Honorable Cuthbert solemnly. "If it hadn't been for old Shaw. I can't get over it, Vir—Miss Virginia that I wasn't on deck myself, you know. Here's old Dugald been doing the heroic all his life, and now he gets his chance again while I'm hard on a chap. I—I wish it had been me."

However dubious his grammar, there was no mistaking the look that brightened like the dawn in the depths of his clear eyes. My breath went from me suddenly.

"Oh," I cried excitedly, "isn't that—yes, I thought it was the dinner gong!"

For, as if in response to my dire need, the clang of Cookie's gong echoed through the island silences.

(To be continued)

Surely.

The optimist says to remember that even if your mother-in-law has the gift of tongues it would be a lot worse if she were a mindreader.—Chicago American.

**E. B. Meade**  
Optometrist  
ALBANY, OREG.

Harold Albro,  
Manufacturing optician,

## MUCH IDLE LAND TO BE UTILIZED

Sources of Timber Supply for Chicago Market Exhausted One After Another.

### FREIGHT BILLS NOW HIGHER

Ample Area to Support All Lumber Requirements if Land Could be Kept at Work Growing Various Kinds of Trees.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

"Reforestation has not been taken seriously by the average business man in the United States," said Col. W. B. Greeley, chief of the forest service, United States Department of Agriculture, before the National Association of Wood Turners recently. "Reforestation has been looked upon as a fad quite removed from the practical interests of the manufacturer, as something more concerned with parks or shade trees or rose bushes. World's Greatest Lumber Market.

"Chicago is the greatest lumber market in the world. Since 1890 an average of over 2,000,000,000 feet of lumber has come into Chicago every year. In 1920 the figure was nearly 2,500,000,000 feet, 60 per cent of which went into local construction and manufacturing industries. In 1900 the average freight paid on lumber coming into Chicago was less than \$3 per M feet. Since that time the local sources of supply for this territory have been exhausted one after another. Lumber shipments have traversed greater and greater distances, and the average freight bill paid by the Chicago distributor has steadily risen to more than \$12 per M feet.

"In other words, the increased transportation charge on lumber shipments into Chicago, as a result of the exhaustion of the forest regions surrounding it, represents a toll of \$22,500,000 annually. And while this has happened there have accumulated in the Cen-

tral and Lake states nearly 23,000,000 acres of logged-off forest land which is producing neither farm crops nor timber; \$22,500,000 is the yearly tax which the wood-using industries and home builders, supplied through Chicago, pay for the idleness of a large part of the soil in the surrounding states which should furnish the natural supply for this district. This sum would plant every year 1,500,000 acres of land with forest trees.

"This illustration may be extended to cover the four states of Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin and Michigan. These states consume annually between



Scene in a Forest in the Pacific Northwest.

4,000,000,000 and 5,000,000,000 feet of timber in furniture factories, agricultural implements, wood-turning establishments and other wood-using industries. Sawmills are excluded from this estimate, also the requirements for general construction and housing, and the consumption of lumber on farms. The manufacturers referred to represent an invested capital of \$700,000,000 and enroll 200,000 skilled employees.

### Rapidly Exhausting Timber Supplies.

"We are cutting our timber probably four times as fast as timber is being grown. It is useless to decry the generous use which American industry has made of our forests. It has contributed powerfully to the industrial development and commercial supremacy of the United States. The forestry problem does not result from the liberal use of our forests, but from our failure to use our forest-

growing land. There is an ample area of land in this country, which is not tillable, to support all of our timber requirements, all of our wood manufacturers, all of our home building and agricultural use of lumber. Indeed, an even larger export trade than at present, if that land can be kept at work growing timber. Reforestation has become a commercial necessity of the United States."

## ASK INSPECTION ON ALL PRODUCE

Anyone Concerned in Interstate Shipment May Request Federal Certificate.

### INSPECTOR IS TRAINED MAN

Many Causes of Disputes, Costly Law-suits and Lasting Dissatisfaction Are Removed—Buyer and Seller Satisfied.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

There are few shippers of produce who have not suffered at some time the discomfiture of receiving word from the other end of the line that their carload arrived in bad condition, due to poor grading, careless packing, frost damage, overripeness, rot, breakage, mold, disease or any one of half a dozen other kinds of injury.

Every instance of this sort means a money loss and the shipper wonders sometimes whether the produce really arrived in bad order or whether some unscrupulous dealer possibly seized upon a trifling excuse to reject the shipment because it was received on a falling market, or sought a pretext to depress its value or to gloss over a sale made at what seemed unduly low prices.

Condition Determined on Arrival. If really damaged, the shipper wants to know to what amount. Was the whole load affected? What was the actual condition on arrival? Was the loss due to bad handling and packing or to delay or neglect by the transportation company or by the receiver? Was the cause a disease which may develop also in the rest of the crop? Some of these questions interest the receiver and the railways, as well as the shipper or producer. No one cares to assume blame and incur loss for what happened to the produce while it was in the hands of others. How can all these questions be settled without undue expense or delay?

Since the establishment of the federal inspection service three years ago by the bureau of markets and crop estimates of the United States Department of Agriculture, the answer is comparatively simple. "Telegraph to the federal inspector in the nearest large city, asking him to report on the shipment." He is a trained man, with considerable experience in handling produce, a competent and certified judge of grades and condition.

The inspector's verdict is commonly accepted by dealers and shippers and by courts, railways and express companies. With the shipment officially inspected, all parties concerned have learned all that it is practicable to know about its exact condition and



Inspector Determining the Condition of a Shipment of Potatoes.

grade, and many causes of troublesome disputes, costly lawsuits and lasting dissatisfaction are removed. The inspector's certificate removes fully half of the sources of worry and uncertainty and narrows the market question down chiefly to a matter of salesmanship.

Anyone financially concerned in the shipment may ask for inspection. If there is trouble over the produce, or if there is merely the wish to avoid possible difficulty later on, the applicant writes or telegraphs to the United States food products inspection service, bureau of markets and crop estimates, in the city where the car is to be received.

Certificate as Evidence. The idea of official inspection is to provide a reliable, disinterested report

as a basis for settling disputes regarding quantity, quality, grade or condition. No matter who asks for it or who pays the bill, whether producer, dealer or railway, the other party may have a copy of the report. If the shipper and dealer can not agree, or if there is a damage claim against a transportation company which results in a suit, the certificate is prima facie evidence in the federal courts on the points which it covers.

The request for inspection should tell where the car may be found and the number, and should give also the main facts about the contents, calling attention to any special point as to grade, quality or condition.

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**EXECUTOR'S NOTICE OF SALE**  
Notice is hereby given that on and after December 23, 1921, under authority of the last will and testament of Lizzie Bilyen, deceased, the undersigned will proceed to sell at private sale for cash all of the interest of said deceased in the following described property, to wit:  
Lot 1, in block 1, in Bridges' addition to Sheburn, Linn county, Or.; also lot 1 and the W. 1/2 of lot 4 in block 11 in Wheeler's addition to Scio, Linn county, Oregon.  
Dated and first publication hereof in November 24, 1921.  
**G. W. MORROW, Executor.**

## CHRISTMAS GIFTS

The Enterprise publishers

give no premiums for subscriptions make no discounts from published prices make no club rates with other publications seek patronage solely on its merits as a local newspaper endeavor to give \$1.50 worth every year to every subscriber

**But**

we need a good solicitor to secure the subscriptions of the many people who would subscribe if the paper were shown to them and its merits pointed out A good solicitor is hard to find. We believe we have many subscribers who could persuade their neighbors to take the paper We feel kindly towards those subscribers, for it is their patronage that makes the paper attractive to advertisers, and the advertisers supply the income that keeps the paper alive

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Further, if you think your present is not worth 50 cents to you we guarantee that the Halsey State bank will give you 50 cents in cash for it on request Show the paper to your neighbor and you can probably get his subscription as soon as he has examined it, for we are sending out as good a local newspaper as we can produce with the liberal patronage the people of Linn county are giving us.

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who have moved away you cannot make them any Christmas gift that will be more highly appreciated than a year's subscription. It will be like \$2 good, long letters from home which will cost you less than 5 cents apiece, including postage, and if you order it before Dec. 25 you will also get a present guaranteed to be worth 50 cents.

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