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excursion with his prospective parent were extremely dim and vague. He did not know to what city he went, nor had he any recollection whatever of the people he met there.

"He won't do," the stranger had said. "I tried him out and he won't fill in my family. And I've fetched him back."

"I believe in being frank, and I tell you there's something vicious in that boy's nature. It came out in the very first moment he was in the house, when the Missus was introducing him to my eight-year-old son. This little Turner," she said—and this boy sprang right at him. I'd never let little Turner learn to fight, and this boy was on top of his fist and was pounding him with his fists before we could pull him off. I didn't understand it at all."

Nor did the superintendent understand; nor—in these later years—Bruce, either.

He was quite a big boy, nearly ten, when he finally left the Square house. And there was nothing flickering or dim about the memory of this occasion.

A tall, exceedingly slender man sat beside the window—a man well dressed but with hard lines about his mouth and hard eyes. Yet the superintendent seemed particularly anxious to please him. "You will like this sturdy fellow," he said, as Bruce was ushered in.

The man's eyes traveled slowly from the child's curly head to his rapidly growing feet; but no gleam of interest came into the thin face. "I suppose he'll do—as good as any. It was the wife's idea, anyway, you know. What about parentage? Anything decent at all?"

The superintendent seemed to wait a long time before answering. Little Bruce, already full of secret conjectures as to his own parentage, thought that some key might be given him at last. "There is nothing that we can tell you, Mr. Duncan," he said at last. "A woman brought him here—with an infant girl—when he was about four. I suppose she was his mother—and she didn't wait to talk to me. The nurse said that she wore outlandish clothes and had plainly had a hard time."

"But she didn't wait?" "She dropped her children and fled." A cold little smile flickered at the man's lips. "It looks rather dam-



"But I'll Take the Little Beggar, Anyway."

nable," he said significantly. "But I'll take the little beggar, anyway."

And thus Bruce went to the cold fireside of the Duncans—a house in a great and distant city where, in the years that had passed, many things scarcely worth remembering had transpired. It was a gentleman's house—as far as the meaning of the word usually goes—and Bruce had been afforded a gentleman's education. There was also, for a while, a certain amount of rather doubtful prosperity, a woman who died after a few months of casual interest in him, and many, many hours of almost overwhelming loneliness. Also there were many thoughts such as are not especially good for the spirits of growing boys.

The place where the Duncans lived was a house, but under no liberal interpretation of the word could it be called a home. There was nothing

homelike in it to little Bruce. The other lasting memory was of Linda. She represented the one living creature in all his assemblage of phantoms—the one person with whom he could claim real kinship. He had done a bold thing, after his first few years with the Duncans. He planned it long and carried it out with infinite care as to details. He wrote to Linda, in care of the superintendent of the orphanage.

The answer only deepened the mystery. Linda was missing. Whether she had run away, or whether some one had come by in a closed car and carried her off as she played on the lawns, the superintendent could not tell. They had never been able to trace her. He had been fifteen then, a tall boy with rather unusual muscular development, and the girl was eleven. And in the year nineteen hundred and twenty, ten years after the reply to his letter, Bruce had heard no word from her. He had given up all hope of ever hearing from her again. "My little sister," he said softly to a memory. Then bitterness—a whole black flood of it—would come upon him. "Good Lord, I don't even know that she was my sister." But now he was going to find her and his heart was full of joy and eager anticipation.

CHAPTER III

There had not been time to make inquiry as to the land Bruce was going to. He only knew one thing—that it was the wilderness. The fact that he had no business plans for the future and no financial resources except a few hundred dollars that he carried in his pocket did not matter one way or another. He was willing to spend all the money he had; after it was gone, he would take up some work in life anew.

He had a moment's wonder at the effect his departure would have upon the financial problem that had been his father's sole legacy to him. He laughed a little as he thought of it. But the idea that others also—having no business relations with his father—might be interested in this western journey of his did not even occur to him.

But the paths men take, seemingly, with wholly different aims, crisscross and become intertwined much more than Bruce knew. Even as he lay in his berth, the first sweet drifting of sleep upon him, he was the subject of a discussion in a far-distant mountain home; and sleep would not have fallen so easily and sweetly if he had heard it.

It might have been a different world. Only a glimpse of it, illumined by the moon, could be seen through the soiled and besmirched window pane; but that was enough to tell the story. There were no tall buildings, lighted by a thousand electric lights, such as Bruce could see through the windows of his bedroom at night. The lights that could be discerned in this strange, dark sky were largely unfamiliar to Bruce, because of the smoke-clouds that had always hung above the city where he lived. There were just stars, but there were so many of them that the mind was unable to comprehend their number.

There was also a moon that cast a little square of light, like a fairy tapestry, on the floor. It was not such a moon as leers down red and strange through the smoke of cities. It was vivid and quite white—the wilderness moon that times the hunting hours of the forest creatures. But the patch that it cast on the floor was obscured in a moment because the man who had been musing in the big chair beside the empty fireplace had risen and lighted a kerosene lamp.

The light prevented any further scrutiny of the moon and stars. And what remained to look at was not nearly so pleasing to the spirit. It was a great, white-walled room that would have been beautiful had it not been for certain unfortunate attempts to beautify it. There was a stone fireplace, and certain massive, dust-covered chairs grouped about it. But the eyes never would have got to these. They would have been held and fascinated by the face and the form of the man who had just lighted the lamp.

No one could look twice at that massive physique and question its might. He seemed almost gigantic in the yellow lamplight. In reality he stood six feet and almost three inches, and his frame was perfectly in proportion. He moved slowly, lazily, and the thought flashed to some great monster of the forest that could uproot a tree with a blow.

The face was huge, big and gaunt of bone; and particularly one would notice the mouth. It would be noticed even before the dark, deep-sunken eyes. It was a bloodhound mouth, the mouth of a man of great and terrible passions, and there was an unmistakable measure of cruelty and savagery about it. But there was strength, too. No eye could doubt that. But it was not an ugly face, for all the brutality of the features. It was even handsome in the hard, mountain way. One would notice straight, black hair—the man's age was about thirty-nine—long over rather dark ears, and a great, guarded throat. The words when he spoke seemed to come from deep within it.

"Come in, Dave," he said. In this little remark lay something of the man's power. The visitor had come unannounced. His visit had been unexpected. His host had not yet seen his face. Yet the man knew, before the door was opened, who it was that had come.

The reason went back to a certain quickening of the senses that is the peculiar right and property of most men who are really residents of the wilderness. This man was the son of the wild as much as the wolves that ran in the packs. Soft though it was, he had heard the sound of approaching feet in the pine needles. As surely as he would have recognized the dark face of the man in the doorway, he recognized the sound as Dave's step.

The man came in, and at once an observer would have detected an air of deference in his attitude. Very plainly he had come to see his chief. He was a year or two older than his host, less powerful of physique, and his eyes did not hold quite so straight. There was less savagery, but more cunning in his sharp features.

He burst out his news at once. "Old Elmira has got word down to the settlements at last," he said. There was no muscular response in the larger man. Dave was plainly disappointed. He wanted his news to cause a stir. It was true, however, that his host slowly raised his eyes. Dave glanced away.

"What do you mean?" the man demanded.

"Mean—I mean just what I said. We should have watched closer. Bill—Young Bill, I mean—saw a city chap just in the act of going in to see her. He had come onto the plateau with his guide—Wegan was the man's name—and Bill said he stayed a lot longer than he would have if he hadn't taken a message from her."

"How long ago was this?" "Week ago Tuesday."

"And why have you been so long in telling me?" When Dave's chief asked questions in this tone, answers always came quickly. They rolled so fast from the mouth that they blurred and ran together. "Why, Simon—you ain't been where I could see you. Anyway, there was nothin' we could have done."

"There wasn't, eh? I don't suppose you ever thought that there's yet two months before we can clinch this thing for good, and young Folger might—I say might—have kicking about somewhere in his belongings the very document we've all of us been worrying about for twenty years." Simon cursed—a single, fiery oath. "But we are yelling before we're hurt. It isn't worth a cussword. Like as not, this Wegan will never take the trouble to hunt him up. And if he does—well, it's nothing to worry about, either. There is one back door that has been opened many times to let his people go through, and it may easily be opened again."

Dave's eyes filled with admiration. Then he turned and gazed out through

the window. Against the eastern sky, already wan and pale from the encroaching dawn, the long ridge of a mountain stood in vivid and startling silhouette. The edge of it was curiously jagged with many little upright points.

There was only one person who would have been greatly amazed by that outline of the ridge; and the years and distance had obscured her long ago. This was a teacher at an orphanage in a distant city, who once had taken a crude drawing from the hands of a child. Here was the original at last. It was the same ridge, covered with pines, that little Bruce had drawn.

(To be continued.)

Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)

The Mayberry family were in town again Sunday.

H. A. Renninger was at the county seat Saturday.

Frank Kirk and Glenn Chance visited the county seat Saturday.

We got enough rain Thursday to do some good and mighty little harm.

S. G. Simon is spending \$4000 on improvements on his farm near Shedd.

Dr. Barnum and Sidney Smith and families spent Sunday at C. P. Stafford's.

H. Zimmerman and wife and June Layton have gone to Cascadia for a stay of a week or so.

Dr. Marks and wife got home Monday from their vacation trip along the Oregon seashore.

Andrew Brown has taken employment at Turner. Mr. Brown went with him as far as Shedd.

Attorney A. A. Tussing of Brownsville is home from a trip of a month through the central part of Canada.

Mrs. Helpeth of Eugene, mother of Mrs. W. L. Wells, came in on Saturday's train, bringing her twin babies.

J. C. Bramwell and wife went to the county seat last week Monday and A. D. Cornelius tossed the nail bags around.

Last week the Enterprise said: "Let us pray for rain." And a plentiful rain came before the papers were all printed.

About thirty people went to the station and saw the outside of the car in which Vice-President Coolidge rode through Halsey.

Douglas Taylor and Guy Bramwell and family, Grant Taylor and Ed Warmoth were dinner guests at George Taylor's Sunday.

H. C. Davis went to Portland Sunday night with a carload of fat cattle, twenty of his own and seven belonging to Douglas Taylor. Mr. Davis' animals averaged 1220 pounds each and he got \$7.40 a hundred for them. Last year they sold for \$5. So much hay has been shipped from this section, after a short crop, that it is likely many cattle will be sold and the price depressed, with the result, probably, of higher prices next

year, as the same conditions are reported in adjoining states.

Frank Bond will move into the T. P. Patton house. Mr. Patton has bought the Baptist church property and will build a fine residence there.

The district attorney is proceeding against J. Freytag of Thomas for violating the state law by delivering less than 128 cubic feet of wood to Mrs. L. Ward and charging her for a cord.

The name of W. A. Vollandt appears in place of Mr. Skirvin's on the Tangent road warehouse. What has that to do with the Volstead act?

A protest has gone up against the prosecution of those negroes at Shedd for gambling because it is their custom and they play for small amounts. The law ought to be impartial. In this case the demand is that it be stretched in favor of a race which more often suffers from that process.

Deer season opens Sunday. That is as good a day as any to kill a man for a deer. Nobody wants to do that on any day. See what moves the bushes before you shoot. If you hunt, get a good gun and shoot straight. Don't let the wounded deer get away and suffer. Good guns are advertised in the Enterprise.

Footie Bros. are so fond of being called up at night by autoists who want gasoline that they had a telephone connected up to their home. Still, if you need gas it will be as well to get it in the day time.

D. H. Sturtevant and wife got home from Portland and "bayers' week" Saturday.

A rainstorm that struck Albany at noon Saturday overflowed sewers, flooded streets and made lakes of intersections. Six miles eastward no rain fell.

J. C. Miller has been appointed administrator of the estate of Edilla A. McDonald, which consists of an interest in the estate of A. W. Standard, valued at \$1500.

Obituary

P. C. Davidson, an old-time resident of Brownsville, passed away at his home in Salem Aug 9 at the age of 67 years. He leaves his widow, Mrs. Amney V. Davidson, one daughter, Mrs. Mary E. Fishop, both of Salem, and one son, Rupert Davidson of this place.

Mr. Davidson was an honored member of Calapooia Grange No. 414, recently transferring from Liberty grange, near Salem, where he was a charter member, that being one of the first granges organized in Oregon. The community extends sympathy to the bereaved family.

FOR SALE IN HALSEY Seven-room house, large lawn, 8 lots, plenty of fruit. A bargain if taken at once. See Jay W. Moore, Realtor.

HALSEY STATE BANK Halsey, Oregon CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$35,000 Commercial and Savings accounts Solicited

GET SOMETHING that is stout, that is, CABLE, in place of rope—stronger and lasts a lifetime. When you buy machine oil don't think any old grease is oil. We have a heavy red ENGINE OIL, best that can be bought, at 50c a gallon. Try it. TWINE is here. G. W. Mornhinweg

We sell the Claxtonola Come in and hear it play All phonograph records and needles. 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. She will appreciate your thoughtfulness and generosity. Cold drinks Clark's Confectionery

Bereaved friends committing to my care for preparation and burial the remains of beloved ones may feel assured of the same respectful and tender treatment I would wish to be given my own dear ones. Every wish carried out in detail and prices guaranteed to satisfy. Best of equipment and complete stock. N. C. LOWE LICENSED MORTICIAN AND FUNERAL DIRECTOR LEBANON, ORE. Day or night. Phone 9 Lady attendant

Automobile Insurance Fire, theft, collision, property damage and personal liability. Protect yourself against loss. C. P. STAFFORD, Agent.

Be Honest With Yourself If you have been drifting along—spending all, saving nothing—stop and think. You must realize that it cannot go on forever. One's earning days are numbered. Now, while your earning power is the greatest, see to it that each payday pays SOMETHING toward your future INDEPENDENCE. We will welcome your account and help you save. The First Savings Bank of Albany, Oregon Where Savings are safe Four per cent and no worry.