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BLAIN CLOTHING CO.
 The store with a square deal for every customer.
 ALBANY, OREGON

Jots and Tittles
 (Continued from page 1)

Harry Davis was a passenger to Albany Saturday.

Charles Falk and wife went to the county seat Saturday.

The season's union meetings at Brownsville have been completed.

Mrs. J. C. Curry and Miss Nettie Spencer visited Philmath Sunday.

Mrs. Lillian Kirk of Athena is here visiting former friends and neighbors.

H. B. Baker, former miller of Brownsville, is still pulverizing wheat near Turner.

Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Framwell spent Sunday afternoon at the ball game at Harrisburg.

Rev. C. T. Cook went to Salem Tuesday to attend the annual conference, which opened its first session yesterday morning.

J. C. Standish went to Portland Saturday night to spend the two holidays with Everett Standish, who is at the Pierce Sanitarium.

A Southern Pacific bridge a quarter of a mile beyond Shedd was somewhat damaged but not destroyed by fire Thursday night.

Miss Cecile Mayberry came down from Eugene Friday and visited Miss Georgina Clark, who went home with her Sunday evening.

Dean Tyler came from southern Oregon Sunday and was met at the train and taken home to Brownsville by his sister, Mrs. W. C. Elmore.

Mesdames Clara Starr, Ed Starr and Georgia Morse and Mrs. Morse's little son Winfield of Brownsville were at the Wheeler home Sunday.

L. E. Penland and wife of Pendleton have been visiting the former's brother, E. B. Penland, and other relatives and friends in Halsey.

Miss Rena Walker went Saturday to Brewster, Wash., to attend school and incidentally pick apples during the season. She expects to be gone until June.

Misses Fay Proebstel and Gratia Harrison called at the Wheeler home Sunday on their way home to Brownsville from Eugene. Gratia will teach school at Seio next term.

What a relief comes to the stringent money market in a community dependent upon rural industries for its income when the year's principal crops begin to go to market!

Arthur Rudolph of Lompoc, Cal., nephew of Mrs. Mellie Knott, arrived Tuesday for a brief visit at the home of Mrs. J. C. Bramwell. His aunt had not seen him for fifteen years.

The Methodist church held its last quarterly conference Monday evening at the church, closing up the year with marked success financially. The church desires the return of Mr. Cook.

L. E. Walton was at the county seat Thursday.

C. J. Shedd is visiting his brother Solon in California.

Frank and Amelia Markhart were in Albany Saturday.

Mrs. M. B. Taylor of Corvallis came in on Tuesday's train.

Frank Porter had his shorthorns at the fair at Vancouver, B. C.

The grand jury refused to indict those negroes for gambling at Shedd.

Clay Mooly of Harrisburg is slated for the railroad agency at Halsey.

Mrs. O. F. Neal and Melba have returned from their vacation trip in Washington.

Charles Falk and wife and Miss Wilmetta Forster went to the county seat Thursday.

The grand jury's work was short and pointed and it was discharged at the last week end.

The Southern Pacific has night patrols on its tracks to guard against train-wrecking strikers.

Mrs. Alice Chialvo, after her visit with Mrs. George Maxwell, has gone to Lewistown, Idaho, to reside.

J. W. Sprenger of Shedd picked an early Crawford peach that measured 9 1/2 inches in circumference both ways.

D. W. Stevenson and wife, Miss Jane Stevenson and Mary Grutze were visiting the Stevensons here Friday from Albany.

Elton Sawyer went home to Tacoma Thursday after spending his vacation with his grandmother, Mrs. George Maxwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Olliver arrived from Portland Sunday to spend a day with the lady's father, Mack Sawyer of Brownsville.

Don't fail to hear Captain Wulff of the Salvation army at the Methodist church next Sunday at 11 a. m. He will deliver a good sermon, which will inspire and gladden any who will hear him. Capt. Wulff is from the Albany corp.

Mrs. D. S. McWilliams was taken to an Albany hospital Thursday and operated on the next day for appendicitis. Mr. McWilliams remained with her for remainder of the week. She is doing well and will probably be home before our next issue.

Mrs. C. W. Standish of Brownsville took out a hunting license and with her husband and W. Amon and wife went to southern Oregon to hunt deer. Miss Lillian Warmoth accompanied the party but came home without hunting any game.

Don't go hunting in violation of the law. The deer season is Aug. 20 to Oct. 1; china pheasant and quail, Oct. 15 to Oct. 31; ruffed grouse and native pheasants, closed till the game commission see fit to open it; sage hens, July 15 to July 31; prairie chickens, Oct. 15 to Oct. 31.

As usual, the Brownsville schools open on Friday (the 15th) to get the registration and preliminary work out of the way so all can settle down to business on time Monday morning. W. F. Starr, formerly of the Aleca schools, is the new superintendent, and Miss Sadie McKenzie of Portland succeeds Rev. M. S. Woodworth as principal on the south side.

(Continued on page 4)

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 WOOLRIDGE PEACH ORCHARD,
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 LAWYER AND NOTARY
 BROWNSVILLE, OREGON

the light before that time. We've lost, after all. And only one thing remains."

He looked up to find her eyes full upon him. He had never seen such eyes. They seemed to have sunk so deep into the flesh about them that only lurid slits remained. It was not that her lids were partly down. Rather it was because the flesh-sacks beneath them had become charged with her pounding blood. The fire's glow was in them and cast a strange glamor upon her face. It only added to the strangeness of the picture that she sat almost limp, rather than leaning forward in appeal. Bruce looked at her in growing awe.

But as the seconds passed he seemed no longer able to see her plainly. His eyes were misted and blurred, but they were empty of tears as Linda's own. Rather the focal point of his brain had become seared by a mounting flame within himself. The glow of the fire had seemingly spread until it encompassed the whole wilderness world.

"What is the one thing that remains?" he asked her, whispering.

She answered with a strange, terrible coldness of tone. "The blood atonement," she said between back-drawn lips.



CHAPTER X

When the second hand of the watch in his pocket had made one more circuit, both Bruce and Linda found themselves upon their feet. The tension had broken at last. Her emotion had been curbed too long. It broke from her in a flood.

She seized his hands, and he started at their touch. "Don't you understand?" she cried. "You—you—you are Folger's son. You are the boy that crept out—under this very tree—to find him dead. All my life Elmira and I have prayed for you to come. And what are you going to do?"

Her face was drawn in the white light of the moon. For an instant he seemed dazed.

"Do?" he repeated. "I don't know what I'm going to do."

"You don't!" she cried, in infinite scorn. "Are you just gay? Aren't you a man? Haven't you got arms to strike with and eyes to see along a rifle barrel? Are you a coward—and a weakling; one of your mother's blood, to run away? Haven't you anything to avenge? I thought you were a mountain man—that all your years in cities couldn't take that quality away from you! Haven't you any answer?"

He looked up, a strange light glowing on his face. "You mean—killing?"

"What else? To kill—never to stop killing—one after another, until they are gone! Till Simon Turner and the whole Turner clan have paid the debts they owe."

Bruce recoiled as if from a blow. "Turner? Did you say Turner?" he asked hoarsely.

"Yes. That's the clan's name. I thought you knew."

Bruce understood now his unprovoked attack on the little boy when he had been taken from the orphanage on trial. The boy had been named Turner, and the name had been enough to recall a great and terrible hatred that he had learned in earliest babyhood. The name now recalled it again; the truth stood clear at last. It was the key to all the mystery of his life;

"Not two, but three," she corrected. In the hollow voice of uncounted years.

The fire. They turned, and the moonlight showed a bent old figure hobbling toward them.

It was old Elmira, her cane tapping along in front of her; and something that caught the moonlight lay in the hollow of her left arm. Her eyes still glowed under the grizzled brows.

"Not two, but three," she corrected, in the hollow voice of uncounted years. In the magic of the moonlight it seemed quite fitting to both of them that she should have come. She was one of the triumvirate; they wondered why they had not missed her before. It was farther than she had walked in years, but her spirit had kept her up.

She put the glittering object that she carried into Bruce's hands. It was a rifle—a repeating breech-loader of a famous make and a model of thirty years before. It was such a rifle as lives in legend, with sights as fine as a razor edge and an accuracy as great as light itself. Loving hands had polished it and kept it in perfect condition.

"Matthew Folger's rifle," the old woman explained, "for Matthew Folger's son."

And that is how Bruce Folger returned to the land of his birth—as most men do, unless death cheats them first—and how he made a pact to pay old debts of death.

(To be continued.)

gone to the Dogs.
 Headline—"Hermit's Eat Grass and Bark." We should rather expect them to moo or whinny.—Boston Transcript.

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is all the year around, especially since the paving. Probably half our subscribers own autos. And they see the advertisements in the Enterprise.

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From now on the farmers will be getting cash for the summer's products. They are the backbone of the country's strength and their trade is the backbone of the merchant's business. They buy his groceries, his dry goods, his hardware—whatever he has to sell—and their trade is worth going after. Tell them what you have for sale. They will see your story if it is published in the Enterprise.

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 Come in and hear it play
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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.

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Before he could speak again, a strange answer came out of the darkness. "Not two of you," a croaking old voice told him. It rose, shrill and cracked, from the shadows beyond