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calling of that name. He heard no whispered answer. Instead, the door he had just passed through shut softly behind him.

For a fleeting instant he hoped that the wind had blown it shut. For it is always the way of youth to hope—as long as any hope is left. His heart leaped and he whirled to face it. Then he heard the unmistakable sound of a bolt being slid into place.

Some little space of time followed in silence. He struggled with growing horror, and time seemed limitless. Then a strong man laughed grimly in the darkness.

**CHAPTER XX**

As Bruce waited, his eyes slowly became accustomed to the darkness. He began to see the dim outlines of his fellow occupants of the room—fully seven brawny men seated in chairs about the walls. "Let's hear you drop your rifle," one of them said.

Bruce recognized the grim voice as Simon's—heard on one occasion before. He let his rifle fall from his hands. He knew that only death would be the answer to any resistance to these men. Then Simon scratched a match, and without looking at him, bent to touch it to the wick of the lamp.

The tiny flame sputtered and flickered, filling the room with dancing shadows. Bruce looked about him.

Simon sat beside the fireplace, the lamp at his elbow. As the wick caught, the light brightened and steadied, and Bruce could see plainly. On each side of him, in chairs about the walls, sat Simon's brothers and his blood relations that shared the estate with him. They were huge, gaunt men, most of them dark-bearded and sallow-skinned, and all of them regarded him with the same gaze of speculative interest.

Bruce did not flinch before their gaze. He stood erect as he could, instinctively defiant.

"Our guest is rather early," Simon began. "Dave hasn't come yet, and Dave is the principal witness."

A bearded man across the room answered him. "But I guess we ain't goin' to let the prisoner go for lack of evidence."

The circle laughed then—a harsh sound that was not greatly different from the laughter of the coyotes on the sagebrush hills. But they sobered when they saw that Simon hadn't laughed. His dark eyes were glowing.

"You, by no chance, met him on the way home, did you?" he asked.

"I wish I had," Bruce replied. "But I didn't."

"I don't understand your eagerness. You didn't seem overly eager to meet us."

Bruce smiled wanly. These wilderness men regarded him with fresh interest. Somehow, they hadn't counted on his smiling. It was almost as if he were of the wilderness breed himself, instead of the son of cities. "I'm here, am I not?" he said. "It isn't as if you came to my house first."

"Yes, you're here," Simon confirmed. "And I'm wondering if you remember what I told you just as you left Martin's store that day—that I gave no man two warnings."

"I remember that," Bruce replied. "I saw no reason for listening to you. I don't see any reason now, and I wouldn't if it wasn't for that row of guns."

Simon studied his pale face. "Perhaps you'll be sorry you didn't listen, before this night is over. And there are many hours yet in it. Bruce—you came up here to these mountains to open old wounds."

"Simon, I came up here to right wrongs—and you know it. If old wounds are opened, I can't help it."

"And tonight," Simon went on as if he had not been answered, "you have come unbidden into our house. It would be all the evidence the courts would need, Bruce—that you crept into our house in the dead of night. If anything happened to you here, no word could be raised against us. You were a brave man, Bruce."

"So I can suppose you left the note?"

The circle laughed again, but Simon silenced them with a gesture. "You're very keen," he said.

"Then where is Linda?" Bruce's eyes hardened. "I am more interested in her whereabouts than in this talk with you."

"The last seen of her, she was going up a hill with Dave. When Dave returns you can ask him."

The bearded man opposite from Simon uttered a short syllable of a laugh. "And it don't look like he's going to return," he said. The knowing

look on his face was deeply abhorrent to Bruce. Curiously, Simon's face flushed, and he whirled in his chair.

"Do you mean anything in particular, Old Bill?" he demanded.

"It looks to me like maybe Dave's forgot a lot of things you told him, and he and Linda are havin' a little sparkin' time together out in the brush."

The idea seemed to please the clan. But Simon's eyes glowed, and Bruce himself felt the beginnings of a blind rage that might, unless he held hard upon it, hurl him against their remorseless weapons. "I don't want any more such talk out of you, Old Bill," Simon reproved him, "and we've talked enough, anyway." His keen eyes studied Bruce's flushed face. "One of you give our guest a chair and fix him up in it with a thong. We don't want him flying off the coop and getting shot until we're done talking to him."

(To be continued.)

Horace Lerwill of Crawfordville was to be tried in Albany yesterday on a charge of possessing intoxicants.

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stead act. That will not bar the Enterprise.

Twenty-two acres of wheat examined in this county by the inspectors this year was certified as sound and 60 acres rejected.

At the county fair baby show Howard Cornutt, son of Clarence Cornutt and wife, won the first prize in the class for children over 3 years old.

Earl W. Harmon, who had an auction sale Monday on the McLain place, has rented a farm a few miles west of Albany, in Benton county.

N. C. Smith and wife of Canby, former residents of Halsey, returned to this place Thursday to reside on their farm about three miles from town.

The pavers on the Halsey-Harrisburg contract laid 615 feet of concrete Monday, which was a record day's work. They expect to reach Alford by the time the Enterprise is out and then lie off for the winter.

Robert Jackson, who came from Alpena, Mich., looking for a location, last week, has rented the E. S. Marsters farm, on the Brownsville road. The Marsters family will move to Brownsville.

The grand master of I. O. F. and other grand officers of that organization and the Rebekahs are expected at the next meeting of the Brownsville Rebekahs, which will be a joint meeting with the I. O. F. in honor of President Mildred McMahan.

The Brownsville Good Citizenship league has adopted resolutions recommending preference of publications which do not advertise cigars. The Halsey Enterprise has repeatedly refused offers of good pay for advertising cigars. Shake, league!

A carload or two of what in the eastern states would be called sawlogs were unloaded here Tuesday. They are of cedar and are to be set beside poles of the Mountain States Power company which are rotting off at the ground. The poles, bolted and wired to these stubs, will thus have a new lease of life.

The Ladies' Missionary society of the Christian church, some 13 in number, gathered at the church Tuesday and were taken in cars to the home of Mrs. Edna Chance, where a meeting was held and refreshments enjoyed. Mrs. John Pittman was leader in the literary program.

Experiments to demonstrate the value of the dry copper carbonate treatment for grain smut are to be conducted by H. H. Eastman, Riverside; C. T. Starr, Plainview; J. B. Cornett and C. H. Brown, Shedd; W. H. Abraham, Peoria; P. S. Froerksen, Harmony; Leo Zeller, Thomas; C. R. Evans, Lake Creek; William Robertson, Waterloo; Joe Dobrkovsky, Richardson Gap; C. H. Poland, Shedd, and J. P. Sternes, Tallman.

(Continued on page 4)

ish hay for the winter feeding. There were wide, green pastures, ensilvered by the moon, and fields of corn laid out in even rows. The old appeal of the soil, an instinct that no person of Anglo-Saxon descent can ever completely escape, swept through him. They were worth fighting for, those fertile acres.

Not for nothing have a hundred generations of Anglo-Saxon people been tillers of the soil. They had left a love of it to Bruce. He knew what it would be like to feel the earth's pulse through the handles of a plow, to behold the first start of green things in the spring and the golden ripening in fall; to watch the flocks through the breathless nights and the herds feeding on the distant hills.

Bruce looked over the ground. He knew enough not to continue the trail farther. The space in front was bathed in moonlight, and he would make the best kind of target to any rifleman watching from the windows of the house. He turned through the covert, seeking the shadow of the forests at one side.

By going in a quartering direction he was able to approach within two hundred yards of the house without emerging into the moonlight. At that point the real difficulty of the stalk began. He hovered in the shadows, then slipped one hundred feet further to the trunk of a great oak tree.

He could see the house much more plainly now. True, it had suffered near strain a muscifer jerk that might have revealed his position. But when he turned his head he could see nothing but the covert and the moon above them. A garden snake or perhaps a blind mole, had made the sound.

Four minutes later he was within one dozen feet of the designated window. There was a stretch of moonlight between, but he passed it quickly. And now he stood in hold relief against the moonlit house-wall.

He was in perfectly plain sight of any one on the hill behind. Possibly his distant form might have been discerned from the window of one of the lesser houses occupied by Simon's kin. But he was too close to the wall to be visible from the windows of Simon's house, except by a deliberate scrutiny. And the window slipped up noiselessly in his hands.

He was considerably surprised. He had expected this window to be locked.



He Was Considerably Surprised. He Had Expected This Window to Be Locked.

Some way, he felt less hopeful of success. He recalled in his mind the directions that Linda had left, wondering if he had come to the wrong window. But there was no chance of a mistake in this regard; it was the northernmost window in the east wing. However, she had said that she would be confined in an interior room, and possibly the Turners had seen no need of barriers other than its locked door. Probably they had not even anticipated that Bruce would attempt a rescue.

He leaped lightly upward and slipped silently into the room. Except for the moonlit square on the floor it was quite in darkness.

He stood a moment, hardly breathing. But he decided it was not best to strike a match. A match might reveal his presence to some one in an adjoining room. He rested his hand against the wall, then moved slowly around the room. He knew that by this course

lect in the past twenty years it needed painting and many of its windows were broken. Bruce rejoiced to see that there were no lights in the east wing of the house; the window that Linda had indicated in the note was just a black square on the moonlit wall.

There was a neglected garden close to this wing of the house. If he could reach this spot in safety he could approach within a few feet of the house and still remain in cover. He went flat, then slowly crawled toward it.

Once a light sprang up in a window near the front, and he pressed close to the earth. But in a moment it went away. He crept on. He didn't know when a watchman or one of the dark windows would discern his creeping figure. But he did know perfectly just what manner of greeting he might expect in this event. There would be a single little spurt of fire in the darkness, so small that probably his eyes would quite fail to catch it. If they did discern it, there would be no time for a message to be recorded in his brain. It would mean a swift and certain end of all messages. The Turners would lose no time in emptying their rifles at him, and there wouldn't be the slightest doubt about their hitting the mark. All the clan were expert shots and the range was close.

The place was deeply silent. He felt a growing sense of awe. In a moment more, he slipped into the shadows of the neglected rose gardens.

He lay quiet an instant, resting. He didn't wish to risk the success of his expedition by fatiguing himself now. He wanted his full strength and breath for any crisis that he should meet in the room where Linda was confined.

Nevertheless, the stock of his rifle felt good in his hands. Perhaps there would be a running fight after he got the girl out of the house, and then his cartridges would be needed. There might even be a moment of close work with what guards the Turners had set over her. But the heavy stock used like a club, would be most use to him then.

Many times, he knew, skulking figures had been concealed in this garden. Probably the Turners, in the days of the blood-feud, had often waited in its shadows for a sight of some one of their enemies in a lighted window. Old ghosts dwelt in it; he could see their shadows waver out of the corner of his eyes. Or perhaps it was only the shadow of the brambles, blown by the wind.

Once his heart leaped into his throat at a sharp crack of brush beside him; and he could scarcely believe he would soon encounter the door that led into the interior rooms.

In a moment he found it. He stood waiting. He turned the knob gently; then softly pulled. But the door was locked.

There was no sound now but the loud beating of his own heart. He could no longer hear the voices of the wind outside the open window. He wondered whether, should he hurl all his magnificent strength against the panels, he could break the lock; and if he did so, whether he could escape with the girl before he was shot down. But his hand, wandering over the lock, encountered the key.

It was easy, after all. He turned the key. The door opened beneath his hand.

If there had been a single ray of light under the door or through the keyhole, his course would have been quite different. He would have opened the door suddenly in that case, hoping to take by surprise whosoever of the clan were guarding Linda. To open a door slowly into a room full of enemies is only to give them plenty of time to cock their rifles. But in this case the room was in darkness, and all that he need fear was making a sudden sound. The opening slowly widened. Then he slipped through and stood ten breathless seconds in silence.

"Linda," he whispered. He waited a long time for an answer. Then he stole farther into the room.

"Linda," he said again. "It's Bruce. Are you here?"

And in that unfathomable silence he heard a sound—a sound so dim and small that it only reached the frontier of hearing. It was a strange, whispering, eerie sound; and it filled the room like the faintest, almost imperceptible gust of wind. But there was no doubting its reality. A living creature occupied this place of darkness with him, and was either half-gagged by a handkerchief over the face or was trying to conceal its presence by muffling its breathing. "Linda," he said again.

There was a strange response to the

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**Jots and Tittles**

(Continued from page 1)

This is Columbus day. Mrs. Clair Miller was shopping at the county seat Friday.

J. C. Bramwell and wife were at the races at the fair ground Saturday.

Mrs. Josie Smith and daughter Mary and Frank Kirk and John Satash went to the fair Thursday.

Miss Gertrude McKern was in town last Thursday for the day, returning to Corvallis the next day.

The Harrisburg hotel has changed hands again. Mrs. Joseph Wooley has it now and has closed the dining room.

Mrs. Mildred McMahan went to Portland Thursday to confer with grand officers of the Rebekahs, of whom she is the state head. She got home Tuesday.

Mrs. L. E. Walton had charge of the telephone office Saturday while C. P. Stafford and wife went to Eugene to consult an expert about Mr. Stafford's eyes.

Linn county has three Jersey calf clubs, three Holstein, two shorthorn, four sheep clubs, five pig clubs, and two goat clubs. Each one was represented in the tryout at O. A. C. Sept. 12. The animal husbandry and dairy husbandry departments at the college arranged for the classes of hogs, sheep, dairy, and beef cattle on which the youngsters worked.

Charles Holloway and wife of Brownsville visited at the Wheeler home Sunday. The Holloways have developed a farm near Brownsville that many a farmer might study as a model with profit. They have reared a family and sent them out into the world respected citizens. And now they have retired from their many years of hard work and are living in their South Brownsville home, with a handsome new auto and other modern conveniences to take the rough edge off from life in their declining years.

The Dunlap drug company of Brownsville sells periodicals but refuses to handle those that advocate the weakening of the Vol-

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