

HALSEY ENTERPRISE
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HALSEY, Linn Co., Ore., Dec. 7, 1922

THE HINMAN CASE

Knowing "how great a matter a little fire kindleth" in a community like Brownsville—how great a scandal may be created as a little suspicion, perhaps utterly unfounded, passes from one mouth to another, with an addition from each, we have never given much credence to the charges which resulted in the arrest of Jesse Hinman of the Brownsville Times.

The foreman of the grand jury is the wife of A. A. Tussing, the Brownsville attorney, and has collaborated with him in his office until she had considerable knowledge of law and evidence. She is also prominent in social work in that city and knows how to value the averments of many of the people, and the grand jury threw out the Hinman charges as not being supported by credible evidence to warrant a trial.

A charge based on the testimony of a morally irresponsible person, and sworn to by one financially irresponsible, against whom a judgment for damages would be worthless, would be a frail foundation on which to base an indictment. The Albany Democrat Sunday said:

A not true bill has been returned in the charge against Jesse Hinman, of Brownsville, by the Linn county grand jury. Those familiar with the case expected this. They did not believe the circumstances under which Hinman was arrested would hold water before the grand jury.

Mr. Hinman is free, and legally the charges against him are sponged off. Legally, he is returned to the same status he enjoyed before the charges were brought.

But Mr. Hinman has been done a great injury. He is turned loose with the legal admission that there is no case against him, but the law does nothing to remove the loss Mr. Hinman has suffered. His business has been injured, his name maligned by careless tongues; and the grand jury finds that there is no case against him.

It is not our purpose to go into the squabbles that arise in usually quiet communities. We are not open for any consideration of this squabble. Such affairs breed intolerance, and are unworthy of consideration. When they give rise to the placing of serious charges against a sincere man, we may blame this on the intolerance that squabbles have bred on both sides.

But it is a different matter when these things come to law. There seems to be too great a willingness to arrest one man accused inferentially by many, without good evidence, throw the man in jail and let him clear himself before the grand jury or at trial. We have too many cases of grave crimes laid against a man, who is promptly dismissed by the grand jury. Officers of the law should exercise much discretion in taking action urged on them by people whose personal feelings overcome their sense of fairness. To falsely accuse is a serious thing.

Prospective murderers please take notice that Sheriff Taylor's slayers and Mahoney, the wife killer, have been hanged and that Dr. Brumfield only escaped the same fate by committing suicide. Please of maudlin sympathizers proved unavailing in their cases, as in that of Harry Orchard, who helped Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone in the murder campaign in Idaho. We do sometimes hang a murderer in America.

Harding has aligned himself with the "farm bloc" to such an extent that he calls for legislation that will place bank benefits within the reach of farmers of small means, as well as within that of

the "big fellows." He can probably get what he wants in this matter, which will increase his chance for a renomination.

Newberry got out of the United States senate before the newly-elected members could kick him out and now Governor Groesbeck has rubbed salt into his wound by appointing as his successor James Couzens, late partner of the man Newberry and his friends spent so much money to defeat.

Two men entered a Portland grocery in charge of Esther Olson, 18, Saturday night. One laid a dollar bill on the counter and asked for a dozen eggs. As she turned to get them he pointed a pistol at her and told her to hold up her hands. She did so, and he got one of the eggs he asked for in the middle of his face. Both men ran and Esther has \$1 for the egg.

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LAWYER AND NOTARY
BROWNVILLE, OREGON

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the county court of Linn county, Oregon, as the administrator of the estate of W. A. Ringo, deceased, late of Linn county, Oregon, and he has duly qualified as such. Now, therefore, all persons having claims against the said estate are hereby required to present the same to the undersigned at the Lebanon National bank, in Lebanon, Oregon, duly certified as by law required, within six months from the date of this notice. Dated this 30th day of November, 1922.
Date of first publication, November 30th, 1922. Date of last publication December 28th, 1922. J. M. RINGO, Administrator of the estate of W. A. Ringo, deceased.
N. M. NEWPORT, Attorney for Administrator, Lebanon, Oregon.

Work was resumed in the Gansle garage after Thanksgiving, the cement having at last arrived.

O. W. Frum and C. E. Smith and their wives had their Thanksgiving dinner at the Frank Kirk home.

Among those keeping daily dairy records this year are C. R. Evans and O. G. Coldiron of Lake Creek.

Shedd voted down a \$2000 road tax, 53 to 5.

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Like many others at this season of the year, you are thinking of a trip to a warmer clime.

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C. P. STAFFORD, Agent.

The Strength of the Pines

By Edison Marshall

Author of "The Voice of the Pack"

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

CHAPTER XXX

Bruce walked over to Linda, waiting in the snow on her knees. It was not an intentional posture. She had been jerked down by the plunging horse, and she had not yet completely risen. But the sight of her slight figure, her raised white face, her clasped hands, and the remorseless snow of the wilderness about her moved Bruce to his depths.

He saw her but dimly in the snow flurries, and she looked as if she were in an attitude of prayer.

He came rather slowly, and he even smiled a little. And she gave him a wan, strange little smile in return.

"We're down to cases at last," he said, with a rather startling quietness of tone. "You see what it means?"

She nodded, then got to her feet. "We can walk out. If we are let alone and given time; it isn't that we are obliged to have the horse. But our blankets are on its back, and this storm is steadily becoming a blizzard. And you see—time is one thing that we don't have. No human being can stand this cold for long unprotected."

"And we can't keep going—keep warm by walking?"

His answer was to take out his knife and put the point of the steel to his thumb nail. His eyes strained, then looked up. "A little way," he answered, "but we can't keep our main directions. The sun doesn't even cast a shadow on my nail to show us which is west. We could keep up a while, perhaps, but there is no end to this wilderness and at noon or tonight—the result would be the same."

"It means—the end?"

"If I can't catch the horse, I'm going now. If we can regain the blankets—by getting in rifle range of the horse—we might make some sort of shelter in the snow and last out until we can see our way and get our bearings. You don't know of any shelter—any cave or cabin where we might build a fire?"

"No. There are some in the hills, but we can't see our way to find them."

"I know. I should have thought of that. And you see, we can't build a fire here—everything is wet, and the snow is beginning to whirl so we couldn't keep it going. If we should stagger on all day in this storm and this snow, we couldn't endure the night."

He smiled again. "And I want you to climb a tree—and stay there—until I come back."

She looked at him dully. "What's the use, Bruce? You won't come back. You'll chase the thing until you die—I know you. You don't know when to give up. And if you want to come back—you couldn't find the way. I'm going with you."

"No. Once more she started to disobey, but the grave displeasure in his eyes restrained her. "It's going to take all my strength to fight through that snow—I must go fast—and maybe life and death will have to depend on your strength at the end of the trail. You must save it—the little you have left. Since I must take the rifle—to shoot the horse if I can't catch him—you must climb a tree. You know why."

"Partly to hide from Simon if he comes this way. And partly—"

"Because there's some danger in that thicket beyond?" he interrupted her. "The horse's terror was real—besides, you heard the sound. It might be only a puma. But it might be the Killer. Swing your arms and struggle all you can to keep the blood flowing. I won't be gone long."

He started to go, and she ran after him with outstretched arms. "Oh, Bruce," she cried, "come back soon—soon. Don't leave me to die alone. I'm not strong enough for that."

He whirled, took two paces back, and his arms went about her. He had forgotten his injury long since. He kissed her cool lips and smiled into her eyes. Then at once the flurries hid him.

The girl climbed up into the branches of a fir tree. In the thicket beyond a great gray form tacked back and forth, trying to locate a scent that a second before he had caught but dimly and had lost. It was the Killer, and his temper was lost long ago in the whirling snow.

His anger was upon him, partly from the discomfort of the storm, partly from the constant, gnawing pain of three bullet wounds in his powerful body. Besides, he realized the presence of his old and greatest enemy—those stall, slight forms that had crossed him so many times, that had stung him with their bullets, and whose weakness he had learned.

And then all at once he caught



"Oh, Bruce," she cried, "Come Back Soon—Soon. Don't Leave Me to Die Alone."

the scent plain. He lurched forward, crashed again through the brush, and walked out into the snow-swept open. Linda saw his vague outline, and at first she hung perfectly motionless, hoping to escape his gaze. She had been told many times that grizzlies cannot climb, yet she had no desire to see him raging below her, reaching, possibly trying to shake her from the limb.

He didn't seem to see her. His eyes were lowered; besides, it was never the grizzly way to search the branches of a tree. The wind blew the message that he might have read clearly in the opposite direction. She saw him walk slowly across the snow, head lowered, a huge gray ghost in the snow flurries not one hundred feet distant. Then she saw him pause, with lowered head.

In the little second before the truth came to her, the bear had already turned. Bruce's tracks were somewhat dimmed by the snow, but the Killer interpreted them truly. She saw too late that he had crossed them, read their message, and now had turned into the clouds of snow to trace them down.

For an instant she gazed at him in speechless horror; and already the flurries had almost obscured his gray figure. Desperately she tried to call his attention from the tracks. She called, then she rustled the branches as loudly as she could. But the noise of the wind obscured what sound she made, and the bear was already too absorbed in the hunt to turn and see her. As always, in the nearing presence of a foe, his rage grew upon him.

Simon Turner had ridden late into the night and from before dawn; with remorseless fury he had gounded on his exhausted horse, he had driven him with unflinching strength through coverts, over great rocks, down into rocky canyons in search of Bruce and Linda, and now, as the dawn broke, he thought that he had found them. He had suddenly come upon the tracks of Bruce's horse in the snow.

If he had encountered them further back, when the animal had been running wildly, he might have guessed the truth and rejoiced. No man would attempt to ride a horse at a gallop through that trailless stretch. But at the point he found the tracks most of the horse's terror had been spent, and it was walking leisurely, sometimes lowering its head to crop off the shrubbery. The trail was comparatively fresh, too; or else the fast-falling snow would have already obscured it. He thought that his hour of triumph was near.

But it had come none too soon. And Simon—out of passion-filled eyes—looked and saw that it would likely bring death with it.

He realized his position fully. The storm was steadily developing into one of those terrible mountain blizzards in which, without shelter, no human being might live. He was far from his home, he had no blankets, and he could not find his way. Yet he would not have turned back if he could. The securing of the document by which Bruce could take the great estates from him was only a trifle now. He believed wholly within his own soul that the wilderness—without his aid—would do his work of hatred for him; and that by no conceivable circumstances could Bruce and Linda find shelter from the blizzard and live