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Fire, theft, collision, property damage and personal liability. Protect yourself against loss.

C. P. STAFFORD, Agent

Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)

D. I. Isom was at the county seat Friday.

Mrs. George Hayes was a passenger to Albany Friday noon.

Glenn W. Loomis of Albany has bought the Lebanon Criterion.

Fire losses in Albany during 1922 were \$3657 less than in 1921, totalling only \$11,877.

Mrs. C. P. Stafford and James Drinkard were county seat visitors Friday.

The King's Herald will meet at the M. E. church at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon.

George Taylor, E. B. Penland and Delos Wesley are appraisers of the W. G. Carter estate.

Senator Garland was delegated to represent Governor Pierce and address the Eugenians at the junket there Wednesday of last week.

Rev. V. K. Allison's lecture for the K. K. K. in Brownsville was more successful than here. The majority of the people who attended there are in favor of the Klan.

W. W. Poland and J. B. Cornett of Shedd are the Linn county delegates to the Pacific Co-operative Woolgrowers' association, one of the most successful co-operative marketing associations in the country.

Misses Fay Probstel and Gretia Harrison of Brownsville were callers at the Enterprise office Thursday evening. They took the evening train for Eugene, where they attended the high school newspaper conference.

C. C. Beebe has pleaded guilty to maintaining a nuisance in the form of a blind pig. He is the father of Carson D. Beebe, whom the authorities are endeavoring to convict him of the Porter murder.

Inez Wood, 16, has been sent from Albany to the state training school and R. W. Champlain arrested for contributing to her delinquency. He also pleaded guilty of selling liquor to a minor and promised to leave town.

Glenn Walton returned to the county seat Friday evening, after a few days' visit here. He is a watchman for the South-on Pacific and expects to get on a fireman soon. Glenn has made a couple of trips as student fireman already.

The herd inspection bill for Linn county has become a law. The inspector is to be appointed by the county court and receive not more than \$10 a day. Under laws so worded the maximum is always paid. Who has the needed pull to get this plan?

The Santiam Fish and Game association opposes the bill turning fish and game license fees and fines into a fund to be expended by the legislature only. That money is collected to maintain sport for sportsmen, not for hunters. Why not supply golf sportsmen with golf balls, as well as fish and game sportsmen with fish?

A. B. Bristol will give a free lecture at the M. E. church tomorrow evening, under the auspices of the Pacific organization for the relief of sufferers in the near east. His subject title is "Uncle America Sees It Through." He will give stereopticon views in Armenia under conditions as they now exist. These pictures were taken in Armenia less than a year ago.

There was a quick real estate deal when W. J. Ribelin sold the home of Mrs. Umstead, who was buried Saturday, to Miss Maud Ackley of Eugene for \$400.

OLIVER TWIST

Fictionized by Arrangement With Jackie Coogan Productions From the Screen Version of Charles Dickens' Famous Work Released by Associated First National.

By **WALTER ANTHONY**

Chapter V

CONCLUSION

OLIVER'S RESTORATION

But the relentless Monks was persistent in his zeal and soon hatched up a plan by which Oliver would be committed for keeps to a life of crime. In spite of Nancy's protests, which caused Fagin to warn Bill that Nancy was "getting dangerous," an "expedition" was planned in which Bill, Toby Crackitt and Oliver were to participate. The house was looted and the plan perfected. An opening in the basement, too small for the admittance of a man, was still large enough for the entrance of a boy of Oliver's meager size, and into it, forthwith, at the dead of midnight, the boy was thrust with others, gruffly given and punctuated by various and sundry flourishes of a liberal pistol, to make his way through the cellar to the front door, which he was to open for his marauding friends.

But it requires more than threats and pistols to convert a true-hearted boy from the path of virtue, and Oliver, commending his soul to God, shouted lustily for help. His cries were stopped by a shot from Sikes' pistol and the brave boy fell limply to the flags of the cellar floor.

While this tragedy was being enacted, Monks, at Fagin's, told him the story of Oliver's birth and how he (Monks) had secured from Mrs. Bumble the ring and locket which the nurse had stolen from Oliver's dying mother. "No one now will ever be able to identify my half-brother," said Monks, "so whether we make a thief of him or not, the fortune comes to me. Oliver has ceased to be, and it will be well for you and me and Bill if he really ceases to be."

The sinister suggestion was not lost on Fagin, nor was it later to be lost on Bill, who, returning from his midnight expedition with Crackitt, had to admit that again the boy had eluded them. "But," he added, "I think I plugged him good. No danger he'll squeal on us now."

But Oliver was not killed. He was struck in the shoulder, and it was his good fortune to find himself, though unconscious and thus unknown, in the presence of those sweeter women never undertook the care of helpless innocence. With



Upper, Jackie Coogan as Oliver Twist; lower left is Lion Chaney as "the merry old gentleman" and lower right, Edouard Treboal as "The Artful Dodger."

achievement enjoyed the assistance of Oliver's ancient enemy, Noah Claypole, and the no less vindictive Charlotte. These young persons had found it convenient to leave Mr. Sowerberry without notice and safe to hasten to London. They came with their pockets well lined at Mr. Sowerberry's expense, as that mournful gentleman discovered to his chagrin when he counted what was left in the Sowerberry till.

In London Noah and Charlotte naturally gravitated to Field Lane. In one of Fagin's evil haunts the graceless pair presented themselves and by the amiable barkeep were conducted into a back room where they partook of such light refresh-

ment as the place afforded; the while Mr. Fagin in an adjoining room with his ear to the keyhole, overheard enough of the conversation to justify him in introducing himself. He put Claypole to work at once shadowing the Maylie movements and keeping watch at the house. It was not long before Claypole returned to Fagin's with the information that Oliver had divulged the entire story of his captivity and, so far as he knew it, the plot to make a criminal of him. "And Brownlow's custody that my father intrusted his will when he went to Rome to die. Decidedly, Oliver has become a menace to us all—he must be disposed of!"

In fact, Oliver did know where Brownlow lived and thither he directed Rose and her aunt, arriving at the Brownlow home at a time when Mr. Grimwig was present, too.

Mr. Grimwig contented himself with the comment, "Well, he didn't come back in fifteen minutes, anyway!"

The heart of Nancy had been strongly worked upon. She had heard of the plottings against the life of Oliver; she knew the cruelty of her associates and she did not doubt they would succeed in their efforts to "dispose" of the boy, as Mr. Monks had so eloquently suggested. She knew, too, of the reward that was to be Bill's when he accomplished his purpose to put out of the way forever the boy that stood between Monks and his enjoyment of the Leeford fortune.

So Nancy went to the home of Rose Maylie, which, of course, was not difficult for her to find since it was there that the burglary had been attempted, and without revealing to the frightened girl or her aunt the hiding place of her friends, divulged their plot and promised to meet Mr. Brownlow that night on London Bridge to give him the fullest instructions regarding the matter.

When Nancy did this deed of generous kindness, she took her life in her hands, for Fagin, fearful of her feminine expressions of regard for Oliver, had warned Bill. "She needs watching, Bill, my dear," he had said and then had straightaway set a watch upon her—Noah Claypole being assigned to the business of shadowing Nancy.

Every word of Nancy's conversation with Rose and her aunt had been taken back to "headquarters" by the watchful Noah, who had stationed himself at an open window when Nancy made her visit to the Maylie home.

Bill's amazement at his Nancy's treachery was unbounded. He went to London Bridge that night to verify his suspicions and Noah had no difficulty in bringing back to Bill the dreaded information. "She squealed on the whole lot of you."

It is not well to dwell upon the sequel. Bill hastened to his squalid rooms and there awaited Nancy. The sun that rose on London town that morning witnessed nothing more shocking than the sight of Bill Sikes' death-chamber, with Nancy cold and still, a martyr to her first and only splendid instinct.

The horror that was aroused in the neighborhood by the brutal murder of Nancy brought about the arrest of Fagin, the death of Bill—who hanged himself in attempting to escape from the beleaguered attic—and in the capture of Mr. Monks, who made full confession to Mr. Brownlow of his share in the plottings against Oliver and definitely established the boy's rights to the Leeford will, thus bringing to the youth a tardy justice.

Thus, in an atmosphere of peace and contentment, love and comfort, Oliver Twist brought to his benefactor, Mr. Brownlow, the redemption of a blithe, a righteous and a grateful heart.