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which was most unwelcome. "I conclude you don't like him," she said vaguely. Gussie shrugged. "I don't think anything about him unless I have to, but I shouldn't have said it if you hadn't dragged him into the talk. 'Tain't your fault, anyhow." She turned to go. "Oh, Mrs. Penfield, do you s'pose the landlord would put an extra lock on the back door?" "I don't s'pose he would. Ain't any back door got anything but the regular lock and bolt. He couldn't put on an extra one 'bout getting asked for eleven more, likely."

CHAPTER XV

Little Attempts Hospitality.
"Oh, I found the most wonderful bargain," announced Mrs. Penfield, as she put down her old suitcase on the kitchen table and unbuckled the straps. "Look here, Uncle Jerry. It's bean split."

"They look it!" laughed the big man, as he inspected the beans, which were halved or otherwise distinguished. "Yes, it was easy to name 'em," she agreed. "Point is, they don't cost but half as much as the whole ones, and where's the difference in nourishment? The whole bean's there, only not in one place. And I know a way to cook 'em into beans so't the children don't taste it, and I put in a nice dash of Indian meal, and land, they don't need nothing more to a sitting. They get as nourished as they can stand. You know a lot of folks are overfed."

"Round here?" inquired Uncle Jerry, with lazy ambiguity. She faced him with a flush on her cheeks. "Uncle Jerry, you don't mean that the reason you don't—don't take meals with us often is—is—"

open front door. "Too bad you're going off. You might—" "Well, now, I—I don't have to go straight away," admitted Uncle Jerry slowly. Mrs. Penfield gave him a sly glance, but made no comment. It was beginning to dawn upon her that Uncle Jerry admired Prudence Hapgood—that he regarded her as a superior being, worlds removed from the sort of existence which he had known. Before her he was sometimes shy, always awkward, always self-conscious—he, the nonchalant, self-possessed Jerry Winston—and yet he stayed by! Mrs. Penfield wondered.

Certainly Prudence was different from anyone else in The Custard Cup. She was like a quiet little rowboat that had strayed from its moorings and had floated into a group of variegated craft. Always gentle and friendly, she yet had the slightly aloof manner of one whose thoughts are turned often inward. So far from being modified by her surroundings, she had brought her own world into them and kept it intact. Her carefully preserved silk gown; the fine old lace around the neck and edging the sleeves; her sweetly and poise; the calm expression of her eyes—these set her apart from her neighbors, intangibly but undeniably. She had brought a bit of crocheting; Mrs. Penfield got out her sewing; Jerry Winston nervously proffered some reminiscences of the Oregon woods—in the interests of pillow talk; Lettie was quietly cutting pictures out of an old Weatherstone magazine. Conditions were ideal for a congenial confab—when like a bolt out of the blue, word came that Mrs. Enslow's baby had been taken ill. Would Mrs. Penfield come at once? Of course she would.

"You entertain Miss Hapgood," she reminded her household, with a parting wave of her hand. "I'll come back as soon as I can." No one knew upon whom the mantle of hospitality had fallen. Uncle Jerry became more communicative about trees and out-of-doors, strangely easier now that his niece was gone. Lettie, however, understood that the honors were hers. When Penzie was away, surely she was the next hostess in line. She put aside her pictures and directed her mental energy to the question of hospitality.

"Talking ain't much good," she said to herself, watching Uncle Jerry, who was expatiating on the value of Oregon pine. "We'd oughter feed her. Folks don't think they've had a good time to your house 'less they've eat." This decision was cemented by the fact that Miss Hapgood had treated Crink and Lettie to cake a few days before. "I gotta feed her some'n. I just gotta." She sprang to her feet and stole into the kitchen.

She stood for some time, thinking. Without looking, she knew there were no treats available in the cupboard; neither was it permissible to take self-help liberties between meals. She would have to begin at the beginning. Crink was on the back steps, whitening pieces of wood which would some time, with a slight infusion of imagination, be put together as a steamboat. Lettie approached him with utmost ingratiation. "Got any money, Crink?" she inquired gently. "Well—er—why you wanten know?" He looked up in shrewd caution. The fact was that he had money; and al-

though individuals have had more, none ever felt greater responsibility. Since he had been paid in cash by Mr. Drake, Mrs. Penfield had presented him with an old purse and had allowed him to carry in it a sum never exceeding twenty cents, usually in as small change as provided by the United States treasury. The very looniest of this loose change he could spend without supervision up to and including ten cents a week; larger investments were subject to decision in conference. Crink's pride had reached dangerous proportions. He was even glad that the purse was old; it looked more as though his financial experience reached gratifyingly into the past. Moreover, by keeping the inside pocket of the purse stuffed with chips from the kitchen woodpile, he was able to give the impression of abundant resources beyond the amount which he chose to spend at the moment.

"Let me have some money, Crink," Lettie begged. "I need it awful, and I know you're most a rich man." He was flattered, but not wholly overcome. "What do you want it for?" She told him. "And we've gotta be hospitable, Crink. Penzie said to be, and it's a good chance to make her happy."

After considerable persuasion, Crink's will became enfeebled, and he handed over two cents, to match the two which Lettie had already admitted she possessed. "Glory be!" triumphed Lettie. "Crink, you're all to the good. Now



"Glory Be!" Triumphed Lettie.

you just run down to the store and get four cents' worth of their best popping corn, and I'll—" Crink took up his knife again. "Aw! Nothing doing, Lettie. What do you take me for?" he scoffed. "Me, buying four cents' worth of stuff to Mr. Drake's? I couldn't hold up my head. No man ever passes out less'n a nickel."

"All right, smarty. Put up another penny, and you'll have the nickel that's eating you."

"Can't. Them two cents are the end of the week, too," flared Lettie. "Fork over a penny on next week. It'll do you soul good. This whole thing's going to please Penzie better'n anything."

Crink demurred. Lettie insisted. Crink capitulated. "Now you're talking, Crink. And hurry—hurry—hurry!" She was consumed with impatience. She was afraid that the guest might depart before the refreshments would be ready. She stuck her head through the door into the living-room.

"Now take guinea pigs, for instance," Uncle Jerry was saying, with an easy gesture. "Guinea pigs would be a pretty healthy lot if the medical schools would let 'em alone. The whole point is—"

"How're you getting on?" inquired Lettie brightly. This remark was intended to be encouraging, but it had a rather paralyzing effect upon conversation, which had been in full swing. Miss Hapgood dipped her head into her work with unusual jerkiness. Uncle Jerry glared-glared as if he didn't appreciate hospitality at all. "Run 'long, Lettie," he said briefly. "I got a story to finish."

Feeling cuffed, Lettie went back into the kitchen. But at least there was no danger of immediate departure, since a story was in progress. She got out the popper, a large dish, the salt. Crink did not come. She grew more and more impatient. Presently she softly opened the door into the living-room again and peeked in with great caution. "Miss Hapgood wasn't crocheting now. Her work had fallen in her lap. She was looking at Uncle Jerry with an expression of absorbed interest, and there was a lovely shell pink in her cheeks. Lettie had never seen her look like that. Uncle Jerry was talking, but Lettie paid no attention. She was thinking about Miss Hapgood. She edged into the room. "Are you having a good time?" she began conversationally.

awful intrusted in each other. I guess you—"

"Lettie, didn't I tell you—" It was Uncle Jerry's voice—a severe voice, too, but Lettie scarcely listened. She stepped in front of Prudence.

"Miss Hapgood," she said confidentially, "ain't it a funny thing, the way your cheeks get all colored up when you talk to Uncle Jerry? Penzie's don't. Sometimes she talks to him a long time, and she don't ever—"

"Oh," gasped Prudence in pitiable confusion. "It's only because—because he was telling about—" Her delicate hands fluttered in distress. "Shaw! Don't get so nervous," advised Lettie briskly. "Ain't nothing to make you nervous. Just make yourself to home."

She was very sure of the correctness of this phrase, it being much thought of in The Custard Cup, and she was therefore hugely astonished when she felt a firm hand on her shoulder, a hand with compelling force that switched her about and marched her toward the kitchen. "To think of you, talking to a lady that way!" spluttered Uncle Jerry. "You'd better stay in the kitchen till you learn manners."

"My landy goodness!" gasped Lettie, nursing her thin shoulder and gazing wrathfully at the closed door into the living-room. "I'd like to know what made him so cross. And me being extra pleasant, too! Well, by jingies!" she snapped. "I'll bet I can feed a lady if he don't think I can talk to one."

Crink came in with the corn, and Lettie prodded the fire till the top of the stove was hot. Gradually she forgot her rebuff in watching the corn in the popper.

"El Caesar," she remarked, casting a reflective eye on the small, eager dog, who was gazing at her with vibrating hope, "you may's well get out. I don't scarcely b'lieve you'll get a bit of this here corn—less you divide the old mauls with Bonnie Geraldine. Crink, take this popper and I'll get the dishes. What say let's—I'll bet Penzie'd like to have us use them little glass dishes that come with the cowpans. It's gotta be some'n small, 'cause land knows there won't no feller get many kernels."

She passed the popper to Crink and dragged a stool in front of the apple-box cupboard beside the stove. The glass dishes, being very choice, were in one of the upper boxes, behind the spices. Lettie began moving the spice boxes to another shelf.

"Oh—oh!" she shrieked. "I dropped one. Pick it up, quick! Oh! Quick!" But neither child could be quicker than the spice box had been. It had fallen on the stove. When it struck, the cover flew off. A liberal quantity of cayenne pepper spread over the hot stove, and instantly a spiral of black smoke arose, like diabolic incense. An acid odor filled the kitchen; a stinging permeation assailed nostrils and throats.

"Oh, ain't that the darndest— Oh! Murder! Help! Help! Come! Come along! Quick! Oh!"

El Caesar coughed madly, leaped into the air; then dashed into the open. Crink dropped the popper, spilling the precious corn over the stove and floor. Coughing and sneezing, he and Lettie made frantic dashes at the stove with spoons and shovels, trying to remove the pepper, but their efforts only spread it more thoroughly. With every breath they drew in biting fire.

Uncle Jerry and Prudence, frightened by the uproar, burst into the kitchen, and with lightning response to the all-pervading stimulus, joined in the general sneezing. At the same moment Mrs. Penfield came flying through the house and swooped down upon her distracted family with energetic command. "Get out of the house, er'ybody," she cried.

Jerry Winston sprang forward and transferred the hot griddles to the end of the stove. Mrs. Penfield snatched a towel, wet it under the faucet, and held it to her nose while she deadened the fire and opened the windows.

The tortured family and the tortured guest fled to the back yard, fighting the red-hot misery that clung in their throats, breathing in great breaths of the cool air that soothed and inflamed at the same time.

"O Penzie," wailed Lettie, dancing about in agony, "I—honest to goodness, I was—was trying to entertain—Miss Hap—" She sneezed.

"It's—it's all right," choked the guest. "I was never more—more—cheeze!"

Uncle Jerry coughed violently. "It's a blooming—schweeze!" "Honest, Penzie," protested Lettie, with streaming eyes. "I was trying to—please you. It—it was an accident."

Mrs. Penfield shook her head sadly. "I never saw anything like the way you're always around if there's an accident ready to happen. I wish I knew how to keep you out of the way of 'em."

(penupuo3 =1 0L)
A Salem matron was fined this week, after pleading guilty to the charge of a male dancer that she danced "too close."

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DONNA ROBERTSON

Dog Eat Dog?

The Brotherhood or Locomotive Engineers has established a bank, has erected three large buildings in Cleveland and runs coal mines in West Virginia and Kentucky. It has decided to run its mines at Coal River, W. Va., on the open-shop basis, and is threatened with a strike of union miners. Capital and labor are thus proved to be interchangeable terms, for the accumulated wages of the engineers' labor have become the capital that owns and operates coal mines.—Oregonian.

London, June 10.—The most interesting strike in the history of British labor began Saturday when 15,000 members of the Distributive Workers' union, employed by the Co-operative Wholesale society, quit work. About 75,000 members employed by the Retail Co-operative society were ordered to refuse to handle goods made by the whole-sale society. An attempt had been made to reduce wages two shillings weekly. Desperate efforts were made by the trade union congress and labor party to effect a settlement on account of the scandal of a strike against trade unionist employers.

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Send Copy Early
The Enterprise is having much of its typesetting done by linotype. The last mail taking copy to the machine leaves here before noon Tuesday. Copy coming by Tuesday's mail or later must take the chance of being left over for the next week's paper, as there is only one man here to set the type and do all the other printing office work. Closed Mondays.

Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)

Hay harvest has commenced.
G. A. Hoyer has a new Ford.
H. L. Straley and family were Eugene visitor Friday.
Mrs. Eliza Brandon was a passenger to Albany Friday.
The most of the Brownsville fruit goes to Salem this year.
Mrs. C. P. Stafford and niece, Dicksey Dryden, were in Albany Friday.
Martin Cummings and mother, Mrs. Berry Cummings, were Albany visitors Friday.
Rev. J. D. Cain and family were guests at the H. L. Straley home the first of the week.
Mrs. George Taylor left for Portland Sunday morning where she visited her nephew, Everett Standish.

Dave Wolgamot of Brownsville has a contract to deliver 1200 cords of white fir to a Salem paper factory.
Mrs. J. W. Rector and grandsons, Willis and Charles Reeves, are guests at the L. H. Wallace home in Portland.

Miss Mary Lee Jenks of Tangent and Delmar Gildow, an employee of the First National Bank of Albany, were married Tuesday.

The county W. C. T. U. institute has been postponed from June 15 to some date to be announced later. Conflicting meetings are the cause.

Did you ever see grain crops progress faster than last week? They had had the needed moisture and were getting the needed warmth. How they jumped!

"Wise men" tell us that the sun is loafing on his job and giving off less than the standard amount of heat by five per cent or so. Did you notice any special coolness last week?

The Lebanon Strawberry Fair last week was a big success. It grows from year to year. So do the strawberries. There were seventy-five autos in the parade, which was the biggest in the history of the fair.

Mrs. W. J. Dunlap, widow of our murdered sheriff, had an auction sale of her personal property at the farm near Shedd yesterday. She expects this summer to visit two brothers, one in Michigan and the other at West Point, New York.

F. H. Hough of Scio accidentally backed his automobile into the building occupied by Meade & Albro, opticians, and Miss Sue Breckenridge on Second street, Albany, Saturday. More damage was done to the building than to the car.

F. D. Eggleston of Brownsville, whose brothers and father run the Brownsville creamery, has been graduated from O. A. C. with a high record. He gave special attention to the course in dairy husbandry.

J. F. Venner of Brownsville has begun suit against his son-in-law, E. C. Joseph of Salem, as administrator of the estate of Levana, daughter of Venner and wife of Joseph, over the title to some Brownsville real estate. A. A. Tussing is Venner's attorney.

F. H. Porter returned to his home in Portland Sunday and was accompanied as far as Oregon City by Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Stafford and niece, Dicksey Dryden. The Staffords will be gone for a couple of weeks and during their absence Mrs. D. F. Dean and Miss Bessie Dykstra will be in charge of the telephone.

Kenneth Smith of Lebanon, 15, was accidentally shot last November, as reported in the Enterprise, the bullet going through his head and lodging at the back of it. Surprise was expressed that he survived. Last Sunday the bullet was removed in an Albany hospital and Kenneth is expected to recover.

Relatives of the late Michael Weber who on June 3 attended the Weber reunion at Salem from this city were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Weber, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Weber, Charley Weber, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Keen, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Schick, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. White, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Michal and children, Bobby and Don, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Babcock, Albert Keene, Willard Keene, Georgia Weber, Alfred Babcock, Hazel Schick, Meredith Kizer, Delmer Chick, Gleda Ross and Wanda McHargue. Many other relatives were present, there being 76 guests in all. Governor Pierce was one of the chief speakers. The Webers voted to make the reunion an annual event.—Brownsville dispatch in Sunday's Albany Democrat.

(Continued on page 4)

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