

in the least."

"Then—then—" angry and baffled, the words looked him.

Tommy looked round. He saw anger and bewilderment on every face, but his calm assurance had done its work—no one doubted but that something lay behind his words.

"I don't know where the papers are—but I believe I can find them. If I produce the papers—you give me my life and liberty in exchange. Is it a bargain?"

"And if we refuse?" said the German quietly.

Tommy lay back on the couch. "The 29th," he said thoughtfully, "is less than a fortnight ahead—"

For a moment the German hesitated. Then he made a sign to Conrad. "Take him into the other room."

For five minutes Tommy sat on the bed in the dingy room next door. His heart was beating violently. He had risked all on this throw. How would they decide?

At last the door opened, and the German called imperiously to Conrad to return.

The German was seated once more behind the table. He motioned to Tommy to sit down opposite to him. "We accept," he said harshly, "on

"We Accept," He Said Harshly, "on Terms. The Papers Must Be Delivered to Us Before You Go Free."

terms. The papers must be delivered to us before you go free."

"Idiot!" said Tommy amiably. "How do you think I can look for them if you keep me tied by the leg here?"

"What do you expect, then?" "I must have liberty to go about the business in my own way."

The German laughed. "Do you think we are little children to let you walk out of here leaving us a pretty story full of promises? One of our number will carry out your instructions minutely. If the operations are complicated, he will return to you with a report and you can instruct him further."

"You're tying my hands," complained Tommy. "It's a very delicate affair, and the other fellow will muffle up as likely as not, and then where shall I be? I don't believe one of you has got an ounce of tact."

"Those are our terms. Otherwise, death!" Tommy leaned back wearily.

"I like your style, Curt, but attractive. So be it, then. But one thing is essential—I must see the girl."

"What girl?" "Jane Finn, of course."

The other looked at him curiously for some minutes, then he said slowly, and as though choosing his words with care:

"Do you not know that she can tell you nothing?" Tommy's heart beat a little faster. Would he succeed in coming face to face with the girl he was seeking?

"I shall not ask her to tell me anything," he said quietly. "Not in so many words, that is."

"Then why see her?" Tommy passed. "To watch her face when I ask her one question," he replied at last.

Again there was a look in the German's eyes that Tommy did not quite understand.

person can decide that."

"Who?" asked Tommy. But he knew the answer. "Mr. Brown—"

"Shall I see him?" "Perhaps."

"Come," said Conrad harshly. Tommy rose obediently. Outside the door his jailer motioned to him to mount the stairs. He himself followed close behind. On the floor above Conrad opened a door and Tommy passed into a small room. Conrad lit a hissing gas burner and went out. Tommy heard the sound of the key being turned in the lock.

He set to work to examine his prison. It was a smaller room than the one downstairs, and there was something peculiarly airless about the atmosphere of it. Then he realized that there was no window. He walked round it. The walls were filthy dirty, as everywhere else. Four pictures hung crookedly on the wall representing scenes from "Faust." Marguerite with her box of jewels, the church scene, Siebel and his flowers, and Faust and Mephistopheles. The latter brought Tommy's mind back to Mr. Brown again. In this sealed and closed chamber, with its close-fitting heavy door, he felt cut off from the world, and the sinister power of the arch-criminal seemed more real. Shut as he would, no one could ever hear him. The place was a living tomb.

With an effort Tommy pulled himself together. He sank onto the bed and gave himself up to reflection. His head ached badly; also, he was hungry. The silence of the place was dispiriting.

"Anyway," said Tommy, trying to cheer himself, "I shall see the chief—the mysterious Mr. Brown, and with a bit of luck in bluffing I shall see the mysterious Jane Finn also. After that—"

After that Tommy was forced to admit the prospect looked dreary. The troubles of the future, however, soon faded before the troubles of the present. And of these, the most immediate and pressing was that of hunger. Tommy had a healthy and vigorous appetite. He regretfully recognized the fact that he would not make a success of a hunger strike.

He prowled aimlessly about his prison. Once or twice he discarded dignity, and pounded on the door. But nobody answered the summons.

Finally a bright idea flashed across his brain. Conrad was undoubtedly the tenant of the house. The others, with the possible exception of the bearded German, merely used it as a rendezvous. Therefore, why not wait in ambush for Conrad behind the door, and when he entered bring down a chair, or one of the decrepit pictures, smartly onto his head. One would, of course, be careful not to hit too hard. And then—and then, simply walk out. If he met anyone on the way down, well—Tommy brightened at the thought of an encounter with his fists. Such an affair was infinitely more in his line than the verbal encounter of this afternoon. Intoxicated by his plan, Tommy gently unhooked the picture of the Devil and Faust, and settled himself in position. His hopes were high. The plan seemed to him simple but excellent.

Time went on, but Conrad did not appear. Night and day were the same in this prison room, but Tommy's wrist-watch, which enjoyed a certain degree of accuracy, informed him that it was nine o'clock in the evening. Tommy reflected gloomily that if supper did not arrive soon it would be a question of waiting for breakfast. At ten o'clock hope deserted him, and he flung himself onto the bed to seek consolation in sleep. In five minutes his woes were forgotten.

The sound of the key turning in the lock awoke him from his slumbers. Not belonging to the type of hero who is famous for awaking in full possession of his faculties, Tommy merely blinked at the ceiling and wondered vaguely where he was. Then he remembered.

The door swung open. Too late, Tommy remembered his scheme of obliterating the unprepossessing Conrad. A moment later he was glad that he had, for it was not Conrad who entered, but a girl. She carried a tray which she set down on the table.

In the feeble light of the gas burner Tommy blinked at her. He decided at once that she was one of the most beautiful girls he had ever seen. There was a wild-rose quality about her face. Her eyes, set wide apart, were hazel, a golden hazel that again recalled a memory of sunbeams.

A delirious thought shot through Tommy's mind. "Are you Jane Finn?" he asked breathlessly.

The girl shook her head wonderingly. "My name is Annette, monsieur."

She spoke in a soft, broken English. "Oh!" said Tommy, rather taken aback. "Francaise?" he hazarded.

"Oui, monsieur. Monsieur parle francaise?" "Not for any length of time," said Tommy. "What's that? Breakfast?"

The girl nodded. Tommy dropped off the bed and came and inspected the contents of the tray. It consisted of a loaf, some margarine, and a jug of coffee.

"The living is not equal to thenitz," he observed with a sigh. "But for what we are at last about to receive the Lord has made me truly thankful. Amen."

He drew up a chair, and the girl turned away to the door. "Wait a sec," cried Tommy. "There are lots of things I want to ask you, Annette. What are you doing in this

house?" "I do the service, monsieur."

"I see," said Tommy. "You know what I asked you just now. Have you ever heard that name?" "I have heard people speak of Jane Finn, I think."

"You don't know where she is?" Annette shook her head. "She's not in this house, for instance?"

"Oh, no, monsieur. I must go now—they will be waiting for me." She hurried out. The key turned in the lock.

"I wonder who 'they' are," mused Tommy, as he continued to make inroads on the loaf. "With a bit of luck, that girl might help me to get out of here. She doesn't look like one of the gang."

At one o'clock Annette reappeared with another tray, but this time Conrad accompanied her.

That evening Tommy sat on the bed, and cogitated deeply. Would Conrad again accompany the girl? If he did not, should he risk trying to make an ally of her? He decided that he must leave no stone unturned. His position was desperate.

At eight o'clock the familiar sound of the key turning made him spring to his feet. The girl was alone. "Shut the door," he commanded. "I want to speak to you."

"Look here, Annette, I want you to help me get out of this." She shook her head. "Impossible. There are three of them on the floor below."

"Oh!" Tommy was secretly grateful for the information. "But you would help me if you could?" "No, monsieur."

"Why not?" "The girl hesitated. "I dare not, monsieur; I am afraid of them."

She turned away. "Wouldn't you do anything to help another girl?" cried Tommy. "She's about your age, too. Won't you save her from their clutches?"

"You mean Jane Finn?" "Yes."

"It is her you came here to look for? Yes?" "That's it."

The girl looked at him, then passed her hand across her forehead. "Jane Finn. Always I hear that name. It is familiar."

Tommy came forward eagerly. "You must know something about her?"

But the girl turned away abruptly. "I know nothing—only the name." She walked towards the door. Suddenly she uttered a cry. Tommy stared. She had caught sight of the picture he had laid against the wall the night before. For a moment he caught a look of terror in her eyes. As inexplicably it changed to relief. Then abruptly she went out of the room. Tommy could make nothing of it. Did she fancy that he had meant to attack her with it? Surely not. He rebung the picture on the wall thoughtfully.

Three more days went by in dreary inaction. Tommy felt the strain telling on his nerves. He saw no one but Conrad and Annette, and the girl had become dumb. He gathered from Conrad that they were waiting for orders from "Mr. Brown." Perhaps, thought Tommy, he was abroad or away, and they were obliged to wait for his return.

But the evening of the third day brought a rude awakening. It was barely seven o'clock when he heard the tramp of footsteps outside in the passage. In another minute the door was flung open. Conrad entered. With him was the evil-looking Number 14. Tommy's heart sank at the sight of them.

"Evenin', gov'nor," said the man, with a leer. "Got those ropes, mate?" The silent Conrad produced a length of fine cord. The next minute Number 14's hands, horribly dexterous, were winding the cord round his limbs, while Conrad held him down.

"What the devil—?" began Tommy. But the slow, speechless grin of the silent Conrad froze the words on his lips.

Number 14 proceeded deftly with his task. In another minute Tommy was a mere helpless bundle. Then at last Conrad spoke:

"Thought you'd bluffed us, did you? With what you knew, and what you

all the time it was a bluff! Bluff! You know less than a kitten. But your number's up now, you b—swine."

(To be continued)

Church of Christ

Sunday evening, to a crowded house, Lon Chamlee, the minister, preached his first of a series of popular addresses at the Church of Christ. This one was entitled "Adam's Rib". The men wrote letters on the subject "My ideal Woman," and these were read from the pulpit. Generally speaking, the ideals held up by the men were fairly high.

Next Sunday evening the next in the series will be delivered on "Eve's Hubby," when the women's letters on "My Ideal Man" will be read from the pulpit. Now's your chance, ladies; write the preacher a letter this week and address it to the Halsey postoffice. Tell us your conception of the ideal man.

Sunday evening, Oct. 21, the last in the series will be given on "How to Get Married." This is for young people especially. Every pupil in the high school should be present.

There were 55 on time last Sunday at Bible school. Boost, folks, boost for 99 on time, rally day, Oct. 21. Listen: Two splendid young people from the Eugene Bible University will be present on rally day with some mighty fine musical selections, you will want to hear them. Miss Vivian Whistler is a vocalist of note, having sung in the Happy Harmony Quartet for several years and being also a graduate of voice in the university is now instructor in voice in the Eugene Bible University. Veltie Pruitt is well known to Halsey people, having led the singing for the evangelistic meeting last spring. He is also an excellent violinist and will bring his instrument with him.

Pastor.

Ladies' Study Club

The Woman's Study Club held the first meeting Thursday afternoon with the new president, Mrs. Sidney J. Smith, presiding. Mrs. T. J. Marks was elected vice-president and Mrs. G. W. Laubner was appointed chairman of the finance committee to fill vacancies caused by the removal of Mrs. G. T. Kitchen to Portland and Mrs. D. S. McWilliams to Albany.

The names of five applicants were presented by the membership committee to be voted upon at the next meeting. The course of study, "Travel in Scotland and Ireland" promises to provide interesting programs for the year's work.

The lesson for the day was given by Mrs. Laubner, Mrs. Stafford and Mrs. Mornhinweg and covered "the country," "Scotland"—"the people" and a reading from "Penelope's Progress"—Wiggins. The former talks were illustrated with beautiful scenic views.

Mrs. Fred Smith, Mrs. Inez Freeland and Mill Leitner were guests of the club.

Mrs. D. S. McWilliams, who has been an active member of the club since its organization in 1907, and who will be greatly missed, was complimented by a dainty shower of handkerchiefs.

Mrs. B. M. Bond was a gracious hostess.

A Reminiscence

Among the Indian girls who participate in this week's celebration at Klamath Falls to mark the beginning of work on the Natron Cutoff are the great grand daughters of the famous Indian woman, Winema. She was active during the troublesome years in ending tribal warfare and, at the risk of her own life, tried to save the lives of General Canby and a number of his soldiers.

Canby led a party that was to meet Modoc chiefs. Winema reached them before the meeting, informed them the Modoc chiefs planned a massacre and pleaded with the white soldiers to at least arm themselves before going to talk peace with the Modocs. The warning was not heeded and only one white man returned alive.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Gulliford of Woodburn spent the week end with Mrs. Gulliford's brother, W. L. Norton. They are on their way to Long Beach Cal., to make their home.

Albany Directory

This is good advice: "If you live in Albany, trade in Albany; if you live in some other town, trade in that town." But in these automobile days many residing elsewhere find it advisable to do at least part of their buying in the larger town. Those who go to Albany to transact business will find the firms named below ready to fill their requirements with courtesy and fairness.

Albany Bakery, 321 Lyon street. Best one-pound loaf of bread made. 5 cents. Wedding cakes to order.

Albany Electric Store, Delo Light products. WM. HOPLICH.

Albany Floral Co. Orders filled carefully for everywhere or any time. Flowers, wire anywhere in U. S. or Canada. Flower phone 458-J.

ALBANY GARAGE. "Student baker" and "Star" automobiles. General repairing and supplies. G. T. Hockensmith.—Lloyd Templeton.

Blue Bird Restaurant, 309 Lyon street. Eat here when in Albany. Open from 9 to 2 and 5 to 8. MRS. BLOUNT.

BRUNSWICK PHONOGRAPHS at WOODWORTH'S

Eastburn Bros.—Two big grocery stores, 212 W. First and 225 South Main. Good merchandise at the right prices.

Films developed and printed. We mail them right back to you. Woodward Drug Company, Albany, Oregon.

First garage going north. Tires, accessories, oils, gasoline, repair work. W. H. HULBERT.

Flood's dry goods store is the best place in Albany to buy dry goods, furnishings and notions. Service is our motto.

FORD SALES AND SERVICE Tires and accessories Repairs KIRK-POLLAK MOTOR CO.

Fortmillier Furniture Co., furniture, rugs, linoleum, stoves, ranges. Funeral directors. 427-433 west First street, Albany, Oregon.

Hub Cleaning Works, Inc. Cor. Fourth and Lyon Master Dyers and Cleaners Made-To-Measure Clothes

Men and money are best when busy. Make your dollars work in our savings department. ALBANY STATE BANK. Under government supervision.

Miller Motor Sales Oakland and Jewett cars Supplies and accessories First and Baker Sts. Albany, Oregon

Morton & Speer Service Company Headquarters for good tires First and Lyon Phone 65

Murphy Motor Co. Buick and Chevrolet automobiles. Tires and accessories. Albany, Oregon. Phone 290.

Real estate. Money to loan. All kinds of insurance written. Call on J. V. PIPE, Albany State Bank Building.

ROSCOE AMES HARDWARE, the WINCHESTER STOKE 322 W. First st.

S. S. GILBERT & SON Chinaaware and gift shop 330 West First Albany

STENBERG BROS., groceries, fruits, produce, 235 Lyon street. We sell groceries and Buy cream. Phone 263R

STIMSON THE SHOE DOCTOR Second street, opposite Hamilton's store. "Sudden Service."

Waldo Anderson & Son, distributors and dealers for Maxwell, Chalmers, Essex, Hudson & Hudsonobile cars. Accessories, Supplies. 1st & Broadalbin.

Metzgers' SHOE SERVICE OREGON Shoes that cost less per month of wear

THE BROWN MOUSE

This is narcotics week in Albany by proclamation of the mayor. In the early days of the week the Globe theatre ran "Human Wreckage," Mrs. Wallace Reid's exposition of the terrible results of the use of drugs, and in the window of one of the drug stores sat a grinning human skeleton labeled: "What you are, I was. What I am you will be," surrounded by samples of narcotics and of instruments employed in their use, with pistols, knives, etc., logical implements of the advanced dope fiend.

FOR SALE One Registered Pure Bred Poland China Sow about one year old. Weight about 300 lbs. In good health and ready to be bred. P. A. PHESSON

Jots and Tittles (Continued from page 1) Ruffed grouse may not be legally killed this year. Open season for quail and China pheasants begins Sunday. The D. S. McWilliams family become Albany residents this week. Mr. A. C. Armstrong was on the sick list the first of the week. The county tax commission met yesterday at its office in Albany. The county agent question will probably go to the voters Nov. 6. Lee Brown of Plainview, retiring from the business, sold 1100 sheep at auction last week at an average price of \$8.75 apiece. Bolton & Landers, who have a 100-acre poultry farm near Albany won everything in sight on White Wyandotte poultry at the state fair. W. A. McCart, 62, who kept a small store at Harrisburg, committed suicide by shooting himself last week on account of despondency over the death of his wife last June. At Lebanon a 3-year-old daughter of Fred Struber had the first two fingers of her right hand chopped off by her brother while at play. Miss Beneta Stroud will examine all pupils in Linn county schools for signs of tuberculosis. She represents the Oregon Tuberculosis association. Mr. and Mrs. McAdoo have leased the Scio Tribune to Charles E. Hunt and wife for three months so they can tour the east till next year's. This is fire prevention week, by proclamation of the governor, and we are all building fires to keep ourselves warm. It is also anti-narcotic week in Albany, by proclamation of Mayor Young. Jacob Kutch, from south of Halsey, moved his family to Albany Saturday. His brother Charley moved to the ranch to take charge of it for the ensuing year. George Maxwell and wife and Mrs. Ida M. Cummings of Albany have gone to Newport to enjoy an outing when the rush there is over and the fishing good. E. S. Hayes has sold practically all of the oak and ash wood he advertised. Mrs. Waggener advertised a lost purse with \$10 in it and it was promptly returned by the honest finder. Chancy Sicksels advertised a cow for sale in our last issue. The papers were placed in the post-office Friday morning and early in the morning, although it was raining, a would-be buyer was inquiring the way to Sicksels'. Advertise your wants in the Enterprise. The Terminal Taxi company of Salem started cars on the Albany-Brownsville line on the 1st. The time schedule appears among our advertisements. Three predecessors have tried the game and quit. The new people propose to give the line a tryout. If patronage enough is given to warrant it, a reduction in fares will be made. The service is a great accommodation and we wish it success. This is narcotics week in Albany by proclamation of the mayor. In the early days of the week the Globe theatre ran "Human Wreckage," Mrs. Wallace Reid's exposition of the terrible results of the use of drugs, and in the window of one of the drug stores sat a grinning human skeleton labeled: "What you are, I was. What I am you will be," surrounded by samples of narcotics and of instruments employed in their use, with pistols, knives, etc., logical implements of the advanced dope fiend.

(Continued on page 4)



"Thought You'd Bluffed Us, Did You?"