

HALSEY ENTERPRISE
An independent, not-for-profit newspaper, published every Thursday by Wm. H. WHEELER

Subscription, \$1.50 a year in advance.
Advertising, 20c an inch; no discount for time or space; no charge for copy position or changes.

Office hours, 9 to 12 and 2 to 6 except Mondays and Friday forenoons.

COOLIDGE KNOWS IT NOW

President Coolidge was notified last Thursday night that he had been nominated for another term. My! Wasn't he surprised?

But he made the best he could of the situation and delivered a speech in reply. We publish a summary of that reply, with comment, furnished in plate form, to relieve the publisher of the cost of type setting (and incidentally to get before readers the partisan view-point of the managers of the G. O. P.)

Some of the ideas set forth in the broadside we can indorse, and some we can't.

A good deal of space is given to telling how big the war debt is and how the administration has continued to get along on fewer and fewer billions of dollars a year as affairs have been settling, in the words of President Harding, "back to normalcy."

The high cost of war and the impossibility of practicing peace-time economy in its conduct are paraded by the party in power as crimes of the democracy. They are but repetitions of what occurred under republican, suspicious in the civil war and what will recur under any administration in power in case of another big war.

A great deal of noise has been made by the administration about fraud and graft under its predecessor, and there have been indictments and great cry about punishing the rascals, but little wool has been gathered under that cry.

Charles G. Dawes was criticized and investigated on these charges, but he gave no evidence of being perturbed by hecklers beyond exclaiming, in substance: "Hell! Maria! We were getting supplies to the soldiers as quickly as possible, not spending time to haggle for bargains." And the republican party made him Mr. Coolidge's running mate.

It is the fashion for every candidate to "point with pride" to whatever his party has done and to "view with alarm" anything done by the other party. That's partisan politics.

Why should anyone yearn to fare forth and butcher one of the comeliest of God's creatures, in the name of sport? How about the economic gain? It is nil. The outing? It isn't necessary to kill a deer to have an outing. Which do men desire most, the outing or the shot that brings down a deer? — Portland Oregonian.

If the money were used for charity that is spent preserving game in order that "sportsmen" may gratify their lust to kill something our taxes might be less.

If the game commission and the public service commission and a dozen or so other commissions were abolished the state's expense account would be lessened. A good many individuals would be added to the number of unemployed, but not the number desiring to work, for few of those fellows want to work.

A political party is the biggest and most expensive curse of America, with the exception of another political party. And the biggest at any particular time is the one in power at that time.

The latest "threat" of rain seems to have fizzled. But wait till the prunes are ready to pick. — Eugene Register.

Some "poor prunes" are not only ready but are being picked now.

A boycott by southerners on Oregon products is threatened if the oleomargarine prohibition act is sustained in the fall elections. If cottonseed oil disguised as butter is going down the throats or Oregonians to such an extent as this would indicate, perhaps such a boycott would be the best thing that could happen to us. Let the south eat its 3 1-2 million pounds of oleo instead of paying freight on it to Oregon, while we eat the same amount of cow butter instead of freighting it south.

Chester Oboutelewouz and some companions entered a cemetery and amused themselves by uprooting tombstones. They tackled a big stone that proved to be too much for them. As they were pulling it over it fell upon Chester, and the other boys were not able to lift it off. When policemen arrived, the boy was dead. Some people pronounce his a judgment from heaven for his sacrilege. Perhaps it was. To carry such a name as that into a cemetery is an awful offense.

There is no need for tinkering with the constitution to compel a state monopoly of workmen's accident insurance. Proponents of the measure say private corporations are taking such insurance for less than cost. Well, let them. The public can stand as long as the insurance companies can. The proposed amendment would provide jobs, at the voters' expense, for officials to administer it, and could do nobody else any good.

Our game wardens catch a violator of the game laws often enough to keep up the revenue from fines, and the neighbors chip in and pay the fines and go on hunting just the same.

Some of the "expert" doctors who have been testifying in the Chicago murder trial about endocrine glands apparently have endocrine deficiencies themselves.

Miss Minnie Gourley of Portland visited at the Ernest Gourley and Claron Gormley homes last week.

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Pay Gravel
By **HUGH PENDEXTER**
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(Continued)
For once San Juan had the satisfaction of seeing Dinsdale win. It was a facial betrayal and lasted only a second. As he carefully smoothed the paper and refolded it and handed it back his features were expressionless. He simply said:
"I'm glad you sent for me."
"Omaha's never been up here. He works only on railroad cases," whispered San Juan. "It may be the Ogalala affair."

With a twist of the thin lips which was meant for a smile Dinsdale said: "It easily could be that—if he's still working for the railroad. Who's Cheyenne?"
"Just a friend. He signs his messages that way. He knows I meet some pretty good boys in my business who may have slipped and who may be wanted. That's all. Does Omaha know you by sight?"
"I don't think so." And Dinsdale drummed the table gently, his eyes filled with a far-away look. "I know I never saw him to know him. What's he look like? What's his real name?"
"Like yourself, I never saw him to my knowledge," replied the gambler regretfully. "I never heard him called anything but 'Jim Omaha.' Union Pacific bloodhound. He'd never come up here except on big business. Railroad business."

"Then it's the Ogalala affair, all right," tersely declared Dinsdale. "Wonder if he's struck the gulch yet?"
"Small chance. I know pretty well who comes in on the stage." Then thoughtfully: "But if he has sneaked in he's got a fine line on you. The town's boiling over with fool talk about your doings. Even Cheyenne City must have heard by this time that you're called the 'greenback man.' You've got Kitty against you, also Keno Frank, French Curly, and not knowing how many others."
"Mayor Farnum doesn't feel just like a brother to me. And don't forget Bandy Allen."

"I wish you wouldn't try to be funny when things may be very serious," protested the gambler.
"But I'm not joking. Why, I've received a dozen warnings today against Bandy Allen."
"Bah! French Curly trying to be cunning. I'll dress him for that."
"Then there's the mayor; tried to order me out of town this morning," added Dinsdale.

"Well, you have made a mess of it. Take the mayor's advice and get out for a few days anyway. Make that prospecting trip with Iron Pyrites. Start in the morning. Be in Rapid City this day week, or send Pyrites in. I'll have a talk waiting for you at Calvin's eating house."
"I don't fancy running away just because this Omaha is said to be coming here."

"Prospecting, not running. You know better than I whether it means a running should he recognize you."
"When it comes to gun-play—" boldly began Dinsdale.
"Discard! Discard!" snapped San Juan. "I ain't gunning for your confidence. But I met Pyrites right after getting the message, and I told him I wouldn't stake him and that you probably would. If you say the word he'll call for you early in the morning. He'll have your outfit ready. All you'll have to do is to take your guns and stay out till you get my word at Rapid City a week from today."

But Dinsdale grew more defiant, and sullenly insisted:
"I ain't afraid of Jim Omaha. He either doesn't know me, or else he does. If he does know me—well, he isn't called the 'bloodhound' for nothing; and I might as well have it out here as to have him chasing me over into Montana."

"I was looking further ahead than that," said the gambler. "If he comes and goes, and the coast remains clear, you can return and sit into a game that'll make you overlasted pile. It'll make the Ogalala job look like a two-bit limit game. It'll be as quick as it is big."

With scowling brows Dinsdale declared:
"I don't know anything about the Ogalala job. Let Omaha come and try to nail it on me. He'll have his hands full to make it stick. Nothing at all to hook me up to that business."

San Juan Joe smiled cynically and softly reminded him:
"Nothing at all except the talk about you being the 'greenback man.' But undoubtedly you could explain when and where you got hold of so much paper money—new money, at that."

Dinsdale's face lengthened; then grew ugly, as he muttered:
"It'll be up to him and the Union Pacific to show down, not me. Maybe I won it at gambling."
"All right, Dinsdale. I've done my best for you, but a man must play his

own hand. I saw trouble where no trouble exists, undoubtedly. And I was selfish; I confess it. But I did want you to join me in a little matter, little work and big results. A bit of business where you couldn't lose if you had nerve. And I'll gamble you've got mountains of nerve."
Dinsdale chewed his under lip reflectively, and in a milder tone said: "I've got nerve, all right. Ain't boasting for me to say that. About all I have got," and he laughed shortly. "But look at it my way: I want a squint at Jim Omaha. If he's on my trail I want to know him by sight. A man doesn't have to scoot from these hills just because some one is after him."
San Juan gazed at the determined face admiringly.
"Yes, Dinsdale, you're outfitted with nerve. I'm no tenderfoot, but when it comes to Jim Omaha and he has reason to think he wants me—excuse me! "Better men than I have run away



"All Right, Dinsdale. I've Done My Best for You."
Dinsdale began to realize that his appearance was the cause for the excitement. He remained motionless, wondering what it was all about. That he was not a favorite with the strangely acting spectators was proved by a deep voice bawling:
"Now git him, Bandy!"
Dinsdale growled under his breath and glared suspiciously about, expecting an attack from every patch of shadow. He had not placed any credence in the threats of Bandy Allen so persistently repeated to him during the day. He sincerely hoped it was a false alarm, and he would have hurried on if not for the fear that Allen was in ambush ahead. There was Mayor Farnum's warning, concise and positive, against any street fighting. The town would not be safe for any one who indulged in the pastime. And Dinsdale wished to remain until he had glimpsed Jim Omaha. From the medley of voices, calling warnings for him to run, jeeringly denouncing him, and urging Allen to "settle his hash," it was plain Allen had been making his boast at the hotel and the street in front of the building had been picked for the assault.

"Where is he?" loudly yelled Dinsdale, not knowing whether to retreat or advance.
"Here he comes! Run!" some one

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from him or tried to, and they've told me about him—some of them have. Others have just dropped out of sight and they didn't go into hiding. Then this prospecting trip with Pyrites is off, eh?"

"I won't say it's off," was the slow response. "Maybe after this cuss blows in and I have had a chance to size him up, so I can know him on sight the next time we meet, I'll go away with Pyrites for a bit. Maybe then I'd be keen to come back and dip into the big game you're raving about."

"I'm afraid Pyrites won't wait. He's crazy on the one subject—prospecting. If you don't stake him, and I don't, he'll get some one else to. If he can't get a stake he'll go without one. He starts tomorrow morning, stake or no stake. Then again, there wouldn't be any point in your going with him except as you did so to dodge Omaha."

"Don't agree with that last," stubbornly retorted Dinsdale. "All I want is one peek at Omaha. Just a look so I'll know him and not be thinking that every stranger may be him. I sort of feel I ought to stick along here till I can size the 'bloodhound' up. Just sort of feel that way."

"So long as he can't be after you for the railroad job there's no reason why you shouldn't stay here as long as you wish," the gambler carelessly replied.

"Oh, he may think he has reason to want me," mumbled Dinsdale. "Anyway, I'm much obliged to you for the trouble you've taken."
"Not a bit. I was selfish. I wanted you in with me on the big thing. Perhaps it'll work around to that."

They shook hands and Dinsdale slipped out into the night.
As he reached the lighter street before the Centennial hotel some one in front of the hotel called out sharply and men appeared at the windows and ran from the door. Those who left the building scurried around the corners. Curious to see what was about to happen Dinsdale halted and sought the cause of the disturbance.

"Run! Greenback! Run, you fool!" shouted a man crouching at the corner of the hotel.
"He's after you, most proper!" howled another voice.

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shouted.
But coming from which direction? Dinsdale knew he must leave town on the jump if any fighting resulted. With hand on his gun and his head swinging from side to side, he advanced a few rods when a head popped from behind a dry-goods box. Dinsdale whipped out his gun but refrained from firing when a voice shouted:
"The hotel! He's coming out!"

The light was sufficient for Dinsdale to recognize the speaker to be Scissors, and he swung about on his heel just as Bandy Allen ran into the road from the hotel, a long gun clasped in his two hands. Up went the gun to his shoulder and down dropped Dinsdale, and two loads of slugs tore with a scream over his head. Had he remained erect he would have caught the charge full in the chest. He rolled to one side and came up on one knee as Allen dropped the shotgun and began firing with his hand-guns, the lead kicking the dirt into Dinsdale's face.

"Go back!" he roared, throwing himself flat and rolling toward the box which sheltered Scissors.
Perhaps Allen believed his quarry was seriously wounded and unable to gain his feet; perhaps the influence impelling him to commit the murder outweighed all sense of discretion. Whatever was driving him to make his kill he did not falter, but with a loud yell of triumph began running toward the writhing figure. With the resilience of a steel spring Dinsdale came to his feet. Allen came to a halt and fired with his left hand and was throwing down his right-hand gun when Dinsdale's lead caught him in the forehead.

As Allen went down on his face some one grabbed Dinsdale's arm; said Scissors was wailing:
"Now you've gone and done it! Drinking, gambling, scaring folks, wasting the city fathers, and now a killing! Come away! Come away!"

And he urged Dinsdale down the street.
"Shut up! Think you're telling me something new?" growled Dinsdale. "Keep along with me till I can write a few words to San Juan. Give me some of your paper!"

He halted in the light of a gambling-hall window and placing the pad against Scissors' back he found a pencil and hurriedly wrote:
"Allen laid for me. I did for him. Am riding south. Start Pyrites early in a. m. I'll meet him on the stage road ten miles from town. Have him bring outfit, a forty-four Winchester rifle and plenty of ammunition. Allen was drunk or crazy. Use your influence with city council. Kill off any mob talk. I'll look for a message at Rapid City week from today—P. D."

"Take this to San Juan Joe in a rush. Scissors. If he's in a game, break in so he can read it at once. Don't talk."

Then he hurried down the street, running swiftly when he came to the dark stretches. Discardant cries gradually merged into a sullen roar, the hunting call of the mob. He was well ahead of his pursuers, however, for he gained Clarke's livery stable and procured his horse from the sleepy hostler and cantered down the stage road without anyone questioning his going.

CHAPTER VI
Pyrites was garrulously grateful to Dinsdale for providing the stake, and for two days of their hurried journey toward the divide between Rapid and

(Continued on page 5)