

HALSEY ENTERPRISE An Independent—Not Neutral—Newspaper, published every Wednesday, by Wm. H. WHEELER

Subscription, \$1.50 a year in advance. Advertising, 2c an inch; no discount for time or space; no charge for composition or changes.

To Advertisers Copy received before Tuesday is in time for good position. Wednesday is late and Thursday's mail is too late.

LAW IS NOT JUSTICE

A criminal court is not a court of justice.

An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is not justice.

"Make the punishment fit the crime" is a trite but meaningless phrase.

In most criminal cases justice is impossible and the law does not attempt it.

Hanging a murderer is not justice. It does not undo the wrong he has done to his victim and his victim's family and friends.

We do not hang a murderer for revenge, nor to exact impossible justice from him, but to make it impossible for him to commit another offense such as he has committed.

That is why the command was given, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

OUR LOVED RELATIONS

An exchange says a Marion county man is in a quandary as to how he shall vote for United States senator because both McNary and Miller are blood relations to him in the same degree.

We advise the Marion county man to do as this editor will do—vote for the man whose course in the senate will, in his judgment, be best for the people of America and of the world.

Mr. McNary has done much good in the senate, and has the advantage, as has Coolidge, of being already in the office, and the probability is that both of them will be elected, but "doubtful things are mighty unsartin."

Mr. McNary and Miller both avow support of prohibition, which coincides with the ideas of the Enterprise, But— The peace of the world will probably be assured, if at all in this age, through the league of nations.

Mr. McNary also voted for Newberry, whose case raised such an odor that he resigned as soon as he could after he had paid for his whitewash by voting with the bloc against the league.

Mr. Miller stands flat-footed for the league, and for that will get the vote of the editor.

PERJURY ENCOURAGED

There are phases of the administration of our laws that encourage perjury. One of these is the admission in evidence of the mouthings of "experts" "psycho-analysts" and conscienceless ignoramuses with

Ingeniously devised terms by which they designate the guesses which they parade on the witness stand as super-knowledge, to muddle and mystify jurors.

Our laws permit those who have wealth to bribe these so-called "experts" with high fees, and they do it.

We have too many laws now, but one is needed making it a felony to give or receive a fee for testimony in excess of what is allowed by law as a witness fee.

Such a law would work no hardship on witnesses. An "expert" whose time is worth three or four hundred dollars a day is surely making enough money so that he can well afford to come down to earth and spend a day or a week on the witness stand for the same fee that John Smith gets when he is compelled to leave his farm and livestock for the same purpose.

Inoculating Legumes Is Not Difficult Process

To inoculate legumes procure the dirt from the roots of legumes showing abundant nodules development, taking care that the rays of a bright sun do not strike it (1 quart for each bushel of seed).

For soy beans get dirt from beans, for alfalfa and sweet clover get dirt either from alfalfa or from sweet clover.

Allow the dirt to dry in a sack or a covered box, work it from time to time and finally pulverize it to a complete dust.

Dissolve six ounces of carpenter's glue in one gallon of water.

Spread the seed on a tight floor in a room with the windows partly darkened. Sprinkle on the glue solution until the seed is barely moist, stirring thoroughly with a garden rake.

Then sprinkle on slowly the dirt dust, stirring continually with the rake until the glue solution has hardened. This will leave every seed covered with the dirt dust carrying the nitrogen-fixing bacteria.

The seed thus prepared may be seeded at once or sacked and set aside for a week or more before seeding. Care should be taken that the seed is uniformly covered as soon as possible following the seeding, as bright sunlight would destroy the inoculation.

dined on cooked meat and bread brought from Calvin's eating-house. After filling his pipe Dinsdale endeavored to learn something more about his companion's experience when a captive of the Indians, also something about his earlier antecedents, his birthplace, and the extent of his schooling. But Scissors for once was not responsive.

"I forget. It was a very long time ago—before I became wakan wita-sha. A mystery man forgets useless things. See, now; a new picture. I could always do it."

"The fellows we saw riding up the stage road," said Dinsdale.

"If I could meet some of them in San Juan's place I could get a dollar for it," mused Scissors as he carefully refolded the strip of figures. "Old Calvin

wanted me to pay him a percentage for all I sold in the gambling hall. I wouldn't do it. The girl dealing Twenty-one wouldn't let him order me out. I hope nothing happens to Sitting Bull while I'm gone. The Chinese cook said he would feed him just as I told him to. I think he will; he's afraid of me. Calls me a 'devil man.' I told him if the owl wasn't all right when I got back I'd make many pictures of him without his queue. He squealed like a rat. Ah! I hear an owl now. Some one's ghost is trying to tell me things."

"You give me the creeps," sleepily said Dinsdale.

They had rigged an extra blanket over some low hanging branches as a protection against the dew, and Dinsdale crawled under this and was soon asleep. Scissors remained for another hour, blinking at the coals and absent-mindedly playing with the scissors. A long-eared owl called to the eye of the fire and a timber wolf howled dimly. Covering the coals with gravel the picture man crawled in beside his companion.

Sunrise was free from fog and the two were up with the first light and eating their prepared food. Scissors was still apprehensive of danger, for he would have no fire kindled. They went without coffee, and the omission made Dinsdale sullen.

Shortly before noon they rode through the dry bed of Elk creek and by midday arrived at Bear creek. Halting at Bear only long enough to rest their mounts and swallow some meat and bread they entered a wide valley, running north and south, with Bear butte showing six miles ahead. They camped on the lower fork of Bear Butte creek and Dinsdale's mood improved when Scissors kindled a fire and placed the coffee on to boil. Scissors, too, was in a better humor and he made an elaborate picture of the flat-topped butte.

"What are they saying about me in Deadwood City, Scissors?"

The picture-man seemed to be befuddled for half a minute. He stared at Dinsdale stupidly while his wits tried to formulate an answer. At last he blurted out:

"You ain't blamed for killing Bandy Allen. Some men whisper that you're a road-agent. Others offer to bet your're a train robber."

"How would you bet?"

"Train robber," was the prompt reply; and Scissors reached in his pocket for another piece of paper. "You have more style in throwing money around than the agents have."

"Still you think it's safe for me to go back to town?"

"I'm a mystery man. I see things other folks don't see. There's a woman who'd do you harm, yet she'd act foolish if you'd be kind to her. She's talking and trying to make medicine against you. But folks think she's jealous. San Juan Joe is your friend. He speaks good words to the men of the city council about you. He tells them you're going into a business deal with him. Then there's the way you came through Red canyon. Folks can't forget that. Every time they see the little girl they remember that. All that's against you is just talk. Bad talk."

"Scissors, I sweep my hat low to you. You have some brains. I believe you've read the cards right—all except about the jealous woman."

"Every one believes that. The woman shows it in lots of her talk. There's no other explanation for the way she gets after you. The town was stirred up a bit over Allen's death for a day or so, but now decent folks are glad he's dead. If you go back and quiet down no one will trouble you."

"San Juan tells every one you and he are to organize a flume company to supply hydraulic power. That catches every one's fancy. Six men killed by Indians within four miles of Deadwood since you went away. Patrick and Sanbury offer five hundred reward for the capture of any man who helped run off twenty head of their best stock from the French Creek station. They threaten to stop their stages if the horse thieves aren't caught pretty soon. So you see the gulch has other things on its mind besides you and your deings."

"I see. Any strangers in town?"

"Scissors gaped in wild amazement. "Stranger? Why, you must know they're coming and going all the time. Only they don't go by because of the Indians."

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fellow called Omaha?" Scissors pursed his lips and screwed up his whimsical features in an effort to remember. Then he slowly said: "Name sounds familiar. Maybe it's because of the city by that name. Queer name for a man to have."

Dinsdale lapsed into meditation and did not hear the rambling talk of his companion, including a lengthy explanation of the various Siouan cults. He revealed his abstraction when he suddenly inquired:

"See anything of the girl I brought out of Red canyon? Lottie Carl is her name. She's staying with Widow Colt."

Scissors nodded eagerly.

"I've seen her on the street with Mrs. Colt. She never goes out alone. That makes me remember something else—Kitty the Schemer went to the Colt house. The widow sent her out flying. They say Kitty was mad enough to chew up a harness. I'd forgotten all about that."

"So?" grieved Dinsdale. "How much more have you forgotten?"

"I don't know," was the frank reply. "Probably a lot. Since I became wakan I've forgotten lots of foolish stuff."

"Please don't forget we're going back to Deadwood City. When do we strike for the gulch?"

"We're wide of the stage road, and better so," readily replied Scissors. "Those men on horseback will string out and trail along in twos and threes right into the gulch. Some of them will even risk riding into the town. Each one will be watching out for you. If we follow the middle branch of this creek to its head we'll be only a few miles south of Deadwood. There's an old trail that we can take."

"Listen, Scissors; I'm not afraid of those horse thieves trying any game close to Deadwood. Let's take the most direct way to town. I'm keen to get back."

Scissors grinned cunningly.

"Strike right out and have you get into a fight?" he said. "You'd say you'd killed a horse thief. How would you prove it? The town would say you're a natural-born gun fighter and always looking for trouble. They'd remember you left a dead man behind when you lit out with Pyrites. It would never do to mark your return with another dead man. San Juan Joe said—I just remember it this minute—that you couldn't stand having an other killing to your credit till the first one is forgotten. He has lots of influence in town, but he can't use it all up on one man."

Dinsdale took a few farewell puffs at his pipe and knocked out the heel, and surrendered.

"I'm not looking for trouble. I'm ready for the middle fork of this creek. We'll make town as soon as possible and without making the eagle scream."

"That's my notion," heartily endorsed Scissors. "Turning in? Think I'll sit up a while and think things out. I don't sleep well. Too many dreams. Some are bad. Price a man pays for being wakan."

Nor did Dinsdale rest well that night. He dreamed of Lottie Carl being in the power of Kitty the Schemer, of Mayor Farnum suddenly turning into a savage, of San Juan being killed in a fight. He was up early and wondering what could be the matter with his nerves. He walked some distance from the camp in the hope that exercise would clear away his

He Found Where Someone Had Dug Into the Marly Shale.

feeling of depression. He found where some one had dug into the marly shale, and, being ignorant of geology, was much surprised to discover fish spines and a coiled cephalopod in the broken formation. He carried his discoveries back to display to Scissors. The picture-man was setting out the last of their meat. Finishing his task he explained:

"Either Indians, while hunting for a new medicine, or the men with the seventy-four expedition did it. The expedition quit the hills along about here, for they visited Bear butte. We can visit the butte, too, if you care to. It's only five miles from here and but a short distance beyond the middle fork, where we're bound for. Won't take more'n thirty minutes to climb it. From the top we can see all over creation. If Easy and his friends are

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between us and Deadwood they'll be sure to have a camp and show a smoke."

The conical mass of Mato Tipl, rising abruptly from the plains to a height of twelve hundred feet, presented a singular appearance and one that appealed strongly to Dinsdale's love for the unusual. Already it had a distinct personality for him, an atmosphere resting on legends and the beliefs of the red men. On being questioned Scissors said it was difficult to climb unless one followed paths from the northwest or southeast sides. "Do you want to visit the top?" asked Dinsdale.

"Only for the sake of looking for a hostile smoke. If alone I'd want to go, as it was there, at the top of Mato Tipl, that I gave the Ogalaia Teton the slip. I went with a band to place small rocks in the trees in memory of the dead. I came down the southeast slope in the dark."

"An hour or two won't make any difference. We'll climb it and have a look around," agreed Dinsdale.

Secretly pleased at this decision Scissors brought up the horses and a short ride brought them to the middle fork of the creek. Splashing through the shallow waters Scissors led the way toward the southeast slope. As they advanced the mystery place became ever more interesting. Dinsdale was surprised to discover he was anticipating pleasure from the trip.

They dismounted at a stretch of scrub-spruce at the base of the butte and Dinsdale was astounded at the abrupt change in his companion's deportment. It was as if the influence of Mato Tipl, the Grizzly Bear lodge, had reached down and gripped the picture-man and had stripped him of reason. From his pocket he produced the string of horsemen, out at the former camp, and, singing in the Teton dialect, proceeded to detach the foremost rider and pin the long strip and the single picture around Dinsdale's hat.

"What the devil!" sharply demanded Dinsdale, submitting to the decoration because of his surprise.

"Don't do anything. Don't look. Don't say anything. Don't touch a gun. We've run into a trap," whispered Scissors.

"Indians!" muttered Dinsdale, standing motionless.

"In the scrub just beyond the mouth of the path. They'll riddle us if we try to mount. Do as I do and show no fear when they break cover."

He knelt and began picking up small rocks, searching for those round and unweathered. Dinsdale dropped down beside him and blindly imitated his example. And as he picked up the stones Scissors sang in English the song he had sung in the Teton:

From everywhere they come flying. From the north the wind is blowing to earth. Rattling, flying, they come, they come. From everywhere they come.

He ceased singing and made a little mound of the stones, using those Dinsdale had collected as well as his own. On top of the pile he placed his picture of Mato Tipl with a single stone to keep it from blowing away. Then rising to his feet and throwing back

(Continued on page 3)

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Pay Gravel by HUGH PENDEXTER. Illustration of a man with a shovel and a pile of gravel.

COPYRIGHT by THE BOBBY-MERRILL CO. (Continued) "You seem to know lots about Indians," complimented Dinsdale, now throwing off his own abstraction. "My mind is half red," murmured Scissors. "Do you see anything to put you on edge?" "I see nothing, but I feel. I'm wakan—I feel things before they happen."

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