

"Well, I described Mr. Brent to the agent and it seems that a man of his description got off the train here day before yesterday morning lugging three or four baskets. There was a boy with him, too, and that's about the only way we can hope to trace him—through the boy."

Then came the other voice: "They are liable to be in any one of a hundred places, and the only thing we can do is to stay around here until we learn that boy's haunts and then trace them out. We've got to get his signature to that thing, and we've got to have him in there to send it through. Now you are sure that you stand with him all right, are you, Mr. Scrotties?"

The injured toe sprang into activity again—and then ceased at the sound of the confidential manager's voice. "Yes, he's trusted me in everything. I can get him to do it, all right. He won't see through."

"What does he place the plant at now?" the other man questioned.

"He figures it about a hundred thousand shy of what it is. I believe if I talk hard enough I can get the place away from him for four hundred thousand dollars. That's two hundred thousand less than it's really worth. You would have to split the difference with me if I got it."

There was a pause for a moment, and in that space of time all the colors in the rainbow faded through the angry mind of Thomas Brent. Scrotties, the man he had trusted for years, was false. This was the reason that items which should have gone into the profit column had gone into that of loss. The man whom he had trusted to work between him and the plant at large had been really working against him. He had been a traitor.

The gyrations of a music master could not have equaled then the twitching of Mr. Brent's injured toe as he came to this realization. A wild desire was in him to leap out, grasp the offending employee by the throat and shake vengeance out of him, but something held him back. The voice had begun again.

"We'd better wait until morning before we do anything," the stranger was repeating. "Then we'll get hold of this kid's mother, find out where he's liable to be, and go after him. I think that is best."

Together they moved away into the darkness, leaving the owner of the Amalgamated Foundry company pulpulating behind the truck.

"You thieves!" he cried as he shook his hands in the air. "You holdup men! You pickpockets! You thugs! You blackmailers! You robbers! You purse snatchers! I'll—I'll—I'll—Blame me if I'll do anything of the kind," he ended up shortly.

For a moment he remained in thought, a trembling sort of thought, as it were, in which his whole body shook ague-like. At last he swung his head with that doggedness which had characterized his business life.

"No; I'll not go back there and fight 'em," he said at last. "I'll let 'em run their game as long as they want to run it, and then I'll rise up and swat 'em—like a fly. That's what I'll do," he added with some satisfaction in the thought. "I'll swat 'em hard."

"Where in the world have I heard that voice!" He rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Where have I—Brady!" he exclaimed suddenly and slammed a hand on the truck. "Brady, that's who it was—Brady of the Kelly Griggs company. They think they'll take me in for four hundred thousand, do they? Well, they won't. I'll just let them chase themselves before they get me in on the deal. Brady, huh!" He swung his arms something after the fashion of a windmill. "Woof! Get me back to town to throw away a hundred thousand dollars, huh? Not if I know it! Not by your red ban danna!"

He whirled and started back down the railroad track. Suddenly a sudden thought hit him and he almost ran. "Those crawdadders!" he exclaimed.

Steadily he pushed forward. Now and then he stubbed his sore toe against a jutting tie and groaned with the pain of it. But the exclamation came through set teeth, for Thomas Brent, with a determined air, pushed on.

"Sting me for a hundred thousand, will they?" he repeated time after time. "Yes; they will—not!"

It was long after sunrise when the sleepy eyes of the freckled-face boy perceived the figure of a bedraggled man toiling up the slope toward the Cave de la Brent. His eyes were heavy, but there was an air of determination in them. He limped, but his steps did not falter. His face was set.

"Freck," he exclaimed, "I'm hungry! Give me something to eat."

The boy was on his feet now. "What do you want, Mr. Brent?"

"Anything short of sole leather," came the answer. "I've got an appetite that is an appetite. I want a loaf of bread, and I want the slices cut thick, and I want about ten times as much gravy as you made last night. Did you get any frogs this morning?"

"Yes—four."

"I want all of 'em, Freck; I'm hungry."

Slice after slice of gravy-soaked bread was salted and stowed away. Frog leg after frog leg disappeared before Thomas Brent leaned back grunting with satisfaction, and crossed his hands over his stomach.

"Freck," he said with a look toward the cave, "where's those crawdadders?"

"Gone."

"Live in town?"

"Yes."

"Probably tell all about what hap-

pened last night?"

"Maybe. Mummy Taylor said before she left she—"

"Well," broke in the man of the red feet. "Freck, we got to move, and it's up to you to find a cave where ten thousand men on horseback with search warrants couldn't hunt us out if they had to. And you've got to do it quick. Understand?"

Freck looked up unconcernedly. "I know one already," he said and gazed interestedly at the newly manufactured prongs of a bean shooter.

The man above him allowed his face to lighten. The corners of his lips spread wide, then wider. The eyes lighted with a spirit that only the steadily rising sun could equal.

"Freck," said Mr. Thomas Brent with a wealth of feeling, "I think you are going to be my confidential agent."

Late that night, after many a stop, after many greetings and changes of mind on the part of Thomas Brent, Freck led his employer up a little narrow runway from Indian creek and then to the mouth of a large cave.

(To be continued)

Oregon, "The State Magazine," is the title of a new and handsome monthly published at Eugene. This first number is artistically printed and profusely illustrated. Its contents include some official information regarding Oregon scenic wonders and agricultural advantages and an illustrated discussion of the processes of nature which changed a vast scope of ocean into the present mountains, valleys and plains of Oregon. The name of the managing editor, Albert Rebel, suggests that it will be independent.

Pertaining to Public Schools

Halsey Players Win a Ball Game or Two (School Reporter)

The baseball teams of Halsey hi engaged in play with Monroe hi Friday on the local diamonds. The Halsey girls lost, 41 to 34, and the boys won by 6 to 1 over Monroe.

The cast of "The Path Across the Hill" is planning to give the play at Oakville Friday, May 20. The proceeds of the play will go to Oakville community. The Oakville community will also bring a play to Halsey some time later, and the proceeds will go to the high school gymnasium fund. There is about \$250 now in the gym fund. The high school also has a quantity of paper to sell which will add to the sum. We earnestly urge the patrons and friends to support the Oakville play here at Halsey, so that a good gymnasium can be erected in the near future.

Nora Coldiron received a slight injury to her eye Friday by a ball, while the girls were practicing at noon, and was unable to attend school in the afternoon.

The Bible study examinations were given Friday. Elsie Reynolds took the Old Testament in the forenoon and Helen Carter, Elsie Reynolds and Charley Wright took the New Testament in the afternoon.

The botany class makes frequent trips to Lake Oogle for the purpose of obtaining flowers and plants. They are chaperoned by their teacher, Miss Furgeson.

The student body officers for next year are president Carl Sperling, vice-president Carl Isom, secretary Bessie Reynolds, treasurer Jennie Nicewood, reporter Wilma Wahl, sergeant-at-arms Francis Leeper.

The boys' baseball team played Tangent Friday, April 29, and won, 6 to 7. Club work makes better boys and girls. Better boys and girls make better citizens. Better citizens make a better country. Be patriotic and attend on achievement day at the schoolhouse, Saturday, May 21.

There will be an exhibit of all club work of Halsey and surrounding schools, an interesting day's program, and baseball games. Come and see the work of the clubs and schools.

Did you notice in last week's Enterprise how Mr. Dunn in "The Water Bearer" almost but not quite names familiar places, people and events in and about San Francisco? When he writes of the Colorado river and the wonderful crops resulting from the combination of water with desert soil and climate he applies no disguise, but San Francisco he calls "Golden," the Southern Pacific the "Sun-down" road, its president, Mr. Fowne, "Towle," Spring Valley "Crystal Springs," etc.

The Oregon Voter asserts that the Patterson income tax, if adopted, will increase taxes of payroll industries in Oregon by as much as 100 per cent. If that is true, it is a confession that those whose taxes will be so increased are now paying to the tax collectors only three per cent of their net incomes, for the maximum rate of the Patterson income tax bill is only three per cent. How happy the farmer would be if he could get his taxes down as low as three per cent of his net income.—Eugene Register.

The Pathfinder of Washington, D. C., is an excellent weekly in many respects and its circulation shows that its merits are widely appreciated, but in its discussion of consumption in its "Our Health" department it overlooked what we regard as the most important measure in fighting that disease. We refer to the extensive exposure of the patient to direct sunlight, the ultra-violet rays of which have the power of penetrating the body and killing the tubercle microbe. These rays cannot go through window glass, and that, more than the fresh air even, accounts for the success of the outdoor treatment of tuberculosis.

There was once a man in Chicago with an exceedingly exalted opinion of his own city. He died, and upon reaching his eternal home he said to the attendant who opened the gate: "Really, this does great credit to Chicago. I expected to see some change in heaven." The attendant replied: "This isn't heaven."

Reported to the state board of health from this county last week were 7 cases of chickenpox, 6 of whooping cough, 1 of measles and, for the first time in many months, not one of flu. From Jackson county 11 cases of tuberculosis were reported; and of measles 38 from Douglas county and 231 from Portland and Multnomah county.



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