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TRIANGLE

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FLEECE TWINE used and new WOOL SACKS

O. W. FRUM

(Continued from page 4)

some men in Lower Fifth avenue were discussing his ruin.

Malet had returned from Philadelphia, where he had thrown up his position. Already another laboratory assistant had taken Bradney's place. The two had yielded to Peter Milman's importunities and agreed to remain as his guests. Neeland Barnes had not yet come back from Peekskill. He had gone with the avowed intention of paying Lippsky something off his account and hurrying back with some clothes.

So that he might escape the ridicule attending a man who reaches his suburban home in full evening dress at midday, Barnes arranged to come to his distasteful abode when it was dusk. He wanted to remove his entire wardrobe from the Lippsky shack and pay as little of the deferred rent as possible.

In Lippsky's front yard, which commanded a view of his tenant's entrances and exits, the aggrieved landlord was trying to bring to maturity depressed looking vegetables. His eyes glistened when he saw who approached. He dropped his spade and hurried to meet Neeland Barnes.

"Was you expecting a lady?" he demanded.

"Good God, no!" Barnes stopped instantly. Had old ghosts arisen to confound him?

"Has any woman the right to go in and monkey about with your things?" "Absolutely nobody," Barnes cried.

"Mr. Barnes," said Lippsky shrilly, "you are a loafer. You sent her in to get your clothes so you should go away and leave me without nothing to hold. I got your number, and by golly I got hers. I locked her in, and I tell her if she makes a fuss I send for the police. You thought you should find me out. You know this is my lodge night."

"I didn't know there was a lodge low enough to admit you," Barnes said angrily, "and I sent nobody here. Send for the police. I've had enough of your d--d insolence."

"Pretending she was a fine lady," said Lippsky, who was growing angry. "Looking at me and my house as though we was dirt. She wouldn't believe you lived here. I tell her right quick you wouldn't even be living here if you didn't come over with rent."

Neeland Barnes removed his silk hat and mopped his brow.

"My good ass," he began, "what the devil are you ranting about?"

"I tell her," Lippsky went on, unappreciated, "you could go out with your fine gentleman's clothes on, and a silk hat even, and treat me like dirt. I'm a citizen here same as you, and this is an end of you walking over me with your silk hat and your fifteen dollar shoes. I know the price of them shoes. I tell her to scream all she likes, nobody hears away up here."

"You mean to say you've locked a strange woman up in my house?"

"It's my house. If you pay the rent, you can go in and get your clothes. If you don't, you stay out." Feverishly Lippsky destroyed whatever chance of life a row of koly-rabi might have had. Then, when he saw his tenant march toward the shack, he followed.

"One of them yellow birds," he scolded as he trotted by the tall man's side. "A swell lady who said she didn't know how you could live in

my father. What makes you stay in such a funny place as this?" Suddenly she caught sight of Lippsky. "Who is that dreadful little creature?"

Lippsky spoke up distinctly.

"I own this house, and I've come for the rent. If he don't pay, he goes to sleep in the village jail. I guess he don't mind. I guess it ain't for the first time. He ain't got no money. You say he's your father." Lippsky grinned. "Well, you got the chance to save your daddy from jail."

"Dad," she whispered, "I hadn't any idea it was as bad as this. I've only three dollars left. The boat trip took all my savings."

"My dear girl," he said easily, "the man is known widely as the village idiot. Nobody believes him. It does happen that my rent is due. By the way, how much is it?"

"Ninety dollars eighty cents." "I rather thought it was more," said Barnes. He took out a roll of bills and paid. He was left with seven dollars. His reward came in the relief the girl showed.

"It's a fad of mine staying up here," he admitted. "The air is good and I've been in training. I shall leave now. I think we'll go to New York as soon as possible. How lovely you look. You have those unforgettable violet eyes of your mother, but you are taller." The thought that he had nowhere to take her made him miserable, but he would not let her see it.

It was incomprehensible to him that the countess of Horsham, his late wife's eldest sister, had allowed her niece to come. The countess had always been his enemy.

"It came to a point," the girl said when they were in a New York-bound train, "when I was asked to drop my own name and take my mother's. Not that I minded being Nita Fessenden, except that it seemed as though I were publicly ashamed of you. I simply refused. There were awful rows. So I ran away. I was twenty-one and my own mistress. I sent all the jewels and presents back and started to earn my living."

"Nita," he cried, with admiration in his look, "how could you possibly do what I've always failed in?"

"It wasn't easy at first," she ad-

mitted, "but I stuck it out and made enough money in secretarial work to come out to my own country second cabin. I tried to find you six months ago, but the silly clubs returned all your letters."

Neeland Barnes colored. "Must have mislaid the address," he said; "d--d careless of them. I shall report it." He wondered how she had run him to earth.

"When I got to New York I phoned the Knickerbocker. I knew it used to be your favorite club. I told the secretary, or whoever it was, that I was your daughter and simply had to find you, and they told me to call up later. When I did they said you lived in Peekskill. I spent three hours looking and then that village idiot locked me in."

She did not tell him that naturally she had started her search expecting to find him in one of the better sections of the charming Hudson-side city. The Lippsky cottage on the outskirts had been a dreadful shock. But the search was over and she was happy. She was very proud of him. Her aunt had drawn the picture of a decrepit, vice-ridden physical wreck. Instead he was vigorous, clear-skinned, and agile.

"Where are we going, daddy?" she demanded, after she had passed Sing Sing's embattled walls.

"I'm staying with Peter Milman," he answered. "Lady Horsham may have mentioned him."

"I remember. His wife ran away and he shut himself up in his house and went mad."

"That is just what your aunt would say," he returned. "He did not go mad. He happens to be the best friend I have, and I shall ask him to let you stay the night there. Much better than a stuffy, noisy hotel."

"And tomorrow we'll get a cozy little flat. I've often wanted to look over the treetops into Central park."

"I'm afraid cozy little flats on Fifth avenue where you were born aren't exactly within my means. The view is just as pretty from Central Park west." He groaned to think they were just as difficult to attain.

"Anything you like," she said happily.

Peter Milman and his two guests had finished dinner and were in the large drawing room when Achille came in with the news that Neeland Barnes had returned with a lady!

Bradney looked at Malet and shook his head. It was in Bradney's mind that Barnes had spent his money on liquid refreshment and had so far forgotten himself as to seek to introduce a lady friend to a bachelor establishment. He could see that Peter Milman was much disturbed.

A moment later Neeland Barnes was introducing a very pretty, gracious girl with charming speaking voice as Anita Barnes newly come from England. Peter Milman's annoyance was banished momentarily as he thought of the ramifications of his family tree. The girl must be, remotely, a distant cousin. He greeted her with distinguished courtesy and introduced the other men to her.

"Most extraordinary," Neeland Barnes began. "Entirely unlooked for. I feel as if I had come in for a fortune." He smiled at his daughter. "I have, and that's a fact. She has been living with her aunt in England."

"Till I couldn't stand it any longer," Nita informed them.

Her father was greatly troubled. Circumstances, as he would presently explain to Mr. Milman, had compelled him to bring his long-lost daughter here. But what he had to say could not be said in her presence.

"I wonder," he said ingenuously, "whether Mr. Malet would mind showing you the Japanese garden. You'll be simply crazy over it, especially the 'Stone of the Unfortunate Burglar.' Mr. Malet understands these things so much better than I do." He winked ponderously at the sculptor. He tried to convey the impression that he must speak privately with his host.

"A Japanese garden?" she cried. "How delightful. Please, Mr. Malet, show me its wonders."

"Look here," said her father when she had gone. "I couldn't help this. They made things so hard for her that she ran away. She had an idea I was sick and in need of her. She actually earned her passage money. The first of my breed to earn money! She was waiting at Peekskill for me. Lippsky saw his chance and made the most of it. I had to pay everything. You see me now penniless again. She thinks I am staying here overnight and will take an apartment on Central park tomorrow." He looked appealing at the two men. "Could I help it? I had to bring her here. She has nothing left. The Barnes breed of cattle's not economical. Here we are beggars, outcasts in our own city."

"Neither beggars nor outcasts for three months—at least—" Peter Milman said cheerfully. "Of course, your daughter must remain here. It will be pleasant to have someone young and beautiful with us." He lowered his voice a little. "She must never suspect what brings us all here. It can be supposed that we are engaged in some promotion concerning oil." He put his hand on Barnes' shoulder with a friendly gesture. "I envy you. I am going to see that a room is prepared for her."

Barnes looked at Bradney when the door was closed.

(To be continued)

Nation's birthday next week.

Pine Grove Points

(By Special Correspondent)

The N. E. Chandlers were Corvallis visitors Monday.

Mrs. Floyd Nichols and Gertrude and Lawrence were Albany callers Thursday afternoon.

L. E. Eagy was re-elected school clerk and Mrs. Jessie McLaren director to succeed Mr. Heinrick.

The Pine Grove orchestra played and a number of other people from here attended the chicken supper and program given by the missionary society at Peoria Friday evening.

Miss Agnes Chandler spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. Ellen Zimmerman, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gibson and son and Robert Hover attended the Rickard Jersey sale at Marion Tuesday of last week.

The Pine Grove community has been invited to participate in the Linn County forum celebration at Smith's Grove July 4.

Frank Gibson and wife and son attended the Stewart Jersey sale near Albany Wednesday.

Mrs. A. P. Albertson spent Thursday with her mother, Mrs. Higbee, who is quite ill.

Miss Mearle Straley and her guest, Miss Irene Hopson, visited Grace Pehrsson Friday afternoon.

Alford Arrows

(Enterprise correspondent)

Mrs. Henry Hawkins and little daughter Helen Jean of Portland spent several days at A. E. Whitbeck's this week.

Mrs. L. E. Bond of Albany returned home Sunday evening, after having visited her daughters, Mrs. E. D. Isom and Mrs. W. C. Sickels, for most of the week.

Sam Ringler and family of Sheridan are visiting at J. D. Brubaker's and S. Ringler's this week.

Mrs. Amber Roberts and children of Toledo visited Mrs. Roberts' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Rickard, last week, returning home Sunday.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kropf Friday.

Mrs. W. B. Hamlin is in California visiting her parents.

Bob Miller is building a fireplace and chimney at J. H. Rickard's.

Mrs. E. D. Isom and daughter Beverly called on Mrs. A. E. Whitbeck and her guest, Mrs. Florence Hawkins, Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Freeland Says Farewell

Halsey, Oregon.

June, 1927.

Editor Rural Enterprise;

On leaving Halsey I wish, through your paper, to bid goodbye to the patrons and other friends of the Halsey schools, and to thank them for their moral support and their loyalty to me as teacher in their school.

Never, in all my teaching experience, have I been better treated, nor have I ever felt more a part of any community than has been my good fortune during my five years in Halsey.

It is, therefore, with genuine regret that I have severed my connection with your schools and am now leaving your midst.

I sincerely hope that all the cordiality and loyalty I have enjoyed will be conferred upon my successor and that your schools next year will be a genuine success.

Inez V. Freeland.

If Halsey sheep should be placed on the right hand and Halsey goats on the left there would be more room left on the left hand than on the right. Frum and Minckley have a contract to ship 4000 lambs to California. The first lot of which, valued at about \$6000, went out last week Wednesday night in four double deck cars. Others, too, are buying lambs.

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Monday this year. Make

the most of this three-

day holiday. Play at the

beaches; you can take

the whole family for a

trip at surprisingly low

cost.

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will suggest the one that

fits your plans at lowest

cost.

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