

Halsey Garage

Tires
Oils
Automobile Accessories
General Repairing, etc

When in need of anything in our line give us a call. Phone 16x5

Halsey Garage

FOOTE BROS.
Props.

Hill & Co.

FURNITURE for the home
FLOOR COVERING
Congoleum and Lino-
leum in rugs or by
the yard
Our prices are made with
the object of selling
goods

STOVES and
RANGES
the best makes

See our stock and prices before you buy

Jots and L'ittles

(Continued from page 1)

Scio has voted to reduce teacher's salaries.

L. St. John of Shedd, elected constable declines to serve.

The union high school at Plainview has been standardized.

Jay M. Moore and family went to Portland for the holidays.

Cleona Smith was home from the U. of O. over the week end.

They had killing frosts at Albany November 3, 13, 22, 23 and 24.

Miss Gertrude McKern was home from Corvallis Thanksgiving day.

The county farm bureau will elect officers at the courthouse Saturday.

Earle Stanard, the Brownsville author, will have a story in St. Nicholas.

J. W. Morgan and family spent Thanksgiving at W. C. Elmore's at Brownsville.

Misses Ida Mitzner and Mona Bond came home from Monmouth for Thanksgiving.

Fred Burke, the Brownsville blacksmith, enjoyed a visit from his brother, Fred of Hanford, Cal., last week.

Mrs. Mornhinweg and Mrs. Wallace and her children had their Thanksgiving dinner with Homer at Shedd.

look at an object with both eyes and not see double.

Dean Tyer of Brownsville has been known for many months to be specially impressed with the graces of Janet Boggs, who was the competent high school reporter of the Enterprise last year, and she was not believed to be averse to his advances. Now their engagement is announced. She enjoyed a shower of gifts from well-wishers last week Friday evening at the Shirley home, the residence of our present high school reporter.

Thanksgiving day Rev. C. T. Cook married a namesake, James D. Cook, to Miss Anna Banach at the Mike Banach ranch and the couple will reside there. Miss Banach less than a year ago came across the Atlantic.

Miss Elda Cook, sister of our was bridesmaid and Sam Sweetbones best man. The bride was dressed in pink crepe and wore a veil and orange blossoms. Besides the host and hostess there were present Mrs. E. S. Cook, mother of the groom, and Elda, from Amity, Sam Sweetbones, Rev. C. T. Cook and wife and Geraldine and Miss Alma Hardin of Spokane.

For the best cash prices see

O. W. FRUM

HAY, GRAIN, FEED
AND LIVESTOCK

First-class grinding and grain cleaning done
at any time

through the day. He could find their bodies in the spring if he by any chance escaped himself, and take the Ross-Folger agreement from them. But it was not enough. He wanted also to do the work of destruction.

Even his own death—if it were only delayed until his vengeance was wreaked—could not matter now. In all the ancient strife and fury and ceaseless war of the wild through which he had come, there was no passion to equal this. The Killer was content to let the wolf kill the fawn for him. The cougar will turn from its warm, newly slain prey, in which its white fangs have already dipped, at the sight of some great danger in the thickets. But Simon could not turn. Death lowered its wings upon him as well as upon his enemy, yet the fire in his heart and the fury in his brain shut out all thought of it.

He sprang off his horse better to examine the tracks, and then stood, half bent over, in the snow.

Bruce Folger headed swiftly up the trail that his runaway horse had made. It was, he thought, his last effort, and he gave his full strength to it. Weakened as he was by the cold and the wound, he could not have made headway at all except for the fact that the wind was behind him.

The snow ever fell faster, in larger flakes, and the track dimmed before his eyes. It was a losing game. Terrified not only by the beast that had stirred in the thicket but by the ever-increasing wind as well, the animal would not linger to be overtaken. Bruce had not ridden it enough to have tamed it, and his plan was to attempt to shoot the creature on sight, rather than try to catch it. They could not go forward, anyway, as long as the blizzard lasted. Which way was east and which was west he could no longer guess. And with the blankets they might make some sort of shelter and keep life in their bodies until the snow ceased and they could find their way.

The cold was deepening, the storm was increasing in fury. Bruce's bones ached, his wounded arm felt numb and strange, the frost was getting into his lungs. There was no hope of the storm decreasing, rather it was steadily growing worse. The tracks grew more dim, and he began to be afraid that the falling flakes would obscure his own footprints so that he could not find his way back to Linda. And he knew, beyond all other knowledge, that he wanted her with him when the shadows dropped down for good and all. He wanted her arms about him; the light would be easier then.

"Oh, what's the use?" he suddenly said to the wind. "Why not give up and go back?"

He halted in the trail and started to turn. But at that instant a banner of wind swept down into his face, and the eddy of snow in front of him was brushed from his gaze. Just for the space of a breath the canyon for a hundred feet distant was partially cleared of the blinding streamers of snow. And he uttered a long gasp when he saw, thirty yards distant and at the farthest reaches of his sight, the figure of a saddled horse.

His gun leaped to his shoulder, yet his eagerness did not cost him his self-control. He gazed quietly across the sights until he saw the animal's shoulder between them. His finger pressed back against the trigger.

The horse rocked down, seemingly instantly killed, and the snow swept in between. Bruce cried out in triumph. Then he broke into a run and sped through the furies toward his dead.

But it came about that there was other business for Bruce than the re-



The Two Men Stood Face to Face at Last.

have done more. I could have sprang a few feet farther and had you around the waist—taken by surprise. The fight would have been already over. I think I could have done more than that, even—with my own rifle as you came up. It's laying there, just beside the horse."

But Bruce didn't turn his eyes to look at it. He was waiting for the attack.

"I could have snatched your life just as well, but I wanted to wait," Simon went on. "I wanted to say a few words first, and wanted to master you—not by surprise—but by superior strength alone."

It came into Bruce's mind he could tell Simon of the wound near his shoulder, how because of it no fight between them would be a fair test of superiority, yet the words didn't come of his lips. He could not ask mercy of this man, either directly or indirectly, any more than the pines asked mercy of the snows that covered them.

"You were right when you said there is no escaping from this storm," Simon went on. "But it doesn't much matter. It's the end of a long war, and what happens to the victor is neither here nor there. It seems all the more fitting that we should meet just as we have—at the very brink of death—and death should be waiting at the end for the one of us who survives. It's so like this—a terrible wilderness in which we live."

Bruce gazed in amazement. The dark and dreadful poetry of this man's nature was coming to the fore. The wind made a strange echo to his words—a long, wild shriek as it swept over the heads of the pines.

"Then why are you waiting?" Bruce asked.

"So you can understand everything. But I guess the time is here. There is to be no mercy at the end of this fight, Bruce; I ask none and will give none. You've waged a war against me, you have escaped me many times, you have won the love of the woman I love—and this is to be my answer." His voice dropped a note, and he spoke more quietly. "I'm going to kill you, Bruce."

"Then try it," Bruce answered steadily. "I'm in a hurry to go back to Linda."

Simon's smoldering wrath blazed up at the words. Both men seemed to spring at the same time. Their arms flailed, then interlocked; and they rocked a long time—back and forth in the snow.

For the first time Bruce had full realization of Simon's mighty strength. With all the power of his body he tried to wrench him off his feet, but it was like trying to tear a tree from the ground.

But surprise at the other's power was not confined to Bruce alone. Simon knew that he had an opponent worthy of the iron of his own muscles, and he put all his terrible might into the battle. He tried to reach Bruce's throat, but the man's strong shoulder held the arm against his side. Simon's great hand reached to pin Bruce's arm, and for the first time he discovered the location of his weakness.

He saw the color sweep from Bruce's face and water drops that were not melted snow come upon it. It was all the advantage needed between such evenly matched contestants. And Simon forgot his spoken word that he wished this fight to be a test of superiority alone. His fury swept over him like a flood and effaced all things else; and he centered his whole attack upon Bruce's wound.

In a moment he had him down, and he struck, once into Bruce's white face with his terrible knuckles. The

blow sent a strange sickness through the younger man's frame; and he tried vainly to struggle to his feet. "Fight! Fight on!" was the message his mind dispatched along his nerves to his tortured muscles, but for an instant they wholly refused to respond. They had endured too much. Total unconsciousness hovered above him, ready to descend.

Strangely, he seemed to know that Simon had crept from his body and was even now reaching some dreadful weapon that lay beside the dead form of the horse. In an instant he had it, and Bruce's eyes opened in time to see him swinging it aloft. It was his rifle, and Simon was aiming a murderous blow at him with its stock.

There was no chance to ward it off. No human skull could withstand its shattering impact.

But that war of life and death in the far reaches of Paul's End was not to end so soon. At that instant there was an amazing intervention.

A great gray form came lunging out of the snow furries. Their vision was limited to a few feet, and so just the creature came, with such incredible, smashing power, that he was upon them in a breath. It was the Killer in the full glory of the charge; and he had caught up with them at last.

Bruce saw only his great figure looming just over him. Simon, with amazing agility, leaped to one side just in time, then battered down the rifle stock with all his strength. But the blow was not meant for Bruce. It struck where aimed—the great gray shoulder of the grizzly.

Then, dimmed and half-obscured by the snow furries, there began a strange battle as the great pin above them had ever beheld. The Killer's rage was upon him, and the blow at the shoulder had arrested his charge for a moment only. Then he wheeled, a snarling, fighting monster, with death for any living creature in the blow of his forearm, and lunged toward Simon again.

It was the Killer at his grandest. Simon had no chance to shoot his rifle. In the instant that he would raise it those great claws and fangs would be upon him. He swung it as a club, striking again and again, dodging the sledge-hammer blows and springing aside in the second of the Killer's lunges. He was fighting for his life, and no eye could bemean that effort.

Simon himself seemed exalted, and for once it appeared that the grizzly had found an opponent worthy of his might. They were of one kind, and they seemed to understand each other. The lust and passion and fury of battle were upon them both.

The scene harked back to the young days of the world, when man and beast battled for dominance. Nothing had changed. The forest stood grave and silent, just the same. The elements warred against them from the clouds—that ancient persecution of which the wolf pack sings on the ridge at night, that endless strife that has made of existence a travail and a scourge. Man and beast and storm—those three great foes were arrayed the same as ever. Time swung backward a thousand thousand years.

The snow seemed to come from all directions in great clouds and furries and streamers, and time after time it wholly hid the contestants from Bruce's eyes. At such times he could tell how the fight was going by sound alone—the snarl of the Killer, the wild oaths of Simon, the impact of the descending rifle butt. Bruce gave no thought of taking part. Both were enemies; his own strength seemed

FOR SALE
1 new Auker Holth

Cream Separator

Capacity 650. Will sell at 15 per cent discount. See it at the creamery. Also about 75 Rock and Red Pullets, commencing to lay. L. W. EVERLEY.

HALSEY

Creamery & Produce Station

Cash paid for
Cream, Poultry, Eggs and
Veal. M. W. SHOOK.

Murphy's
O. A. C.
EGG MASH
The chickens will tell you
it's good

Murphy's SEED STORE
ALBANY, ORE.

HALL'S
FLORAL and MUSIC SHOP
Nice Xmas Gifts
Say it with flowers.
FLORAL BASKETS
VASES
FERB STANDS
PLANTS
Cyclamens, 75c up
Poinsettias, 50c up
Primroses, 50c
Ferns, 50c up
Begonias, 50c up
Palms, \$1.50 to \$32.50
CUT FLOWERS season's best.

Say it with music
PIANOS
PHONOGRAPHS (reduced)
ROLLS RECORDS
UKULELES

Albany Phone 166f

RIALTO

HOOT GIBSON

IN

"Headin' West"

A full-of-pep western drama

"Robinson Crusoe"

and

Good Comedy

FRIDAY

(Continued on page 4)

This Question Arises
at some stage of every woman's life: "Is it necessary for me to wear glasses in order to save my eyesight?" We will give you our candid opinion, and will not prescribe unless you really need glasses. And if they are necessary a type will be furnished that will not detract from your youthful appearance; "The glass of fashion," the RIMLESS COLONIAL, with either Shor-on or Shelltex mountings. Ask to see samples.

Mead & Albro,
Jewelers and Opticians
ALBANY