

DR. C. FICQ, DENTIST

Cusick Bank Building, Albany, Oregon
Plates, Crowns, Bridge Work and Fillings
It will pay you to get my prices on your dental work

"Plates that Fit"

(Continued from page 2)

before he went to bed, he wrote to his parents and a long letter to the Pennsylvania Gazette, describing his voyage and his arrival subsequently as the facts are here recorded. Next morning he ordered every detail in his "uniforms" for morning and evening wear and returning again to the inn found Solomon waiting in the lobby.

"Here I be," said the scout and trapper.
"What happened to you?"
"S'arched an' shoved me into a dark hole in the wall. Ye know, Jack, with you an' me, it allus 'pears to be workin'."
"What?"
"Good luck. Cur'us thing the papers was on you 'stid of me—eyes, sir, 'twas. Did ye hand 'em over safe?"
"Last night I put 'em in Franklin's hands."
"Hunkidory! I'm ready fer to go hum."

"Doctor Franklin wants to see you," said Jack. "Put on your Sunday clothes an' we'll go over to his house. I think I can lead you there. If we get lost we'll jump into a cab."

When they set out Solomon was dressed in fine shoes and brown wool stockings and drab trousers, a buttoned jacket and blue coat, and a big, black three-cornered hat. His slouching gait and large body and weathered face and the variety of colors in his costume began at once to attract the attention of the crowd. A half-drunk harridan surveyed him, from top to toe, and made a profound bow as he passed. A number of small boys scurried along with them, curiously staring into the face of Solomon.

"Ain't this like comin' into a savage tribe that ain't seen no civilized human bein' fer years?"
"Wot is it?" a voice shouted.
"E's a blasted bush w'acker from North Hamerica, 'e is," another answered.

Jack stopped a cab and they got into it.
"Show us some of the great buildings and land us in an hour at 10 Bloomsbury square, East," he said.

With a sense of relief they were whisked away in the stream of traffic. They passed the king's palace and the great town houses of the duke of Bedford and Lord Balcarras, each of which was pointed out by the driver. Suddenly every vehicle near them stopped, while their male occupants sat with bared heads. Jack observed a curious procession on the sidewalk passing between two lines of halted people.

"Hit's their majesties!" the driver whispered under his breath.

The king—a stout, red-nosed, blue-jawed man, with big, gray, staring eyes—was in a sedan chair surmounted by a crown. He was dressed in light cloth with silver buttons. Queen Charlotte, also in a chair, was dressed in lemon colored silk ornamented with brocaded flowers. The two were smiling and bowing as they passed. In a moment the procession entered a great gate. Then there was a crack of whips and the traffic resumed its hurried pace.

When they had been conducted to the presence of Doctor Franklin he took Solomon's hand and said:
"Mr. Binkus, I am glad to bid you welcome."

He looked down at the sinewy, big-boned, right hand of the scout, still holding it.

"Will you step over to the window a moment and give me a look at your hands?" he asked.

They went to the window and the Doctor put on his spectacles and examined them closely.

"I have never seen such an able Samsonian fist," he went on. "I think the look of those hands would let you into Paradise. What a record of human service is writ upon them! Hands like that have laid the foundations of America. They have been generous hands. They tell me all I need to know of your spirit, your lungs, your heart and your stomach."

"They're purty heavy—that's why I gen'ally carry 'em in my pockets when I ain't busy," said Solomon.

"I saw Sir Jeffrey Amherst this morning and told him you were in London. He is fond of you and paid you many compliments and made me promise to bring you to his home."

"I'd like to smoke a pipe with ol' Jeff," Solomon answered. "They ain't no nonsense 'bout him. I learnt him how to talk Injun an' read rapids an' build a fire with tinder an' elbow grease. He knows me plenty. He staked his life on me a dozen times in the Injun war."

"How is Major Washington?" the Doctor asked.
"Stout as a pot o' ginger," Solomon

answered. "I rassed with him one evenin' down in Virginy an' I'll never tackle him ag'in, you hear to me. His right flipper is as big as mine an' when it takes hold ye'd think it were goin' to strip the shuck off yer soul."
"He's in every way a big man," said the Doctor. "On the whole, he's



about our biggest man. An officer who came out of the ambulance at Fort Duquesne with thirty living men out of three companies and four shot holes in his coat must have an engagement with Destiny. Evidently his work was not finished. You have traveled about some. What is the feeling over there toward England?"

"They're like a billin' pot every-where. England has got to step careful now."

"Tell Sir Jeffrey that, if you see him, just that. Don't mince matters. Jack, I'll send my man with you and Mr. Binkus to show you the new lodgings. We found them this morning."

CHAPTER VI

The Lovers.

The fashionable tailor was done with Jack's equipment. Franklin had seen and approved the admirably shaped and fitted garments. The young man and his friend Solomon had moved to their new lodgings on Bloomsbury square. The scout had acquired a suit for street wear and was now able to walk abroad without exciting the multitudes. The Doctor was planning what he called "a snug little party." So he announced when Jack and Solomon came, adding:

"But first you are to meet Margaret and her mother here at half after four."

Jack made careful preparation for that event. Fortunately it was a clear, bright day after foggy weather. Solomon had refused to go with Jack for fear of being in the way.

"I want to see her an' her folks, but I reckon ye'll have yer hands full to-day," he remarked. "Ye don't need no scout on that kind o' reconnoiterin'. You go on ahead an' git through with yer smackin' an' byn-by I'll straggle in."

Precisely at four thirty-five Jack presented himself at the lodgings of his distinguished friend. He has said in a letter, when his dramatic adventures were all behind him, that this was the most thrilling moment he had known. "The butler had told me that the ladies were there," he wrote. "Upon my word it put me out of breath climbing that little flight of stairs. But it was in fact the end of a long journey. It is curious that my feeling then should remind me, as it does, of moments when I have been close up to the enemy, within his lines, and lying hard against the ground in some thicket while British soldiers were tramping so near I could feel the ground shake. In the room I saw Lady Hare and Doctor Franklin standing side by side. What a smile he wore as he looked at me! I have never known a human being who had such a cheering light in his countenance. I have seen it brighten the darkest days of the war aided by the light of his words. His faith and good cheer were immovable. I felt the latter when he said:

"See the look of alarm in his face. Now for a pretty drama!"

"Mrs. Hare gave me her hand and I kissed it and said that I had expected Margaret and hoped that she was not ill. There was a thistledown touch on my cheek from behind and turning I saw the laughing face I sought looking up at me. I tell you,

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my mother, there never was such a pair of eyes. Their long, dark lashes and the glow between them I remember chiefly. The latter was the friendly light of her spirit. To me it was like a candle in the window to guide my feet. 'Come,' it seemed to say. 'Here is a welcome for you.' I saw the pink in her cheeks, the crimson in her lips, the white of her neck, the glow of her abundant hair, the shapelessness of brow and nose and chin in that first glance. I saw the beating of her heart even. I remember there was a tiny mole on her temple under the edge of that beautiful, golden crown of hers. It did not escape my eye. I tell you she was fair as the first violets in Meadowvale on a dewy morning. Of course, she was at her best. It was the last moment in years of waiting in which her imagination had furnished me with endowments too romantic. I have seen great moments, as you know, but this is the one I could least afford to give up. I had long been wondering what I should do when it came. Now it was come and there was no taking thought of what we should do. That would seem to have been settled out of court. I kissed her lips and she kissed mine and for a few moments I think we could have stood in a half bushel measure. Then the Doctor laughed and gave her ladyship a smack on the cheek.

"I don't know about you, my lady, but it fills me with the glow of youth to see such going on," he remarked. "I'm only twenty-one and nobody knows it—nobody suspects it even. These wrinkles and gray hair are only a mask that covers the heart of a boy."

"I confess that such a scene does push me back into my girlhood," said Lady Hare. "Alas! I feel the old thrill."

"Suddenly Solomon arrived. Of course where Solomon is, one would expect solecisms. They were not wanting. I had not tried to prepare him for the ordeal. Solomon is bound to be himself wherever he is, and why not? There is no better man living."

"You're as purty as a golden robin," he said to Margaret, shaking her hand in his big one.

"He was not so much put out as I thought he would be. I never saw a gentler man with women. As hard as iron in a fight, there has always been a curious vein of chivalry in the old scout. He stood and joked with the girl, in his odd fashion, and set us all laughing. Margaret and her mother enjoyed his talk and spoke of it, often, after that."

"I dressed and went to dine with the Hares that evening. They lived in a large house on a fashionable 'road' as certain of the streets were called. It was a typical upper class, English home. There were many fine old things in it but no bright colors, nothing to dazzle or astonish you like the wooden Indian in war paint and feathers and the stuffed bear and high colored rugs in the parlor of Mr. Gosport in Philadelphia. Every piece of furniture was like the quiet, still-footed servants who came and went making the smallest possible demand upon your attention."

"I was shown into the library where Sir Benjamin sat alone reading a newspaper. He greeted me politely."

"The news is disquieting," he said presently. "What have you to tell us of the situation in America?"

"It is critical," I answered. "It can be mended, however, if the government will act promptly."

"What should it do?"
"Make concessions, sir, stop shipping tea for a time. Don't try to force an export with a duty on it. I think the government should not shake the mailed fist at us."

"But think of the violence and the destruction of property!"
"All that will abate and disappear if the cause is removed. We, who keep our affection for England, have done our best to hold the passions of the people in check, but we get no help from this side of the ocean."

"Sir Benjamin sat thoughtfully feeling his silvered mustache. He had grown stouter and fuller-faced since we had parted in Albany when he had looked like a prosperous, well-bred merchant in military dress and had been humbled and soiled by knocking about in the bush. Now he wore a white wig and ruffles and looked as dignified as a Tory magistrate."

"In the moment of silence I mustered up my courage and spoke out.
"Sir Benjamin, I said. I have come to claim your daughter under the promise you gave me at Fort Stanwix. I have not ceased to love her and if she continues to love me I am sure that our wishes will have your favor and blessing."

"I have not forgotten the promise," he said. "But America has changed. It is likely to be a hotbed of rebellion—perhaps even the scene of a bloody war. I must consider my daughter's happiness."

"Conditions in America, sir, are not

so bad as you take them to be," I assured him.
"I hope you are right," he answered. "I am told that the whole matter rests with your Doctor Franklin. If we are to go on from bad to worse he will be responsible."

"If it rests with him I can assure you, sir, that our troubles will end," I said, looking only at the surface of the matter and speaking confidently out of the bottomless pit of my inexperience as the young are like to do.

"I believe you are right," he declared and went on with a smile. "Now, my young friend, the girl has a notion that she loves you. I am aware of that—so are you, I happen to know. Through Doctor Franklin's influence we have allowed her to receive your letters and to answer them. I have no doubt of your sincerity, or hers, but I did not foresee what has come to pass. She is our only child and you could scarcely blame me if I balk at a marriage which promises to turn her away from us and fill our family with dissension."

"May we not respect each other and disagree in politics?" I asked.
"In politics, yes, but not in war. I begin to see danger of war and that is full of the bitterness of death. If Doctor Franklin will do what he can to re-establish loyalty and order in the colonies my fear will be removed and I shall welcome you to my family."

"I began to show a glint of intelligence and said: 'If the ministers will co-operate it will not be difficult.'"

"The ministers will do anything it is in their power to do."
"Then the timely entrance of Margaret and her mother."

"I suppose that I shall shock my father but I cannot help it," said the girl as she kissed me.

"You may be sure that I had my part in that game. She stood beside me, her arm around my waist and mine around her shoulders."

"Father, can you blame me for loving this big, splendid hero who saved us from the Indians and the bandits? It is unlike you to be such a hardened wretch. But for him you would have neither wife nor daughter."

"She put it on thick but I held my peace as I have done many a time in the presence of a woman's cunning. Anyhow, she is apt to believe herself and in a matter of the heart can find her way through difficulties which would appall a man."

"Keep yourself in bounds, my daughter," her father answered. "I



know his merits and should like to see you married and hope to, but I must ask you to be patient until you can go to a loyal colony with your husband."

"It was a pleasant dinner through which they kept me telling of my adventures in the bush. Save the immediate family only Mrs. Bigger, a sister of Lady Hare, and a young nephew of Sir Benjamin were at the table."

CHAPTER VII

The Dawn.

Franklin, whom Jack saw the next day, liked not the attitude of the baronet.

"He is one of the king's men on the big chess board," said the old philosopher. "All that he said to you has the sound of strategy. I have reason to believe that they are trying to tow us into port and Margaret is only one of many ropes. Hare's attitude is not that of an honest man."

Only three days before the philosopher had had a talk with North at the urgent request of Howe, who, to his credit, was eager for reconciliation. The king's friend and minister was contemptuous.

"I am quite indifferent to war," he had cynically declared at last. "The

concessions it would produce will provide for many of our friends."

It was an astonishing bit of frankness.

(Continued on page 4)

Albany Directory

This is good advice: "If you live in Albany, trade in Albany; if you live in some other town, trade in that town." But in these automobile days many are riding elsewhere and it is advisable to do at least part of their buying in the larger town. Those who go to Albany to transact business will find the firms named below ready to fill their requirements with courtesy and fairness.

Albany Bakery, 321 Lyon street. Best one-pound loaf of bread made. 5 cents. Wedding cakes to order.

Albany Floral Co. Cut flowers and plants. Floral art for every and all occasions. Flower phone 458-1.

Albany Electric Store. Radio sets. Electric wiring. Delco Light products 202 Second. **GLENN WILLARD** **WM. HOFFLICH**

Blue Bird Restaurant, 309 Lyon street. Eat here when in Albany. Open from 6 to 2 and 5 to 8. **MRS. BLOUNT**

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Eastburn Bros.—Two big grocery stores, 212 W. First and 225 South Main. Good merchandise at the right prices.

Films developed and printed. We mail them right back to you. **Woodworth Drug Company**, Albany, Oregon.

First garage going north. Tires, accessories, oils, gasoline, repair work. **W. H. HUBBARD**

FORD SALES AND SERVICE Tires and accessories. Repairs. **KIRK-POLLAK MOTOR CO.**

Fortmiller Furniture Co., furniture, rugs, linoleum, stoves, ranges. Funeral directors. 427-433 west First street, Albany, Oregon.

FULLER GROCERY, 285 Lyon (Successor to Stenberg Bros.) Groceries Fruits Produce Phone 263R

F. W. SEXAUER, auto and general painter. Get my estimate. 201 First street

HOLMAN & JACKSON Grocery—Bakery Everything in the line of eats. Opposite Postoffice

Hub Candy Co., First street, next door to Blain Clothing Co. Noon lunches. Home-made candy and ice cream.

Hub Cleaning Works, Inc. Cor. Fourth and Lyon Master Dyers and Cleaners Made-To-Measure Clothes

If you have friends they should have your photograph. Clifford's Studio. 333 West First street, Albany.

MAGNETO ELECTRIC CO. Official Stromberg carburetor service station. Conservative prices. All work guaranteed. 119-121 W. Second.

Men and money are best when our savings department. ALBANY STATE BANK. Under government supervision.

Miller Motor Sales Oakland and Jewett cars Supplies and accessories First and Baker Sts. Albany, Oregon

Murphy Motor Co. Buick and Chevrolet automobiles. Tires and accessories. Albany, Oregon. Phone 260.

ROSCOE AMES HARDWARE, the WINCHESTER STORE 322 W. First st.

S. S. GILBERT & SON Adding a line of builders' hardware. Old customers are invited to call and see the new stock.

STIMSON THE SHOE DOCTOR Second street, opposite Hamilton's store. "Sudden Service."

Waldo Anderson & Son, distributors and dealers for Maxwell, Chalmers, Essex, Hudson & Hugmobile cars. Accessories, Supplies. 1st & Broadalbin.

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Albany Directory—Continued

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Halsey Happenings

(Continued from page 1)
The swallows have come. Days and nights of equal length.

H. R. Bierly has a new Ford coupe.

Mrs. Edith Drinkard visited in Eugene Saturday.

William Green of Brownsville was over here Friday to consult Lawyer Tussing.

Mrs. M. B. Southern and Mrs. George Hayes were shopping in Albany Saturday.

Grant Froman of Albany, one-time county recorder, is announced as a candidate for the assessorship.

P. H. Freerkens's territory as deputy assessor has been extended this year south to the Lane county line.

A flue fire at the A. W. Dykstra home, north of town, made a hole several feet in diameter in the roof Thursday but was quenched.

It is now claimed that the Western Colonization company has no valid title to that right of way on the Santiam pass road which the county court has been petitioned to offer \$5000 for.

Axel T. Salvog of Vining, Mich., and Miss Ruby E. Carlson of Shedd were married Wednesday. They will reside at Portland, where the groom is an employe of a construction company as a mechanic.

Arthur Leininger, Albany dentist, was fatally burned and his father, H. A. Leininger received painful burns when a gasoline tank in their office exploded and filled their office with flames Saturday morning. Everything in the office was destroyed, but the firemen saved the rest of the building.

Monday a fire alarm came from the S. T. Hillman home. It was another case of defective flue. Glenn Frum was first on the scene. A number drove out from town. The blaze was quelled before much damage occurred. Neighbors reach a fire more quickly in response to an alarm than before we had the "horseless carriage."

Delford Condra, member of the Pilot Rock basketball team, which had won the championship of four eastern Oregon counties, came with the team to Salem Friday, where they played against the Salem high school and were defeated. Delford formerly lived with his parents near Halsey and came down from Salem Friday to visit his old home and friends. He went from here to Brownsville to visit his aunt. Mrs. Tamael Thomson, Saturday, and from there returned to Salem, where the team will spend a day or two sightseeing before returning to eastern Oregon.

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