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"Plates that Fit"

(Continued from page 2)

declined the honor and went to spend an evening with his friend, the philosopher. For days Franklin had been shut in with gout. Jack had found him in his room with one of his feet wrapped in bandages and resting on a chair.

"I am glad you came, my son," said the good Doctor. "I am in need of better company than this foot. Solitude is like water—good for a dip, but you cannot live in it. Margaret has been here trying to give me comfort, although she needs it more for herself."

"Margaret!" the boy exclaimed. "Why does she need comfort?"

"Oh, largely on your account, my son! Her father is obdurate and the cause is clear to me. This courtship of yours is taking an international aspect."

"I only fear that I may not be able to provide for her in a suitable manner," said Jack.

"Oh, you are well off," said the philosopher. "You have some capital and recognized talent and occupation for it. When I reached Philadelphia I had an empty stomach and also a Dutch dollar, a few pennies, two soiled shirts and a pair of dirty stockings in my pockets. Many years passed and I had a family before I was as well off as you are."

As Jack was saying good night to his venerable friend the latter remarked:

"I shall go to Sir John Fringle's in the morning for advice. He is a noted physician. My man will be having a day off. Could you go with me at ten?"

"Gladly," said Jack.

"Then I shall pick you up at your lodgings. You will see your rival at Fringle's. He is at home, on leave and has been going to Sir John's office every Tuesday morning at ten-thirty with his father, General Clarke, a gruff, gouty old hero of the French and Indian wars and an aggressive Tory. He is forever tossing and going the Whigs. It may be the only chance you will have to see that rival of yours. He is a handsome lad."

Doctor Franklin, with his crutch beside him in the cab, called for his young friend at the hour appointed.

The office of the doctor baronet was on the first floor of a large building in Gough square, Fleet street. A number of gentlemen sat in comfortable chairs in a large waiting room.

"Sir John will see you in a moment, sir," an attendant said to Doctor Franklin as they entered. The moment was a very long one.

At last the door to the private room of the great physician creaked on its hinges with a kind of groan and he came out accompanied by a limping patient.

"Wait here for a minute—a gout minute," said Franklin to his young friend. "When Fringle dismisses me, I will present you."

Jack sat and waited while the room filled with ruddy, crochey gentlemen supported by canes or crutches—elderly, old and of middle age. Among those of the latter class was a giant of a man, erect and dignified, accompanied by a big blond youngster in a lieutenant's uniform. He sat down and began to talk with another patient of the troubles in America.

"I see the d-d Yankees have thrown another cargo of tea overboard," said he in a tone of anger. "This time it was in Cape Cod. We must give those Yahoos a lesson."

Jack surprised now that here was the aggressive Tory general of whom the Doctor had spoken and that the young man was his son.

"I fear that it would be a costly business sending men to fight across three thousand miles of sea," said the other.

"Boah! There is not one Yankee in a hundred that has the courage of a rabbit. With a thousand British grenadiers, I would undertake to go from one end of America to another and smute the heads of the males, partly by force and partly by coaxing."

A laugh followed these insulting words. Jack rose quickly and approached the man who had uttered them. The young American was angry, but he managed to say with good composure:

"I am an American, sir, and I demand a retraction of those words or a chance to match my courage against yours."

The Britisher turned quickly with color mounting to his brow and surveyed the sturdy form of the young man.

"I take back nothing that I say," he declared.

"Then, in behalf of my slandered



countrymen, I demand the right to fight you or any Britisher who has the courage to take up your quarrel."

Jack Irons had spoken calmly like one who had weighed his words.

The young lieutenant who had entered the room with the fiery, middle-aged Britisher, rose and faced the American and said:

"I will take up his quarrel, sir. Here is my card."

"And here is mine," said Jack. "When will you be at home?"

"At noon tomorrow."

"Some friend of mine will call upon you," Jack assured the other.

A look of surprise came to the face of the lieutenant as he surveyed the card in his hand. Jack was prepared for the name he read which was that of Lionel Clarke.

That evening Solomon arrived with Preston. Jack told them in detail of the unfortunate event of the morning.

Solomon whistled while his face began to get ready for a shot.

"Neevarious!" he exclaimed. "Here's a 'uthin' that'll have to be 'tended to 'fore I take the water."

"Clarke is full of hartshorn and vinegar," said Preston. "He was like that in America. He could make more trouble in ten minutes than a regiment could mend in a year. He is what you would call a mean cuss. But for him and Lord Cornwallis, I should be back in the service. They blame me for the present posture of affairs in America."

"Jack, I'm glad that young pup ain't me," said Solomon. "Thar never was a man better coculated to please a friend or hurt an enemy. If he was to say pistols I guess that ol' sling o' yours would be 'out laughin' an' I ain't no idee he could stan' a minnit in front o' your banger."

"It's bad business, and especially for you," said Preston. "Duelling is not so much in favor here as in France. Of course there are duels, but the best people in England are set against the practice. You would be sure to get the worst of it. The old general is a favorite of the king. He is booked for knighthood. If you were to kill his son in the present state of feeling here, your neck would be in danger. If you were to injure him you would have to make a lousy escape, or go to prison. It is not a pleasant outlook for one who is engaged to an English girl. He has a great advantage over you."

Captain Preston went with Solomon Rinkus next day to the address on the card of Lieutenant Clarke. It was the house of the general, who was waiting with his son in the reception room. They walked together to the Amack club. The general was self-contained. It would seem that his bad opinion of Yankees was not quite so comprehensive as it had been. The whole proceeding went forward with the utmost politeness.

"General, Mr. Binkus and John Irons, Jr. are my friends," said Captain Preston.

"Indeed!" the general answered. "Yes, and they are friends of England. They saved my neck in America. I have assured young Irons that your words, if they were correctly reported to me, were spoken in haste, and that they do not express your real opinion."

"And what, sir, were the words reported to you?" the general asked. Preston repeated them.

"That is my opinion."

"It is mine also," young Clarke declared.

Solomon's face changed quickly. He took deliberate aim at the enemy and drawed:

"Can't be yer opinion is wuth more than the lives o' these young fellers that's goin' to fight."

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"Gentlemen, you will save time by dropping all thought of apologies," said the general.

"Then it only remains for you to choose your weapons and agree with us as to time and place," said Preston.

"I choose pistols," said the young Britisher. "The time and place may suit your convenience, so it be soon and not too far away."

"Let us say the cow wallow on Shooter's hill, near the oaks, at sunrise tomorrow," Preston proposed.

"I agree," the lieutenant answered. "Whatever comes of it, let us have secrecy and all possible protection from each side to the other when the affair is ended," said Preston.

"I agree to that also," was the answer of young Clarke.

When they were leaving, Solomon said to Preston: "That 'ere gin'ral is as big as Gollars."

CHAPTER IX

The Encounter.

Solomon, Jack and their friend left London that afternoon in the saddle and took lodgings at The Rose and Garter, less than a mile from the scene appointed for the encounter.

That morning the Americans had sent a friend of Preston by post chaise to Deal, with Solomon's luggage. Preston had also engaged the celebrated surgeon, Doctor Brooks, to spend the night with them so that he would be sure to be on hand in the morning. The doctor had officiated at no less than a dozen duels and enjoyed these affairs so keenly that he was glad to give his help without a fee. The party had gone out in the saddle because Preston had said that the horses might be useful.

So, having discussed the perils of the immediate future, they had done all it was in their power to do to prepare for them. Late that evening the general and his son and four other gentlemen arrived at The Rose and Garter.

Certain of them had spent the afternoon in the neighborhood shooting birds and rabbits.

Solomon got back to bed early and sat for a time in their room tinkering with the pistols. When the locks were worked "right," as he put it, he polished their grips and barrels.

Jack awoke suddenly and opened his eyes. The candle was lighted. Solomon was leaning over him. He was drawing on his trousers.

"Come, my son," said the scout in a gentle voice. "They ain't a cloud an' the moon has got a smile on her face. Come, my young David. Here's the breeches an' the purty stockin's an' shoes, an' the lily white shirt. Slip 'em on an' we'll kneel down an' have a word o' prayer. This 'ere ain't no common fight. It's a battle with tyranny. It's like the fight o' David an' Gollars. Here's yer ol' sling waltin' for ye!"

Solomon felt the pistols and stroked their grips with a loving hand.

Side by side they knelt by the bed together for a moment of silent prayer.

Others were stirring in the inn. They could hear footsteps and low voices in a room near them. Jack put on his suit of brown velvet and his white silk stockings and best linen, which he had brought in a small bag. Jack was looking at the pistols, when there came a rap at the door. Preston entered with Doctor Brooks.

"We are to go out quietly ahead of the others," said the captain. "They will follow in five minutes."

Solomon had put on the old hanger which had come to England with him in his box. He put the pistols in his pocket and they left the inn by a rear door. A groom was waiting there with the horses saddled and bridled. They mounted them and rode to the field of honor. When they dismounted on the ground chosen, the day was dawdling, but the great oaks were still waist deep in gloom. It was cold.

Preston called his friends to his side and said:

"You will fight at twenty paces. I shall count three and when I drop my handkerchief you are both to fire."

Solomon turned to Jack and said: "If ye fire quick mebbe ye'll take the crook out o' his finger 'fore it has time to pull."

The other party was coming. There were six men in it. The general and his son and one other were in military dress. The general was chatting with a friend. The pistols were loaded by Solomon and General Clarke, while each watched the other. The lieutenant's friends and seconds stood close together laughing at some jest.

"That's funny, I'll say, what—what!" said one of the gentlemen.

Jack turned to look at him, for there had been a curious infection in his "what, what!" He was a stout, highly colored man with large, staring gray eyes. The young American wondered where he had seen him before.

Preston paced the ground and laid down strips of white ribbon marking the distance which was to separate the principals. He summoned the

young men and said: "Gentlemen, is there no way in which your honor can be satisfied without fighting?"

"They shook their heads."
"Your stations have been chosen by lot. Irons, yours is there. Take your ground, gentlemen."

The young men walked to their places and at this point the graphic Major Solomon Binkus, whose keen eyes observed every detail of the scene, is able to assume the position of narrator, the words which follow being from a letter he wrote to John Irons of Albany.

"Our young David stood up thar as straight an' handsome as a young spruce on a still day—not a quiver in ary twig. The Clarke boy was a liddle pale an' when he raised his pistol I could see a twitch in his lips. He looked kind o' stiff. I see they was one thing 'bout shootin' he hadn't learnt. It don't do to deny it—'cause a gun don't allus have to be p'inted careful to kill a man."

"We all stood watchin' every move. I could hear a bird singin' twenty rod—'twere that still. Preston stood a liddle out o' line 'bout half-way betwix 'em. Up came his hand with the han'kerchief in it. Then Jack raised his pistol and took a peek down the line he wanted. The han'kerchief was in the air. Don't seem so it had fell an inch when the pistols went pop! pop! Jack's holiered fust an' swung limp as a rope's end. His hand turned red an' blood began to spurt above it. I see Jack's bullet had jumped into his right wrist an' tore it wide open. The lieutenant staggered, bleedin' like a stuck whale. He'd 'a' gone to the ground, but his friends grabbed him. I run to Jack."

"He ye hit?" I says.

"I think his bullet teched me a liddle on the top o' the left shoulder," says he.

"I see his coat were tore an' he took it off an' the jacket, an' I ripped the shirt some an' see that the bullet had kind o' scuffed its foot on him golt' by, an' left a track in the skin. It didn't mount to nothin'. The doctor washed it off an' put a plaster on."

"Looks as if he'd drawn a line on yer heart an' yer bullet had lifted his aim," I says. "Ye shoot quick, Jack, an' mebbe that's what saved ye."

"It looked kind o' neevarious like that 'ere Englishman had intended they was golt' to be the Yankee less. Jack put on his jacket an' his coat an' we stepped over to see how they was gettin' on with the other feller. The two doctors was tryin' to fix his arm and he was groanin' severe. Jack leaned over and looked at him."

"I'm sorry," he says. "Is there any-thing I can do?"

"No, sir. You've done enuff, growled the old general.

"One o' his party lepped up to Jack. He were dressed like a high-up officer in the army. They was a curious look in his eyes—kind o' skeered like. Seemed so I'd seen him afore somewhere."

"I fancy ye're a good shot, sir—a good shot, sir—what—what?" he says to Jack, an' the words come as fast as a bird's twitter.

"I've had a lot o' practice," says our boy.

"Kin ye kill that bird—what—what?" says he, p'intin' at a hawk that were a-cuttin' circles in the air.

"If he comes clus' nough," says Jack.

"I passed him the loaded pistol. In 'bout two seconds he lifted it and bang she went, an' down come the hawk."

"Them fellers all looked at one 'nother."

"Gin'ral, shake hands with this 'ere boy," says the man with the skeered eyes. "If he is a Yankee he's a decent lad—what—what?"

"The gin'ral shook hands with Jack an', says he: 'Young man, I have no doubt o' yer curidge or yer decency.'"

"A grand pair o' hosses an' a closed coach, druv up an' the ol' what-what'er an' two other men got into it an' bustled off 'cross the field towards the pike which it looked as if they was in a hurry. 'Fore he were out o' sight a military ambulance druv up. Preston come over to us an' says he:

"We better be goin'."

"Do ye know who he were?" asks Jack.

"If ye know ye better fergit it," says Preston.

"How could I? He were the King o' England," says Jack. "I knowed him by the look o' his eyes."

"Sart'in sure," says I. "He's the man that was bel'm' toted in a chair."

"Hush! I tell ye to fergit it," says Preston.

"I can fergit all but the fact that he behaved like a gentleman," says Jack.

"I s'pose he were usin' his private brain," says I.

This, with some slight changes in spelling, paraphrasing and punctua-

tion. Is the account which Solomon Binkus gave of the most exciting adventure these two friends had met with.

(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 residing elsewhere find it 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,
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Halsey Happenings (Continued from page 1)

Delma Wahl was home for the week end.

C. L. Carey and wife visited home folks for the week end.

P. W. Goodman seeks the democratic nomination for sheriff.

L. E. Walton, the Harrisburg druggist, was in town Sunday.

Dorothy and Earl Armstrong are recovering from the measles.

County Commissioner Thoms is a candidate for the county judgeship.

Grant Thompson of Oakville is out for the republican nomination for sheriff.

Mrs. G. T. Kitchen, now residing in Portland, was visiting here last week and attended the Study club meeting Thursday.

An average of thirty healings is announced for each healing night at the Price meeting in Albany, which closed Sunday night.

E. B. Penland got home from California Thursday, a little thinner, after his hospital experience and with his strength slowly coming back.

Milton A. Miller will formally launch his campaign for the democratic nomination for United States senator tonight at his old home town, Lebanon.

The Intermediate League of the Methodist church will give a program consisting of the work done in their league at the evening service next Sunday.

A quarter-section of land, in the aggregate, in this county has been signed up for cucumber pickles this year. The price is \$30 a ton for the smallest, \$20 for medium sized and \$10 for the largest.

Thompson and Wilkins were not indicted for the Wilhelm store robbery at Monroe and came back from Benton county to be tried for the store burglary at Peoria.

The W. F. M. S. had charge of the services at the M. E. church Sunday night and a very interesting program was carried out to commemorate founder's day. The musical numbers and readings were much enjoyed.

Early in April a party consisting of Prof. H. A. Rogers, chairman of the survey committee, C. C. Hall, district forester, and Waldo Anderson will go to the headwaters of the McKenzie to make initial measurements.

Revival meetings are being held at the Rowland schoolhouse, owned by Rev. Robert Parker, of the Rowland school team of the Methodist church will have charge of the meeting next Friday night.

Carl H. Goin, Selio; H. C. Thompson, Brownsville; J. W. Moore, Halsey; J. C. Irvine, Lebanon; C. P. Kinser, Harrisburg; J. P. Harrang, Foster and Heike Ohling, Albany have been appointed to act with the state chamber of commerce in bringing settlers into Linn county.

(Continued on page 4)

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