WINDS of CHANCE by Rex Beach

Published by Arrangement with First National Pictures, Inc., and Frank Lloyd Productions, Inc.

WINDS OF CHANCE

THE STORY THUS FAR

Pierce Phillips, penniless in Alaska, where he has gone to seek his fortune in the newly discovered gold fields of the Yukon, hires himself out packing provisions over Chilkoot Pass. In this manner he hopes to acquire the money required by the Canadian government to enter the country.

On the back-breaking ascent to the Pass he meets up with a friendly French-Canadian giant who offers words of encouragement. An old man, Tom Linton, accompanies him and Pierce is invited to share Tom's tent at Linderman.

Arriving at the camp they find it occupied by a beautiful woman, a Norsewoman, from all appearances, who asks that she may be allowed to stay and dry her clothing. She explains that her canoe has capsized in the rapids and part of her camp outfit lost.

CHAPTER III. (Continued)

During this speech, delivered in a matter-of-fact, business-like tone, the owner of the tent had managed to overcome his first surprise; he removed his hat now and began with an effort:

"I'm a bad hand at begging pardons, miss, but you see I've been suffering the pangs of bereavement lately over some dear, departed grub. I thought you were a thief and I looked forward to the pleasure of seeing you dance. I apologize. Would you mind telling me where you came from?"

"From Dawson." There was a silence the while the flaxen-haired woman eyed her interrogator less disdainfully. "Yes, by poling boat and birch-bark. I'm not fleeing the law; I'm not a cache-robber."

"You're—all alone?"

The woman nodded. "Can you stow me away for the night? You may name your own price."

"The price won't cripple you. I'm sorry there ain't some more women here at Linderman, but—there ain't. We had one—a doctor's wife, but she's gone."

"I met her at Lake Marsh."

"We've a lot more coming, but they're not here. My name is Linton. The more-or-less Christian prefix thereto is Tom. I've got a partner named Jerry. Put the two together, and drink hearty. This young man is Mr.—" The speaker turned questionably upon Phillips, who made himself known. "I'm a family man, Mr. Phillips is a—well, he's a good packer. That's all I know about him. I'm safe and sane, but he's about the right age to propose marriage to you as soon as he gets his breath. A pretty woman in this country has to expect that as you probably know"

The woman smiled and shook hands with both men, exchanging a grip as firm and strong as theirs. "I am the Countess Courteau," said she.

"The—which?" Mr. Linton queried with a start.

The Countess laughed frankly "It is French, but I'm a Dane. I think my husband bought the title—they're cheap in his country. He was a poor sort of count, and I'm a poor sort of countess. But I'm a good cook—a very good cook indeed—and if you'll excuse my looks and permit me to wear your sweater I'll prepare supper."

Linton's eyes twinkled as he said, "I've never et with the nobility and I don't known as I'd like her diet, for a steady thing, but—the baking-powder is in that box and we fry with bacon grease."

Wood and water were handy, the Countess Courteau had a quick and capable way, therefore supper was not long delayedo. The tent was not equipped for housekeeping, hence the diners held their plates in their laps and either harpooned their food from the frying pan or ladled it from tin cans, but even so it had a flavor tonight so unaccustomed, so different, that both men grasped the poignant fact that the culinary art is mysteriously wedded to female hands. Mr. Linton voiced this thought in his own manner.

"If a countess cooks like this," he observed. "I'd sure love to board with a duke." Later, while the dishes were being washed and when his visitor had shown no intention of explaining her presence in further detail, he said, whimsically: "See here ma'am, our young friend has been watching you like he was afraid you'd disappear before he gets an eyeful, and it's plain to be seen that he's devoured by curiosity. As for me, I'm totally lacking in that miserable trait, and I abhor it in others; but all the same, if you don't see fit to tell us pretty quick how you came to pole up for Dawson and what in Heaven's name a woman like you is doing here, alone and without benefit of chaperon, I shall pass away in dreadful agony."

"It't very simple," the Countess told him. "I have important business 'outside.' I couldn't go down the river, for the Yukon is low, the steamers are aground on the flats, and connections at St. Michael's are uncertain at best. Naturally I came up against the stream . I've been working 'upstream' all my life." She flashed him a smile at this latter statement. "As for a chaperon— I've never felt the need of one. Do you think they're necessary in this country?"

"Does your husband, Count—"

"My husband doesn't count. That's the trouble." The speaker laughed again and without the faintest trace of embarrassment. "He has been out of my picture for years." She turned to Phillips and inquired, abruptly, "What is the packing price to Sheep Camp?"

"Fifty cents a pound, coming this way. Going back it is nothing," he told her, gallantly.

"I haven't much to carry, but if you'll take it I'll pay you the regular price. I'd like to leave at day-light."

"You seem to be in a rush, Mr. Linton hazarded, mildly.

"I am now and then, if you don't mind I'll turn in, for I must be in Dyea to-morrow night."

The Countess Courteau, it seemed to him, was a unique specimen and extremely hard to classify, in that she was neither old nor young—or, what was even more puzzling, in that she was both. In years she was not far advanced—little older than he, in fact—but in experience, in wisdom, in self-reliance she was vastly his superior; and experience, he believed, in what makes women old. As to the family, the suborder to which she belonged, he was at an utter loss to decide. For instance, she accepted her present situation with a sang-froid equaling that of a camp harpy, a few of whom Pierce had seen; then too, she was, or had been, married to a non-account foreigner in whom she referred with a calloused and most unwifely flippancy! moreover, she bore herself with a freedom, a boldness, quite irreconcilable modesty or so-called 'good women.'

The Countess Courteau had been first to arise; she was fully dressed and the sheet-iron stove was glowing when her companions roused themselves. By the time they had returned from the lake she had breakfast ready.

"Old Jerry is going to be awful sore at missing this court function," Mr. Linton told her during the meal. "He's a great ladies' man, Old Jerry is."

"Perhaps I shall meet him."

"You wouldn't like him if you did; nobody likes him, except me, and I hate him." Linton sighed. "He's a handicap to a young man like me."

"Why don't you send him home?"

"Home? Old Jerry would die before he'd turn back. He'd lift his muzzle and bay at the very idea until some stranger terminated him. Well, he's my cross; I s'pose I've got to bear him."

"Who is Mr. Linton?" the Countess inquired, as she and Pierce left the village behind them.

"Just an ordinary stampeder, like the rest of us, I think."

"He's more than that. He's the kind who'll go through and make good. I dare say his partner is just like him.'

Phillips approved of the Countess Courteau this morning even more than he had on the evening previous, and they had not walked far before he realized that as a traveler she was the equal of him or any man. She was lithe and strong and light of foot; the way she covered ground awoke his sincere admiration. She did not trouble to talk much and she dispensed with small talk in others; she appeared to be absorbed in her own affairs, and engage in conservation. The more Phillips studied her and the better acquainted he became with her the larger proportions did she assume. Not only was she completely mistress of herself, but she had a forceful, compelling way with others; there was a naturalr air of authority about her, and she managed in some subtle manner to invest herself and her world's with importance. She was quite remarkable.

"I didn't dream so many were coming," said she.

"It's getting worse daily." Pierce told her. "Dyea is jammed, and so is Skagway. The trails are alive with men."

"How many do you think will come?"

"There's no telling. Twenty, thirty, fifty thousand, perhaps. About half of them turn back when they see the Chilkoot."

"And the rest will wish they had. It's a hard country! not one in a hundred will prosper."

(To be continued.)

Honey: "What was the cause of Reggie's social downfall?"

Seen: "Why, he was riding with Miss Rocabbit and when the car stopped he got out and looked under the front seat for the gas tank."—Hamilton Royal Gaboon.

PUPILS ENTER SCHOOL AGAIN

IMBLER, Ore. (Special)—School opened for the fall term last week with 58 pupils in the high school and 55 in the grades. More are expected to enter as the fall work is finished.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Howell entertained last Saturday evening with a most attractive party, in honor of Bert Tucker, who will soon leave Imbler to attend school this winter. Games were played and a social time enjoyed, after which refreshments were served.

Rev. Armstrong of Elgin preached the last of a series of sermons on "Prayer," last Sunday evening at the Imbler church. Mr. Armstrong leaves next Sunday for conference.

John Zweifel and B. Kuhn of Sommerville have purchased the La Grande Filling Station in La Grande, formerly owned by Mr. Heasty.

Mrs. Sam Morris left Thursday for Red Oak, Iowa, to visit her sister. From there she will go to her old home in Kentucky to visit relatives and friends.

Mrs. J. E. Elliott of Elgin and Mrs. J. I. Sturgill, Meredia Sturgill and Mrs. J. W. Clark of Union visited with Mrs. William Wiggans this week.

Mrs. Etta Long and Flora Barrie spent Sunday at the home of Frank and Louise Sion.

Irvin Westenskow, Ross Perry and C. W. Cleaver went to Wallowa where they visited the Wallowa fox farm and Lloyd's apiary.

Phillips creek country was startled last week by the appearance of Imbler hunters. Walter Furman, Pat Rollins, Albert Keefer, Kenneth Wilson and Ross Perry, armed to the teeth, went hunting.

C. E. Cleaver returned last week from a visit with his brother in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Land are happy over the arrival of a new son, Mr. Land Jr., arrived in Imbler, Wednesday, September 9.

Sometimes a streak goes past the State Bank of Imbler. This week two streaks went by. One was a speeder and the other a traffic cop. Thanks to the cop, the speeder was caught.

Many of the Imbler people are planning to go to the Round-Up at Pendleton Saturday. The rates offered by the trains this year make it possible for many to go who have never before been able to do so.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Sanderson of Summerville are in Imbler for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Zweifel and family of Summerville are in Imbler for the winter, so that the children will be able to attend school.

Mrs. Lizzie Robbs and daughter will make their home in Imbler. They are from Summerville.

Bad news from Italy. Winter's coming. Great fuel shortage. Imagine trying to eat cold spaghetti.

Now get out your family mail order catalog and look up the price of heavy slate surface roofing in the green and red and make out your order for all the rolls you need, and add your freight charges—and now the next thing to do is to come over to the new lumber yard and buy even a better and heavier roofing for the same price. We just sold an order yesterday for over 40 rolls of this wonderful slate surface roofing. We have a large carload of the rubberoid roofing, deadening felt, building paper, black sheeting paper, roof coating, plastic cement coating. HOLD YOUR ORDERS! We can and will save you many, many Dollars. We are very sorry indeed to be cut off from buying the Certain-teed Roofing as it is stock in carload lots right here in the city of La Grande. But the jobber tells us that he cannot sell to us as other dealers in La Grande have told him they would buy no more Certain-teed Roofing if he continued to sell to the Claud C. Pratt Lumber Company. I suppose the price has something to do with it. Let us keep a stiff upper lip and take courage. The sun is shining just behind the cloud. Our Motto: Put the price down, until even a short man with a short pocketbook, can help himself.

In conclusion, let us all join in and sing that old favorite Southern melody, "Put those cookies on a Lower Shelf."

Claude C. Pratt Lumber Co.

"The Poor Man's Friend"

Oppo. Foundry. Phone M-248

No Sunday Business

"Friends of Yours"

Perhaps you never think of it in this way—but there is a lot of news about friends of yours in this paper right now. Friends who serve you daily—who lighten your work—amuse your leisure—contribute to your welfare and to the pleasure of your life.

Advertised products—familiar faces that you find in your living-room, bedroom, bath, kitchen, garage and yard. Long association with them has proved their "friendship" to be valuable.

The advertisements are little intimate word pictures of these "commercial friends." Advertisements tell you how they are made, what they are doing, and how and where to get them.

As a general rule, there is nothing familiar or "friendly" about the appearance of an unadvertised product. You seldom see it in the paper—the stores—or even in homes.

Largely because the great buying public has learned that the advertised product is the friend to tie to.

READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS REGULARLY —THEY ARE MESSAGES FROM BUSINESS FRIENDS

APPLE BOXES

We have them for
Sale, old and new
Boxes at from five
To seventeen cents
Per box, any amount
From one box to
Five thousand.
There is going to
Be a shortage of
Box material, in fact
The mills have turned
Down some orders already.
Better speak for
Yours now.

La Grande Warehouse & Storage Co.

MAIN 792

If you are going to need a HEATING STOVE, come in and buy it now and pay for it later. Pay by the month.

F. L. LILLY Hardware

Phone M-85

Buy at the well-lighted stores

A MERCHANT whose windows and store are well lighted can sell more goods—and sell them faster

That means he can give you better values.

This tip may save you money. And it may make money for the merchant who will ask us to compare his lighting with the proper store standard. No charge made for the test.

H. & S. Electric

"BETTER LIGHTING BETTER BUSINESS"

IN THE PATH OF PROGRESS

To study any particular human mechanism properly and diagnose its ills is beyond the power of any one man.

Rapid scientific advancement demands specialists and complete modern equipment.

At the HOT LAKE SANATORIUM a competent staff of physicians and a well-equipped laboratory give each individual the best possible service.

The Hot Lake Sanatorium

Dr. W. T. Phy.

Owner and Director.

Combine Your Insurance ---It Costs Less

LIFE - ACCIDENT - HEALTH

"3 IN 1"

Double Indemnity - Permanent Disability

Old Age Endowment

ALL IN ONE POLICY

THE NORTHERN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Originators of the "3 in 1" Policy

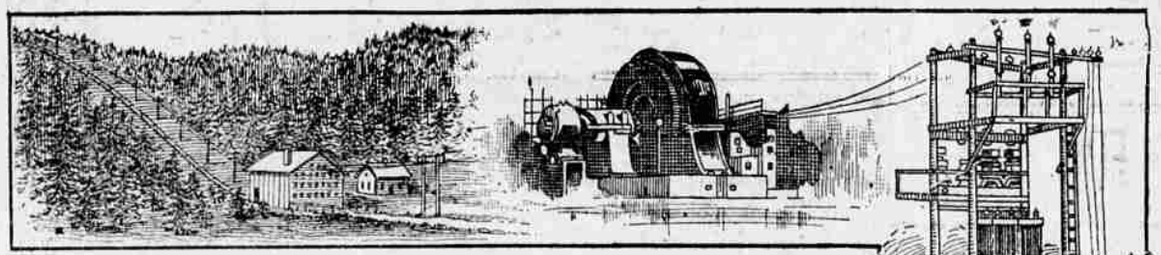
Announces the appointment of E. C. Herzinger, New Foley Bldg., La Grande, Oregon, as District Manager for Eastern Oregon. Mr. Herzinger is an insurance man of experience and ability who, with his staff of field men will continue to dispense Northern Life Service throughout the district.

Policyholders and friends are invited to write or phone Mr. Herzinger or call at our District Office for any Insurance Service desired.

Local Agents wanted on liberal commission and advance.

NORTHERN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

D. B. MORGAN, President, Home Office, Seattle, Wash.



Give The Children A Good Start

A DECLARATION

To render the most dependable and courteous service •

To the greatest possible number of people •

At the lowest cost consistent with fair wages to the labor and capital employed •

Giving and deserving fair treatment •

thus

To be a factor in upbuilding this community •

Is the objective of this company.

You would not wilfully injure the eyes of your children, nor any other part of their precious little bodies. Yet are you laying the foundation for perfect health for the rest of their lives?

Take just one period of a child's day—home study. Unless your home is adequately and properly lighted, you may be undermining your child's eyesight. Poor health will follow.

The extra cost of really efficient lighting is very small. Our service is yours for the asking. We will be glad to map out proper lighting for your home.

A total of 500 kilowatts in connected service is available at a moderate price.

Just one-tenth of one kilowatt or 100 in wattage in additional lamps, might be all that is needed to save your children from suffering as the result of poor eyesight.

Is it worth the paltry cost?

Eastern Oregon Light & Power Co.