

WINDS OF CHANCE

by Rex Beach

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

THE STORY THIS FAR

Pierce Phillips, after helping the Countess Courteen back over Chilkoot Pass in Alaska, where he had gone to seek gold in the newly discovered fields, meets up with the McCaskeys' brothers, chance acquaintances on the hazardous trail. While in their tent they are arrested and held for the theft of provisions from the other miners.

The McCaskey brothers had held intrust part of Phillips' savings and they not only accused him of the theft but claimed that they had been robbed of Phillips' money. At a brilliant miners' meeting a rift was fastened on him and all the persuasion of Hoteen Doret, a friend he had met on the trail, could not dissuade them.

At an opportune time Countess Courteen comes to his rescue, telling the mob that she knew Phillips to have been on the trail in the time he was supposed to have committed the theft.

Jim McCaskey, one of the brothers, edged forward from the crowd and scowling at the Countess, says: "What's the idea, anyhow? Are you stuck on this kid?"

"CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)
The Countess Courteen eyed her interrogator coolly, her cheeks maintained their own coloring, her eyes were as blue as ever. It was plain that she was in no wise embarrassed by his insinuation.

Very quietly she said: "I'll tell you whether I am it or not. I'll tell you who met his thousand dollars. Was it your brother?" Jim McCaskey recoiled; his face whitened. "Who hit you over the head?" the woman persisted. "Did he?"

"That's none of your business," Jim shouted. "I want to know what you're doing in this case. You say the kid was in Linderman last night. Well, I say—you're a— How 'you know he didn't steal that five before he left for that matter?"

"I know he was in Linderman because I was with him."
"With him? All right?" The speaker grinned insultingly.

"Yes, all right. I slept in the same tent with him—and—"
"Now, I've got your number," the younger McCaskey cried in triumph.

"Hah!" The Countess shrugged unconcernedly. "As for the rice being stolen before he—"
"Countess! Hat!" Jim burst forth again. "Well, countess, you're! The Dyes, they're full of 'countesses' like you—counting percentage checks. Boys, who are you going to believe? She slept all night—"

McCaskey got no further, for with a cry of rage Pierce Phillips set his muscles and landed upon him. It was a mighty blow and it found lodgment upon the side of its victim's face.

Jim McCaskey went down and his assailant, maddened completely by the feel of his enemy's flesh, lunged forward to stamp him beneath his heels. But stout arms seized him, bodies intervened, and he was hurled backward. A shout arose; there was a general propitiation for the raised platform. There were yells of:

"Shame!"
"Hang on to him!"
"Stretch him up!"
"Dirty ingrate!"

Phillips fought with desperation; his struggles caused the structure to creak and to strain; men piled over it and joined in the fight. He was whining and sobbing in his fury.

Meanwhile ready hands had rescued Jim from the tramping feet and now held his limp body erect.

It was the clarion call of the Countess Courteen which first made itself heard above the din. She had climbed to the railing and was poised there with one arm outflung, a quivering finger leveled at Jim McCaskey's head.

"Look!" she cried. "Look, men—at his head! There's proof that he's been lying! The victim of the assault had lost his cap in the scuffle, and with it had gone the bandage. His head was bare, now, and, oddly enough, it showed no matted hair, no cut, no bruise, no swelling. It was, in fact, a perfectly normal, healthy, well-preserved cranium.

Phillips eased his struggles; he passed a shaking hand over his eyes to clear his vision; his cap, torn, returned to him and showed closer to Jim McCaskey, who was now showing the first signs of turning conscientious.

"He told you he was held up—that his skull was cracked, didn't he?" The Countess threw back her head and laughed unceasingly. "No? But you mean are looking? Now, then, who do you suppose got young Phillips' money? Use your wits, men."

There was a great craning of necks, a momentary hush, the while Jim McCaskey rolled his head loosely, opened his eyes, and stared wildly about.

The Countess bent down toward him, and now her cheeks had grown white, her blue eyes were flaming.

"Well, my man," she cried, in a shaking voice, "now you know what kind of a woman I am, 'counting percentage checks' eh?" She seemed upon the point of reaching out and throttling Jim with her long strong fingers. "Let's let you and your precious brother do a little counting. Count out a thousand dollars for this boy, quick!"

It was Hoteen Doret who searched the palmed victim. While other hands restrained the older brother, he went through the younger one and, having done so, handed Pierce Phillips a bulky envelope addressed in the latter's handwriting.

"That's yours, eh?" Hoteen inquired.

Phillips made a hasty examination, then nodded.

The Countess turned once more to the crowd. "I move that you apologize to Mr. Phillips. Are you game?" Her question met with a yell of approval. "Now, then, there's a new case on the docket, and the charge is highway robbery. Are you ready to vote a verdict?" Her face was set, her eyes still flashed.

"Guilty!" came with a roar.

"Very well. Hang the ruffians if you feel like it!"

She leaped down from her vantage point, and without a word, without a glance behind her, set out along the Dyes trail.

"CHAPTER V
"Looked kind of salty for a spell, didn't it?" The grizzled leader of the posse, he who had effected the capture of the thieves, was speaking to Pierce. "Well, I'm due for a private apology. I hope you cherish no hard feelings, eh?"

"Lucky that woman showed up. Who is she?"

Phillips shook his head. In his turn he inquired, "What are you going to do with the McCaskeys?"

The older man's face hardened. "I don't know. This talk about hangin' makes me weary. I'd head 'em; I'd kick a bar' out from under either of 'em. I've done such things and I never had any bad dreams."

But it was plain that the sentiment favoring such extreme punishment had changed, for a suggestion was made to flog the thieves and send them out of the country. This met with instant response. A motion was put to administer forty lashes and it was carried with a whoop.

Since the younger McCaskey appeared to be still somewhat dazed from the rough handling he had suffered, his brother was thrust forward. The latter was stripped to the waist, his wrists were firmly bound, then trussed up to one of the stout end-poles of the tent-frame which, skeleton-like, stood over the platform. This done, the committee fell back, and the wielder of the whip stepped forward.

The crowd had watched these grim proceedings intently; it became quite silent now. The hour was growing late, the day had been overcast, and a damp chill that seeped the marrow was settling as the short afternoon drew to a close. This done, the committee showed very white beneath his shock of coal-black hair, his teeth seemed tender, and the onlookers stared at it in fascination.

Joe McCaskey was a man of nerve; he held himself erect; there was defiance in the gaze which he leveled at the faces below him. But his brother Jim was not made of such stern stuff—he was the mousetrap, the more cowardly of the pair—and these methodical preparations, the certainty of his own forthcoming ordeal, bred in him a desperate panic. The sight of his brother's teeth bared to the bite of the lash brought home to him the horrid significance of a flogging.

Watch Your Frail, Puny Child Grow Strong—Take on Weight

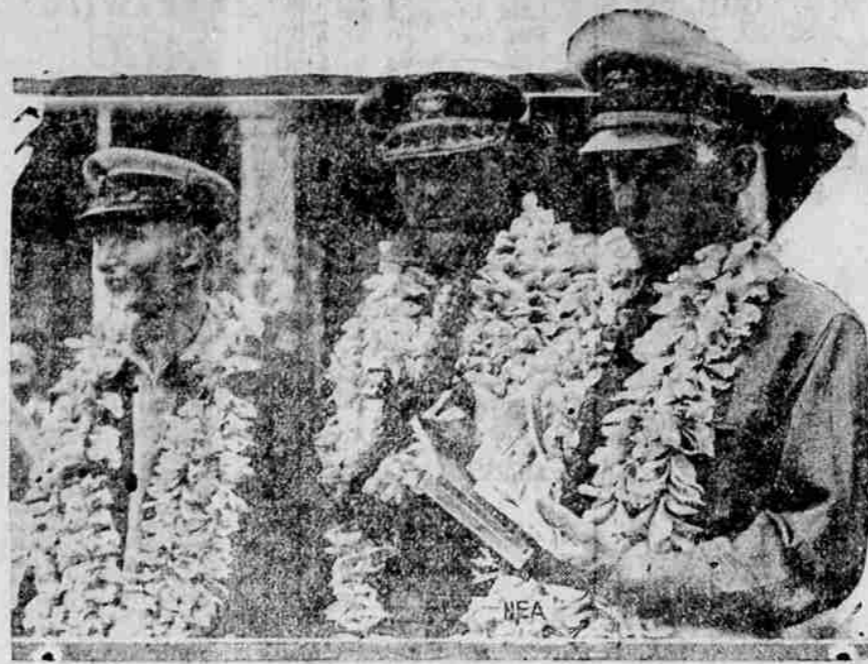
In just a few days—quicker than you ever dreamt of—these wonderful MeCo's making tablets will start to help you weak, thin, undernourished little one.

After sickness and where children are suspected they are especially valuable. No need to give them any more nasty Cod Liver Oil—these tablets are made to take the place of that good but still smothering stomach upsetting medicine and they surely do it. They do not oil-fish.

Ask Red Cross Drug Store, Glass Drugs, Inc., L. & L. Drug Co. or any druggist for MeCo's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets. They are easy to take, as candy and not at all expensive—40 tablets at 50 cents.

Be sure and get MeCo's, the original and genuine and give the child a chance for 30 days. If you aren't delighted with results you get your money back.—Adv.

HAWAII DECORATES AIR HEROES



Decorated in the best of Hawaiian fashion, the crew of the PN-9, No. 1, was received in Nawiliwili, Waiala, as the heroes that they are. Leis were thrown around their necks by the cheering throngs, and here you see the flyers after they had had their first good sleep and square meal in nine days. Left to right: O. G. Slantz, chief radio operator; Commander Rodgers, and Lieut. B. J. Council.

five, once the first fringy of excitement had died in him, heard their footsteps gaining on him. He was stark mad by now; black terror throttled him. Then some one fired a shot; that shot was followed by others; there came a scattered fusillade, and with a mighty leap Jim McCaskey fell. He collapsed in a chair; he was dead when his pursuers reached him.

(To Be Continued.)

Silver Cup Offered Freshmen PILOT ROCK (AP)—The Commercial association has voted to give a silver cup to the high school to be presented each year to the best all-around freshman. Last year the Men's Service club of the city presented a beautiful silver cup to the school to be given each year to the senior who during four years shows the greatest gain in all lines of school endeavor. This cup was won by Eddie Evans, who is now entering Willamette university.

Have You Ever Bought On The Installment Plan?

Most people have. A little down and a little a month is a popular means of acquiring things you can't purchase outright—and the payments are small enough so as to be convenient.

You can save the same way! You can accumulate a good-sized reserve fund by putting your savings in the La Grande Building & Loan at the low rate of \$7 or \$5 a month. The amount is so small you will never miss it—yet \$7 a month accumulate, in 104 months, with 7% compounded semi-annually, a total fund of

\$1,000.00

You can never tell when the time will come when you will need a reserve fund of \$1,000.00. You can never tell how soon you may need the income from a sound, conservative 7% investment.

Investigate it now—let us talk it over with you and give full details.

RADIO

Radio reception is getting better every night. Now is the time to get your new

B-BATTERIES AND TUBES

We have just received a large shipment of Tubes and Batteries and can supply your needs.

Telephone your orders to MAIN 124 and we will deliver to your home.

La Grande Electric Co.

La Grande Building & Loan Association

Never Has Progress Seemed So Swift

GRANDMOTHER'S girlhood would seem pathetically poor in comforts to us today. She never knew the convenience of electrically done housework; of time saved in cooking; of swift trips through the country by motor; of the world's best music in her home, out of the air.

A generation has changed the lives, comforts and habits of the world.

Tomorrow—new conveniences, new comforts will swiftly find their way into our lives.

The advertisements will herald their coming. Today a manufacturer will announce a new and better product. Tomorrow a million men and women will use it as an old friend.

An advertisement breaks down the barrier of distance and tells to all the world—in a day's time—the best and newest things the world has devised.

People who keep abreast with progress read the advertisements.

ADVERTISING IS A HERALD OF BETTER THINGS

This 10¢ Candy Bar

is the Choice of the Range!

The biggest hit in a "coon's age." Choice selected walnuts, wonderful pure dairy cream, then good old maple flavoring, together with tasty, smooth caramel. All mixed up and covered with the most generous pure milk chocolate covering you ever enjoyed.

It really just hits that hungry spot when you don't know what you want—but you want it.

SWEET CANDY COMPANY
Salt Lake, Utah

SWEET'S

RODEO

Chocolate BAR

Always Look for this Carton with the Cowboy

Every Bites a Delight!

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