

# KINDS of CHANCE

by Rex Beach

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### CHAPTER VI (Continued)

Phillips used the burnt-offering with a dispassionate eye. He had known that his employer used tobacco, and the discovery came as a shock. He had been reared in a close home-circle, where he did not approve of women smoking. In particular, he disapproved of the Countess, his Countess smoking. After a moment's consideration, however, he asked himself what good reason there could be for his feeling. It was her own affair; why shouldn't a woman smoke if she felt like it? He was surprised at the unexpected liberality of his attitude. This country was indeed working a change in him; he was broadening rapidly. As a matter of fact, he assured himself, the Countess Countess was an exceptional woman; she was quite different from the other members of her sex and the rules of decorum which obtained for them did not obtain for her. She was one in ten thousand one in a million. Yes, and he was "her man."

While he was snatching a bit of midnight supper, Pierce again heard the name of Kirby mentioned, and a reference to the big game in progress at the Ophir. Recalling Lucky Breda's words, he wondered if it were possible that Kirby and his girl were indeed the father and daughter who had applied at the Northern for shelter. It seemed incredible that a young woman could be a gambler's daughter, but it was true she was not only the daughter of a "sporting man," but a very notorious one, judging from several reports. Prompted by curiosity, Pierce dropped in at the Ophir on his way back to work. He found the place crowded as usual, but especially so at the rear, where the games were running. When he had edged his way close enough to command a view of the faro-table he discovered that Sam Kirby was, for a fact, the one-eyed man he had met during the afternoon. He was seated, and close at his back was the gray-eyed, brown-haired girl with the pleasant voice. She was taking no active part in the game itself except to watch the waters and the cases carefully. Now and then her father addressed a low-spoken word to her and she answered with a nod, a smile, or a shake of her head. She was quite at ease, quite at home; she was utterly oblivious to the close-packed ring of spectators encircling the table.

The sight arrested Phillips. He was shocked; he was mildly angered and mildly amused at the same time. The young woman had given. It seemed that his judgment of female types was exceedingly poor.

"Who is Mr. Kirby?" he inquired of his nearest neighbor.

"His sport. He's rich—he was; I heard he just lost a string of race-horses. He makes a fortune and he spends it overnight. He's on his way 'inside' now with a big salmon outfit. That's Lotta, his girl."

Another man laughed under his breath, saying: "Old Sam won't bet a nickel unless she's with him. He's superstitious."

"I guess he has reason to be. She's his ruler," the first speaker explained.

Mr. Kirby rapped sharply upon the table with the steel hook that served as his left hand, then, when a waiter cleared a passageway through the crowd, he majestically invited the house-employees to drink. The dealer declined, the lookout and the case-keeper ordered whiskey, and Kirby stamined by a nod that the same would do for him. But his daughter laid a hand upon his arm. He argued with her, Kirby, then he shrilled and changed his order.

"Make it a rum," he said, with a smile.

"Now's orders."

"Sam's a mad actor when he's drinking," one of Pierce's informants told him. "Lotta keeps him

pretty straight, but once in a while he gets away. When he does—oh, boy!"

Long after he had returned to his tasks the memory of that still-faced girl in the coat, tobacco-brown atmosphere of the gambling-hall remained to both Pierce Phillips; he could not get over his amazement and his annoyance at mistaking her for a—well, for a good girl.

Early in the morning, when he wearily went forth in quest of breakfast and a bed, he learned that the game at the Ophir was still going on.

"I want you, to hire enough packers to take this stuff over in one trip—two at the most. Package all you can," offered his price. The Countess was speaking. She had snatched a few hours' sleep and was now back at the hotel in fresh as ever.

"You must make more room," Pierce told her. "You'll wear yourself out at this rate."

She smiled brightly and shook her head, but he persisted. "Go back to sleep and let me attend to the work. I'm strong, nothing breaks me."

"Nor me. I'll rest when we get to Dawson. Here, those packers here day after tomorrow morning."

There were numerous fresheners in Lotta's outfit with animals, but some of them, but equally developed the fact that some were free to accept a contract of this kind at any short notice, therefore, Pierce went to the Indian village and asked for the chief. Finding to discover the old man, he began a sent-to-ten march, and while so engaged he stumbled upon Joe McCasky.

The outcast was lying on a bed of boughs; his face was flushed and his eyes were bright with fever. Evidently, in avoiding the town he had sought shelter here and the natives had taken him in without question.

Overcoming his first impulse to quietly withdraw, Pierce bent down to the fellow and said, with genuine pity: "I'm sorry for you, Joe. Is there anything I can do?"

McCasky stared up at him, wildly, then a light of recognition kindled in his blank eyes. It changed to that baleful glow of hatred. His hair lay low upon his forehead and through it he gazed, his face was covered with a smudged beard which made him even more repellent.

"I thought you were Jim," he croaked. "But Jim's dead."

"You're sick, ain't you?"

"Do you want money or—"

"Jim's dead," the man repeated. "You killed him!"

"I know. Don't talk."

"You killed him, you!" McCasky's unshining stars became positively venomous; he showed his teeth in a frightful grin. "You killed him. But there's more of us. Plenty more. We'll get you. He appeared to derive a ferocious enjoyment from his threat, for he dwelt upon it. He began to curse his victim so forth that Pierce backed out of the tent and let the flap fall. It had been an agreeable encounter; it left an unpleasant taste in his mouth.

As he went on in search of the village shaman he heard Joe muttering: "Jim's dead! Dead! Jim's dead!"

CHAPTER VII

Sam Kirby's outfit was one of the largest, one of the comeliest and one of the most complete that had ever been landed on the Iyva beach, for Kirby was a man who did things in a large way. He was a plunger; he had long since become race-hardened to risks and he knew how to water probabilities; hence the fact that he had his all upon one throw did not in the least disturb him.

Most men are successful in direct proportion to their ability to select and retain suitable associates. Fortune had favored Sam Kirby by presenting him with a daughter whose qualities and good sense admirably supplemented his

own best qualities, and he was doubly blessed in possessing the intense, nay, the ferocious, loyalty of his Danny Royal, a dependable retainder who had graduated from various minor positions into a sort of castellan, an Admirable Christian, a grand left hand to criticize that leading member which Kirby had lost during the white-hot climax of a certain celebrated feud—a feud, by the way, which had added a notch to the ivory handle of some famous snooker. This Danny Royal was all things. He could take any shift in a gambling-house, he was an accomplished flier he had been a jockey and had handled the Kirby string of horses. He was a minor of sorts, too, having superintended the Rouletta Mine during its brief and prosperous history; as a trader he was without a peer. He had made look on many tracks; he it was who had brought out the filly Rouletta, Sam Kirby's best-known thoroughbred, and "mopped up" with her. Both mine and mare Danny had aimed after Kirby's girl, and under Danny's management both had been quick producers all in all. Royal was considered by those who knew him best as a master of many trades and a jack-of-all, he was an irreligious man, but he possessed a code which he lived up to strictly; epitomized it ran as follows: "Sam Kirby's will be done!" He believed in but one god, and that Rouletta Kirby was his profit.

Equipped with the allegiance of several men as Royal, together with several tons of high-proof spirits, a stock of game-pieces and cigars, some gambling paraphernalia, and a moderate bank roll with which to furnish the same, old Sam felt safe in setting out for any country where gold was mined and where the trails were new.

Of course he took his daughter with him. Sooner than leave her behind he would have severed his remaining hand, Rouletta and Agnes, they constituted the foundation upon which the Kirby fortune rested; they were the rocks to which Sam clung, they were the asset and his liabilities, his adjuncts and his adornments. Agnes was his gun.

Having seen his freight safely ashore, Kirby left Royal in charge of it, first impressing upon him certain comprehensive and explicit instructions; then he and Rouletta and Agnes went up the trail and over the Chilkooot. Somehow, he crossed

the three of them, they intended to have a scow built and ready when Danny landed the last pound of merchandise at Linderman.

Mr. Royal was an energetic little person. He began an immediate hunt for packers, only to discover that another outfit was ahead of his and that no men were immediately available. He was resourceful; he was in the habit of meeting and overcoming obstacles, hence this one did not greatly trouble him, once he became acquainted with the situation.

(To be continued)

Storn blew a Hammond N. J. girl out of bed. Many mothers would enjoy such a storm every morning.

Women are so fickle. In Chicago, one wants a divorce after being married only 46 years.

—the real autocrat of the breakfast table!

Leave it to His Royal Highchair Highness to "be strong" for Carnation Mush! And mother, naturally, is more than glad to approve his cereal-choice. For she knows this delicious all wheat cereal supplies the growth and health elements Nature intended for thriving youngsters.

For baby's better breakfast [and for baby's quick-to-digest supper] Carnation Mush!



# Albers Carnation Mush

"Albers stands for Better Breakfasts"

You could flavor your cake with an onion—but you would prefer the delicacy of the orchid. The delicate orchid-like flavor of SCHILLING Vanilla is effected by the expert blending of the world's finest vanilla beans.

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Coffee  
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## Schilling Vanilla Extract

Lemon  
Almond  
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and 25 others

### THIS BOY CERTAINLY KNOWS HIS OIL



### CLERGY MEETS AT THE COVE

M. Roberts and Miss Charlotte Brown, both of Pendleton.

No school was held in the high school and eighth grade Friday to permit the pupils to attend the Union County Fair.

The school here is so crowded that it has been necessary to add another room.

Two of Cove's citizens celebrated their birthday anniversaries last week. Samuel G. White was 57 years old last Tuesday and

### 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

Ohio Kehrley was 88 Wednesday.

Mrs. Kattie Kellom and Miss May Bell, who have been the guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Bell, for the past two months returned to their home in Los Angeles last week.

Mrs. Ray Barker of Salem, is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Barker.

Oscar Gorham, of North Powder, was a Cove visitor Monday.

Mrs. Glen Lincoln, who has as her house guest her sister from Cleveland, Ohio, made a trip to Wallowa Lake to show the scenic spot to her eastern visitor. They were accompanied by Mrs. C. Bertsch.

The Rev. Fred L. Post has returned from a three months trip abroad and is visiting among his many friends here. Wednesday evening he gave a lecture at the Methodist Episcopal church telling his journey. Since his return from Europe in June he has been visiting different members of his family, coming here from Yakima, Washington. There he visited for some time. After his visit here he will take up the new charge at Garfield, Washington.

The Rev. Paul Roberts, of Hobbs, gave a very interesting and instructive lecture Tuesday evening at the Episcopal church on "The Task of the Church."

Emil Bierins, of Fayette, has been a Cove visitor this week.

Coming FRIDAY Watch this paper

the News

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Eggs whose shells are coated to prevent air from entering through the pores. Air is destructive to quality—fruits and vegetables will spoil when held under the influence of air. By excluding the air and sealing them they keep indefinitely. So will the egg meat.

PROCESSED EGGS

are seal with a coat of paraffine base oil. The meats are kept sweet and fresh, because they are kept in coolers they are marked "cold storage."

TRY THESE EGGS

And be convinced that they are of superior quality. They should not be confused with common "storage eggs," which carry a storage flavor, nor with so-called "fresh eggs" among which are found stale and rorts.

Every Egg Guaranteed Sound And Sweet.

## Union Creamery Co.

# NOTICE To Observer Readers In COVE

Arrangements have now been completed and are in effect for the delivery of the Observer at the Cove postoffice each afternoon at the same time deliveries are made in La Grande. With this improved service you can have your copy of The Evening Observer in less than two hours after it leaves the press—subject to infrequent delays due to press breakages or other conditions beyond our control.



Trying to Make Dogs Flea-less

J. J. Silver, entomologist of the quarantine department expects to know if they really have any effect on fleas. So he's applied some to these two dogs, and is watching through a magnifying glass to see what the fleas are going to do about it.