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L. & L. Drug Co.
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THINGS OF CHANCE

by Rex Beach

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

CHAPTER XIII. (Continued.)
 While Hovey at the time, was purely a snark-shaft case, he had no facilities for gambling. The money he had was little more than a loan which had been opened overnight for the purpose of raising quick profits. Therefore such games of chance as went on here for the most part before professional gamblers who happened to be passing through and who chose to amuse themselves in that way.

After perhaps an hour, during which a considerable crowd had come and gone, Sam Kirby broke away from the group with which he had been drinking and made for the door. As he passed Hovey's he passed to say:

"Where are you going to get up for the night?" his daughter inquired.

"I don't know yet. It's early. I want to turn in."

Hovey's hand was on his hip. "I'll find a place somewhere. Now you stick here where it's safe and warm. I'll be back by and by."

With a nod Kirby watched Hovey go. After a moment the row and followed him out into the night. She was surprised to discover that the mud under foot had frozen and that the north wind bore a burden of fine, hard snow particles. Hovey's will coat of night, she reached to another window door, and then, after observing Hovey's tracks for a while, she stole in and crept up behind the stove.

She was very miserable indeed by this time, and as the evening wore slowly on her misery increased. After a while her father began snoring. She, with some strategy, and the aid of their waders drew an audience of interested bystanders.

Hovey realized that she should not have exposed herself alone to the cold, for now her attention had been vaguely attracted. She could not even begin to get warm, except now and then when a burning fever seared her chill; she felt weak and ill, and the fingers she pressed to her aching temples were like icicles. Hovey, who had lost all track of time, her condition became intolerable and she decided to risk her father's displeasure by interrupting him and demanding that he secure for both of them a lodging-place at once.

There were several bunk-houses of large dimensions on the north fronting road. Kirby was watching a cast of dice when his daughter approached; therefore he did not see her. Nor did he turn his head when she laid a hand upon his arm.

Now women, especially pretty women, were common enough

in Alaskan drinking places. So it was not strange that Hovey's presence had attracted another customer so curiously. More than once during the last hour or two Kirby had spoken to her with easy familiarity, but they had talked no more when she had turned her back. It was quite natural, therefore, that the fellow with whom Kirby was drinking should interrupt her silent to make an attempt to interrupt the game, and that he should demand the meaning of her impromptu look. There being considerable money at stake, he frowned down at her, then with an impatient gesture, he crushed her aside.

"None of that, sister!" he warned her. "You get out of here."

Sam Kirby was in the mood of a discussion with the speaker, across the bar, and he said: "There was a deal of more in the game than I did not hear his daughter's conversation."

"Oh, I mean it!" The former speaker snarled at Hovey. "You little make me sick, drinking a few cups of beer. You're not worth a penny of your money for you to drink. If you can't get an old man with money, why not? The rest of his remark raised the girl's eye to which and the chastising words to fall silent.

"Sam Kirby raised his chin and pointed to his right hand.

"What's that?" he queried, vaguely.

"I'm talking to this pink-faced fellow!" Hovey's retorted.

"The fellow repeated his remark. Hovey's understanding came to Kirby and he expressed slowly at first, but as Hovey's gaze grew keen to catch his eye began to blink.

"You said that to—her?" he asked in amazement. "To my daughter?" There was a moment of tense silence during which the speaker appeared to be treated by the crowd. Then, "By God!" Sam placed the dice-box carefully upon the bar. His movement was deliberate, but he kept his burning gaze fixed upon the object of his wrath, and into his hand, when conversation came such dramatic fury as to appeal to the girl's eye.

Hovey uttered a faint moan and flung herself at her father, with a strength born of terror and a strength born of love. In this she was successful, despite old Hovey's effort to shake her off, but she could not keep him from striking Kirby's hand, he raised that wicked artificial left hand and brought it sweeping downward, and for a second time and day the stool met Kirby's head and back. His victim upon upon his back, then, with outflung arms and an expression of shocked amazement still upon his face, he crashed backward to the floor.

Kirby strove to rise before Hovey could come to Hovey's assistance and bear him out of reach, but he buried his heavy, knotted head in the pavement. Hovey presented a terrible situation of animal ferocity, for he was kneeling on the floor. He thrust and his eye was the light of murder. He fought for Kirby with which to finish his task, and those who restrained him found that something he had managed to draw an ivory-handled slung-shot, and some part of conversation. Nor could they wrench the weapon

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The Kenmore No. 5 coal submarine passed through La Grande yesterday, and what do you think he said? He said, "Clay, you have certainly sold a lot of our coal in a short time and he assured me that if we would stay with the Kenmore and Rainbow and that we would soon be the biggest coal dealers in La Grande. I told him that I was already the biggest coal dealer—that I weighed 280 pounds.

We sold over 10,000 feet of slings yesterday to different ones and 1000 feet of straight-grained Oregon hardwood flooring for a garage hall. Besides lots of other building material. The No. 2 better slings at \$1.95 a ton are selling fast.

Flow slings—made of hickory, 50c each.

P. S. — The car of roofing should be here tomorrow. It has got as far as Astoria, Ore.

Claude C. Pratt Lumber Co.
 "The Poor Man's Friend"
 Oppo Foundry, Phone M-24
 No Sunday Business

White Collie for White House



The collie dog shown again. The place of Paul Fry, the White House aide who is believed to be the man who was shot, will be taken by the pure white pedigreed Scotch collie pup, called "Loudie" and sent to Mrs. Coudage by Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Massey, of Green Bay, Wis.

should he attempt to draw his sword? After all, might there not be real and actual relief in House? After consideration he decided to try it.

From a tent saloon near by came the sounds of singing and laughter, and farther he turned his steps. When he entered the place a lively scene greeted him. Somehow or other a small portable organ had been secured, and at this a bearded fellow in a black coat was seated. He was playing a spirited accompaniment for two women, sisters, evidently, who sang with the loud staccato of professional "coon" singers. Other women were present, and Phillips recognized them as members of that theatrical troupe he had seen at Sheep Camp—as those "actresses" to whom Tom Linton had referred with such elaborate sarcasm.

Phillips looked on moodily; he frowned, his lip curled. All the while was noisy, it seemed, while he stirred a broken heart. Well, that was in accord with the scheme of things—he was a man, together after all, and there was nothing stable about any part of it. He felt very grim, very desperate, very bitter, almost as very much outside of all his excitement.

Men were playing cards at the table in the saloon, and among the number was Sam Kirby. The old gambler looked on with a keen eye, and he was not without a certain amount of interest in the fact, it appeared to have been banished utterly from his mind. He was drinking and even while he looked on he rubbed sheepishly with his hand to call the bartender's attention. Meantime he scanned intently the faces of all newcomers.

When the crowd had swarmed back to the organ, he found a place at the bar and he called for a drink of whiskey—the first he had ever had. This was the end he told himself.

He poured the glass nearly full, then he sipped the liquor down. It tasted much as it smelled. Before he got to the bottom of the glass he had the experience. As he sipped a bill from his stable roll or left upon the bar he eyed him curiously and seemed upon the point of speaking, but Pierce turned his shoulder.

Embarrassed then, he heard a voice close to his ear. It said:

"Hello, man!"

Pierce turned to discover that a girl was leaning with elbows upon the plank counter at his side and looking at him. Her chin was supported upon her clasped fingers, she was staring into his face.

She eyed him sidelong for a moment, during which he returned her smiling gaze. She dropped her eyes to the whiskey glass, then raised them again to his. "Can you take a drink like that and not feel it?" she inquired.

"No, I want to feel it. That's why I take it," he said gruffly.

"What's the idea?"

"I got 'em. Well, it's my own idea—my own business."

(To be continued)

THE RIGHT PICTURE.
 The atmosphere of your home is most dependent upon your pictures. How they are hung, and the Right Picture for the Right Place in your home. Contact your dealer for the right picture.

Remounting, pleating, button holes, etc. Norton's Kid's Shop.

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 Richardson's Art & Gift Shop—La Grande's shop of fine pictures and picture framing—artists.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
 Notice is hereby given that L. L. Snodgrass has been appointed administrator of the estate of George Thomas, deceased, and all persons having claims against said estate are required to present the same with proper vouchers to said administrator at his office at 1309 4th St., La Grande, Oregon, or to his attorneys, Lingo & Wright at 11 West-Jacobson building, La Grande, Oregon, on or before six months from the date of this notice.

WESLEY HARRISON, Administrator.
 Green & Beas, attorneys for administrator.
 Oct. 8, 1925.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE.
 Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an attachment execution and order of sale issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Union County, Oregon, dated the 1st day of September, 1925, to me directed and delivered upon a judgment, decree and order of sale made and entered in said court, on the 17th day of August, 1925, in favor of Harry Thomas, plaintiff, and against W. L. Kern, defendant, wherein judgment was duly entered in favor of said plaintiff and against the said defendant for the sum of Ninety and no/100 Dollars (\$90.00), with interest thereon at the rate of 11 per cent per annum from the 17th day of September, 1925, and the obligees to the complainant, I will, on Thursday, the 8th day of October, 1925, at the hour of eleven o'clock A. M. of said day, at the front door of the County Court House in La Grande, Union County, Oregon, sell at public auction the above described real property, and all the right title, interest and equity of the said defendant, W. L. Kern in and to the same or any part thereof, on the 17th day of August, 1925, or that he has since acquired in and to said property, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, subject to redemption as provided by law, the proceeds of said sale to be applied in satisfaction of said judgment and costs aforesaid.

Witness my hand and office at La Grande, Oregon, this 27th day of September, 1925.

JESSE BRESHEARS,
 Sheriff of Union County, Oregon.
 Sept. 8, 1925, 27-28-Oct. 6.

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She turned her back on love, as she got it in the neck.

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 You will find in this attractive showing Shawls, Ties, Gobiin Green, Henna, Hussar, Medium Blues and Tans. The colors win your approval right away.
 Make a new dress from this stunning material.

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 Fancy Sheling Tomatoes, 6 lbs. 25c
 Fresh, Home-grown Spinach, 2 lbs. 25c

Rome Beauty Apples, box 90c
 Home-grown Lettuce, large heads, 2 for 25c
 Cramberries, 2 quarts 45c
 Radishes, 2 bunches 15c
 Large Green Peppers, 2 lbs. 25c
 New Comb Honey, 2 for 49c
 Gair's Minute Oat Flakes, pkg 31c
 Tomatoes, No. 2 1/2 tin 15c

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 Warner Bros. Classics of the Screen
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