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ROAD MEET OCTOBER 29

ROSEBURG, Ore.—A meeting of the state highway commission at Elkton on October 29 to hear arguments for and against the proposed Umpqua highway improvement district was announced by the secretary today.

It is proposed to join 12 districts having a total valuation of $5,000,- 000 for the purpose of voting a 26-mill levy to be used for the completion of the Roosevelt highway and the Drain-Reedsport section of the Umpqua highway. This levy would be distributed over a three-year period, the district raising $50,000 each year. On this basis co-operation can be obtained from the state and federal governments.

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WINDS of CHANCE by Rex Beach

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CHAPTER XVI (Continued)

Linton spoke finally; his voice was low, it was husky with emotion: "I've been getting acquainted with myself tonight—first time in a long while. Things look different than they did. What's the good of fighting, what's the use of hurrying and trampling on each other when this is the end? Gold! It won't buy anything worth having. You're right, Doret; somebody to love and to care for, somebody that cares for you, that's all there is in the game. I had dreams, too, when I was a lot younger, but they didn't last. It's bad for a man to quit dreaming; he gets mean and selfish and ornery. Take me—I ain't worth skinning. I had a kid—little girl—I used to tote her around in my arms. Funny how it makes you feel to tote a baby that belongs to you; seems like all you've got is wrapped up in it; you live two lives. My daughter didn't stay long. I just got started loving her when she went away. She was—awful nice."

The speaker blinked, for his eyes were smarting. "I feel, somehow, as if she was here tonight—as if this girl was her and I was her daddy. She might have looked something like this young lady if she had lived. She would have made a big difference in me."

Tom felt a hand seek his. It was a bony, big-knuckled hand not at all like 'Poleon Doret's. When it gave his fingers a strong, firm, friendly pressure his throat contracted painfully. He raised his eyes, but they were blurred; he could distinguish nothing except that Jerry Quirk had sidled closer and that their shoulders all but touched.

Now Jerry, for all of his crabbedness, was a sentimentalist; he also was blind, and his voice was equally husky when he spoke:

"I'd of been her daddy, too, wouldn't I, Tom? We'd of shared her, fifty-fifty. I've been mean to you, but I'd of treated her all right. If you'll forgive me for the things I've said to you maybe the Lord will forgive me for a lot of other things. Anyhow, I'm goin' to do a little rough prayin' for this kid. I'm goin' to ask Him to give her a chance."

Mr. Quirk did pray, and if he made a bad job of it, as he more than suspected, neither of his earthly hearers noticed the fact, for his words were honest, earnest. When he had finished Tom Linton's arm was around his shoulders; side by side the old men sat for a long time. Their heads were bowed; they kept their eyes upon Rouletta Kirby's face. Doret stood over them, motionless and intense; they could hear him sigh and they could sense his suffering. When the girl's pain caused her to cry out weakly, he knelt and whispered words of comfort to her.

Thus the night wore on.

The change came an hour or two before dawn and the three men watched it with their hearts in their throats. Mutely they questioned one another, deriving deep comfort from each confirmatory nod and gesture, but for some time they dared not voice their growing hope. Rouletta's fever was breaking, they felt sure; she breathed more deeply, more easily, and she coughed less. Her discomfort lessened, too, and finally, when the candle-light grew feeble before the signs of coming day, she fell asleep. Later the men rose and stole out of the tent into the cold.

Doret was broken. He was limp, almost lifeless; there were deep lines about his eyes, but nevertheless, they sparkled.

"She's goin' get well," he said, uncertainly. "I'm goin' teach dat li'l bird to fly again."

The partners nodded.

"Sure as shootin'," Jerry declared.

"Right-o!" Linton agreed. "Now then"—he spoke in an energetic, purposeful tone—"I'm going to put Jerry to bed while I nail that infernal boat together again."

"Not much, you ain't!" Jerry exclaimed. "You know I couldn't sleep a wink without you, Tom. What's more, I'll never try."

Arm in arm the two partners set off down the river-bank. 'Poleon smiled after them. When they were out of sight he turned his face up to the brightening sky and said aloud:

"Bon Dieu, I t'ank you for dat sister's life."

Pierce Phillips awoke from a cramped and troubled slumber to find himself lying upon a pile of baggage in the stern of a skiff. For a moment he remained dazed; then he was surprised to hear the monotonous creak of oars and to feel that he was in motion. A fur robe had been thrown over him; it was powdered with snowflakes but it had kept him warm. He sat up to discover Laure facing him.

"Hello!" said he. "You here?"

The girl smiled wearily. "Where did you think I'd be? Have a good sleep?"

He shrugged and nodded, and, turning his eyes shoreward, saw that the forest was flowing slowly past. The boat in which he found himself was stowed full of impedimenta; forward of Laure a man was rowing listlessly, and on the seat beyond him were two female figures bundled to the ears in heavy wraps. They were the 'coon-shouting sisters whose song had drawn Pierce into the Gold Belt Saloon the evening before. In the distance were several other boats.

"You feel tough, I'd bet." Laure's voice was sympathetic.

After a moment of consideration Pierce shook his head. "No," said he. "I feel fine—except that I'm hungry. I could eat a log-chain."

"No headache?"

"None. Why?"

Laure's brown eyes widened in admiration and astonishment. "Jimminy! You're a hound for punishment. You must have oak ribs. Were you weaned on rum?"

"I never took a drink until last night. I'm a rank amateur."

"Really!" The girl studied him with renewed interest. "What set you off?"

Pierce made no answer. His face seemed fixed in a frown. His was a tragic past; he could not bear to think of it, much less could he speak of it. Noting that the oarsman appeared to be weary, Pierce volunteered to relieve him, an offer which was quickly accepted. As he seated himself and prepared to fall to work Laure advised him:

"Better count your money and see if it's all there."

He did as directed. "It's all here," he assured her.

She flashed him a smile, then crept into the place he had vacated and drew up the robe snugly. Pierce wondered why she eyed him with that peculiar intentness. Not until she had fallen asleep did he suspect with a guilty start that the robe was hers and that she had patiently waited for him to finish his sleep while she herself was drooping with fatigue. This suspicion gave him a disagreeable shock; he began to give some thought to the nature of his new surroundings. They were of a sort to warrant consideration; for a long time he rowed mechanically, a frown upon his brow.

In the first place, he was amazed to find how bravely he bore the anguish of a breaking heart, and how little he desired to do away with himself. The world, strangely enough, still remained a pleasant place, and already the fret for new adventure was stirring in him. He was not happy—thoughts of Hilda awoke real pain, and his sense of injury burned him like a brand—nevertheless, he could not make himself feel so utterly hopeless, so blackly despondent as the circumstances plainly warranted. He was, on the whole, agreeably surprised at his powers of resistance and of recuperation, both physical and emotional. For instance, he should by all means experience a wretched reaction from his inebriety; as a matter of fact, he had never felt better in his life; his head was clear, he was ravenously hungry. Then, too, he was not altogether hopeless; it seemed quite probable that he and Hilda would again meet, in which event there was no telling what might happen. Evidently liquor agreed with him; in his case it was not only an anodyne, but also a stimulant, spurring him to optimistic thought and independent action. Yes, whisky roused a fellow's manhood. It must be so, otherwise he would never have summoned the strength to snap those chains which bound him to the Countess Courteau, or the reckless courage to embark upon an enterprise so foreign to his tastes and to his training as this one.

His memory of the later incidents of the night before was somewhat indistinct, as was his recollection of the scene which he had served his notice upon the Countess. Of this much he felt certain, however, he had done the right thing in freeing himself from a situation that reflected discredit upon his manhood. Whether he had acted wisely in casting in his lot with Morris Best's outfit was another matter altogether. He was quite sure he had not acted wisely, but there is a satisfaction at certain times in doing what we know to be the wrong thing.

Pierce was no fool; even his limited experience in the North had taught him a good deal about the character of dance-hall women and of the men who handled them; he was in no wise deceived, therefore, by the respectability with which the word "theatrical" cloaked this troupe of wanderers; it gave him a feeling of extreme self-consciousness to find himself associated with such folk; he felt decidedly out of place.

What would his people think? And the Countess of Courteau? Well, it would teach her that a man's heart was not a football; that a man's love was not to be juggled with. He had made a gesture of splendid recklessness; he would take the consequences.

In justice to the young man, be it said he had ample cause for resentment, and whatever of childishness he displayed was but natural, for true balance of character is the result of experience and as yet he had barely tasted life.

As for the girl Laure, she awoke no real interest in him, now that he saw her in the light of day; he included her in his general, vague contempt for all women of her type. There was, in fact, a certain contamination in her touch. True, she was a little different from the other members of the party—greatly different from Pierce's preconceived ideas of the "other sort"—but not sufficiently different to matter. It is the privilege of arrogant youth to render stern and conclusive judgment.

Best waved his party toward the shore shortly before dusk. A landing place was selected, tents, bedding, and paraphernalia were unloaded; then, while the women looked on, the boatmen began pitching camp. The work had not gone far before Phillips recognized extreme inefficiency in it. Confusion grew, progress was slow. Best became more and more excited. Irritated at the general ineptitude, Pierce finally took hold of things and in a short time had made all snug for the night.

Lights were glowing in the tents when he found his way through the gloom to the landing in search of his own belongings. Seated on the gunwale of a skiff he discovered Laure.

"I've been watching you," she said. "You're a handy man."

He nodded. "Is this the way Best usually makes camp?"

"Sure. Only it usually takes him much longer. I'll bet he's glad he hired you."

Pierce murmured something.

"Are you glad he did?"

"Why, yes—of course."

"What do you think of the other girls?"

"I haven't paid much attention to them," he told her, frankly.

There was a moment's pause; then Laure said:

"Don't!"

"Eh?"

"I say, don't!"

Phillips shrugged. In a world-weary, cynical tone he asserted, "Women don't interest me."

"What ails you today?" Laure inquired, curiously.

"Nothing. I'm not much of a ladies' man, that's all."

"Yes, you are. Anyhow, you were last night."

"I was all tuned up, then," he explained. "That's not my normal pitch."

"Don't you like me as well as you did?"

"Why—certainly."

"Is there another woman?"

"'Another'?" Pierce straightened himself. "There's not even one. What difference would it make if there were?"

"Oh, none." Laure's teeth flashed through the gloom. "I was just curious. Curiosity killed a cat, didn't it? Will you help me up the bank?"

Pierce took the speaker's arm; together they climbed the gravelly incline toward the illumination from the cook fire. In the edge of the shadows, Laure halted and her hand slipped down over Pierce's.

"Remember," she said, meaningly. "Don't—or you'll hear from me."

CHAPTER XVII

Laure had no cause to repeat her admonition, for, in the days that followed, Pierce Phillips maintained toward the women members of the party an admirable attitude of aloofness. He was not rude, neither was he discourteous; he merely isolated himself from them and discouraged their somewhat timid advances toward friendship. This doubtless would have met with Laure's wholehearted approval had he not treated her in precisely the same way. She had at first assumed a somewhat triumphant air of proprietorship toward him, but this quickly gave way to something entirely different. They began to know each other, to be sure; for hours upon end they were together, which could have resulted in nothing less than a thorough acquaintance; notwithstanding this, there lurked behind Phillips' friendly interest an emotional apathy that piqued the girl and put her on her mettle. She hid her chagrin under an assumption of carelessness, but furtively she studied him, for every hour he bulked bigger to her. He exercised a pronounced effect upon her; his voice, his laughter, brought a light and a sparkle to her eyes; she could not rest when he was out of her sight. His appeal, unconscious on his part, struck to the very core of her being. To discover that she lacked a similar appeal for him roused the girl to desperation; she lay awake nights, trying to puzzle out the reason, for this was a new experience to her. Recalling their meeting and the incidents of that first night at White Horse, she realized that here was a baffling secret and that she did not possess the key to it.

One night the truth came to her. Best had made camp later than usual, and as a result had selected a particularly bad spot for it—a brushy flat running back from a high, overhanging bank beneath which ran a swirling eddy.

(To be Continued.)

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED—

FIND
IT
HERE

Copy for this column must be in by 9:00 a. m.

Hot Water Bottles. Fountain Syringes. The kind that are warranted for two years and at prices that are lower than such goods are generally sold for. See them at Silverthorn - Wright's family drug store. 10-10-tf

WATCH.

Watch for the market basket special next Saturday at Richardson's Art & Gift Shop. 10-19-1t

Hemstitching, pleating, button holes, etc. Norton's Kiddy Shop. 10-14-tf

When your doctor gives you a prescription to be filled for your family or yourself let us fill it for you, we deliver all prescriptions with no extra charge for delivery. Silverthorn-Wright's family drug store. 10-10-tf

STAMPED GOODS.

New line easy to embroidery at lowest prices ever offered. Norton's Kiddy Shop. 10-19-1t

TEA SETS.

Ten patterns in beautiful new tea sets just arrived at Richardson's Art & Gift Shop. See them on display in the windows of the shop. 10-19-1t

Stamped Bed Spreads $2.00 to $4.25 on good high grade materials. Fringe to match $1.00. Norton's Kiddy Shop. 10-19-1t

Stamped Vanity Sets........30c
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In the District Court of the United States for the District of Oregon.

In the matter of Robert E. Clark and Evaline Clark, bankrupts.

To the creditors of Robert E. Clark and Evaline Clark of La Grande, Union County, in the State and District aforesaid, bankrupts.

Notice is hereby given that on the 16th day of October, 1925, the aforesaid Robert E. Clark and Evaline Clark were duly adjudicated bankrupts by the District Court of the United States for the District of Oregon, and the first meeting of their creditors has been set for Tuesday, November 3rd, 1925, at 10 A. M. at the office of H. E. Dixon, referee, La Grande, Oregon, at which time said creditors may attend, prove their claims, examine the bankrupts and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

H. E. DIXON,
Referee.

(All claims must be sworn to on bankruptcy blanks before filing.)

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Union County, administrator of the estate of Martin Kaeis, deceased, and has qualified as such. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same, verified as required by law, to the undersigned at La Grande, Oregon, or at the office of his attorneys, Green & Hess, at La Grande, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated at La Grande, Oregon, Sept. 21st, 1925.

LOT L. SNODGRASS,
Administrator.

Green & Hess, attorneys for administrator.
Sept. 21, 28-Oct 5, 12, 19.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given to all concerned that letters testamentary have been issued by the County Court of Union County, Oregon, to Syntha Virginia McNeill, upon the last will and testament of John A. McNeill, deceased and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same with proper vouchers to the said executrix at the office of J. D. Slater, her attorney in La Grande, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated this September 21, 1925.

SYNTHA VIRGINIA McNEILL,
Executrix.

Sept. 21, 28-Oct. 5, 12, 19.

FINAL ACCOUNT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administratrixes with will annexed of the estate of Aurelia K. Nibley, deceased, have filed in the County Court for Union county, Oregon, their final account, and the court has set Tuesday, Oct. 27, 1925, at 10 A. M., at the County Court Room, La Grande, said county and state, to hear objections to, and for the settlement of same.

EDITH O. STODDARD,
AURELIA CLEGG,
Administratrixes,
La Grande, Oregon.

Sept. 28—Oct. 5, 12, 19, 26.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of Mary A. Warnick, deceased and all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are hereby required to present the same with proper vouchers to the said administrator at his home at 1102 Sixth street, La Grande, Oregon, on or before six months from date hereof.

Dated this 21st day of September, 1925.

LEE WARNICK,
Administrator of the estate of Mary A. Warnick, deceased.
Sept. 21, 28-Oct. 5, 12, 19.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of C. Hattie Warnick, deceased and all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are hereby required to present the same with proper vouchers to the said administrator at his home at 1103 Sixth street, La Grande, Oregon, on or before six months from date hereof.

Dater this 21st day of September, 1925.

LEE WARNICK,
Administrator of the estate of C. Hattie Warnick, deceased.
Sept. 21, 28-Oct. 5, 12, 19.

Bad news from Russia. Things are awful over there, but could be worse. Suppose boll weevils got in their whiskers?

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Large package Hot Cake Flour........29c
9-lb. Sack Hot Cake Flour........79c
12-lb. sack Hot Cake Flour........85c
9-lb. sack Rolled Oats........59c
9-lb. sack 3 Minute Oats........69c
Golden Amber Syrup, 10-lb. tin........$1.18
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White Crystal Syrup, 2½-lb. tin........27c
Log Cabin Syrup, large size........$1.25

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