



# HOUNDS OF CHANCE

Rex Beach

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

## IMPORTED!

As in the days of old—the modern merchant must offer the world's best.

We have chosen the best of Europe to combine with that of America, in order to give you the best selection.

## Westenhaver & Gilbert

Style Leaders

**Auto-Intoxication.**  
"Did you ever hear about the man who drank gasoline for hootch?"  
"No."  
"Now instead of kicking, he hunked."

What the country really needs, is less concrete in the driver's head and more in the roadbed.

**Hall's Catarrh Medicine** will do what we claim for it—rid your system of Catarrh or Deafness caused by Catarrh.

Sold by druggists for over 40 years  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

## 10 Years Ago Today...

(Joke in Observer)  
Edna: "Why must we pray for our daily bread, why not weekly or monthly?"  
Older sister: "So as to have it fresh, Guiney!"

**Fresh! Fresh! Fresh!**  
Let that word sink in. Our candy is always FRESH. If anyone ever gets a piece of staid candy in our store we want to know it. We buy in quantities to turn it often and we insure the QUALITY and FRESHNESS of every piece.

Take Home a Pound. The Folks Like Candy, Too.

L. & L. Drug Co.

**CHAPTER XXVIII**  
From Dawson City the Yukon flows in a northwesterly direction toward the International Boundary, and although the camp is scarcely more than fifty miles due east of American territory, by the river it is ninety. Since the Yukon is the main artery of travel, both winter and summer—there being no roads or trails—it behooved those matadors who fled the wrath of the Northwest Mounted Police to obtain a liberal start, for ninety miles of dead flat going is no easy run and the Police teams were fleet of foot. Time was when evil-doers had undertaken to escape up-river, or to lose themselves in the hills to the northward, but this was a desperate adventure at best and had issued in such uniform disaster as to discourage its practice. The Police had won the reputation of never leaving a trail, and in consequence, none but madmen longer dared attempt a dash for American soil, and even then only with a substantial margin of time in their favor.

But the winter winds are moody, the temper of the Arctic is uncertain, hence luck played a large part in these enterprises. Both Rock and Dorset were sufficiently familiar with the hazards and the disappointments of travel at this time of year to feel extremely doubtful of overhauling the two McCarkeys, and so they were by no means sanguine of success as they drove heading into the night.

Both teams were loaded light; neither driver carried stove, tent or camp duff. Sleeping bags, a little cooked food for themselves, a bundle of dried fish for the dogs, that was the limit the pursuers had allowed themselves. Given good weather, nothing more was needed. In case of a storm, a sudden blizzard, and a drop in temperature, the lack of equipment was apt to prove fatal, but neither traveler permitted himself to think about such things. Burdened thus lightly, the sleds rode high and the malamutes romped along with them. When the late dawn finally came it found them far on their way.

That wind, following the snowfall of the day before, had been a happy circumstance, for in many places it had blown the trail clean, so that daylight showed it winding away into the distance like a thread laid down at random. Here and there, of course, it was hidden; under the lee of bluffs or of wooded mounds, for instance it was drifted deep, completely obliterated, and in such places going was a perilous matter, but here and there it showed, and the two McCarkeys, and so they were by no means sanguine of success as they drove heading into the night.

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detect the faint, fresh markings of sled runners, but into them he could not read much significance. It was an encouragement, to be sure, but nevertheless, he still had doubts, and before Rock could disperse until Dorset again halted his team, this time beside the cold embers of a fire. Fresh chips were scattered under the bank, charred fagots had embedded themselves in the ice and were frozen fast, but Tolson interpreted the various signs without difficulty.

"Here they make breakfast—'bout daylight," said he. "They go slower as us."

"But they're going pretty fast, for all that. We'll never get them this side of Forty Mile."

"You don't see it, do you? They got heeg scarce, dem feller. They run't so fast 's dey can."

For a mile and a half the river of that name enters the Yukon forty miles above the Boundary, was a considerable camp prior to the Dawson boom, but thereafter it had languished, and this winter it was all but deserted. So, too, was Cudahy, the rival trading-post a half-mile below. It was on this stream that the earliest pioneers had first found gold. Here, at its mouth, during the famine days before the steamboats came, they had cached their supplies; here they had brewed their caribou in the fall and held high carnival to celebrate their ill-fortune.

Rock and his companion pulled up the sleds and in a moment the windowless cabins during the afternoon; they had halted their dogs before the Mounted Police station, only to find the building locked and cold. The few faithful Forty-Milers who came out to exchange greetings explained that both occupants of the barracks had gone down-river to succor some sick Indians.

Rock was disgusted, but his next question elicited information that cheered him. Yes, a pair of strangers had just passed through, one of them an active, heavy-set fellow, the other a tall, dark, sinister man with black eyes and a strong demeanor. They had cut a fat and they had carried only long enough to feed their dogs and to make some inquiries. Upon learning that the local police were on the main river somewhere below, they had held a consultation and then had headed up the Forty Mile.

"Up Forty Mile?" Rock cried, in surprise. "Are you sure?"  
"We seen 'em go," his informant declared. "That's what made us think there was something wrong. That's why we were on the lookout for you. We figured they was on the dodge and hard pressed, but we couldn't do nothing about it. You see, it's only about seven or three miles to the Line up Forty Mile. Down the Yukon it's forty, they been gone most two hours, now."

"What do you want 'em for?" another bystander inquired.

"Murder," Rock explained shortly; then he heaved his sled and started his team and was making off through the town. Down into the bed of the smaller stream see pursuers made their way and up this they turned. Again they urged their dogs into a run. It took some effort to maintain a "shopping pace now, for the teams were being and after some time, the substitute, Liza, shook his head dubiously. Of course, his quarry was at a disadvantage, there being no men to one side, one-twenty-three miles, with a two-hour start; it was a matter too great a handicap, but the avenger had figured on that and forty miles, the last day or ten, in fact, but this change of direction had upset all his plans, and his estimates. Evidently the McCarkeys cared not how or where they crossed the line, so long as they crossed it quickly and got Canadian territory behind them, starting accident, therefore, Rock told himself, and he was right. They were as good as gone. Two hours! It was too much. On the other hand, he and Tolson now had a seven trail to follow, while the steering brothers had unbroken snow ahead of them, and that meant that they must take turns ahead of their dogs. Then, too, city miles over drifted trails of that season of the year were heavy day's work, and the McCarkeys must be very tired by now, for neither was in the best of condition. In the spring, when the snows were wet and sled runners ran as if upon grease, such a journey would have been no great effort, but in this temperature, the sleds were cracked, and a man's muscles did not work freely. Men had been known to play out, unexpectedly. After all, there was a possibility of pulling them down, and as long as there was that possibility the Mounted Policeman refused to quit.

Rock assured himself that this flight had established one thing, at least, and that was Pierre Philpott's innocence of the Courtenay killing. The murderers were heavy there could be no doubt of it. Their frantic haste, confessed their guilt. Friendship for the boy, pride in his own reputation, the memory of that avenger he had received upon leaving, gave the officer new strength and determination, so he shut his teeth and squared his shoulders, flung into swifter action. There was no longer any opportunity of riding the sled, even where the trail was hard, for some of the Police dogs were jumping and leaping in their eagerness. This was indeed a race, a Marathon, a twenty-three-mile test of courage and endurance, and victory would go to him who could call into fullest response his last uttermost ounce of reserve power.

Dorset had promised that he would show his trail-mate how to travel, and that promise he had made good; all day he had led the lead, and without assistance from the lash. Even the dogs, while fresh, were far from exhausted. As for the man himself, Rock began to feel a conviction that the fellow could go on at this rate eternally.

Luck finally seemed to break in favor of the pursuers; accident appeared to work in their behalf. The day was done, night was again upon them, when Dorset cast back a wary glance, and having up-

on his sled, turned his leader at right angles toward the bank. His companion understood the meaning of that move, but the Police team was less responsive to command, and before Rock could swing them he felt his feet sink into soft slush.

"Dam' overflow!" Dorset panted when the two teams were safely out upon the bank. "You wet your feet, eh?"

Apprehensively the officer felt of his moccasins; they were wet to the touch, but as yet no moisture had penetrated his socks. "You slipped in the nick of time," he declared, as he dried his soles in the loose snow.

"Dem feller got in it ankle-deep, I bet we fin' 'em first soon."

This prediction came true. As the travelers rounded the next bluff they smelled the odor of burning spruce and came upon a trampled bed of boughs beside which some embers were still smoldering.

"Jove! That gives us a chance, doesn't it?" Rock panted.

His companion smiled. "We go in' start travel now, for sure. Dey can't be more 'n a mile or two ahead."

Down upon the river-bed the teams rushed. With biting lash and sharp commands the drivers urged them into a swifter run. Rock was forcing his dogs now; he made the smoke fly from their hides when they lagged. He swore that he would not permit this French Canadian to outdistance him. He swore a good deal at his malamutes; he cursed himself as a weakling, a quitter; anger at his fatigue ran through him.

The travelers were up among the hills by now. Occasionally they passed a deserted cabin, home of some early gold-digger. Valleys dark with night opened up to right and left as the Forty Miles wound higher, deeper into the maze of rounded domes; the Boundary was close at hand. The hillsides hid their feet in black thickets of spruce, but their slopes were thinly timbered, their crests were nearly bare, and the white snow gave off a dim radiance that made traveling possible even after the twilight had deepened. By and by it grew lighter and the north horizon took on a rosy flush that spread into a tremendous flare. The night was still, clear, crackly; it was surcharged with some static force, and so calm was the air, so deathlike the hush, that the empty valley rang like a bell. That mysterious illumination in the north grew more and more impressive; great ribbons, long pathways of quivering light unrolled themselves and streamed across the sky; they flamed and flickered, they writhed and melted, disappearing, re-appearing, rising, falling. It was as if the lid had been lifted from some stupendous cauldron, and the heavens reflected the radiance from its white-hot contents. Mighty fingers, like the beams of polar searchlights, groped through the voids overhead; tumbling waves of color rushed up and dashed themselves away into space; the whole arch of the night was lit as from a world in flames. Red, yellow, orange, violet, ultraviolet—the tints merged with one another bewilderingly and the snows threw back their flicker until coarse print would have been readable. Against that war of clashing colors the mountain-crests stood out in silhouette and the "fringe" of lonely wind-torn trunks high up on their saddles were etched in blackest ink.

It was a weird, an unearthly effect; it was exciting, too. As always when the Aurora is in full play, the onlookers marveled that such a tremendous exhibition of energy could continue in such silence. That was the oddest, the most impressive feature of all, for the crash of avalanches, the rumble of thunder, the diapason of a hundred Niagaras should have accompanied such appalling phenomena. It seemed odd indeed

NOTICE  
Notice is hereby given that the assessment roll for the improvement of improvement District No. 153, within the City of La Grande, Union County, Oregon, is now in my hands for collection and that same may be paid at any time within ten days from the 7th day of November, without penalty. Interest, or cost, and each owner is hereby notified that on application to the undersigned within ten days from the 7th day of November, 1925, which is the date of the first publication of this notice, they will be allowed to pay such assessment in ten annual installments, the first installment thereof being due and payable on or before the 7th day of November, 1925; if application is not made as above specified, the whole amount is due, payable and will become delinquent on the 15th day of November, 1925. The assessment roll is as follows:

No.	Owner	Assessment
1.	McCarthy & Wilson	40
2.	McCarthy & Wilson	40
3.	Wm. Winn	52
4.	Wm. Winn	52
5.	M. A. Marks	52
6.	M. A. Marks	52
7.	M. V. Preston	26
8.	M. V. Preston	26
9.	Mary S. Horstman, S. Andrews	21
10.	W. E. Lewis	21

No.	Owner	Assessment
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