



Just Arrived

MEN'S COLLAR-ATTACHED SHIRTS IN STRIPES AND CHECKED NOVELTIES \$1.85 3 for \$5.00

Westenhaver & Gilbert

Style Leaders

SPRINGS GET COLD FROSTS

MEDICAL SPRINGS (Special) Mrs. Kate Hanley, who has been at the mines above here, was called to La Grande Monday on account of the illness of her daughter. Mr. and Mrs. George South moved to La Grande Sunday on business. W. Hayes of Huntington spent several days at Medical Springs this week visiting relatives and friends.

10 Years Ago Today...

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hopper returned from a visit to California, Arizona and Utah.

Travelers and stay-at-homes find quality and moderate prices in our LADIES' PURSES. See a window full of genuine LEATHER PURSES at prices so low you can't resist 'em.

Quality Guaranteed L. & L. Drug Co.

Chiropractic adds years of life and life to years

When the knowledge of this science becomes more universal the hearts of many now hopelessly sick, which may be found in every community, will again thrill with hope and delight and this blessed influence will extend to the remotest corners of the world and down through all generations of the human race. Chiropractic Adjustments will do for you what it has done for others.

F. L. TRIBE, D. C. Ph. C. Palmer Graduate New Foley Bldg. Phone 126-W. Office Hours: 9 to 5; 7 to 8

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Wintz were shopping at Baker Monday morning. Mr. and Mrs. E. Whitten and mother, Mrs. Hayes, were Sunday afternoon guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Wintz. Church Ladies Serve Sunday, after the morning church services at the school building, the ladies served dinner in the basement of the building. The Rev. and Mrs. Orr are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Vanorder. Mrs. M. Malone was a house guest of Mrs. J. E. Kennedy the first of the week. George Loosler is hauling his grain to North Powder.

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55c 1 Qt. Pudding Pan NOV. 5 TO 11 29c Special prices SMALL SIZE MEDIUM SIZE \$4.50 \$5.50 LARGE SIZE \$6.50

Wear-Ever Aluminum Roaster ORE. HARDWARE

CHANCE OF CHANCE Rex Beach

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

CHAPTER XXVIII (Continued) There were other overflows underfoot now, but the cold had frozen them and the going was getting constantly better. The snow was thin and in places the sleds showed sideways and the dogs ran on black tracks across long stretches of bare glare ice. It was while negotiating such a place as this that Rock paid the price of his earlier carelessness. Doret's dry moose-skin soles had a sure grip, because he never hesitated, but the lieutenant's moccasins were like a pair of tin shoes now and, without warning, he lost his footing. He was running swiftly at the moment; he strove to save himself, to twist in midair, but he failed. "Toleon heard a cry of pain and dismay, so he halted his team and came striding back. Rock raised himself, then took a step, but faltered and clung helplessly to the handbars. He began to curse furiously; he undertook to estimate the extent of his injury, then explained: "My foot doubled under me and I came down on it like a ton of bricks. By Heaven! I believe something broke." "You're a fool, soldier," he blamed himself, too. "It's dem wet moccasins. I should have stop an' mak' you change," said he. "We can't stop," Rock groaned. "I'll be all right as soon as—" The words ended in another explosive oath as he again put his weight upon the injured member. Blatantly pained from his lips as repeatedly he tried to force his foot to carry him. He cursed himself for a slumner, blundering ass; he shouted at his dogs, he sent his sled forward and lurched along behind it, half supporting himself, until Toleon finally halted him. "It's no good mak' bad ting worse, 'Bones," the woodsman declared. "You jus' kin't be sure, an' it's no use pain' yourself. 'Spose mebbe we boil de kettle, eh?" "And let them get away clean? When we had 'em? They can't be a mile ahead. Let 'em slip between our fingers!" raved the officer. "I can't. I won't!" "We mak' 'em fire an' look him over dat way. Mr. I think you don't walk no more for two, three week. You got 'I'll deputize you! Get 'em, Doret, quick! You can do it; I'll wait! Go ahead!" The other nodded. "Sure, I can get 'em! I never have no doubt 'bout dat in de best, but it better we fix you comfortable." "They'll be across, I tell you—over the line—" "I came past dat place more 'n once 'n twice"—the woodsman grunted—"an' I never seen 'em over de line." He forced his companion to lower himself upon the sled, then swung it toward the riverbank, calling upon his own team dog to follow. Up and into the shelter of the spruce he drove the sled, and quickly he reeled dry wood and kindled a fire. Rock was a few moments, but Rock was wet with sweat and in consequence he was shivering wretchedly; his teeth were chattering even before the blaze had taken hold. "Toleon continued to work with what speed he could, and in a surprisingly short time he had built a snug shelter and lit it with boughs. This done, he unbuttoned and got both teams spread Rock's sleeping bag under the shelter, and set a pall of snow to melt. By the light of the fire he examined the latter's injury, but could make little of it, for already it was badly swollen and ovey manipulation caused it to swell extreme pain. There was no remedy available; there was not even a vessel of medicine in which to bathe the foot; since Toleon contented himself by bandaging it and helping his trail-out into bed.

Not since leaving Dawson had either man tasted hot food, but their hunger was as nothing to their thirst. Even in this length of time their bodies had shrunk, withered inside their clothing, and for perils they had known they felt even more dreadfully. Under intense cold the human body compresses itself at a rapid rate. Once it has burned itself out it prey upon those deep-hidden forces which nature holds in reserve, and the process of recuperation waits upon a restoration of a normal balance of moisture. Both men were weighed down by an aching, nightmare fatigue, and as they sat gulping hot water, absorbing heat from within and with-out, their muscles set and they felt as if their limbs had turned to stone. But, once the first mad craving for drink had been assuaged, they tried bacon and made tea. Like ravens they dipped the meat morsels into their cups and swallowed it with relish; they crunched their hardtack and washed the powdery mouthfuls down with copious draughts from the blackened pail. When the tea was gone they brewed another scalding bucketful. Rock lay back finally, but the movement caused him to bare his teeth in agony. At Toleon's quick inquiry he shook his head. "I'm all right," he declared. "Good for the night. You can pull out any time you want to." "Der's phony talk," Toleon blurted and reached again for the tea-bucket. "Datte go before you stiffen up. I go blindy—someday I get 'em drinkin' done." "They'll light," Rock announced, after a silence of perhaps five minutes. "I feel pretty rotten, playin' out like this." "You done fine rate," the woodsman told him. "If I come along I catch 'em ten mile to low, but—'Bones, more less, don't mak' no dirtier." "I believe you would have got 'em," the officer acknowledged.

After a time he persisted: "They'll put up a battle, Doret. You'll need to be careful." "Toleon was squatted Indian fashion over the blaze; he was staring fixedly into the flames and an aboriginal reticence had settled upon him. After a long time he answered: "Mebbe so I keel de beer feller. I damn. So long one is let I mak' him clear dat boy Phillips." "Devent of you to take a chance like that for Pierce," Rock resumed. "It's different with me; I have to do it. Just the same, I wouldn't care to follow those fellows over the boundary. I don't think you'd better try it." In spite of his suffering, the lieutenant fell into a doze; whether he slept ten minutes or an hour he never knew, but he awoke, groaning, to find the big woodsman still basking over the camp-fire, still smoking, still sipping tea. Rock ate and drank some more; again he slept. For a second time his pain roused him, and once more he endeavored to discover Toleon occupied as before. It seemed to him that the fellow would never untidy himself. Eventually, however, the latter arose and made preparations to leave. The Northern lights had flickered out now; the empty sky was sprinkled with a million stars which glittered like scintillating jewels frozen into the dome of heaven; there were no sounds whatever to break the deathlike silence of the night, for the Arctic wastes are all but lifeless. There was no bird-calls, no sounds of insects, not even the whisper of running water, for the river was locked deep beneath its icy armor. "You got 'em by second time 'n long tam," Toleon declared. "I don't come back, dem Woody like Polles is sure to pick you up." "I can go in alone if I have to," the injured man declared. "Au revoir and good luck." "Toleon made no attempt to hurry his tired team; for several miles he plodded along behind them, guiding them in flight or left by a low-spoken word. Years before, he had rooked on the banks of this stream; therefore his landmarks were familiar to him, and in spite of the darkness he readily identified them. In time he made out the monuments marking the International Boundary, and a short distance beyond that point he unbuttoned his dogs, then took a cart-bill from his sled and slipped it full of sleds. Next he removed his lash-ropes, coiled it, and placed it in his pocket, after which he resumed his journey alone. Occasionally he dimly glimpsed deserted cabins, habitations built by the gold-diggers of other days. Carefully he followed the all but indistinguishable sled tracks ahead of him until they swayed abruptly in toward the bank. Here, he paused, pulled a mitten and, moistening a finger, held it up to test the wind. What movement there was to the air seemed to satisfy him for, step by step, he mounted the steep slope until his head finally rose over its crest. Against the skyline he now made out the small, glowing, staring eyes of his sleds as they rolled across the cabin wall. No light shone from his sleds, therefore he argued that his men had slipped and were asleep. He had assumed that they would not could not, so far beyond the boundary; he had purposely allowed them sufficient time in which to get into the first agony of fatigue and to fall asleep. He wondered apprehensively where they had put their dogs, and it by any evil chance the Met adze team included an "outside" dog of the wretched, barking variety. Gingerly he stepped out, and found that the snow underfoot was off only the faintest whisper. Like a shadow he stole closer to the sleds, keeping the imperceptible night breeze in his face. So noiseless was his approach that the tired dogs singly curled each in its own deep bed of snow, did not hear him—two malamutes that are broken to harness and had watched at least. Not until he had made it into the gloom beneath the wide overhang above the cabin door did the first disturbance come. Then something started in motion and the silence was broken. "Toleon saw that a canvas sled-cover had been used to curtain the door opening, and during the instant following the alarm he brushed the tarpaulin aside and stepped into the pitch-black interior. It had been a swift maneuver, the result of a lightning-like decision, and not so reckless as it appeared.

He stood free with his back to the rough log wall, every muscle in his body taut, his ears strained for some sound, some challenge. He had been prepared for a shot from the interior, but nothing came. His lungs were riving with the first deep breath of rest when a sleepy voice spoke: "That you, Frank?" Toleon recognized that his big, black, "Frank?" There was a moment's pause, then, "Frank?" Followed a rustle as of a body turning, then a startled amiable answer. "Was that you?" Joe McCaskey's voice again demanded. "No? What?" "Was you outside?" "Outside?" "I heard the dogs rowing. They're stirrin' now. Hear 'em? I'll swear I saw that fly drop—" McCaskey's words died out and again the interior of the cabin became soundless. "Who's there?" the former speaker suddenly barked. When another moment had elapsed by a sudden match was struck. For a second or two it shined only in silhouette a pair of heads crouched over the table, as the flame lit the tiny shaft. It burst into a yellow glow and sent the shadows of the cabin leaping. Joe McCaskey uttered a cry, a scream. The flame was crushed in his palms and again the cabin was ink black. It remained as silent as before except for a dry rattling of breath in the older brother's throat. "Who—what 'd you—see?" the younger one gasped. Both men were now fully awake, but, disregarding the question, Joe cried, wildly: "Who are you? What 'd you want? And then, when no answer came: "Christ! Say something." "Toleon could hear the wretch moan his dry lips; he could picture both men sitting bolt upright in their sleeping-bags; he could feel the terror that was creeping over them. "What you see?" Frank whispered again. "S—something big! Light there! By God! Something's in here!" Joe's tone was firmer now; nevertheless, fright still held him motionless, paralyzed. He was staring with blind eyes into the velvet blackness, and his flesh was rippling with a superstitious horror of that formless creature he had glimpsed. What was it that had walked in out of the night and now crouched ready to spring? Nothing human, nothing natural, that was sure. Similar thoughts raced madly through his brother's brain, and the latter let forth a thin wail—almost a sob. The sound set Joe into motion. Swiftly but clumsily he tumbled through the dry grass with which his bunk was filled. He uttered a throaty curse, for he had had his revolver by his side, right where his hand would fall upon it. Where was the thing? Joe's body turned rigid, his shivering fingers grew stiff and useless. When, over the darkness, came a sigh—faint but unmistakable; whence it issued, neither brother could tell. With another shriek Frank fell back and burrowed into his sleeping-bag.

CHAPTER XXIX Roubetta Kirby spent an anxious and a thoughtful night. The more she dwelt upon Laura's peculiar behavior the more it roused her suspicions and the more she felt justified in seeking an interview with Colonel Cavendish. She rose early, therefore, and went to Police Headquarters. Two people were in the office when she entered, one a redcoat, recently acting in some clerical capacity; the other a girl whom Roubetta had never seen. The color of her hair, however, was told, and she sat down to wait. With furtive curiosity she began to study this other young woman. It was plain that the latter was a privileged person, for she made herself perfectly at home and appeared to be not in the least chilled by the official formality of her surroundings. She watched restlessly about the room, humming a tune under her breath; she readjusted the window-curtains to her liking; she idly thumbed the books upon the shelves; finally she peered here and there upon the table in the midst of the documents upon which the officer was engaged, and began a low-voiced conversation with him. When, eventually, the commiserant himself emerged from his sanctum, he passed for a moment at his daughter's side; then he approached Roubetta. Very briefly the latter made known the reason of her presence, and the colonel nodded. "You did quite right in coming here," he declared. "And I'm sure this dapper-lady girl knows more than she has told. In fact, I was on the point of sending for her. Please wait until she arrives. Perhaps we can straighten out this whole unpleasant affair informally. I'll need Phillips, too. Meanwhile, here's a friend of yours inside." Stepping to the inner door, he spoke to some one, and an instant later the Countess Courtenay came forth. Roubetta had not seen the Countess since early the previous evening. She went swiftly to her

FIND IT HERE

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

IT PAYS.

It pays one to watch the windows of Richardson's Art & Gift Shop for the special each week. See the large flower bowls with Frog and three Holland Narcissus bulbs for 75 cents. 11-9-11

November 10 last day to pay your water rent without penalty. 11-7-25

SWING FRAMES.

A new stock of beautiful swing frames to fit every kind of photo just arrived at Richardson's Art & Gift Shop. 11-9-11

November 10 last day to pay your water rent without penalty. 11-7-25

Stamped Semi-Made Tompers. While in discontinued patterns \$5c. a good buy while they last. Norton's Kiddie Shop. 11-9-11

November 10 last day to pay your water rent without penalty. 11-7-25

REMEMBER.

Sunday, Nov. 15. McCo Sport-ing club's turkey shoot. 2-11-9-61

Remstitching, piecing, button holes, etc. Norton's Kiddie Shop.

10-14-11

November 10 last day to pay your water rent without penalty. 11-7-25

Baker's Cash Grocery 406 4th St., phone 426-W. Prices right. 11-9-11

November 10 last day to pay your water rent without penalty. 11-7-25

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I have decided to discontinue my practice and take a rest, which is much needed to both Mrs. Mayville and myself. All our property is for sale at very reasonable prices. Also all who are indebted to us are requested to come in and settle or send their checks to us within the next thirty days. We thank the public for the patronage shown us.

Respectfully yours,
Dr. A. N. Mayville.
11-9-25

NOTICE OF SALE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, trustee in bankruptcy of the estate of H. C. Laird, bankrupt, does hereby offer for sale that certain real estate described as follows, to-wit:

The SW 1/4 of the SE 1/4 of Sec. 21, Twp. 2 South, Range 14 E., W. M., Wallawa county, Oregon.

The said property to be sold at private sale to the highest bidder on sealed bids to be received by now and placed an arm about her shoulders. Hilda responded to this mark of sympathy with a weary smile. "Well, I had to go through with it to the bitter end," she said, in a low voice. "Heart didn't spare me even that."

(To be Continued.)

Travel by Motor Stage

Safety Swiftly Comfortably

Come to Our Stage Depot at 1114 Jefferson Ave. All Stages Leave from There Daily.

LEAVES LA GRANDE FOR
Joseph—9 A.M. - 1 P.M. - 4:00 P.M.; Sunday, 9 A.M. - 4:00 P.M.
Baker—7 A.M. - 10:50 A.M. - 1:30 P.M. - 4 P.M.
Sunday—10 A.M. - 4 P.M.
Pendleton—Daily—11 A.M. - 4:00 P.M.
Depot Phone Main 799

Cleaning and Steaming and Remodeling Fur Trimmed Coats

We have a special steam board for steaming plush and bolivia coats and we glaze the fur trimming and make it fluffy like the day you bought it. We also change the style of your last season's coat. Come in and talk it over.

Men's Suits Dry or Steam Cleaned, \$1.50

WEAVER'S

TAILORS, CLEANERS, DYERS, PRESSERS
HAT REBLOCKING
Phone Main 733 and wagon will call.

Hooverized Value Suggestions

Rutabagas—Very fine, 6 lbs.	25c
Celery Hearts, 3 in bunch	25c
Fancy Large Cauliflower, each	25c
Turnips—Tender and sweet, 6 lbs.	25c
Carrots—Tender and sweet, 6 lbs.	25c
New Chestnuts, 2 lbs.	65c
Walnuts, No. 1 large, 2 lbs.	75c
Fresh Roasted Peanuts, 2 lbs.	35c
Soft Shell Almonds, 2 lbs.	75c
Our Seal Flour, 49-lb. sack	\$1.95
Federation Hard Wheat Flour, 49-lb. sack	\$2.34
Corn Meal, Yellow or White, 2 9-lb. sacks	89c
Graham or Whole Wheat Flour, 9-lb. sack	49c
Fancy Nettle Gem Potatoes, 100-lb. sack	\$2.85

Buy your supply now—further advances will follow.

HOOVERIZED GROCERY

"WHERE THE THRIFTY THROG"—LA GRANDE'S PIONEER LOWER PRICE FOOD STORE. MAIN 49. MOTOR DELIVERY

S.H.E.R.R.Y.'S

TODAY AND TUESDAY

Johnny Hines

—In—

"The Speed Spook"

Sixty Miles of Thrills to the Minute.

Comedy.
"Oh, What A Flirt"

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A NATION-WIDE INSTITUTION—
DEPARTMENT STORES
108 Depot St., La Grande, Ore.

New Coats Styles for Girls

With Flares and Fur Trimming

Styles in Girls' Coats must be up to the minute, too. They are at this Store!

Durable, attractive Winter Coats for school girls are found here always when needed! Made of bolivia and suede cloths. Trimmed cleverly. Priced, Sizes 8 to 16 years

\$6.90 to \$14.75

This Store Will Be Closed Armistice Day.

the trustee in bankruptcy of the estate of H. C. Laird, bankrupt, does hereby offer for sale that certain real estate described as follows, to-wit:

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