

The Fighting Chance

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

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But no only saw in the pink confusion of her lovely face the dawning challenge of a coquette saluting her adversary in gay acknowledgment of his fleeting moment of success. And as his face fell, then hardened into brightness, instantly she divined how he rated her and in a flash realized her weapons and her security and that the control of the situation was hers, not in the control of this irresolute young man who stood so silently considering her. Strange that she should be ashamed of her own innocence, willing that he believe her accomplished in such arts, enchanted that he no longer perhaps suspected genuine emotion in the swift, confused sweetness of her first kiss.

"Why do you take it so seriously?" she said, laughing and studying him, certain now of herself in this new disguise.

"Do you take it lightly?" he asked, striving to smile.

"If I must, you know, you don't expect to marry me, do you, Mr. Seward?"

"I— He choked up at that grimly for awhile.

Walking slowly forward together she fell into step frankly beside him, near him—too near. "Try to be sensible," she was saying gayly. "I like you so much, and it would be horrid to have you mope, you know. And, besides, even if I cared for you there are reasons, you know—reasons for any girl to marry the man I am going to marry. So, you see, I could not marry you even if I"—her voice was inclined to tremble, but she controlled it; would she never learn her role?—even if I loved you."

Then her tongue stumbled and was silent, and they walked on side by side through the fading splendor of the year, exchanging no further speech. Toward sunset their guide halted them, standing high among the rocks, a silhouette against the sky. And beyond him they saw the poles crowned with the huge nests of the fishhawks, marking the last rendezvous at Osprey Ledge.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE week passed swiftly, day after day echoing with the steady fusillade from marsh to covert, from valley to ridge. Lord Alderene, good enough on snipe and cock, was driven almost frantic by the ruffed grouse; Voucher did better for a day or two and then lost the knack; Marion Page attended to business in her cool and thorough style, and her average on the gun-room books was excellent and was also adorned with clever pen and ink sketches by Seward.

Leroy Mortimer had given up shooting and established himself as a haunter of cushions in sunny corners. Tom O'Hara had gone back to Lenox; Mrs. Vendenning, to Hot Springs. Beverly Plank, master of Black Fells, began to pervade the house after a tentative appearance, and he and Major Belwether pattered about the coverts, usually after luncheon, the latter doing little damage with his fowling piece and nobody knew how much with his gossiping tongue. Quarrier appeared in the field methodically, shot with judgment, taking no chances for a brilliant performance which might endanger his respectable average. As for the Page boys, they kept the river ducks stirring whenever Eileen Shannon and Rena Bonnesiel could be persuaded to share the canvas with them. Otherwise they haunted the vicinity of those bored maidens, suffering souls worrowfully, but persistently faithful. They were a great nuisance in the evening, especially as their sister did not permit them to lose more than \$10 a day at cards.

Cards—that is, bridge and preference—ruled, as usual, and the latter game, being faster, suited Mortimer and Ferrall, but did not aid Seward toward recouping his bridge losses.

Two matters occupied him. Since cup day he had never had another opportunity to see Sylvia Landis alone; that was the first matter. He had touched neither wine nor spirits nor malt since the night Ferrall had found him prone, sprawling in a stupor on his disordered bed—that was the second matter, and it occupied him, at times required all his attention, particularly when the physical desire for it set in steadily, mercilessly, mounting inexorably like a tide. But, like the tide, it ebbed at last, particularly when a sleepless night had exhausted him.

He had gone back to his shooting again after a cool review of the ethics involved. It even amused him to think that a girl who had cleverness enough to marry many millions, with Quarrier thrown in, could have so moved him to sentimentality. He had ceded the big cup of antique silver to Quarrier, too, a matter which troubled him little, however, as in the irritation of the reaction he had been shooting with the brilliancy of a demon, and the gunroom books were open to any doubting guests' inspection.

Time, therefore, was never heavy on his hands save when the tide threat-

ened—when at night he stirred and awoke, conscious of its crawling advance, aware of its steady mounting menace; moments at table when the aroma of wine made him catch his breath; moments in the gunroom redolent of spicy spirits, a maddening volatile fragrance clinging to the card room too. Yes, the long days were filled with such moments for him.

But as the desire faded, and even during the day indoors he shrugged desire aside. It was night that he dreaded—the long hours, lying there tense, stark eyed, sickened with desire.

As for Sylvia, she and Grace Ferrall had taken to motoring, driving away into the interior or taking long flights north and south along the coast. Sometimes they took Quarrier; sometimes, when Mrs. Ferrall drove, they took in ballast in the shape of a superfluous Page boy and a girl for him. Once Grace Ferrall asked Seward to join them; but, no definite time being set, he was scarcely surprised to find them gone when he returned from a morning on the sulpe meadows. And Sylvia, leagues away by that time, curled up in the tonneau beside Grace Ferrall, watched the dark pines flying past, cheeks pink, eyes like stars, while the rushing wind drove health into her and care out of her, cleansing, purifying, overwhelming winds dowing through and through her till her very soul within her seemed shining through the beauty of her eyes. Besides, she had just confessed.

(To be continued)

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"It affords me great pleasure to add my testimony to that of the thousands who have been benefitted by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. My child, Andrew, when only three years old was taken with a severe attack of croup, and thanks to the prompt use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy his life was saved and today he is a robust and healthy boy," says Mrs. A. Coy, Jr., of San Antonio, Texas. This remedy has been in use for many years. Thousands of mothers keep it at hand, and it has never been known to fail. For sale by P. M. Kirkland.

A Lemon Social.

The young people of the union in the Baptist church will give a "Lemon Social" at the home of Mr. S. Muhleman next Friday evening, November 25. All the members will of course be present, and other young people, especially those who have not lately been attending any church regularly, are invited to come and have a good time. Mr. Muhleman lives in the last house north (over the ravine) on Third street, but those who wish may come first to the church, before eight o'clock. Each one will please bring one good lemon. No other charge, but a free will silver offering will be accepted for the union plans of work.

A Methodist Minister Recommends Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

"I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for several years for diarrhoea. I consider it the best remedy I have ever tried for that trouble. I bought a bottle of it a few days ago from our druggist, Mr. R. R. Brooks. I shall ever be glad to speak a word in its praise when I have the opportunity."—Rev. J. D. Knapp, Pastor M. E. Church, Miles Grove, Pa. Sold by P. M. Kirkland.

Entertains the Merry Makers.

Miss Bessie Butler and Miss Pearl Percival entertained the Merry Makers Monday evening at the Butler home on Monmouth street. The evening was spent at progressive whist and an elaborate lunch was served afterward by the hostesses. Those present were: Miss Ada Byers, Miss Gertrude Dickinson, Misses Jessie and Bertha Mattison, Mrs. Ella Irvine, Mrs. W. W. Percival, Kersey and Neville Eldridge, James Jones, Dr. Duganne, Carl Percival, Moss Walker, Jim Morton, Harvey Copeland and Orin Byers.

The rooms were decorated with autumn leaves and chrysanthemums.

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FARMER OBJECTS

Editor Enterprise: I notice in your last week's Enterprise that the city council is talking of passing an ordinance prohibiting people from hitching to telephone and light poles.

Now, who would this be intended to hit hardest? Isn't it the farmer? Is it an invitation for the farmer to stay away from town or to go elsewhere to trade? A few years ago they took out all the hitching racks, or just as good as took them out for they were removed to an out-of-the-way place down by the ferry. Now they want to keep us from tying up at all or force us to patronize a feed stable, even though we may have only a few minutes to stop in town.

Do you think, Mr. Editor, that this is a fair deal for the farmer? Other towns not far away have hitching racks in convenient parts of town and one store has put up free hitching sheds. If such an ordinance is passed it will be a detriment to the town. What looks better for a town than to see a row of hitching racks tied full of rigs? Doesn't it look as though the merchants were doing some business?

If the necessary places to hitch their teams is not provided in independence for the farmers they are going elsewhere to trade.

A Farmer.

Old Wheat Flour

Everyone knows that old wheat flour is superior to flour made from new wheat. Remember that all our brands of flour are made from old wheat, we having reserved enough to last us until the first of the year. Be sure and ask your grocer for our brands of flour made from old wheat and take no other.—Oregon Milling and Warehouse Co. 181f

Jesse Whiteaker and wife spent Sunday in Corvallis, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Brown. Jesse returned home Monday but Mrs. Whiteaker is not expected to return until tomorrow.

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Polk County, in the matter of the estate of Lovina Perry, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Wesley Perry, administrator of the estate of Lovina Perry, deceased, has rendered and presented for final settlement and filed in said court his final account of administration of said estate and that Saturday, the 13th day of November, 1909, at one o'clock P. M., at the courtroom of said court, in the city of Dallas, in said county and state has been appointed by the judge of said court for the settlement of said account, at which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and file exceptions in writing to said account and contest the same.

20-25 WESLEY PERRY.



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Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given to the public that we have sold our entire interest in the People's Market to W. W. Newton who will conduct the business. All parties owing us will call at once and settle accounts by cash or notes. Heck & Flubacher.

Dated at Independence, Oregon, this 5th day of November, 1909. 23-26

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