

WINDS & CHANCE by Rex Beach

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THE STORY THUS FAR

Phillips, but not discouraged, Phillips sets out to make through money carrying packs across the Yukon Pass to gain entrance to the gold country in the Yukon. The Canadian government required that everyone entering the country be provided with a ton of provisions and a superhuman dollar. Neither of these Phillips had, but he was a sturdy young fellow and he decided to live himself out packing other prospectors' provisions over the Pass to Linderman until he acquired the necessary funds.

He meets up with "Polson Deth," a French Canadian giant, who is a royer pilot. Polson gives him courage to continue the back-breaking grind.

All along the trail men lay about exhausted and only with the most superhuman courage is he able to continue.

CHAPTER II. (Continued)

Phillips' abundant vigor continued to evoke the elder man's frank admiration; he eyed the boy approvingly and patted him with affectionate hands. He had learned what there was to learn, for Pierce answered his questions frankly and told him about the sacrifice his family had made in order to send him North, about the trip itself, about his landing at Dena, and the rest. When he came to the account of that shell-game the grizzled stranger smiled.

"I've lived in wide-open countries all my life," said the latter, "but this beats anything I ever saw. Why, the crooks outnumber the honest men here. One of 'em tried to suit me, Mel. He chuckled as if the mere idea was fantastically humorous. 'Have you heard about the Soapy Smith? He's the boss, the hell-dog, and he's made himself a fortune out of Skagway since you beat it. I'll bet some of his men are on our Citizens' Committee at Sheep Camp. They need a lot of killing, they do, and they'll get it. What did you do after you lost your money?'"

"I fell in with two brothers and went to packing." "Went partners with them?" "No, they—Phillips' face clouded, he hesitated briefly. "I merely lived with them and helped them with their outfit from time to time. We're at Sheep Camp now, and I show them the way to Linderman. I'm about ready to pull out and go it alone."

"Right! And don't look up at anybody." The old man spoke with feeling. "Look at me. I'm nesting with a dodo—darned good, but I'm a milliner! He's so ornery I have to hide the ax every time I see him. I just yearn to put him out of his misery, but I desist. Of course he has his points—everybody has; he's a game old rooster and he loves me. That's all that saves him."

Phillips was greatly interested to learn that two men were united for this life, this country, should have essayed the hardships of the Chilkoot trail. It amazed him to learn that already most of their outfit was at Linderman.

"Do you mean to say that you have done all the packing for yourself and your partner?" he inquired. "No—no. Old Jerry tatters across with a package of soap—once in a while. You must have heard him; he creaks like a gate. Of course he eats up all the crackers before he gets to Linderman, and then he notices himself on the heavy grub that I've lugged over, but in spite of that we've managed to make pretty good time. After a moment of meditation he continued: 'Say! You ought to see that old buzzard and I. It's disgusting, but it's interesting. It's a sin, so much for me, that I care about as the work. Old Jerry ought to be in a institution—some place where they got wheel-chairs and a big market-garden. But he's dumb helpless, so I can't cut him loose and let him beach his bones in a strange land. I haven't got the heart.'

strong and the fit and the enduring—the kind the North takes to herself. In spite of his light pack, Phillips' elderly traitment was all but spent. He dragged his feet, he stumbled without reason, the lines in his face were deeply set, and his bearded lips had retreated from his teeth in a grin of exhaustion.

"Yonder's the tent," he said, finally, and his tone was eloquent of relief.



A big smiling Canadian made the first one. I found him singing on the summit.

Pierce's companion paused; then, after an incredulous stare, he said: "Look! Is that smoke coming from my stove?" "Why, yes?" "There could be no mistake about it; from the tent in question arose the plain evidence that a lively fire was burning inside. 'Well, I'll be darned!' breathed the elder man. 'Somebody's jumped the cache.' 'Perhaps your partner—' 'He's in Sheep Camp.' The speaker laboriously loosened his pack and let it fall, then with stiff, clumsy fingers he undid the top button of his vest and to Phillips' amazement, produced a large-caliber revolver, which he mechanically cocked and uncocked several times, the while his eyes remained hypnotically fixed upon the telltale streamer of smoke. Not only did his alert gaze follow the smoke, but he himself had undergone a startling transformation and Phillips was impelled to remonstrate.

"Here! What the deuce—?" he began. "Listen to me!" The old man spoke in a queer, suppressed tone, and his eyes, when he turned them upon his fellow-packer, were even smokier than usual. "Somebody's up to a little thieving, most likely, and it looks like I had 'em red-handed. I've been layin' for this!"

Pierce divested himself of his pack-baggage, then said, simply, "If that's the case, I'll give you a hand." "Better stand back," the other cautioned him. "I don't need any help—this is my line." The man's fatigue had fallen from him; of a sudden he had become surprisingly alert and forceful. He stole forward, making as little noise as possible, and Phillips followed at his back. They came to a pause within arm's-length of the tent flaps, which they noted were securely tied. "Hello inside!" The owner spoke suddenly and with his free hand he jerked at one of the knots.

There came an answering exclamation, a movement; then the flaps were seized and firmly held. "You can't come in!" cried a voice. "Let go! Quick!" The old man's voice was harsh. "You'll have to wait a minute. I'm undressed." Phillips retreated a step, as did the other man; they stared at each other.

"A woman!" Pierce breathed. "Lord!" The owner of the premises slowly, reluctantly sheathed his weapon under his left arm. "I invited myself in," the voice explained—it was a deep-pitched contralto voice. "I was wet and nobody offered to let me dry out, so I took possession of the first empty tent I came to. Is it yours?" "It is—half of it. I'm mighty tired and I ain't particular how you look, so hurry up." As the two men returned for their loads the speaker went on, irritably. "She's got her nerves! I s'pose she's one of these actresses. There's a bunch of 'em on the trail. Actresses!" He snorted derisively. "I bet she smells of cologne, and gosh! how I hate it!"

When he and Pierce returned they were admitted promptly enough, and any lingering suspicions of the trespasser's intent were instantly dissipated. The woman was clad in a short, damp undershirt which fell about to her knees; she had drawn on the only dry article of apparel in sight, a man's sweater jacket; she had thrust her bare feet into a pair of beaded moccasins; on a line attached to the rickpole over her head sundry outer garments were steaming. Phillips' first thought was that this woman possessed the fairest, the whitest skin he had ever seen; it was like milk. She was Scandinavian, she was a Norwegian; that much was instantly apparent. She appeared to derive a certain malicious pleasure now from the consternation her appearance evoked; there was a hint of contempt, of defiance, in her smile. In a voice so low-pitched that its quality alone saved it from masculinity, she said: "Pray don't be distressed; you merely startled me, that's all. My Indians managed to get hold of some hootch at Tagish and upset our canoe just below here."

(To be continued)

Mount Vesuvius Continues Active

NAPLES, Italy, Jan. 9.—(AP)—Mount Vesuvius, continuing its activity of the past several days, smoked and rumbled throughout the day. The heavy flow of lava continued.

DIXIE SLOPS IN SLUSH AS STORM ABATES

(Continued from page one) The coast from North Carolina to Boston, bringing a sharp drop in temperature. Shipping all along the coast north of Norfolk was affected and in many cases vessels were forced to seek shelter. Ocean liners at Atlantic ports reported rough weather at sea. The Adirondack region had subzero weather with predictions colder still to come. The storm has been making its way East steadily, first invading the far West, then the Southwest and sections of the South.

HENRY FORD TO CONSTRUCT ENTIRE VILLAGE

(Continued from page one) The rock wheel having a cellular surface for grinding and it is planned to have villagers operate it as in early Colonial times. On teams already are drawing hand-hewn beams for the first of the dwellings. A saw mill is busy. Just what the 300 villagers will do for a living has not been revealed. From George Fox, 88-year-old proprietor of Ye Old Cheshire Cheese in London, has come a terra cotta mug for Mr. Ford, along with recipes for steak, lark, kidney and oyster puddings and pigeon pie. Mr. Ford is spending a few days at the Inn.

DAVE HINSON STRUCK BY TRUCK DRIVEN BY YOUNG GOLDSBORO MAN

(Continued from page one) Hinson, exonerated the young man, declaring the accident unavoidable. The young driver of the truck expressed great regret over the unfortunate accident, and was completely unnerved for some time. H. T. Cozart visited the home of Mr. Hinson after the tragedy to offer condolences to the widow and three children of the dead man.

DR. FRANCIS SHORT WILL ADDRESS JOINT GATHERING OF CLUBS

(Continued from page one) eighteen years, makes it possible for him to speak interestingly before any audience. Although the J. C. Penney Com-

pany is ever anxious to contribute to community life, it is physically impossible for Dr. Short to fill all of the speaking engagements requested of him by Community and Civic Clubs. He is being greeted everywhere by interested audiences and is invariably given an enthusiastic hearing.

Although Dr. Short in no way advertises the J. C. Penney Company in his addresses, it is admitted that Mr. Penney must be vitally interested in helping to improve conditions all over the country by sending out much a brilliant man to aid in working for civic and business betterment in all vocations. The entire expense of Dr. Short's trips are personally borne by Mr. Penney, a great philanthropist, who annually expends large sums in uplift work.

There is probably no other man in the United States more competent to speak with knowledge upon his subject than Dr. Short, who has made numerous visits and speeches in recent years in every part of the country. Several thousands employees of the Penney system have enrolled in educational courses supervised by Dr. Short and given free by the company.

It is expected that a large assemblage will greet Dr. Short upon his appearance here. He will be a guest at the Hotel Goldsboro during his stay in the city.

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This gripping story will be continued in tomorrow's NEWS. Watch for it!