



# The VOICE OF THE PACK

BY EDISON MARSHALL

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

But the terrible fangs were never to know her white flesh. Some one had come between. There was no chance to shoot; Whispermoot and the girl were too near together for that. But one course remained; and there was not even time to count the cost. In this most terrible moment of Dan Falling's life, there was not even an instant's hesitation. He did not know that Whispermoot was wounded. He saw the beast creeping forward in the weird dancing light of the fallen lantern, and he only knew that his flesh, not hers, must resist its rending talons. Nothing else mattered. No other consideration could come between. It was the test; and Dan's instincts prompted coolly and well. He leaped with all his strength. The cougar sounded into his arms, not upon the prone body of the girl. And she opened her eyes to hear a curious thrashing in the pine needles, a strange grim battle that, as the lantern flashed out, was hidden in the darkness.

And that battle, in the far reaches of the Divide, passed into a legend. It was the tale of how Dan Falling, his gun knocked from his hands as he met the cougar's leap, with his own maddened arms kept the life-giving breath from the animal's lungs and killed him in the pine needles. Claw and fang and the frenzy of death could not matter at all.

Thus Falling established before all men his right to the name he bore. And thus he paid one of his debts—life for a life, as the code of the forest has always decreed—and in the fire of danger and pain his metal was tried and proven.

## BOOK THREE The Payment.

CHAPTER I.

The Lennox home, in the wilderness of the Umpqua Divide, looked rather like an emergency hospital for the first few days after Dan's fight with Whispermoot. Its old sounds of laughter and talk were almost entirely lacking. Two injured men and a girl recovering from a nervous collapse do not tend toward cheer.

But the natural sturdiness of all three quickly came to their aid. Of course Lennox had been severely injured by the falling log, and many weeks would pass before he would be able to walk again. He could sit up for short periods, however; had the partial use of one arm; and could propel himself—after the first few weeks—at a snail's pace through the rooms in a rude wheel chair that Bill's ingenuity had contrived. The great livid scratches that Dan bore on his body quickly began to heal; and before a week was done he began to venture forth on the hills again. Snowbird had remained in bed for three days; then she had hopped out one bright afternoon, swearing never to go back into it again. Evidently the crisp, fall air of the mountains had been a nerve tonic for them all.

Of course there had been medical attention. A doctor and a nurse had motored up the day after the accident; the physician had set the bones and departed, and the nurse remained for a week, to see the grizzled mountaineer well on the way of convalescence. But it was an anxious wait, and Lennox's car was kept constantly in readiness to speed her away in case the snows should start. At last she had left him in Snowbird's hands, and Bill had driven her back to the settlements in his father's car. The die was now cast as to whether or not Dan and the remainder of the family should winter in the mountain. The snow clouds deepened every day, the frost was ever heavier in the dawns, and the road would surely remain open only a few days more.

Once more the three seemingly had the Divide all to themselves. Bert Cranston had evidently deserted his cabin and was working a trap-line on the Umpqua side. The rangers left the little station, all danger of fire past, and went down to their offices in the federal building of one of the little cities below. Because he was worse than useless in the deep snows that were sure to come, one of the ranch hands that had driven up with Bill rode away to the valleys the last of the live stock—the horse that Dan had ridden to Snowbird's defense.

Nothing had been heard of Landy Hildreth, who used to live on the trail to the marsh, and both Lennox and his daughter wondered why. There were also certain officials who had begun to be curious. As yet, Dan had told no one of the grim deed he had made on his return from hunting. And he would have found it an extremely difficult fact to explain.

It all went back to those inn-

springs of motive that few men can see clearly enough within themselves to recognize. Even the first day, when he lay burning from his wounds, he worked out his own explanation in regard to the murder mystery. He hadn't the slightest doubt but that Cranston had killed Hildreth to prevent his testimony from reaching the courts below. Of course, any other member of the arson ring of hillmen might have been the murderer; yet Dan was inclined to believe that Cranston, the leader of the gang, usually preferred to do such dangerous work as this himself. If it were true, somewhere on that tree-clad ridge clues would be left. Moreover, it was wholly possible that the written testimony Hildreth must have gathered had never been found or destroyed. Dan didn't want the aid of the courts to find these clues. He wanted to work out the case himself. It resolved itself into a simple matter of vengeance: Dan had his debt to pay, and he wanted to bring Cranston to ruin by his own hand alone.

While it was true that he took rather more than the casual interest that most citizens feel in the destruction of the forest by wanton fire, and had an actual sense of duty to do all that he could to stop the activities of the arson ring, his motives, stripped and bare, were really not utilitarian. He had no particular interest in Hildreth's case. He remembered him simply as one of Cranston's disreputable gang, a poacher and a fire bug himself. When all is said and done, it remained really a personal issue be-



A Strange, Grim Battle.

tween Dan and Cranston. And personal issues are frowned upon by law and society. Civilization has tolled up from the darkness in a great measure to get away from them. But human nature remains distressingly the same, and Dan's desire to pay his debt was a distinctly human emotion. Sometime a breed will live upon the earth that can get clear away from personal vengeance—from that age-old code of the hills that demands a blow for a blow and a life for a life—but the time is not yet. And after all, by all the standards of men as men, not as read in idealistic philosophies, Dan's debt was entirely real. By the light held high by his ancestors, he could not turn his other cheek.

Just as soon as he was able he went back to the scene of the murder. He didn't know when the snow would come to cover what evidence there was. It threatened every hour. Every wind promised it. The air was sharp and cold, and no drop of rain could fall through it without crystallizing into snow. The deer had all gone and the burrowing people had sought their holes. The bees worked no more in the winter flowers. Of all the greater forest creatures only the wolves and the bear remained—the former because their fear of men would not permit them to go down to the lower hills, and the latter because of his knowledge that when food became scarce he could always burrow in the snow. No bear goes into hibernation from choice. Wise old bachelor, he much prefers to keep just as late hours as he can—as long as the eating places in the berry thickets remain open. The cougars had all gone down with the deer, the migratory birds had departed, and even the squirrels were in hiding.

The scene didn't offer much in the way of clues. Of the body itself only

a white heap of bones remained, for many and terrible had been the agents of work upon them. The clothes, however, particularly the coat, were practically intact. Gripping himself, Dan thrust his fingers into its pockets, then into the pockets of the shirt and trousers. All paper that would in any way serve to identify the murdered man, or tell what his purpose had been in journeying down the trail the night of the murder had been removed. Only one explanation presented itself. Cranston had come before him and searched the body himself.

Dan looked about for tracks, and he was considerably surprised to find the blurred, indistinct imprint of a shoe other than his own. He hadn't the least hope that the tracks themselves would offer a clue to a detective. They were too dim for that. The surprising fact was that since the murder had been committed immediately before the fall rains, the water had not completely washed them out. The only possibility remaining was that Cranston had returned to the body after the week's rainfall. The track had been dimmed by the lighter rains that had fallen since.

But yet it was entirely to be expected that the examination of the body would be an afterthought on Cranston's part. Possibly at first his only thought was to kill and, following the prompting that has sent so many murderers to the gallows, he had afterward returned to the scene of the crime to destroy any clues he might have left and to search the body for any evidence against the arson ring.

Dan's next thought was to follow along the trail and find Cranston's ambush. Of course it would be in the direction of the settlement from the body, as the bullet had entered from the front. He found it hard to believe that Hildreth had fallen in the exact spot where the body lay. Men journeying at night keep to the trail, and the white heap itself was fully forty feet back from the trail in the thickets. Perhaps Cranston had dragged it there to hide it from the sight of anyone who might pass along the lonely trail again; and this was a remote possibility that Whispermoot, coming in the night, had tugged it into the thickets for dreadful purposes of his own. Likely the shot was fired when Hildreth was in an open place on the trail; and Dan searched for the ambush with this conclusion in mind. He walked back, looking for a thicket from which such a spot would be visible. Something over fifty yards down he found it; and he knew it by the empty brass rifle cartridge that lay half buried in the wet leaves.

The shell was of the same caliber as Cranston's rifle. Dan's hand shook as he put it in his pocket.

Encouraged by this amazing find, he turned up the trail toward Hildreth's cabin. It might be possible, he thought, that Hildreth had left some of his testimony—perhaps such rudely scrawled letters as Cranston had written him—in some forgotten drawer in his hut. It was but a short walk for Dan's hardened legs, and he made it before mid-afternoon.

The search itself was wholly without result. But because he had time to think as he climbed the ridge, because as he strode along beneath that wintry sky he had a chance to consider every detail of the case, he was able to start out on a new tack when, just before sunset, he returned to the body. This new train of thought had as its basis that Cranston's shot had not been deadly at once; that, wounded, Hildreth had himself crawled into the thickets where Whispermoot had found him. And that meant that he had to enlarge his search for such documents as Hildreth had carried to include all the territory between the trail and the location of the body.

It was possibly a distance of forty feet, and getting down on his hands and knees, Dan looked for any break in the shrubbery that would indicate the path that the wounded Hildreth had taken. And it was ten minutes well rewarded, as far as clearing up certain details of the crime. His senses had been trained and sharpened by his months in the wilderness, and he was able to back-track the wounded man from the skeleton clear to the clearing on the trail where he had first fallen. But as no clues presented themselves, he started to turn home.

He walked twelve feet, then turned back. Out of the corner of his eye it seemed to him that he had caught a flash of white, near the end of a great, dead log beside the path that the wounded Hildreth had taken. For a moment he searched in vain. Evidently a yellow leaf had deceived him. Once more he retraced his steps, trying to find the position from which his eye had caught the glimpse of white. Then he dived straight for the rotten end of the log.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Valuable to Science.

The telescope gives enlarged views of distant objects, the microscope shows only what is almost in contact with its lens, and by giving a means of making intermediate observations the modifications of the Davon microscope have proven a boon to the naturalist. With great depth of focus and a large field of view, the short focus type, for example, has a working distance of 10 to 18 inches, and magnifies 15 to 38 diameters. An adjustable rubber-tipped rod serves as a rest to support the instrument at the desired height for studying such objects as insects, plants and rocks.

Chief Allment.

A large proportion of our troubles is caused by too much bone in the head and not enough in the back.—Columbus (S. C.) Record.

# POULTRY

PHASES OF POULTRY RAISING

Poultryman Can Save Himself Time and Money by Applying to Government for Information.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Poultry raisers, whether engaging in the business on a large scale or owning only a small flock, will find it to their interest to get in touch with the United States Department of Agriculture when in doubt about the best methods to follow.

Visitors in Washington wishing to consult the department's poultry specialists are invited to call at their office and also to visit their experimental farm. The work in poultry feeding and breeding is conducted by the animal husbandry division and



Experimental Farm Where Uncle Sam Works Out Problems for the Benefit of American Poultry Raisers.

that relating to diseases by the pathological division of the bureau of animal industry.

Many bulletins are available dealing with various phases of poultry raising, any of which may be had free upon application to the division of publications, United States Department of Agriculture. In addition to the regular bulletins there are a number prepared especially for boys' and girls' clubs and for persons beginning the poultry business without much knowledge of its requirements. A list of these may be had upon application to the same division.

At the department's experiment farm at Beltsville, Md., various rations are being fed to hens to study their effect. For example, in one experiment the hen balances her own ration; in another fish meal is included; in another no wheat or wheat products are used; while cotton-seed meal replaces a part of the beef scrap in another. Comparisons are also made of the effect of the same rations on hens of the egg breeds as compared with those of the general-purpose breeds. Only simple rations of widely available feeds are used.

Hens in considerable numbers are being trap-nested, and matings made to determine the possibilities of different methods of breeding in increasing or fixing egg production. Matings to fix certain types or characters desired in the flocks also are made. No birds are retained in the flock which have a disqualification that would bar them under the rules of the American Standard of Perfection. The results being obtained indicate that it is possible to combine utility and standard breeding to a practical degree. Any of this information is available for the persons requesting it, and the department is eager to have it used widely.

Boys' and girls' poultry clubs have a wide influence in interesting the children in raising chickens, and in teaching them and their parents the best methods of handling poultry for the production of eggs and meat.

The department is giving special attention to improving the quality of market eggs with a view to overcoming losses estimated at many millions of dollars annually. These studies cover the production of eggs on the farm, and their handling from the farm to the country store. The production of infertile eggs, which are far superior in keeping qualities to fertile eggs, is being advocated.

## CURE COLD IN HEALTHY FOWL

Application of Three or Four Drops of Coal Oil in Nostrils of Bird Is Effective.

A cold can be cured in a healthy fowl by an application of three or four drops of kerosene in the fowl's nostrils. Never get it in the eyes. Put enough permanganate of potash in the drinking water to color a bright pink. This is good for throat infections of all kinds and will usually prevent the spread of the trouble.

## GOOD ROOSTS FOR CHICKENS

Points to Be Considered Are Ease of Cleaning and to Prevent Lurking Places for Mites.

Good roosts are to the chickens what a good bed is to humans. About half the fowl's time is spent on the roosts. The points to be considered in putting in the roosts are ease of cleaning, spacing from the back wall and from the floor and smoothness of lumber to prevent lurking places for mites.

## IN FATTENING TURKEY INCREASE SLOWLY EXTRA AMOUNT OF FEED



Well-Fattened Turkeys Always Command the Highest Prices.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Once upon a time every farm family had its flock of turkeys, which supplied plenty of birds for the home table and some for the tables of those who lived in the towns. Turkey raising in recent years, however, has decreased, one of the main reasons for this decline being that as the population of the country increased farming became more intensive and the area suitable for turkey raising was reduced. Turkeys require plenty of range in order to thrive.

Many farmers, however, still consider turkeys a profitable side line on the farm, and about the first of October begin to consider how to put more flesh on their turkey flock.

### Feeding Turkey Flock.

During the summer and early fall turkeys can find an abundance of feed on the average farm. Grasshoppers and other insects, weeds and grass seeds, green vegetation, berries and grain picked up in the fields all go to make up the turkey's daily ration. When this natural feed is plentiful, very little need be added until fattening time except for the purpose of bringing the turkeys every night to roost and to keep them from straying from home. For this purpose one feed of grain every night just before roosting time is sufficient.

### Fattening for Market.

In fattening turkeys for the market an excellent plan is to begin about October 1 to feed night and morning, feeding only so much at a time that the birds go away a little hungry, and gradually increasing the quantity until they are given all they will clean

up three times a day during the week before marketing. By the latter feeding is meant that they are fed until they leave the food and walk away. Some turkey raisers feed wheat and oats during the first of the fattening season, gradually changing to corn as the weather becomes cooler. The majority, however, begin feeding heavily on corn about November 1; and, since turkeys are not accustomed to such heavy feeding, scours often result, especially if new corn is used. New corn can be fed safely if the turkeys are gradually accustomed to it by feeding lightly at first and more heavily afterward.

### Lose Flesh When Penned.

Confining turkeys during the fattening season to prevent their using so much energy in ranging has been tried to some extent, but with very little success, say poultry specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. Those confined to a pen eat heartily for two or three days, but after this they lose their appetite and begin to lose flesh rapidly. On allowing them free range again, they pick up rapidly and are soon eating as heartily as ever. The better method is to allow them free range, as it keeps them in good, healthy condition, and they are always eager to be fed.

Nuts of various kinds are a natural fattening feed picked up by the turkeys on the range. Of these beech-nuts, chestnuts, pecans, and acorns are those most commonly found by them. Many turkey growers in Texas depend solely upon acorns for fattening their turkeys, and when the mast is plentiful the birds are marketed in fairly good condition.

## TERM INSECTS MOST FORMIDABLE RIVALS

One of Most Injurious Pests Is the Fly Weevil.

It Is Primarily Plague of Wheat and Corn and Is Particularly Harmful in Southern States—Ruins Entire Crops.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The insects are our most formidable rivals in the struggle for existence.

Economic entomology does not deal alone with insects which attack fruits and growing crops. It must deal with insects that affect grains and foods in storage, that damage our clothing, that kill our domestic animals and, too, that carry disease to man himself, that eat up our wooden buildings, and that envenom our books and implements. We must fight them all along the line.

One of these insect enemies against which the bureau of entomology has been directing a fight, is the anguonid grain moth, popularly known in this country as the fly weevil. It is primarily a pest of wheat and corn in this country, but affects all cereal grains. It is particularly injurious in the Southern states, and does little harm north of central New Jersey, except to cereals in storage.

It is second to the rice, or black, weevil in its capacity to damage grain. Often entire crops of corn and wheat are ruined. Wheat losses through moth attack about 52 per cent of weight. Corn losses from 12 to 24 per cent. Bread made from affected grain is worthless. The moth also eats barley, oats, buckwheat, sorghum, milo, rice, beans, chickpeas and cowpeas.

This is mentioned as an example of avoidable insect pests which the United States Department of Agriculture not only teaches but assists farmers to avoid.

In the case of the anguonid moth, which works damage to stored grain in regions where its propagation among growing crops is prevented by the short seasons, the department is urging farmers to fight the pest systematically by such measures as early threshing, proper storage, and fumigation. It teaches them to take advantage of the weakness of the insect by fighting its further spread.

It is only by constant and intelligent effort that mankind can overcome the ravages of insects of every kind which attack almost every substance on which he depends for his livelihood and comfort. In this effort, the public should take advantage of the services rendered by experts of the bureau of entomology and by other experts of the department.

## DEEP PLOWING IS BIG NEED

Soils Are Getting Poorer, Producing Less Per Acre, Thereby Cutting Farmer's Income.

Deep plowing is the greatest need on many farms. It is a fact that soils are getting poorer, producing less per acre and less in the aggregate year after year and less profit per year on many farms. Many of our soils are tired and sick; like their owners they are overworked, underfed, and underpaid. The problem is to get more from the soil without greater expense.

One way is to deepen the soil, letting in air and moisture and permit nature to make this sub-soil or under-soil fertile. The roots of plants cannot penetrate deep enough under the present conditions on many farms to get enough plant food and sufficient moisture to yield a normal crop. What is the remedy? Plow deeper.

Deeper plowing should be done in the fall. Many soils should be sub-soiled, others should be plowed deeper with ordinary breaking plows. Whatever the method, the soil must be made deeper. Plow deeper.

## ERADICATION OF CORN SMUT

Fresh Manure Should Not Be Applied and Rotation of Crops Should Be Practiced.

There are things to be done and things not to be done to combat successfully the smut of corn which has damaged the big crop of this year in various parts of the Northwest.

Fresh manure should not be put on corn ground; a rotation of crops should be practiced. Spores germinate best and multiply in fresh manure, says E. C. Stakman, plant disease specialist of the University farm, St. Paul. Some other crop than corn should be planted on land growing smutted corn this year.

Corn smut is not poisonous, says Doctor Stakman; on the contrary, in its early stages it is edible for human beings. It may occur on any part of the corn plant above ground. It has been found that corn smut spores are killed in the silo.

## ESSENTIALS IN PIGEON COOP

Fresh Air, Dryness, Sunlight and Space Enough to Keep Birds Comfortable Are Urged.

The prime essentials in pigeon houses are fresh air, dryness, sunlight, and space enough to keep the pigeon comfortable. The location should have good water drainage and air circulation in order that the floor and yards may be dry, while it should be situated for convenience in management. A southern or southeastern exposure is best. The general principles of construction which apply to poultry buildings apply also to pigeon houses.