

# The Voice of the Pack

By EDISON MARSHALL

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

Into a little hollow in the bark, on the underside of the log, some hand had thrust a small roll of papers. They were rain-soaked now, and the ink had dimmed and blotted; but Dan realized their significance. They were the complete evidence that Hildreth had accumulated against the arson king—letters that had passed back and forth between himself and Cranston, a threat of murder from the former if Hildreth turned state's evidence, and a signed statement of the arson activities of the ring by Hildreth himself.



Some Hand Had Thrust a Small Roll of Paper.

They were not only enough to bring in the ring and send its members to prison; with the aid of the empty shell and other circumstantial evidence, they could in all probability convict Bert Cranston of murder.

For a long time he stood with the shadows of the pines lengthening about him, his gray eyes in curious shadow. For the moment a glimpse was given him into the deep wells of the human soul; and understanding came to him. Was there no balm for hatred even in the moment of death? Were men unable to forget the themes and motives of their lives, even when the shadows closed down upon them? Hildreth had known what hand had struck him down. And even on the frontier of death, his first thought was to hide his evidence where Cranston could not find it when he searched the body, but where later it might be found by the detectives that were sure to come. It was the old creed of a life for a life. He wanted his evidence to be preserved—not that right should be wronged, but so that Cranston could be prosecuted and convicted and made to suffer. His hatred of Cranston that had made him turn state's evidence in the first place had been carried with him down into death.

As Dan stood wondering, he thought he heard a twig crack on the trail behind him, and he wondered what forest creature was still lingering on the ridges at the eye of the snows.

The snow began to fall in earnest at midnight—great, white flakes that almost in an instant covered the leaves. 'Twas the real beginning of winter, and all living creatures knew it. The wolf pack sang to it from the ridges—a wild and plaintive song that made Bert Cranston, sleeping in a lean-to in the Umppqua side of the Divide, swear and mutter in his sleep. But he didn't really waken until Jim Gibbs, one of his gang, returned from his secret mission.

They wasted no words. Bert flung aside the blankets, lighted a candle and placed it out of the reach of the light wind. His face looked swarthy and deep-lined in his light.

"Well?" he demanded. "What did you find?"

"Nothin'," Jim Gibbs answered naturally. "If you ask me what I found out, I might have somethin' to answer."

"Then—" and Bert, after the manner of his kind, breathed an oath—"What did you find out?"

His tone, except for an added note of savagery, remained the same. Yet his heart was thumping a great deal louder than he liked to have it. Realizing that the snows were at hand, he had sent Gibbs for a last search of the body, to find and recover the evidence that Hildreth had against him and which had not been revealed either in Hildreth's person or in his cabin. He had become increasingly apprehensive about those letters he had written Hildreth, and certain other documents that had been in his possession. He didn't understand why they hadn't turned up. And now the

snows had started, and Jim Gibbs had returned empty-handed, but evidently not empty-minded.

"I've found that the body's been uncovered—and men are already searchin' for clues. And moreover—I think they've found them." He paused, weighing the effect of his words. His eyes glittered with cunning. But that he was, he was wondering whether the time had arrived to leave the ship. He had no intention of continuing to give his services to a man with a rope-ribose closing about him. And Cranston, knowing this fact, hated him as he hated the buzzard that would claim him in the end, and tried to hide his apprehension.

"Go on. Blat it out," Cranston ordered. "Or else go away and let me sleep."

It was a bluff; but it worked. If Gibbs had gone without speaking, Cranston would have known no sleep that night. But the man became more fawning.

"I'm tellin' you, fast as I can," he went on, almost whining. "I went to the cabin, just as you said. But I didn't get a chance to search it—"

"Why not?" Cranston thundered. His voice re-echoed among the snow-wet pines.

"I'll tell you why! Because some one else—evidently a cop—was already searchin' it. Both of us know there's nothin' there, anyway. We've gone over it too many times. After a while he went away—but I didn't turn back yet. That wouldn't be Jim Gibbs. I shadowed him, just as you'd want me to. And he went straight back to the body."

"Yes?" Cranston had hard work curbing his impatience. Again Gibbs' eyes were full of ominous speculations.

"He stopped at the body, and it was plain he'd been there before. He went crawling through the thickets, lookin' for clues. He done what you and me never thought to do—lookin' all the way between the trail and the body. He'd already found the brass shell you told me to get. At least, it wasn't there when I looked, after he'd gone. You should've thought of it before. But he found somethin' else a whole lot more important—a roll of papers that Hildreth had chucked into an old pine stump when he was dyin'. It was your fault, Cranston, for not gettin' them that night. This detective stood and read 'em on the trail. And you know—just as well as I do—what they were."

"D—n you, I went back the next morning, as soon as I could see. And the mountain lion had already been there. I went back lots of times since. And that shell ain't nothin'—but all the time I supposed I put it in my pocket. You know how it is—a fellow throws his empty shell out by habit."

Gibbs' eyes grew more intent. What was this thing? Cranston's tone, instead of commanding, was almost pleading. But the leader caught himself at once.

"I don't see why I need to explain any of that to you. What I want to know is this: why you didn't shoot and get those papers away from him?"

For an instant their eyes battled. But Gibbs had never the strength of his leader. If he had, it would have been asserted long since. He sucked in his breath, and his gaze fell away. It rested on Cranston's rifle, that in some manner had been pulled up across his knees. And at once he was cowed. He was never so fast with a gun as Cranston.

"Blood on my hands, eh—same as on yours?" he mumbled, looking down.

"What do you think I want, a rope around my neck? These hills are big, but the arm of the law has reached up before, and it might again. You might as well know first as last I'm not goin' to do any killin's to cover up your murders."

"That comes of not going myself. You fool—if he gets that evidence down to the courts you're broken the same as me."

"But I wouldn't get more'n a year or so, at most—and that's a heap different from the gallows. I did aim at him—"

"But you just lacked the guts to pull the trigger!"

"I did, and I ain't ashamed of it. But besides—the snows are here now, and he won't be able to even get word to the valleys for six months. If you want him killed so bad, do it yourself."

This was a thought indeed. On the other hand, another murder might not be necessary. Months would pass before the road would be opened, and in the meantime Cranston would have a thousand chances to steal back the accusing letters. He didn't believe for an instant that the man Gibbs had seen was a detective. He had kept too close watch over the roads for that.

"A tall chap, in cutting clothes—dark-haired and clean-shaven?"

"Wearin' a tan hat?"

"That's the man."

"I know him—and I wish you'd shot him. That's Falling—the tenderfoot that's been staying at Lennox's. He's a lunger."

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"He didn't look like no lunger to me"

"But no matter about that—it's just as I thought. And I'll get 'em back—mark my little words."

In the meantime the best thing to do was to move at once to his winter trapping grounds—a certain neglected region on the lower levels of the North Fork. If at any time within the next few weeks, Dan should attempt to carry word down to the settlements, he would be certain to pass within view of his camp. But he knew that the chance of Dan starting upon any such journey before the snow had melted was not one in a thousand. To be caught in the Divide in the winter means to be snowed in as completely as the Innuits of upper Greenland. No word could pass except by man on snowshoes.

Yet if the chance did come, if the house should be left unguarded, it might pay Cranston to make an immediate search. Dan would have no reason for supposing that Cranston suspected his possession of the letters; he would not be particularly watchful, and would probably pigeon-hole them until spring in Lennox's desk.

And the truth was that Cranston had reasoned out the situation almost perfectly. When Dan awakened in the morning, and the snow lay already a foot deep over the wilderness world, he knew that he would have no chance to act upon the Cranston case until the snows melted in the spring. So he pushed all thought of it out of his mind and turned his attention to more pleasant subjects. It was true that he read the documents over twice as he lay in bed. Then he tied them into a neat packet and put them away where they would be quickly available. Then he thrust his head out of the window and let the great snowflakes sift down upon his face. It was winter at last, the season that he loved.

He didn't stir from the house that first day of the storm. Snowbird and he found plenty of pleasant things to do and talk about before the roaring fire that he built in the grate. He was glad of the great pile of wood that lay outside the door. It meant life itself, in this season. Then Snowbird led him to the windows, and they watched the white drifts pile up over the low underbrush.

When finally the snowstorm ceased, five days later, the whole face of the wilderness was changed. The buckbrush was mostly covered, the fences were out of sight; the forest seemed a clear, clean sweep of white, broken only by an occasional tall thicket and by the great, snow-covered trees.

When the clouds blew away, and the air grew clear, the temperature began to fall. Dan had no way of knowing how low it went. Thermometers were not considered essential at the Lennox home. But when his eyelids congealed with the frost, and his

feet froze to the logs of firewood that he carried through the door, and the pine trees exploded and cracked in the darkness, he was correct in his belief that it was very, very cold.

But he loved the cold, and the silence and austerity that went with it. The wilderness claimed him as never before. The rugged breed that were his ancestors had struggled through such seasons as this and passed a love of them down through the years to him.

Wedding Rings Use Much Gold. More than 7,000 pounds of pure gold, says an authority, are required each year to supply the wedding rings for brides.



"You Just Lacked the Guts to Pull the Trigger."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Wedding Rings Use Much Gold. More than 7,000 pounds of pure gold, says an authority, are required each year to supply the wedding rings for brides.

## FARM POULTRY

CHRISTMAS BEST FOR GEES

These Fowls Require Little Care and Attention Compared With Returns They Bring.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Roast goose and apple sauce! Christmas in many homes is incomplete without them, and for that reason the best season in which to market the goose is the latter part of December, although there is a limited demand all the year.

Goose raising is not so extensively engaged in as duck raising, the conditions under which they can be successfully raised being almost entirely different from those necessary for successful duck raising. The duck, being smaller, can be raised in a more limited space than can the goose, the latter needing free range and water, while the former has been proved to do well without water.

While the goose cannot profitably be raised in as large numbers as the duck, still it cannot justly be termed unprofitable. There are many places on a farm that are worthless for cultivation that could be utilized with excellent results for goose raising. Fields that have streams, branches, or unused springs on them could be turned to good advantage by making them into goose pastures. A goose on range will gather the largest portion of its food, consisting of grasses, insects, and other animal and vegetable matter to be found in the fields and brooks.

Young geese are fattened by placing them in a pen, not too large, so that they will not exercise too much, and by feeding them once a day all they will eat up clean of a moist mash made of one-half shorts and two-thirds cornmeal, and two feeds daily of corn with some oats or barley. While fattening young geese they should be kept as quiet as possible; no excitement whatever should disturb them, poultry specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture say. When feeding, approach them quietly, and do not frighten them. At ten weeks of age, or when the tips of the



Many Farmers' Wives Prefer to Dress Geese Before Marketing Them to Obtain the Feathers.

wings reach the tail, they are ready for market, if they have been heavily fed, and should weigh between eight and ten pounds. Most young geese from general farms are sold when they are from five to eight months old.

When young goslings are to be dressed for market, they are first stuck in the roof of the mouth with a long-bladed knife and then stunned by hitting them a sharp, quick blow on the head. For dry plucking the picker uses a box in front of him about the height of the knees, holding the bird with the left hand and clamping the feet and wings together; he places the head of the bird against the box and holds it in place with the knee. Pick the feathers from the body of the bird, then dampen the right hand and brush the body to remove the down. Leave about two inches of feathers on the neck, and also leave feathers on the wings at the first joint. Lay the wings against the body of the birds and tie a string around to hold in position. Place the birds, when picked, in cold water for an hour or so to plump them; if they are in the water too long they are liable to bleach and become water-soaked. They are then led up in barrels ready to ship to market.

## POULTRY NOTES

Any margin over market prices received for breeding stock is pure profit, and the demand, especially for hatching eggs, comes at a time when the egg baskets are easily filled.

Be on the lookout for dampness in the poultry houses. Where freezing is common, close-built houses are very apt to show condensation of moisture on ceiling and walls. Too large a number of birds in a house will also cause this.

In either hen-batches or incubator-hatched flocks, there are likely to be some backward, slow-growing, slow-feathering chicks. If the hatch is in the brooder, separate these backward chicks, and give them to a hen, or put them with a younger hatch. A turkey hen that has no family is an ideal mother for them.

## The SANDMAN STORY

THE IMPATIENT ROBIN

ROBIN had started too early from the South that year. His little wife told him so, but he would not listen. "I suppose you want all the nice locations to be taken when we arrive," he said to her.

So they arrived one morning, and though the sun was shining, the air was chilly, and poor little Mrs. Redbreast sat shivering on a limb of a tree, huddled against the trunk, while her lord and master sat on the end of a branch singing lustily.

"What did I tell you?" said Robin. "We are not a bit too early; and now let us find a home."

It was some time, however, before the warm spring days came, but they did, and with them the blossoms and the leaves, and then the fruit began to grow—cherries and apples and berries and all the things that the robins like to eat.

Robin was impatient. He wanted a nice cherry pie, and when his little wife told him the cherries were green and hard he began to scold.

"My mother used to make the best cherry pie I ever ate," said he, "and I know she used to use them when they were hard, because I used to stone them for her."

"Stone them!" exclaimed Mrs. Robin with wide-open eyes. "Whoever heard of stoning cherries for a pie? My mother never did. What did she do with the stones—make a soup?" inquired Mrs. Robin in rather a sarcastic tone of voice.

"Yes, she made a soup, now I come to think about it, and that cherry-stone soup was the best I ever ate," replied Mrs. Robin, thinking that was a clever idea.

"Well, will you make a cherry pie today?" he asked.

"But, Robin, the cherries are not fit to use yet," pleaded Mrs. Robin, fluttering about at the very thought of such a thing.

"All right, I'll make one myself," said Robin, bristling his feathers. "I can make a pie as well as anyone."

"All right, make one," said Mrs. Redbreast; and off she flew.

When she returned late that afternoon everything was covered with flour—even Robin's bill and wings—and a strong smell of something burned was in the air.

"I made that pie all right," he said, nodding his head toward the pantry,

"but I did not say I could bake one. I guess it is a little overdone, but the inside is all right, I am certain."

On the pantry shelf stood a pie almost as black as Johnny Blackbird's coat, but Mrs. Redbreast did not make any remark. She looked around the kitchen and asked: "Where is the cherry-stone soup, Robin? I declare I am quite hungry for some."

Robin rubbed his bill and stood on one foot and then on another. "Well, I do not seem to remember about that soup, after all. I guess I was mistaken. It was apple-core soup she used to make instead of cherry-stone," he said.

"I am glad there is one thing I can make that your mother did not know about, for if you once had tasted cherry-stone soup you would never forget it," replied Mrs. Redbreast.

"Now, you fly out and sit on a limb and sing a while, and I will call you



When She Returned That Afternoon She Smelled Something Burned.

when I have the soup ready. Where are the stones?"

Robin brought a basinful of stones, eyeing his wife all the time, but she looked so wise and knowing that he did not ask any questions or venture to give advice. In fact, he had done all the cooking he wished to do, and gladly flew out to sit on a limb and sing.

Robin spread the fame of his wife's cherry-stone soup far and wide, and the little wives came to call on Mrs. Redbreast, all in a flutter to get her recipe for the wonderful soup.

Then they all flew home to make a cherry-stone soup just as Mrs. Redbreast had cooked it, which goes to prove that all wives stick together when it comes to managing a husband.

(Copyright.)

"What's in a Name?"  
By MILDRED MARSHALL  
Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

GLADYS.

THOUGH popular in the chorus and frequently in use as the heroine of popular fiction, where Gladys de Montmorency was considered the height of feminine elegance, Gladys comes from a dignified old Roman family, the Claudian gens. The Claudii gained much fame in early Rome and figure in most of the tragedies of the city, and the Emperor Claudius, through his conquests in Britain, spread his name throughout Europe.

The first feminine Claudia, was the daughter of a British prince who sent her greetings to St. Timothy in St. Paul's epistle. The masculine form, Claudus, or Gladus, as it was sometimes spelled, became popular in England and was taken over by the Welsh, who are responsible for the feminine Gladys.

Gladys came to be considered the equivalent for Claudia and as such was revered, but her name never achieved the popularity of its equivalent because of its harsh sound. Though recognized as Gladys it was more often given in baptism as Claudia, or Claudie, as the French call it. France rejected Gladys completely, preferring the softer Claudine, and Claudie, while Italy and Spain chose Claudia, leaving Gladys completely to English use, whence it was brought to America and allowed to flourish unmolested and non-confused by Claudia.

Agate is the talismanic gem assigned to Gladys. It is said to avert peril from its wearer, to give her courage and a large degree of charm. One old legend contends that her every wish will come true when she wears this gem. Tuesday is her lucky day and 7 her lucky number.

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SHOCKING

Bug Health Inspector—I shall have to report this to the health board. The water in this well is fearfully dirty.

**Peanut Pietro**  
KAYEM GRIER

I GOTTA one frien whose been play een da band for longa time een da olda country. Lasa week he come to Unteda State. He say he trow up da Job maka da music and now he ees looka for work.

My frien say he gotta too moocha tough luck maka da leeving dat way. He play do peecallo een da band and he sure maka swella tune every time. Weeth da music he maka dat bassa drum looka seeck. He tella me one day a king was feela pretty good. Da king wanta beega celebrash and he senda for dat band come play een bees house. You know was pretty bad een olda country eef you fool da king, so da band learna penta new music and veest dat place.

My frien tella me every body sure maka swella tune for da king. He say da king lika so mooch he wanta geeva every body een da band somating. So da king tella one da guys wot worka for heem taka da band out and filla all da instrument weeth money.

And dat was where my frien gotta sore. He say dat beega bassa drum holda too moocha money. Da bassa horn holda penta money and da feedle and alla dat rest holda penta cash.

But my frien say when eet come bees turn getta paid dat son-of-a-gun of a peecallo only holda dolla seexa bits smalla change. Eef I no gotta more luck as dat I queeta my Job, too. Wot you tink?

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