



COPYRIGHT, 1930 BY LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY.

SYNOPSIS.

Warned by his physician that he has not more than six months to live, Failing sits despondently on a park bench, wondering where he should spend those six months. A friendly squirrel practically decides pioneer blood, and he decides to end his days in the forests of Oregon. Memories of his grandfather and a deep love for all things of the wild help him in reaching a decision. In a large southern Oregon city he meets people who had known and loved his grandfather, a famous frontiersman. He makes his home with Silas Lennox, a typical westerner. The only other members of the household are Lennox's son, "Bill," and daughter, "Snowbird." Their abode is many miles from "civilization," in the Umpqua divide, and there Failing plans to live out the short span of life which he has been told is his. His extreme weakness in the face of even a slight exertion convinces him that the doctor had made a correct diagnosis of his case. From the first Failing's health shows a marked improvement, and in the companionship of Lennox and his son and daughter he fits into the woods life as if he had been born to it. By quick thinking and a remarkable display of "nerve" he saves Lennox's life and his own when they are attacked by a mad coyote. Lennox declares he is a reincarnation of his grandfather, Dan Failing I, whose fame as a woodsman is a household word.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Of course—but sit down now, anyway. I'm sorry that Snowbird isn't here."

"Snowbird is—"
"My daughter. My boy, she can make a biscuit! That's not her name, of course, but we've always called her that. She got tired of keeping house and is working this summer. Poor Bill has to keep house for her, and no wonder he's eager to take the stock down to the lower levels. I only wish he hadn't brought 'em up this spring at all; I've lost dozens from the coyotes."

"But a coyote can't kill cattle—"
"It can if it has hydrophobia, a common thing in the varmints this time of year. But as I say, Bill will take the stock down next season, and then Snowbird's work will be through, and she'll come back here."

"Then she's down in the valley?"
"Far from it. She's a mountain girl if one ever lived. Perhaps you don't know the recent policy of the forest service to hire women who they can be obtained. It was a policy started in war times and kept up now because it is economical and efficient. She and a girl from college have a cabin not five miles from here on old Bald mountain, and they're doing lookout duty."

Dan wondered intensely what lookout duty might be. "You see, Dan," Lennox said in explanation, "the government loses thousands of dollars every year by forest fire. A fire can be stopped easily if it is seen soon after it starts. But let it burn awhile, in this dry season, and it's a terror—a wall of flame that races through the forests and can hardly be stopped. And maybe you don't realize how enormous this region is—literally hundreds of miles across. We're the last outpost—there are four cabins, if you can find them, in the first seventy miles back to town. So they have to put lookouts on the high points, and now they're coming to the use of airplanes so they can keep even a better watch. Snowbird and a girl friend from college got jobs this summer as lookouts—all through the forest service they are hiring women for the work. They are more vigilant than men, less inclined to take chances, and work cheaper. These two girls have a cabin near a spring, and they cook their own food, and are making what is big wages in the mountains. I'm rather hoping she'll drop over for a few minutes tonight."

"Good Lord—does she travel over these hills in the darkness?"
The mountaineer laughed—a delighted sound that came somewhat curiously from the bearded lips of the stern, dark man. "Dan, I'll swear she's afraid of nothing that walks the face of the earth—and it isn't because she hasn't had experience either. She's a dead shot with a pistol, for one thing.

She's physically strong, and every muscle is hard as nails. She used to have Shag, too—the best dog in all these mountains. She's a mountain girl, I tell you; whoever wins her has got to be able to tame her!" The mountaineer laughed again.

The call to supper came then, and Dan got his first sight of mountain food. There were potatoes, newly dug, mountain vegetables that were crisp and cold, a steak of peculiar shape, and a great bowl of purple berries to be eaten with sugar and cream. Dan's appetite was not as a rule particularly good. But evidently the long ride had affected him. He simply didn't have the moral courage to refuse when the elder Lennox heaped his plate.

"Good heavens, I can't eat all that," he said, as it was passed to him. But the others laughed and told him to take heart.

He took heart. It was a singular thing, but at that first bite his sudden confidence in his gustatory ability almost overwhelmed him. So he cut himself a bite of the tender steak—fully half as generous as the bites that Bill was consuming across the table. And its first flavor simply filled him with delight.

"What is this meat?" he asked.

"I've certainly tasted it before."
"I'll bet a few dollars that you haven't, if you've lived all your life in the Middle West," Lennox answered. "Maybe you've got what the scientists call an inherited memory of it. It's the kind of meat your grandfather used to live on—venison."

Soon after dinner Lennox led him out of the house for his first glimpse of the hills in the darkness.

They walked together out to the gate, across the first of the wide pastures where, at certain seasons, Len-



Standing in the Shadows, He Simply Watched Her.

nox kept his cattle; and at last they came out upon the tree-covered ridge. The moon was just rising. They could see it casting a curious glint over the very tips of the pines. But it couldn't get down between them. They stood too close, too tall and thick for that. And for a moment, Dan's only sensation was one of silence.

"You have to stand still a moment, to really know anything," Lennox told him.

They both stood still. Dan was as motionless as that day in the park, long weeks before, when the squirrel had climbed on his shoulder. The first effect was a sensation that the silence was deepening around them. It wasn't really true. It was simply that he had become aware of the little continuous sounds of which usually he was unconscious, and they tended to accentuate the hush of the night. He knew, just as all mountaineers know, that the wilderness about him was stirring and pulsing with life. Some of the sounds were quite clear—an occasional stir of a pebble or the crack of a twig, and some, like the faintest

twitching of leaves in the brush not ten feet distant, could only be guessed at.

"What is making the sounds?" he asked.

He didn't know it, at the time, but Lennox turned quickly toward him. It wasn't that the question had surprised the mountaineer. Rather it was the tone in which Dan had spoken. It was perfectly cool, perfectly self-contained.

"The one right close is a chipmunk. I don't know what the others are; no one ever does know. Perhaps ground squirrels, or rabbits, or birds, and maybe one of those harmless old black bears who is curious about the house. And tell me—can you smell anything—"

"Good Lord, Lennox! I can smell all kinds of things."

"I'm glad. Some men can't. No one can enjoy the woods if he can't smell. Part of the smells are of flowers, and part of balsam, and God only knows what the others are. They are just the wilderness—"

Dan could not only perceive the smells and sounds, but he felt that they were leaving an imprint on the very fiber of his soul. He knew one thing. He knew he could never forget this first introduction to the mountain night. The whole scene moved him in strange, deep ways in which he had never been stirred before; it left him exultant and, in deep wells of his nature far below the usual currents of excitement, a little excited too.

Then both of them were startled out of their reflections by the clear, unmistakable sound of footsteps on the ridge. Both of them turned, and Lennox laughed softly in the darkness. "My daughter," he said. "I knew she wouldn't be afraid to come."

Dan could see only Snowbird's outline at first, just her shadow against the moonlit hillside. His glasses were none too good at long range. And possibly, when she came within range, the first thing that he noticed about her was her stride. The girls he knew didn't walk in quite that free, strong way. She took almost a man-size step; and yet it was curious that she did not seem ungraceful. Dan had a distinct impression that she was floating down to him on the moonlight. She seemed to come with such unutterable smoothness. And then he heard her call lightly through the darkness.

The sound gave him a distinct sense of surprise. Some way, he hadn't associated a voice like this with a mountain girl; he had supposed that there would be so many harshening influences in this wild place. Yet the tone was as clear and full as a trained singer's. It was not a high voice; and yet it seemed simply brimming, as a cup brims with wine, with the rapture of life. It was a self-confident voice too, wholly unaffected and sincere, and wholly without embarrassment.

Then she came close, and Dan saw the moonlight on her face. And so it came about, whether in dreams or wakefulness, he could see nothing else for many hours to come.

The girl who stood in the moonlight had health. She was simply vibrant with health. It brought a light to her eyes, and a color to her cheeks, and life and shimmer to her moonlit hair. It brought curves to her body, and strength and firmness to her limbs, and the grace of a deer to her carriage. Whether she had regular features or not Dan would have been unable to state. He didn't even notice. They weren't important when health was present. Yet there was nothing of the coarse or bold or voluptuous about her. She was just a slender girl, perhaps twenty years of age, and weighing even less than the figure occasionally to be read in the health magazines for girls of her height. And she was fresh and cool beyond all words to tell.

And Dan had no delusions about her attitude toward him. For a long instant she turned her keen, young

PAINTED OVER COURT FINERY

Use by Which Nuns Had Queen Depicted as a Member of Their Religious Order.

Through a chance discovery in the garret of a ducal palace in Madrid, a three-hundred-year-old romance of a wonderful Velasquez has been revealed. Hidden for three centuries as a picture of a nun, this portrait of Queen Isabella of Spain, the first wife of King Philip IV, has recently been restored in London.

In the disguised picture practically nothing but the face and hands of the original was left uncovered, and the secret was first guessed at owing to the paint peeling away from the nun's hood, when there was revealed the fringe of a lace collar.

Princess Isabella of Bourbon was married to Philip in 1615, and in 1624 was staying in the convent of the nuns belonging to the order of the Descalzos. As a mark of the kindness she there received she presented the nuns with this Velasquez portrait of herself.

Later Isabella wished to enter the convent, but the pope would not con-

sent. The inmates of the convent called in a painter, and secretly instructed him to paint out the queen's court dress and the lace handkerchief in her left hand, and to present her in the complete garb of a professed nun.

Playing the Game.
"How must I conduct my campaign?" asked the inexperienced candidate.
"Promise 'em anything," said the manager.
"But suppose I promise something I can't perform and the public holds me to strict accountability?"
"If you get elected you'll want to run again, won't you?"
"Of course."

Back to my watch," she answered, her tone wholly lacking the personal note which men have learned to expect in the voices of women. And an instant later the three of them saw her reentering shadow as she vanished among the pines.

"Good Lord!" Dan breathed. "If you make such sudden motions as that I'll have heart failure. Where are you going now?"

"Back to my watch," she answered, her tone wholly lacking the personal note which men have learned to expect in the voices of women. And an instant later the three of them saw her reentering shadow as she vanished among the pines.

Dan had to be helped to bed. The long ride had been too hard on his shattered lungs; and nerves and body collapsed an instant after the door was closed behind the departing girl. He laughed weakly and begged their pardon; and the two men were really very gentle. They told him it was their own fault for permitting him to overdo. Lennox himself blew out the candle in the big, cold bedroom.

The next installment of "The Voice of the Pack" imparts the existence of an organized band of outlaws.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Roman Coliseum.

The Roman coliseum was the largest and most splendid of the buildings known in architecture as amphitheaters, which the Romans invented for exhibiting gladiatorial combats, fights of wild beasts and other spectacles. The repetition of arch beyond arch and story over story gives this amphitheater its imposing grandeur. This principle of reduplication of parts, of which the Gothic architects afterwards made so much use, is carried to a greater extent than in any other Roman building. It did not have a roof. The upper story is not arched like the three lower stories, but solid and with pilasters. Some architects think it was meant wholly for the purpose of supporting and working the great velarium or silk awning that covered the arena during the representation, which may not have been attempted when the amphitheater was first erected.

Different Kinds of Hickory.

Twelve kinds of hickory are found in the world, eleven of them indigenous to the United States east of the Rocky mountains, and one Mexican species. Previous to the ice age, extensive forests of hickory existed in Greenland.

Getting Results.

"When it comes to impressing the popular mind," said Senator Sorghum, "a party platform is quite likely to prove less important than the rear platform of a special train."

The inmates of the convent called in a painter, and secretly instructed him to paint out the queen's court dress and the lace handkerchief in her left hand, and to present her in the complete garb of a professed nun.

Playing the Game.

"How must I conduct my campaign?" asked the inexperienced candidate.
"Promise 'em anything," said the manager.

"But suppose I promise something I can't perform and the public holds me to strict accountability?"

"If you get elected you'll want to run again, won't you?"

"Of course."

"Exactly. When your first term is ended you can tell the voters you didn't have time to put through all the great reforms you had set your heart on, and they must send you back to finish the job."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Lots of women worry themselves old trying to look young.

Woman's inhumanity to man makes the divorce lawyer happy.

GOOD HIGHWAYS

PNEUMATIC TIRES ARE BEST

Cause Least Damage to Road Surface, According to Tests by Bureau of Roads.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Many roads not originally intended to carry heavy traffic were seriously damaged during the period of the war by the impact of heavy motor-trucks. The natural result of this was to warn highway engineers of the importance of planning all future roads with reference to the kind of traffic that is likely to use them. The engineers responded immediately by building thicker roads and roads of more durable material; but in the absence of definite knowledge of the probable strength of the impact they have not known exactly how thick or how strong the roads must be made.

Recent tests of the impact of motor-trucks made by the bureau of public roads, United States Department of Agriculture, develop the facts that when a solid-tired truck strikes a



Pneumatic Tires Save Highways.

one-inch obstruction, the impact may be as high as seven times the load, an average being about four times.

The tests show, however, that the impact depends largely upon the kind and condition of the tire. Pneumatic tires cause the least damage to the road surface, the cushion of air reducing the impact so that it is seldom greater than 1 1/4 times the static load on the wheels. Although the impact increases with the speed of the truck, and it is therefore highly desirable to limit speed by strict regulation, the use of pneumatic tires would make higher speed permissible.

The tests of the bureau of public roads have pointed the way to more scientific designing of roads for motor-truck traffic, and there is every assurance that engineers will now be able to build roads with practical certainty that they will withstand the blows of heavy vehicles.

Further reassurance in this respect lies in the information that manufacturers are not building as many trucks exceeding five tons capacity as formerly. The number of industries in which very large trucks can be kept continuously working is extremely limited, so that the likelihood of forthcoming motor-truck damage to public highways is considerably reduced.

GOOD HIGHWAYS ARE COMING

Federal, State and Local Authorities Join Hands for Great Good Roads Campaign.

The federal government, the state governments, and the local authorities have joined hands for the greatest good-roads campaign that has ever been undertaken anywhere in the world.

We are told that during the next five years there will be at the disposal of the state highway departments a grand total of not less than \$3,000,000,000. No fewer than 22 great national highways are under construction or planned for early development.

The aggregate projects call for the expenditure of \$600,000,000 during the present year.

APPROVES OUR ROAD SYSTEM

Imperial Commissioner of Japanese Government Recommends Our Type for Building.

Prof. T. Takakuwa of Kiriu university, in Tokyo, and Imperial commissioner of the Japanese government, sent abroad to investigate types of highways in Europe and the United States, approves of the type of roadway used in this country for the improvement and road building program in Japan.