

# THE TIGER TRAIL

by Edison Marshall

Illustrations by PAUL FREHM



**WHAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE—**

Dr. Long, out fishing with Alexander Pierce, a detective, tells of his projected trip to Southerly Downs. Pierce advises him to keep his eyes wide open while there. On the way in a train Dr. Long is attracted by a girl, who later faints. Dr. Long treats her, and looking into her bag, is assured to find a loaded revolver. Dr. Long meets Ahmad Das, an Oriental, who conducts him to Southley Downs, where he meets Mr. Southley and his son, Ernest Southley, Mr. Hayward and his son, Vilas, and then Josephine Southley, who is the girl he had met on the train. Josephine tells him the story of Southley Downs and its ghost, which is not the ghost of a human being but of a tiger. Dr. Long has a quarrel with Vilas Hayward over Josephine, and finds that the Haywards have a strange authority over the Southleys. He is ordered to leave Southley Downs. The rain prevents him leaving at once. Dr. Long and Ernest go out on the road in the rain looking for the tracks of a tiger that Ernest says are there. Now read on—

"It's no use," I said. "The water would have washed them all out."

We separated and looked up and down. And finally I turned to call Ernest back to the house. He was bent low, holding his lantern close to the mud.

"What is it?" I asked. "Come here," he ordered me.

He stood up as I came close and held the lantern before him. It shone on his white, set face.

"I've found it," he told me simply. At once it seemed to me that Ernest had left his boyhood far behind him, and was a man. The voice was mature, steady, perfectly calm. He spoke so low I had to strain to listen.

It wasn't the sort of tone that I had expected. I had supposed that if we were able to find the tracks they would have cleared up the mystery in a perfectly satisfactory manner; and we would have a good joke to tell when we came to Southley Downs. Only, of course, Ernest would tell it, not I. My hours for joking in the old manor house were done. Instead of triumph, his tone hinted that cold futility with which men tell of their worst personal tragedies.

"The track, Ernest?" I asked. "The rains have washed out—all but one. This one is on a high place in the road, and it is almost gone, too. But you can't mistake it."

I lowered my light to see, but he caught my arm.

"I guess not, Long," he said quietly. "Why not?"

"You really don't want to see it. It wouldn't do you any good. It would just give you unpleasant memories to carry away with you—and besides, it can't be true. It's not there, Long."

"Let me see."

"No use, doctor."

"Get out of my way, and let me see it," I ordered.

But instead he suddenly leaped at a shadow in the muddy sand. He dug for an instant with his feet, and splashed the water. And when I looked again the track had been hopelessly obliterated.

"Little fool!" I told him.

"It wasn't there, Long," he answered in a far-away voice. "It was some trick of the rain—or a mirage. It wasn't possible that it could be there."

"It doesn't help—to lie."

It must have been almost one o'clock when I got to my room. There were plenty of things to think about. One was that on the morrow I would say good-bye to Southley Downs. The meeting of the girl in the sleeping car had come to nothing, after all.

I thought about Alexander Pierce, and all that he had told me. I had been at Southley Downs almost a week, and its problems had grown more complex, rather than simplified. Still I didn't know why the man whom Alexander called Roderick had offered the reward for trace of the elder Southley. I couldn't explain why my best had gone for years under an assumed name, or had adopted an alias now. The relation of the Haywards with the Southleys, the creeping figure on the golf green, the track in the muddy road, still remained as mysterious as ever.

I thought about some stealing figure that was in the corridor just outside my door.

How I knew he was there is a mystery still. I certainly could not have heard him above the thunder of the rain. Perhaps it was the jar of his footsteps on the floor, or maybe a sixth sense that sometimes warns a man he is being shadowed. It seem-

ed to me that he was coming stealthily down the hall—and he had halted just outside my door.

Then I heard a voice. It is a strange thing that I didn't recognize it at first. My ears are usually sharp for such things. The only possible explanation is that the voice was somewhat changed.

"Dr. Long?" someone called softly. "Yes?"

I unlocked my door. Ernest stood in the shadow of the corridor. He carried a candle. He came in very quietly and closed the door behind him. He put his candle on the table. It is strange how the mind works. My first observation was the peculiar resemblance of his sister that I saw in his eyes. They were dark, just like hers. He sat down on the edge of the bed. I saw that he was also partly undressed.

"Have you got a pistol?" he asked. "Yes. It is in my bag."

"I wish you'd get it, doctor. I'm not sure—but that we'll really need it."

I opened my bag without question and drew out my automatic.

"Can you shoot with the thing?" he asked.

"Fairly well."

"Then you'd better keep it. I don't think I could hit the side of a barn! We might need cool shooting. Long, we've got a hunt on our hands to-night."

I looked at him as coolly as I could. "What have we got to hunt?"

"That I don't know except that it's

**CHANGES IN SCHEDULE FOR BUSES ANNOUNCED**

Changes in bus schedules effective July 9, were announced this week by the Southern Pacific company through Carl Olson, local ticket agent.

A de luxe observation coach will leave Eugene at 11:59 a. m. and arrive at Portland at 4:15 p. m. each day, going by way of Harrisburg. The 7:30 a. m. bus has been changed to 8 o'clock and the 10:30 a. m. bus has been discontinued. Hereafter all stages will leave the Tiffany building on Eighth avenue east, calling at the Southern Pacific station five minutes prior to their scheduled.

**MRS. MORTENSEN WEDS ROY WRIGHT SATURDAY**

Mrs. Mabel Mortensen became the bride of Roy D. Wright in Seattle last Saturday, according to word received by friends of the couple here.

The ceremony was performed at the home of Mrs. Charles Vetterling, a sister of Mr. Wright.

After a two-weeks trip in British Columbia the couple will return here and will be at home to friends at 922 B Street.

**Woman Hurts Ankle**

Mrs. May Coltran was treated by a local physician Monday evening after she had injured her ankle while working in the Cooley orchard east of this city. She stepped into a hole, spraining her left ankle and bruising the leg severely.

**Choir Practice Off**—Claud Neely, director of the choir of the Springfield Christian church, announced this morning that there will be no choir practice at the church this evening.

**Enterprise Teacher Here**—Miss Janette Willgerodt, a teacher in the Enterprise schools, is a visitor here with Mrs. Dallas Murphy. The two are former school mates.

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the thing that left the track. It's in the house."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know? My dear old boy, I'd love to say I didn't know, but unfortunately I do. It has got beyond the legend stage. If our lighting system was only in order! You can't see anything with these candles—and yet I saw plenty. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

We crept along the soft rugs, and our candle guided us. It gave such an ineffective light. Still the rain thundered, and he had to put his lips close to my ear to make me hear him. Then I felt, rather than heard.

We stopped on a little landing in the stairway.

"We won't have long to wait," he said.

"But why wait at all? Why not chase it down?"

"Because chasing don't work. It knows how to hide. Behind the curtains, and every place else. We've got to watch his trail."

He blew out the candle. The only light that remained was a single candle on a little table at the base of the stairs. We stood in darkness.

"You're the only one I could trust," he told me. "My father laughs at the stories, and the Haywards are frightened almost to death."

We waited a long time. There was a row of windows at the end of the long room, dimly lighted from the distant lightning. The flashes were al-

most continuous, and the flickering light was gray and strange through the rain. It was just a dim, weird radiance, and in no way alleviated the shadows of the room. The clock (Continued on Page 3)

**NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT**  
Estate of Emilia A. Smith, Deceased.  
Notice is hereby given that Paul Hadley, executor of the last will and testament of Emilia A. Smith, deceased, has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon, in and for Lane County, his final report as such executor and that 10 o'clock in the forenoon of Monday the 13th day of August, 1928, at the Court room thereof, in Eugene, Oregon, has been by said Court fixed as the time and place for hearing objections of said report and for the final settlement of the estate of said deceased.  
PAUL HADLEY, Executor.  
A. E. WHEELER, Attorney.  
JL 12-19-26: A. 2-9:

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**REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE**  
**Commercial State Bank of Springfield**  
At Springfield, in the State of Oregon at the close of business on June 30, 1928

RESOURCES	
1. Loans and discounts, including rediscounts, acceptances or bills of exchange, sold with endorsement of the bank, (including items shown 29, 30 and 32, if any)	\$133,045.08
2. Overdrafts secured and unsecured	161.48
3. U. S. government securities owned, including those shown in items 30 and 35, if any	5,550.00
4. Other bonds, warrants and securities, including foreign government, state, municipal, corporation, etc., including those shown in items 30 and 35, if any	38,421.88
5. Banking house, \$14,900; furniture and fixtures, \$3882.87	18,782.87
6. Real estate owned other than banking house	11,270.81
7. (c) Net amounts due from other banks, bankers and trust companies	34,386.88
15. Other assets, if any, Suspense	1,697.15
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$243,226.15</b>
LIABILITIES	
16. Capital Stock Paid in	30,000.00
17. Surplus fund and Savings Capital	6,000.00
18. (a) Undivided profits	\$2965.11
(b) Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid	2,406.05
Dividends Unpaid	25.00
19. DEMAND DEPOSITS, other than banks, subject to reserve:	
Individual deposits subject to check, including deposits due the state of Oregon, county, cities or other public funds	143,726.65
24. Demand certificates of deposit outstanding	33.00
25. Cashier's checks of this bank outstanding payable on demand	83.96
26. Certified checks outstanding	31.00
<b>Total of demand deposits, other than bank deposits, subject to reserve items 23, 24, 25, 26</b>	<b>\$143,874.62</b>
TIME AND SAVINGS DEPOSITS, subject to reserve and payable on demand or subject to notice:	
27. Time certificates of deposit outstanding	30,246.31
28. Savings deposits, payable subject to notice	20,324.17
<b>Total of time and savings deposits payable on demand or subject to notice, items 27 and 28</b>	<b>\$50,570.48</b>
30. Notes and bills rediscounted including bonds or other securities sold under repurchase agreements with contingent liabilities,	10,350.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$243,226.15</b>

State of Oregon, County of Lane, ss.  
I, C. E. Kenyon, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
C. E. KENYON, Cashier.  
Correct Attest: M. M. Peery, Welby Stevens, Mrs. Mary M. Kessey, Directors.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of July, 1928.  
(SEAL) FRANK A. DE PUE, Notary Public.  
(My commission Expires 1-11-32).

35 STORES  
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10,000 Pairs of first quality, new fleecy Blankets go into this event—making it the greatest sale in the history of our firm.

Utility Double Blankets	\$1.49
Novelty Blankets	\$1.98
Regular \$3.50 Blankets	\$2.49
Big Wool Mixed Nashua Blankets, 70x80	\$3.98
Auto Robes, part wool	\$1.98
DeLuxe Auto Indian Robes	\$4.98

**Sprains Ankle**—O. H. Frome of Marcola was treated here yesterday after he had injured one of his ankles while working near his home. The ankle was sprained, his doctor stated.

**Mrs. France Moving**—Mrs. Maggie France and daughter are moving this week from 135 sixth street to the Sherman Conrad property at the corner of Sixth and C streets.

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