If one can just lie close enough to the pulses therein.-From a Frontiersman's

Long ago, when the great city of Gitcheapolis was a rather small, untidy hamlet in the middle of a plain, it used to be that a pool of water, possibly two hundred feet square, gathered every spring immediately back of the courthouse. The snow falls thick and heavy in Gitchespolis in winter; and the pond was nothing more than snow water that the inefficient drainage system of the city did not quite absorb. Besides being the despair of the plumbers and the city engineer, it was a severe strain on the beauty-loving instincts of every inhabitant in the town who had any such instincts. It was muddy and murky and generally distasteful.

A little boy played at the edge of the water, this spring day of long ago. Except for his interest in the pond, it would have been scarcely worth while to go to the trouble of explaining that it contained no fish. He, however, bitterly regretted the fact. In truth, he sometimes liked to believe that it did contain fish, very sleepy fish that never made a ripple, and as he had an uncommon imagination he was sometimes able to convince himself that this was so. But he never took hook and line and played at fishing. He was too much afraid of the laughter of his boy friends. His mother probably wouldn't object if he fished here. he thought, particularly if he were careful not to get his shoes covered with mud. But she wouldn't let him go down to Gitcheapolis creek to fish with the other boys for mud cat. He was not very strong, she thought, and It was a rough sport anyway, and besides-she didn't think he wanted to go very badly. As mothers are usually particularly understanding, this

was a curious thing. The truth was that little Dan Failing wanted to fish almost as much as he wanted to live. He would dream about it of nights. His blood would glow with the thought of it in the springtime. Women the world over an intense, heart-devouring passion the love of the chase can be, whether it is for fishing or hunting or merely knocking golf balls into a little hole upon a green. Sometimes they don't remember that this instinct is just as much a part of most men, and thus most boys, as their hands or their lips. It was acquired by just as laborious a process-the lives of uncounted thousands of ancestors who fished and hunted for a living.

It was true that little Dan didn't l ok the part. Even then he showed signs of physical frailty. His eyes looked rather large, and his cheeks were not the color of fresh sirioin, as they should have been. In fact, one would have had to look very hard to see any cole in them at all. These facts are interesting from the light they throw upon the next glimpse of Dan, fully twenty years later.

Except for the fact that it was the background for the earliest picture of little Dan, the pool back of the courthouse has very little importance in his story. It did, however, afford an Illustration to him of one of the really astonishing truths of life. He saw a shadow in the water that he pretended he thought might be a fish. He

The only thing that happened was a splash, and then a slowly widening ripple. The circumference of the ripple grew ever larger, extended and widened, and finally died at the edge of the shore. It set little Dan to thinking. He wondered if, had the pool been larger, the ripple still would have spread; and if the pool had been eternity, whether the ripple would have gone on forever. At the time he dld not know the laws of cause and effect. Later, when Gitcheapolis was great and prosperous and no longer untidy, he was going to find out that a cause is nothing but a rock thrown into a pend of infinity, and the ripple that is its effect keeps growing and

growing forever. The little incident that is the real beginning of this story was of no more importance than a pebble thrown into the snow-water pond; but its ef fect was to remove the life of Dan Failing, since grown up, far out of the realms of the ordinary.

And that brings all matters down to 1919, in the last days of a particutarly sleepy summer. You would hardly know Gitcheapolis now. The business district has increased tenfold, And the place where used to be the pool and the playground of Dan Failing is now laid off in as green and pretty a city park as one could wish

Some day, when the city becomes more prosperous, a pair of swans and a herd of deer are going to be introstaced, to restore some of the natural wild life of the park. But in the summer of 1919, a few small birds and possibly half a dozen pairs of squirreis were the extent and limit of the wild creatures. And at the moment this story opens, one of these squirrels was perched on a wide-spreading bmb overarching a gravel path that santed through the sunlit park. The wirrel was bungry. He wished that

inere was a bench beneath the tree. If there had not been, the life of Dan Failing would have been entirely different. If the squirrel had been on any other tree, if he hadn't been hungry, if any one of a dozen other things hadn't been as they were, Dan Failing would have never gone back to the land of his people. The little bushy-tailed fellow on the tree limb

> BOOK ONE Repatriation.

CHAPTER I.

was the squirrel of Destiny!

Dan Falling stepped out of the elerator and was at once absorbed in he crowd that ever surged up and down Broad street. He was just one of the ordinary drops of water, not an interesting, elaborate, physical and chemical combination to be studied on the slide of a microscope. He were fairly passable clothes, neither rich nor shabby. He was a tall man. but gave no impression of strength because of the exceeding spareness of his frame. As long as he remained in the crowd, he wasn't important enough to be studied. But soon he turned off, through the park, and

straightway found himself alone. The noise and bustle of the crowdnever loud or startling, but so continuous that the senses are scarcely more aware of them than of the beating of one's own heart-suddenly and utterly died almost at the very border of the park. The noise from the street seemed wholly unable to penetrate the thick branches of the frees. He could even hear the leaves whisking and flicking together, and when a man can discern this, he can hear the cushions of a mountain lion on a trail at night. Of course Dan Falling had never heard a mountain lion. Except on the rallroad tracks between, he had never really been away from cities in his life.

At once his thought went back to the doctor's words. They were still repeating themselves over and over in his ears, and the doctor's face was still before his eyes. It had been a kind face; the lips had even curied in a little smile of encouragement. But the doctor had been perfectly frank, entirely straightforward. There had been no evasion in his verdict.

"I've made every test," he said "They're pretty well shot. Of course, you can go to some sanitarium, if you've got the money. If you haven't -enjoy yourself all you can for about

Dan's voice had been perfectly cool and sure when he replied. He had smiled a little, too. He was still rather proud of that smile. "Six months? Isn't that rather short?" "Maybe a whole lot shorter. I think

There was the situation: Dan Fall ing had but six months to live. He began to wonder whether his mother had been entirely wise in her effort to keep him from the "rough games" of he boys of his own age. He realized low that he had been an underweight all his life-that the frailty that had thrust him to the edge of the grave had begun in his earliest boyhood. But sical handicaps. He had weighed a full ten pounds; and the doctor had told his father that a sturdler little chap was not to be found in any maernity bed in the whole city. But his nother was convinced that the child was delicate and must be sheltered. Never in all the history of his family. so far as Dan knew, had there been a death from the malady that afflicted him. Yet his sentence was signed and

But he harbored no resentment against his mother. It was all in the game. She had done what she thought was best. And he began to wonder in what way he could get the greatest pleasure from his last six months of

"Good Lord!" he suddenly breathed. "I may not be here to see the snows ome!" Dan had always been partial a the winter senson. When the snow ay all over the farm lands and bowed fown the limbs of the trees, it had dways wakened a curious flood of feelings in the wasted man. It seemed

to him that he could remember other vinters, wherein the snow lay for endfather had been a frontiersman of the ore him-a rangy, bardy breed whose gentle but with a kind of remorselessness he could sense but could not onderstand, had always stirred him. lke to see the forests in winter.

In him you could see a reflection of the boy that played beside the pondof snow water, twenty years before. His dark gray eyes were still rathe large and perhaps the wasted flesh around them made them seem larger hard to see them, as he wore large glasses. His mother had been surTears before, that he needed glasses; and she had easily found an oculist

that agreed with her. absence of red-that warm glow of knee. possibly be mistaken.

He sat down on a park bench, just neck. beneath the spreading amb of a great He would sit here, he thought, until he flually decided what he would do with his remaining six months.

He hadn't been able to go to war. The recruiting officer had been very kind but most determined. The boys had brought him great tales of France. It might be nice to go to France and live in some country inn until he died. But he didn't have very long to think upon this vein. For at that instant the squirrel came down to see if he had

It was the squirrel of Destiny. But Dan didn't know it then.

Bushy-tail was not particularly afraid of the human beings that passed up and down the park, because he had learned by experience that they usually attempted no harm to him. But, nevertheless, he had his instincts. He didn't entirely trust them. After several generations, probably the squirrels of this park would climb all over its visitors and sniff in their ears investigate the back of their necks. But this wasn't the way of Bushy-tail. He had come too recently from the wild places. And he wondered, most intensely, whether this tall, forked creature bad a pocket full of nuts. He swung down on the

"Why, you little devil!" Dan said in a whisper.



You Little Devil!" Dan Said in a Whisper.

own prospects in his bitter regrets that he had not brought a pocketful

the rather questionable-looking stone berth.

he were posing before a photogra- arrival and asked certain directions pher's camera. The fact that he was He wanted to know the name of some able to do it is in itself important. It mountain rancher where possibly he is considerably easier to exercise might find board and room for the rewith dumb-bells for five minutes than mainder of the summer and the fall to sit absolutely without motion for The further back from the paths of the same length of time. Hunters men, he wrote, the greater would be and naturalists acquire the art with his pleasure. And he signed the wire training. It was therefore rather cu- with his full name: Dan Falling, with

rious that Dan succeeded so well cofirst time he tried it. He had sense hough to relax first, before he froze. Thus he didn't put such a severe

elapsed, stood on his haunches to see of the gray, straight frontiersman who hend and looked very carefully with of the full name would do no harm. his right. Then be backed off a short distance and tried to get a focus with inspiration. The Chamber of Com

tain that a living creature-in fact boarding place for the summer. Its

whelming curiosity.

looked a long time. Then he made a puzzled than ever, but he was no longer afraid. His curiosity had be affirmative. The head of the Chamber come so intense that no room for fear of Commerce received the wire, read was left. And then he sprang upon it, thrust it into his desk, and in the the park bench

Dan moved then. The movement business proceeded to forget all about consisted of a sudden heightening of it. than they were." But it was a little the light in his eyes. But the squir for one thing, Dan Failing would have rel didn't see it. It takes a muscular probably stepped off the train at his

The squirrei crept slowly along the bench, stopping to sniff, stopping to Now that he was alone on the path, stare with one eye and another, just the utter absence of color in his devoured from head to sail with curicheeks was startling. That meant the osity. And then he leaped on Dan's

the blood eager and alive in his He was quite convinced, by now, veins. Perhaps an observer would that this warm perch on which he have noticed lean hands, with big- stood was the most singular and inknuckled fingers, a rather firm mouth, teresting object of his young life. It and closely cropped dark hair. He was true that he was faintly worried was twenty-nine years of age, but he by the smell that reached his nostrils. coked somewhat older. He know now | But all it really did was further to inthat he was never going to be any cite his curiosity. He followed the older. A doctor as sure of himself as leg up to the hip and then perched on the one he had just consulted couldn't the elbow. And an instant more he was poking a cold nose into Dan's

But if the squirrel was excited by all these developments, its amazement was nothing compared to Dan's. It had been the most astounding incident in the man's life. He sat still, tingling with delight. And in a single flash of inspiration he knew he bad come among his own people at last. He knew where he would spend his last six months of life.

His own grandfather had been a hunter and trapper and frontiersman in a certain vast but little known Oregon forest. His son had moved to the eastern cities, but in Dan's garret there used to be old mementoes and curios from these savage days-a few claws and teeth, and a fragment of an old diary. The call had come to him at last. Tenderfoot though he was. Dan would go back to those forests. to spend his last six months of life among the wild creatures that made them their home.

CHAPTER II.

The dinner hour found Dan Failing in the public library of Gitchenpolis. asking the garl who sat behind the desk if he might look at maps of Orezon. He remembered that his grandther had lived in scuthern Oregon. looked along the bottom of his mar nd discovered a whole empire, ranging from gigantle sage plains to the st to dense forests along the Pa ific ocean. He began to search for

Time was when Linkville was one of the principal towns of Oregon. Den emembered the place because some of the time-yellowed letters his grandfather had sent him had been malled at a town that bore this name. But he couldn't find Linkville on the man.

Later he was to know the reasonthat the town, half-way between the sage plains and the mountains, had prospered and changed its name. He remembered that it was located on one of those great fresh-water lakes of southern Oregon; so, giving up that search, he began to look for lakes. He found them in plenty-vast, unmeas-

ured lakes that, seemed to be distributed without reason or sense over the whole southern end of the state. Near the Klamath lakes, seemingly the most imposing of all the fresh-water lakes that the map revealed, he found a city named Klamath Falls. He put

The map showed a particularly high, far-spreading range of mountains due west of the city. Of course they were the Cascades; the map said so very plainly. Then Dan knew he was getting home. His grandfather had lived and trapped and died in these same wooded hills. Finally he located and recorded the name of the largest city on the main railroad line

that was adjacent to the Cascades, The preparation for his departure took many days. He read many books ing equipment. Knowing the usual Even later, he didn't know why he did | ratio between the respective pleasures it, or what gave him the idea that he of anticipation and realization, he did could decoy the squirrel up to him by not hurry himself at all. And one midnight he boarded a west-bound

> bule of the sleeping car, thinking in anticipation of this final adventure of his life. He was rather tremulous and

He saw to it that at least a meas ure of preparation was made for his and Dan seemed to know by instinct out to the Chamber of Commerce of would give him away. So he sat as if cities. In it, he told the date of his a Henry in the middle, and a "HI" at

> He usually didn't sign his name in quite this manner. The people of was not usually exceptionally inter been a tegend in the old trapping an young. So it came about that whe Dan's train stopped at Cheyenne, be found a telegram waiting him:

. Dan had-never heard of the Ump that the sender of the wire referre to his grandfather. He wired in the response to be visible to the eves of destination wholly unheralded and un-

certain widely known fraternal order the next night, the Chamber of Commerce crossed trails with the Frontier in the person of another old resident who had his home in the farthest reaches of the Umpqua divide. The latter asked the former to come up for a few days' shooting-the deer being fatter and more numerous than



He Couldn't Find Linkville on the Map , previous season since the days of

the grizzlies. "Too busy, I'm afraid." the Chamher of Commerce had replied. "But Lennox-that reminds me. Do you

remember old Dan Failing? Lennox probed back into the years for a single instant, straightened out all the kinks of his memory in less time than the wind straightens out the folds of a flag, and turned a most interested face, "Remember him!" he exclaimed. "I should say I do." The middle-aged man half-closed his piercing, gray eyes.

Listen. Steele," he said, "I saw Dan Failing make a bet once. I was just a kid, but I wake up in my sleep to narvel at it. We had a full long glimpse of a black-tail bounding up a long slope. It was just a spike-buck and Dan Failing said he could take the left-hand spike off with one shot from his old Sharpe's. Three of us het him-the whole thing in less than two seconds. With the next shot, he'd get the deer. He won the bet. and now if I ever forget Dan Failing. want to die."

"You're just the man I'm looking for, then. You're not going out till the av after tomorrow?"

"On the Umited hitting here tomorrow morning, there's a grandson of Dan Falling. His name is Dan Faillace to hunt. Stay all summer and

Lennox's eyes said that he couldn't elieve it was true. After a while his tongue spoke, too, "Good Lord," he said. "I used to foller Dan aroundlike old Shag, before he died, followed Snowbird. Of course he can come. But he can't pay board."

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