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The Voice of the Pack

By Edison Marshall

Prologue. There was a bench beneath the tree...

Long ago, when the great city of Gitchepolis was a rather small...

A little boy played at the edge of the water, this spring day of long ago...

The truth was that little Dan Felling wanted to fish almost as much as he wanted to live...

It was true that little Dan didn't look the part. Even then he showed signs of physical frailty...

Except for the fact that it was the background for the earliest picture of little Dan...

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...

And that brings all matters down to 1918, in the last days of a particularly sleek summer...

Some day, when the city becomes more prosperous, a pair of swans and a herd of deer are going to be introduced to restore some of the natural wild life of the park...

Years before, that he needed glasses; and she had easily found an oculist that agreed with her...

He sat down on a park bench, just beneath the spreading limb of a great tree...

BOOK ONE Repatriation. CHAPTER I.

Dan Felling stepped out of the elevator and was at once absorbed in the crowd that ever surged up and down Broad street...

The noise and bustle of the crowd never loud or startling, but so continuous that the senses are scarcely more aware of them than of the beating of one's own heart...

At once his thought went back to the doctor's words. They were still repining themselves over and over in his ears...

Dan's voice had been perfectly cool and sure when he replied. He had smiled a little, too...

There was the situation: Dan Felling 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 the boys of his own age...

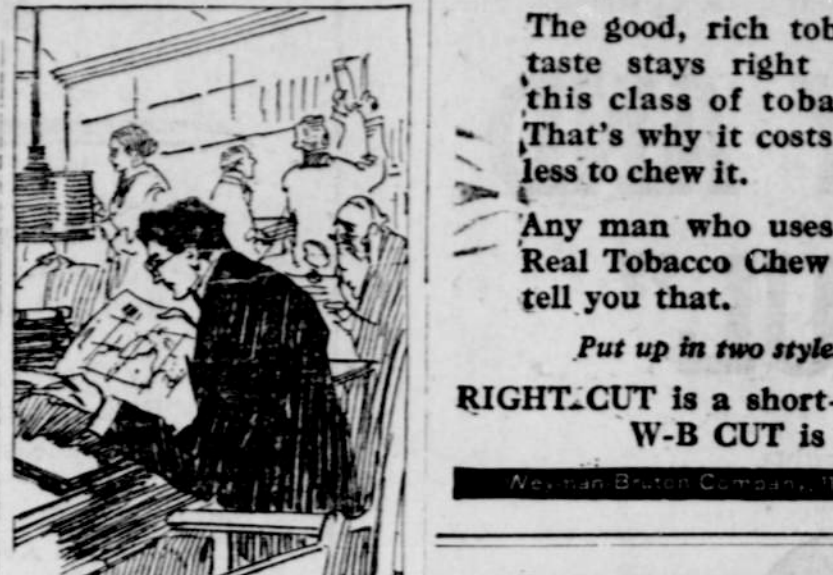
The squirrel was very close to him, and Dan seemed to know by instinct that the movement of a single muscle would give him away...

A moment before he had been certain that a living creature—in fact one of the most primitive and poorest living creatures in the world—had been sitting on the park bench...

He came somewhat nearer and looked a long time. Then he made a half-circle about the bench, turning his head as he moved...

But he never, in his lifetime, knew the wilderness. Of course his grandfather had been a frontiersman of the first order, and all his ancestors before him—a rugged, hardy breed whose senses would scruple in civilization...

He couldn't find Linkville on the map. The dinner hour found Dan Felling in the public library of Gitchepolis...



CHAPTER II.

The dinner hour found Dan Felling in the public library of Gitchepolis, asking the girl who sat behind the desk if he might look at maps of Oregon...

Time was when Linkville was one of the principal towns of Oregon. Dan remembered the place because some of the letters his grandfather had sent him had been mailed at a town that bore that name...

Later he was to know the reason—that 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 northern Oregon...

The preparation for his departure took many days. He read many books on flora and fauna. He bought sporting equipment. Knowing the usual ratio between the respective pleasures of anticipation and realization, he did not hurry himself at all...

He saw to it that at least a measure of preparation was made for his coming. That night a long wire went out to the Chamber of Commerce of one of the larger southern Oregon cities...

He usually didn't sign his name in quite this manner. The people of Gitchepolis did not have particularly vivid memories of Dan's grandfather. But it might be that a legend of the gray, straight frontiersman who was his ancestor had still survived in these remote Oregon wilds...

Instead of hurrying, it was a positive inspiration. The Chamber of Commerce of the busy little Oregon city was not usually exceptionally interested in stray hunters that wanted a boarding place for the summer...

"Any relation to Dan Felling of the 'Empire' divide?" Dan had never heard of the Umqua divide, but he couldn't doubt that the sender of the wire referred to his grandfather...

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The Great Thing About Real Tobacco says the Good Judge

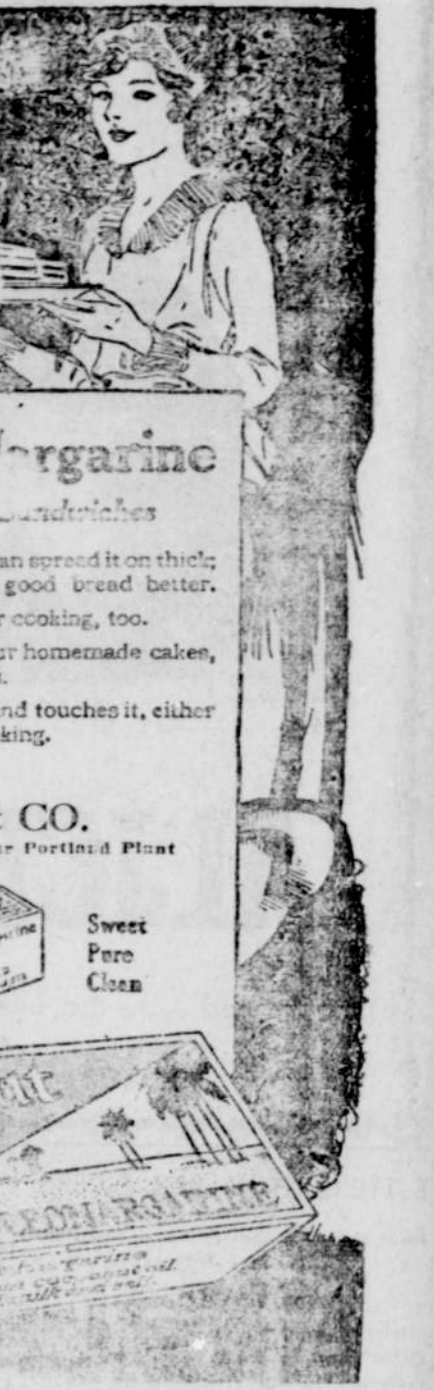
is that it tastes so good, and a little chew lasts so much longer than the old kind.

The good, rich tobacco taste stays right with this class of tobacco. That's why it costs you less to chew it.

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Owing to business opportunity open to me in Tillamook City I offer my farm, located one mile directly south from Tillamook, and all stock and farm implements, for sale.

- RESIDENCE—New eight room cottage, nicely finished, built in buffet, white Dutch kitchen, best white plumbing, laundry tubs, electric washer installed and included. Concrete foundations, septic tank.
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