

THE VOICE OF THE PACK

By Edison T. Marshall, of Medford, Or.

A Story of Oregon by an Oregon Boy

CHAPTER II—In a large southern Oregon city he meets people who had known and loved his grandfather, a famous frontiersman...

CHAPTER III—From the first falling 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...

"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...

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...

Dan saw the door close behind him, and he had an instant's glimpse of the long sweep of moonlight ridge that stretched beneath the window. Then, all at once, seemingly without warning, it simply blinked out. Not until the next morning did he really know why...

Dan was about to tell him that on the contrary he was a very nervous sleeper, but he thought better of it. Something had surely happened to his insomnia...

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"You're a funny one. Come three thousand miles to hunt and then pass up the first deer you see. You could almost have been your grandfather, to have done that. He thought killing deer needlessly was almost as bad as killing a man...

Dan answered him with startling emphasis. But the look that he wore said more than his words. They trudged on, and Lennox grew thoughtful. He was recalling the picture that he had seen when he had whirled to look at Dan...

The result of this thought was at least to hover in the near vicinity of a certain conclusion. That conclusion was that at least a few of the characteristics of his grandfather had been passed down to Dan...

They were slipping along over the pine needles, their eyes intent on the trail ahead. And then Lennox saw a curious thing. He beheld Dan suddenly stop in the trail and turn his eyes toward a heavy thicket that lay perhaps one hundred yards to his right...

Lennox didn't know for sure. But he made a long guess. "It might be Lennox's luck," he said, "but I'm inclined to think you're trying too hard. Take it easier—depend more on your instincts."

Dan's reply was to lift the rifle lightly to his shoulder, glance quickly along the trigger and fire. The bullet struck within one inch of the center of the pine.

For a long second Lennox gazed at him in open-mouthed astonishment. "My stars, boy!" he cried at last. "Was I mistaken in thinking you were a born tenderfoot—after all? Can it be that a little of your old grandpa's blood is in you?"

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thing, the bullet was a little nearer the center, and then he aimed at a more distant tree. But the hammer snapped down ineffectively on the breech. He turned with a look of question.

"Your gun only holds five shots," Lennox explained. Reloading, Dan tried a more difficult target—a trunk almost one hundred yards distant. Of course it would have been only child's play to an experienced hunter; but to a tenderfoot it was a difficult mark indeed.

Dan and Lennox started together up the long slope of the ridge. Dan hit the tree trunk, and one of his two hits was practically a bull's-eye. His two misses were the result of the same mistake he had made before—attempting to hold his aim too long.

"But I'm not sure I want to hunt deer," Dan told him. "You speak of them as being so beautiful—"

"They are beautiful and your grandfather would never hunt them, either, except for meat. But maybe you'll change your mind when you see a buck. Besides, we might run into a lynx or a panther. But not very likely, without dogs."

They trudged up, over the carpet of pine needles. They fought their way through a thicket of buckbrush. Once they saw the gray squirrels in the tree tops. And before Lennox had as much as supposed they were near the haunts of big game, a rattling doe sprang up from its bed in the thickets.

For an instant she stood motionless, presenting a perfect target. It was evident that she had heard the sound of the approaching hunters, but had not as yet located or identified them with her near-sighted eyes. Lennox whirled to find Dan standing very still, peering along the barrel of his rifle. But he didn't shoot. The deer, seeing Lennox move, leaped into her terror-pace—that astounding run that is one of the fastest gait in the whole animal world.

"Shoot? It was a doe, wasn't it?" "Good Lord, of course it was a doe! But there are no game laws that go back this far. Besides, you aimed at it."

"I aimed just to see if I could catch it through my sights. And I could. My glasses sort of made it blur—but I think—perhaps that I could have shot it. But I ain't going to kill does. There must be some reason for the game laws, or they wouldn't exist."

"You're a funny one. Come three thousand miles to hunt and then pass up the first deer you see. You could almost have been your grandfather, to have done that. He thought killing deer needlessly was almost as bad as killing a man. They are beautiful things, aren't they?"

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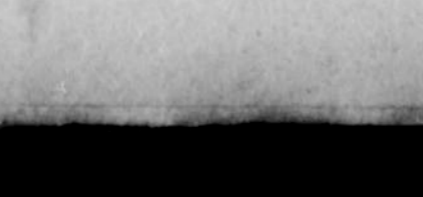
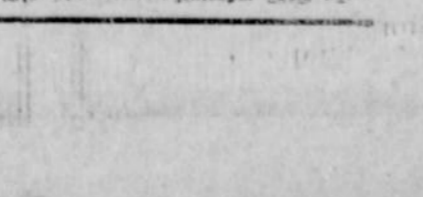
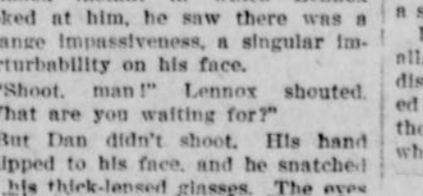
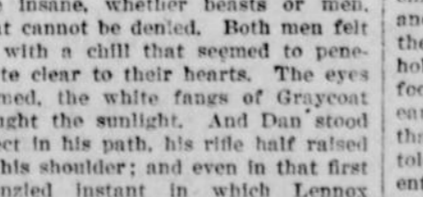
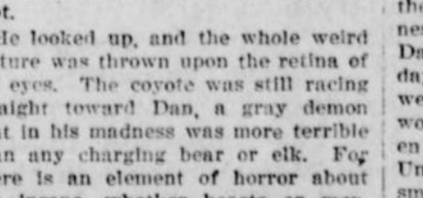
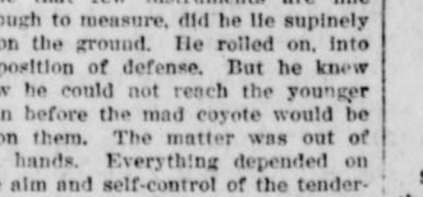
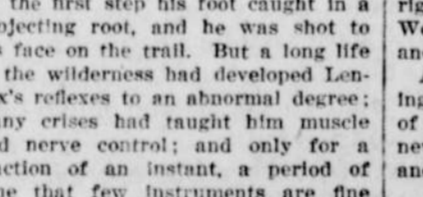
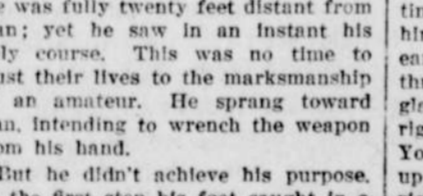
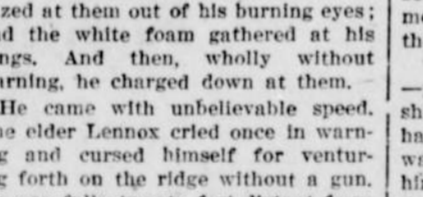
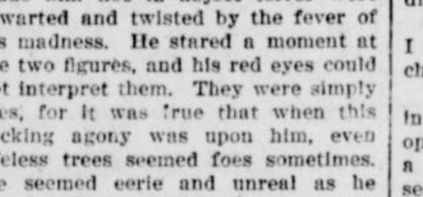
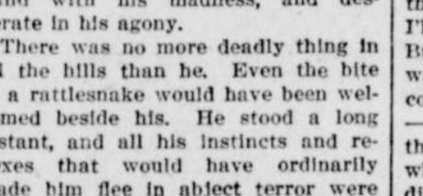
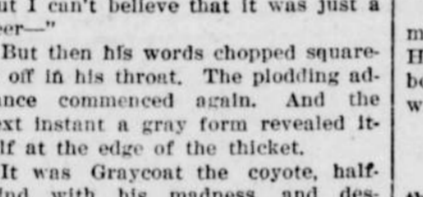
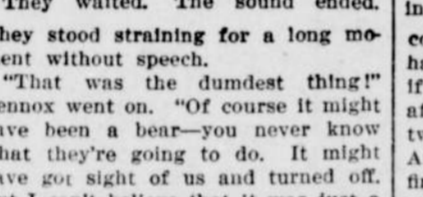
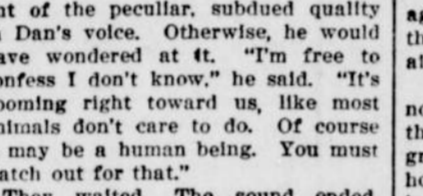
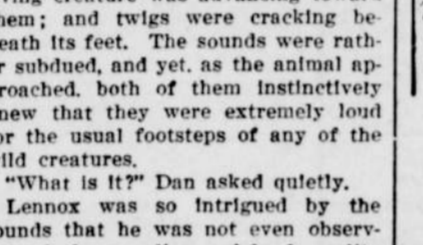
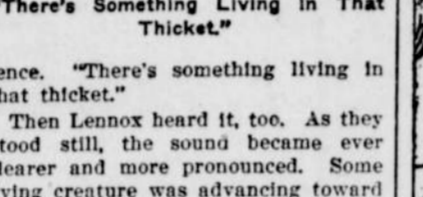
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"Shoot!" he screamed again. "But it is doubtful if Dan even heard his shout. At that instant his gun slid from his hand, his head lowered, his eyes seemed to burn along the glittering barrel. His finger pressed back against the trigger, and the roar of the report rocked through the summer air."

The gun was of large caliber; and no living creature could stand against the furious, shocking power of the great bullet. The lead went straight home, full through the neck and slanting down through the breast, and the coyote recoiled as if an irresistible hand had smitten him. It is doubtful if there was even a muscular quiver after Graycoat struck the ground, not twenty feet from where Dan stood.

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"You're not Dan Falling's grandson—you're Dan Falling himself!" he shouted. "No one but him would have had self-control to wait till the game was almost on top of him—one but him would have kept his head in a time like this. You're Dan Falling, himself. I tell you, come back to earth, Grandson nothing! You're a throwback, and now you've got those glasses off. I can see his eyes looking right out of yours. Step on 'em Dan. You'll never need 'em again. And give up that idea of dying in four months right now. I'm going to make you live. We'll fight that disease to a finish—and win!"

And that is the way that Dan Falling came into his heritage in the land of his own people, and in which a new spirit was born in him to fight—and win—and live.

BOOK TWO The Debt. CHAPTER I. September was at its last days on the Umpqua divide—that far wilderness of endless, tree-clad ridges where Dan Falling had gone for his last days. Everywhere the forest people were preparing for the winter that would fall so quickly when those golden September days were done. The Under Plane of the forest—those smaller people that live in the dust and have beautiful, tropical forests in the ferns—found themselves digging holes and filling them with stores of food. Of course they had no idea on earth why they were doing it, except that a quiver at the end of their tails told them to do so; but the result was entirely the same. They would have a shelter for the winter.

But the most noticeable change of all, in these days of summer, was a distinct tone of sadness that seemed to pervade the forest. Of course the wilderness note is always somewhat sad; but now, as the leaves fell, the sadness died it seemed nearly mournfully pronounced. All the forest voices added to it—the wail of the geese, the sad fluttering of fallen leaves, and even the whisper of the north wind. Of course all the tones and voices of the wilderness sound clearer at night—for that is the time that the forest really comes to life—Dan Falling sitting in front of Lennox's house, watching the late September moon rise over Bald mountain, could hear them very plainly.

It was true that in the two months he had spent in the mountains he had learned to be very receptive to the voices of the wilderness. Lennox had not been mistaken in thinking him a natural woodsman. He had imagination and insight and sympathy; but most of all he had a heritage of woodlore from his frontiersman ancestors. Two months before he had been a resident of cities. Now the wilderness had claimed him, body and soul.

These had been rare days. At first he had to limit his expeditions to a few miles each day, and even then he would come in at night staggering from weariness. He climbed hills that seemed to tear his diseased lungs to shreds. Lennox wouldn't have been afraid, in a crisis, to trust his marksmanship now. He had the natural cold nerve of a marksman, and one twilight he brought the body of a lynx tumbling through the branches of a pine at a distance of two hundred yards. He got so he could shatter a grouse out of the air in the half of a second or so in which its bronze wings glinted in the shrubbery; and when he was to pace on the surface of the water, leaping again, and again, and racing at an unheard-of speed down the ripples. He weighs only from three to fifteen pounds. But now and again amateur fishermen without souls have tried to pull him in with main strength, and are still somewhat dazed by the result. It might be done with a steel cable, but an ordinary line or leader breaks like a cobweb. When his majesty the steelhead takes the fly and decides to turn, it can be learned after a time that the one thing that may be done is to let out all the line and with prayer and humility try to keep up with him.

Dan no longer wore his glasses. Every day his eyes had strengthened. He could see more clearly now, with his unaided eyes, than he had ever seen before with the help of the lens. And the moonlight came down through a rift in the trees and showed that his face had changed, too. It was no longer so white. The eyes were more intent. The lips were straighter. "It's been two months," Silas Lennox told him, "half the four that you gave yourself after you arrived here. And you're twice as good now as when you came."

Dan nodded. "Twice! Ten times as good! I was a wreck when I came. Today I climbed halfway up Baldy—within a half mile of Snowbird's cabin—without stopping to rest." Lennox looked thoughtful. More than once, of late, Dan had climbed up toward Snowbird's cabin. It was true that his great and his daughter had become the best of companions in the two months; but on second thought, Lennox was not in the least afraid of complications. The love of the mountain women does not go out to physical inferiors. "Whoever gets her," he had said, "will have to tame her," and his words still held good. The mountain women rarely mistake a maternal tenderness for an appealing man for love. It wasn't that Dan was weak except from the ravages of his disease; but he was still a long way from Snowbird's ideal. Although Dan had courage and that same rigid self-control that was a good quality in himself, he was still a long way from a physically strong man. It was still an even break whether he would ever wholly recover from his malady.

But Dan was not thinking about this now. All his perceptions had sharpened down to the finest focal point, and he was trying to catch the spirit of the endless forest that stretched in front of the house. His pipe had gone out, and for a long time Lennox hadn't spoken. He seemed to be straining too, with ineffective senses, trying to recognize and name the faint sounds that came so tingling and tremulous out of the darkness. As always, they heard the stir and rustle of the gnawing people; the chipmunks in the shrubbery, the gophers who, like blind mice, had ventured forth from their dark burrows; and perhaps even the scaly glide of those most-dreaded poison people that had lairs in the rock piles.

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Dan felt that at last the wilderness itself was speaking to him. He had waited a long time to hear its voice. His thoughts went back to the wise words of the ancient world, waiting and bear the riddle of the universe from the lips of the Sphinx, and how he himself—more in his unconscious self, rather than conscious—had sought the eternal riddle of the wilderness. He had asked questions—never in the form of words but only ineffable yearnings of his soul—and at last it had responded. The strange rising and falling song was its own voice, the articulation of the very heart and soul of the wilderness.

"It's the wolf pack," Lennox told him softly. "The wolves have just joined together for the fall rutting." "Then this means the end of the summer?" Dan asked. "In a way, but yet we don't count the summer ended until the rain comes. However, I wish they would."

That were revealed were narrow and deeply intent. And by now, the frenzied coyote was not fifty feet distant. All that had occurred since the animal charged had possibly taken five seconds. Sometimes five seconds is just a breath; but as Lennox waited for Dan to shoot, it seemed like a period wholly without limit. He wondered if the younger man had fallen into that strange paralysis that a great terror sometimes imbues.

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persons of that gang. I believe they've got a regular arson ring, maybe with unscrupulous stockmen behind them, and perhaps just a penny-winsing deal of their own. I suppose you know about Landy Hildreth—how he's promised to turn state's evidence that will send about a dozen of these vipers to the penitentiary?"

"Snowbird told me something about it." "He's got a cabin over toward the marshes and it comes to me that he's going to start tomorrow, or maybe has already started today, down into the valley to give his evidence. Of course, that is deeply confidential between you and me. If the gang knew about it, he'd never get through the thickets alive."

But Dan was hardly listening. His attention was caught by the hushed, intermittent sounds that are always to be heard, if one listens keenly enough, start! I've never seen the mice so dry, and I'm afraid that either Bert Cranston or some of his friends will decide it's time to make a little money fighting forest fires. Dan, I'm sure in the wilderness at night. 'T wish the pack would sound again," he said. (Continued Next Week)

NOTICE OF SALE FOR DELINQUENT STREET IMPROVEMENT ASSESSMENTS. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that by virtue of a warrant issued by the City Recorder of Tillamook City, Oregon, dated November 10, 1920, and issued by order of the Common Council of said Tillamook City, the undersigned, Marshal of Tillamook City, Oregon, has duly levied upon and will, on Monday, the 15th day of December, 1920, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock A. M. sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand the property hereinafter described. The particular tracts or parcels of ground to be sold, together with the name of the owner or owners thereof, and the amount for which each separate tract will be sold, are as follows, to-wit: District No. 15, Sixth Avenue East. Paving. Thayer's Add., Block 45, Lot 8. 1-2 of lots 1, 2, 3, P. W. Todd, Owner. Amt. of Lien \$249.53; Interest Dec. 15, \$2.49; Cost of Adv. \$15.40. Said sale will take place at the front door of the City Hall in Tillamook City, Oregon, being in front of the building in which the Common Council of said Tillamook City holds its sessions.

The names of the owners, or reputed owners of said property as hereinbefore given, are the names of such owners, or reputed owners, as they appear on the docket of city liens of said Tillamook City, and each of said tracts of land so described will be sold at said sale to satisfy the assessment, interest and costs due upon each tract as described, and each tract will be sold separately.

This sale is made for the purpose of satisfying the delinquent assessments for street improvements duly assessed against said property, together with interest and costs thereon, said assessments having been made by the Common Council of Tillamook City, Oregon, on 16th day of Aug., 1920, and said assessments having been thereupon docketed in the docket of city liens of said Tillamook City, and more than 30 days having elapsed since said docketing and said assessments not having been paid in whole or in part, and the Common Council of Tillamook City, Oregon, having, on October 18, 1920, duly ordered a warrant to issue for the collection of said delinquent assessments.

Dated this November 10th, 1920. E. GRUBER, Marshal of Tillamook City, Oregon. 11-11-20

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Continued on page 7

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Marathon Lodge No. 89, Knights of Pythias Regular meeting Monday evening at 7:45 sharp. By order of the Chancellor Commander. John C. Carroll, C. C.

Marathon Lodge No. 89 K. of P. Regular Convention of Marathon Lodge No. 89 K. of P. next Monday, Nov. 22nd. First rank will be conferred on two candidates. Refreshments will be served. All members are requested to be present. A. By order of John C. Carroll, C. C.

W. R. C. Corinth Relief Corps, No. 54 Dept. of Oregon, meets on first and third Friday evenings of each month, at 8 p. m., in the W. O. W. hall. Visitors welcome. Minnie Johnson, President Elizabeth Conover, Secy.

Corinth Post, No. 35, Dept. of Oregon Meets on second and fourth Saturdays of each month at 1:30 p. m. in W. O. W. hall. Visitors welcome. H. W. Spear, Com'dr. Samuel Dewar, Adj't.

Johnson Chapter No. 24 R. A. M. Stated convocation Friday Nov. 19. Visitors welcome. I. E. Keldson, Sec.

Tillamook Lodge No. 1260 L. O. O. M. Meets every Friday at K. of P. Hall. S. A. Brodhead, Sec.

Tillamook Lodge No. 57, A.F. & A.M. Stated Communications second Wednesday of each month. Visiting Brethren welcome. Leslie Harrison, Sec'y.

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W. C. DUEBER DENTIST Tillamook Building (Over Halton's) Tillamook, Oregon

DR. J. E. SHEARER DR. A. C. CRANK Drs. Shearer and Crank MEDICINE & SURGERY National Building Tillamook, Oregon

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