THE TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT

THE VOICE OF THE PACK

By Edison T. Marshall, of Medford, Or.

A Story of Oregon by an Oregon Boy

thing, the bullet was a little nearer the center. And then he aimed at a

Pare Right

carnation of his grandfather, Dan Fail-

pardon; and the two men were really

their own fault for permitting him to

overdo. Lennox himself blew out the

Dan saw the door close behind him,

and he had an instant's glimpse of the

long sweep of moonlit ridge that

stretched beneath the window. Then,

all at once, seemingly without warn-

ing, it simply blinked out. Not until

the next morning did he really know

why. Insomnia was an old acquaint-

ance of Dan's, and he had expected to

have some trouble in getting to sleep.

His only real trouble was waking up

again when Lennox called him to

breakfast. He couldn't believe that

the light at his window shade was

"You sleep the sleep of the just."

"Good Heavens!" his host exploded.

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. The next instant he even

forgot to wonder about it in the reali-

zation that his tired body had been

wonderfully refreshed. He had no

dread now of the long tramp up the

But first came target practice. In

ridge that his host had planned.

really that of morning.

candle in the big, cold bedroom.

very gentle. They told him it was

you going now?"

among the pines.

CHAPTER IL.—In a large southern Ore-gon city he meets people who had known and loved his grandfather, a famous fron-tiersman. He makes his home with Silas Lennox, a typical westerner. The only other members of the household are Len-nox's son, "Bill," and daughter, "Snow-bird." Their abode is many miles from "civilization," in the Umpqua divide, and there Falling plans to live out the short span of life which he has been told is his. 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 span of life which he has been told is his. His extreme weakness in the face of even slight exertion convinces him that the tried a more difficult target-a trunk almost one hundred yards distant. Of course it would have been only child's tor had made a correct diagnosis of play to an experienced hunter; but

to a tenderfoot it was a difficult CHAPTER III.-From the first Faling's health shows a marked improvement, and in the companionship of Lennox and his son and daughter he fits into the woods mark indeed. Twice out of four shots Dan hit the tree trunk, and one of his two hits was practically a bull's-eve. life as if he had been born to it. By quick thinking and a remarkable display His two misses were the result of the same mistake he had made beforeof "nerve" he saves Lennox's life and his attempting to hold his aim too long. own when they are attacked by a mad coyote. Lennox declares he is a rein-.

Dan and Lennox started together ng I, whose fame as a woodsman is a nousehold word. up the long slope of the ridge. Dan alone armed; Lennox went with him "Good Lord!" Dan breathed. "If solely as a guide. The deer season had

you make such sudden motions as that just opened, and it might be that Dan I'll have heart failure. Where are would want to procure one of these creatures.

"Back to my watch," she answered, "But I'm not sure I want to hunt her tone wholly lacking the personal deer." Dan told him. "You speak of note which men have learned to ex- them as being so beautiful-" pect in the voices of women. And an "They are beautiful and your instant later the three of them saw grandfather would never hunt them, her retreating shadow as she vanished either, except for meat. But maybe you'll change your mind when you see Dan had to be helped to bed. The a buck. Besides, we might run into a

long ride had been too hard on his lynx or a panther. But not very likeshattered lungs; and nerves and body ly, without dogs." collapsed an instant after the door They trudged up, over the carpet of was closed behind the departing girl.

pine needles. They fought their way He laughed weakly and begged their 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 yearling 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 gaits in the whole animal world. In the wink of an eye she was out of sight. "Why didn't you shoot?" Lennox demanded.

"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 almed 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 deer-' shot it. But I'm not going to kill does.



Something Living in That "There's Thicket"

"There's something living in lence. that thicket."

Then Lennox heard it, too. As they stood still, the sound became ever clearer and more pronounced. Some living creature was advancing toward them; and twigs were cracking beneath its feet. The sounds were rather subdued, and yet. as the animal approached, both of them instinctively knew that they were extremely loud for the usual footsteps of any of the wild creatures.

"What is it?" Dan asked quietly. Lennox was so intrigued by the sounds that he was not even observant of the peculiar, subdued quality in Dan's voice. Otherwise, he would have wondered at it. "I'm free to confess I don't know," he said. "It's booming right toward us, like most animals don't care to do. Of course It may be a human being. You must watch out for that."

They walted. The sound ended. They stood straining for a long moment without speech.

"That was the dumdest thing!" Lennox went on. "Of course it might have been a bear-you never know what they're going to do. It might have got sight of us and turned off.

But I can't believe that it was just a But then

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 ust a breath; but as Lennox waited for Dan to shoot, it seemed like a that the forest really comes to lifeperiod wholly without limit. He wondered if the younger man had fallen into that strange paralysis that a great terror sometimes imbues. 'Shoot!" he screamed again.

But it is doubtful if Dan even heard his shout. At that instant his gun slid into place, his head lowered, his eyes seemed to burn along the glittering barrel. His finger pressed back



The Lead Went Straight Home.

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

covote recoiled as if an irresistible hand had smitten him. It is doubtful

if there was even a muscular quiver after Gravcoat struck the ground, not twenty feet from where Dan stood.

ticularly pronounced. All the forest volces added to it-the wall 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 clearest at night-for that is the time and Dan Failing, sitting in front of Lennox's house, watching the late September moon rise over Bald moun-

tain, 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 wood-

lore from his frontlersmen 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 NOTICE OF SALE FOR DELIN-pine at a distance of two hundred QUENT STREET IMPROVE-yards. He got so he could shatter a MENT ASSESSMENTS. grouse out of the air in the half of a second or so in which its bronze wings glinted in the shrubbery; and when a man may do this a fair number of

road toward greatness. Then there came a day when Dan caught his first steelhead in the North Fork. There is no more beautiful thing in the wilderness world than a steelhead trout in action. He simply of December, 1920, at the hour of seems to dance on the surface of the water, leaping again and again, and racing at an unheard-of speed down the ripples. He weighs only from ter described. The particular tracts three to fifteen pounds. But now and

strength, and are still somewhat dazed by the result. It might be done When his majesty the steelhead takes the fly and decides to run, it can be learned after a time that the one thing that may be done is to let out all ness try to keep up with him.

Every day his eyes had strengthened.

picions of faat gang. I believe they've got a regular arson ring, maybe with unscrupulous stockmen behind them, and perhaps just a penny-winning 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?"

Cor-

"Snowbird told me something about

"He's got a cabin over toward the marshes, and it has come 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 be-tween 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, are requested to be present. intermittent sounds that are always to be heard, if one listens keenly enough. start: I've never seen the huis so dry, and I'm afraid that either Bert Cranston or some of his friends will

the pack would sound again," he said. | welcome Trace it was benting." (Continued Next Week)

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 Coun-

cil of said Tillamook City, the undersigned, Marshal of Tillamook City, Oregon, has duly levied upon and will, on Monday, the 15th day 10:00 o'clock A. M. sell at public auction to the highest bidder for

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 Tillamook with a steel cable, but an ordinary sold, are as follows, to-wit: line or leader breaks like a cobweb. District ITo. 15, Sixth Avenue East L. O. O. J Paving

Thayer's Add., Block 45, Lot S. 1-2 of lots 1, 2, 3, P. W. Todd, Own- every the line and with prayer and humble- er. Amt. of Lien \$249.53; Interest Friday to Dec. 15, \$2.49; Cost of Adv. \$15.40 at Said sale will take place at the K. of P.

This sale is made for the purpose

issue for the collection of said de-

Dated this November 10th, 1920.

NOTICE OF SALE FOR DELIN-

or owners thereof, and the amount

trict No. 10-3rd St.

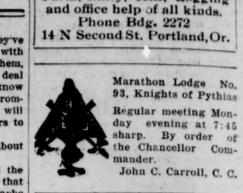
Tract beginning at a point 120 ft.

East of the N. E. corner of Lot 4.

QUENT STREET IMPROVE-

Mª E. GRUBER,

front door of the City Hall in Tilla-Every day his eyes had strengthened. He could see more clearly now, with door of the building in which the his unaided eyes, than he had ever Common Council of said Tillamook



Thursday, November 25, 1920

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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

By order of John C. Carroll, C. C.

W. R. C.

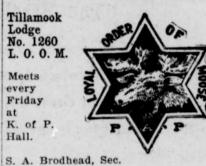
Corinith Relief Corps, No. 54 Dept. decide it's time to make a little mon- of Oregon, meets on first and third ey fighting forest fires. Dan, I'm sus- Friday evenings of each month, at in the wilderness at night. "I wish 8 p. m., in the W. O. W. hall, Visitors

> Minnie Johnson, President Elizabeth Conover, Secy.

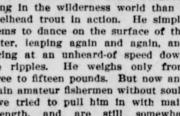
Corinth Post, No. 35, Dept. of Oregon Meets on second and fourth Saturdays of each month at'1:30 p. m. in W. O. W. hall. Visitors welcome

H. W. Spear, Com'dr. Samuel Downs, Adjt.

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



S. A. Brodhead, Sec.



Dan no longer wore his glasses

twenty feet from where Dan stood. And the rifle report echoed back to find only silence. Lennox got up off the ground and moved over toward the dead coyote. Insumine the help of the lens. And the moonlight came down through into the trees and showed that his moved over toward the dead coyote. Insumine the help of the lens. Insumine the help of the lens. And the moonlight came down through ince had changed, too. It was no longer so white. The eves were more

times out of ten he is on the straight

again amateur fishermen without souls have tried to pull him in with main

Dan's baggage he had a certain very plain but serviceable sporting rifle of about thirty-forty caliber-a gun that

Standing in the Shadows, He Simply Watched Her.

the Information department of the large sporting-goods store in Gitcheapolls had recommended for his purpose. Except for the few moments in the store, Dan had never held a rifle in his hands. The first shot he hit the trunk of a five-foot pine at thirty paces.

"But I couldn't very well have missed it!" he replied to Lennox's cheer. "You see, I almed at the middle-but I just grazed the edge."

The second shot was not so good. missing the tree altogether. And it was a singular thing that he almed longer and tried harder on this shot than on the first. The third time he tried still harder, and made by far the worst shot of all.

"What's the matter?" he demanded, "I'm getting worse all the time."

Lennox didn't know for sure. But he made a long guess. "It might be beginner's luck," he said, "but I'm in- head was lowered, as if he were lisclined to think you're trying too hard. tening. His muscles were set and Take it easier-depend more on your ready. 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. stars, boy!" he cried at last. "Was I mistaken in thinking you were born tenderfoot-after all? Can it be that a little of your old mande.

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 self at the edge of the thicket. up the first deer you see. You could almost have been your grandfather, to have done that. He thought killing perate in his agony. deer needlessly was almost as bad as killing a man. They are beautiful things, aren't they?"

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, immediately after the deer had leaped from its bed. It puzzled him a little. He had turned to find the younger man in a perfect posture to shoot, his feet placed in exactly the position that years of experience had taught Lennox was correct; and withal, absolutely motionless. What many hunters fangs. And then, wholly without take years to learn, Dan had seemed warning, he charged down at them. to know by instinct. Could it be, after all, that this slender weakling, even now bowed down with a terrible malady, had inherited the true frontlersman's instincts of his ancestors? 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. It meant from his hand. that possibly, if time remained, he would not turn out such a weakling.

At the first step his foot caught in a after all. Of course his courage, his projecting root, and he was shot to nerve, had yet to be tested; but the his face on the trail. But a long life fact remained that long generations in the wilderness had developed Lenof frontiersmen ancestors had left this nox's reflexes to an abnormal degree; influence upon him. The wild was many crises had taught him muscle calling to him, wakening instincts and nerve control; and only for a long smothered in citles, but sure and fraction of an instant, a period of true as ever. It was the beginning time that few instruments are fine of regeneration. Voices of the long enough to measure, did he lie supinely past were speaking to him, and the upon the ground. He rolled on, into Failings once more had begun to run a position of defense. But he knew true to form. Inherited tendencies now he could not reach the younger were in a moment changing this weak. man before the mad coyote would be diseased youth into a frontiersman upon them. The matter was out of and wilderness inhabitant such as his his hands. Everything depended on

ancestors had been before him. the aim and self-control of the tender-They were slipping along over the foot. pine needles, their eyes intent on the He looked up, and the whole weird trail ahead. And then Lennox saw a. picture was thrown upon the retina of curious thing. He beheld Dan sudhis eyes. The coyote was still racing

denly stop in the trail and turn his straight toward Dan, a gray demon eyes toward a heavy thicket that lay that in his madness was more terrible perhaps one hundred yards to their than any charging bear or elk. For right. For an instant he looked althere is an element of horror about most like a wild creature himself. His the insane, whether beasts or men. that cannot be denied. Both men felt It, with a chill that seemed to pene-

the thickets with his eyes.

trate clear to their hearts. The eyes Lennox had prided himself that he flamed, the white fangs of Graycoat had retained all the powers of his five caught the sunlight. And Dan stood senses, and that few men in the mounerect in his path, his rifle half raised tains had keener ears than he. Yet to his shoulder; and even in that first It was truth that at first he only knew frenzled instant in which Lennox the silence, and the stir and pulse of looked at him, he saw there was a his own blood. He assumed then that strange impassiveness, a singular im-Dan was watching something that perturbability on his face. from his position, twenty feet behind, "Shoot, man !" Lennox shouted.

he could not see. He tried to probe "What are you waiting for?" But Dan didn't shoot. His hand

Then Dan whispered. Ever so soft whipped to his face, and he snatched a sound, but yet distinct in the sioff his thick-lensed glasses. The eves

ly off in his throat. The plodding adbody. And then he stepped back to vance commenced again. And the where Dan waited on the trail.

next instant a gray form revealed it-"I take it all back." he said simply. "You take what back?" It was Graycoat the coyote, half-"What I thought about you-that

blind with his madness, and desthe Failing line had gone to the dogs. I'll never call you a tenderfoot again. There was no more deadly thing in But tell me one thing. I saw the all the hills than he. Even the bite way you looked down the barrel. I of a rattlesnake would have been welcould see how firm you held the rifle comed beside his. He stood a long -the way you kept your head. And instant, and all his instincts and rethat is all like your grandfather. But flexes that would have ordinarily why, when you had a repeating rifle, made him flee in abject terror were did you wait so long to shoot?"

thwarted and twisted by the fever of "I just had one cartridge in my gun. his madness. He stared a moment at I didn't think of it until the coyote the two figures, and his red eyes could charged."

not interpret them. They were simply Lennox's answer was the last thing foes; for it was true that when this in the world to be expected. He racking agony was upon him, even opened his straight mouth and uttered lifeless trees seemed foes sometimes. a great, boyish yell of joy. His eyes He seemed eerie and unreal as he seemed to light. The eyes of the two gazed at them out of his burning eyes; men met, and Lennox shook him by and the white foam gathered at his the shoulder.

"You're not Dan Falling's grandson -you're Dan Failing himself !" he He came with unbelievable speed. shouted. "No one but him would have The elder Lennox cried once in warnhad self-control to wait till the game ing and cursed himself for venturwas almost on top of him-no one but ing forth on the ridge without a gun. him would have kept his head in a He was fully twenty feet distant from time like this. You're Dan Falling Dan; yet he saw in an instant his himself. I tell you, come back to only course. This was no time to earth, Grandson nothing! You're a trust their lives to the marksmanship | throwback, and now you've got those glasses off, I can see his eyes looking wholly recover from his malady. of an amateur. He sprang toward Dan, intending to wrench the weapon right out of yours. Step on 'em Dan. You'll never need 'em again, And give

But he didn't achieve his purpose, up that idea of dying in four months right now; I'm going to make you live. We'll fight that disease to a finishand win!" And that is the way that Dan Fail-

ing came into his heritage in the land of his own people, and in which a new spirit was born in him to fightand win-and live.

BOOK TWO The Debt. CHAPTER I.

September was at its last days on the Umpqua divide-that far wilderess of endless, tree-clad ridges where Dan Failing had gone for his last days. Everywhere the forest people were preparing for the winter that would fall so quickly when these gold en September days were done. The Under Plane of the forest-those smaller peoples that live in the dust and have beautiful, tropical forests in the ferns-found themselves diggins holes and filling them with stores of food. Of course they had no idea or earth why they were doing it, excepthat 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 o

all, in these days of summer, was 's distinct tone of sadness that sound ed throughout the forest. Of course the wilderness note is always some what sad; but now, as the leaves fel moneae diod. It spemed nar-

such owners, or reputed owners, as intent. The lips were straighter.

they appear on the docket of city "It's been two months," Silas Lenliens of said Tillamook City, and nox told him, "half the four that you each of said tracts of land so degave yourself after you arrived here. And you're twice as good now as when scribed will be sold at said sale to satisfy the assessment, interest and you came. costs due upon each tract as de-

Dan nodded. "Twice! Ten times scribed, and each tract will be sold as good ! I was a wreck when I came separately. Today I climbed halfway up Baldywithin a half mile of Snowbird's cabof satisfying the delinquent asses in-without stopping to rest." ments for street improvements duly Lennox looked thoughtful. More

assessed against said property, tothan once, of late, Dan had climbed up toward Snowbird's cabin. It was true gether with interest and costs there-

that his guest and his daughter had ion, said assessments having been become the best of companions in the made by the Common Council of two months; but on second thought, Tillamook City, Oregon, on 16th day Lennox was not in the least afraid of of Aug., 1920, and said assessments complications. The love of the moun- having been thereupon docketed in tain women does not go out to phys- the docket of city liens of said Tillical inferiors. "Whoever gets her," amook City, and more than 30 days he had said, "will have to tame her," having elapsed since said docketing and his words still held good. The and said assessments not having mountain women rarely mistook a ma- been paid in whole or in part, and ternal tenderness for an appealing the Common Council of Tillamook man for love. It wasn't that Dan was City, Oregon, having, on October 18.

weak except from the ravages of his 1920, duly ordered a warrant to disease; but he was still a long way from Snowbird's ideal. Although Dan linquent assessments. had courage and that same rigid selfcontrol that was a old quality in his breed, he was still a long way from breed, he was still a long way from Marshal of Timo ook City, Oregon a physically strong man. It was still-111-11 an even break whether he would ever

But Dan was not thinking about this now. All his perceptions had

MENT ASSESSMENTS. sharpened down to the finest focal point, and he was trying to catch the NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that spirit of the endless forest that stretched in front of the house. His by virtue of a warrant issued by the pipe had gone out, and for a long time (City Recorder of Tillamook City, Ore-Lennox hadn't spoken. He seemed to gon, dated November 10, 1920, and be straining too, with ineffective issued by order of the Common Counsenses, trying to recognize and name the faint sounds that came so tingling cil of said Tillamook City, the unand tremulous out of the darkness. As dersigned, Marshal of Tillamook always, they heard the stir and rustle City, Oregon, has duly levied upon of the gnawing people; the chipmunks and will, on Monday, the 15th day in the shrubbery, the gophers who, of December, 1920, at the hour of like blind misers, had ventured forth 10:00 o'clock A. M. sell at public from their dark burrows; and perauction to the highest bidder for haps even the scaly glide of those cash in hand the property hereinafmost-dreaded poison people that had ter described. The particular tracts lairs in the rock piles. or parcels of ground to be sold, to-

Dan felt that at last the wilderness gether with the name of the owner itself was speaking to him. . He had waited a long time to hear its voice. for which each separate tract will be His thought went back to the wise sold, are as follows, to-wit: hear the riddle of the universe from Delinquent Street Assessments Dismen of the ancient world, waiting to the lips of the Sphinx, and how he himself-more in his unconscious self. rather than conscious-had sought the Block 3, Maple Grove Add. to Tillaeternal riddle of the wilderness. He had asked questions-never in the mook City., thence east 50 feet, form of words but only ineffable thence south 105 ft. thence west yearnings of his soul-and at last it 50 feet thence north 105 feet had responded. The strange rising place of beginning. and falling song was its own voice, the M.A. Baker Estate, Owner. Amount of articulation of the very heart and soul Lien \$523.42; Interest to Dec. 15. of the wilderness. \$12.37; Cost of advertising, \$1.72 "It's the wolf pack," Lennox told

Stillwell Add .- Block 5, Lot him softly. "The wolves have just C. N. Large and Lizzle Harris, Ownolned together for the fall rutting." ers. Amount of Lien \$549.59; In-"Then this means the end of the terest to Dec. 15, \$12.37; Cost of summer?" Dan asked. Advertising, \$2.12. "In a way, but yet we don't count

the summer ended until the rains ; Continued on page 7 Heavens. I wish they would.

each month. Visiting Brethern welcome. Leslie Harrison, Sec'y.



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