

# The Voice of the Pack

BY EDISON MARSHALL

"Of course. And there is no living thing in these woods that can stand against a wolf pack in its full strength."

"Except man, of course."

"A strong man, with an accurate rifle, of course, and except possibly in the starving times in winter he'd never have to fight them. All the best of prey are out tonight. You see, Dan, when the moon shines, the deer feed at night instead of in the twilight and the dawn. And of course the wolves and the cougar hunt the deer. It may be that they are running cattle, or even sheep."

But Dan's imagination was afeared. He wasn't content yet. "They couldn't be hunting man?" he asked.

"No. If it was midnight and the pack was starving, we'd have to listen better. It always looked to me as if the wild creatures had a law against killing men, just as humans have. They've learned it doesn't pay—something the wolves and bears of Europe and Asia haven't found out. The naturalists say that the reason is rather simple—that the European peasant his soul scared out of him by the government he lived under, has always fled from wild beasts. They were killers of the soil, and they carried bones instead of guns. They never put the fear of God into the animals and as a result there are quite a number of true stories about tigers and wolves that aren't pleasant to listen to. But our own frontiersmen were not men to stand any nonsense from wolves or cougars. They had guns, and they knew how to use them. And

he was sniveling all over with awe and fury.

A twig cracked, far on the ridge above him. He leaned forward, peering, and the moonlight showed his face in surprising detail. It revealed the deep lines, the terrible, drawn lips, the ugly hair long over the dark ears. His strong hands tightened upon the breech of the rifle. His wiry figure grew tense.

Of course it wouldn't do to let his prey come too close. Landy Hildreth was a good shot too, young as Cranston, and of equal strength; and no sporting chance could be taken in this hunting. Cranston had no intention of giving his enemy even the slightest chance to defend himself. If Hildreth got down into the valley, his testimony would make short work of the arming ring. He had the goods; he had been a member of the disreputable crowd himself.

The man's steps were quite distinct by now. Cranston heard him fighting his way through the brush thicket, and once a flock of grouse, frightened from their perches by the approaching figure, flew down the trail in front. Cranston pressed back the hammer of his rifle. The click sounded loud in the silence. He had grown tense and still, and the leaves no longer rustled. His eyes were intent on a little clearing, possibly one hundred yards up the trail. The trail itself went straight through it. And in an instant Cranston saw Hildreth's figure through the brush and stood revealed in the moonlight.

If there is one quality that means success in the mountains it is constant, unceasing self-control. Cranston thought that he had it. But perhaps he had waited too long for Hildreth to come, and the strain had told on him. He had sworn to take no false steps; that every motion he made should be cool and sure. He didn't want to attract Hildreth's attention by any sudden movement. All must be cautious and stealthy. But in spite of all these good resolutions, Cranston's eye simply leaped to his shoulder in one convulsive motion at the first glimpse of his enemy as he emerged into the moonlight.

The end of the barrel struck a branch of the shrubbery as it went up. It was only a soft sound; but in the utter silence traveled far. The gun barrel caught the moonlight as it leaped, and Hildreth saw its glint in the darkness.

He was looking for trouble. He had dreaded this long walk to the settlements more than any experience of his life. He didn't know why the letter he had written, asking for an armed escort down to the courts, had not brought results. But it was wholly possible that Cranston would have answered this question for him. This same letter had fallen into a certain soiled, deadly pair of hands which was the last place in the world that Hildreth would have chosen, and it had been all the evidence that was needed, at the meeting of the ring the night before, to advise Hildreth a merciless and immediate end. Hildreth would have preferred to wait in the hills and possibly to write another letter, but a chill that kept growing at his finger tips forbade it. And all these things combined to stretch his nerves almost to the breaking point as he stole along the moonlit trail under the pines.

A moment before the rush and whirl of the grouse flock had dried the roof of his mouth with terror. The talk and thudding into the river, as both of them were the last things in the world that Cranston had expected. And they were not a moment too soon. Even at that instant, his finger was closing down upon the trigger. Hildreth standing clear and revealed through the night. The nervous response that few men in the world would be self-disciplined enough to prevent occurred at the same instant that he pressed the trigger. His own fire answered, so near to the other that both of them sounded as one report.

Most hunters can usually tell, even if they cannot see their game fall, whether they have hit or missed. This was one of the few times in his life that Cranston could not tell. He knew that as his finger pressed he had held as accurate a "bead" as at any time in his life. He did not know still another circumstance—that in the moonlight he had overestimated the distance to the clearing, and instead of one hundred yards it was scarcely fifty. He had held rather high. And he looked up, unknowing whether he had succeeded or whether he was face to face with the prospect of a duel to the death in the darkness.

And all he saw was Hildreth, rocking back and forth in the moonlight—a strange picture that he was never more to see in a number. Hildreth had slept almost since dawn. It is a significant quality in the felines that they simply cannot keep in condition without hours and hours of sleep. In this matter of sleeping, they are in a direct contrast to the wolves, who seemingly never sleep at all, unless it is with one eye open, and in still greater contrast to the king of all beasts, the elephant, who is able to slumber less per night than that great electrical wizard whom all men know and praise.

of satisfying the delinquent assessments for street improvements duly assessed against said property, together with interest and cost thereof, said assessments having been made by the Common Council of Tillamook City, Oregon, on 29th day of June, 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 13, 1920, duly ordered a warrant to issue for the collection of said delinquent assessments.

Dated this November 10th, 1920.

M. E. GRUBER,  
Marshal of Tillamook City, Oregon

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. 11, South Tillamook Sewer

Thayer's Add. Block 45, S. 1-2 Lots 1, 2, 3. P. W. Todd, Owner. Amt. of Lien \$92.61; Interest to Dec. 15, \$2.98; Cost of Adv. \$5.87.

Norton's Add.—Block 7, Lot 8 John Andreas Olson, Owner. Amt. of Lien \$88.20; Interest to Dec. 15, \$1.98; Cost of Adv. \$5.67.

Tract beginning at the S. W. corner of Lot 4, Block 3 Drew's Add. to Tillamook City, thence South 195 degrees thence west 119 feet thence North 105 feet thence East 195 feet to place of beginning T. P. Harrison, Owner. Amt. of Lien \$194.84; Interest to Dec. 15, \$4.37; Cost of Adv. \$6.67.

Said sale will take place at the front door of the City Hall in Tillamook City, Oregon, being the front door 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

DR. J. G. TURNER  
Eye Specialist  
Permanently Located in Tillamook Private Office in Jenkin's Jewelry Store.  
Latest Up-to-date Instruments and Equipment  
Evenings and Sundays by Appointment

# BUICK



**POWER** and dependability—Buick principles—characterize the new Buick Nineteen Twenty One Series as they have distinguished Buick cars for two decades.

Added to the service value of the new Buick models is a distinctive beauty of body lines and appointments. Among professional men, the new Buick Large Four Passenger Coupe is especially popular because of its everyday usefulness for business and leisure hours.

Reinforcing Buick reliability is Authorized Buick Service, nationwide in extent.

**SUNSET GARAGE.**  
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

**Tillamook Bakery**  
The home of good bread and all kinds of fine pastry  
Everything Strictly Sanitary  
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Let's go  
The sure way to put pep into your job on a daily basis is to get into a **FISH BRAND Reflex Slicker**. There is a FISH BRAND garment for every kind of wet work or sport.

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FOR Colds, Coughs AND La Grippe  
Neglected Colds are Dangerous  
Take no chances. Keep this standard remedy handy for the first sneeze.  
Breaks up a cold in 24 hours—Relieves Grippe in 3 days—Excellent for Headache  
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**ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT**

**Gem Nut Margarine**  
Makes Them Smile  
Good Bread tastes better—so good they want more, and you can give it to them.  
Gem Nut is economical; saves materially on your grocery bill.  
Gem Nut is delicious; it is pure—contains only nut oils, Pasteurized milk and salt.  
**SWIFT & CO.**  
Manufactured Daily in Our Portland Plant  
Swift's Premium Oleomargarine Sweet Pure Clean

**Gem Nut Margarine**  
OLEOMARGARINE  
Gem Nut Margarine is made from the finest oil. Contains no salt. Keeps sweet.

(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 18, 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

**MODERN CRANKCASE CLEANING SERVICE**

*Dirt in your Engine Oil—Get rid of it!*

A LARGE quantity of dust-laden air is "inhaled" by the daily operation of an automobile engine. With this road dust, carbon and fine particles of metal get into the lubricating oil and circulate through your engine, lowering the efficiency of its operation. Add to this dirt the gasoline that escapes past the pistons and dilutes the oil—

Here you have a combination that wears and tears and grinds away, every day adding a little more dirt and forming a little more unnecessary wear on bearing surfaces. Result: slow response—less power—poor performance—shorter engine life.

Our new Modern Crankcase Cleaning Service is the enemy of dirt in the crankcase—it means "clean oil in a clean engine." The Calor Flushing Oil we use is the new, scientific, thorough flushing agent that does not contaminate your fresh Zerolene refilled into your cleaned crankcase. This modern, convenient service, given quickly and at a nominal cost, returns your engine to you clean and fresh, ready to give that satisfactory performance you expect. Today: Bring in your car for Modern Crankcase Cleaning Service.

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- THREE RIVERS GARAGE, HEBO
- WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS, TILLAMOOK