PAGE SIX

THE TILLAMOOF WELL-



The Voice of the Pack

A Story of the Oregon Mountain Country



didn't call to him at once. The two reasons were that Cranston had a rifle and that Dan was unarmed. It might be extremely likely that Cranston would choose the most plausible and effective means of preventing an interruption of his crime, and by the same token, prevent word of the crime ever contained five cartridges, and only one

But the idea of backing out, unseen, never even occurred to Dan. The fire would have a tremendous headway before he could summon help. Although It was near the lookout station, every The brush was dry as tinder, not so the tree tops. The stiff breeze up the | in my hands!" ridge would certainly carry the flame for miles through the parched Divide a muscular accompaniment. Its very mist. A great wind roared in his ears before help could come. In the mean utterance releases pent-up emotions, —and his heart was evidently about Joss of timber. There were many primitive thing, going down to the yield. He could no longer parry Cransthings that Dan might do, but giving most mysterious depths of a man's na- ton's blows. The latter's arms went up was not one of them.

ail. He simply came out in plain sight | palm, and he half leaned forward. and unconcernedly walked down the trail toward Cranston. At the same instant, the latter struck his match.

As Dan was no longer stalking, Cranston immediately heard his step. He whirled, recognized Dan, and for | ton shaken by passion. one long instant in which the world seemed to have time in plenty to make a complete revolution, he stood perfectly motionless. The match flared in his dark fingers, his eyes-full of sin-One required no more moral courage | ting his muscles for a spring. than the other. It really didn't make a great deal of difference to Cranston. But he decided that the killing was not worth the cartridge. The other course was too easy. He did not even dream that Dan had been shadowing him and had seen his intention. He would have laughed at the idea that a "tenderfoot" could thus walk behind him, unheard. Without concern, he scattered with his foot the little hear of kindling, and slipping his pipe into his mouth, he touched the flaring match to it. It was a wholly admirable little piece of acting, and would have deceived any one who had not seen his previous preparations. Then he walked on down the trail toward

Dan stopped and lighted his own pipe. It was a curious little truce. And then be leaned back against the great gray trunk of a fallen tree. "Well, Cranston," he said civiliy.

The men had met on previous occasions, and always there had been the same invisible war between them. "How do you do, Failing," Cranston replied. No perceptions could be so

blunt as to miss the premeditated insult in the tone. He didn't speak in his own tongue at all, the short, guttural "Howdy" that is the greeting of the mountain men. He pronounced all the words with an exaggerated precision, an unmistakable mockery of Dan's own tone. In his accent he threw a tone of sickly sweetness, and his inference was all too plain. He was simply calling Failing a milksop and a white-liver; just as plainly as if he had used the words.

The eyes of the two men met. Cranston's lips were slightly curled in an unmistakable leer. Dan's were very straight. And in one thing at least, their eyes looked fust the same. he had. And his long body leaped like The pupils of both pairs had contracted to steel points, bright in the dark gray of the irises. Cranston's looked some what red; and Dan's were only hard

and bright. Dan felt himself straighten; and the color mounted somewhat higher in his brown cheeks. But he did not try to avenge the insult-yet. Cranston was still fifteen feet distant, and that was too far. A man may swing a rifle within fifteen feet. The fact that they were in no way physical equals did not even occur to him. When the insult is great enough, such considerations cannot possibly matter. Cranston was hard as steel, one hundred and seventy pounds in weight. Dan did not touch one hundred and fifty, and a deadly disease had not yet entirely relinquished its hold upon him.

"I do very well, Cranston," Dan answered in the same tone. "Wouldn't you like another match? I believe your pipe has gone out.'

Very little can be said for the wisdom of this remark. It was simply human-that age-old creed to answer blow for blow and insult for insult. Of course the inference was obvious -that Dan was accusing him, by innuendo, of his late attempt at arson. Cranston glanced up quickly, and it might be true that his fingers itched and tingled about the barrel of his rifle. He knew what Dan meant. He understood perfectly that Dan had guessed his purpose on the mountain side. And the curl at his lips became more pronounced.

"What a smart little boy," he scorned. "Going to be a Sherlock Holmes when he grows up." Then he half turned and the light in his eyes blazed up. He was not leering now. The mountain men are too intense to play at insult very long. Their inherent savagery comes to the surface, and they want the warmth of blood pon their fingers. His voice became uttural. "Maybe you're a spy?" he sked. "Maybe you're one of those city ats-to come and watch us, and then in and tell the forest service. There's o things, Falling, that I want you

Dan puffed at his pipe, and his eyes

For two very good reasons, pan film of smoke, "I'm not interested in will often fight in the strangest most

hearing them," he said. reaching the authorities. The rifle The second thing is-just that I don't ordial battle cries of hatred and venthink you'd find it a healthy thing to geance.

time stock and lives and homes would | part of which can only pour forth in to shiver to pieces, be endangered, besides the irreparable | muscular expression. And anger is a | But still be fought on, not daring to ture. As Cranston spoke, his lip curled, around him in one of those deadly After all, he did the wisest thing of his dark fingers elenched on his thick holds that wrestlers know; and Dan

stood face to face, Dan tranquil, Crans-

"I give you," said Dan with entire coldness, "an opportunity to take that back. Just about four seconds."

He stood very straight as he spoke, and his eyes did not waver in the gular conjecturing-rested on Dan's least. It would not be the truth to say play of his muscles, his almost unface. No instant of the latter's life | that his heart was not leaping like had ever been fraught with greater a wild thing in his breast. A dark peril. He understood perfectly what | mist was spreading like madness over was going on in Cranston's mind. The his brain; but yet he was striving to fire-fiend was calmly deciding whether keep his thoughts clear. Stealthfly, to shoot or whether to bluff it out. | without seeming to do so, he was set-

The only answer to his words was a laugh-a roaring laugh of scorn from Cranston's dark tips. In his laughter, his intent, catlike vigilance relaxed. Dan saw a chance; feeble issue-soon or late-can never be in



The Battles of the Mountains were Battles to the Death.

though it was, it was the only chance

a serpent through the air. Physical superior though he was, most poisonous, bitter hatred. other word exists. If his class of degenerate mountain men had no other glow fades on the snow.

accomplishment, they could hate. All their lives they practiced the emotion: hatred of their neighbors, hatred of law, hatred of civilization in all its forms. Besides, this kind of hillman habitually fought his duels with rifles. Hands were not deadly enough,

But Dan was past his guard before be had time to raise his gun. The whole attack ws one of the most istounding surprises of Cranston's life. Dan's body struck his, his fists flailed, and to protect himself, Cranston was obliged to drop the rifle. They staggered, as if in some weird dance, or the trail; and their arms clasped in a clinch.

For a long instant they stood strainpowerful body had stood up well under the shock of Dan's leap. It was a hand-to-hand battle now. The rifle have acquired from the silenee and had slid on down the hillside, to be caught in a clump of brush twenty feet below. Dan called on every ounce of his strength, because he knew what | wasn't in the least afraid. Fear is mercy he might expect if Cranston mastered him. The battles of the

nountains were battles to the death. They flung back and forth, wrenchig shoulders, lashing fists, teeth and feet and fingers. There were no Marquis of Queensberry rules in this battle. Again and again Dan sent home his blows; but they all seemed ineffective. By now, Cranston had completely overcome the moment's advantage the other had obtained by the power of his leap. He burled Dan from the clinch and lashed at him with hard fists.

It is a very common thing to hear of a silent fight. But it is really a more rare occurrence than most people hitlere It is the that serpents

eerie silence; but human beings are "It might pay you." Cranston went not serpents. They partake more of to do with the remarkable record that on, "One of 'em is that one man's the qualities of the meat-enters—the the mountain men, such as that magword is good as another's in a court- wolves and felines. After the first and it wouldn't do you any good to instant, the noise of the fight aroused run down and tell tales. A man can the whole hillside. The sound of blows light his pipe on the mountain side was in itself notable, and besides, both without the courts being interested. of the men were howling the prim-

For two long minutes Dan fought "I suppose, then, that is a threat?" with the strength of desperation, sum-"It ain't just a threat." Cranston moning at last all that mysterious relaughed harshly-a single, grim syl- serve force with which all men are table that was the most terrible sound born. But he was playing a losing he had yet uttered. "It's a fact, Just game, The malady with which he had condition pointed to a disastrous fire. fry it, Falling. Just make one little suffered had taken too much of his step in that direction. You couldn't vigor. Even as he struggled, it seemed heavy as to choke the wind, but yet hide behind a girl's skirts, then Why, to him that the vista about him, the tall enough to carry the flame into you city sissy, I'd break you to pieces dark pines, the colored leaves of the perennial shrubbery, the yellow path Few men can make a threat without were all obscured in a strange, white

> struggled in vain to free himself. Dan knocked out his pipe on the Cranston's face liself seemed hideous log. It was the only sound in that and unreal in the mist that was creepwhole mountain realm; all the lesser ing over him. He did not recognize sounds were stilled. The two men the curious thumping sound as Cranston's fists on his flesh. And now Cranston had burled him off his feet.

Nothing mattered further. He had fought the best he could. This cruel beast could pounce on him at will and hammer away his life. But still he struggled. Except for the constant conscious effort to free himself that kept one of Cranston's arms busy holding him down, that fight on the mountain path might have come to a sudden end. Human bodies can stand a terrific punishment; but Dan's was weakened from the ravages of his disease. Besides, Cranston would soon have both hands and both feet free for the work, and when these four terrible weapons are used at once, the

But even now, consciousness still lingered. Dan could hear his enemy's curses-and far up the trail, he heard another, stranger sound. It sounded like some one running.

And then he dimly knew that Cranston was climbing from his body. Voices were speaking-quick, commanding voices just over him. Above Cranston's savage curses another voice rang clear, and to Dan's ears, glorious beyond all human utterance.

the whole drama was revealed. It had not been sudden mercy that had driven Cranston from his body, just when his victim's falling unconsciousness would have put him completely in his power. Rather it was something black and ominous that even now was pointed squarely at Cranston's breast.

None too soon, a ranger of the hill had heard the sounds of the struggle, and had left the trysting place at the spring to come to Dan's aid. It was Snowbird, very pale but wholly selfsufficient and determined and intent. Her pistol was cocked and ready.

CHAPTER III

Dan Failing was really not badly hurt. The quick, lashing blows had not done more than severely bruise the flesh of his face; and the mists of unconsciousness that had been falling over him were more nearly the result of his own tremendous physical exertion. Now these mists were rising. "Go-go away." the girl was com-

manding. "I think you've killed him." Dan opened his eyes to find her Cranston would have repelled the at- kneeling close beside him, but still tack with his rifle if he had had a covering Cranston with her pistol. Her chance. His blood was already at hand was resting on his bruised cheek murder heat-a point always He couldn't have believed that a huquickly reached in Cranston-and the man face could be as white, while life dark, hot fumes in his brain were still remained, as hers was then, All simply nothing more nor less than the the lovely tints that had been such a No delight to him, the play of soft reds and browns, had faded as an after-

Dan's glance moved with hers to Cranston. He was standing easily at a distance of a dozen feet; and except for the faintest tremble all over his body, a muscular reaction from the violence of his passion, he had entirely regained his self-composure. This was quite characteristic of the mountain men. They share with the beasts a passion of living that is wholly unknown on the plains; but yet they have a certain quality of imperturbability known nowhere else. Nor is it limited to the native-born mountaineers. No man who intimately knows a member of that curious, keen-eyed little army of naturalists and big-game hunters who go to the north woods every fall, ing, seemingly motionless. Cranston's as regularly and seemingly as inexorably as the waterfowl go in spring. can doubt this fact. They seem to the snows an impregnation of that eternal calin and imperturbability that is the wilderness Itself, Cranston usually a matter of uncertainty, and he knew exactly where he stood,

> It is extremely doubtful if a plains man would have possessed this knowledge. But a plainsman has not the knowledge of life itself that the mountaineer has, simply because he does not see it in the raw. And he has not half the intimate knowledge of death. an absolute requisite of self-composure. The mountaineer knows life in its simple phases with little tradition or convention to blur the vision. Death is a very intimate acquaintance that may be met in any snowdrift, on any rocky trail; and these conditions see fost where he abr

possession. This quality had something had always beheld in them had vanto do with the remarkable record that nificent warrior from Tennessee, made in the late war.

bird would do. Although of a higher and their eyes met. order, she was a mountain creature, even as himself. She meant exactly what she said. If he hadn't climbed from Dan's prone body, she would have shot quickly and very straight. If dead body. If he kept his distance, she wouldn't shoot at all. He meant him. to keep his distance. But he did know that he could insult her without danger to himself. And by now his lips had acquired their old curl of scorn.

"I'll go, Snowbird," he said. "I'll leave you with your sissy. But I guess



"I Guess You Saw What I Did to Him." you saw what I did to him-in two

"I saw. But you must remember he's sick. Now go."

minutes."

"If he's sick, let him stay in bedand have a wet nurse. Maybe you can The lids drooped halfway over her

gray eyes, and the slim finger curled more tightly about the trigger. "Oh, I wish I could shoot you, Bert!" she said. She didn't whisper it, or hiss it. or hurl it, or do any of the things most neople are supposed to do in moments of violent emotion. She simply said it, and her meaning was all the clearer.

"But you can't. And I'll pound that milk-sop of yours to a jelly every time I see him. I'd think, Snowbird, that you'd want a man."

He started up the trail; and then she did a strange thing, "He's more of a man than you are, right now, Bert," she told him. "He'll prove it some day." Then her arm went about Dan's neck and lifted his head upon her breast; and in Cranston's plain sight, she bent and kissed him, softly, on the lips.

Cranston's answer was an oath. It dripped from his lips, more poisonous. nore malicious than the venom of a snake. His features seemed to tighten, the dark lips drew away from his teeth. No words could have made him such an effective answer as this little action of hers. And as he turned up the trail, he called down to her name-that most dreadful epithet that foul tongues have always used to women held in greatest scorn.

Dan struggled in her arms. The kiss on his lips, the instant before. had not called him out of his halfconsciousness. It had scarcely seemed

real, rather just an incident in a blissful dream. But the word called down the trail shot out clear and vivid from the silence, just as a physician's face will often leap from the darkness after the anesthesia. Something infinitely warm and tender was holding him, pressing him back against a holy place that throbbed and gave him life and strength; but he knew that this word had to be answered. And only actions, not other words, could be its payment. All the voices of his body called to him to lie still, but the voices of the spirit, those higher, nobier promptings rom which no man, to the glory of the breed from which he sprung, can ever quite escape, were stronger yet. He tugged upward, straining. But he didn't even have the strength to break the hold that the soft arm had about

"Oh, if I could only pull the trigger!" she was crying. "If I could only kill him-" "Let me." he pleaded. "Give me

the pistol. I'll kill him-" And he would. There was no flinching in the gray eyes that looked up to ber. She leaned forward, as if to put the weapon in his hands, but at once drew it back. And then a single sob caught at her throat. An instant later they heard Cranston's laughter as he vanished around the turn of the

trail. For long minutes the two of them were still. The girl still held the man's head upon her breast. The pistol had fallen in the pine needles, and her nervous hand plucked strangely at the leaves of a mountain flower. To Dan's are very deadly to any delusions that eyes, there was something trancelike. he has in regard to himself. He ac a bint of paralysis and insensibility He had never seen

eyes like this. The light that ne ished. Their utter darkness startled

He sat up straight, and her arm that

had been about his neck felt at her Cranston knew exactly what Snow- side. He took her hand firmly in his. "We must go home, Snowbird," he

told her simply. "I'm not so badly burt but that I can make it."

She nodded; but otherwise scarcely seemed to hear. Her eyes still flowed he tried to attack either of them now, with darkness. And then, before his her finger would press back before he own eyes, their dark pupils began to could blink an eye, and she wouldn't | contract. The hand he held filled and weep any hysterical tears over his throbbed with life, and the fingers closed around his. She leaned toward

> "Listen. Dan," she said quickly, "You heard-didn't you-the last thing that he said?"

"I couldn't help but hear, Snowbird."

Her other hand sought for his. "Then if you heard-payment must be made. You see what I mean, Dan. Maybe you can't see, knowing the girls that live on the plains. You were the cause of his saying it, and you must

It seemer to Dan that some stern code of the hills, unwritten except in the hearts of their children, inexorable, as night, was speaking through her lips. This was no personal thing. In some dim, half-understood way, it

went back to the basic code of life. "People must fight their own fights. up here," she told him. "The laws of the courts that the plains people can appeal to are all too far away. There's no one that can do it, except you. Not my father. My father can't fight your battles here, if your honor is going to stand. It's up to you, Dan. You can't pretend that you didn't hear him. Such as you are, weak and sick to be beaten to a pulp in two minutes. you alone will have to make him answer for it. I came to your aid-and now you must come to mine."

Her fingers no longer clasped his. Strength had come back to him, and his fingers closed down until the blood went out of hers, but she was wholly unconscious of the pain. In reality, she was conscious of nothing except the growing flame in his face. It held her eyes in passionate fascination. His pupils were contracting to little bright dots in the gray trises. The jaw was setting, as she had never seen it be-

"Do you think, Snowbird, that you'd even have to ask me?" he demanded. "Don't you think I understand? And it won't be in your defense-only my own duty."

"But he is so strong-and you are

"I won't be so weak forever. I never really cared much about living before. I'll try now, and you'll seeoh, Snowbird, wait and trust me: I understand everything. It's my own fight-when you kissed me, and he eried down that word in anger and fealousy, it put the whole thing on me. No one else can make bim answer; no one else has the right. It's my honor, no one else's, that stands or falls," He lifted her hand to his lips and

kissed it again and again. And for the first time he saw the tears gathering in her dark eyes. "But you fought here, didn't you, Dan?" she asked with painful slowness, "You didn't put up your arms-or try to run away? I didn't come till he had you done, so I didn't see," She looked at him as if her whole joy of life hung on his answer.

"Fought! I would have fought till died! But that isn't enough Snow. bird. It isn't enough just to fight, in a case like this. A man's got to win would have died if you hadn't come. And that's another debt that I have to pay-only that debt I owe to you."

She nodded slowly. The lives of the mountain men are not saved by their women without incurring obliga-She attempted no barren de-She made no effort to pretend he had not incurred a tremendous debt when she had come with her pistol. It was an unavoidable fact. A life for a life is the code of the mountains.

"Two things I must do before I can ever dare to die," he told her soberly.

"One of them is to pay you; the other is to pay Cranston for the thing he said. Maybe the chance will never come for the first of the two; only I'll pray that it will. Maybe it would be kinder to you to pray that it wouldn't; yet I pray that it will! Maybe I can pay that debt only by being always ready, always watching for a chance to save you from any danger, always trying to protect you. You didn't come in time to see the fight I made. Besides-I lost, and little else matters. And that debt to you can't be paid until sometime I fight again-for you-and win." He gasped from his weakness, but went on bravely. "Til never be able to feel at peace, Snowbird, until I'm tested in the fire before your eyes! I want to show you the things Cranston said of me are not true-that my courage will stand the

"It wouldn't be the same, perhaps, with an Eastern girl. Other things matter in the valleys. But I see how It is here; that there is only one standard for men and by that standard they rise or fall. Things in the mountains are down to the essen-

He paused and struggled for strength to continue, "And I know what you said to him," he went on. "Half-unconscious as I was, I rememher every word. Each word just seems to burn into me, Snowbird, and I'll make every one of them good. You sald I am a better mun than he, and ometime it would be proved-and it's the truth! Maybe in a month, maybe in a year. I'm not going to die from this malady of mine now, Snowbird. I've got too much to live for

His eyes grew earnest, and the hard fire went out of them, "It's almost as if you were a queen, a real queen of ome great kingdom," he told her, tremulous with a great awe that was stealing over him, as a mist steals over, water. "And because I had kissed

your fingers, for ever and ever I was your subject, living only to fight your fights-maybe with a dream in the end to kiss your fingers again. When you bent and kissed me on that hillide-for him to see-it was the same: that I was sworn to you, and nothing mattered in my life except the service and love I could give you. And it's more than you ever dream, Snowbird. It's all yours, for your battles and

our happiness." The great pines were silent above them, shadowed and dark. Perhaps they were listening to an age-old story, those vows of service and selfgained worth by which the race has struggled upward from the darkness. "But I kissed you-once before." she reminded him. The voice was

fust a whisper, hardly louder than the stir of the leaves in the wind. "But that kiss didn't count," he told her. "It wasn't at all the same, I

loved you then, I think, but it didn't mean what it did today." "And what-" she teaned toward him, her eyes full on his, "does it

mean now?" "All that's worth while in life, all that matters when everything is said that can be said, and all is done that can be done. And it means, please God, when the debts are paid, that I may have such a kiss again."

"Not until then," she told him, whispering. "Until then, I make oath that I

won't even ask it, or receive it if you should give it. It goes too deep, dearest-and it means too much." This was their pact. Not until the debts were paid and her word made good would those lips be his again.

There was no need for further words.

Both of them knew. In the skies, the gray clouds were gathering swiftly, as always in the mountains. The raindrops were falling one and one, over the forest. The summer was done, and fall had come

The rains fell unceasingly for seven | Tillamook lays: not a downpour but a constant drizzle that made the distant ridges The parched earth seemed to L. O. O. M. smack its line, and little rivulets began to fall and tumble over the beds Meets of the dry streams. All danger of forest fire was at once removed, and Friday Snowbird was no longer needed as n lookout on old Bald mountain. She went to her own home, her companion back to the valley; and now that his sister had taken his place as housekeeper, Bill had gone down to the lower foothills with a great part of the live stock. Dan spent these rainy days in toil on the hillsides, building himself physically so that he might

It was no great pleasure, these rainy days. He would have greatly liked to have lingered in the square mountain house, listening to the quiet murmur of the rain on the roof and watching Snowbird at her household tasks. She could, as her father had said, make a biscuit. She could also roll up sleeves over trim, brown arms and with entire good humor do a week's laundry for three hard-working men. He would have liked to sit with her, through the long afternoons, as she knitted beside the fireplaceto watch the play of her graceful fingers and perhaps, now and then, to touch her hands when he held the skeins. But none of these things transpired. He drove himself from daylight till dark, developing his body for

the tests that were sure to come, The first few days nearly killed him. He over-exercised in the chill rain. and one anxious night he developed all the symptoms of pneumonia. Such a sickness would have been the one thing needed to make the doctor's prophecy come true. But with Snowbird's aid, and numerous hot drinks. he fought it off.

She had made him go to bed, and no human memory could be so dull as to forget the little, whispered message that she gave him with his last spoonful of medicine. She said she'd pray for him, and she meant it too-literal. entreating prayer that could not go unheard. She was a mountain girl, and

gs-simple and true and wholly without affectation. But he hadn't relaxed thereafter. He knew the time had come to make the test. Night after night he would go to bed halfsick from fatigue, but the mornings would find him fresh. And after two weeks, he knew he had passed the crisis and was on the direct road to complete recovery. Sometimes he cut wood in the for-

her beliefs were those of her ances-

est: first the felling of some tall pine. then the trimming and hewing into two-foot lengths. The blisters came on his hands, broke and bled, but finally hardened into callosities. He learned the most effective stroke to hurl a shower of chips from beneath the blade. His back and limbs bardened from the handling of heavy wood -and the cough was practically gone. His frame filled out. His face became swarthy from constant exposure. He gained in weight.

Continued Next Week

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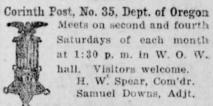


Marathon Lodge No. 93, Knights of Pythias Regular meeting Monday evening at 7:45 sharp. By order of the Chancellor Commander. John C. Carroll, C. C.

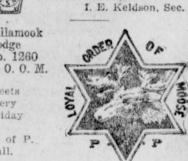
W. R. C.

Corinith 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

Minnie Johnson, President Elizabeth Conover, Secy.



Johnson Chapter No. 24 R. A. M. Stated convocations every first and third Fridays. Visitors welcome



S. A. Brodhead, Sec.

Tillamook Lodge No. 57, A.F. & A.M. O. E. S. and R. A. M. St. John's day, Monday Decem-

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