

ANNOUNCEMENT

We will open a first class Meat Market in the Gem Theatre Building on

Saturday, Jan. 29.

We will carry at all times a full lines of the best fresh and cured meats. You will find right prices and satisfactory service. A share of your patronage solicited.

Independent Market

J. M. WILSON, Prop.
(NOT IN THE TRUST.)

There were few market changes during the week; Butter and Sugar were off a little.

We shall continue our special sale on Pineapple for another week.

In addition we shall offer special items this week in.

Shortening 4lb. pail - 80c.
8lb. pail - \$1.50
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...of his heavy pack. Never did he glide so swiftly, so softly, with such weariness; and it was nothing more or less than a perfect expression of the iron-clad control that his steel nerves had over his muscles.

Then, through the silence, he heard the shout of the pack as the wolf had leaped at Snowbird. He knew what it meant. The wolves were attacking then, and a great flood of black, hating bitterness poured over him at the thought he had been too late. It had all been in vain, and before the thought could fully go home, he heard the dim, far-off crack of a pistol.

Was that the first of the three shots, the one she might expend on the wolves, or had the first two already been spent and was she taking the last gateway of escape? Perhaps even now Lennox was lying still on the sled, and she was standing before the ruin of her fire, praying that her soul might have wings. He shouted with all the power of his lungs across the snow.

But Snowbird only heard the soft glide of the wolves in the snow. The wind was blowing toward Dan; and while he had heard the loud chorus of the pack, one of the most far-carrying cries, and the penetrating crack of a pistol, she couldn't bear his answering shout. In fact, the wilderness seemed preternaturally still. All was breathless, heavy with suspense, and she stood, just as Dan had thought, between the ruin of her fire and the sled, and she looked with straight eyes to the oncoming wolves.

"Harry, Snowbird," Lennox was whispering. "Give me the pistol—for that last work. We have only a moment more."

He looked very calm and brave, half-raised as he was on the sled, and perhaps a half-smile lingered at his bearded lips. And the bravest thing of all was that to spare her, he was willing to take the little weapon from her hand to use it in its last service. She tried to smile at him, then crept over to his sled.

The strain was over. They knew what they had to face. She put the pistol in his steady hand.

His hand lowered to his side and he sat waiting. The moments passed. The wolves seemed to be waiting, too, for the last flickering tongue of the little fire to die away. The last of her fuel was ignited and burning out; they were crouched and ready to spring if she should venture forth after more. The darkness closed down deeper, and at last only a column of smoke remained.

It was nothing to be afraid of. The great, gray leader of the pack, a wolf that weighed nearly 100 pounds, began slowly and deliberately to set his muscles for the spring. It was the same as when the great bull elk comes to bay at the base of the cliffs; usually some one wolf, often the greatest pack leader, wishing to remind his followers of his might, or else some full-grown male proud in his strength, will attack alone. Because this was the noblest game that the pack had ever faced, the leader chose to make the first leap himself. It was true that these two had neither such horns nor razor-edged hoofs as the elk, yet they had eyes that chilled his heart when he tried to look at them. But one was lying almost prone, and the fire was out. Besides, the madness of starvation, intensified ten times by their terrible realization of the wound at her hip, was upon the pack as never before. The muscles bunched at his lean flanks.

But as Snowbird and her father gazed at him in fascinated horror, the great wolf suddenly smashed down in the snow. She was aware of its curious, utter collapse actually before the sound of the rifle shot that occasioned it had penetrated her consciousness. It was a perfect shot at long range; and for a long instant her tortured faculties refused to accept the truth.

Then the rifle spoke again, and a second wolf—a large male that crouched on the other side of the sled—fell kicking in the snow. The pack had leaped forward at the first death; but they halted at the second. And then terror came to them when the third wolf suddenly opened its savage lips and screamed in the death agony.

Up to this time, except for the report of the rifle, the attack had been made in utter silence. The reason was just that both breath and nervous force are needed to shout; and Dan Felling could afford to waste neither of those vital forces. He had dropped to his knee, and was firing again and again, his gray eyes looking clear and straight along the barrel, his fingers without jerk or tremor pressing again and again at the trigger, his hands holding the rifle as in a vise. Every nerve and muscle were completely in his command. The distance was far, yet he shot with deadly, amazing accuracy. The wolves were within a few feet of the girl, and a fraction's waver in the gun barrel might have sped his bullet toward her.

"It's Dan Felling," Lennox shouted as the fourth wolf died.

Then Snowbird snatched her pistol from her father's hand and opened fire. The two shells were no longer needed to free herself and her father from the agony of fangs. She took careful aim, and although a pistol is never as accurate or as powerful as a rifle, she killed one wolf and wounded another.

Frenzied in their savagery, three or four of the remaining wolves leaped at the body of one of the wounded; but the others scattered in all directions. Still Dan fired with the same unbelievable accuracy, and still the wolves died in the snow. The girl and the man were screaming now in the frenzied joy of deliverance. The wolves scurried frantically among the trees; and some of them unknowingly ran full in the face of their enemy, to

be shot down without mercy. And few indeed were those that escaped—to collect on a distant ridge, and, perhaps, to be haunted in dream by a death that came out of the shadows to blast the pack.

Again the pack song would be despairing and strange in the winter nights—that age-old chant of Famine and Fear and the long war of existence with only Death and Darkness in the end. And because it is the voice of the wilderness itself, the tender-foot that camps in the evergreen forest will listen, and his talk will die at his lips, and he will have the beginnings of knowledge. And perhaps he will wonder if God has given him the thorns and fiber to meet the wilderness breast to breast as Dan had met it; to remain and to fight and to conquer. And thereby his metal will be tested in the eyes of the Red Gods.

Snowbird stood waiting in the snow, arms stretched to her forehead as Dan came running through the wood. But his arms were wider yet, and she went softly into them.

"We will take it easy from now on," Dan Felling told them, after the camp



"We Will Take It Easy From Now On."

was cleared of its dead and the fire was built high. "We have plenty of food; and we will travel a little while each day and make warm camps at night. We'll have friendship fires, just as sometimes we used to build on the ridge."

"But after you get down in the valleys?" Lennox asked anxiously. "Are you and Snowbird coming up here to live?"

The silence fell over their camp; and a wounded wolf whined in the darkness. "Do you think I could leave it now?" Dan asked. By no gift of words could he have explained why; yet he knew that by token of his conquest, his spirit was wedded to the dark forests forever. "But heaven knows what I'll do for a living."

Snowbird crept near him, and her eyes shone in the bright fire light. "I've solved that," she said. "You know you studied forestry—and I told the supervisor at the station how much you know about it. I wasn't going to tell you until—until certain things happened—and now they have happened, I can't wait another instant. He said that with a little more study you could get into the forest service—take an examination and become a ranger. You're a natural forester if one ever lived, and you'd love the work."

"Besides," Lennox added, "it would clip my Snowbird's wings to make her live on the plains. My big house will be rebuilt, children. There will be fires in the fire place on the fall nights. There is no use of thinking of the plains."

"And there's going to be a smaller house—just a cottage at first—right beside it," Dan replied. He could go back to his forests, after all. He wouldn't have to throw away his birthright, fought for so hard; and it seemed to him no other occupation could offer so much as that of the forest rangers—those silent, cool-headed guardians of the forest and keepers of its keys.

For a long time Snowbird and he stood together at the edge of the firelight, their bodies warm from the glow, their hearts brimming with words they could not utter. Words always come hard to the mountain people. They are folk of action, and Dan, rather than to words, trusted to the yearning of his arms.

"We're made for each other, Snowbird, darling," he told her breathlessly at last. "And at last I can claim what I've been waiting for all these months."

He claimed it; and in open defiance to all civil law, he collected fully 100 times in the next few minutes. But it didn't particularly matter, and Snowbird didn't even turn her face. "Maybe you've forgotten you claimed it when you first came back, too," she said.

So he had. It had completely slipped his mind, in the excitement of his fight with the wolf pack. And then while Lennox pretended to be asleep, they sat, breathless with happiness, on the edge of the sled and watched the dawn come out.

They had never seen the snow so lovely in the sunlight.
(THE END.)

ORDER

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Tillamook County.

In the matter of the Guardianship of George Ludtke and Ivan Ludtke, minors.

This matter coming on to be heard this 12th day of January, 1921, upon the petition of H. V. Alley, guardian of the persons and estate of the above named minors, praying for an order licensing him to sell the real property belonging to said minors situated in Clatsop County, Oregon, described as follows:

The South half of the Southeast quarter of Section 35, and the West half of the Southeast quarter of Section 36, all in Township 4 North of Range 9 West, W. M., and Lots 1 and 2, Block 9 in Mohler, Tillamook County, Oregon.

And it appearing to the Court from such petition that it is necessary and will be beneficial to the said minors that such real estate be sold, and it further appearing that H. V. Alley, Winnie Alley and August Ludtke are the next kin of said minors, and no other person is interested in their estate.

IT IS ORDERED that said next of kin, and all persons interested in the estate, be and they are hereby directed to appear before this court at the County Court Room in the Court House in Tillamook City, Oregon, on Monday the 14th day of February, 1921, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. then and there to show cause, if any there be, why a license should not be granted to said guardian for the sale of such real estate, and that a copy of this order shall be published at least three successive weeks in the Tillamook Headlight, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published in Tillamook City, Tillamook County, Oregon, and circulating in such County, such publication to be made prior to the time set for the hearing of said petition.

Homer Mason, County Judge. State of Oregon, County of Tillamook I, H. S. Brimhall, County Clerk and Clerk of the County Court, of the County and State aforesaid, do hereby certify that the foregoing copy of Order in the Matter of the Guardianship of George Ludtke and Ivan Ludtke, Minors, has been by me compared with the original, and that it is a correct transcript therefrom and of the whole of such original Order as the same appears of record and on file at my office and in my custody.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court this 12th day of January, 1921.
(Seal) H. S. Brimhall, Clerk. 1-13 14

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Tillamook County.

A. E. Alberding, Plaintiff, vs. J. H. Alberding, Defendant.

To J. H. Alberding, the above named defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint herein on file against you in the above entitled court and cause on or before six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to appear as aforesaid, the plaintiff will apply to the above named court for the relief prayed for in the complaint, to-wit: That the contract of marriage heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant be dissolved, and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable.

This summons is served upon you by virtue of an order made and entered by Honorable A. M. Hare, County Judge of Tillamook County, Oregon, dated the 29th day of December, 1920, requiring summons to be served upon you by publication for six consecutive weeks in the Tillamook Headlight, and the date of the first publication is the 30th day of December, 1920, and the date 3rd day of February, 1921.

BOTTS & WINSLOW,
Attorneys for Plaintiff
Postoffice Address: Tillamook, Ore. 12-3016

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Tillamook County.

Edna M. Reinhart, Plaintiff, vs. Frederick W. Reinhart, Defendant.

To Frederick W. Reinhart, defendant above named.

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, you are hereby required to appear and answer to the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, in the above entitled Court on or before the 3rd day of February 1921, and if you fail to so appear and answer for want thereof plaintiff will apply to said court for the relief prayed for in her complaint, to-wit: a dissolution of the marriage contract now existing between plaintiff and defendant and for such further relief as to the Court may seem just and equitable.

This summons is published by order of Honorable Geo. R. Bakley, Judge of the above entitled Court, made this 20th day of December 1920.

First publication shall be December 23, 1920 and the last publication shall be February 2, 1921.

Barriek & Hall Attorneys for Plaintiff, Tillamook, Or. 12-3317

Notice To Creditors

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of Tillamook County Oregon, administrator of the estate of Jessie C. Taggart Ward, Deceased, and all persons holding claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same to the undersigned at his residence at Neskowin, Oregon, or at the office of Botts & Winslow, Tillamook, Oregon, duly verified according to law, on or before six months from the date of this notice.

Dated this 5th day of January, 1921.

Oscar E. Taggart, Administrator of the Estate of Jessie C. Taggart Ward, Deceased. 1-6 18

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