**Need A New Range?** Kitchen Hardware and Cooking Utensils Paint to Brighten up the Furniture **Farming Implements** See our new and complete kine of these articles

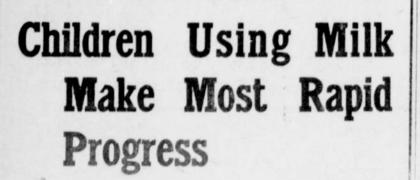
Page Six

Oregon

ALEX MCNAIR & CO. Tillamook.

LIME 28 W LAMB-SCHRADER CO.

COAL-CEMENT



Fifty two thousand five hundred children of Los Angeles were questioned as to the amount of milk they consumed daily, their ages were recorded and heights and weights obtained. The heights and weights of these children were compared on the basis of their consumption of milk, and the figures revealed the startling fact that in every age, without exception, the milk-using children were taller and weighed more than the non-milk using children. It was also found that the milk-using children made more rapid progress in their studies. In every grade the milk-using children were slightly younger than the non-milk using children. The milk using children gaised on the average 2.28 years on the non-milk using children, from the kindergarten to the eighth grade.

EVERY CHILD SHOULD HAVE A QUART OF RAW MILK DAILY. ORDER GOLDEN ROD DAIRY CLAR-IFIED MILK.

### THE TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT

Bruce offered a clear target. And at that instant Bruce had drawn the leather wallet from the tree. Curiosity alone stayed Simon's finger as Bruce had opened it. He saw the gleam of the white paper in the dim to weigh him down you can get down light; and then he understood.

sights before he fired. Yet the sight Ross agreement on which had hung victory or defeat-sent a violent imulse through all his nervous system. for the first time in his memory his feflexes got away from him.

the trigger. He had not taken his usual deliberate aim, although he had seen Bruce's figure clearly between the sights the instant before he fired. bone, and he had no reason to think | creeping toward the house, that the hasty aim meant a complete He did realize, however, thes up over his sights to see the result of keep out of his sight. his shot. His self-control had completely returned to him; and he was

his rifle to shoot again. thrown her own body as a shield between.

Simon spoke then-a single, terrible oath of hatred and jealousy. But in a second more he saw his triumph. Bruce swayed, reeled and fell in Linda's arms, and he saw her half-drag

him into the house. He stood shivering, but not from the cold that the storm had brought. "Come on," he ordered Young Bill. "I think we've downed him for good, but we've got to get that paper."

But Simon did not see all things of the little drama that had followed his shot from ambush.

and twists, and among other things, the rifle fire that Linda had opened symptoms are mislending. There is They are expected to reel, to throw lover on his bed, then go back to the After the first hundred yards the their do not usually happen in real life.

took one rather long, troubled breath. Hight was almost gone; it hissed and at night. Many a frontlersman has And he did look somewhat puzzled. glowed in the wet snow. Then he looked down at his shoulder. "I'm hit, Linda," he said in a quiet

way. "I think just a scratch." The tremendous shock of any kind of wound from a thirty-forty caliber bullet had not seemingly affected him outwardly at all. Some hours were to pass before he completely understood. The truth was that the shock of that rifle bullet, ordinarily striking a blow of a half-ton, had cost him for the moment an ability to make any logical interpretation of events. The girl moved swiftly, yet without giving impressio very close and ir front of him. In one lightning movement she had made of her own body a shield for his, in case the assassin in the covert should shoot again. Her arms went about and seized his shoulders. "Stagger," she whispered quickly. "Pretend to fall. It's he one chance to save you." He dispelled the mists in his own rain and obeyed her. He swayed, and ter arms went about him. Then he fell forward. Her strong arms encircled his waist and with all her magnificent young strength she dragged him to the door. It was noticeable, however-to all eyes except Bruce's-that she kept her own body as much as she could between him and the ambush. In an instant they were in the darkened room. Bruce stood up, once more wholly master of himself. "You're not hurt bad?" she asked

"Don't you see?" he demanded. Into the kitchen. In the dim match-"You can make it out without me. I'm wounded and bleeding, and can't tell how long I can keep up. We've gone-on Dave's horse," he said only got one horse, and without me "Thank God, they've only got one only got one horse, and without me to the courts-"

was to look a long time between the seconds ally more. I won't go with-sights before he fired. Yet the sight out you. I mean it. If you stay here, "You mean-" Bill's eyes w of that document-the missing Folger- I do, too. Believe me if you ever believed anything,"

It had meant too much; and his fin-ger pressed back involuntarily against more and she swung up behind him. astonishingly short period of time. tain

Bruce had worked like mad, wholly disregarding his injured arm. Just them, and mounted swiftly. The dark-Simon was a rifleman, bred in the beyond, Simon with ready rifle was ness swallowed them at once. 'Which way?" Bruce asked

"The out-trail-around the mounes of night shooting-s real- tain," she whispered. "Simon will that all men who have lingered overtake us on the other-he's got a dusk in the duck blind experi- magnificent horse. Of the mountain oner or later-and he looked trail we'll have a better chance

She spoke hurriedly, yet conveyed her message with entire clearness. perfectly cold about the whole matter. They knew what they had to face, From the first second he knew he these two. Simon and whoever of the had not completely missed. He raised clan was with him would lose no time What in springing in pursuit. They each them was mostly to But Bruce's body was no longer re- had a strong horse, they knew the for the message had gone forth over vealed. Linda stood in the way. It trails, they carried long-range rifles the wilderness that the cold had come looked as if she had deliberately and would open fire at the first glimpse to stay. The little gnawing folk, of the fugitives. Bruce was wounded; emerging for another night's work at slight as the injury was, it would seri- filling their larders with food, crept

ously handicap them in such a test as to the remote trails, to lurk unseen in the thickets, and try to break through could they ever succeed.

Linda took the reins and pulled out warmth of their last winter's dens, and of the trail, then encircled a heavy they began to long for them again. wall of brush. She did not wish to take the risk of Simon seeing their the ground. The girl made no effort forms in the dimming lightning and to guide him. The lightning had all

clearly. He had little real knowledge back into the trail and headed into become apparent that only by trustthe storm. .

upon the clan to wish to approach cepted way for men to act when the house with care. It would be sky; the trail was wholly invisi they are struck with a rifle bullet. wholly typical of the girl to lay her beneath them

arms wide, and usually to cry window to wait for a sight of his had no way of knowing that the horse out. The only trouble with these ac- assassin. She could look straight was actually on the trail. While an tions, as men who have been in bat- along a rifle barrel! A few moments | mals in the light of day cannot s tiefields know very well, is that they were lost as Young Bill and himself nearly so far or interpret nearly encircled the thickets, keeping out of clearly as human beings, they usuall

They crept up from the shadow,

light the truth went home to him. He turned, eyes glittering. "They've horse between 'em and can't go fast. You ride like h-1 up the trail toward the store-they might have gone that Simon was a man of rigid, unwaver- "And leave you here to be mur-ing self-control; and his usual way dered? Oh, don't waste the precious way. Keep close watch and shoet

"You mean-" Bill's eyes widened "Mean! I mean do as I say. Shoot by sound, if you can't see 'em, and Once more the lightning revealed don't lose another second or I'll shoot her face, and on it the determination you, too. Aim for the man if a of a zealot. He knew that she spoke chance offers-but shoot, anyway, the truth. He climbed with some diffi- Don't stop hunting till you find themthey'll duck off in the brush, sure. If they get through, everything is lost. The entire operation had taken an I'll take the trail around the moun

They raced to their horses, untied

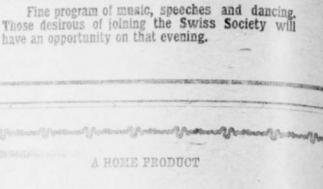
#### CHAPTER XXIX

In the depth

down into the scarcely less impene this. Their one chance was to keep | trable darkness of their underground burrows. Even the bears, whose furry coats were impervious to any ordinary to safety. And they knew that only by cold, felt the beginnings of the coldthe doubtful mercy of the forest gods trance creeping over them. They were remembering the security and

The horse walked slowly, head near opening fire so soon. Then she turned | but censed; and in an instant it had ing to the animal's instinct could the • trall be kept at all: almost at once Human nature is full of odd quirks Simon had clear enough memory of all sense of direction was lost to them The snow and the darkness obscure

Bruce, with Linda's eyes upon him, the glean of the smoldering tree. Its seem to make their way much better been saved from death by realization of this fact; and, bewildered by the and holding their rifles ready, opened ridges, has permitted his dog to lead the door. They were somewhat sur- him into camp. But nature has never devised a creature that can see in the utter darkness, and the gloom that enfolded them now seemed simply unfathomable. Bruce found it increasingly hard to believe that the horse's eyes could make out any kind of dim pathway in the pine needles. The feeling grew on him and on Linda as well, that they were lost and aimlessly wandering in the storm. Of all the sensations that the wilderness can afford, there are few more dreadful to the spirit than this. It is never pleasant to lose one's bearingsand in the night and the cold and miles from any friendly habitation it is particularly hard to bear. Bruce felt the age-old menace of the wilderness as never before. It always seemed to be crouching, walting to take a man at a disadvantage; and like the gods that first make mad those whom they would destroy, it doesn't quite play fuir. He understood now certa vilderness tragedles of which he ha heard; how tenderfeet-lost amon the ridges-had broken into a wild run that had ended nowhere except in exhaustion and death. Bruce himself felt a wild desire to lash his horse into a gallop, but he forced it back with all his powers of will. His calmer samer self explained that folly with entire clearness. It yould mean panic for the horse, and then a quick and certain death, either at the foot-of a precipice or from a blow from a low-hanging limb seemed to be feeling eather than seeing. in the darkness; and for a long time hey rode almost in silence. Then Bruce felt the girl's breath as she whispered.



NOVEMBER

. CELEBRATION .

For Swiss People Only

SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 2

AT WOODMAN HALL, TILLAMOOK, OREGON

# Golden Crust Bread

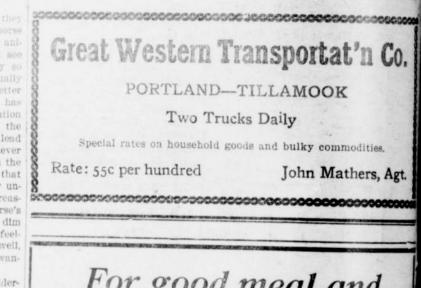
MADE IN TILLAMOOK FOR TILLAMOOK PEOPLE

CARRIED AT THE FOLLOWING GROCERIES

THE SATISFACTION STORE CONOVER & CONOVER BURGE GROCERY HONEY & HEUSSER

PATRONIZING HOME INDUSTRY IS ONE WAY TO CUT DOWN TAXES

1 Deallaces Maria Norse Norse



FRIDAY, HOVENBER 24 IN

## Golden Rod Dairy

Both Phones

Erwin Harrison, Prop.

# WE LEAD --- OTHERS FOLLOW In Quality And In Price **Business is Good**

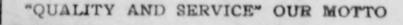
### Tillamook Tire Company

## E.F. ROGERS



Pipe and Pipeless Furnaces

We Mepair Radiators and Do Guarantee Them.



12-9

quickly "No. Just a deep scratch in the

just must have grazed me. But it's cover Bruce and herself in the act of "Then there's no time to be lost."

again to his shoulder. "Don't you threshold. see-he'll be here in a minute. We'll steal out the back door and try to had been in ritle duels before. They In one instant he had grasped the

idea; and he laughed softly in the gloom. "I know. I'll snatch two blankets and the food. You get the them, horse.

She sprang out the kitchen door and he hurried into the bedrooms. He snatched two of the warmest blankets from the beds and hurled them\_over his shoulder. He hooked he camp ax on his belt, then hastened nto the little kitchen. He took up he little sack containing a few pounds jerked venlson, spilled out a few pieces for Elmira, and carried itwith a few pounds of flour-out to meet Linda. The horse still stood saddled, and with deft hands they tled on their supplies and fastened the blankets in a long roll in front of the saddle.

"Get on," she whispered. "Fil get up behind you." She spoke in the utter darkness;

he felt her breath against his check. Then the lightning came dimly and showed him her face. "No, Linda," he replied quietly.

bon are going alone-She cut him off with a despairing my. "Oh, please, Bruce-I won't! I'll stay here, then-



### It Was Old Elmira, Cold and Sinister as a Rattler in Its Lair.

prised to find it unlocked. The truth was it had been left thus by design; Linda did not wish them to encircle arm muscle near the shoulder. Builet the house to the rear door and dis-

departure. The room was in darkness, and the two lotruders rather Her hands in her engerness went expected to find Bruce's body on the

These were mountain men; and they ride down to the courts before they had the sure instincts of the beasts of prey in the hills without, and among other things they knew it wasn't wise to stand long in an open doorway with the firelight of the ruined pine behind

> They slipped quickly into the dark-Dess. Then they stopped and listened. The room was deeply silent. They couldn't hear the sound that both of them had so confidently expected-the faint breathing of a dying man. Simon struck a match. The room was quite deserted.

"What's up?" Edu demanded. Simon turned toward him with a scowl, and the match flickered and burned out in lus fingers. "Keep your ritle ready. He toay be hiding somehere still able to a

One of their frees was in this room

-an implacable foo whose eyes were | ward Simon's stables." glittering and strange in the matchtight. But it was neither Bruce nor arm back to her. "Linda, try to be Linda. It was old Elmira, cold and atnister as a rattler in its lair. Simon & chance." cursed her and hurried on.

swung through into Bryce's room. lighted another match, theo darted

"Bruce," she snid. "Let's be brave and look this matter in the face. De you think we've got a chance?"

He role a long time before he answered. He groped desperately for a word that might bring her cheer, but was hard to find. The cold seemed to deepen about them, the remorseless snow beat into his face.

"Linda," he replied, "It is one of the mercles of this world for men always to think that they've got a chance. Maybe it's only a cruelty in our case.

"I think I ought to tell you something else. I haven't the least way of knowing whether we are on the right trail,"

"I knew that long ago. we are on any trail at ail."

They stole to the door of Linda's know how many torks it has. We room and listened. Then they threw might have already got on a wrong it wide. One. Perhaps the horse is turned about and is heading back home-to-

She spoke dully, and he thrust his brave," he urged. "We can only take

The horse ploubed a few more Holding his rivie like a chub, be stops. "Bravel To think that it is ron that has to encourage me-instand of my trying to keep up your (Continued nort wooth)

# For good meal and real service BUNGALOW CAFE

DON'T LET THE RAINY DAYS STOP YOUR MOVING The City Transfer IS PREPARED TO SEND EXPERIENCED PACKERS

INTO YOUR HOME WITH CANVAS TO COVER ALL YOUR GOODS

CALL US DAY OR NIGHT

Our Motto: Quick service and reasonable rates.

