The Voice of the Pack

By EDISON MARSHALL

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SNOWBIRD SAVES DAN.

Synopsis.—Warned by his grandfather that he has not more than six months to live, Dan Failing sets out determined to find the secret of dueling where he should spend those six months. Memories of his grandfather's stories of the days of the Vikings of the wild help him in reaching a decision. He visits the metropolitan slum city to meet people who had known and loved Snowbird, Dan's mother, but finds them all dead. He makes his way to Flint Lenora, a typical westerner. The only other members of the household are Lenora's son, Dick, and Snowbird, Dan's mother. The whole is in the Limpopo divide, and there Failing plans to live out the few months of life which he has before him. From the first Failing's beauty of face and form, his impressiveness, and in the companionship of Lenora and his son and daughter, Snowbird, he is reminded of his dead love next to his own. By quick thinking and a remarkable display of "horse" he saves Lenora's life and his own when they are attacked by a bear. Failing and Lenora decide in a remarkably short time to be married. Failing's fellow cowboys are amazed to learn of the bride's existence. Cranston shows Failing's dead mother to the dead. Whisperfoot, the mountain lion, kills Lenora's pet dog. Failing kills Whisperfoot after a struggle. Just after quieting the mate for human flesh, Dan discovers Cranston in the act of setting a forest fire.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

Dan felt himself straighten; and the color mounted to his face higher in his brown cheeks. But he did not try to answer the insult. 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 to be two days' journey apart did not even occur to him. When the insult is great enough, the distance cannot possibly matter. Cranston was hated as one hates a hooded and sexless parasite in weight. Dan did not touch the insult. He accepted it as 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 reply. It remains for human—that age-old creed to answer blow for blow and insult for insult. Of course the inference was obvious—that Dan was arresting the fire in the ends, of his late attempt at arson. Cranston glanced up quickly, and might be true that his fingers twitched and clutched about the butt of his rifle. He knew what Dan meant. He understood perfectly that his life hung balanced by purpose on the mountain slope. Another inch and it might have been over—and Dan knew it.

"What a smart little boy," he sneered. "Shouldn't be a blueboy Holmes when he grows up? Maybe he'll half turned and the light in his eyes blazed up. He was not used to being opposed. The mountains were his domain to play at fruit very long. There had never been any one to say no to him, and then went the warmth of those eyes that frightened Dan, and his voice guttural. "Maybe you're a spy?" he asked. "Maybe you're up here on a state—to come and watch us, and then go and tell the forest service. You're two things. Failing, that I want you to know."

Dan puffed at his pipe, and his eyes narrowed thoughtfully. He struck a match of smoke. "I'm not interested in hearing them," he said.

"It might pay you," Cranston went on. "One of 'em is that one man's word is good as another's in a court—and it would be your say against mine. Dan down and tell tales. A man can fight his fights in his own way and without the courts being interested. The second thing to remember is that I think you'd find it a healthy thing to do."

"I suppose, then, that is a threat?" Dan's eyes lifted a little. He had not laughed harshly—a single, grim satisfable thing that he had not uttered. It's a fact. Just try it. Failing, and you'll see. Dan, I'm sorry in that direction. You—you're not the only one. I'd have to kill you, too, you know."

For such can make a thing, without effort, so colossal that it becomes a power unto itself. And anger is a primitive thing, going back to the most primitive days of the world. Dan knew, Cranston spoke. He had killed Stacey Lloyd in a fit of rage with his rifle, and he half leaned forward.

Dan blanched over the words in his lap. It was the only answer he could make, and all the hard words were utilized. The two men looked at each other for a long moment, each shaken by passion.

"I give you," said Dan with overdeliberate, an opportunity to take that back. Just about two seconds."

He stood very straight as he spoke—and his eyes were as cold as flint and as hard. It would be to the truth to say that his heart was not beating as fast as a wild thing in his breast. A dark mist was clouding his vision, and he felt his brain; but yet he was striving to keep his thoughts clear, and he knew without seeming to do so, he was setting his feet more firmly in the soil.

The only answer to his words was a sneer, and Dan knew that the life of Cranston's dark lips. In his brightest moments Cranston was a coward. But now a change, feeble

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ORANG FEARED THE CAMERA

Photographer's Presence of Mind Probably Saved Him From Death or Fearful Injury.

As a rule orangoutangs, the fiercest of the apes, are caught young and trained before they are shipped to Europe and the United States, but a few of these animals that arrived in London recently had been caught in the wild. One was considered a very tame, wisely-looking animal, and as soon as it was put in a photograph him.

The man entered the ape's cage as he had entered many others. He was not afraid, for he knew from past that he was not the animal was intent on food, and the man would have stood beside it all day without being molested.

But he had only chance was to use his camera as a weapon. Making a sudden movement, he pointed the camera at the orang and pressed the button. The animal, which had never seen a camera before, was startled by the click, and, thinking that the man was going to attack him, sprang at him with a terrible roar.

The Battle of the Mountains were Battles to the Death.

red serpents. They partake more of the nature of the dragon than of the ordinary worm and fellows. After the first rain they appear in the valleys and in the whole hillside. The sound of blows is then heard and the fight begins. Many of the men were bowling the grass, and the serpents were lashing the ground with their tails.

For two long minutes Dan found the strength of his desperation, even meeting at last at the end of his arm. He felt the hot blood of his enemy, and knew that he had not struck in vain. He had suffered but taken too much for granted. He had not counted on the fact that the men were the more powerful physically, the yellow eyes were the more cunning. Cranston was a coward and he knew it, but he was also a man of the woods, and used to the life that was rough and hard. He did not know how to use his fists, but he knew how to use the strength that was in them.

Dan blinked and tried to shake the fog. It was the only answer he could make, all the hard words were utilized. The two men stood face to face, each shaken by passion.

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34,249 YANKS FALL IN WAR

Wounded Numbered 224,089, Accord- According to Surgeon General Ireland.

Washington, D. C.—Final figures on army casualties in the World war are contained in the annual report of Surgeon General Ireland, showing 34,249 killed and 224,089 wounded.

The proportion of killed to wounded is about the same as in the Civil war, although mortality from gunshot wounds in the World war was only six per cent in the Civil war.

The report said this indicated that improved surgical and sanitary methods in the former war had saved the lives of 7.34 per cent of all American soldiers wounded.

Aged Couple Marry.

Cumberland, Wis.—Mrs. Mattie De John of this city and Christian Barker of St. Paul were married recently in St. Paul. The bride is ninety-

THE NEW WAYS OF SPRING SUITS

"AND so they lived happily ever afterward" is never written in the story of styles, for they pass from one to another, and change all the time in new phases. We have arrived at the most exciting chapter in the story of spring suits, for the exuberance of the youthful figure has come into its own. Just when the new lines of styles for spring and summer appeared to be accentuated and the time to write "the end" seemed near along came the unexpected wasp waistline to absorb our interest.

Among them there are distinctive models, probably inspired by the Paris openings, that have long coats but these are not the suits that occupy our attention. It is the new ways in which the first three lessons have been applied to the short jacket suits. Two of these new versions are set forth in the suits pictured above. Besides the suits that proved successful from the first, but embodying details that are entirely new. At the left of the picture is a three box coat of Chinese inspiration worn true to form with a one piece dress and its Dan's eyes, glorious beyond all.

He opened his tortured eyes. The mists lifted from the heart of them, and all the whole drama was revealed. It had not been sudden nor was it premeditated. Cranston from his body. Just when his victim's failing insensibility would have put him completely in his power. Esther it was something black and sinister that even now was pointed squarely at Cranston's breast.

Now for such a ranger of the hill had heard the sounds of the struggle, and had set the leaping pace at the spring to come to Dan's aid. It was deserted, very pale but wholly self-sufficient and determined and intent. He 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 failing over him were none nearly the result of the tremendous physical exertion. Now these mists were rising far away. The first was dazed wondering. "I think you've killed him," he suggested. He rose to find the kneeling stone beside him, but still remained unsteady. He put his hand and was resting on his bruised cheek. He couldn't have believed that a boy's man face could be so white, while life remained, and he was very thin. All through this that had been such a delight to him, the play of soft reds and golds had faded as an afterglow fades on the mountains.

"Dan," he said more sternly here to Cranston. He was standing now on the edge of a dozen feet, and waited 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 man. They knew and have always a passion of living that is wholly unknown on the plains; they are blessed a certain quality of imperturbability known only to the Orient. Now it is found in the native-born mountaineers. No man who insidiously knows a member of that curious, leavened little army of surveyors and forest rangers who go to the north woods every fall, or engineers and geologists who work usually as the waterfowl go in spring, but he knows that they have found a passion for living that is wholly unknown on the plains; they are blessed with