

FORBIDDEN VALLEY

by William Byron Mowery

Synopsis: Curt Tennyson has been persuaded by his former chief in the Royal Mounted to undertake one more man hunt. The quarry is Igor Karkhan, notorious international crook. The trail has led Curt and his partner, Paul St. Claire, to a tiny settlement in the Canadian northwest called Russian Lake. Curt has rescued Sonya, Nicholas from the evil designs of a half-breed, and now Sonya is telling her savior the history of the Cossack post that was the original settlement at Russian Lake. In retaliation for years of torture and tribute, the Klosshees Indians had attacked the Cossacks, Sonya says.

Chapter 12

THE OLD FORT

Back yonder on the island she had stood up to an ugly danger like a man, yet she was exquisitely feminine by comparison. Rosalie Marlin looked almost unlikable. He wished he could stop thinking so unfavorably of Rosalie.

"Are you intending to be here at Russian Lake very long, Miss Nichols?"

"We're leaving tomorrow morning."

Curt felt disappointed to hear she was going away so soon. Aside from her being a girl, she was a person worth getting better acquainted with. The strangeness about her baffled and fascinated him. She was like the breath of some rare perfume, delicate, unforgettable. Her old world manner, the Spartan courage she had shown, and her splendor of brownish golden hair, made him think of a girl out of some old Scandinavian saga.

They drew near the shore. Somewhere among the Russian ruins a horned owl hooted its weird, light-colored call. Curt pointed at the dim outlines of the post and tried to make talk.

"I suppose you've heard the wild yarns about that place, Miss Nichols?"

"Those 'yarns' aren't half as wild

as the real facts. Father Leeperance was telling me yesterday about the actual history of this old fort. You see, he discovered the records. They were hidden in a niche above the main door, and a stone tumbled during a thunderstorm, and that's how he happened to find them."

While they drifted on in the sketchy light of a hundred years ago, a tribe of Indians, the Klosshees, had lived around the shores of Russian Lake. The Cossacks came inland, subjugated them by trickery, forced them to bring stone and make the buildings; and then began robbing, extorting, torturing.

In a single generation the Klosshees dropped from a tribe of 400 people to a mere remnant of 80. But then an avalanche fell upon the fort one night, an avalanche of vengeance, which had been damming up for 20 years.

"While the Cossacks were drinking heavily," said Sonya, "the eighty surviving Klosshees massacred them all, burned their bodies in one huge pyre; and their old shaman laid the dread Thunder Curse on the place. Only the priest was left alive."

"It was a summer night like tonight," Sonya added. "Eight men who escaped the first ruin, barricaded themselves in one of the rooms, but the Klosshees chopped the door off its hinges and killed them. I imagined I could still see the dark stains on the walls of that room."

Curt thought that the Indians he had seen on the landing that afternoon were pretty mild set to be descendants of the fiery tribe who had battled the Cossacks to a standstill, returning massacre for extortion.

"They've certainly come down a notch," he remarked. "They're as peaceful as coast Siwash now."

"Oh, you're mistaken; the Indians around here aren't Klosshees," she corrected him. "They're descendants of another band that used to live down toward Tillamook. The Klosshees fled back into the mountains after that massacre, and they've stayed there ever since. They're an almost unknown band. They live up north in the Lilluar headwaters, and keep themselves isolated from other tribes, and they won't let white people come into their territory at all."

Curt recalled a time when he had sat on the pier at Fort McMurray with Inspector Jamieson of the Indian bureau, and Jamieson had told him about a "lost" tribe in the Lilluar mountains. These Klosshees might be the tribe Jamieson meant.

According to Jamieson's account they were a wild and unapproachable clan, but not treacherous like the nomads of the Siikanni and Nakkani countries. He had so far persuaded the Indian bureau to let them alone because they minded their freedom so pathetically.

Gliding ashore, he beached the third's canoe and started up the beach with his companion. As he watched her moccasins play in and out of the yellow circle of light that he directed at the trail, he thought what small things they were—smaller even than Regina Ducharme's.

Once when her head bobbed close to his he caught the faint odor of thyme perfume, and it put him in mind of the thyme-scented kerchief which had unlocked that Spanish consul case for him in Montreal. But what a difference between that soft, pale woman and this clean-limbed, vital girl a side!

The touch of her hand on his arm, as he guided her past root-snags and shielded her from brush flipping

back, was an experience such as he had never know with Rosalie Marlin. Although he had been acquainted with her so short a time, he felt the impact of her personality, a very positive and competent force.

"The fort looked up just ahead. Startlingly near, the owl sounded its weird call again. Curt reached down for a stone and sent it clattering against the old building. A soft winged shadow passed over them and they heard the angry clicking of the bird's bill."

At the door he flipped the light on the massive rock walls and the broad purplest twenty-five feet high where soldiers once paced sentry-go to night. A clump of devil's club nearly choked the entrance. He pushed a way through the clump, and they stepped into the gloomy hallway that led down the center.

There were six rooms on the ground floor, but the second story was one big room, probably the Cossack assembly place. The roof had partly fallen in; the floor above had rotted, leaving only the thick beams, the dust of many generations covered everything, but otherwise the ruin lay there as it had been left on the night of the massacre, one hundred and twenty years ago.

Down the dusty hallway led a fresh moccasin track, small and dainty. Curt knew it was Sonya's on some previous expedition. She certainly had nerve, to visit that place alone!

At the far end of the corridor she pointed to the doorway of the room at their left. In the hushed silence Sonya lowered her voice to a whisper.

"The massacre room, Mr. Ralston. Those last eight Cossacks barricaded themselves here. These blows were from the copper axes of the Klosshees as they broke down the door."

(To be continued)

In the first quarter of this year more than \$9,000,000 worth of linen manufactures were imported into the United States.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

By Frederic J. Haskin

Q. What is the technical name for cannibalism? A.J.L.

A. It is technically termed anthropophagy and existed at one time or another over the greater part of the earth.

Q. What English king was first called "Defender of the Faith"? L.N.

A. Henry VIII. The title was conferred upon him in 1521 by Leo X as a reward for writing "Assertio septem sacramentorum" in answer to Luther. The title was afterward confirmed by Parliament and has since been used by all British sovereigns.

Q. What are the various methods of garbage disposal? R.J.W.

A. There are numerous methods of garbage disposal, the principal ones being burial, ploughing into the soil, feeding to hogs, reduction process, and incineration. The last named is becoming increasingly popular.

Q. What kinds of exercise will develop good posture in a small child? A.T.

A. The Children's Bureau says that exercise and play that include creeping, balancing, running, jumping, skipping on tip toe, climbing, swinging by the arms, and throwing, bring about the best all-round development of the body and in a healthy child lay the best foundation for good posture.

Q. Was Mary Anderson the first actress to be referred to as "Our Mary"? L.R.

A. Mary Taylor, who in 1851 and 1852 was the idol of New York theatergoers, was presented with a silver service inscribed "To Our Mary."

Nightie and Jacket for Self or Gift

Xmas Just Around Corner, It's Not Costly to Make

By HELEN WILLIAMS

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished with Every Pattern

Who said feminine! Satin, pink and lovely is today's model.

The nightie wraps the figure in sheath-like slowness. It has an adorable little matching jacket. The neck frill is of tulle chiffon.

It's as simple as falling off a log to make it.

All you need is a length of material and about two hours of your time. Run the seams up on the sewing machine. To give French accent, roll the hem, finish the armholes with self-bias binds, sew the ruffle to the neck and roll the edges of the sash by hand.

And let me tell you, its small cost will amaze you.

Style No. 3097 is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards 39-inch material.

Price of Pattern 15 Cents

BEAUTY... FASHIONS... PATTERNS in the new book of Winter Fashions. Read how to RECAPTURE YOUR PERSONALITY... More ways to be the beauty it is your right to be. See what the cinema stars are wearing. You won't want to miss the new issue. It has soigne, if you know what we mean.

Send today for your copy, enclosing 10 cents in stamps or coin. This 10-cent investment will save you actual dollars on your winter wardrobe. Address Fashion Department. Be sure to fill in the size of the pattern.

Send stamps or coin (coin preferred).

Price of book 10 cents.

Price of pattern 15 cents.



Sundown Stories

SANTA'S ANSWER

By Mary Graham Bonner

The next morning Willy Nilly found a letter waiting for him from Santa Claus. This was what it said: "Dear Willy Nilly: It would indeed be a great help to me if you and your animal friends came to my workshop."

"I'll meet you just where you say

Tomorrow evening. I am looking forward to seeing all of you.

"Your affectionate friend,

"Santa Claus."

Willy Nilly jumped up and down with joy. His animal friends had never seen the little man happier. He says we may go! Santa Claus is expecting us. He is going to meet us! Willy Nilly shouted.

"Now we must get out the automobile Two-Ways as soon as we've closed up everything here, for we'll be away quite a little while."

Top Notch went around cawing: "We're going to visit Santa Claus!" Christopher Columbus Crow cawed: "I'll be the only Crow to discover where Santa Claus lives!"

The Ducks and Chickens quacked and shouted: "All aboard for Santa's workshop. Quack, quack, quack, cheers, cheers, cheers!"

Rip, the Dog, wagged his tail and jumped around barking and shouting—making believe he was Santa: "Good dog, Rip!"

Willy Nilly was busy looking windows, and now he was getting warm shawls and sweaters and carrying them out to his automobile, Two-Ways. They were all ready to start!

Tomorrow—The Blizzard.



Out from a cloud of smoke stepped a tiny old woman.

Santa returns to Toyland one Christmas morning with a white woolly dog. He finds that Mrs. Santa has made a doll, "Christina." The Queen of Fairies gives the dog a magic collar.

Chapter III
THE WITCH'S VISIT

When Santa gets back to Toyland after filling all our stockings he takes a little vacation. He rides around the beautiful white North Pole behind his reindeer.

He watches Mrs. Santa make candied apples. He even makes snowballs and throws them into the sky where his friend the North Wind blows them apart into white puffs of snow.

This year was particularly merry, because there were Christina and the white woolly dog. They went everywhere with Santa, and even sat on doll high chairs at the dinner table.

But when Santa could smell the Spring on the winds he set to work. Fairies got out their needles to make doll dresses. Elves began hammering away at toy wagons and trains. Such a bustle! Santa was making toys for the next Christmas.

Down at the end of the huge Toyshop was a great, open fireplace where the fairy cooks tend a good-smelling oven in which ginger cookies are baked. They make dozens each day and store them in cupboards.

But suddenly this year the fire

seemed to go out all the time. The cookies in the oven would spoil, and the fairies would have to start all over.

This worried Christina, and the white woolly dog just sat nearby with his tail limp on the floor. Then one afternoon late the fire went out and from a cloud of smoke stepped a tiny old woman.

"Stop making fires," she demanded. "My bats live in this chimney now."

She was a witch and the fairies screamed tiny screams. But the woolly dog was brave. He scampered up and said, "Woof-woof."

The witch didn't even notice him. She had seen Christina.

"H-m-m-m," she said. "For once you've made a nice doll here. You see she was coming under the spell of the Queen of Fairies who had said everyone would love the rag doll."

The doll was frightened. She backed off, but the witch followed her.

"How would you like to ride on a bat's back?" the witch asked.

"Oh, please, I'd rather stay here," said the doll.

"Woof, go away," said the dog with all his wool hair standing right up on his back.

Suddenly a cloud of smoke puffed up around Christina and the witch and when it cleared away they both were gone.

Tomorrow: The Helpful Fairies

"Come along!" says the man from the inn to the boys.

"Hoory!" yells the Pluffy, "I'll like that!—And Ge!"

Perhaps he'll have something to give away free!"

MUTT AND JEFF

JEFF THE ESKIMOS ARE STRANGE PEOPLE! THEY KISS BY RUBBING NOSES—NOW WATCH ME GAIN THE FRIENDSHIP OF THAT ESKIMO BY RUBBING NOSES WITH HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER!

MUTT, YOU GOT A NOSE TO DO IT!

16GY WIGGY, 16GY WIGGY!

ONE GOOD RUB DESERVES ANOTHER

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

I'D HAVE SWORN I SAW HER COME IN HERE—

WE BOTH SAW HER—SHE'S GONE ON AROUND THE NEXT CORNER—HURRY—DON'T BE SO SLOW—

SOME FUN, EH SANDY?

ARR-R!

THERE IS HONOLULU—FIVE MORE DAYS AND YOU'LL LAND IN CALIFORNIA—

FIVE DAYS NOTHING—I'VE ORDERED A PLANE TO BE READY—I'M FLYING FROM HERE—

GREAT SCOTT MR. WARBUCKS—HAVE YOU CONSIDERED THE RISK?

OH, I'VE TAKEN WORSE RISKS AND I'M IN A HURRY—

THAT'S A SWELL CAR YOUR DOCTOR HAD! HOW MUCH DOES HE CHARGE A VISIT?

FI! DOLLARS!

GOOM! HOW MANY TIMES HAS HE BEEN TO YOUR HOUSE THIS MONTH!

THIRTY TIMES!

SO NOW YOU GIVE IN A HUNDRED FIFTY DOLLARS?

NO, NO! ONEY FIVE DOLLARS! HE MADE THE OTHER TWENTY NINE CALLS TRYING TO COLLECT IT!

THANKS!

THE GUMPS

STOP THIEF!

A PURSE HAS BEEN SNATCHED!

STOP THAT MAN!

HE GOT POCKET BOOK!

IT WAS ALL I HAD IN THE WORLD—I'VE BEEN SAVING UP THAT MONEY FOR THREE YEARS TO HAVE MY LITTLE CRIPPLED BOY OPERATED ON—THAT MONEY WAS TO PAY FOR THE OPERATION THAT WOULD HAVE SAVED HIM!

AND I KNOW THE GUY THAT TOOK IT—THAT TOOK MY LAY MY HANDS ON HIM—

ACROSS

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

1. Lame	2. Annex	3. Shape	4. Midey	5. Blavens	6. Lake	7. Jemshinder	8. Jeweller	9. Snare	10. Detergent	11. Underlain	12. Age	13. Composition for two	14. Plain	15. Grade	16. Number	17. Wears away	18. Word	19. Fragrant	20. Rivers; Spanish	21. Liquor	22. Exclamation	23. Famous	24. Human race	25. Pertaining to father and mother	26. Backed clay	27. Wicked	28. Greek letter	29. Bulbous; poet.
---------	----------	----------	----------	------------	---------	---------------	-------------	----------	---------------	---------------	---------	-------------------------	-----------	-----------	------------	----------------	----------	--------------	---------------------	------------	-----------------	------------	----------------	-------------------------------------	-----------------	------------	------------------	--------------------

DOWN

1. Quarried	2. Nourished	3. Unrefined	4. Metals	5. Pine Russian	6. Measure	7. Daniel Ford	8. Secure	9. Large stream	10. Flak from a moving boat	11. Convinced	12. Wing	13. Deeply implanted	14. May be a legacy	15. One less than 22	16. Superlative ending	17. Property left at death	18. Tavern	19. Taxes	20. Monkeys	21. Possessive	22. Operatic solo	23. Ardent	24. Medicinal plant	25. Tidings	26. Tree	27. Beverage
-------------	--------------	--------------	-----------	-----------------	------------	----------------	-----------	-----------------	-----------------------------	---------------	----------	----------------------	---------------------	----------------------	------------------------	----------------------------	------------	-----------	-------------	----------------	-------------------	------------	---------------------	-------------	----------	--------------

1. Toward the sky

2. Little child

3. Air; comb

4. Peers

1. Toward the sky

2. Little child

3. Air; comb

4. Peers

1. Toward the sky

2. Little child

3. Air; comb

4. Peers

1. Toward the sky

2. Little child

3. Air; comb

4. Peers

1. Toward the sky

2. Little child

3. Air; comb

4. Peers

1. Toward the sky

2. Little child

3. Air; comb

4. Peers

1. Toward the sky

2. Little child

3. Air; comb

4. Peers