



**The VALLEY of VOICES**  
by **GEORGE MARSH**  
AUTHOR OF  
"TOILERS OF THE TRAIL"  
"THE WHELPS OF THE WOLF"

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**THE TRACKS**

**SYNOPSIS**—With David, half-breed guide, Brent Steele, of the American Museum of Natural History, is traveling in northern Canada. By a stream he hears Denise, daughter of Col. Haire St. Onge, factor at Walling River, play the violin superbly. He introduces himself and accepts an invitation to make the post his home during his stay. He finds the factor worried and mystified. The "log chateau" is a real home. From St. Onge he learns of the mysterious creature of evil, the Windigo, and the disappearance of a canoe and its crew, with the season's take of furs. Then at night the Windigo gives a weird performance. Even Steele is mystified. David, Steele's Indian, and Michel, St. Onge's head-man, leave for the scene of the canoe's disappearance in an attempt to solve the mystery. St. Onge tells many a manager at Port Albany, seeks his rain in order to compel Denise to marry him to save her father. Steele and Denise fall in love.

**CHAPTER III—Continued**

"Like the white roads of your Touraine?" he replied. "I think I prefer the northern winter to the summer, but, of course, it is often grim and lean for the families of the hunters—for the women and children."

Her eyes clouded. "It is always so, for the women and children—they find life hard—here—in the north." For a long interval she was silent and he knew that her personal problem again haunted her thoughts.

Then the music-hungry Steele handed the bag containing the violin to its owner, with: "Please, anything you care to play that is not sad. Today, you know, you were to forget," and he smiled significantly.

Stretched at length, with hands behind head and closed eyes, Steele listened as the violin of the girl ran the gamut of the composers. Rhapsodies, love songs of many peoples, fragments of melodies he had never heard, mad dances of the Slavs, of the plains of Hungary, serenades of Spain and Italy, a riot of love and joy, redolent of moonlight and fragrant gardens, of ivied towers and old romance, she conjured for the enchanted ears of the man lying on a Canadian hilltop. For two hours the violin sang on the height above the forest.

And as he watched and listened, Steele often compared this girl he had known but days, to other women, who in the past had caught his fancy; and to his surprise, as he conjured them up, and contrasted them with the vivid personality of Denise St. Onge, the memories of the former blurred to insignificance. Slight as was his knowledge of her, the quality which was so patently a part of her—the mystery of personality, had wrought its spell.

At length she ceased playing, and asked: "Now would you like to hear something of my own?"

"It would be delightful!" "I call this, 'When Spring Comes North.'" And she broke into a gay melody filled with the rush of the brooks, the soft wind in the young birch leaves, the love songs of the returning birds.

"You have caught it all—the spring!" he applauded. "Please play it again!" But she shook her head. "Now I am to break my promise by playing 'Farewell.' We were to be gay today; if you do not care to hear it—?"

"Please play it! You mean farewell to summer?" Her face darkened as she replied with a characteristic shrug: "Farewell to summer—to everything!"

"Oh, you cannot mean that!" Without replying she drew her bow across the strings in a low minor and swiftly lost herself in a stark revelation of grief and despair.

As he listened he heard again the moaning of a heart without hope, the anguish of a tortured soul, which had first met his ears at the rapids. Seemingly she was voicing through her violin what she could not express in words, and the sympathy of his quick understanding went to the lonely girl with her unknown burden.

She ceased as swiftly as she had begun, and stood gazing out on the tranquil valley. He respected her mood by his silence, his brain active with conjecture, his emotions dangerously out of hand. Then the warning of the low sun called the girl from her brooding. She turned a wistful face as she said:

"I have broken my promise and have been very sad, monsieur." "You have been telling me much. In your 'Farewell,' mademoiselle, I only wish you could trust me—that

I could help you." There was momentarily in her eyes that which whipped the blood to his face as she said: "It was because you have the heart of a poet that I played my 'Farewell.' And I do trust you, Monsieur Steele, some time you may know—"

"Why some time, why not now, if I am to aid you?" he demanded impulsively.

But she only shook her head. Carrying the violin and rifle, Steele led the way down the trail to the post. They had reached a hollow at the foot of the ridge where the soil was spongy and moist, even in September, because of the springs beneath. Here and there in the forest mold, flowers vividly blue and fringed, bloomed on graceful stems beside the trail.

"Here are my gentians, monsieur!" cried Denise. "Are they not beautiful? I cannot make them grow so lovingly at home, it is not damp enough."

She bent and touched the petals of a flower, and looking up said: "I think I love them more than the other autumn—" she suddenly checked herself, her eyes widening. The man was staring at the trail beyond them.

"Monsieur!"

He turned to her, his puzzled look shifting to a smile. "Pardon me, your gentians are beautiful—but we should hurry or we shall be late at the post, and your father will wonder," he said, and started briskly up the trail, followed by the bewildered girl. He had walked but a few yards when a scream stopped him. With the lurch of a man falling, he fell on shaking hands, Charlotte swayed in the path behind them, her face gray with terror.

"Oh, what is it, Charlotte?" cried Denise St. Onge, as Steele strode past



"Then I Found More, Staying Here, Than You Did Down the River."

her, and seizing the palsied Ojibway by the arm, half carried her forward to her mistress.

"Please, mademoiselle," he insisted, "hurry along! I'll take care of Charlotte." It's nothing. She thinks she sees something, but it's only imagination." And he started with the moaning Indian, numb with fright.

"Nin! Nin!" wailed the Ojibway, finding her feet. "De trail! I see trail, m'au'selle! Run! Run!" And with feet spurred by fear, Charlotte led the way back to the post.

"What was it that you tried to hide from me?" demanded Denise, as she walked rapidly at his side, "I saw your face. There was something."

"It was nothing. It looked like a bear trail, only a bear trail, Charlotte is full of Tete-Boule's myths and was stampeded. She's been uneasy all day."

The doubting eyes of the girl searched his as they walked. "It is kind of you, monsieur," she said, "but you must not deceive me, I have to face this thing."

"You are not afraid—you do not believe in—"

"Afraid?" she cried passionately, "yes, I am afraid, of, oh, so many things. You do not realize—it is so hopeless!"

He was walking close to her, over-conscious of her nearness. Her shoulder touched his, and his pulse leaped at the contact. A loose strand of her hair brushed his cheek, and he felt the blood in his face. He was perilously near rash action, but he coveted her good will—and he feared the mystery in her—and the dignity.

"But is there no way out?" he managed to say, fighting for mastery of himself.

"Way out?" she repeated in a strained voice. "There is no way out

—for the lost," and as she quickened her pace, the heightened color of her face betrayed her. Like the strings of her violin she had vibrated to his emotion. Beyond the mystery and the despair, there was the woman, and he followed her swift feet over the trail with an elation he had never before known; with the resolve to fight through to the root of this mystery if it meant a winter on the snow.

"No way out for the lost," she had said, and he smiled as he repeated to himself. "But the lost has been found; the lost has been found." Mystery, Windigo, intrigue and magnetic eyes, she sighed, and passed on to get her favorite seat in the center, not too far front, not under the balcony, but next to the aisle.

"I am so glad that it is a DeWitt picture," she told her companion, Mr. Watkins, who lived at the boarding house, and was a quiet, intelligent, likeable man of fifty with graying hair and nice eyes. He was a widower and Miss Mifflin was a spinster, and their fellow boarders had tried to make a match between them, but, as old Mrs. Beebe said peevishly:

"There's no use expecting Sara Mifflin's going to do the sensible thing and take up with Mr. Watkins, who is quiet, home-loving and respectable, even if he does smoke an occasional cigar, she won't encourage him a bit except go to the movies with him, all because she's just fascinated with that wild actor, Lionel DeWitt."

"I am so glad that it is a DeWitt picture," repeated Sara Mifflin as she removed her hat and fluffed up her soft brown hair and smiled up at Mr. Watkins. He smiled down at her.

"Miss Lansdowne is playing, too," he said in a satisfied way.

"Phyllis Lansdowne and Lionel DeWitt? What a combination," she murmured wistfully, and perhaps a little enviously that lovely Miss Lansdowne should be playing opposite her idol.

"They are only pictured people on the screen," she said looking up at him, "but somehow they are so much alive to me."

"They would love to hear you say that," he told her with unaccustomed warmth.

"I suppose they have beautiful homes and families—and everything," mused Sara.

"Miss Lansdowne is happily married, I have heard, and I have also heard that DeWitt—that's his stage name of course—has been married but is a widower who would love to have a home and charming wife—but, perhaps, who can tell, perhaps the girl he loves doesn't love him! There you are!"

The orchestra was tuning up, and the manager came onto the stage and announced that Mr. Lionel DeWitt would appear in person that night and address a few words to the audience.

Sara Mifflin was stony-eyed. "I can hardly wait until after the picture is finished," she confided to Watkins, who appeared embarrassed enough by her own preference for another man.

The picture was on at last and Miss Mifflin sank back, wrapt in ecstatic silence. Once she unspinned a lovely pink rosebud from her wrap and whispered: "How I would love to toss this at him when he comes on to speak—he has always given me so much pleasure."

"If you will let me take the rose," said her companion gently, "I will see that he receives it."

"Oh, thank you—and say, please, that it is from an admirer, but you needn't say it is from a woman," she ended flutteringly.

The story of the picture was interesting. There was Lionel DeWitt as a young man going away on some far expedition for science—he takes farewell of his small family, his friends, and departs. He is lost in strange countries, captured and held prisoner for years by savage tribes, and at last returns home to find that his wife believes he is dead and has married again. Somehow it all works out to everybody's happiness, and the close-up shows husband and wife, looking into each other's eyes with steadfast faith. When the picture faded out to well-earned applause, Sara Mifflin turned to find that Mr. Watkins had disappeared.

"Gone to give him the rose," she thought gratefully.

The screen star was announced, the lights went up and Sara Mifflin craned her still pretty neck to see if he wore her rose.

He did! He also wore Mr. Watkins' handsome gray suit and his eyeglasses with the dangling black cord, and he had, also, Mr. Watkins' face and his nice smile and his deep thrilling voice.

"I never dreamed that was Lionel DeWitt sitting in front of me," whispered a young girl in back of Sara. "Excuse me, but are you Mrs. DeWitt?"

"No," whispered Sara happily, and turned her tear-filled eyes to the stage. He was bowing gracefully and leaving, soon he would be sitting beside her! What could she say to him?

He disappeared in a thunder of applause, and the lights went down. A comedy was thrown on the screen, and Sara Mifflin sat stiffly, never seeing a thing. At last she knew that he was beside her.

He leaned over so closely that she could smell the fragrance of her rose in his lapel. "Sara," he whispered, seeking her hand, "will you forgive the deception?"

Somehow, Sara's annoyance melted before the warmth in his voice. She felt the depth of the man's regard, his sincerity, his uprightness, and was he not her hero under any name?

"I love you, Sara," he murmured in her ear, and then her warm little hand slipped into his and remained there always

**Miss Mifflin's Hero**  
By **CLARISSA MACKIE**  
(Copyright.)

MISS SARA MIFFLIN paused in the entrance to the moving-picture theater to reassure herself Lionel DeWitt would play the leading part in the feature picture. Convinced of this, and smiling cordially at Mr. DeWitt's attractive picture and magnetic eyes, she sighed, and passed on to get her favorite seat in the center, not too far front, not under the balcony, but next to the aisle.

"I am so glad that it is a DeWitt picture," she told her companion, Mr. Watkins, who lived at the boarding house, and was a quiet, intelligent, likeable man of fifty with graying hair and nice eyes. He was a widower and Miss Mifflin was a spinster, and their fellow boarders had tried to make a match between them, but, as old Mrs. Beebe said peevishly:

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**Wit and Humor**

**SUCH IS LIFE**

A village doctor, summoned out of bed at an unseasonable hour and not in the best of humor, was just entering the home of his patient, when a late passer-by accosted him conversationally:

"Somebody sick in there, doc?" "Oh, no, indeed," replied the physician. "I'm just going to give him his music lesson."—American Legion Weekly.

**Fooled Her**  
Eben—Fooled that darned cow at last.  
Josh—How?  
Eben—Well, every night when I milk her she kicks me in the leg, so tonight I put the bucket where she kicks and she kicked it over, and her whole day's work is gone.—Allyston Recorder.

**Two Reasons**  
Old Boy—Tell me, young man, why is it that you take dinner every night at the restaurant?  
Young Man—Because I'm unmarried. And may I ask you in return why I see you here every night?  
Old Boy—Oh, yes; that's because I am married.—Stuttgart Wahre Jacob.

**Direction Makes a Difference**  
"Father," said Johnny, looking up from his book, "what is constructive criticism?"  
"Constructive criticism, my son, is a line of talk we hand out to others, which if others try it on us is called fault-finding."

**PLAYING SAFE**  
Tim—When do you intend to announce your engagement anyhow?  
Tom—Why—er—after I'm married, I think.

**Analysis and Synthesis**  
How often we will sadly find This spectacle pathetic: A man of analytic mind Whose gin was too synthetic!

**His View**  
Rector—Sandy, will you contribute a mite to help us put on a program at the kirk this week?  
Sandy—Weel, I think w' the kirk proper, the vestry and the school-rooms, we hae plenty w'out building any additions.—Allyston Recorder.

**Kind of Her**  
"Although I was late," said the new boarder, "I found the landlady had saved for me the tenderest part of the chicken."  
"What was that?" said the old boarder jealously.  
"Some of the gravy."

**A MEAN PUN**  
First Fly—Owl! Wow! I'm stuck fast!  
Second Fly—Caught in the jam, eh.

**Vacation Over**  
The frosty breeze is on the way And now we plainly see An office is a place to stay When golfing is N. G.

**Indeed, Yes**  
First Flapper—Bill is an optimist.  
Second Flapper—How do you make that out?  
First Flapper—He told me he always shaved just before he came to see me.

**Willing**  
"I would like to marry your daughter, sir."  
"Go ahead, if you want to. Better take her before snow flies. She wants a fur coat again."

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**POINTED PICKUPS**  
Whatever advice you give, be short.—Horace.

Fine feathers do not make fine birds for a pot pie.  
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.—Hamlet.

A matchmaker often gets her fingers burned.  
Impression made by beauty is more than skin deep.

Real gratitude is never ashamed of humble benefactors.  
Smarter, soothing, sticky eyes relieved by morning if Roman Eye Balsam is used when retiring. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Some men are born for matrimony, some achieve matrimony—but most of them are merely poor dodgers.  
Death brings to some people the only real knowledge of life they ever had.

Truth is strengthened by observation and time; pretense by haste and uncertainty.—Tacitus.  
A man is always anxious to help another if he sees a chance to help himself.

I am always at a loss to know how much to believe of my own stories.—Washington Irving.  
Some people can even make lead float where others will see their straw sink.—Yugo-Slav Proverb.

We may see all things come to somebody else if we only wait long enough.  
**Trailing by a Hair**  
Given a single hair the modern scientific tracker of criminals is able to discover with the aid of his microscope the sex, approximate age and nationality of its late owner.

**Pearls on Half Shell**  
A. J. Alpin while dining at the Putnam Inn on the Connecticut shore not long ago was served with a plate of oysters. Upon eating them, he one by one found three pearls, all apparently almost perfect specimens and graduated in size.

**Takes All Fun Out of 'Em**  
Gifts much expected are paid, not given.—Benjamin Franklin.

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