

The Valley of Voices

By GEORGE MARSH

Author of "Tollers of the Trail" "The Whelps of the Wolf" (Copyright by The Penn Publishing Co.) (W. N. U. Service.)

TETE-BOULE

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. Hilaire 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 Steele that Lascelles, the company's manager at Fort Albany, seeks his ruin in order to compel Denise to marry him to save her father. Steele and Denise fall in love. Steele finds the track of the Windigo—huge and much like a bear's. David finds the same thing.

CHAPTER IV

As he met Denise at the door of the factor's quarters, Steele said quietly: "Let's not talk of the bear trail tonight, mademoiselle." And the grateful look she gave him was ample reward for his tact.

"As I feared, monsieur, the men found nothing down river," said St. Onge as they sat down to the simple meal.

Not knowing whether Michel had as yet confided in the factor, Steele didn't mention the strange trail.

"It is certainly a puzzle, Colonel." "Yes, a riddle which will be solved in only one way, monsieur—by time. Some day when we have left the Walling River we may hear of the fate of my men."

"Then you have no faith in the Windigo theory of their disappearance?" Steele boldly challenged, with a curl of the lip.

The tired eyes of St. Onge twinkled. "So far as our Indians are concerned, monsieur, the Windigo will drive us out of the valley. But I am not prepared to say that the Windigo have my fur."

Brent Steele was narrowly on the point of demanding that his host put his cards on the table face up. St. Onge's failure to take his guest fully into his confidence was irritating to a degree. As he ate in silence, the American promised himself that there should shortly be a showing of hands or he would go south at once. Then the brooding eyes of Denise St. Onge met his and he realized what it would mean to leave Walling River to its fate—what memories he should leave behind when he started south for the Nepigon.

That evening, three men, heads together, smoked on the beach. Slowly and in detail Michel and David told Steele of their search and discovery of the strange footprints.

"What were they like, Michel?" "They were long lak' de bear, but no bear een des coudree mak' dem so big."

"Queer t'ing de bear w'at mak' de track," broke in David, "was stary, for dey not seek fur een de mud. An' he have seex-seven toe on fore feet."

"Just like the ones I'll show you in the morning!" exclaimed Steele. "And you found no trail of the men with the canoe?"

"No sign but round de camp—no trail in muskeg."

"Well, Michel, what do you think? Could the brute that made the track you saw, howl like the one on the ridge here?"

The Iroquois' small eyes narrowed to slits. He puffed hard for a space before answering. "De howl on de ridge was no bear—bear ontee yell w'en he get hurt. Michel not know w'at howl on de ridge but he in' out before de long snow melt."

"What do you think made the trail, David?" Steele grinned into the set face of his friend.

David shook his head. "I nevalre see no beeg bear track."

Then Steele told of his search of the ridge for signs of the night wailer, and of the tracks he had seen that afternoon. But ended their brains as they would, the three men were at a total loss for a solution of the riddle of their origin.

The night shut down but the three men on the river shore still sat smoking, hard at their council of war. In the middle of a sentence, David suddenly stopped, raising his head as though listening. Then, silently rising, he plunged into a clump of alders close by! A low curse—the sound of a scuffle.

"By gar! W'at you got, Daveed?" demanded Michel as he and Steele followed to the brush.

"I show you some t'ing!" was the muttered reply, as the dark shape of the Ojibway dragged an indistinguishable, struggling mass from the alders.

"Tete-Boule!" gasped Michel, peering into the face of David's prisoner.

"W'at you do dere?"

"So you t'ink to hear some t'ing, Tete-Boule?" growled the angry voice of the Ojibway shaking the man he held in the vise of his two hands as a husky dog shakes a rabbit. "You crawl lak' de mink, but I smell you lak' de wolf smell de wood mouse," and the man from Nepigon shifted a

hand to Tete-Boule's throat. The mouth of the trembling eavesdropper gaped for air.

"Now I geeve you some t'ing to leeson to, Wabeno! Shaman! Maker ov de Beeg Medicine! Eef you don't be ver' careful, David, de Nepigon Wolf, will tear de devil out ov your t'roat. And with a wrench he sent Tete-Boule sprawling on the beach.

"Guess he won't eavesdrop agzin in a hurry!" laughed Steele, as the cowed Indian disappeared in the shadows. But Michel seemed so strangely silent that the American asked:

"What's the matter, Michel, don't you like to see him handled so roughly?"

The Iroquois made no reply.

"Wake up, Michel, and tell us what you think?"

"I t'ink," said the head-man slowly, "dat de long snows will be red in dees valley."

"What, you don't think that fool Tete-Boule will make trouble?"

"Tete-Boule ees no fool." He would say no more.

The house was silent when Steele, filled with the events of the day, went to his room. Late into the night his thoughts were busy with the hours on the ridge with Denise St. Onge, with memories of her flushed response to his emotion, of her abandon to the feeling which had swept her when she played her "Farewell," of her reticence and yet her desire to make clear the situation which her father seemingly feared to reveal to Steele.

The matter of the tracks in the mud; what manner of beast could he lose in the "bush"? In the morning they would take up that trail and follow it, but when they lost it in the dry going, what next? Well, they had a plan for the next month, but the Frenchman would first have to show his cards. If he refused, there was nothing to do but get on to Nepigon.

On the way there was Ogoke and Monsieur Lafamme. That ought to be interesting. But little did Steele realize as his drowsy brain dwelt for an instant on the call on Monsieur Lafamme, free-trader, just how interesting that visit was to be.

At daylight three men were heading over tracks which ran through a wet hollow less than a mile from Walling River.

"Well, Michel, did you ever see a black bear that would leave these behind him?" asked Steele as David and the head man carefully inspected the peculiar trail.

"Ver' beeg track but ver' strange bear," laconically vouchsafed the kneeling hunter.

"How about it, David?"

David bared a set of strong teeth in a characteristic smile.

"W'en we start up river for de Nepigon, I tell you. You laugh at me eef I say w'at I t'ink now."

Michel took up the trail forward while David and Steele followed it back only to lose it shortly in the dry birch leaves. On their return they found Michel waiting.

"She don't run far," he announced. "I don't followed eet far in de dry bush."

Then the three made a wide circle, but failed to pick up the elusive tracks. Disappointed, they were returning to the post by another route than the trail to the ridge overlooking the "Vale of Tempe," when Michel, who was leading suddenly stopped in his tracks, raising his hand in warning.

Stiff as the spruce around them, the three stood listening. Faintly to their straining ears came a low chanting, accompanied by the rhythmic beating of what sounded like a drum. Steele turned a questioning face to David, who grinned broadly, nodding his head in time to the far drum beats.

"What in thunder!" queried the curious scientist.

"You hear dot down on de Nepigon, one tam," dryly returned the Ojibway.

"It sounds like it. Somebody doing some conjuring, eh?"

"Tete-Boule, de beeg shaman, mak' heeff some medicine dees morning."

"Is he driving away the Windigo, or is he trying to get you bewitched for shaking him up last night?"

"I t'ink he try to call de Windigo for to mak' de beeg medicine togedder," laughed David.

"Do the post people know that Tete-Boule is a Wabeno, Michel?" Steele asked of the silent man who had vouchsafed no comment.

"Tete-Boule mak' medicine for long tam, to drive away de Windigo. De people t'ink he ees beeg shaman, for sure."

"Well, the first t'ing for St. Onge to do is to get rid of this nuisance, Tete-Boule. He keeps the post Indians stirred up with his mumbo-jumbo, and ought to be kicked out. What do you think, Michel?"

For answer, the tall Iroquois drew an ugly skinning knife from its sheath in his belt. Then he said, "It be good t'ing eef I put dees een hees back?"

"No, not without orders from your chief," replied Steele, amused at the literal interpretation given to his suggestion. "But this Tete-Boule will make trouble all winter with his sorcery."

As they talked, the low droning

continued, accented by the beating of the drum.

"Let's see what he is about," suggested Steele, and they crept forward.

Within a hundred yards they made out a small, round skin tipi from which the sing-song emanated.

"Naske awass, Windigo!" moaned the voice inside. "Ahuah! ahuah!"

"He tell de Windigo to go away," whispered David to Steele.

Then Michel wormed his way to some small balsam near the tent, while the others watched.

Presently a low mewling from the Iroquois stopped short the wailing in the tent. Then from the balsam rose the caterwauling of a lynx in the mating season.

The drumming started furiously, accompanied by vociferous shouting. The scream of the lynx rose to a maniacal shriek. The drumming ceased, and the maddened cries of a creature frenzied with fear filled the tent. Presently the flap was thrust aside, and a grey-faced Indian scrambled out and fled like a deer in the direction of the post, leaving behind him a white man and an Ojibway doubled with laughter, and beside them, his face set like stone, a tall half-breed deep in thought.

"Why did you do that, Michel? He will only make things worse at the post."

"I try eef he scare ov de Windigo, heeself."

"Well, are you satisfied?"

"Yes. Eef ees ver' strange he ees so scare." And the head man shook his head doubtfully. "He talk to de Windigo, an' w'en he cum, he run."

Back at the post Steele related to St. Onge the events of the morning.

"This Tete-Boule, Colonel, is only a source of trouble here. He is filling the minds of the Indians with the Windigo, and then makes medicine to drive him away, doubtless for a consideration."

St. Onge shrugged with indifference. "It will not matter. I am expecting a packet from Albany any day ordering me to abandon the post."

Steele stared at his host in surprise. Where was the old fighting blood in this veteran? What hidden cause had paralyzed his nerve? And his love for his daughter—that at least should drive him to fight through to the bitter end.

They were on the river shore and alone, so Steele grasped the opportunity for which he had waited. The matter between them had to be cleared up if he were to give his best efforts and those of David in the days to come.

"Colonel St. Onge," he began, "I am deeply interested in your situation here. I have offered the services of David and myself, in an attempt to aid you in your trouble; but I must say, candidly, that you are not meeting me half way. If I am to put in the next three weeks in an effort to run this thing down, I must first have your full and complete confidence. I must know—what you know—and think. This is due me. If you cannot take me into your confidence, I shall be compelled to thank you for your hospitality and bid you goodby, deeply as I shall regret it."

St. Onge listened patiently, as the speaker thought, hopelessly, to the ultimatum.

"Let us sit down and talk it over, monsieur," he replied.

The two men moved to a rock and lighted their pipes.

"Monsieur Steele," began St. Onge, "I am in a net from which I see no escape. You came here a stranger, claiming to be a scientist, interested in the study of Indian customs and folk-lore. That is all I knew about you. As it was, I told you too much that first night."

Evidently this Tete-Boule has something to do with the Windigo. Who is back of him?

Crude Hooks in Use by Early Fishermen

In France several caves have been found in which men are believed to have lived about 200,000 years ago. In these were found what are probably the oldest fishhooks so far known to have been used by man.

These first-known hooks consist of a stone ground down into the shape of a small banana with a ridge cut in the middle, the string, or whatever was used for a line, having been tied around the stone in this ridge. Cave-men of ages ago took this banana-shaped stone and covered it with meat. Then they kindly allowed a fish to swallow the whole thing.

Then the fisherman would give a pull on the string, or whatever it was. The "hook" would straighten out horizontally and therefore refuse to come out of the water without the fish, so, when the fisherman hauled in, the fish with the hook caught in his gullet, would keep the crude fishhook company.

Around the lakes of Switzerland scientists have found various kinds of hooks considerably later than those crude relics from France. Many of the Swiss hooks are of bronze, some having barbs, but the really ancient ones were barbless and consisted of two hooks at right angles to each other.

President Polk was the oldest of ten children.

"The Cheese Box"

By CLARISSA MACKIE

(Copyright.)

DAVID BRICE rode into Banning village, a gleam in his keen gray eyes that denoted hunger. Business had brought him into this charming New England town several times each year, but his memories had always been painful in the extreme, for there wasn't an inn or eating place that served a good honest meal.

"Chaff and twitter," David had always called the dainty little tea rooms that were sprinkled over the countryside.

"I am hungry," said David to Doctor Bemish, his long-time friend, a bachelor, who boarded at Miss Prither's house.

"I wish I could take you home to my boarding house," apologized the doctor, with embarrassment, "but my good landlady will not be bothered with what she calls 'transients.' It seems confoundedly inhospitable to let you go hungry like this. Why not drive back to New Haven—or, why not try Miss Tryon's tea shop?"

"Thanks," gloomed David, as he went on his way. He was sure he remembered the little shop. If he bought enough "chaff and twitter," perhaps he could satisfy his appetite. Even the absurd sign was gone, and instead there swung a round yellow-painted box, lettered in black, "The Cheese Box."

David's spirits rose. The tea woman had moved out and a man had moved in and opened an honest-to-goodness eating place.

A remarkably pretty girl was talking to two overgrown schoolboys at the next table.

"Aw, Miss Suzy, don't be mean," pleaded one of them. "You know you've got ham and egg sandwiches and lamb chops and minute steaks and French fried potatoes and everything—we're hungry and we didn't bring any lunches."

"It's a matter of principle, boys," said Miss Suzy Tryon, forgetting in her earnestness all about the nice looking stranger waiting to be served. "All those things on the menu are for my patrons, but I will positively refuse to serve anything to the Roland school boys, excepting cheese."

"But, why, Miss Suzy?" asked the smaller boy.

"You know, James," she said, and then discovering David, came apologizing, to serve him. She took his order for lamb chops, creamed potatoes, a salad, and apricot tart with whipped cream and coffee, and the boys listened with hungry eyes. When she disappeared behind a blue screen, the oldest boy, Fred, rushed to the front and spoke through the door-crack to a group of half grown lads.

"Nothin' but cheese for us," he said mournfully. "I'm going to have a pound of it and eat it all! Shucks!" He closed the door and tiptoed to his chair.

"What's up?" asked David pleasantly. "Why are you on the blacklist?"

Fred wriggled, but garrulous James itched for an opportunity to inform. "You see we fellows all go to Roland's day school and our folk expect us to eat here at Miss Suzy's—we've always done it—then, some of the fellers, big ones like Fred, here—stole Miss Suzy's signboard away. It had a gay bandbox and that was the name of this place, see? 'N the fellers thought it would be funny to steal the sign and have it painted over yellow and call it the Cheese Box! So they did it!"

"And she won't give us anything but 'cheese.' Nothin' else—if we're starving," piped James woefully.

"And our folks think it's a joke on us," brayed Fred's deeper voice. David, looking at Suzy Tryon with interest in her firm decisive stand against the outlaw boys. As he ate the delicious meal which he suspected was cooked by Suzy herself, he wondered if the girl would not rather have her own dainty sign swinging over the door.

"I say, Fred," he said to the boy who was gloomily consuming a slice of cheese, with one eye on the door through which the proprietor had vanished. "Would you fellows like to please Miss Tryon and show her you're sorry you stole her sign?"

"We sure would," muttered Fred hopefully. "We must eat at noon!"

"Why don't you save up your pocket money, all put it together, take the sign down and have a painter make a lovely bandbox out of it. Then put it back and come and apologize to Miss Tryon. Then—I'm sure it will be all right."

The boys rushed from the place and David followed slowly.

The next time he came to Banning, David went straight to the Bandbox Tea shop, dainty and cool, and inviting. Miss Tryon was alone there, and again she came to serve him.

"The boys told me," she said with a lovely pink color in her cheeks, "all about what you advised them to do—and now we are good friends again, and that perfectly darling hat-box swings over my door again."

"It is pretty," admitted David, and he saw through Suzy's eyes, that people liked those frivolous little names, and that it all made for gaiety and good humor and good digestion. At that moment two words passed out of David's vocabulary forever. Afterward he might have just mentioned them to Suzy his wife.

"Chaff and Twitter," he confessed. "What a cunning name for a tea shop," laughed Suzy.

LIFE'S LITTLE JESTS



COLLECTING

A visitor to a country fair noticed a sad-looking man who persisted in remaining on the merry-go-round.

"Do you like being on there?" asked the visitor.

"No, I don't," was the reply, "but the man who owns this roundabout owes me money, and the only way I can get even is by taking it out in rides."—Tit-Bits.

CONGRESS MAKES IT SO



Southerner (proudly)—Norfolk is the peanut capital of the nation, my friend.

Englishman—I thought Washington was still the capital, y' know.

A Woman's View

Women's faults are many; Men have only two— Everything they say, and Everything they do!

Literally True

Doris—And how is your bachelor friend?

Walter—When I saw him last he was mending slowly.

"Indeed, I didn't know he had been ill."

"He hasn't been; he was sewing some buttons on his clothes."—Stray Stories.

With Fewer Pieces

Mistress—Hilda, what do we need for dinner?

Hilda—Please, ma'am I've tripped over the rug and we need a new set of dishes.—The Progressive Grocer.

Ingenious

Victim—I wish some one would make a safety razor that's really safe.

Pat—That's easy. Just leave out the blade.

Usually Short

"It's funny that you should be so tall. Your brother, the artist, is short, isn't he?"

"Yes, usually."

What He Would Miss

"I wish I were a clock. My gosh!" Cried Charlie Chase.

"For then I'd never have to wash my hands and face."

Personal

"What are your favorite pastimes?"

"You mean who, don't you?"—Princeton Tiger.

The Way Today

"The office ought to seek the man."

"We thought we'd give this job to some prominent woman."

OUT OF SIGHT



"How times have changed! What's become of the village blacksmith who used to stand under the spreading chestnut tree?"

"He's lying on his back under a buzz wagon now."

Literal

Robespierre—Ah, la belle dame la Guillotine, she's one beauty.

Louis XVI—Aw, she give me a pain in the neck.—Scarlet Saint.

Couldn't

Nurse—I wonder who it was who never folded up his clothes when we went to bed?

Tommy—Adam!—Vikings, Oslo.

The Very Idea

Old Gentleman (to old apple woman)—No, no, my good woman—very nice, but you mustn't tempt me.

The Lady—Oo's a tempting yer? D'yer think this is the Garden of Eden?—Humorist, London.

Man's a Contrary Critter

"My husband is forever kicking about the cost of women's clothes."

"A lot of men do that, but I notice they always hang around the best dressed women at parties."

Pimples



What can I do?

"Oh, why can't I have a skin like other girls? Why do I have to have these ugly pimples, blotches and blackheads?"

"If I could only find something that would clear up my skin and give me back my soft, rosy complexion, I know I would be the happiest girl in the world! What can I do?"

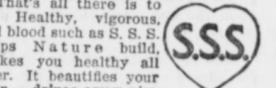
Is that you talking? If it is, you don't have to worry a minute! Just build up the rich, red blood in your body. Then your skin will be as clear and soft as anybody's.

That's what S. S. S. has been doing for generations—helping Nature build rich, red blood! You can build red-blood-cells so fast that the impurities that cause breaking out on the skin hardly get into the system before the pure blood annihilates them—kills them right out—stops them from breaking out through the skin.

And then this rich, red, pure blood feeds and nourishes the tissues of the skin and keeps it looking healthy.

That's all there is to it. Healthy, vigorous, red blood such as S. S. S. helps Nature build makes you healthy all over. It beautifies your skin—drives away pimples, blackheads, blotches, rash, boils and eczema—gives you back your appetite—builds firm, plump flesh and fills you full of new life and energy.

All drug stores sell S. S. S. Get the larger bottle. It's so economical.



Boschee's Syrup

HAS BEEN Relieving Coughs for 59 Years

Carry a bottle in your car and always keep it in the house. 30c and 90c at all druggists.

The Changes

"Ah, how times change!" musingly began Professor Pate. "No longer—" "That's a fact!" impolitely interrupted J. Fuller Gloom, the human snapping turtle. "In the good old days we paid 10 cents or a quarter to get into the skating rink, and then sailed round and round till our feet slipped and we tumbled down and dislocated our shoulders, broke our collar bones or fractured our limbs. But nowadays we purchase flippers, and break our arms cranking them or they run off from a high bank or try to climb trees or meet other flippers in the middle of the highways, and fracture various and sundry portions of our anatomies. Tempus does indeed fugit."—Kansas City Star.

Powerful Pump

The normal human heart pumps one and one-half gallons of blood each minute, while that of a vigorous athlete circulates eight to nine gallons. The heart action decreases from 90 to 40 per cent when a normal person stands up.

Sorry

Visitor—What nice furniture! Little Ronald—Yes, I think the man we bought it from is sorry now he sold it—he's always calling.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Feel Young—Take care of your stomach and preserve your health.

HOSTETTER'S Celebrated Stomach Bitters tone up the digestive organs, stimulate the appetite and promote a feeling of physical fitness. At all Druggists.

Try the New Cuticura Shaving Stick

Freely Lathering Medicinal and Emollient

Dickey's OLD RELIABLE Eye Water

relieves sun and wind-burned eyes. Doesn't hurt. Genuine in Red Folding Box. 25c at all druggists or by mail. DICKEY DRUG CO., Bristol, Va., Tenn.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVINE

for Epilepsy Nervousness & Sleeplessness

PRICE \$1.50 AT YOUR DRUG STORE Write for free Booklet KOENIG MEDICINE CO. 1045 N. WELLS ST. CHICAGO, ILL.