

# The Valley of Voices

By GEORGE MARSH

Author of "Tollers of the Trail," "The Whelps of the Wolf"

(W. N. U. Service.)

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## CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"Is this the same one we heard at Walling River?"

"Mebbe. Mebbe 'noddor one. 'Jib-way say plenty of dem sen valley of de Walling."

"But what do you think, Michel?" demanded Steele hotly. "Here I am, with David, giving up my time to help you run this thing down and, if possible, save the post for St. Onge; and you don't trust me. Why don't you open your heart to me?"

Michel straightened and going to the small fire David had built on the beach, calmly examined his tattered shirt and trousers, as he dried out.

"You are good man, M'sieu Steele. Daved tell me, but I have de eye to see. When you come back on de snow, I tell you someth'ing."

"That was all, and Steele understood. It was evident that Michel had bound himself to secrecy. But why had he told David?"

"In the morning we must hunt for a trail," Steele said, philosophically bowing to the inevitable. Now we'll have to do what we can to quiet those poor squaws."

As the canoe landed on the beach below the silent tips, one by one, dark shapes of Indian dogs slunk from the adjacent scrub, tails between legs, to whimper at the feet of the men.

"Scared stiff," said Steele. "And from the sound the squaws are worse. Go and talk to them, Michel. Tell them it was a mad wolverine or lynx and we've hunted it out of the country. I'll get a fire going while David brings some tea from the island. It will cheer them up—the tea."

But both his patience, and his knowledge of the woods Indian's belief in the supernatural, were taxed to the uttermost before Michel succeeded in convincing the women that the Windigo they had heard on the ridge was not now lurking to their doom with the assumed voice of the headman of Walling River.

In the end, they crept from the tip to the friendly light of the fire, horror in their shut eyes, gray-faced children clutching their skirts. There, comforted by the tea, and heartened by the presence of the three men, who kept a huge fire going, the circle of stricken women passed the night.

In the opinion of Steele, who kept vigil with his pipe, beside the snoring David and Michel, rolled in their blankets, the coming of the beast to Big Feather before the freeze-up, was the gravest menace which the fortunes of Walling River post, and the girl who had given him until spring to accomplish the impossible, had yet encountered. For, as a forest fire rans in dry timber, so rumors of the howling of the Windigo at Big Feather would travel from hunter to hunter through the upper valley of the Walling. The tale would spread, gathering horror as it went as a snowslide gathers momentum, until in time the whole region learned that a Windigo was loose in the valley of the Walling—a fiend fierce beyond belief and hungry for the flesh of the Ojibway. Then would follow, unless the beast were killed and the terror ended, swift exodus from the valley of the families still trading at the post, the resurrection and revival of the ghastly traditions surrounding the rapids and the river below—the end of the St. Onge and the post at Walling River.

Steele's teeth bit savagely into the stem of his pipe. This might happen before the freeze-up, and until the snow made it possible to follow a trail, there was small chance of solving the mystery of the night walling.

Now, Steele mused, when the men returned from their hunt to hear of the voice in the night from the circle of half-demented women covering them around the fire, the tale would straightway travel to the four winds, and hardly indeed would be the hunter who would drive his dog team this Christmas down the white valley of the Walling to trade at the ill-fated post. With no Christmas, and little prospect of a spring trade, unless the mystery were solved by the running down of this beast with the miraculous vocal cords, Walling River was doomed. Even if Denise married Lascelles in the spring, the post could not be continued under a taboo.

True, St. Onge had sworn that she should never make the sacrifice, but the factor was at his rope's end, and she would override him. She would not see him disgraced. Her pride would drive her to it—that fierce pride of race. She was a thoroughbred and would go to her spiritual death with a high head, in the spring.

In the morning Michel would go in search of the caribou hunters, for after that night the women would not remain alone at Big Feather. David would cross to Portage lake to learn if the Windigo had been heard on the Little Current. He, himself, would cover the country back of the ridge for a trail which he had little hope of picking up, and endeavor to hold the women at their camp until their men returned. On the return of David they would at once start for Nepigon, leaving Michel to meet the canoe St. Onge was to send.

With Michel would go two letters, explaining his change of plans. The sole hope of holding the Indians now was in scotching the Windigo terror early in the winter by tracking down the beast on the first snow; and so, strongly as his heart drew him toward the post, he made his decision.

## CHAPTER IX

For three days Steele searched the ridge and back country for tracks, but without success. David returned from Portage lake with the good news that the fishing camps were taking large catches of pike and whitefish, and there was no Windigo gossip. So, in spite of the shrill protests and indignant refutation of their squaws, Steele, corroborated by his men, assured the Ojibways that what the women had heard on the burnt ridge was the cat-swallowing of a lynx, and at once started with David for Ogoke lake and the Nepigon.

It was on a windless day in the heart of the northern Indian summer that the canoe bound south for the Nepigon approached the islands guarding the east end of Ogoke. Like silhouettes of anchored battle fleets they rode the sleeping lake, their fighting tops and stacks, of black spruce, their armored hulls, of age-worn rocks.

"Where is the post, David?" asked Steele.

"Four—five hour paddle, yet. Eet lie on long spruce point. You see eet today yer far off."

"You realize that you can't start anything at Lafamme's place now, don't you?"

Repeatedly, David's square shoulders leaned to the stroke, as his arms swept the blade through, before he turned his black head to his chief.

"David has waited ten year, he can wait leetle tam longer. We got plenty



"It Looks as if the Whole Outfit is Out to Meet Us."

troubles dees long snow on de Walling. Daveded weel wait; you no worry for heem."

"I knew you wouldn't do anything when we have this work down river ahead of us; but I realize that it will be hard, if we stay a day or two, for you to keep your hands off of him. His gang would get you anyway if you did square it with Lafamme, and that would put me in a hole as well."

The reticent David had never divulged even to Steele the cause of the ancient grudge he bore the free-trader. He had said simply that he wished to meet him—had twice journeyed far for that purpose; once missing him, the second time finding him camped with his fur canoes. As David had no quarrel with Lafamme's men, who would have come promptly to the aid of his chief, he had bided his time. In some way, years before, Lafamme had injured the Ojibway. That was the extent of Steele's knowledge.

Gradually, as they approached, the clearing opened up and the buildings of the fur post took shape. So keen was his curiosity that Steele ceased paddling to examine them through his binoculars. Here lived the man who was waiting until the snow flew for St. Onge's answer to his offer of a partnership in the trade for the price of Denise, the man who was luring the Ojibways for hundreds of miles with his whisky.

Although the freeze-up was little more than a fortnight away, tips squatted, here and there, on the post clearing. This, of itself, meant but one thing to the man who held the glasses—whisky. For, throughout the wide north, September finds the hunters on their winter trapping grounds, preparing for the coming of the long snows.

"Wal, w'at you 'ink ov dat place?" asked David, as Steele put his glasses in their case.

"He must have a lot of people there—big buildings, too."

"Yes, eet ees beeg place." As they approached the long point, Steele was surprised at the number of

people moving about the buildings. On the beach the post dogs already awaited the strange craft, while a group of post people formed behind them. The canoe was close in shore when two men left the massive tradehouse and drifted to the log landing stage, off which a York boat rode at its mooring.

"It looks as if the whole outfit is out to meet us."

David turned a grim face to his chief. "Someth'ing strange here!"

"They may think we're a police canoe," suggested Steele.

"Ah-hah!"

"Is that Lafamme talking to the big fellow on the landing?"

"Ah-hah! He don't talk lak' dead man." So low were the sinister words spoken that Steele, in doubt, asked:

"What's that?"

The Ojibway turned to his chief a face twisted with hate.

"He don't know—he ees—dead man!"

"Some day you can settle with him—but not now, not now! We have a job on the Walling—you and Michel and I," hastily objected Steele, fearing this meeting with the man he hated had jarred David off his mental balance.

The set features of the Ojibway relaxed. His narrow eyes glowed as he reassured the man who trusted him. "Daveded promise to meet Michel on de November snow. We have de beeg job—you an' Michel an' Daveded; I mak' no trouble here, boss."

Under the inspection of many pairs of curious eyes, the canoe slid into the beach. Leaving David to keep the dogs off the canoe, Steele walked through the silent huskies who instinctively drew back from his approach and closed in behind him, walking on stiff legs barely out of reach of the paddle he carried, awed yet threatening. The bulky half-breed, whose sinister face wore the red rash of a scar from chin to ear, Steele dismissed with a glance, but nothing, from the heavily bearded moccasins of smoke-tanned moosehide, to the wide-brimmed stetson of the free-trader, escaped his appraising eye. To his surprise, also, the dark features which met him with a look both surlly and questioning, were undeniably handsome.

"Good day, gentlemen!" said Steele, affably, ignoring the coolness of his reception.

"Good day!" returned Lafamme, coldly, probing the smiling face of the stranger with a sharp look in which doubt and concern patently mingled.

"I am headed for Nepigon, from Fort Albany, and need some supplies," went on Steele. "Can you sell me some stuff?"

With a curl of the lip Lafamme replied: "That depends on what your business is on this lake."

The tawny-haired American laughed in the face of the speaker.

"Business on this lake? Are you joking? You seem to have all the business here. My business is to get back to New York before I'm frozen in, and report to the American Museum of Natural History. I've spent the last five months on the Albany, collecting. Now, I'm bound for Nepigon and the railroad."

The half-breed and his chief exchanged looks. Steele realized that he was suspected of being a government agent in disguise, so, as he needed supplies and wished to study Lafamme while David circulated among the post people, he desired to relieve the mind of the free-trader at once.

"You say you're from the States—doing collecting among the Indians? I should be glad to see some of your stuff."

Lafamme was taking no chances, and Steele welcomed the opportunity to establish his identity.

"Yes, I've two packs in the canoe. My name is Steele. I've been on the Albany two years—left a thousand pounds this year, at Fort Albany, to go out by boat." Then he hazarded: "You know Lascelles, the Revillon man there?"

Lafamme's reaction to the remark was instantaneous. His face darkened with anger.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Tragedy of Razor Blades

Those who are puzzled to know what to do with used safety razor blades may find a hint in the following, says the London Mail. A young and pretty girl approached Rattorsen bridge. She held something tightly in her left hand. When she reached the middle of the bridge she stopped and looked around.

Only one man was anywhere near, and he, apparently, was not paying any attention to her doings. In a flash she raised her hand and flung something into the river below. It glittered and shone as it fell, and the man, gazing over the bridge in curiosity, saw that it was a small glass phial of the sort in which powdered bath salts are sold, twelve in a box. His curiosity overcame him, and he overtook the girl. "Do tell me what you threw into the river," he begged. "My husband's razor blades," was the astonishing answer.

## The Kitchen Cabinet

(By 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)  
For age and want, save while you may;  
No morning lasts a whole day.  
Get what you can, and what you get, hold;  
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.  
—Benjamin Franklin.

## SEASONABLE SANDWICHES

During the winter the filling for sandwiches may be prepared of game, turkey and various meats which are especially good during the colder months.

**Turkey Sandwiches.**—Mix one-half cupful each of chopped cold turkey, celery and blanched almonds.

Season with salt, pepper and moisten with mayonnaise dressing. Spread half the slices with the dressing, cover with a lettuce leaf; spread the remaining slices with a thick layer of the turkey mixture. Put together in pairs, trim off the crusts and cut diagonally across. Garnish with ripe olives and celery hearts. Serve with coffee or mulled cider.

**Caviar Sandwiches.**—To one-fourth of a pound of caviar, add two table-spoonfuls of lemon juice and three table-spoonfuls of olive oil. Stir until creamy, then spread on thin slices of white or entire wheat bread, press edges together, sprinkle one side of each sandwich with paprika, insert small sprigs of parsley in the centers and serve with oysters.

**Hot Chicken Sandwiches.**—Chop medium fine, cold cooked chicken. Have ready rounds of hot buttered toast. Slightly moisten the chicken with hot chicken gravy and spread half the rounds with the mixture. Cover with the remaining rounds. Arrange sandwiches on hot plates and pour over the hot chicken gravy. Serve with celery salad.

**Emergency Sandwiches.**—Take one cupful of grated cheese that is rather dry, add three hard cooked eggs finely chopped. Add one table-spoonful of finely chopped chives or onion, season with salt, cayenne and paprika. Moisten with mayonnaise or thick cream. Use as filling for white bread sandwiches, spread with mustard butter.

**Peanut Butter and Tomato Sandwiches.**—Moisten peanut butter with tomato catsup. Spread thin slices of white bread with the mixture, cover with crisp lettuce and cover with another slice. Press the edges together and serve at once.

**Salads and Other Things.**  
A very pretty, as well as tasty salad, is prepared with lemon jello as a base.

**Carrot, Pineapple and Lemon Jello Salad.**—Grate carrots to fill a cup, add as much finely diced pineapple, stir in to lemon jello and pour into small molds to harden. Serve on head lettuce with a highly seasoned mayonnaise dressing.

**The Three P's Salad.**—Take a cupful each of stewed prunes, rolled peapods and minced pineapple. Arrange on head lettuce and serve with French dressing.

**Hot Open Oyster Sandwiches.**—Scald one cupful of cream, add two table-spoonfuls of fine bread crumbs, one table-spoonful of butter, one-eighth table-spoonful of paprika, a few grains of nutmeg and salt to season. Wash, drain and chop two dozen select oysters, add to the first mixture and stir until thoroughly heated without boiling. Add one-half table-spoonful of finely chopped parsley and spread rounds of hot buttered toast with the mixture. Serve at once, garnished with lettuce hearts and olives.

**Roast Goose.**—As geese are so fat it is necessary to treat them differently in cooking than the ordinary fowl. Scrub it well with soda in the water, stuff and truss and place in the roaster in a hot oven. As the fat begins to fry out, thrust a fork into the skin and pierce the breast of the goose all over; when there is a cupful or more of the fat in the pan, pour it out and continue piercing the skin occasionally until the most of the fat is withdrawn, then baste during the roasting. This fat may be used for various things. Goose fat is invaluable as a remedy for rubbing on the chest and throat when suffering from colds and croup.

**Jelly Sandwiches.**—Spread slices of thin cut white bread with creamed butter, cover half of the slices with quince jelly, or apple, sprinkle with chopped nuts, press together into pairs and cut into fancy shapes.

**Nellie Maxwell**

**Keep Cockroaches Away**  
Cockroaches will not frequent rooms unless they find some available food material, and if such materials can be kept from living rooms and offices or scrupulous care exercised to see that no such material is placed in drawers where it can leave an attractive odor or fragments of food, the roach nuisance can be largely restricted to places where food necessarily must be kept. In such places the storage of food materials in insect-proof containers or in ice boxes, together with thorough-going cleanliness, will go a long way toward preventing serious annoyance.

**Callous Conscience**  
Hands tell the tale. Looking at his With pride the toiler understands That many a rich man's conscience More callous than his lily hands.

**Quite Proper**  
Customer (to delicatessen store proprietor)—Look here, I found a button in that salad you sold me.  
Proprietor—Of course, madam! That was part of the dressing.—Progressive Grocer.

**What a Night**  
"Good job our wives don't know where we got to last night."  
"Too true! By the way, where did we get to?"  
"Blessed if I know."

## Wit and Humor



## TAKING NO CHANCES

"Going to town?" asked Sammas of Tommel.

"Yep."

"Will you inquire for my mail?"

"Nope."

"Rather unneighborly of you," commented a friend.

"Can't help that. Last time I inquired for his mail I had to lug a grindstone out to his place."—Kansas City Journal.

## Only Sign of Progress

A man who had settled in America, who had been visiting his old home in England, was asked what he thought about the changes that had taken place in the village during his absence.

"Changes!" he exclaimed. "Gee, there's only one worth notin'. The village pump's been swapped for a gas pump!"—Stray Stories.

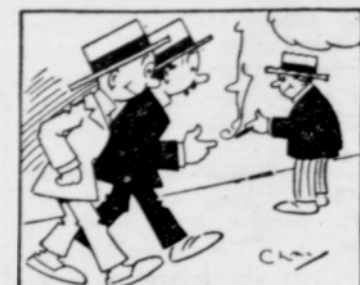
## Had His Answer

"Mabel," he said, "I had such a realistic dream last night. I dreamed I proposed to you, and you said, 'Go to father.'"

"Yes, Harry. And what did father say?" she cooed.

"Well, that part is a little hazy. All I know is that I woke up and found myself on the floor!"—Stray Stories.

## DIFFERENCE IN WEAPONS



"He was held up by a bobbed-half bandit who compelled him to marry her?"

"Well, it amounted to that—only she used a bundle of love letters instead of a gun."

## Was a Gentleman

When Adam dived and Eve span, Ad may have been a gentleman, For he did not forfeit paradise When playing out of cuppy liest

## Took His Advice

Allce—What happened when your father told your fiance he ought to put something aside for a rainy day?  
Helen—A little later dad missed his raincoat.

## No Danger

"Think it would be safe to insult that prize fighter?"  
"Uh huh! He wouldn't fight you for less than \$2,000,000."

## Beat Him to It

"An' when 'at robba man said, 'Hol' up yo' hands!' what did you say?"  
"Me? Ah Jes' laughed at him. Ah already had 'em up."

## Didn't Miss It at All

Professor—I believe you missed my class yesterday.  
Student—Why, no, I didn't, old man, not in the least.

## CAKE-EATER NOW



"So Jim has become a cake-eater, eh?"

"Yes—married the baker's daughter last night."

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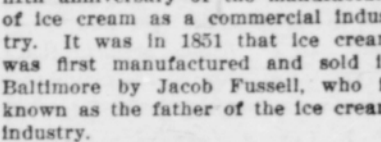
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**Sincerity Among Friends**  
Generally speaking, among sensible persons, it would seem that a rich man deems that friend a sincere one who does not want to borrow his money, while among the less favored with fortune's gifts, the sincere friend is generally esteemed to be the individual who is ready to lend it.—Disraeli.

The occasional use of Roman Eye Balsam at night will prevent and relieve tired eyes and eye strain. 212 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

**Ice Cream Anniversary**  
The year 1926 marks the seventy-fifth anniversary of the manufacture of ice cream as a commercial industry. It was in 1851 that ice cream was first manufactured and sold in Baltimore by Jacob Fussell, who is known as the father of the ice cream industry.

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**Los Angeles Newest**

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**Bird of the Arctic**  
The snow goose is an Arctic goose seen in the United States during its migration, sometimes in vast numbers. It is pure white except in the black wing quills, washed on the head with reddish; the beak, which is strongly toothed, is pink and the feet reddish. An adult male measures 27 inches long and weighs 5 1/4 pounds. Ross' snow goose is a miniature of the other and is known all over Hudson Bay country as the "horned wavy."

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