



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

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CHAPTER IX—Continued

"But, mademoiselle, you must be surfeited with pretty words from Monsieur," he said maliciously, sure of the effect.

"Pretty words from whom?" She laughed bitterly, "that was a joke! No pretty words from whom since the lady, who will marry Lascelles at Albany, drive him crazy, eh, Louis?"

Lafamme scowled into her mocking eyes, but was silent. He rose and led his guest to the living room. Then the sound of voices outside attracted his attention, and shortly, the Ojibway girl appeared and spoke to him in a whisper.

"You will excuse me for a little while? I am called to the trade-house?" At the door he added with a brutal laugh, "Help yourself to the cigarettes and whisky. And—Rose will keep you entertained, no doubt."

Steele wondered if David had run into trouble. If the trader were free with liquor with his men, which seemed improbable, David might have been set on, but the Ojibway was too wise to imperil his chief or their plans.

Following the slam of the outer door the girl rose, placed her fingers warningly on her lips and tiptoed out of the room, leaving Steele curious, uneasy. He heard talking in low tones from the direction of the kitchen, then she returned, and walking to his chair, looked quizzically down.

"Are you as much of a man as you look?" she demanded.

"How long before Lafamme surprises us, mademoiselle?" he countered, forcing a yawn, having no intention of playing into Lafamme's hands.

"You think I'm working for that beast? Are you blind? Can't you see he's done with me?" She began, dramatically, then, "Why did you look at him that way before dinner? I saw you! You stabbed him with your eyes. You needn't deny it! You hate him! Why?"

"You are mistaken, mademoiselle. I never met Lafamme before today."

"You lie! But you are suspicious; you think there is a game—then he sees listening. Don't you see that see why I went out—to learn if he had left the house? Oh, you can trust me! This is the naked truth. I would kill him tonight if I could get away. But you—why do you hate him, too?"

"Does Lafamme suspect me?" he asked, ignoring her question.

"No, he knows you are what you claim to be."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Mon Dieu! Get me out of this place—take me with you! He's keeping me here because I know too much. He's afraid! I will talk."

"Talk about what—the whisky trade?"

She lowered her voice to a whisper. "The whisky is not all—you would not believe me if I told—A door closed outside, and Lafamme entered the room."

"Ah, this is most unromantic, monsieur," he protested, hand raised in mock gesture. "I return suddenly, to find you still in your chair—alone."

Steele was on his feet. "My man David in any trouble?" he snapped, ignoring the sarcasm.

"Oh, it wasn't his fault. Baptiste fancied he's strong, and took hold of him."

"What happened?" Steele's blood heated at the possible harm to David, outnumbered ten to one at the trade-house.

Lafamme raised a deprecating hand. "Nothing, nothing at all. I'm glad of it! Your man cracked some of Baptiste's fingers—just squeezed his hand and Baptiste had enough. He always was a bit yellow."

"But will Baptiste follow this up? I don't want trouble here. Where is David now?" Steele was relieved; he had feared the worst. But that meant that David and he would leave the post in the morning. He knew his half-breed. It would be dangerous to stay—and as yet nothing had been learned from the girl.

"I sent them all to bed. Baptiste won't follow it up. Antoine is with him. I'm boss here," laughed the trader.

Then Steele was aware of the attention of a pair of shining eyes. "Ah, it was magnificent, monsieur—the way you looked," said the girl. "Your eyes were like your name—of steel."

"You are embarrassing, mademoiselle."

"You must excuse Rose this evening," said Lafamme with a grimace. "She has not seen a white man in a year! Not but what she's sincere, but whisky makes her think out loud, doesn't it, Rose?"

If the glitter of black eyes could have killed, Lafamme would have met sudden death. Instead, he re-filled the glasses, while Steele's mind

was busy with what the Frenchman's return from the trade-house had checked the girl from disclosing. If Pierre were Lafamme's man, as he seemed to be, Steele was curious to learn what tale the Indian had brought from Walling River concerning the lost fur canoe and the Windigo terror. He finally decided to drive straight at the point with the hope that the girl would drop something.

"Did I tell you this afternoon that I heard a Windigo at Walling River?" he began.

"What? You a scientist, mean to tell me that you heard a Windigo—a creature of Indian myth and superstition—a bugaboo of the medicine man?"

Steele grinned with delight into the trader's puzzled eyes. "I certainly do. I was waked by his howling on the ridge across the river from the post."

Lafamme smiled, suggestively tapping the bottle at his elbow, as he teased: "Scotch is a wonderful stimulant to the imagination, monsieur."

"You know that the Indians attribute the loss of St. Onge's fur canoe this summer to the same devil?" continued Steele, watching Rose's face.

"The loss of his fur canoe!" cried Lafamme. "You mean to say that St. Onge didn't get his fur to Albany this year?"

"Not a skin," said Steele. This was news that Pierre assuredly would have brought from down river. Then

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pointed to the door. "We've had enough of this; you're drunk! Monsieur Steele will excuse you. Good night!"

The insult drove the blood from her flaming face; sobered her. She walked to the door, where she turned and said quietly to Steele: "Bon soir, monsieur, I leave you with these gentleman and—cutthroat."

Although pressed by Lafamme, Steele did not stay. He had failed utterly in his plan—had learned nothing. If only the trader had remained in the trade-house five minutes longer, the girl would have told him what he wished to know. And now they were leaving in the morning.

CHAPTER X

From the outside the cabin where he and David were to sleep was dark, but he entered to find David, aided by the light of two candles, busy with their bags.

"What's the trouble?" Steele asked, noticing the blankets with which David had masked the windows. "You don't think he'd dare fire in on you?"

"Maybe," and the Ojibway pointed to the contents of a large water-proof bag on the floor at his feet. "Dey have come to see eef you are w'at you say."

"They've been through our Indian stuff?"

"Yes, dey look at dese bag and not a pack dem good."

A low knock checked the conversation. David reached for a candle. "No!" said Steele, "stand by with that!" pointing to David's rifle, then opened the door.

It was Rose Lafamme.

Disapproval was stamped on David's face as he slowly shook his head.

"Monsieur Steele, I wish to talk with you in private—" she hesitated, with a nod of her head toward the Ojibway.

"David, wait outside a minute," said Steele concealing from the girl a lowered eyelid.

Carrying his rifle, David reluctantly left the room.

"You needn't worry, Lafamme's asleep," she began, then approaching Steele, placed her hands on his shoulders as she begged: "Will you get me out of here, now—tonight?"

The girl's knowledge might be of vital importance to the future of Walling River—of the woman there he loved, and the American did not hesitate to dissemble.

"But, Rose, I haven't bacon and flour. You'd starve if we left tonight, unless we struck game. You don't want to live on fish."

"You can leave on anything with you, you beeg American!" she said. "On-lee get me away—away from that thief. Once I loved him—but now, I hate, hate, hate!"

Steele temporized: "But why can't you wait until tomorrow night? We'll have flour then."

"I'm afraid. He cursed me tonight for telling you something. Oh, you don't know that man—the cleverness of him? He knows these won't last—two, three years, these hell here!"

"Of course he wants to get rid of the post down river?" Steele ventured.

"Oh, St. Onge is done for—and he'll get the girl," she muttered.

"But what was that Indian Pierre doing at Walling River?" he abruptly demanded.

"Pierre?" She turned on Steele in surprise. "You saw Pierre? He was told to keep under cover."

"Yes, he was spreading wild tales about the Windigo. Lafamme sent him to do that?"

Her large eyes lighted in amusement. "Oh, yes, of course! But what he went down river after was—Quick! the candles! There's someone coming!" The face of the girl went gray with fear. "Mon Dieu! If it's Lafamme!"

Steele pinched out the candles and she clung to him helplessly, her body trembling against his, as they listened.

There was a sound of a scuffle outside, the fall of a body, the dull impact of blows. Pushing aside the frightened girl, Steele seized his rifle, and opened the door.

"I got them!" came the low voice of David from the blackness. "Han' me dat rawhide."

The man who had approached the cabin had walked into the strongest pair of arms in the Negigon country, and lay helpless on the ground, choked and beaten into insensibility. Returning with the thongs, Steele peered at the face of David's victim.

"Lafamme?"

"Yes! We feex heem and start!" urged the Indian, fiercely.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Handshake Guide to Love
The handshake is a correct and infallible guide to true love. This is the contention of Dr. David V. Bush, a teacher of applied psychology. "Shake hands," he says, "before you start a courtship—not because you are to start something resembling a pugilistic bout, but because if the hands don't fit perfectly, don't start it." Doctor Bush says "the altar isn't even a milestone in the course of love; it's apt to be a millstone. A marriage certificate is no guarantee of love. Marriage, looked at as the goal of love, is apt to be a grave if the game ends when the knot is tied." The exponent of applied psychology thinks trouble can be avoided by proper character analysis before the courtship advances too far.

A Pity
Some people take so much pleasure in telling what they know that it's a pity they know so little.—Boston Transcript.

Bobs Her Hair, Hubby in Rage Finishes Job

Boston.—Because she bobbed her hair, Everett H. Humphreys of Arlington flew into a rage, seized his wife, Marion M., by what remained of her tresses, dragged her into a bedroom and completed the job—shearing off what hair the barber had left.

This was the testimony of Mrs. Humphreys, seventeen-year-old blond, given in Middlesex Probate court, where she was awarded a decree nisi of divorce on grounds of cruelty. She was also given the right to resume her maiden name, Wyatt.

SPENDS FORTUNE, DIES PENNILESS

Man Who Broke Monte Carlo Bank Passes Away.

London.—Arthur De Courcy Bower, who ran through several fortunes, including one made from Chilean nitrate concessions and another through "breaking the bank at Monte Carlo," was found dead a few days ago in a furnished room in London.

Bower spent his money as freely as he made it. He was twice married, his second wife being a widow, a Mrs. Smith, to whom Prince Bathyan, Hungarian sportsman, left nearly \$5,000,000.

Bower, who was sixty-nine years old, died almost penniless. Born of a good family and educated at Eton, he spent some years as partner in a London financial firm. Wanderlust seized him and he went to South America.

He made a fortune in nitrate working with Colonel North, the "Nitrate King." Then he returned to England and began spending his money lavishly, often giving barmaids \$50 tips.

His most remarkable exploits were in the gambling casino at Monte Carlo. He had perfected a system of play while in South America and this he resolved to try at the famous casino in Monaco.

He took \$135,000 with him for the purpose and the first afternoon won \$50,000. Then he hired five assistants, giving each \$20,000, with instructions as to the play. He broke the bank three times, winning \$1,215,000.

Aged Romeo, Deaf but Wiser, Is Rid of Wife

Los Angeles, Cal.—John Varner, deaf and eighty-four years of age, shuffled out of Judge F. C. Valentine's court poorer, wiser and through with love and romance.

Mrs. Emma Varner, not quite so old, but equally deaf, left the court, too, with a profit of approximately \$2,800 to show for her year of marriage with Varner, according to the testimony he had given. Judge Valentine had just granted Varner a decree of annulment.

It was just a little more than a year ago that the two, after a brief acquaintance, eloped to Santa Ana and were married. Varner had a note, a trust deed and \$3,250 in cash at that time, he said. Within a few weeks he had conveyed to his bride an interest in the trust deed and the note and had placed his cash in a joint account.

"I put the money in a joint account. She pressed my hand and said neither of us would write a check without notifying the other. Then I found out she had drawn out all but \$446," he related bitterly.

Wanderer Is Freed of 20-Year Murder Charge

Springfield, Mo.—Jim Sublett is a free man today after 20 weary years of wandering about the country with a murder charge hanging over his head.

Sublett killed Joe Dillard, an old friend, with a bullet intended for another during an argument in 1905. He immediately left the country, and although a nation-wide search was instituted, he was never apprehended. The agony suffered by Sublett over the killing of his friend and the terror of constant flight led him to surrender several weeks ago. He was placed in jail at Galena, Mo.

The story told by the prisoner won him many friends. Relatives, including the wife and daughter of the slain man, visited Sublett in his cell, and all kindness was shown him. Public sympathy grew rapidly during his incarceration, and at last Judge Stewart and Prosecuting Attorney Hicks, meeting with relatives and other officers, agreed to waive the charges and Sublett was released, once more a free man. He returned to his home at Piney, Ark.

Trains Take Man's Legs, Then Snuff Out His Life

South Bend, Ind.—A train a few years ago severed the legs of Andrew Emery of South Bend. The other day a train snuffed out his life.

Mr. Emery used wooden legs, but was able to drive an automobile. He drove the car on the railroad track in front of a train. He was instantly killed.

Charleston in School

New York.—The Charleston is being taught fifth grade pupils at Columbia's demonstration school for teachers.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)
Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.
—Christopher P. Cranch.

REDUCING DESSERTS

For those of us who are overweight it is wise to choose a light dessert which satisfies the craving for sweets without adding much to the food value of the menu. The following have been chosen as good reliable desserts for such:



Chilled Prunes With Lemon.—Soak prunes and boil them with slices of lemon. After they have cooked fifteen minutes put them on the back of the stove to simmer. Allow the simmering process to continue until the syrup thickens. Remove from the heat and chill. The long slow cooking brings out the sweetness and flavor of the prunes and they will need no sugar to sweeten them.

Gelatin desserts of various kinds are especially good for those who are anxious about overweight. One thing must be remembered in serving them however, that they should not be served with whipped cream or rich sauce, or the very thing which you wish to avoid will result.

Saccharine may take the place of sugar in sweetening the dishes, as it will, in very small quantities, add sufficient sweetening.

Snow Pudding.—To one-fourth of a box of gelatin add one cupful of cold water. Let stand until thoroughly soaked and add two cupfuls of boiling water, five saccharine tablets, the juice of one lemon and cinnamon to taste. When slightly set, add the stiffly beaten white of an egg and beat until the mixture is light and foamy. Serve very cold.

Gelatin Whip.—Soak one-half of a package of gelatin in one cupful of cold water. Add three grains of saccharine, one-half cupful of canned plum juice. When the mixture begins to set, whip until light with an egg beater. Chill thoroughly.

Fruit Coupe.—Bury a can of any kind of fruit liked, such as pineapple, peaches or pears, in ice and salt until frozen. Dice any fresh fruit—bananas, oranges, strawberries—and fill sherbet glasses with the juicy fruit, top with frozen fruit and serve at once.

Apricot Flower Salad.—Cut halves of canned apricots in two. Arrange on head lettuce like the petals of a flower with a ball of cream cheese for center. Sprinkle the cheese with rice, hard-cooked egg to simulate pollen and serve with mayonnaise dressing. Chopped nuts may be used instead of the egg if desired.

Honey Dainties.
Honey is not only valuable as a food but has medicinal properties as well. As it is slightly acid, when used in batter mixtures a fourth of a teaspoonful of soda added to each cupful of honey used will counteract the acidity.

Graham, Honey Pudding.—Mix and sift together two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of salt. Add three-fourths of a cupful of raisins and mix with the dry ingredients. Add one-half cupful of sour milk, one-fourth cupful of melted fat, one-half cupful of honey and one well beaten egg. Beat well and turn into a buttered mold. Cover and steam for two and one-half hours. Serve with:

Honey Sauce.—Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, add one tablespoonful of flour and when well blended add one cupful of boiling water, cook until thick, then add one cupful of currant jelly, two tablespoonfuls each of lemon juice and honey. Serve hot. This is a sauce well liked with baked ham, or pork chops.

Ambrosia.—Mix one cupful of dark honey with one-half cupful of melted fat and one square of chocolate, add one-half cupful of sour milk and three well beaten eggs. Mix and sift together two and one-half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and add to the first mixture. Beat well and bake in a shallow pan. When cool cover with a caramel frosting.

Honey Cookies.—Mix three cupfuls of bran, one-fourth cupful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, add one-fourth cupful of sour milk, one-half cupful of melted fat, one-fourth teaspoonful each of salt and cinnamon, three-fourths of a cupful of honey, and one well-beaten egg. Bake twelve to fifteen minutes in a moderate oven. These are to be dropped by spoonfuls onto buttered sheets.

Honey Parfait.—Boil one cupful of honey with one-fourth cupful of water until it threads. Pour the mixture over the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Beat until cool, then fold in a pint of cream beaten stiff. Turn into a mold and pack in ice and salt for four hours.



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