

# 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 X—Continued

"Can we run it?" he called, above the thunder of the white-water, muscles set in a crouch, nerves raw with suspense.

"Down, flat!" With a fierce lunge of his blade, David swung the nose of the craft toward the beach as an Indian rose to his feet in the low scrub. In mockery of his victims the assassin laughed as he deliberately raised his rifle. But the Mannlicher with the lone shell spat first and the surprised Ojibway crumpled where he stood.

"Down!" cried David. A rifle exploded on the shore, and the men in the boat again flattened, as a bullet splintered the gunwale. Then, caught in the pull of the first pitch, the canoe slid sidewise, until straightened by the lunge of two paddles, and nosed down, out of range of the beach, into the white half-mile of the boiling Fryling Pan.

The thought of two women who would wait for his coming—the mother at home and the girl far on the Walling—wait while two battered bodies lay stiff in the ice somewhere along the Jackfish, flashed through Steele's brain, then the battle was on.

As the boat shot down the first flume, the stark despair which had gripped Steele when they had been sucked into the head of the rapid, gave way to desperate hope. For it was clear, from the insistence of David on the poles being free in the boat, that he had foreseen the possibility of being driven into the Fryling Pan. He believed the fight to get through worth making.

On leaped the canoe, like a runaway horse, ever seeking the black water channels, hanging momentarily on the lip of disaster, only to be lifted and swung off by the pole of the fighting bow-man; burying its nose in the spume of broken water, to rise, shake free, and plunge on into the white riot beyond.

Finally, as the rock walls of the gorge swept past in a gray blur to eyes which hunted the water trail ahead, David's right hand shot up and circled in the air, then regripped his paddle.

"Whirlpool!" gasped Steele, the hope which had grown with the passing moments, dying.

A matter of seconds and they would take the big chute ahead; beyond this, the suck of the whirling water. Once in the grip of the eddy, the canoe would up-end and go down—into the maw of the vortex.

From braced knees the bow-man, leaning far out-board, with bowed back, fought the nose of the boat inshore as it plunged and took the chute; then, as it shot with the current for the pool below, two madmen battled with their blades for the inches—centimeters which meant victory or—

With a leap the canoe hit the pool; wavered, caught in the lip of the eddy; but held by the lunging blades, sheered off, was free, and shot on; then, charging through a stretch of broken water, rode the "boilers" below the last pitch and out into the easy going of the open river.

With legs awash in the stop picked up in the rapids, panting, spent, the two men smiled into each other's drawn faces.

"We licked 'em both, Lafamme and the Fryling Pan!" gasped Steele.

"Good job, dat!" grunted the Ojibway, proudly, between breaths. "Dey say we lie—w'en we tell dem—at Nepigon. Now we cum back—an' get de Windigo!"

"And Lafamme?"

"We get heem anyway—de Windigo, mebbe."

"Thought you said it couldn't be run?"

"Wal, I look her ovaiv one tam, and I t'ink eef you keep lef' side ov dat eddy, you can run eet."

"We beat it, but I thought it had us when we struck it. I heard but one shot from the shore when we started; do you suppose that there were only two there?"

"Once two, I t'ink. Dey wait for us to come cen. W'en I hit dat one, de older get scare. He not know 'bout dat shell. Dat ees w'y he miss."

"That was good shooting, David! You fired so quickly, you couldn't have seen the sights—and our only shell."

"Wal, we drop down piece, get de water out, and patch her up. I got two bad leaks under me."

"Suppose that Indiaz follows down the gorge, he'll get a pot shot at us if we go ashore here."

David laughed loudly. "W'en he see us haid for de Fryin' Pan, he say: 'Bo-jo! Dere go two dead men!' He weel not follow."

## CHAPTER XI

For a week the two voyagers had traveled on half rations eked out with an occasional pike or dore, which had been lured with much patience from their winter lethargy, but each morning as they carefully surveyed the fading food supply, Steele had reiterated: "You can't starve two men who've run the Fryling Pan!"

Then followed silent hours of paddling in which the thoughts of David centered largely on the future consumption of savory moose steaks at Nepigon House, while for Steele, heart hunger and the necessity for an early solution of the problem at Walling River had served as anodyne to his craving for food.

Another week and Steele was hurrying east on the Canadian Pacific. Arriving in New York and reporting at the museum, he readily obtained permission to follow up this most amazing example of the abnormal in the habits of Canadian mammals, inextricably involved with Indian superstition in so baffling a manner as to defy any ordinary methods of solution.

On the way west, Steele made frequent trips to the baggage car to talk to a long-eared, wrinkle-faced hound.

"If I had had you, old boy, last September, up on Big Feather lake," he often repeated regretfully, rubbing the ears of the great black and tan beast, "there would be one less Windigo in the Walling River country. I don't know what you can do on the snow. You may freeze in that country, with your short hair, but you're surely going to have a chance to help us out when we lose a trail. The huskies haven't got your nose, and won't hold to a trail as you will. And when that fog-horn bay of yours booms out over the hills, there's going to be a general scramble for cover among the beasts and devils that hear it."

The bloodhound, trained in the Tennessee hills, had arrived in New York in response to an urgent telegram from Steele to a friend who bred the man-hunters on his southern plantation. There was no doubt in Steele's

mind that the riddle of the Windigo would have been solved in the autumn, had he had a bloodhound at Walling River. But the ability of the southern-bred dog to hold a trail on the strange medium of snow or ice was a matter outside the experience of those he had consulted. However, as there would be no crust until March, daylight tracking would be easy in the new snow. It was for night work when the absence of shadows obliterates a snow trail, and when a trail followed wind-swept ice, that Steele had gambled on the sensitive nose of the bloodhound to aid them.

In his wallet he carried a sealed letter of instruction from the Montreal headquarters of the Revillon Freres, addressed to Lascelles at Fort Albany, supplementing orders to be sent with the Christmas mail packet by the Abitibi route. But, as he was informed, "business was business," and the payment to the company of the value of the fur lost by St. Onge would not justify the management, against the advice of their inspector at Albany, in keeping the post open, as it had never done well.

At Ottawa, Steele had been assured that a police canoe would be despatched to Ogeke in the early spring, but that all available men would be on duty elsewhere during the winter on more pressing matters.

So, as his train carried him west through the white wilderness to Nepigon station, where David was to meet him with the best dog-team obtainable, the problem he faced contained unchanged by his trip east. It still remained for Michel, David and himself unaided, to run down the beast or beasts which had spread terror through the valley of the Walling, and to hold the Indians on their traplines. There was yet the mysterious tragedy at the Devil's Mile to be solved before the taboo would be lifted from the lower river.

At Nepigon station a five-dog sled, driven by a half-breed, waited in the snow for the passenger with the bloodhound, and only the swift voice of David's long, caribou-hide whip saved the dazed beast from speedy annihilation

by the team of half-wild huskies. "Hello, David!" cried Steele, keeping his dog at a distance from the white fangs which threatened him. "Are the trails open?"

"De Jackfish bin close onlee few day. You cum back queek, boss," answered the Ojibway, a wide grin furrowing his face.

"We've got plenty of planning to do at Nepigon house before we start. Guess how many shells I've got for your Mannlicher."

"Wal, I need one for fren' ov yours, an' 'noder for bear dat seeng lak de cat—two ees all, I t'ink."

Steele laughed. "Oh, I've got a few more than that for you. You may need moose, or meet someone at the Fryling Pan some time, so I've brought you three hundred. How's the family? Does your wife object to your going?"

"She say she t'ink I got girl down at Walling Riviere."

Three days of sledding over a good trail, for the snow was not deep, brought the team to Nepigon House at the head of the great Nepigon lake which was partly iced over. There, while the bloodhound, wearing a blanket, became somewhat more acclimated to the cold, and the huskies were forcibly taught to respect him as a permanent member of the party, David and Steele made their plans for a campaign on the snow.

Each white mile they put behind them, each camp they made at night, meant to the impatient Steele, one mile, one day, nearer the girl who needed them. But, as he broke trail ahead of the team, when they cut back from the shore to circle rapids or quick-water, or rode in the easy going of the river ice, the task he had set for himself and his two friends appeared more and more difficult of accomplishment. Suppose the Windigo were not again to appear in the valley; or, they might not again cross its trail? What then? The harm had been done, and the Indians would continue to desert the Walling as the rumors spread.

In that case, it was a lost cause—hopeless. Only in the event of the early reappearance of the beast at the post when they could speedily take up the trail and stay on it until they came up with the owner of the voice, could a swift solution of the mystery be possible. The future looked gray to Steele.

However there was one ray of light in the gloom of his fear of failure. Michel had definite suspicions, of some nature or other, which he had promised to share on Steele's return to Walling River. And as Steele and David nightly sat under their shed tent before a fire in the heart of a spruce thicket, and talked over after-supper pipes, the optimism of David was so marked that the American knew that the clue which had, for some reason, been kept from him deeply impressed the Indian.

At last, through the early dusk which shut down on the valley one November afternoon, gleamed the yellow lights of Walling River.

The pulse of Steele speeded as he made out the blurred shape of the house which Denise St. Onge called home. The morning he went away she had come to him with mist in her eyes. Would they shine again, he wondered, with that new light, now that he had come back to fight for her, or would she freeze into that other self—hold him at a distance because of her quixotic bargain with Lascelles?

Steele opened the door of the trade-house, followed by David. At their entrance, St. Onge turned in his chair behind the slab counter where he sat in conversation with his head man.

"Good evening, gentlemen!" The voice of Steele rang in the silent room. With eyes wide with amazement and surprise, St. Onge slowly rose to his feet, while the lean face of the Iroquois thrust forward, tense, apprehensive, as if he feared a trick of vision.

"Bo-jo! Michel! W'at you t'ink you see, de Windigo?" And David advanced with outstretched hand.

"We have returned as we promised, monsieur!" added Steele, approaching the counter behind which the startled men stood staring at the hooded apparitions.

Then, with a yell and a bound, Michel cleared the counter and was hugging the blocky Ojibway.

## JESUS WASHES THE DISCIPLES' FEET

LESSON TEXT—John 12:1-17.

GOLDEN TEXT—"The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many"—Matt. 20:28.

PRIMARY TOPIC—The Loving Service of Jesus.

JUNIOR TOPIC—The Loyal Service of Jesus.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Jesus Disciples Loyal Service.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Spirit of Christianity Illustrated.

With this chapter we enter into the very holy of holies of the book, namely: the inner revelation of Christ to His disciples.

I. Jesus' Amazing Love for His Own (vv. 1-3). Jesus was fully conscious of what was upon Him. He knew that the cross with all its anguish was just before Him. He knew that His disciples would shamefully forsake Him within a few hours. He knew that one of that number would be the instrument in the hands of the devil in His betrayal. He knew that all things were in His hands—was fully conscious of His duty. He did not withdraw His love from them because of their weakness and the shameful failure which He knew would soon be made manifest. "He loved them to the end"—to the uttermost. True love does not consider circumstances or the shortcomings of the person loved.

II. Christ Washing His Disciples' Feet (vv. 4-11). This act is symbolic of His amazing love for His disciples. Jesus did not regard His hands too holy to do this menial service.

1. Steps in This Service (vv. 4, 5). (1) He arose from supper. (2) Laid aside His garments. (3) Took a towel and girded Himself. (4) Poured water into a basin. (5) Washed His disciples' feet. (6) Wiped them with the towel wherewith He was girded.

These steps symbolize Christ's work of redemption. His rising from supper represents His rising from His place of enjoyment in the heavenly glory. His laying aside His garments is putting aside His vesture of majesty (Phil. 2:7, 8). His girding Himself is taking the form of a servant in the incarnation (Phil. 2:7). The water in the basin, His cleansing blood. His washing their feet, their sanctification by actual cleansing men through His Word (John 15:3; Eph. 5:26). His taking His garments again, His return to His place and position of glory (Luke 24:51).

2. Peter's Impetuous Ignorance (vv. 8, 9). He goes from one extreme to the other. His failure to understand the significance of this service caused him to behave strangely.

3. The Significance of This Service to Those Who Participate in It (vv. 10-12). (1) It is a Spiritual Cleansing (v. 8). Fellowship with Jesus is only possible as we are continuously cleansed from our sin. "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet but is clean every whit" (v. 10). The cleansing here is not the washing of regeneration (Tit. 3:5), but that of sanctification (John 17:17). Even regenerate people need the continual cleansing of Christ's blood in order to have fellowship with Him. He that is regenerated—washed in the blood of Christ (symbolized by baptism) does not need a repetition of the act; he only needs the cleansing of sanctification symbolized by the washing of the feet. After regeneration, as we go through this world we are contaminated by its sin.

(2) A Badge of Brotherly Affection. This act showed His abandonment to the service of His own. This is a lesson that is much needed today. We need more and more the fulness of brotherly love. Only can true love be proved by the service it renders.

(3) A Proof of Humility. This was a lesson much needed by the disciples and much needed by us all. They had just been disputing as to who should be the greatest in the Kingdom. Their selfish motive was expressing itself. Christ's action was a concrete expression of His Spirit.

(4) Equalization. As they would thus stoop to serve each other in the name of Christ, there would be the sure destruction of caste among them. Such service in the spirit of Christ is the great leveler of humanity.

III. An Example for Us (vv. 12-17). The disciples of the Lord are under obligation to do to each other as He did unto them. This obligation rests upon His Lordship (v. 14). All who call Him Lord in sincerity will obey Him.

God's Way. God works in a mysterious way in grace as well as in nature, concealing His operations under an imperceptible succession of events, and thus keeps us always in the darkness of faith.—Fenelon.

Unites and Still the Soul. Let the current of your being set toward God, then your life will be filled and calmed by one master-passion which unites and stills the soul.—Alexander MacLaren.

## IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of the Evening School, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

Lesson for March 7

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Your own physician will confirm this doctor's statements.



## The real cause of bad breath

"You cannot 'cover up' unpleasant breath for any length of time. The only way to rid yourself permanently of it is by removing the cause.

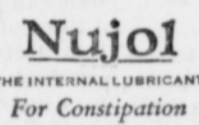
"Sometimes poor teeth are responsible. But the commonest cause of a coated tongue and offensive breath is constipation. You may not realize that your intestines are slow in eliminating waste matter, or that your breath is objectionable. But others will notice it.

"Get rid of constipation, and your breath will become fresh and sweet. Even more important, you will notice an immediate improvement in your health and spirits."

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Nujol simply makes up for a deficiency—temporary or chronic—in the supply of natural lubricant in the intestines. It softens the waste matter and thus permits thorough and regular elimination without overtaxing the intestinal muscles. Nujol can be taken for any length of time without ill effects. To insure internal cleanliness, it should be taken regularly in accordance with the directions on each bottle. Unlike laxatives, it does not form a habit and can be discontinued at any time. Ask your druggist for Nujol today. Remove the cause of bad breath and begin to enjoy the perfect health that is possible only when elimination is normal and regular.



Natural Question	Evidence
"Some children are just naturally bright."	Boy—I don't want to sell it, I tell you.
"Yes? What did yours do now?"	Luckless Angler—Well, then, let me just measure it so I can truthfully say how big the fish was that got away from me.—Passing Show.
Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart.	

## Children Cry for



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To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*. Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Capital. Teacher—Now tell us, Johnnie, which is the least-used bone in the human body? Johnnie (promptly)—The head!

Finland Plans Deep Harbor. The Finnish government is planning to improve the port of Viborg, its largest export harbor, by deepening the sea channel to admit large ships.

Nearest to Europe. Portland (Maine) is the nearest United States port to Europe.

Lots of people marry money, but the license is always made out under another name.



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Safe. Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocrotic Acid of Salicylic Acid.