

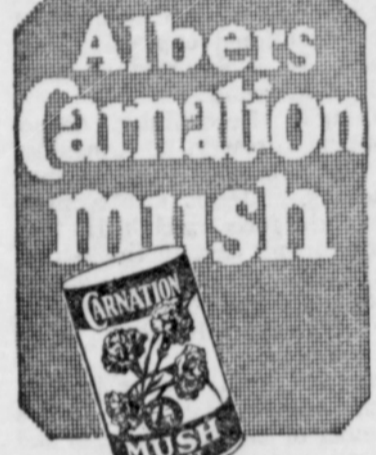


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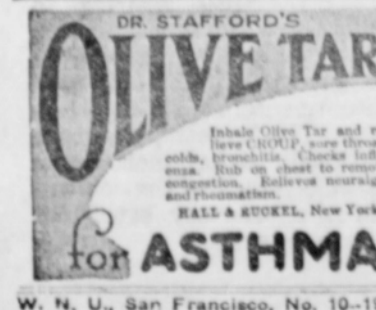
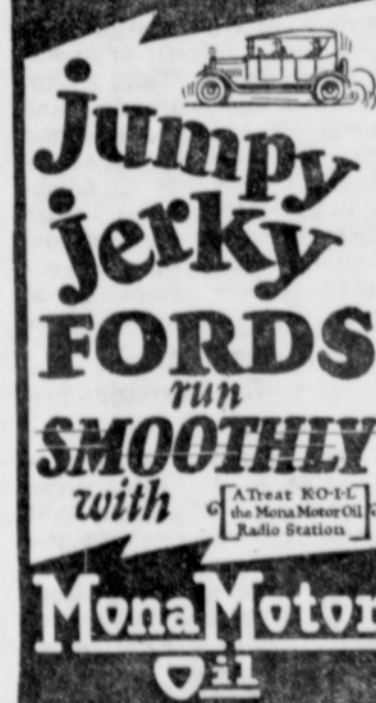


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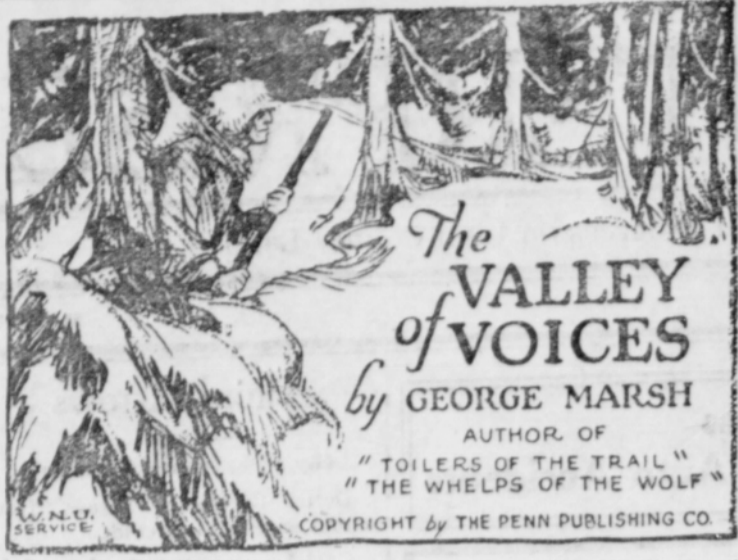
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The VALLEY of VOICES by GEORGE MARSH

AUTHOR OF "TOILERS OF THE TRAIL" "THE WHELPS OF THE WOLF" COPYRIGHT BY THE PENN PUBLISHING CO.

CHAPTER XI—Continued

"By gar! You not drown een de Fryng Pan, Daveed? We 'rot you dead men. By dam! I glad to see you, Daveed, and you, m'sieu, all right, bot' you two, beeg an' strong jes de same?" The delighted Michel repeatedly wrung the hands of his amused, but perplexed friends. Then St. Onge reached Steele.

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Monsieur Steele! Welcome to Walling River," he exclaimed in a voice, strained—unnatural. "Doubly welcome, my dear Steele! We thought we looked at the dead when you entered that door—Michel and I. An Indian brought word that you were lost in the Jackfish rapids, last month. We were hopeless—and now we are overjoyed."

"Thank you, sir, I am glad to be back. We ran the rapids—it's a long tale, colonel."

St. Onge suddenly started, turning in bewilderment from Steele to Michel.

"What was that?" David doubled with laughter at the surprise of the Iroquois. Again, to the bewilderment of the Frenchman and his head-man, the bloodhound, outside, raised a deep-throated protest at the cold and his empty stomach, which initiated a ledam of howls from the huskies.

"Why, that's Windigo; he's hungry!" laughed Steele. "You'd better look after them. David, before the home dogs start to fight."

"That, a dog? It sounded more like a lion."

"I've brought a bloodhound to track the Windigo; also to give him a bit of his own medicine. His name is Pete, but David and I call him 'Windigo.' If we'd had him last fall, it might have been different. But Mademoiselle St. Onge? Is she well?" Steele hastened to ask.

The face of the older man sobered. "She has not been well," he said, pointedly, "since the news came from Ogoko."

"You mean?"

"The news of your drowning in the Fryng Pan, monsieur."

Steele thrilled at the words. Then the realization of what it had meant to Denise St. Onge—this blow to her hopes—swiftly saddened him.

"I will go to her at once," said St. Onge. "The shock would be too great—and the joy," he added, "if you will follow shortly, you will find your old room, such as it is, ready."

had happened he couldn't afford to have us leave the bush. You see, notwithstanding my two bags of Indian stuff, he suspected me of spying on his place—and probably chose the Fryng Pan as a safe means of getting rid of us.

"He wouldn't anticipate our running them voluntarily, but evidently had ordered his Indians to capture and throw us in. Then, if our bodies or canoe were ever found, it would appear like a straight case of drowning. But David's shot stamped the survivor into firing at us."

"And you went through that white-water they say has never been run?"

"Yes, somehow we got through, with a foot of water in her and a few leaks where we scraped some sharp ones."

They had left the supper table and were in the living room, and as Steele finished he realized that Denise, who sat with eyes on the rug at her feet, had been listening. Was it the old depression, he wondered, or—

"And without shells for your guns, you traveled clear to the Nepigon on short rations?" broke in St. Onge.

"Worse than that. We got but few fish and before we reached Nepigon House, were down to one meal a day."

Denise looked up. "I am very tired, monsieur. You will pardon me? Good night!" And she left the room.

That day Steele had traveled forty miles to avoid camping another night on the snow before seeing Denise St. Onge. He was tired from the hard day on the river ice, and disturbed and mystified by the mood of the factor's daughter.

Once he knew beyond all peradventure that this harassed girl cared for him; bound though she was, once she unreservedly placed her future in his hands and rent the veil of her former reticence—her strange aloofness, then the fight for the fortunes of Walling River would be a battle of joy; and at last, when they met, it seemed that his dream had come true—that he had won.

But her air of incredulity, the irony of her comment on his story of that night at Ogoko, sent him to his bed mortified, troubled, stung with the injustice of her attitude. Was it jealousy? He had held Denise St. Onge on too high a plane for such a descent. Had she been merely facetious, or had she, without benefit of the doubt, drawn a sinister inference from the coming to the shack of Rose, and their surprise by Lafamme? But he had frankly told the full details, he argued. That, of itself, was proof enough of the singleness of his actions at Ogoko. It seemed so foreign to his conception of the character of Denise St. Onge, that, when his tired body finally drew him into the oblivion of sleep, he had attributed her manner and her silence to the strain of overtaxed nerves.

CHAPTER XII

The following morning the council of war met in the shack of Michel where, as the Iroquois was unmarried, there would be no interruption.

"Now, Michel," said Steele, "I've kept my word and come back on the first snow and I've brought a hound that will help us if we have the luck to hear that Windigo again. I've also brought these."

The speaker stripped the lashings from a canvas-covered bundle, which David had carried in from the sled the night previous, to reveal to the curious eyes of Michel two massive engines of torture, their steel jaws bristling with teeth.

"By gar! Bear trap!" exclaimed the Iroquois, black eyes glittering.

"Beauties, aren't they? God help the brute they close on!"

Then Steele lifted six smaller but no less wicked-looking devices, designed to snap on and hold in viselike grip the paw of the unwary prowler which stepped in them.

"These are the strongest wolf-traps made, and I doubt if any Windigo could get out of one, unless he gnawed his leg off."

"Now, Michel, before making any plans, I am ready to hear what you promised to tell me when I returned—what you told David and feared to have me know."

"Dat ees right, m'sieu. You keep de word an' cum back to fight wid us, Leesten!"

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 14

THE LAST WORDS OF JESUS WITH HIS DISCIPLES

GOLDEN TEXT—John 14:1-31. "I am the way, the truth and the life."—John 14:6. PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus Tells of the Heavenly Home. JUNIOR TOPIC—Wonderful Promises of Jesus. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Jesus Counsels and Confers with His Disciples. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Christ's Last Words With His Disciples.

The hopes of the disciples were utterly shattered when Jesus told them about the cross. He had told them that He was going away and that they could not follow Him. Their hearts were flooded with grief. He consoled them by—

I. Pointing to the Reunion in the Father's House (vv. 1-3).

1. He Asked Them to Trust in Him Even as God (v. 1).

Faith in the God man Christ Jesus will steady the heart no matter how intense the grief, nor how great the sorrow.

2. He Informed Them That He Was Going to the Father's House in Heaven to Prepare a Home for Them (v. 2).

He assured them that there was abundant room for all. Heaven is an eternal dwelling place. Only those can enter who have made the necessary preparation here.

3. He Assured Them That He Would Come Again and Escort Them to Heaven (v. 3).

Jesus will not wait for His own to come to Him, but will come and call forth from the grave those who have died and transform living believers and take them all to be with Himself in the heavenly home forever more.

II. Revealing the Way to the Father's House (vv. 4-11).

Jesus informed the disciples that they knew the place and the way to which He was going. To this Thomas interposed a doubt, in answer to which Christ asserts that He is—

1. The Way to God (v. 6).

He is more than a mere guide or teacher; He is the way itself. He is the door of the sheep fold; yea, the very entrance to the tree of life.

2. The Truth (v. 6).

He is not merely the teacher, but the Truth incarnate. In His incarnation the spiritual and material worlds were united. Therefore, every line of truth, whether spiritual or material, converges in Him. No one can ever have the real truth about anything who does not have Christ. In Him especially we have the truth about God.

To pretend to know God, while at the same time rejecting Jesus Christ is utter folly. Only as Christ reveals God can man know Him (John 1:18).

3. The Life (v. 6).

Christ is not merely the giver of life, but He is the essence of life. Only those who receive Christ have life in the true sense. This is a truth which cannot be arrived at by intellectual processes. It is a mystery which can only be penetrated by faith.

III. Assuring Them That His Work Was to Continue (vv. 12-14).

Jesus' going away was not to end the work which He had begun. This no doubt means that through the ministry of the spirit-filled disciples the work which He had begun would assume larger proportions. After the Day of Pentecost the Gospel took a much wider range. During His ministry the message was confined to the Jews, while under the ministry of the disciples it was only limited by the world itself. The disciples' ministry was ushered in by the conversion of three thousand in one day.

IV. Promises Another Comforter (vv. 15-17).

The word "comforter" means literally one called to the side of another to give help, protection and deliverance. This comforter was the Holy Spirit. Jesus was the comforter while here in the body. The Holy Spirit was to be another comforter.

V. Assuring Them of His Return to Them (vv. 18-24).

Although Christ went away He did not leave His disciples as orphans. He is spiritually present with them always. The Father and the Son make their abode with the disciples who love and obey Jesus Christ.

VI. Assuring Them That the Holy Spirit Would Aid Them in Remembering and Understanding His Words (vv. 25, 26).

This the Holy Spirit does by illuminating the minds of the disciples.

VII. Giving the Legacy of His Peace (vv. 27-31).

By His peace is meant the serenity of soul which one enjoys who knows that his sins are forgiven.

Dependent Upon God

All men, whether they know it or not, are unconsciously dependent upon God, else no man could live out a day. The religious man is one who is aware of that truth, and who seeks by active choice and will to know and do the will of Him in whose great hand he stands.—Joseph Fort Newton.

Unkind Language

Unkind language is sure to produce the fruits of unkindness, that is, suffering in the bosom of others.

A Nervous Breakdown



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