

# 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.)

## CHAPTER XVIII—Continued

"My friends, we have worked together to drive from this valley the man who would destroy the Indians. We have won. He has gone. You have toiled, you have kept your promises and obeyed orders. You will take to your families what food and trade-goods your dogs can pull. Also, there is much fur in the left, for which Lafamme paid the Ojibways in whisky. This the government will take, if it remains here. But it belongs to the Indians. You shall have it to divide equally among the hunters of this valley, but first it must be taken to the fork of the Stopping and cached. I am going on the long trail to Fort Albany. When I return I will meet you at the cache, divide the fur among you, and tell you where you are to take it to be traded—to Walling River or to Fort Hope, of the old company.

"In the left we have found the fur that was lost this summer with the canoe on the lower river. Lafamme murdered the crew and stole the fur, to drive the honest trader, St. Onge, from this valley. This morning it goes back to him. Will you cache the rest of the fur at the Stopping and wait for my return from Albany?"

"Eh, yes!" The Ojibways, delighted with their sudden wealth, readily agreed, surprised that the man who had caught the Windigo reserved nothing for himself.

The following morning, as Michel and Steele watched the last sled fade from sight on the white surface of Ogoko, bound with fur for the fork of the Stopping, a moving spot on the snow, far to the west, attracted their attention.

"It can't be David, so soon?" queried the American.

The Iroquois shook his head. "He not kech dem so queek. Dey drive dog hard to get away."

Steele went into the trade-house and returned with his binoculars.

"There seem to be two sleds," he said, adjusting the glasses. "The drivers are riding. I can't make them out. They may be police." He handed the glasses to Michel.

For a long time the Indian studied the distant spots on the snow. Then he said, drily, "Once one man—older team hitch to front sled. Dogs tired. He returned the glasses to his chief, with a look which aroused Steele's curiosity.

"You think it's David, after all?" "I tink," nodded the Indian.

The two men returned to the kitchen. The man who had spent two nights and a day on the trail would appreciate a warm breakfast. When they again looked down the lake, the furling, lumpy figure of David was urging the exhausted teams from the tail of the second sled. Shortly, the dogs turned into the post. Then the curious men who hailed with a shout the return of the Ojibway, saw, lashed to the pack on the rear sled, two rifles in skin cases.

In silence the two gripped the hand of the one who had left in the night on his grim quest—faithful to an oath and a memory.

To their questioning eyes he answered: "My brudder—he sleep sou' last night."

That was all. But Steele and Michel knew that somewhere on the Rouge river trail, two men had paid—somewhere, two bodies lay stiff in the snow.

## CHAPTER XIX

All Walling River, women and children, were on the river ice to welcome the return of the men who had saved the trade. Leaving the chattering Indians, as the dogs, brave with bells and colored worsted, jingled down the trail, St. Onge hurried to meet his friends.

"My friends!" he choked, powerless to continue. Then, "My brave comrades! I can never repay you—but I will not forget."

Steele's eager eyes searched the group at the shore for a straight figure in fur coat and hood—then found her standing with the women. As the people surrounded the dog teams, congratulating Michel and David, she came to meet him.

The sharp air had driven the blood to her cheeks. In the wink hood, her face had never so appealed to him as when she laughed up, with: "The conqueror returns for his triumph! Welcome, Monsieur Steele!" Then her dark eyes went grave. "We owe you everything—everything," she said, lowering her voice. "Thank you, oh, so much, for what you have done for my father."

"But—for you?" he protested. "You know—it was for you?"

She met his gaze frankly. "I thank you—for myself."

"You have been well?" he asked, chilled by the reserve in her level eyes. "The violin—Jacques brought word—I am so sorry."

"Yes, you would know what his loss has meant. But your catching the Windigo—surrounding them—driving them from Ogoko through fear! It was wonderful, monsieur. And David is with you? The Indians told us he had left in pursuit of Lafamme—he—"

"Yes, David's account is settled," said Steele, quietly.

The girl shuddered.

"The future of the post is safe," Steele went on. "We have much to be thankful for—finding that lost fur. Your father—will show a big profit this

year. Montreal will not allow the post to be closed now."

He watched her face closely. "Father wept at the news—it was wonderful," she calmly replied, as if ignorant of how great moment to her own fortunes was the rehabilitation of Walling River.

She had not changed; nothing would move her. She would go through with it, notwithstanding the assured independence of her father. She would keep her contract. That was clear. If she cared, she would have shown it there, on the river, when she met him. But she still believed he had been disloyal—made love to another woman, on his way home in October. Her pride had killed forever what she had felt for him that morning on the river shore.

At the trade-house he found Michel and David, narrating in detail the history of the campaign against the Windigo and Ogoko.

"It is unbelievable, my dear Steele," said St. Onge, "and I owe you and Michel a humble apology. I could not believe that Tete-Boule was dangerous—a spy. For me to leave her here at the mercy of Lafamme was unthinkable—and the violin! Poor girl, that was the final blow."

Michel glanced at David's stoic face, nodding grimly. "Wal, dat ees paid—dat leetle debt."

"It was uncanny—the way you three men caught Pierre and paid them with their own medicine. I can't believe now that it isn't all a dream. And this fur of Lafamme's, you say it is cached up river?" The Frenchman was puzzled.

Steele nodded.

"And you are to divide it among the Indians later?"

"Yes, when I return from Albany."

"From Albany? You are going to Albany?"

"Yes, David and I start tomorrow."

The factor was frankly bewildered. "But you need a rest, and you are apt to run right into a Keewatin northwester at this time, monsieur," objected St. Onge. What Steele's mission was he did not ask.

"Our dogs are good for it. We'll take six and go light. You can count on seeing us inside of three weeks."

"But why not send Michel and David? You do not flatter the poor hospitality of Walling River when you give us but a night. I've looked forward so to your return—and now you are leaving us," protested the mystified factor.

"It is a personal matter," said Steele, "and is urgent. We start at daylight."

After reading off the last miles of the lower Albany on an ice-hard trail, the swift dogs of Steele trotted up to the building of the Revillon Freres at the mouth of the river, two days before New Year's.

Leaving David to protect the team, Steele entered the trade-room. At the counter a half-breed clerk was busy with a hunter, but beyond, occupied at a desk, sat the man he had come three hundred miles to see.

At Steele's "Good afternoon, monsieur!" the trader looked up from his work. Slowly, as he recognized the frost-burned features of the man in duflie capote, the face of Lascelles went black with anger. He rose and faced the newcomer, his mouth twitching in vain effort to articulate.

"You remember me," went on Steele, casually, openly amused at the surprise and discomfiture of the other. "My name is Steele. I met you at Walling River."

"Yes, I remember you," exploded the inspector, finding his voice. "What brings you here?"

"I came on a little matter of business which we had better discuss in private," suggested Steele, nodding in the direction of the listening clerk.

"Come in behind the counter, then."

Steele passed to the rear of the counter and sat down.

"You come from Moose or Walling River?" demanded Lascelles, curious of the purpose of this strange call in mid-winter.

"I come from Walling River. You may be interested to know what has happened in the valley since September."

Lascelles was interested. "You brought letters for me?" His tone dropped its surliness.

"Oh, no! I have no letters, Mademoiselle St. Onge and her father are well, however. In fact, St. Onge is a happy man. He's got the fur he lost last summer at the big rapids."

"Got his fur? How?"

"Why, Lafamme had it. By the way, the trade of the valley is in your hands. Walling River will pay big in the future." Steele added pointedly: "You can't close the post now."

"But Lafamme? He stole that fur?" demanded the astonished and mystified Frenchman. "How did St. Onge get it back?"

"Why, Lafamme bequeathed it to him—sort of a legacy. You see, Lafamme died—with a few others."

Lascelles stared at the man across the desk as if he doubted Steele's reason. "Lafamme dead! What's happened?" he gasped.

"Well, in the first place," began Steele, lighting his pipe, "the Windigo scoffed at proved to be an Indian from Ogoko. We got him in a bear-trap—then closed in on Lafamme and picked up half his people on the trails. When we walked in the rest had already stampeded from sheer fright. We missed Lafamme by minutes."

The American enjoyed the play of mingled incredulity and amazement on the features of the man he faced. "He was found strangled on the Rouge river

trail—later," Steele added. "A private affair, I imagine. Exit all competition in the valley for St. Onge."

"It's unbelievable—Lafamme dead. And his fur? It will come, of course, to Walling River," added the trader, with satisfaction.

The moment of the American had arrived. He deliberately knocked out his pipe, as he countered: "That depends on whether you sign this." The speaker fumbled in an inner pocket and produced an oil-skin envelope with an enclosure.

Lascelles scowled as Steele drew out the paper.

"What is this?" he demanded, his small eyes shifting suspiciously from the paper to the cold gaze of the American.

"This is your title to forty thousand dollars' worth of fur, your title—when you sign it and return it to me."

Mystified, on the defensive, Lascelles waited in silence.

"I'll read it to you," continued Steele.

"Mademoiselle Denise St. Onge: 'I hereby release you from your agreement to marry me.'

"GEORGES LASCELLES, 'Inspector, Revillon Freres, Albany District.'

"You dare to insult me in my own house!" raged the furious trader, getting to his feet and shaking his fists in the face of the man who sat coolly in his chair, looking up at him.

"Why—you impudent scoundrel—I'll have you thrown out of the place—you and your dogs! You—" Lascelles, choked with anger, was unable to continue.

"You forget my man David," drawled Steele, "the Indian who laughed at you on the shore. You haven't got enough Swampy Creees at your post here to throw that Ojibway out."

The trader flinched from the threat in the wind-burned features, with the clamped jaw.

"Now, sit down!" snapped Steele. "At the Stopping River there is forty thousand dollars in fur under guard of my men. Sign this, and it goes to St. Onge; refuse, and it will be traded at Fort Hope, with the Hudson's Bay. Understand? Forty thousand in fur to the Hudson's Bay!"

"Did she send you with this?" sneered the patently worried inspector.

"We won't discuss Mademoiselle St. Onge, but she knows nothing of this—nothing. Furthermore, you may be glad to learn that this release will mean nothing to me. We have both lost, Lascelles—both you and I. Let's take our medicine like men."

"You expect me to believe you?"

"Believe me or not, one thing you're going to do; that is, sign this release."

"Suppose I refuse?"

"Well, read this." Steele handed the other man a paper bearing the letterhead of Revillon Freres and dated at Montreal.

Lascelles' hand visibly trembled as he took the paper. While he read, his high color slowly died.

"You understand that second sentence, don't you?" taunted Steele.

"Any attempt on your part to confuse the company's business with your private affairs will be summarily dealt with," he quoted. "How would you like to have the Montreal office learn that you had, for private reasons, turned over forty thousand dollars' worth of pelts to the Hudson's Bay?"

Limp in his chair, the man who had plotted for Denise St. Onge and beheld his victory near, now stared hopelessly on defeat. To Steele, confident of the answer—the answer which was inevitable from the character of the man he dealt with—the face of Lascelles reflected each stage of his mental struggle. Deep as had been his obsession for Denise St. Onge, his commercial future was his life. After an interval, he turned to the American.

"I could have you put out of the way easily, in spite of your man-killer outside; and get both fur and the girl."

Steele laughed. "You think me a child? If I don't come back, the fur goes to Fort Hope. I've fixed that. I've also written to your superiors telling them of your great fur haul on the Walling. However, I'm hungry for a good fight. Say the word and I'll begin with you. Any more threats?"

Lascelles was done. There was no alternative to a refusal to sign the release but the ruin of his career. He hurriedly wrote his name and returned the paper to Steele.

"You're a clever man, monsieur," he said in a voice broken with passion, "but in the future keep away from this end of the Albany. It would please me to look at you over the sights of a rifle."

"Now, I don't feel that way about you," flung back Steele as he moved to the door, followed by the venomous eyes of the other. "While I have a foot, I'll never waste good ammunition—on a cur," and he slammed the door behind him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Miserable Despair

Despair makes a despicable figure, and is descended from a mean original. It is the offspring of fear, laziness and impatience. It argues a defect of spirit and resolution, and oftentimes of honesty, too. After all, the exercise of this passion is so troublesome that nothing but dint of evidence and demonstration should force it upon us. I would not despair unless I knew the irrevocable decree was passed. I saw my misfortune recorded in the book of fate, and signed and sealed by necessity. —Jeremy Taylor.

## Easily Wed in Siberia

Marriage in Siberia is only a matter of taking out a license to wed; divorce is equally easy.

## IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

# Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of the Evening School, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
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## Lesson for May 9

### ABRAHAM AND THE KINGS

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 14:1-24.  
GOLDEN TEXT—In all these we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.—Rom. 8:37.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Abraham Saves Lot From Danger.  
JUNIOR TOPIC—Abraham Rescues Lot.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Abraham's Courage and Generosity.  
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Victory Through Faith and Courage.

I. Lot Taken Captive (14:1-12)  
Lot's misfortune was due to his selfishness in choosing the best land regardless of the moral risks in his associations (13:10, 11). The Jordan valley was very fertile, but a place of moral snares because Sodom was there. Frequently fine pasture for cattle contains poisonous growths. Lot's trouble was not primarily because he was a bad man, but because of his associations. The steps taken by Lot as shown in chapter 13 were:

1. He lifted up his eyes and beheld (v. 10).

2. He chose him all the plain (v. 11).

3. He dwelt in the cities of the plain (v. 12).

4. He pitched his tent toward Sodom (v. 12).

5. He dwelt in Sodom (14:12).

6. He sat in the gate of Sodom (19:1).

II. Abraham Rescues Lot (13-16).  
1. News brought to Abraham (v. 13). Abraham was in a place of safety. Just why the man who had escaped came to Abraham with the news we do not know. Perhaps Lot had requested him to tell Abraham of his misfortune, making known the fact of his kinship and through him appealing for help.

2. Abraham in pursuit (vv. 14, 15). Abraham, the great-hearted, forgot Lot's selfishness and ingratitude, organized his servants and by a night attack defeated the enemy. Abraham might just have left Lot to his fate, but because Lot was his brother he forgot his wrongs.

3. Lot rescued (v. 16).  
Not only was Lot saved, but the women and his goods were rescued. Because Abraham was separate from Sodom he was able to save his brother. The one who is separate from the world has power to overcome it, while the one who is joined to the world is helpless and is carried away with its ruin.

III. The Ministry of Melchizedek (vv. 17-20).  
Melchizedek, a mysterious person, suddenly appears on the scene. His name signifies "king of righteousness." He was also king of Salem. Salem means peace. The name is descriptive of his office, rather than a proper name. He is a type of Christ. The following features are suggested by A. T. Pierson:

1. He represents a primitive universal faith, antedating, outranking and surviving the Levitical.

2. He was the priest of the Most High God—a more comprehensive name than Jehovah.

3. His order of priesthood was not local or temporary, but universal and permanent.

4. He outranked even Abraham, who paid him tithes as to a superior.

5. He was prophet, priest and king—all in one, a sort of threefold personage.

6. He was not reckoned according to human genealogy nor limited course of service.

7. He was both king of righteousness and king of peace. Righteousness pertains to the name of the nation and peace, to the realm. Abraham gave tithes to Melchizedek, and this was the standard of giving in the Old Testament, but the New Testament puts giving on a higher plane. In I Corinthians 16:1 the believer is instructed to give as the Lord prospers.

IV. Abraham and the King of Sodom (21-24).  
The king of Sodom offered Abraham reward. Abraham was quick to discern his peril in receiving gifts from him. He knew that what he had done was through the grace of God upon him. He would not use this grace for private gain, would not complicate himself with the world for the sake of money. He anticipated this temptation and had covenanted with God not to yield to it (vv. 22-23). Ministers and evangelists have made grievous mistakes in receiving and even seeking financial help from godless people. The God who is possessor of heaven and earth does not need the help of the world. The world must not have opportunity to boast.

## Our Punishment

The seeds of our punishment are sown at the same time we commit the sin.—Hesiod.

## Tears

Tears are often the telescope through which men see far into heaven.

## Beautiful Within

"I pray Thee, O my God, that I may be beautiful within."

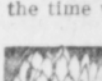
## The Kitchen Cabinet

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To set the face in the right direction and then simply travel on, un-mindful and never discouraged by even frequent relapses by the way, is the secret of all human achievement.

## ASPARAGUS TIME

This favorite vegetable comes at the time when it is very welcome. As with all of the early summer vegetables, asparagus is rich in mineral salts and vitamins. Asparagus when bought in the market is expensive food and when cooked should be served with every drop of the liquid in which the vegetable was cooked. To pay twenty-five or thirty cents a bunch for asparagus and cook in it a quantity of water, pouring that, when the vegetable is cooked, down the kitchen sink, is criminally wasteful. It is waste not only of money but of food value. The properties which make the vegetable should be carefully preserved in the cooking. A good receptacle for cooking asparagus is an old-fashioned coffee pot; the bunch without cutting may be put down into the water, then covered tightly; the coarser parts will cook in the water, the tips will be steamed until tender. Use the liquor from the vegetable for a sauce, as it is rich in salts and vitamins. A double boiler may be used in place of a coffee pot, using the water bath for the cooking and cover with the top of the double boiler. Steamed asparagus is considered by far the best way to get all the good of the vegetable; lay it in a colander and steam over water.



Asparagus lends itself with its delicate flavor, most acceptably as a salad vegetable; combined with butter, eggs and cheese it is delicious as soufflé, rabbit, or scalloped dish.

Peppers Stuffed With Asparagus.—Prepare four uniform sized green peppers for stuffing. Parboil and drain. Take one cupful of bread crumbs, one cupful of cooked asparagus, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a few drops of mushroom catsup, mix well and fill the peppers. Bake, basting with a good soup stock. Serve garnished with stuffed olives.

Often the tough ends of the asparagus may be peeled and will serve as tender as the parts nearer the tips. When too tough, cook the tough portions, saving the liquid for sauce to serve with the steamed tender tips.

Sorrel Soup.—Take a pound of sorrel, three potatoes, a bunch of green onions, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two eggs and salt to taste. Wash the sorrel and cut fine. Peel the potatoes, add the chopped onions, and two quarts of water to the sorrel. Simmer with the salt and sugar until tender. Remove from the fire, add the beaten eggs.

Easy and Good Desserts.  
Milk, the best food suited to children, makes the best foundation for wholesome desserts, good for old as well as young and easy of digestion.

Baked Custard.—This custard may be varied by different flavors or seasoning so that even if often served it will not become monotonous.

Beat four eggs slightly, add one-half cupful of sugar and one quart of fresh milk. Cook in water in a hot oven. Add a pinch of salt and such seasoning as grated nutmeg, cinnamon or any desired flavoring extract. All egg mixtures should cook at a low temperature, so setting the custard in water and not allowing it to boil will keep the custard cooking at a lower temperature. To test when cooked, dip a knifeblade into the center of the custard; if it comes out clean the custard is done. Remove at once from the oven and hot water. Custard that is overcooked is watery and unattractive.

Caramel Custard.—Melt in a smooth omelet pan one-half cupful of sugar, add gradually four cupfuls of scalding hot water and stir until the caramel is dissolved. Beat five eggs, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of vanilla, strain into a mold rinsed in cold water. Bake as usual.

Ginger Custard.—Line buttered cups with small pieces of canton ginger, then pour in a thick custard, using four eggs to a pint of milk, one-third of a cupful of sugar, a pinch of salt and vanilla to flavor. Beat the eggs, add sugar, salt, and flavoring, strain into molds and set into hot water to bake until firm. Serve with a spoonful of canton ginger sirup and a little of the chopped ginger over the unmolded custard when cold.

The more eggs used in a custard the more nourishing the dessert; however one may prepare a very good custard using two eggs to a pint of milk. If baking is not convenient steam the custards in water over a low flame on the gas burner. Cover for a while, then watch carefully so as not to overcook.

Coconut Custard Pie.—Use two eggs to a pint of milk, adding sugar to sweeten—not as much as if the sweet coconut were not used, sprinkle with a half to whole cupful of grated coconut and bake as usual in one crust.

## Alabastine



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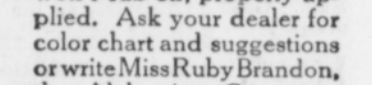
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