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From time to time there is some agitation for the further protection of deer, but a recent survey shows that there are at least 1,000,000 wild deer in the United States. Each year about 75,000 are killed in the eastern and central western states alone. Minnesota kills about 20,000 deer each season and 8,000 were slain in New York in 1924.

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There are more than a quarter of a million Sunday schools in active operation in the world, attracting an attendance of more than 30,000,000 pupils. North America is ahead of other continents in this census, with some 150,000 schools and 20,000,000 pupils. Europe has fewer than 70,000 schools and about 8,000,000 pupils. Asia ranks next with 30,000 schools and 1,300,000 pupils.

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W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 45-1925

# 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.)

## TETE-BOULE

SYNOPSIS—With David, half-breed guide, Brent Steele, of the American Museum of Natural History, is traveling in northern Canada. By a stream he hears Denise, daughter of Col. Milaire St. Onge, factor at Walling River, play the violin superbly. He introduces himself and accepts an invitation to make the post his home during his stay. He finds the factor worried and mystified. The "log chateau" is a real home. From St. Onge he learns of the mysterious creature of evil, the Windigo, and the disappearance of a canoe and its crew, with the season's take of furs. Then at night the Windigo gives a weird performance. Even Steele is mystified. David, Steele's Indian, and Michel, St. Onge's head-man, leave for the scene of the canoe's disappearance in an attempt to solve the mystery. St. Onge tells Steele that Lascelles, the company's manager at Fort Albany, seeks his ruin in order to compel Denise to marry him to save her father. Steele and Denise fall in love. Steele finds the track of the Windigo—huge and much like a bear's. David finds the same thing.

## CHAPTER IV

As he met Denise at the door of the factor's quarters, Steele said quietly: "Let's not talk of the bear trail tonight, mademoiselle." And the grateful look she gave him was ample reward for his tact.

"As I feared, monsieur, the men found nothing down river," said St. Onge as they sat down to the simple meal.

Not knowing whether Michel had as yet confided in the factor, Steele didn't mention the strange trail.

"It is certainly a puzzle, Colonel." "Yes, a riddle which will be solved in only one way, monsieur—by time. Some day when we have left the Walling River we may hear of the fate of my men."

"Then you have no faith in the Windigo theory of their disappearance?" Steele boldly challenged, with a curl of the lip.

The tired eyes of St. Onge twinkled. "So far as our Indians are concerned, monsieur, the Windigo will drive us out of the valley. But I am not prepared to say that the Windigo have my fur."

Brent Steele was narrowly on the point of demanding that his host put his cards on the table face up. St. Onge's failure to take his guest fully into his confidence was irritating to a degree. As he ate in silence, the American promised himself that there should shortly be a showing of hands or he would go south at once. Then the brooding eyes of Denise St. Onge met his and he realized what it would mean to leave Walling River to its fate—what memories he should leave behind when he started south for the Neipigon.

That evening, three men, heads together, smoked on the beach. Slowly and in detail Michel and David told Steele of their search and discovery of the strange footprints.

"What were they like, Michel?" "They were long lak' de bear, but no bear een des countrie mak' dem so big."

"Queer t'ing de bear w'at mak' de track," broke in David, "was starv' for dey not seek far een de mud. An' he have seex-seven toe on fore feet."

"Just like the ones I'll show you in the morning!" exclaimed Steele. "And you found no trail of the men with the canoe?"

"No sign but 'round de camp—no trail in muskeg."

"Well, Michel, what do you think? Could the brute that made the track you saw, howl like the one on the ridge here?"

The Iroquois' small eyes narrowed to slits. He puffed hard for a space before answering. "De howl on de ridge was no bear—bear onlee yell w'en he get hurt. Michel not know w'at howl on de ridge but he fin' out before de long snow melt."

"What do you think made the trail, David?" Steele grinned into the set face of his friend.

David shook his head. "I nevalre see so beeg bear track."

Then Steele told of his search of the ridge for signs of the night walker, and of the tracks he had seen that afternoon. But cudgel their brains as they would, the three men were at a total loss for a solution of the riddle of their origin.

The night shut down but the three men on the river shore still sat smoking hard at their council of war. In the middle of a sentence, David suddenly stopped, raising his head as though listening. Then, silently rising, he plunged into a clump of alders close by! A low curse—the sound of a scuffle.

"By grr! W'at you got, Daveed?" demanded Michel as he and Steele followed to the brush.

"I show you somet'ing!" was the

muttered reply, as the dark shape of the Ojibway dragged an indistinguishable, struggling mass from the alders.

"Tete-Boule!" gasped Michel, peering into the face of David's prisoner. "W'at you do dere?"

"So you t'ink to hear somet'ing, Tete-Boule?" growled the angry voice of the Ojibway shaking the man he held in the vise of his two hands as a husky dog shakes a rabbit. "You crawl lak' de mink, but I smell you lak' de wolf smell de wood mouse," and the man from Neipigon shifted a hand to Tete-Boule's throat. The mouth of the trembling eavesdropper gaped for air.

"Now I geeve you somet'ing to leeson to, Wabeno! Shaman! Maker ov de Beeg Medicine! Eef you don' be ver' careful, David, de Neipigon Wolf, will tear de devil out ov your t'roat." And with a wrench he sent Tete-Boule sprawling on the beach.

"Guess he won't eavesdrop again in a hurry!" laughed Steele, as the cowed Indian disappeared in the shadows. But Michel seemed so strangely silent that the American asked:

"What's the matter, Michel, don't you like to see him hand'ed so roughly?"

The Iroquois made no reply.

"Wake up, Michel, and tell us what you think?"

"I t'ink," said the head-man slowly, "dat de long snows will be red in dees valley."

"What, you don't think that fool Tete-Boule will make trouble?"

"Tete-Boule ees no fool," he would say no more.

The house was silent when Steele, filled with the events of the day, went to his room. Late into the night his thoughts were busy with the hours on the ridge with Denise St. Onge, with memories of her flushed response to his emotion, of her abandon to the feeling which had swept her when she played her "Farewell," of her reticence and yet her desire to make clear the situation which her father seemingly feared to reveal to Steele. Then the matter of the tracks in the mud; what manner of beast could be loose in the "bush"? In the morning they would take up that trail and follow it, but when they lost it in the dry going, what next? Well, they had a plan for the next month, but the Frenchman would first have to show his cards. If he refused, there was nothing to do but get on to Neipigon. On the way there was Ogoke and Monsieur Lafamme. That ought to be interesting. But little did Steele realize as his drowsy brain dwelt for an instant on the call on Monsieur Lafamme, free-trader, just how interesting that visit was to be.

At daylight three men were bending over tracks which ran through a wet hollow less than a mile from Walling River.

"Well, Michel, did you ever see a black bear that would leave these behind him?" asked Steele as David and the head man carefully inspected the peculiar trail.

"Ver' beeg track but ver' strange bear," ironically vouchsafed the kneeling hunter.

"How about it, David?"

David bared a set of strong teeth in a characteristic smile.

"W'en we start up river for de Neipigon, I tell you. You laugh at me eef I say w'at I t'ink now."

Michel took up the trail forward while David and Steele followed it back only to lose it shortly in the dry birch leaves. On their return they found Michel waiting.

"She don' run far," he announced. "I don' followed eet far in de dry bush."

Then the three made a wide circle, but failed to pick up the elusive tracks. Disappointed, they were returning to the post by another route than the trail to the ridge overlooking the "Vale of Tempe," when Michel, who was leading suddenly stopped in his tracks, raising his hand in warning.

Stiff as the spruce around them, the three stood listening. Fatally to their straining ears came a low chanting, accompanied by the rhythmic beating of what sounded like a drum. Steele turned a questioning face to David, who grinned broadly, nodding his head in time to the far drum beats.

"What in thunder!" queried the curious scientist.

"You hear dot down on de Neipigon, one tam," dryly returned the Ojibway.

"It sounds like it. Somebody doing some conjuring, eh?"

"Tete-Boule, de beeg shaman, mak' heseff some medicine dees morning."

"Is he driving away the Windigo, or is he trying to get you bewitched for shaking him up last night?"

"I t'ink he try to call de Windigo for to mak' de beeg medicine togeder," laughed David.

"Do the post people know that Tete-Boule is a Wabeno, Michel?" Steele asked of the silent man who had vouchsafed no comment.

"Tete-Boule mak' medicine for long tam, to drive away de Windigo. De people t'ink he ees beeg shaman, for sure."

"Well, the first thing for St. Onge to do is to get rid of this nuisance, Tete-Boule. He keeps the post Indians stirred up with his mumbo-jumbo, and ought to be kicked out. What do you think, Michel?"

For answer, the tall Iroquois drew an ugly skinning knife from its sheath in his belt. Then he said, "It be good t'ing eef I put dees een hees back?"

"No, not without orders from your chief," replied Steele, amused at the literal interpretation given to his suggestion. "But this Tete-Boule will make trouble all winter with his sorcery."

As they talked, the low droning continued, accented by the beating of the drum.

"Let's see what he is about," suggested Steele, and they crept forward.

Within a hundred yards they made out a small, round skin tipi from which the sing-song emanated.

"Naske awax, Windigo!" moaned the voice inside. "Ahuah! ahuah!"

"He tell de Windigo to go away," whispered David to Steele.

Then Michel wormed his way to some small balsam near the tent, while the others watched him.

Presently a low mewling from the Iroquois stopped short the wailing in the tent. Then from the balsam rose the caterwauling of a lynx in the mating season.

The drumming started furiously, accompanied by vociferous shouting. The scream of the lynx rose to a maniacal shriek. The drumming ceased, and the maddened cries of a creature frenzied with fear filled the tent. Presently the flap was thrust aside, and a grey-faced Indian scrambled out and fled like a deer in the direction of the post, leaving behind him a white man and an Ojibway doubled with laughter, and beside them, his face set like stone, a tall half-breed deep in thought.

"Why did you do that, Michel? He will only make things worse at the post."

"I try eef he scare ov de Windigo, heseelf."

"Well, are you satisfied?"

"Yes. Eet ees ver' strange he ees so scare." And the head man shook his head doubtfully. "He talk to de Windigo, an' w'en he cum, he run."

Back at the post Steele related to St. Onge the events of the morning.

"This Tete-Boule, Colonel, is only a source of trouble here. He is filling the minds of the Indians with the Windigo, and then makes medicine to drive him away, doubtless for a consideration."

St. Onge shrugged with indifference. "It will not matter. I am expecting a packet from Albany any day ordering me to abandon the post."

Steele stared at his host in surprise. Where was the old fighting blood in this veteran? What hidden cause had paralyzed his nerve? And his love for his daughter—that at least should drive him to fight through to the bitter end.

They were on the river shore and alone, so Steele grasped the opportunity for which he had waited. The matter between them had to be cleared up if he were to give his best efforts and those of David in the days to come.

"Colonel St. Onge," he began, "I am deeply interested in your situation here. I have offered the services of David and myself, in an attempt to aid you in your trouble; but I must say, candidly, that you are not meeting me half way. If I am to put in the next three weeks in an effort to run this thing down, I must first have your full and complete confidence. I must know—what you know—and think. This is due me. If you cannot take me into your confidence, I shall be compelled to thank you for your hospitality and bid you goodby, deeply as I shall regret it."

St. Onge listened patiently, as the speaker thought, hopelessly, to the ultimatum.

"Let us sit down and talk it over, monsieur," he replied.

The two men moved to a rock and lighted their pipes.

"Monsieur Steele," began St. Onge, "I am in a net from which I see no escape. You came here a stranger, claiming to be a scientist, interested in the study of Indian customs and folk-lore. That is all I knew about you. As it was, I told you too much that first night."

Evidently this Tete-Boule has something to do with the Windigo. Who is back of him?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Lame, Tired, Achy?

Are you tired, lame, achy—worried with backache? Do you suffer sharp pains, headaches, dizziness and disturbing bladder irregularities? Perhaps your kidneys need attention. When the kidneys fail to properly filter the blood, body impurities accumulate and cause poisoning of the whole system. Such a condition may lead to serious sickness. Don't neglect it! If you suspect your kidneys, why not give Doan's Pills a trial? Doan's have been used successfully over thirty-five years—are recommended the world over. Ask your neighbor!

### A California Case

John Ferns, retired justice of the peace, 3625 1st Ave., Sacramento, Calif., says: "My back pained continually and when I stooped it was difficult to straighten, for these pains dug in deeper. I had to get up nights to pass the kidney secretions, which were scanty. After using Doan's Pills, I was rid of the trouble."



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### Warns of Gas Poison

Warning has been given by the bureau of mines that gas heaters for domestic use must be regulated with regard to the proportion of air and gas used to avoid giving off poisonous carbon monoxide gas. Calling attention to "numerous deaths and asphyxiations that have occurred in many cities due to carbon monoxide" from gas heaters, the bureau gave reasons for incomplete gas combustion which might result in formation of carbon monoxide gas.

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## TANLAC FOR YOUR HEALTH

### The Next Best Thing

Little Willie came home from school the other day with a black eye.

"Willie, where did you get that black eye?" asked the mother.

"Johnny Smith hit me," answered Willie.

"I hope you remembered what your Sunday school teacher said about heaping coals on the head of your enemies?"

"Well, ma, I didn't have any coals, so I just stuck his head in the ash barrel."

### IS IT YOUR STOMACH?

Sacramento, Calif. — "My stomach went back on me, everything I ate caused pain and distress, I grew nervous, weak and pale and it seemed that I had pains and aches all thru my body. I was too miserable to be around when I started to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it relieved me of all nervousness



and stomach trouble and completely restored me to good health. I could eat without being distressed, in fact, I never felt better."—Mrs. Grace Sheldon, 3237-9th Ave. All dealers; or send 10c for trial pkg. of tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y.

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