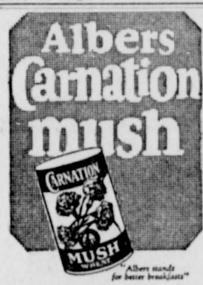
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WRIGLEYS The Valley of Voices AFTER EVERY MEAL SYNOPSIB.—With David, half. The Valley of Voices By GEORGE MARSH Author of Totilers of the Trail The Whelp of the Wolff The Whelp of

SYNOPSIS .- With David, halfbreed guide, Brent Steele, of the American Museum of Natural History, is traveling in northern Canada. By a stream he hears Denise, daughter of Col. Hilaire St. Onge, factor at Walling River, play the violin superbly. He in-troduces himself and accepts an invitation to make the post his home during his stay. He finds the factor worried and mystled. 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 cance and its crew, with the season's take of furs. Then at night the Windigo gives a weird performance. Even Steele is mys-tified. David. Steele's Indian, and Michel. St. Onge's head-man. leave for the scene of the cance's disappearance in an attempt solve the mystery. St. Onge tells Steele that Lascelles, the com-pany's manager at Fort Albany. pany's manager at Forman 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. Tete-Boule, Indian David and Michel, and roughly

CHAPTER IV-Continued

"What you told me has been respected, sir," interrupted Steele, irritated at the manner of the older

"Yes, monsieur," mollified the factor, "we have found you a gentleman. But for a time I suspected you of being a member of the provincial police, and that would have complicated matters."

"What do you mean?" "Why, if it were ever known up

river that the police had stayed here with me for some time before acting against Laflamme, the post might be burned over our heads. They are a lawless crowd, monsieur."

"According to your story you are bound to lose the post whatever happens."

"Yes, but there is Denise."

"Precisely!"

"I don't understand." "Monsieur, Laflamme has never stopped at anything. He might not

stop there.' "You mean that he-is in love with Mademolselle St. Onge?"

"And might attempt to take her by force?"

"He might attempt anything. He has never respected the law-is a desperate man."

"But they would hunt him down. He could not get away in this country. He would be a madman to attempt it."

"He is a madman, monsieur."

Steele was tempted to laugh in the face of his host. He would shortly have the opportunity of measuring this madman with his own eyes. St. Onge certainly was painting him in strong colors. But they had wandered from the point.

"I have asked you for your confidence," he began abruptly. "If you cannot see your way clear to allow me to aid you, I shall regret it." He was thinking of the girl up at the

"Monsieur Steele, we have decided that you deserve our confidence-Denise and I; but I fear it will do no good now. They have got us."

"They?" demanded the American. "Yes," and the blood mounted to St. Onge's bronzed face as he talked. "I told you that Lascelles had pursued my daughter since the winter we spent at Albany. And now, with the disappearance of this fur, the post can be closed, as it shows a loss under my management. He can force me from the company's service-ruin me. In France I have no property left; it is all gone, and I am an old man, monsieur.'

The face of St. Onge was yellow and

wrinkled. "But you will not consent to your daughter-" vehemently protested the younger man, when he was interrupt-

"Ah, monsieur, you do not know her. I fear that already she may have involved herself. I have just learned that she sent a letter by the last canoe to Albany."

Steele's deepest instincts revolted at the thought. It was monstrous-unbelievable! Small wonder he had found her playing her heart out at the rapids. He knew now just what hopelessness, what heartache, lay beneath the "Farewell" she had played on the hill. To shield her father's old age from the bitterness of fallure and possible penury here, in this new land, she had deliberately offered to de stroy that glorious youth of hers-at last capitulated to this intriguing cur of an inspector.

"But that is not all," went on St. Onge. "Shortly before your arrival a friends were loading their canoe precanoe brought this letter from Ogoke." paratory to ascending the river on a

osity as he sturted to read the letter handed him by the factor. Then the muscles of his jaw bulged as his teeth ground in anger. "Monsieur St. Onge,

"Revillon Freres, Walling River. post has proved a failure, as he in-

to decide between leaving the company or giving your daughter to a man you desplay "The offer I have made to you, I re-

valley, and control the Swift Current

five years we will retire rich. "I offer your daughter a name honored for generations in Three Rivers. Although I have spent my life in the vid and Steele joined them: North, my education has been of the best-not picked up in the barrack room like that of Lascelles. Monsieur Ie Colonel, the time has come when nights the Windigo howled on the you are forced to make a choice between us. Join with me, and in a few years your daughter will live in luxury in Montreal or Quebec, and your old age will be provided for; choose Lascelles and you will never see the ice break up on the Walling, for your Indians will leave you. I have loved your daughter since I saw her at Al- There will be no trap lines in that valbany, and can make her happy. Consider carefully before you decide to become the dog of Lascelles. If it is to be that rat of a sous-lieutenant, I

walt for your canoe "LOUIS LAFLAMME."

Steele returned the letter to St. Onge with the comment, "Monsleur, the eyes of the American as they met | length of the Walling. those of the older man.

man with excitement, "there is but his eyes shifting uneasily, one reply, 'On guard!' I would kill write this insult!"

ing. Let's call that bluff! With your of the Ojibway, leave. I'll come back on the snow, and we'll watch the ice go out together!"

Steele's face sobered as his mind dered sternly: turned to the greater problem that confronted him.

know so much about him?" "Laflamme was at Fort Albany, four trying to lure him from the Revillon | Michel Freres' employ. It was there he first saw Denise. Since then he has written us many letters. Once he stopped here on his way up river, and threatdid not listen to him. She lives in

constant fear of him." "That explains much," replied Steele, "And the letter she sent to Lascelles-when did it go downriver?" "With the search party from Albany. Long before you reached here—as

"And this letter evidently accounts for her depression-her sadness."

much as two weeks."

"Yes. This matter-and her fear of Laflamme. She believes that he will keep his word-try to use force. As for the letter, she refuses to tell me what she wrote, but I can guess."

"And of course Lascelles will show up here before the river closes, since she has at last listened to him?" Her inexplicable, "There is no way out for the lost," was now clear.

"That is what I fear-" "But what do you intend to do, monsieur? You must have some plan," impatiently demanded Steele.

What can I do? I've told her that I shall never consent to it; that I would kill her and myself first,"

There was no solution of this problem in the mind of the American. It was a situation which seemed hopeless indeed. If she refused to listen to her father she surely was too, proud to brook interference from a stranger. She had burned her bridges, yet something must be done-something to prevent her self-destruction. But what? And then, he remembered with a start, there was this Windigo matter.

CHAPTER V

The following morning the three Steele's lean face lighted with curi- round of the fall camps of Indians years ago.

Michel, scowling darkly. "Eef M'sieu Laflamme come to mak' trouble, he weel fin' plenty here."

At the mention of Laflamme, David's small eyes narrowed; the muscles of his thick forenrms worked nervously as though he already felt his fingers at the throat of the free-trader. "For the third and last time I am Steele's curiosity was keenly aroused, writing you in an attempt to make for it was too late in the year for the you see the light as a sensible man. I canoe of a trading hunter to visit the have reason to know that Lascelles is post; this boat was undoubtedly from now ready to force your hand. The Ogoke. What new scheme had Laflamme in mind? It would be four tended it should, and you have now weeks before the winter would break -the limit he had given St. Onge for his answer.

It was not long before the harddriven craft was close enough to dispeat. From Ogoke Lake we can keep close but a single occupant. And the Revillon Freres, and the Hudson's shortly, as it neared the shore, Michel Bay company out of the Walling River | called:

"Bo'-jo! bo'-jo! Pierre! W'at you and Drowning River trade as well. In | do here so far from de Feather lake?" The Indian grounded his boat on the beach and shaking the hand of the head-man, replied in Ojibway as Da-

"Bo'-jo, Michel! The hunters at the Feather lakes are leaving for the Medicine Hills country. For three burnt ridge by Big Venther lake. The people are weak with fear; they will not trap there this winter."

"Did you hear the voice of the Windigo, Pierre?" asked Michel gravely. "No, I was netting whitefish at the

Lake of the Deep Water. When I returned to the camp they were leaving. ley this long snows."

"Did the people see the tracks of the Windigo?"

"No, their blood was cold in their warn you now that you will find my veins. They did not stay to look for arm long. Until the snow flies I will a trail. Why should they? They were afraid."

"But why did you leave your family for the Windigo to eat and come here; last spring you traded your fur at you were a soldier of France. To a Ogoke?" rasped Michel so savagely letter like this there is but one reply- that the Ojibway backed away, for the for a soldier." There was a glitter in raw-boned Iroquols was feared the

"I need shells for my gun, and "For a soldier," repeated the French- Ogoke is far," weakly replied the other,

The swart features of Michel twisted her with my own hand before giving with anger. "You lie, you have plenty her to that renegade. Why, there is a shell!" he replied, fiercely, returning white woman now at Ogoke-and to to English for Steele's benefit. "You travel here to mak' trouble wid your The American leaped to his feet, beeg talk of de Windigo," And the "Colonel," he cried, "Laflamme says long arm of the exasperated headman you won't see the ice leave the Wall- shot out a crushing blow in the face

As the Indian staggered back with a cry from the attack of the infuri-The hands of the two men met as ated Iroquois, Steele stepped between they silently pledged each other. Then them, and pushing Michel aside, or-

"That's enough !"

The cowed Indian, nursing his bleed-"But Lascelles—how does Laflamme ing lips, and protesting his innocence, left the men on the beach and joined the post people who were excitedly years ago, attempting to make a deal discussing the coming of the stranger with Lascelles. He was suspected of and his reception at the hands of

> "Evidently you don't like that Pierre," laughed Steele. "What made you so mad?"

"I t'ink he cum here to talk to Teteened to take her away by force if she Boule," was the significant reply, "Dey weel mak' de medicine tonight to scare de Windigo."

"What, is he a shaman-a conjuror,

"He claim he ees beeg medicine man, one of de Midewiwin, so I t'ink he put de devils een me now." Then Michel related what had passed between him and Pierre.

"But you can't blame him for fearing the Windigo, or for coming here if it is nearer his hunting grounds than Ogoke."

The inscrutable Iroquois faced Steele with snapping eyes.

"Many long snows fall, m'sieu, seence de 'Jibway starve out on de Walling riviere. Maybe ten-maybe more. Many die all tru dees countree dat long snows, for eet was de year of de rabbit plague and dere were no moose. Dees Pierre cum to Fort Mamatawan dat spreeng an' say hees woman die, but I go to hees camp dat summer, an' I ûn' her bones een de bush een two, three place-all roun'. He keel hees woman-and left her in de snow for de wolverines an' foxshe nevalre starve. He ees no good. He cum here to mak' de trouble an' scare our people."

> Pierre also apparently has a part in the conspiracy. Laflamme back of the Windigo

> > (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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