

FORBIDDEN VALLEY

By William Byron Mowery

Chapter Four
"STILL A MOUNTED"

"WISH we were stepping out to gether, you and me, we could bust this man's town wide open. That wouldn't be any trick at all compared to flying over the Thelon Barrens and swooping down at wolf packs with a machine gun. We'd start at one end of Jasper Avenue and roll the old street up into a tight curl, like a pine shaving!" And when Curt ehook his head: "All right, then. But snakes!—I wish you'd come along."

He was sincere about wanting Curt; but also, and more to the point, he needed financial backing that evening, and he would have that if Curt went with him. As he brushed his rebellious hair he re-

were swaying topsides of the Blood dance, and over the horizon came the rolling thunder of buffalo herds chased by the hard-galloping Sioux. Blackfoot warred with Pigan, and the whiskey trader corrupted both.

Then across the prairies came riding a small band of men, wearing red tunics and yellow-striped trousers. Shagalasha—stern soldiers—they were called; and they earned the name. By heroic measure they set the land to rights and kept it so, while immigrant caravans poured in and the railroad came.

Many of that original band bought out of the Force and went into mining, ranching, lumbering. The raw land offered them a glorious opportunity to build personal fortunes, and they looked to their own interests. But A-K, and others like him, stuck with the Mounted. A-K had given forty long years to the Force, and now he did not even own a home for himself.

SOMEWHERE in the city a chime sounded, breaking into Curt's reverie. He glanced at his watch,



Marlin stood up staring at Curt.

lected that on seventy-five cents he could take his girl to a two-bit show and then have coffee and doughnuts.

He thrust his watch into his pocket. His hand touched something crisp, like a bit of stiff paper. He pulled it out, glanced at it, stared at it.

"Hey!" He whirled on Curt. "Look at that! Am I drunk or dreaming?"

"What're you going into a tattle about?"

"Why—why?" Smash gasped. "It's a twenty-dollar bill! In my pants pocket!"

"That is a strange state of affairs, for you," Curt remarked, not betraying himself by the flicker of an eyelid. "You probably left it in there last fall. You haven't had that civiled suit on since then."

"By gosh, I must have! But that's the first time in my born days that I ever left twenty iron men in my pocket and forgot all about 'em!" He did a jig dance in front of the mirror. "What I mean, this comes along in the thin nick of time to save me from embarrassment."

"Cheerio. Stay out of jail."

It was time for him to leave with Rosalie; and stepped down the corridor to the Marlin suite.

Marlin looked up from the table where he was working. "Rosalie's down in the lobby meeting some friends, Curt," he said kindly. "She'll be back in a minute." He laid his pen aside. "Curt, Rosalie told me the details about that Consolidated offer. If I'd known them beforehand, I wouldn't have mentioned this Karakhan matter at all. Of course you'll take that offer. It pays quite decently, and you'll enjoy the work; but this other is just charity."

Curt winced. A-K's very kindness and generosity hurt him all the more. He suddenly realized that if he refused Marlin and went back north he would come near to losing his own self-respect. He had always thought of A-K with affection and admiration, as a stern old Roman; but in those moments, as he saw how tired A-K was and how much his shoulders had stooped in the past year, a great wave of sympathy, of pity, surged through him.

A-K seemed so much older, so much poorer the last morning out, than he had been a year ago. Some body ought to help him and be good to him; he had always helped others.

"A-K"—he blurted out the fateful words impulsively, heedless of consequences—"I'm going after Karakhan! I came in here a minute ago swearing that I wouldn't; but I am; I've got to!"

Marlin pushed back his chair and stood up, staring at him.

"Why—why, Curt, you mustn't do that. I wasn't expecting you to at all. Don't do it on the spur of the moment. At least think it over."

"I've thought it over. I can go back north afterward. This case means a lot to you and the Police and the public, and I ought to do my share."

Marlin reached out his hand. "You're still a Mounted, Curt. You always will be. You can't get away from it."

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Tomorrow, Curt begins a new man hunt.

THE GRANGE

Talent Grange
The Talent Grange home-coming meeting was well attended. The covered dish luncheon held at 7:30 was much enjoyed by all. The Grange was glad to greet

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Robinson back after a long absence. Mrs. Iota Miller was obligated in the first and second degrees. Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Adams were obligated in the third and fourth degrees, after which the entire Grange congratulated them.

Mr. W. M. Petri gave a report on the last agriculture meeting and read a letter of much interest from

Gates and Lydiard meat department. Mrs. Edith Goddard gave a report for the finance committee. Mr. L. H. Gallatin gave a short report for the Grange Fire Insurance company. The Grange made a motion to subscribe for the National Grange Monthly for its new officers, which was accepted.

Visitors from the Phoenix Grange were Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Bell; Bell-

view Grange, Mr. and Mrs. Stenrud and Mrs. Stanley Pagle.

Miss Dorothy Baughman entertained the Grange with two vocal selections, "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life" and "Lazy Bones." She was accompanied at the piano by Miss Roberta Frink.

The evening was closed with cards and old time dancing. Music was

furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Everett Boone.

Better Light Drive Underway In City

In line with a national activity to promote better vision, local dealers and the power company are sponsoring a "Better Light" campaign in this

city. The campaign features the latest development in modern lighting fixtures which give a clear, shadowless light entirely free from glare or eyestrain and price are conceded to be the lowest in history.

A crew of local men has been employed by the power company to introduce the new fixtures which are said to be as beautiful as they are useful.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Brownie Runs Into More Grief!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—Luke's Strange Hint

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Look Out Ahead

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



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