

FORBIDDEN VALLEY

by William Byron Mowery

SYNOPSIS: Curt Teussens and come down out of the far North to Edmonton, expecting to take a new and good job, but he decides that his old chief is the Royal Mounted. A. R. Martin, needs him worse, and starts out to track down the international crook, Igor Karakhan. At Vancouver he catches Karakhan's trail, and follows it into the wild territory at the mouth of the Little Bear River, where he and his companion, Paul St. Claire, are about to land at a tiny settlement on Russian Lake.

Chapter Nine IN DANGER

AS they drew near the landing Curt looked down the shore seven hundred yards and saw four old stone houses in the middle of a second-growth clearing. He knew what they were, at Telacet he had heard stories about those ruins. An ancient Russian fur post, located there when Washington was leading the now-born American Republic. It was a relic of the days when Russia ruled western America from Nome to northern California, and predatory Cossacks, with "musket, sword and the help of God," gathered tribute for the Little White Father in far-away St. Petersburg.

The main building was tumbling to decay; briar and vine covered the slave quarters; the prison house had been struck by a blast of lightning. No tops or cabin stood near the ancient post. Its very vicinity was shunned like a haunted place. Paul started driving tent pegs. Curt stepped inside and began examining the duff, to make sure he had overlooked no label or initialing which might give them away to a suspicious prowler. While he was doing this, he heard Paul stop pounding and say "Bon soir" to someone. Glancing out the flap-front he saw a girl go past, carrying a fish rod, creel and canoe paddle. He had only a fleeting glimpse of her, but that glimpse made him straighten up and stare. She was wearing a blue corduroy dress, laced moccasins, a tam, and a sweater blouse with one elbow worn through. Her hair was a brownish golden; she walked along with a lance-like erectness of body; and her face—he saw it only in profile—was so beautiful and so strange in its type of beauty that he kept staring through the flap-front for moments after she had gone by. When he finished and went outside she was already out upon the lake in a birch bark canoe, skirting toward a cluster of wooded islets half a mile offshore. Trouting, he guessed. If she was anything of a fisherman she ought to snag some big ones in the shallows around those islets; but from the awkward way she handled the paddle she was plainly a tenderfoot. He turned to Paul, who was watching her too. "Who is she, d'you know?" "A stranger to me, to my regret." Curt smiled at his rap gaze. "You find her pretty, don't you? As pretty as p'ittle Regina Ducharme at Fort Chipewyan?" "Almost!" "Humph! That's a big admission from you!"

THIS girl disappeared among the islands. Curt went on with the camp work. Being down a near-by sapling, he tied that grub back to the top of it and slipped the sapling up again, safely catching the supplies from stray huskies. He stepped back into the timber to find a dead birch for fuel. The tropical luxuriance of the woods amazed him, even though he had made trips up Juneau way and knew the "drizzle country" well. The pines and cedars were lordly things, eight feet across the stump and towering above two hundred. The air was heavy with the odor of summer flowers banked in great heaps in the open spots. The moss under his feet was like walking on three inches of softest plush. The whole woods was dominated by moss. It carpeted the ground and windfall logs, ran over the boulders and up the tree trunks, and hung in festoons from the branches. "I'm plain lucky," he thought gratefully, "to be hunting Karakhan in a country like this."

He pushed over a dead birch, dragged it back to camp, and told Paul: "It's better to camp out to the trading store now and get the hang of things there, so that tonight we can put across the job we talked about. While I'm gone, you can be bringing our canoe from the pier." When he returned, half an hour later, Paul was standing on the landwash. The young Canadian beckoned him down. "That girl over among those islands is likely to experience trouble if we don't go over there." "What's up?" Paul told him. A few minutes after the girl had paddled in among the islands, one of those half-breeds had come down the shore, furtively secured a canoe, and slipped across the water on her trail. He was drunk, Paul added.

Curt looked out at those low dim masses and swore in perplexity. If he went over there and interfered he would make an enemy of that half-breed, and it was bad policy to have enemies at Russian Lake. The girl should have known better than to wander away at twilight when irresponsible men were loafing about the post. But still, she was a girl, alone out there. On the rocky tip of an island, where the waves lapped close to her moccasins, Sonya was having fine luck with the butterfly lure which old John Paxton had made for her. In forty minutes she had caught eleven trout, some of them so big that their tails stuck out of her creel. She was conscious of no danger. Curt, tomorrow, takes a heavy risk.

Beagle

BEAGLE, Nov. 24.—(Spl.)—Mr. and Mrs. Kelly are the parents of a girl, born November 19, named Margaret Ann. Grandma Parks is seriously ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Boyles. She has been ill two weeks. Rev. Randall of Medford was a visitor at the Antioch Sunday school last week. Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Edler and family, Jack and Bill Edler, were Sunday dinner guests at the Zuck home. Sunday dinner guests at the Blachoff home were Otto Frey and small daughter, Eva. Harriet Fry, Mrs. Flora Frey and family of Lake Creek and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Purdue of this place. Sunday dinner guests at the Sanderson home were Mr. and Mrs. Merle Jacks and baby, Mrs. French, Mr. Nash and Edward Jeffries of Reese creek, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sanderson of the Dodge ranch and Doran Mose of this place. Afternoon guests were Mrs. Flora Frey and daughter, Helen, Otto Frey and daughter, Eva, Harriet Frey of Lake creek and the Reeds of this place. Medford visitors Saturday were Mrs. Ryan and family, Mr. and Mrs. Grant and son, Donald, Charles Mulhollen, Mr. and Mrs. Seegmiller and daughter, Marie. Seventh grade will put the scene in the sand box this week-end. Mrs. Merle Jacks and baby, Edwin, of Reese creek spent this week visiting at the Sanderson home. Turkey raisers are getting ready to pick their turkeys the last of the week. Buyers have been plentiful this year. Tommy Mulhollen fell on a butcher knife and cut his arm quite badly the first of the week. Richard, Paul and Mary Sakrada of Medford spent Sunday with home folks. Mr. and Miss Swanson attended church in Medford Sunday morning and in the afternoon Sunday school at Agate. Mr. and Mrs. Dennison and baby were Medford visitors the first of the week. Heating costs can be reduced. For complete heating service call Art Schmidt, 418-1692.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



THE TOUCHDOWN PLAY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Acid Test—A Failure!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



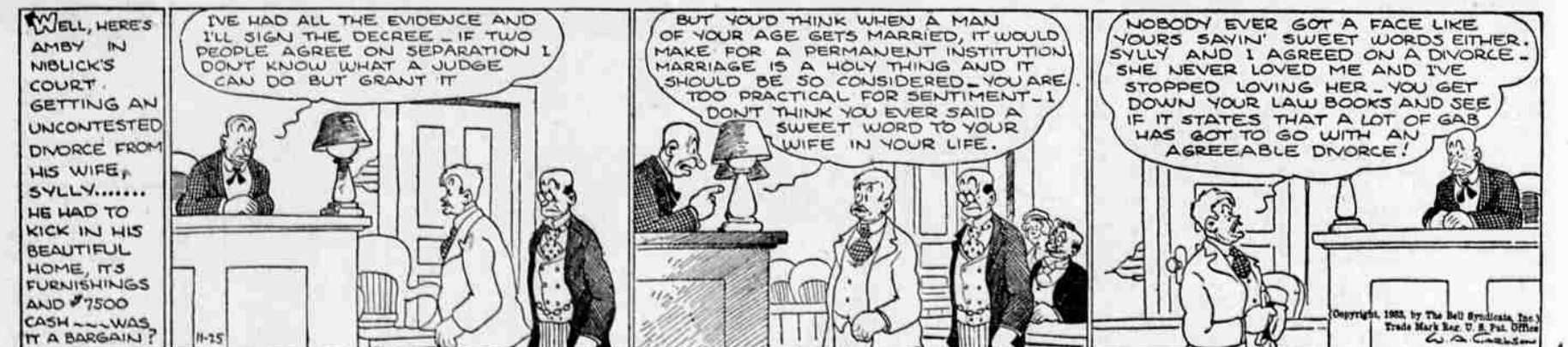
BOUND TO WIN—Dan Jeppard's Mansion

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—The Parting Of The Ways

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



HARRIMAN SANE SAYS BELLEVUE PHYSICIAN

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—(AP)—Joseph W. Harriman, indicted former head of the Harriman National Bank and Trust company, was declared sane today. Observations disclosed no psychosis, Dr. Minna S. Gregory, head of the Bellevue hospital psychopathic ward, declared. Harriman's prosecution on federal charges growing out of the bank's failure was held up by the question of sanity.

Long Mountain

LONG MOUNTAIN, Nov. 23.—(Spl.)—Howard Gold of Medford, who has been working in Klamath Falls, is spending several days at Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Holman's and family. Delbert Mongol, who has been in Washington for several months, is spending a few weeks at Mr. and Mrs. George Stowell's. Delbert is the son of Mrs. Stowell. Rosa Kline has just recently returned from Boise, Idaho, where he attended the National Orange. Mrs. A. H. Case and daughter Alice, of the Roxy Ann district, spent Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. George Stowell. Mrs. Thelma Short is spending several days in Klamath Falls visiting friends.

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