

FORBIDDEN VALLEY

By William Byron Mowery

SYNOPSIS: Again, by his former chief in the Russian Mounted, A. K. Martin, to undertake the most important man hunt of his life. He is trailing Igor Korobkin, international crook. The trail has led him to the tiny settlement of Russian Lake, in the far Canadian northwest. He and his companion, Paul St. Claire, see a girl paddle across to an island to fish, just at dusk. Close behind is a half-breed, drunk and dangerous. Curt detects making an enemy of anyone, but goes with Paul to the island, takes the girl's bread knife away from him, and tosses it into the water.

Chapter II SONYA NICHOLS

THE girl's coolness surprised Curt. Except for breathing a little quickly Sonya was entirely calm and self-possessed. She certainly had courage, he thought admiringly, even if she hadn't shown very much sense in coming over to that island alone.

"I'd better take you back to shore, Miss. Your canoe's a wreck. We saw it down there. It's not worth repairing."

"The 'breed got to his feet. 'W'y you tell dat yo'g feller get my canoe? Wat you go do wit' me?"
"I ought to pitch you into the lake, friend. But I'm not going to. A night on this island'll sober you up and teach you a lesson. You're lucky to get off so easy."
To smooth out his enmity he added: "I'm not reporting this to the Yellow-stripe because I think you've ordinarily got more decency than you showed this evening. I'll beach your canoe below the old post where you got it; and I'll see that you're taken away from here in the morning."

He walked out on the rock thrust, got the girl's net and reel of fish, and rejoined her.

As they started down the landward together, her hand touched his arm, a little gesture of gratitude. "You and your partner to do this for a complete stranger like me—I can't think of anything adequate to say."

Curt had not heard her speak before. Her voice drew his attention. A low contralto, it was tinged with an accent, faint, rather pleasant, giving an odd sweet overtone to her words. Her English was precise and flowing, but English was not her native tongue.

"No bother to us," he turned her thanks aside. "But you do want to be more careful than you were tonight." He had meant to give her a stern "talking-to"; coming across to the island, he had even thought up several blunt things to say. But some instinct checked him.

Paul had found the canoe and brought it to the water edge. "Use this one to go back in. Mam'selle," he bade Sonya. "Oursown is muddy from a wet portage today, I'll take it."

He stepped in and glided out into the channel. Curt floated the 'breed's canoe, helped his companion in, shoved away, and followed in Paul's wake.

The girl took off her tam, wiped her forehead with a ridiculously small kerchief, and looked back at the receding islands. For the first time Curt observed her closely. He tried not to stare but he could hardly help it. He did not remember that he had ever seen so beautiful a girl as this tenderfoot stranger.

She was odd and puzzling. Something about her—he could not pin it down to any one thing—gave him the impression of aristocracy. The fingers of her small brown hand resting on the gunwale were long and tapering; there was a proud poise to her head; her firm nose, arched lips and delicately-molded chin seemed finely aristocratic. Brownish-golden and silky, her hair was so long that he knew it must reach to her knees when she combed it out loose.

HE stopped paddling a minute to proffer her his opened cigarette case and lighter. She selected a cigarette, lit it slowly and deliberately. The little flame lighted up her face for a moment, and he saw her more distinctly—her long lashes, the brown of her eyes, the merest suggestion of a dimple in her cheeks. She was about twenty-four, he judged; maybe twenty-five—it was hard to tell a girl's age, especially at twilight in a canoe.

In a vague way he understood why he had not given her that "talking-to." She was no child, like Rosalie Martin, to be scolded or lectured. She had character and depth to her, this stranger. Her thoughtful features showed a maturity far beyond her years, a maturity of mind and heart which Rosalie did not have and never would attain.

But all in all he did not know whether he liked her or not. She was strangely beautiful, with the face of a Madonna and the body of

dancing girl, but she seemed cold and self-sufficient and not at all quick to become companionable.

"My brother said he met you this afternoon when you landed," she broke their silence. "My name is Sonya Nichols."

Curt was surprised. Ralph Nichols' sister! He hadn't connected those two at all. Sonya—wasn't that foreign? It might be French or Russian or German or anything, but hardly Canadian. Her voice, name and whole air were distinctly alien.

He recollected himself. "Mine's Ralston, Curt Ralston. A prospector."

She eyed him narrowly. As he felt her gaze upon him Curt knew she was forming her private opinion of him as a man. To be studied, labeled and put into a pigeon-hole by her was a bit irritating. That was how Nichols the entomologist would study a new insect.

"I wouldn't have taken you for a prospector, Mr. Ralston."

Curt's paddle missed a stroke. "What makes you say that?"

"Well, just because."

"I suppose I'm not the sourdough type, with trousers stuffed into my boots and a laurel thicket on my face," he explained with a casual laugh. "I'm a book-learned geologist of sorts. My partner and I try to put some method into our prospecting. Does a fellow have to fry pancakes in his shovel and chew tobacco in his sleep before you consider him an eighteen-carat bush-logger?"

Sonya smiled. "Oh, not at all." She slapped a mosquito on her ankle. "What I meant was that—well, I just wouldn't have put you down as a prospector."

Curt detected an overtone of disparagement in the way she spoke the word. She seemed to imply that she had considered him above that careless bush-logging type and that he had dropped in her estimation when she found he was a mere wilderness rouser.

AS he drove the canoe along he wondered just who and what she was. Ralph Nichols' sister, yes; no doubt accompanying her brother on a field trip; but those were mere surface facts, not explaining the girl herself.

She was so full of contradictions that he could not classify her at all. She wore no jewels, her clothes were decidedly inexpensive, her rod was a cheap dollar thing that he would not have carried home; yet she had the gracious easy refinement of good birth and culture.

Back yonder on the island she had stood up to an ugly danger like a man, yet she was exquisitely feminine—by comparison Rosalie Martin seemed almost unyielding.

He wished he could stop thinking so unfavorably of Rosalie.

"Are you intending to be here at Russian Lake very long, Miss Nichols?"

"We're leaving tomorrow morning."

Curt felt disappointed to hear she was going away so soon. Aside from her being a girl, she was a person worth getting better acquainted with. The strangeness about her baffled and fascinated him. She was like the breath of some rare perfume, delicate, unforgettable. Her old-world manner, the Spartan courage she had shown, and her splendor of brownish-golden hair, made him think of a girl out of some old Scandinavian saga.

They drew near the shore. Somewhere among the Russian ruins a horned owl hooted its weird eight-noted call. Curt pointed at the dim outlines of the post and tried to make talk.

"I suppose you've heard the wild yarns about that place, Miss Nichols?"

"Those 'yarns' aren't half as wild as the real facts. Father Lesperance was telling me yesterday about the actual history of this old fort. You see, he discovered the records. They were hidden in a niche above the main door, and a stone tumbled during a thunderstorm, and that's how he happened to find them."

While they drifted on in she sketched him a few high lights from the story. A hundred and forty years ago a tribe of Indians, the Kioshees, had lived around the shores of Russian Lake. The Cossacks came inland, subjugated them by trickery, forced them to bring stone and make the buildings; and then began robbing, extorting, torturing.

In a single generation the Kioshees dropped from a tribe of four hundred people to a mere remnant of eighty. But then an avalanche fell upon the fort one night, an avalanche of vengeance, which had been damming up for twenty years.

Tomorrow, Curt and Sonya do a little exploring.

LYNCH LAW USED OFTEN IN EARLY CALIFORNIA DAYS

"Lynchings are not new in California, nor entirely old. But a means of achieving quick justice, to which native sons have resorted during many periods of the sometimes turbulent, sometimes glowing history of the golden state—such was the statement made yesterday by a well known local citizen, after he read reports of the hanging of the Brooke Hart kidnapers.

"The certain citizen then began to prove his contention by reviewing a number of lynchings, which occurred in the section of California in which he formerly lived and while there.

"Back in 1901," he recalled, "there was the famous Lookout lynching. Twenty-three people threw four over the Lookout bridge about 100 miles south of Klamath Falls. The lynchings were old Calvin Hall, white, his

two half breed Indian sons, and one other white man. The four had been a menace to the community for many years. One night the trouble was ended with sinister suddenness, when ropes were tied around their necks and over the bridge. That was all. Twenty-three persons were arrested and tried in Alturas, Cal. The trials went on for months but there were no convictions.

"Referring to the night of the first arrests in the case, the Daily Argus, northern California newspaper of the time, stated: 'Alturas is in tumult. Last night warrant was issued for arrest of 13 men, whom prosecution believes to be participants in the hanging. It is feared, and with good reason, that serious trouble will result at any time.'

"The case of Holden Dick, the Medford citizen added, constituted another example of 'quick justice.' An Indian by that name beheaded a man who was traveling between Alturas and Susanville on the Madeline plains. The Indian was arrested and placed in Susanville jail. But it was not strong enough to hold him. During the night unknown persons called and the next morning's sun revealed Dick hanging high. No arrest has been made yet and the hanging occurred more than 40 years ago.

"The same treatment was considered in order for horse thieves in California, and turning to that particular offense, the Medfordite yesterday told an interesting tale.

A well known character in the section, now known as Nubieber, was sleeping in his barn. When he awoke early in the morning from a peaceful night he beheld, hanging downward from the rafters above him, the body of a man, definitely dead.

Investigation proved nothing but that the man was known about the countryside as a horse thief. How the hanging had progressed right above his head without disturbing the barn sleeper he couldn't understand, but a very complete job had been done.

The famous Yreka lynching and that of the Bugles brothers of Redding also occurred during about the same period.

Stage robberies were many at that time and they were frequently followed by night parties, which left weird figures dangling from trees, barn rafters and bridge supports.

"It was California's way of saving court expense," the Medford man explained.

Dr. Charles T. Sweeney has moved his offices from the Phelps Bldg. to the Medford Center Bldg., Rooms 405, 406 and 407. Tel. 36.

Authorized Maytag Service. All makes repaired. Phone 300.

CHRISTMAS SEALS READY FOR SALE THANKSGIVING DAY

The 1933 Christmas seals are here. In gay green, red, yellow and black they show two medieval revellers dragging home at early dawn "Ye Olde Yule Log," while a boy bugler announces the beginning of holiday festivities. The familiar double-barred cross, emblem of the anti-tuberculosis crusade, appears beside the message "Christmas Greetings."

By mail, personal visit, booths in stores, and school children, the seals will be offered to every resident of the state. It is estimated that nearly four and a half million will be disposed of in Oregon, the goal for the sale being five seals for each man, woman and child.

Selling at a penny each or a dollar a sheet they are being depended upon by the Jackson County Health Association to bring into its treasury the funds required for its year

200 VISIT STOCK AUCTION OPENING

Before a crowd of 200 agriculturists gathered at the newly opened livestock sale pavilion, north of Medford, beef steers, registered stock, and several horses were sold last Saturday afternoon at the first auction, carried on by A. H. Dudley, manager.

Steers, purchased by the Wells commission company of San Francisco, at prices satisfactory to the producers numbered 22. Several horses and two registered animals from the Kirklund farms.

A. H. Banwell and members of the agricultural committee of the chamber of commerce, with Charles A. Wing, chairman, represented the chamber of commerce at the first sale.

The auction will open again next Saturday at 1 o'clock and a large supply of stock is anticipated.

Heating costs can be reduced. For complete heating service call Art Schmidl. 418-1622.

THE FAMILY ALBUM—PICTURE HANGING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

GETS PICTURE FROM MUM AND WIFE HAS BEEN ASKING HIM TO HANG, ALSO HAMMER, DINING-ROOM CHAIR AND A PUSH PIN

MOUNTS CHAIR, AND CALLS FOR SOMEONE TO COME SEE IF THIS IS A GOOD PLACE FOR IT

GETS NO REPLY. GOES UPSTAIRS AND FINDS MILDRED WHO COMES DOWN AND SELECTS PLACE TO HANG IT

MOUNTS CHAIR AND DISCOVERS THAT MEANWHILE HAMMER HAS VANISHED

FINDS THAT WILFRED HAS BORROWED IT, RESCUES IT, AND RETURNS TO FIND CHAIR GONE

DECIDES THAT WIFE, THINKING SOMEONE HAD LEFT IT OUT OF PLACE, HAD CARRIED IT BACK TO DINING ROOM. RETRIEVES IT

CAN'T REMEMBER NOW WHERE MILDRED SAID TO PUT IT. CALLS FOR AID BUT CAN'T MAKE ANYONE HEAR

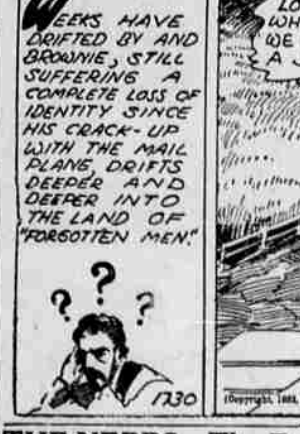
AT THIS POINT DISCOVERS HE HAS LOST PUSH PIN AND WEARILY CARRIES PICTURE BACK TO ATTIC

S'MATTER POP—

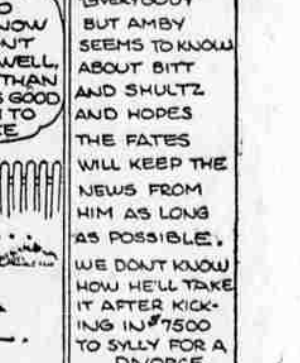
By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—"Hard Doin's!"



THE NEBBS—The Frost Is On The "Punk"



BRINGING UP FATHER



TURKEY GUARDIAN LOOSENS BARRAGE

When farmers in the valley say they are going to guard their turkeys they mean it— at least officers today are convinced one man thinks so, according to a report at the state police office.

Mrs. William Phillips, who resides in the Eagle Point district, had 150 dressed turkeys in the shed, and in order to vouch for their safe keeping, a watchman was hired for the night.

During the night some man approached the shed, and was greeted with a volley from a 30-30 Winchester in the hands of the watchman. The intruder escaped, apparently unhurt, Mrs. Phillips said.

DOCTOR PLUNGES 5 STORIES, DIES

OLMPIA, Wash., Nov. 28.—(AP)—While a horrified spectator stood helplessly watching him, Dr. F. A. Bird, 55, prominent physician, crawled out on the ledge of his office window, hung by his hands for a few moments, then dropped five stories to his death.

Joe Rollman told Deputy Coroner Wallace Mills that he happened to glance up and saw the doctor crawling along the ledge, but did not suspect his motive until he lowered himself over the edge.

Mills said death was instantaneous.

Real estate or insurance—leave it to Jones. Phone 696.

There's No Guesswork in Tribune A. B. C. Circulation