

FORBIDDEN VALLEY

By William Byron Mowery

SYNOPSIS: Just before reaching the land of the dangerous Kioshoes Indians in the Conqueror Northwest, Curt Tennison and Paul St. Clair, trailing the international crook, Top Koraham, join parties with Sonya and Ralph Nichols. The Nichols are on a mysterious mission they will not discuss. The party just has been off on a track by the Indians, but an unfortunate shot by one of the guides has eliminated all possibility of making friends. Curt is interested in Sonya, but she will not listen to his pleas.

Chapter 24

GRAND OF MERCY

WHEN they got down to camp they found the place badly shot up. Arrows bristled in the canoes, stuck out of the packs and sleeping bags, and both tents had been riddled.

Paul went into his tent for a flashlight and came out, holding his left arm queerly. "Give me a hand with this, partner."

"What's the trouble?"
"One of those mosquitoes bit me."
Curt leaned forward. "Good Lord!" An arrow was sticking in Paul's left forearm. It had struck him just below the elbow and passed clear through the head, standing out two inches on the other side.

"Paul! Why didn't you tell me about this before? When did it happen?"

"When I was going back to those boulders to make François and Jecku quit shooting."

Curt whirled around in a rage and looked for the two guides. But they had wisely sidled away into the dark.

"Did it break your arm, Paul?"
"No. It slid between the bones. Pull it out, won't you?"
"It's going to hurt, Paul. Can you stand it?"

Paul braced his foot against Curt's. Sonya steadied his arm. With a firm pull Curt drew out the arrow, as gently as he could. A spasm of pain swept across the young Canadian's face, but he did not say a word. A trickle of blood followed, surprisingly little for so bad a wound.

"We ought to be thankful it didn't hit that large artery in there, Paul. I'll fix this up properly, and then you want to take care of it till it starts to heal. A wound like that can be ugly if it gets infected."

While he was bandaging Paul's arm he heard a low groaning sound from somewhere out in the night. A moment later it came again, more distinctly.

"Why, it's somebody hurt, in pain!" Sonya exclaimed. "Paul, did you catch the direction?"
"Over on that willow island."
"Then it must be the man they shot! Those others thought he was dead and left him."

Fintching quickly with Paul, he got a canoe ready and carried it down to the water. The anguish in that low moan tugged at him, and Sonya followed him to the water edge. "Please, Curt," she begged, "don't run a big risk like this."
"Risk?—? What do you mean?"
"Those others might still be over there. This might be a trap. Don't go." She was visibly afraid for him. "Wait till it gets light."

"But Paul saw them leave, Sonya. We can't let the poor devil lie over there and die."
"You're sure there's no danger?"
"Step in," he bade her, by way of answer. "You can go along, if you like. You know I wouldn't take you if there was any risk."

AT the willows edge a Kioshoes, clad in moccasins and deer skin trousers, lay sprawled on the gravel, face down, his body twitching in pain.

Curt knelt down and gently turned him over. The Indian was about his own age, a well-built and rugged man, his hair coarse black and his skin the color of smoked leather. All in all he was the widest-looking fellow that Curt had ever run across, much wider than the outlying Skann nomads or the primitive Dinneh men of the Nahanni Mountains.

Yet there was something likable about his untamed fierceness. He was cleanly of person, as hard as an oak knot, and his smoke-tanned clothes had the pleasant odor of mountain pines and innumerable campfires.

Curt pointed at five long whitish weals which scored the Indian's left cheek and ran down his shoulder to his breast. "Look at those, Sonya. He's been in a fight with a grizzly some time or other."

He examined the Indian to see how badly he had been shot. One bullet had struck him in the shoulder, a painful but not critical wound, for it had not shattered the bones. Another had bit him squarely in the forehead.

That forehead wound astonished Curt. It was the first time he had ever seen a man take a bullet be-

tween the eyes and not get killed instantly. The fellow certainly was hard-fighting grizzlies and surviving a shot in the head!

He brought water and washed the Indian's face. A granite pebble, no larger than a pea, was lodged in the forehead wound. Curt pried it out with his knife point, examined the wound and the granite pebble, and suddenly understood what had happened to the Kioshoes.

One of those heavy Winchester bullets had splattered into the gravel in front of him, kicked that stone against his head, and knocked him senseless. Stretched out limp, with a hole between his eyes—no wonder the others had thought him dead!

The cold water on the Kioshoes' face brought him to in a few moments. When he saw that a white man was bending over him, his eyes turned suddenly cold. His glance fell upon the hunting knife in Curt's hand, and his expression changed to a stony tight-lipped defiance. Too weak to move, he merely stared up at his enemy, and waited.

"Why's he looking at you that way, Curt?" Sonya asked. She had stooped down to hold the flash.

"Good heavens, he thinks I'm going to kill him!" He hastily pocketed his knife. "Well, he's certainly a stoical cuss!"

HE spoke in the Jargon to the Indian: "Don't be afraid, I am friend. I hear you say hurt-cri, and I come over here. I take you now to my tepee and make you no-sick. You understand I am friend?"

The Indian's look slowly changed to bewilderment. He had expected the white-skin to gloat over him before finishing him off, and the stranger was speaking in tones of sympathy and kindness!

"What name you?" Curt asked.
"Hal-ee-Tenn-Ogshamowam."
Curt smiled. "S'pose I call you Tenn-Og, huh? Now we take you to tepee."

In the tent he gave the Kioshoes a drink of diluted brandy to brace him, and then began dressing the wounds. The shoulder bullet had gone almost entirely through. Curt extracted it, stopped the bleeding, bandaged the wound, and stuck a cross of plaster on the forehead cut.

Feeling stronger, Tenn-Og leaned back against a pack, "atching the three."
"I guess he's convinced we're not going to kill him, at least not immediately," Curt remarked. "Now let's try out his lingo, Paul, and see if he speaks anything besides grizzly bear and porcupine."

They managed a three-cornered conversation. The Indian talked readily enough, freely answering all their questions about his people and giving them some invaluable bits of information about Siam-Kliale and LeNoir.

Curt was surprised that he should do this and should seem so indifferent to his own pain. It was only later, when he knew Tenn-Og better and had heard his strange tragic story, that he understood.

He learned that the southern band had broken away from the main group because of Siam-Kliale's tyranny. Middle-aged, apparently having some queer twist of cruelty in his make-up, the tribe leader ruled with a brutal hand. Within Tenn-Og's memory he had killed three men outright and made broken cripples of several others. Besides that, he possessed a shaman power of dealing some quick mysterious death to anybody he disliked.

"Sounds like poison," Curt remarked to Paul. "I shouldn't be surprised if LeNoir is slipping him that powder. Say, I wonder if this isn't the explanation of LeNoir's stand-in with Siam-Kliale!"

"Let's ask him about the man we're interested in," Paul suggested.
"Better not, Paul. He might get back to his band and report our questions."

He turned to the Indian and went on with his questioning. LeNoir had planned the attack that evening, Tenn-Og said, but had stayed on the mainland shore and taken no part in the fight. He had ordered that the men should be killed, their bodies sunk in the lake with rocks, and their canoes set adrift down the Lilihar, to give the appearance of a rapid disaster; but the white girl must not be hurt, if they could possibly help it.

Curt wondered why LeNoir had given those orders about Sonya. Certainly he hadn't intended that she should return to Russian Lake, for she would report how the party had met its end. Had he wanted her spared for himself?

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Monday, Curt suddenly decides on a trip.

9 CWA WORKERS DIE UNDER SLIDE

GRAND JUNCTION, Colo., Dec. 14.—(AP)—Nine men, members of a

crew working the second day on a federal civil works project, died yesterday in a rock slide.

There were reports two more were swept 300 feet down the face of a cliff in the Colorado national monument, northwest of here, and a search was resumed today.

T. W. Secret, U. S. park service engineer, attributed the tragedy to blasting on the opposite side of the

canyon. The blasting apparently loosened the 50-foot sandstone cliff towering over the road on which the men were working. Earlier blasting to loosen rocks farther above also weakened the cliff.

Residents of Meacham, Ore., hid "Old George," a pet elk, during the fall hunting season to save him from hunters.

PARAGUAY CLAIMS BATTLE VICTORY

(By the Associated Press.) Paraguay claimed a victory today

in its war with Bolivia in the Chaco Boreal.

From Bolivia came the announcement of a new chief of staff for the Bolivian army.

Asuncion, capital of Paraguay, reported the surrender of more than 13,000 Bolivian soldiers Monday and the capture of large quantities of Bolivian munitions.

ANOTHER APPEAL FOR BRIDGES TO BE MADE

SALEM, Dec. 14.—(AP)—Another personal appeal for the Oregon coast highway bridges to be made by J. M. Devers of the state highway department who leaves for Washington Friday to confer with Senator C. L. McNary and the public works administrator.

'SMATTER POP—

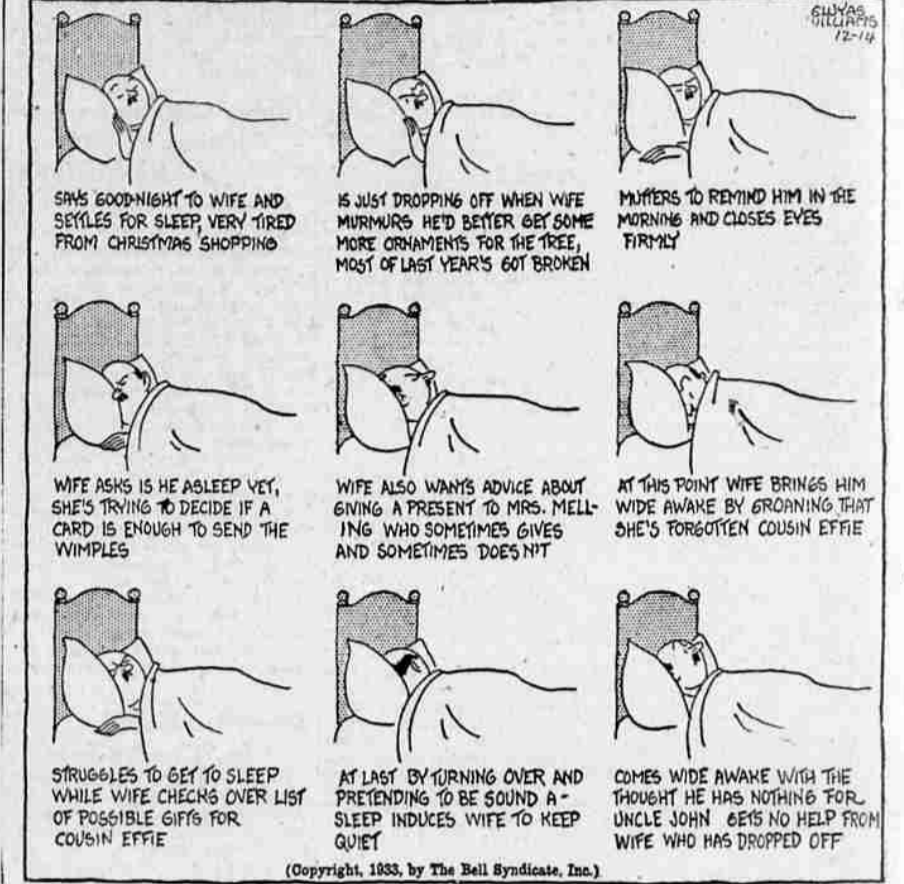
By C. M. PAYNE



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CHRISTMAS WEEK BEDTIME

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—The First Clue To "John Doe's" Identity!

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BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



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SALES TAX ONLY HOPE OF SCHOOLS

SALEM, Ore., Dec. 14.—(AP)—The sales tax, calculated to reduce county tax levies approximately one mill and to relieve distressed schools, is the only present salvation for schools, C. A. Howard, superintendent of public instruction, said today.

"Regardless of varying theories of taxation or the desirability of using other sources of revenue, the fact remains that the sales tax is the only way now open for saving many school districts from disaster," Howard said.

"After other proposals had failed it was enacted by the legislature as an emergency measure to keep the children in school and to keep school

districts from becoming paralyzed by a burden of warrant indebtedness. Heavy tax delinquencies have played havoc with the schools and will continue to do so until property is relieved."

Allow Increase Redwood Quota

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 14.—(AP)—A production increase of 12,000,000 board feet in the redwood lumber division for the first quarter of 1934, compared with the last three months of this year, was authorized today by the national control committee of the lumber code authority.

Kid Party Planned—The high school people of the Presbyterian church are entertaining with a "kid" party at the church this evening, beginning at 7:30 o'clock. An invitation is extended all members of the Sunday school and all other high school people, who are not attending other Sunday schools at this time.

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