

FORBIDDEN VALLEY

by William Byron Mowery

SYNOPSIS: Curt Tennyson and Paul St. Clair, with Ralph and Sonya Nichols, just have driven off a load of Klondike Indians who had been inspired to attack them by LeNoir, half-breed agent of Igor Karakhan, the millionaire crook whom Curt and Paul are tracking down. Curt and Sonya, who whom Curt is much interested, have rescued Tennyson, a Klondiker shot in the fight, and learn that LeNoir mysteriously has ordered that Sonya not be injured.

Chapter 25 SUDDEN DECISION

Will this band of yours attack us again tomorrow night," he asked Tennyson, "or wait till they're strengthened by Siam-Klale's men?" Tennyson said positively they would wait. It was only at LeNoir's insistence that they had not done so in the first place.

"How long will it be till these other men get here?"

It would take a runner two suns and two nights to reach Siam-Klale's band, and three suns and two nights for the band to come south.

Curt continued his questioning for a while but learned nothing more of any great importance. The information that it would be several days before the other Klondikers could get there gave him an idea.

His body ached, his brain was all fagged; the old leg wound that caused his limp was aching him dully, as it always did when he was near exhaustion. At times the temptation to tie up to the bank and go to sleep almost overwhelmed him.

Daybreak found him stumbling exhaustedly across a long portage ten miles up the lake and to the bank of the sun rose, he was halfway to his goal. At an overfalls pool he stripped off his clothes, bathed in the icy green swirl to refresh himself, and then forged ahead.

At mid-morning he paddled out upon the lake that was old John's winter home.

On the south shore, where a log cabin nestled under the pines, his glistering amphibian was riding at anchor. With a great sigh of relief he dipped his weary paddle and headed for the ship. An exultation lightened his weariness. Time and distance, man's two old enemies in the vast North, dwindled to nothing when one stepped into a plane.

Smash came out of the cabin and caught the prow of the canoe as it nosed ashore.

"Hullo, old man! I began to think you wasn't going to show up at all." He noticed Curt's haggard face, the lines of exhaustion. "From your looks, you just did get here."

"How long've you been waiting?"



Sonya made the Indian hot broth.

His party would not need him during that time. He certainly could put that freedom to good use. For one thing he could keep that rendezvous with Smash; and for another he could find out something about Sonya—who she was, what lay behind this strange trip of hers.

She herself would not tell him, but he believed he could easily enough get at the truth by a roundabout bit of strategy.

More and more he had become convinced that her trip was some crucial and weighty mission. He had made up his mind to stop his own search temporarily and see her through; but he could do nothing so long as he was working in the dark. His hunt for Karakhan was already at a standstill; she was all tangled up in it, and he was hampered by a clumsy party. The quick and clean-cut way of handling the muddled situation was to find out her mission, drive it through for her, and then go after Karakhan.

Three days.

"Have any trouble using the place?"

"Not a speck. That chart was a beaut." Out of sympathy for Curt's tiredness, he nobly suppressed all the questions boiling inside of him. "What do you say—what's on deck?"

Outside the tent he and Paul talked his plans over and agreed on them.

"I'd better leave now," Curt concluded. "When day breaks I've got to be far enough away from here that the Klondikers can't spot me. Sneak my canoe down to the lower end of the island, Paul. Don't let these others know what you're doing. Put in one blanket, one paddle and a bit of grub.

"Now, Paul, you'll be in charge here while I'm gone. Everything'll be up to you. Keep a good guard at night, and make François and Jock walk the chalk line."

Curt beached the canoe and untied the mooring ropes of the plane. "We're leaving here. You take the controls."

Inside the cabin he unfastened the mechanic's seat and rear place, stowed them in the fuselage cubby, and made himself a pallet on the floor.

Smash climbed in with the coiled ropes. "Where to, old man? North, east, south, west, or straight up?"

"South," Curt bade. "To Vancouver. And don't let any ducks roost on your pontoons while you're getting there."

Smash started the motor, stood out upon the lake, lifted the ship onto the step, took off, and circled for altitude. High nough to clear the ranges, he headed south.

As he passed over the first towering snow-cap, he glanced down at his partner. With packchute for a pillow and an arm bent under his head, Curt was dead asleep.

At the fire he talked a few words with Sonya, who was making the Indian some hot broth. Paul came back presently and gave him the sign that all was ready. Slipping away from camp, Curt hurried down to the canoe, pushed off, and crossed the dark lake to the Iskitimwah mouth.

Not until he started up the river on his lone trip did he realize how desperately tired he was. Three nights hand-run without sleep, the brush in the pass that morning and the fight two hours ago—it was the climax to a whole week of heavy strain.

It was the stopping of the engine that roused Curt. He had become so accustomed to the throbbing roar through many hours that the sudden silence jarred him wide awake.

He sat up, trying to place himself. With helmet askew Smash was slumped down in the pilot's seat, dog tired, a dilapidated cigarette hanging from his lips. Outside somebody was warping the plane alongside a pier and making it fast.

He slid open a panel and looked out. It was early dusk. They were in some good-sized city—a mass of buildings stood limned against the sky, and into the distance stretched long rows of avenue lights.

"Where are we, Smash—Prince Rupert?"

Smash stared at him. "Hell's bells, man, you're in Vancouver!"

"Vancouver? Already?"

"You mean all day. You've been battling it off for ten hours straight."

Tomorrow, Curt takes up the difficult trail of Sonya.

WARN PUBLIC OF BLEND WHISKIES

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—(AP)—Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, city commissioner

of health, issued a warning to the public today not to buy liquor labeled "whiskey blend" or "whiskey compound" unless the label specified the nature of the blend.

Dr. Wynne declared the public should be informed of what it was getting before the purchase.

His warning followed an earlier announcement of the board of health was prepared to place an embargo on liquors found harmful in any degree.

Chemists were set to work analyzing samples picked at random from liquor stores here.

A gavel made from a branch of the General Sherman tree in Sequoia national park, California, has been placed in the museum of the Warm Springs Foundation at Warm Springs, Ga.

day he had declined a compromise in the income tax case against Charles E. Mitchell, former head of the National City bank, and "will proceed with the ordinary legal processes and collect the tax."

Morgenthau volunteered only the following brief announcement to newsmen: "I have decided it is in the public interest to proceed with the ordinary legal processes and collect the tax."

Mitchell was acquitted in criminal proceedings regarding his income tax returns but the government has a civil case to collect taxes it claims are due. Morgenthau said the treasury had been asked to settle the case but had declined.

NO COMPROMISE MITCHELL CASE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—(AP)—Acting Secretary Morgenthau said to-

lic interest to proceed with the ordinary legal processes and collect the tax."

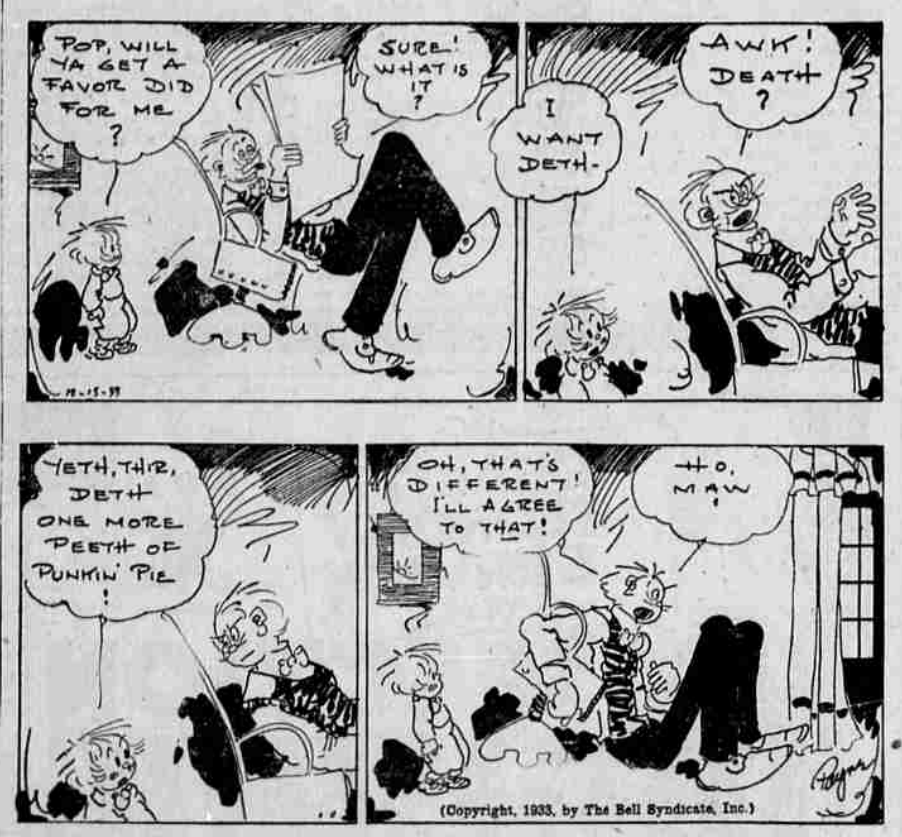
Mitchell was acquitted in criminal proceedings regarding his income tax returns but the government has a civil case to collect taxes it claims are due. Morgenthau said the treasury had been asked to settle the case but had declined.

lic interest to proceed with the ordinary legal processes and collect the tax."

Mitchell was acquitted in criminal proceedings regarding his income tax returns but the government has a civil case to collect taxes it claims are due. Morgenthau said the treasury had been asked to settle the case but had declined.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



(Copyright, 1933, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

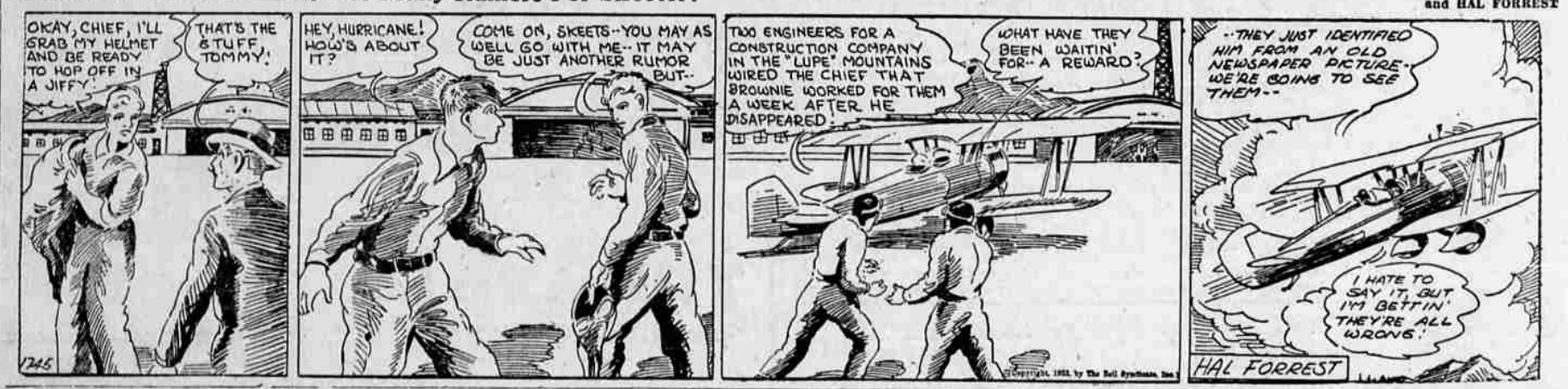
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



(Copyright, 1933, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—One Too Many Rumors For Skeeter!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—Another Shooting

By EDWIN ALGER



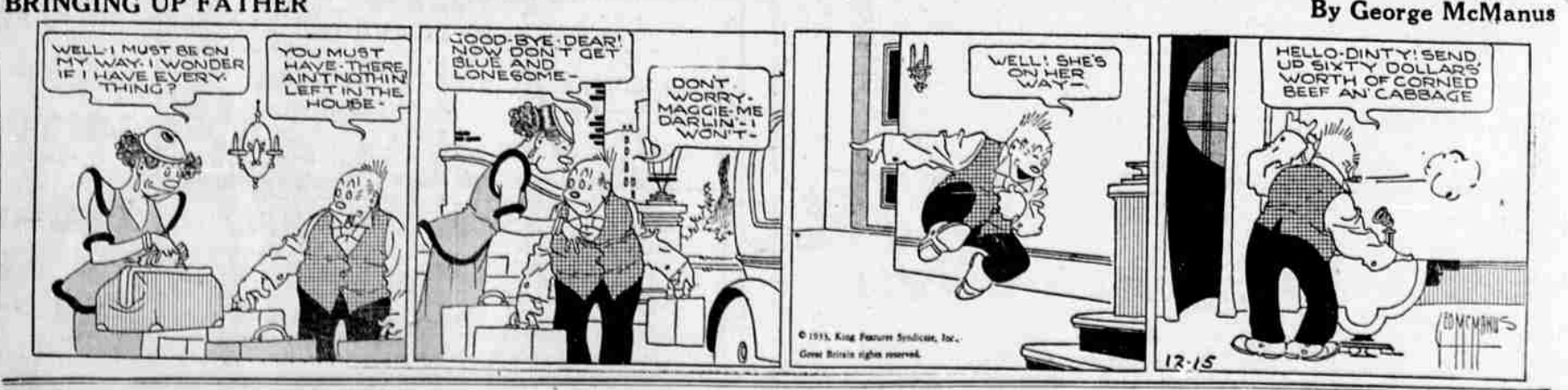
THE NEBBS—Hurry

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



Roseburg Leads First Broccoli

ROSEBURG, Ore., Dec. 15.—(AP)—The first carload of broccoli from the Umpqua valley is being loaded

here today and is expected to be sold on the northwest market. The car is made up of deliveries from the immediate vicinity of Roseburg and is from an exceptionally early strain, as the major portion of the crop will not mature until in March or April.

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