FORBIDDEN VALLEY By William Byron Mowery

SYNOPSIS: Coldly, Curt Tenny-son atoetic an attack by the den-perous Elsohole Indians at his tenny in the Canadian northwest. Konya Voltov, whom he had be-friended, has turned tratter by com-municating with 1gor Kerakhan, millionaire crock, whom Curt is pursuing. Curt has rend a letter from Konya to Karakhan, which proves she is siaming to folk him. Meanuchile, Karakhan is engerly assatting her arrival, and has a ranged and pussage to his camp for her.

Chapter 34

SONYA'S PLEA

HE'LL get a damned bad disappointment!" Curt was thinking grimly. "When that avalanche piles down we're going to be elsewhere!"

The moment Sonya went he in tended to start Francols and Jocku back south and send Ralph along with them. By traveling at night and holing up during the day the three would get out to Russian Lake easily enough. That would free himself and Paul. Taking nothing but rifies and light cance, they would slip away from the island and be miles gone when LeNoir and his outfit came calling. Up the Lilluar they would watch for Sonya to pass, then fall in behind her party and let her lead them to Karakhan.

Through the open flap-front of Sonya's tent he could see her moving about in the dim interior, making about in the dim interior, making ready, he believed, to leave them that night. He tried not to watch her, but his eyes kept straying back. He could steel himself against her, le could scorn her, but indifference lay beyond his power. She had meant too much to him.

In the tent Sonva was putting to gether a few personal articles for her trip, fully expecting LeNoir to come and take her away that mid-night. Her unahakable purpose kept her steady, and after that long red trail from Vetemsk to Urga the dan gers of this trip were not formidable smough to stop her; but the dark-ness settling down, the daunting journey ahead and the terrible un-certainty at the end of it filled her

GLANCING through the flap, she saw Curt lay aside his rifle and start filling cartridge clips, evident-ly getting ready for whatever might come. The safety of the party after she left worried her only a little; she had an implicit faith that Curt and Paul could take care of themselves against a dozen like LeNoir and the sub-chief They would get back to safet; and get Ralph back.

She longed to step outside and talk with Curt, a few last words; out she was afraid to, afraid he would cut her cold as he had been doing for the last four days. She was utterly bewildered by his atti-ude, his icy exaggerated politeness, his audden and complete change toward her. Something had happened, that night of his return.

She could not fathom the cause of his change. It couldn't be that he knew anything about her rendez-rous with LeNoir; she herself had seen him leaning against the rocks ssleep, and Paul had been in his tent both before and after she went. and it couldn't be that Ralph had told him about her trip. Ralph pro-tested earnestly that he had never dropped a hint nor had Curt ques-

have depended on to help her.

When her light pack was made up, she buckled it, isid it aside and stepped over to the tent door. Curt was almost done with the clips. In a minute or two he'd go up and join Paul, and she wouldn't get to see him again alone.

Curt looked up from his half-filled clip and glanced at her sharp-him again alone.

which she could smooth out. When this is not make the triple of his pleading "Can't I hope you do care—a little bit, aweetheart," it seemed impossible that he could care nothing at all now. May-

"Very kind of you," Curt refused coldly, "but if you haven't done this before you might load 'em back wards."

tended to let you know where I was and I hoped you would understand my trip—"
"I don't see the need of digging up

Sonya wondered what he meant by that. His words carried some barbed meaning, just as he had meant something stinging when he

brought her that black Hly at the

"CURT," she asked, with a sudden impulse, "what's made you change so to 'ard me? Is it something I've done?"

"Change? Have 1?"

"Please, Curt, let's not-you know as well as I do that you've changed." He laid a filled clip on his hatbrim. "I believe you asked me on two occasions to—ah, restrain my-self. Are you objecting now when I'm doing what you asked?'

"You're not being fair, Curt! 1



What lies at trail's end for her?

1755

didn't say we shouldn't be good friends, in fact, I-I wanted-"Friends—exactly!" His tones were sharp-edged. "Just so far and no farther, that's what you wanted Just as far as it suited your conven-ience. But men, my dear, that is men of self-respect, don't care to be

treated like tethered bears on a chain."
"Curt, that's unjust. I went to extrames, as usual, on those 'two occa-sions.' I thought I was doing right, acting honestly; but everything was Whatever the reason, she felt that she had lost her best friend on earth, the one person whom she might have depended on to help her.

acting honestly; but everything was so chaotic with me that I wasn't sure of anything at all. And. Curt, the one person whom she might you should remember that I'd known you only a very, very short time, not

him again alone.

For a few moments she wavered, fession. He could not believe she torn between her pride and the promptings of her heart. It might be that she had said or done something which had offended him and which she could smooth out. When

could care nothing at all now. May-be she had been too Spartan with make at least some comment, but herself and with him on those two
evenings.

She put her pride in her pocket
and went out to him.

"Can't I help you with those cartridges!" she profered as an excuse
it lines and talk.

> these old bones," Curt cut her short (Copyright, 1935, William B. Moscery)

Temerrow honya goss-into what

NINE DIE IN TYPHOON

heavy damage in eastern and south-ern Philippine Islands. Early reports that Bulusan, which IN PHILIPPINE ISLANDS MANILA, P. I., Des., 27.—(AP)— last crupted in 1918, was again active Ploods aweeping down the sides of the inactive volcano Bulusan in Sorsegon province drowned at least nine persons today, while a typhoon, tidal wave and torrential rains caused refuse. City Sanitary Service.



wrapped in a poinsettia plant de- compare with those of "several aus- | FIGUE FI STOLEN CURRENCY

Wrapped in a poinsettia plant delivered at his home was reported today by Patrolman Clarence C. Barber of the Portland police force, from whose home \$380 was stolen to the Thursday.

The thief who had taken the money removed it from a hiding place in the basement. Patrolman Dance at Rogue Elk Saturday night.

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 27.—(AP)

Barber spread the news that the Dance at Rogue Elk Saturday night.

January 6th.

The fishing tug Bremen, with a crew of four men, capsized off South Haven, carrying the crew to their deaths. No trace of the bodies was found.

About the same time another flahing tug, the Martha, capsized near here. It also carried four men to their deaths.

Broken windows glazed by found.

found.

The master of the tug was Albert

MICHOGAN CITL, Ind., Dec. 27.—
Balow of South Haven. One of the (P)—Eight fishermen were reported crew members was his son, about 19 Equipment to reach any tank. NRA.

lost today in the capsizing of two years old. The other two men were fishing tugs on lake Michigan in a named Carter and Stevens.

About the same time another fish-

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

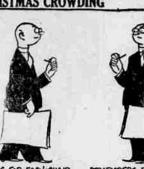
S'MATTER POP-

By C. M. PAYNE





CHRISTMAS CROWDING



HEADS FOR EASY CHAIR N LIVING ROOM TO READ EVENING PAPER



HAD TO BE MOVED INTO DEN TO MAKE ROOM FOR CHRISTMAS TREE



OTHER CHAIRS AND COUCH ARE OCCUPIED WITH JUNIORS NEW SHOW-SHOES, TISSUE PAPER AND RIBBON BEING



AND FINDS EASY CHAIR HOLDING HIS WIFE'S PRESENTS SINCED, AND VARYOUS BOXES



DECIDES TO MOVE HER PRESENTS TO LIVING-ROOM TABLE



FINDS LIVING-ROOM TABLE COMPLETELY FILLED WITH DISPLAY OF CHRISTMAS



THERE BEING NO PLACE TO SET PRESENTS DOWN, CAR-RIES THEM BACK TO EASY CHAIR. FINDS WIFE OCCU-DYING IT HOW, SEWING

(Copyright, 1932, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



PUTS THEM ON FLOOR IN HALL, AND RETIRES TO CELLAR STAIRS TO READ PAPER

12-27

By GLENN CHAFFIN

POOR BROWNIE!

HE SEEMS

TO ALWAYS

RUN INTO THE

HARD KNOCKS!

BUT THIS ONE

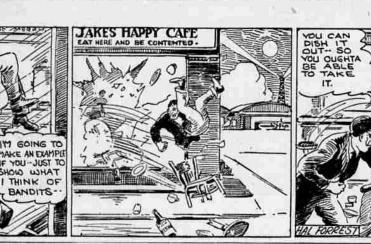
IS ABOUT THE HARDEST YET

By EDWIN ALGER

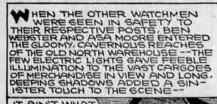
By SOL HESS

By George McManus

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Brownie Knocked Out

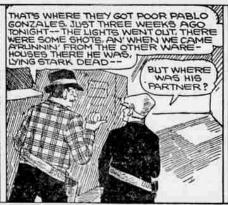


BOUND TO WIN-"Pleasant" Surroundings









OH, WE ONLY HAD ONE MAN TO A WAREHOUSE BEFORE ALL THE TROUBLE STARTED—IT WAS ONLY AFTER THEY KILLED POOR, OLD PABLO THAT WE STARTED PUTTIN'ON WATCHMEN IN PAIRS—BUT THAT DIDN'T PREVENT 'EM FROM SNUFFIN' OLT POOR WILHOIT THE NIGHT BEFORE LAST! MAYBE THEY GOT HIS PARTNER, TOO, BECAUSE WE AIN'T SEEN HIDE NOR HAIR OF

THE NEBBS-Love Is Blind

AND WHILE RUDY AND

AMBY STILL

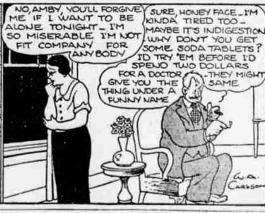
REGARDING THE WIDOW'S ATTEMPTED

ELOPEMENT



BY COLLY I'VE GOT AN IDEA





BRINGING UP FATHER

SO MAGGIE 19 COMIN' HOME. I WISH I COULD THINK OF SOME WAY TO GIT HER TO REMAIN



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