

# FORBIDDEN VALLEY

By William Byron Mowery

**SYNOPSIS:** Curt Ferguson rescues the friendly advances of Sonya, whom he has befriended in the Canadian wilderness because he knows that the girl is planning to desert his party and to join Igor Karibon, the millionaire crook whom Curt is tracking down. Curt and his partner Paul know that as soon as Sonya leaves with LeNoir, Karibon's contact man, LeNoir will send the remorseless Kioshees Indians to destroy them.

## Chapter 35 DEPARTURE

Curt stood up and gave Sonya his hand to rise. As his glance met hers he saw tears in her eyes, saw her lips trembling. "All right, Curt," she said quietly, with a humility that shamed him. She glanced down at the ground, started to say something more, checked herself and turned away to her tent.

He thrust the clips into his pocket and walked up to the little stone fort which he and Paul had rolled together. Paul was carefully inspecting it and plugging things so that no arrows could slip through. They did not count on having to use the defense; but their situation was delicate, LeNoir was a crafty fellow, and it was wise to guard against the unforeseen.

At the upper tip of the island Ralph was sitting at the water edge occasionally drawing in a fish on the hand-line he was holding. He looked lonely and disconsolate. Curt wondered whether Sonya had really told him the truth about her trip. Ralph was an unselfish soul, but to bring the girl he loved into that country and help her join another man seemed a bit too self-effacing even for him. Probably she had spun him some lie.

As he brought Paul an extra rock he was startled by the low quavering call of an owl six hundred yards out upon the lake. He dropped the rock, stood listening. LeNoir? It couldn't be; the red star was nearly two hours high. But then the call came again, no nearer but louder; and he distinctly caught the falsetto quality of it.

"Hell! It is LeNoir, Paul! He's some early for her." Paul nodded. "Yes, it's he. Slam Kiale and he must want to get the whole business over with tonight!" They crouched down behind the rocks and waited. Curt's eyes were upon the tent, where Sonya would come out. He had not imagined that her going would be an ordeal, he had even thought he would take a savage pleasure in being free of her for good; but now when she actually was leaving, it seemed impossible to let her go.

When she stepped outside the tent and looked around cautiously to see where Paul and he were, he rose up, overwhelmed by the impulse to go down there and keep her from leaving. Paul checked him, took a part of the burden of decision upon himself.

"Don't, partner! You'd be sorry let her leave. She'll be in no danger. Remember, we are following her and can see that she gets safely out." Sonya hurried on down the island. In the owl dusk her slender form grew fainter and fainter till Curt no longer saw her. A canoe grated on the pebbles as she tugged at the craft to get it afloat. A dark blur moved away from shore. Curt covered his face with his hands to shut out the sight of it. When he looked up again, the blur was gone.

PAUL touched his arm, moments afterward. "We'd better be somewhere else in an hour from now. This island is going to have visitors."

Curt pulled himself together. "Yes, we'd better go," he said jerkily. "We'll take what we need of our outfit and get away to one of these other islands, and then split up." "François and Jocku haven't come back."

Curt turned toward the carbon island, barely visible in the deep dusk. It just then occurred to him that he had not heard the guides shoot. Their silence was strange; they had been gone long enough to make two such trips.

He hurried to the lower end, launched the remaining canoe and darted down lake. A few rods off shore he called in a guarded voice: "Jocku! You and François get out of there. Come alive! We haven't any time to waste." No answer came back. His voice sent the little band of caribou tearing through the swamp birch to the other side of the island, but neither François nor Jocku answered.

The explanation dawned on him with a crash. He remembered, too late, that the guides had sat off by themselves all day, talking in

tones; and that Jocku had acted queerly when he came to make his report. Now he saw through the whole ruse. Their trips after a caribou had been a scheme to secure a canoe and get away. Those two had deserted!

He whirled the canoe around and started back to camp, swearing at the evil luck that dogged every step he took. The treachery of those natives was little short of disaster. He had counted heavily on them to take Ralph back south; and now they had sneaked away, the pair of cowards, and Nichols was left on his hands. If he and Paul were encumbered with Ralph on their swift shadowy trip, they would not stand a ghost of a chance.

Before he had gone very far he heard a rifle shot down stream. He stopped short, listened. A mile south, down where the river narrowed to a bottle neck, a flurry of shots sounded. The dull thud of the guns was unmistakable—the heavy bear Winchesters of Jocku and François. Those two guides were in trouble; they'd run into an ambush!

One of the Winchesters suddenly stopped. The other shot four times more. Then, faintly in the taut silence, a long-drawn yell wafted up river, more a scream than any articulate word. Piercing, vibrant with terror, it sent shivers through Curt. It was a man's death cry.

All his anger changed to heartfelt pity. "Poor devils!" he said softly. "They got it. The Kioshees had a party at that narrows, to cut us off if we tried to break away."

HE whipped on ashore, goaded by the memory of that cry. Paul had heard it too, and knew what it meant. Working swiftly, they made ready to leave. They left the tents standing, abandoned most of the supplies and all the heavier things; took nothing but guns, blankets and food for a few days.

"Carry this stuff to the canoe," Curt directed. "I'll go get Ralph." As he hurried up the island, he tried to figure how he might salvage something out of the wreckage of his plans. Perhaps they could take Ralph several miles up some tributary river where the Kioshees were not likely to come, and secrete him in some cave, with food and camp necessities, to be picked up later when they had finished with Karibon. It was possible.

"Ralph! Come along with me. We're pitching away from this place on the jump."

Ralph got up quickly. "Why, what's the matter?" "I'll tell you later. Let's get into the canoe and put distance between us."

"Where's Sonya?" Ralph queried, winding up his fish line. "Don't ask questions now, man, for Lord's sake! And let that line go. Come on, we're leaving here—"

He bit the sentence off. Out upon the lake to the west a "merganser" called. From north and south came answers. Curt stared in the direction of that first call. For a moment he saw nothing. Then his eyes picked up five blurred mottles, out at the limit of vision. He peered sharply at them. Canoes; five Kioshees canoes!

At the lower tip of the island his partner's gun ripped the night silence with a sharp crack. When he reached Paul, the latter was kneeling down and clipping a fresh magazine into his smoking rifle.

"Look!" Paul grabbed his arm. "Six of them! Coming in at us!" Curt looked where he pointed. Three hundred yards offshore half a dozen sinister shadows were looming out of the dusk. Paul's volley had checked their headlong dash, but had scattered to make the target brighter; but they were coming straight on, aiming for that lower tip.

"Let's—they've got us!" Curt gasped. Before they could possibly get the canoe launched and out of the shallows, those dancing shadows would be upon them. By a margin of minutes, the precious minutes lost in hunting for Jocku and François, they had failed to get away. A few stray arrows, already whirling into the sand around them, emphasized the point.

"Let's get back to our rocks," he ordered. "Nothing to do now but shoot it out."

They turned and ran for the shelter. (Copyright, 1933, William B. Mowery)

Tomorrow tragedy darkens the island fort.

## PENDLETON PREPARES FOR LIQUOR SELLING

PENDLETON, Ore., Dec. 28.—(AP)—Sale of liquor in Pendleton under \$100.

the Knox state control plan will be legal January 1, the result of adoption last night by the city council of a new liquor ordinance. A plan similar to that adopted by Portland was favored. The city will act as an agent for the state in licensing handlers of liquor until the state is able to set up its own stores. The license fees will range from \$10 to \$100.

## CATTLE PRODUCTION ADJUSTMENT FAVORED

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—(AP)—Secretary Wallace said today he had

received telegrams from 16 senators, 18 representatives and 13 governors supporting the plan for production adjustment in the dairy and beef cattle industries. The plan, suggested to Wallace by a conference of farm leaders Friday, calls for an appropriation of \$200,000,000 at the next session to finance aid for milk producers and beef cattle farmers.

## FARM FINANCING TO STAND ON OWN FEET

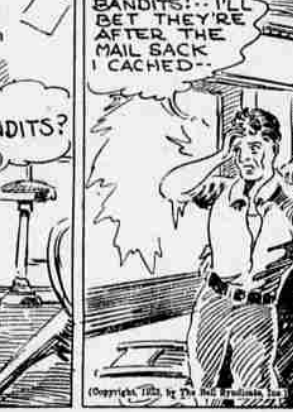
PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 28.—(AP)—W. I. Myers, governor of the federal

farm credit administration, predicted today that because of the "complete system of farm credit" set up by the government, agriculture for the first time will be able to finance itself. His prediction was contained in a paper read before the convention of the American Farm Economic association by P. F. Hill, of Cornell university, who is associated with Myers in the credit administration's work.

## S'MATTER POP—



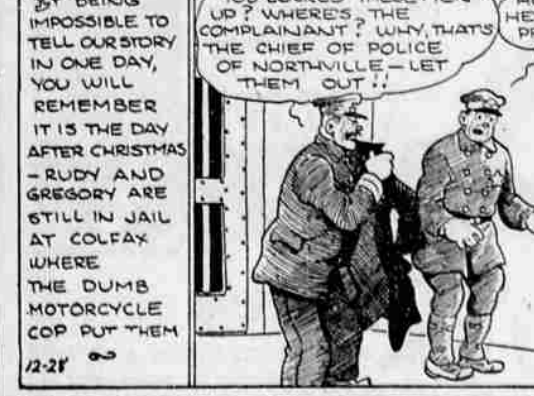
## TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Memory Restored



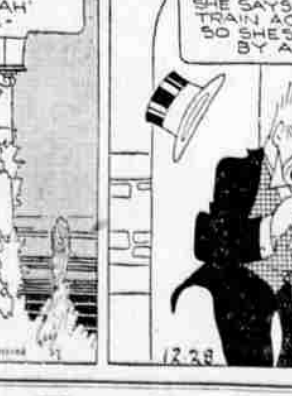
## BOUND TO WIN—Lights Out—And On!



## THE NEBBS—Revenge



## BRINGING UP FATHER



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

## VOLGA, VAMPIRE BAT, IS MOURNED BY ZOO AFTER SHORT STUDY

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—(AP)—Volga, the vampire bat, is des—whether of a broken heart, homesickness or stomach ache, he died at the Bronx Zoo, according to zoo keepers today. Volga, captured in the dark recesses of a state of approaching hysteria by giving birth to an offspring, a tiny infant with all the nightmarish features of its mamma. Volga, captured in the dark recesses of a Central American cave, lived in captivity sixteen weeks and three days—a scientific rarity and the only one of her kind to be exhibited in the United States. During the short weeks of her cap-

## SALEM AIRPORT GIVEN CWA IMPROVEMENT COIN

SALEM, Dec. 28.—(AP)—Drainage and leveling of the Salem municipal airport will be undertaken in a \$10,000 civil works administration project to begin here Friday. County Administrator Glen Niles said around 50 men would be employed and that the project might be augmented to include 100 men.

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