

FORBIDDEN VALLEY

By William Byron Mowery

SYNOPSIS: Curt Tennison has met and fallen in love with Sonya Volkov in the Canadian wilderness. Curt is trying to find Igor Karakhan, millionaire crook, in his wilderness hiding place; suddenly Sonya forsakes Curt's party to go to Karakhan. Curt, after a battle with the Klonoke Indians in which Ralph Nichols, Sonya's helper, is dangerously wounded, tries to rush Ralph to civilization. The attempt is hopeless; during Ralph's trip to tell Curt of Sonya's purpose in finding Karakhan.

Chapter 4c SONYA'S MISSION

CURT knew now beyond all doubt that Sonya's trip had some significance which he, in his hasty cocksure certainty, had missed entirely.

"Ralph," he pleaded urgently, knowing that Ralph had but a minute or two more, "try to tell me—what did you mean about her being left alone up there?"

Ralph did not seem to hear him, but pursued his own drifting thoughts. "I'm glad—she listened to you and—didn't go. I know she's got courage, but just a girl, by herself, she'd never have managed—to kill him. She'd have failed, and he'd have left her there. He'd have thrown her—to those others."

"To kill him—?" Curt echoed, joined from head to foot. That broken phrase sent his world crashing out of its orbit. He could only stare at Ralph, stupefied. "Him"—that word meant Karakhan. It pointed straight at him. But Sonya, killing the man to whom she had written that letter—surely Ralph must be so delirious that he did not know what he was saying. Or was he delirious?

"Ralph!" he begged frantically, in a race against the hovering Dark. "Why's she hunting Karakhan? Tell me—that. What does she want with him? Ralph do you understand me?" His question went unanswered. Ralph lay quiet, his lips apart, his eyes closed. For a minute he did not stir. Then with a sudden jerk he moved, rose to his elbow and grasped Curt's arm with an unnatural strength.

"Curt! Don't let her go back there! Don't ever let her try to kill him! Take her out of this country!" "I will, Ralph, I'll take her out. But Ralph, listen! Tell me—"

"Curt! Wake her! Bring her here. I'll—make—her—promise—"

His grasp broke from Curt's arm and he fell back. In desperation Curt shook him by the shoulder. "Ralph! Ralph!" But he got no answer. He pressed a finger into Ralph's wrist, and felt no pulse. And then he slowly realized that the answer was forever beyond him.

FOR a long time afterward Curt sat there beside the fire, with his thoughts in a chaotic whirl. His mind, so tired by two days of inconceivable strain that even Ralph's death could numb it no further, refused to grapple with Ralph's broken words and make a coherent story of them. It was like trying to fit together a most baffling puzzle when the parts were all jumbled and the key pieces missing.

Sonya, trying to kill the Russian—it turned upside down everything that he had been feeling and thinking about her. He had read her letter, had heard her own words to LeNoir; and against all that he had only a few halting phrases from a man who was dying.

Yet he believed Ralph, and all his former idealization of Sonya came flooding back to bolster up his belief. Ralph's mind undoubtedly had been wandering; but even in the most wandering thoughts there was somewhere a core of actuality; and Ralph had returned again and again to that one colossal fact—Sonya had come into this country to locate and kill Igor Karakhan.

He got up, after a time, and stumbled aimlessly along the landwash. He was unconscious of his exhaustion, of everything except the dazing revelation which he had just barely cheated death itself out of.

The explanation of her letter and of her trust with LeNoir had been cut off; but he knew that those facts, which had started him on the path of his horrible mistake, and the other damning facts which had confirmed him in it, must have their interpretation.

Through all his numbed groping ran an inexpressible gladness. He could have faith in Sonya's integrity again. He felt as though he had been staggering through a black morass and had come out into the sunshine once more.

HE had no idea of the motive driving her to kill Karakhan; he could not even guess at it; but he

did see now that it had crowded everything else out of her life. "She couldn't rest, couldn't live, till she'd hunted him down"—that was how Ralph had worded her burning purpose. Nothing existed for her except to reach Karakhan and kill him.

With a singleness of purpose that put his own hunt to shame, she had refused to look aside from her trail, or to think or feel. The intangible thing which had made her seem so cold and far-away was not "somebody else" but her chaotic heart.

There was one thing he could do to make partial amends—get north to that headwaters lake and protect her and bring her out. In a general way he had already planned to start



Trail's end for Ralph.

back north, and now his realization of her danger galvanized him into action.

Should he return by canoe, or go up the Iskitimwah and run the risk of smash not being there with the plane? If only he could feel sure of Smash. One could never depend on him.

A pretty face at Tellicet, a dance at Hazelton, would make him forget a rendezvous with a partner. But by canoe the trip would take a week: it was up stream, and he could travel only by night, for parties were combing the river and ambushing the portages.

A week would be too late. He had to be there at the lake when Sonya came. According to what Tenn-Og had said about trail and distance, she and her guides should reach Karakhan's refuge late the next evening or on the morning of the following day. By plane he could make it, but not by canoe.

When dawn came, he searched the island for a suitable place, carried Ralph's body to it, made a secure cairn of rocks, and then scattered seed pods of woodbine and phlox around it in the fresh woods loam.

Selecting a tall minaret pine that stood conspicuously to itself, he climbed it, and with Tenn-Og's belt-sax, cut off all its branches except the rounded crown, making a loblolly stick to the unselfish barometer of the man who had died there.

He woke the other two then, told Paul about his talk with Ralph and about his plans. They left immediately, heading up the Iskitimwah.

Tomorrow, Curt's plans meet a new danger.

KING TUT'S CURSE STRIKES ANOTHER

LONDON, Jan. 4.—(AP)—The death list of persons connected with the opening of the tomb of King Tut-

ankh-amen in 1922 in Egypt was brought to 20 today with the death of Arthur Edward Pearce Brome Weigall.

Weigall, who was present when the tomb was opened, died yesterday at the age of 53 after a long illness. Francis said it was "extraordinary" that he had died so comparatively young and recalled the tradition of Tut-ankh-amen's curse against those

who should violate his last resting place.

As a noted Egyptologist, Weigall always had been greatly impressed by the splendor of the famous discovery and wrote, in the following year, a book entitled "Tut-ankh-amen and Other Essays." The directory of the discovery expedition, Lord Carnarvon, died in 1923 following a mosquito bite.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Ghost Ship—Or—?



BOUND TO WIN—Luke O'Brien Has His Say



THE NEBBS—The Discoverer



BRINGING UP FATHER



FOREIGNERS URGED TO LEAVE FUKIEN

FOOCHOW, China, Jan. 4.—(AP)—Many Americans, especially mis-

sonaries, persisted today in remaining at their stations in revolt-torn Fukien province despite repeated warnings to evacuate.

The nationalist government at Nanking urged all foreign powers to withdraw their nationals from danger zones of the province, of which Fuchow is the capital.

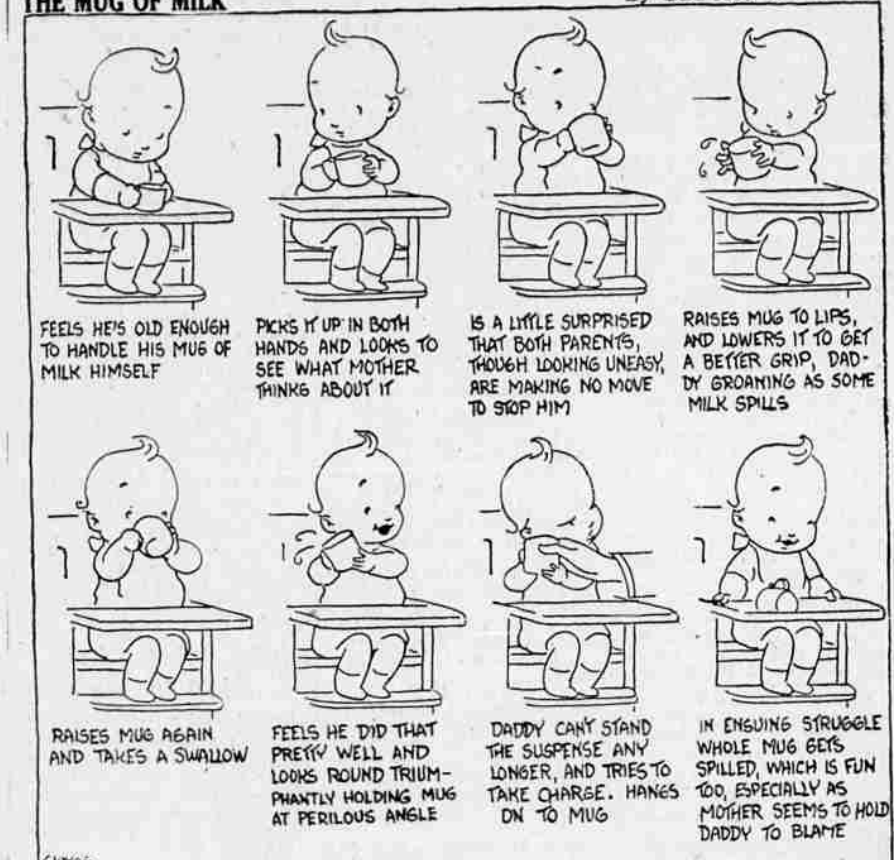
Officers of the United States consulate today had succeeded in mov-

ing most of the 1444 Americans living in and near Fuchow to Mantai island, in the South Min river, but many living outside Fuchow and Amoy refused to seek safety even in the foreign quarters of the two cities.

Sheltered by the Kiamchi mountains, apple trees blossomed in December near Taihina, Okla.

THE MUG OF MILK

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



GLUYAS WILLIAMS 1-4 (Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

and HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



By George McManus



DEATH TO SLAYER OF SON IS URGED

DENVER, Jan. 4.—(AP)—A dramatic letter, asking death for the youth who killed her son, was received today by Governor E. C. Johnson from Mrs. Rose L. Regan, of Colorado Springs, mother of Vincent Regan for whose death Walter Reppin, 19, has been sentenced to die in the lethal chamber in the state prison.

Reppin, scheduled to be executed this week, today received a stay of sentence from the state supreme court until his case can be reviewed.

PLANNING BOARD MEETING CALLED

SALEM, Jan. 4.—(AP)—The first meeting of the Oregon planning board, named by Governor Julius L. Meier to cooperate with the public works administration, will be held at Salem next Friday. The meeting was called by Charles M. Thomas, public utilities commissioner, chairman of the board.

Other members of the board are D. O. Hood of Portland, Frank Dillard, Medford, Henry F. Cabell of Portland; H. H. Baldock, state highway engineer; Charles Stricklin, state engineer; and Lynn F. Cronmiller, state forester.

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