

FORBIDDEN VALLEY

By William Byron Mowery

Chapter 46 THE PLAN

TENN-OG stepped away and coolly walked across the logs. That was more than Curt cared to try. He got down and crept along the bridge on hands and knees, with Paul behind him. Midway he stopped, loosened a piece of bark and listened for the sound. Several seconds later he heard the bark hit against a rock and splash into the stream.

The chasm, about seventy feet deep, was not so abysmal as he had thought; but for the man who fell into it those seventy feet would be plenty, with rocks to crash on and that underground creek to sweep one away.

Joining Tenn-Og on the other side, he hit another match and looked around. He found himself in a large irregularly shaped cave, warm and dry and fully fifty feet across. Sh like the entrance led off in a dozen directions, some straight back into the mountain rock, others paralleling the face of the cliff. By the match flare he also noticed signs of human occupancy.

In the flickering light he glanced at Tenn-Og, who was staring at the snowshoes and fireplace; and on the

stay there till he got ready to let them out!

Under ordinary circumstances a bush-wise outfit like them would hesitate about venturing into so plain a deadfall, but in the heat of a fight they probably would not stop to weigh danger.

The idea intrigued him, largely because it would avoid heavy bloodshed. He hated to think of shooting into those men and killing as he would have to kill to stop a determined rush. They were an admirable little clan. Besides, this fight was not their fight but Karakhan's, and the Russian would not be in that charge. He would be hiding behind others, letting others be victimized in protecting him.

As much as he wanted to try the trap, he finally decided against it.

BACK outside, he explained to Tenn-Og that the cave was no good, and asked him to show them a better place.

The Indian took them down slope fifty yards, worked over to the left and brought them to a little knoll. The spot looked ideal to Curt at his first glance.

A tangle of rocks and windfall logs gave them fine cover; the slope fell away so steeply in front that an attack from that direction was

impossible; and the upper side was protected by a thickset of devil's club, spiked with wicked three-inch thorns.

The range was as good as he could ask for, and down at the lake shore the whole camp lay wide open to their guns.

The stars had already paled and were fading one by one.

Down at the cabin a man, a white man, stepped out into the gray dawn, looked around and started down to the canoe landing. Curt's fingers tightened on his rifle as he watched the Russian.

With rifle out at ready he watched the meeting between her and Karakhan, and saw them start up the path. While he waited, fingering his rifle impatiently, he was suddenly startled by a throaty yelp from the direction of the cave. Jerking around, he saw five of the big honey-colored huskies filter out of a thicket and come loping straight for the knoll.

Tenn-Og dropped the leader with a silent arrow, killing the dog in its tracks. His next arrow struck a husky in the flank. It selped, whined and bit at the dart. The others took the hint and stayed back a respectful distance, with a furious snarling and barking.

Down at the lean-to's several men grabbed spears and came rushing up the slope, thinking perhaps that the dogs had brought a prowling grizzly to bay. Still, LeNoir did not show himself, and Slam-Kiale was more than three hundred yards from the landing.

"Don't!" Curt whispered, as Paul lined his rifle at the sub-chief. "He's too far, and we've got to get that LeNoir. We're sure to be discovered now, but before it happens we may put those two out."



"Don't shoot," said Curt.

Indian's face, usually so masklike, he saw a storm of emotions. This was the place, the very place, where Tenn-Og and the Skiantzi girl had spent their idyllic summer.

Paul picked up a balsam branch, touched it to Curt's match, and looked around the cave with marveled eyes. "Name of the Name!" he breathed. "Here you and I could hold off a hundred men!"

"Maybe so, but if they'd ever happen to bottle us up in here, we'd stay for a hundred years. I want something more substantial than that spider footlog between me and the outside."

Tenn-Og shook his head. "We get out quick," he pointed to one of the black shafts at their right and indicated that it opened out on a ledge near the fissure.

"But suppose they'd plug that opening up?" Curt asked.

THE other Kioshees didn't know about it, Tenn-Og said. They knew about the cave, they often spent a night there or waited out a blizzard; but they knew nothing about the ledge opening. He and the girl had found it accidentally while exploring their home.

"In that case," Paul argued, "they couldn't trap us in here, partner. You and I, shooting from the entrance porch, would have solid rock protection on all sides except in front. If something did go wrong, we could back up across this chasm, kick these logs down, and be safe against an army!"

But Curt was not satisfied. For defense the place was perfect, as Paul said. But defense was not enough. If they were to tear Sonya away and nail Karakhan, they would have to push the fight, and the cave was too far distant from the camp for sure rifle work, and a drogue of spruces just down step almost completely hid the cabin.

With the ghost of an idea in mind he stepped back again to the bridge, took hold of the ends of the logs, lifted them up, and assured himself that the two timbers could easily be thrown into the chasm. If he could somehow get the Kioshees across into the cave proper and then push down the bridge, they would

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WHISKEY IMPORT BARS LOWERED

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11—(AP)—The federal government today announced that importers of American type whisky could make importations in any quantity for 90 days.

PORTLAND NEEDS MORE CWA RELIEF

PORTLAND, Jan. 11—(AP)—Mayor Carson was today directed by the city council to call attention of government officials to the fact that there are thousands of unemployed men who have not been cared for by the CWA relief program, and to ask that something be done for them.

SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

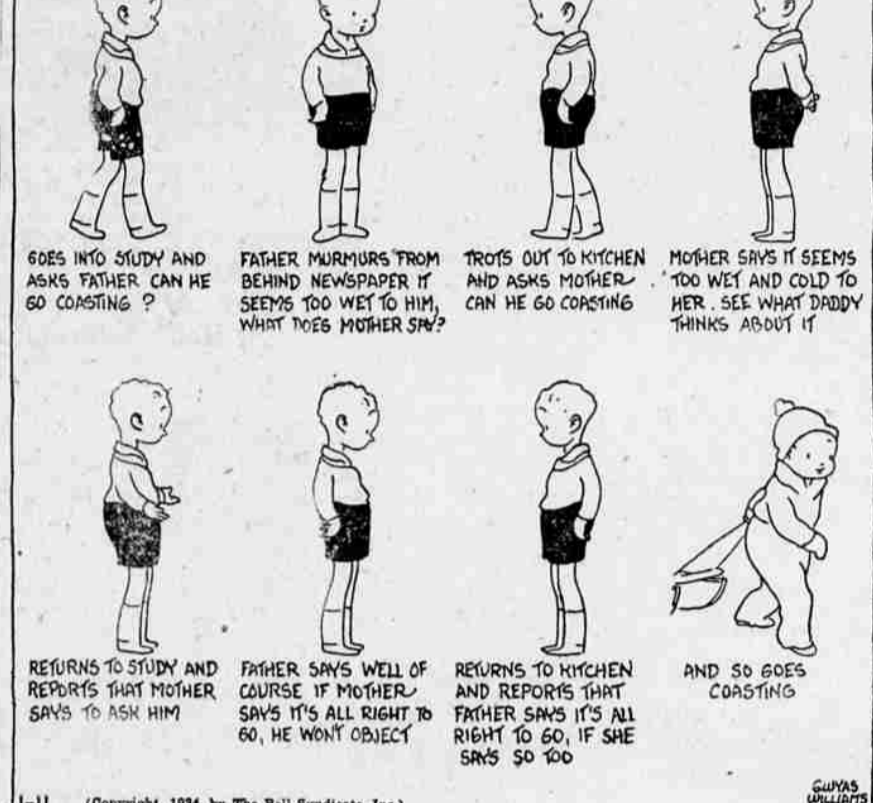


DIPLMACY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Boys Plan To Surprise Tommy's Mother—But!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—Two Conversations

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Max, The Great

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



HOG GROWERS TO MEET TUESDAY

The federal corn-hog reduction program will start in Jackson county with a general meeting in the court house auditorium Tuesday, January 16, at 1:30 p. m. At that time the whole scheme for reduction and payments for reduction will be discussed.

All parties interested are requested to attend this meeting so that no time will be lost in preparing the necessary statements and contracts. The government will pay \$5.00 per head on 75 per cent of the grower's average production of hogs for 1933 and 1934.

Corn reduction will not be much of a factor in this section, but anyone who wishes to sign up for corn as well as hogs will be enabled to do so.

VISITING AUTOISTS LEAST IN 5 YEARS

SALEM, Jan. 10—(AP)—Non-resident motor vehicle registrations in Oregon during 1933 was the lowest for the past five years, figures released by the secretary of state's office today revealed. The year's total was 22,526 or more than 8,000 less than in 1929 and 20,500 less than in 1928, the peak year.

Of this number California led with more than half of the visiting tourists, with Washington next with 18,141, Idaho third, Canada fourth, Colorado fifth, Montana sixth and Illinois, seventh.

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