

# FORBIDDEN VALLEY

by William Byron Mowery

Chapter 47  
HOT FIGHT

A LONG yell arose. It was taken up and echoed by those below. The Klosoebes at the lean-to's seized their weapons and sprang to cover in a rocky ravine three rods to their left.

LeNoir started to follow them. Paul's bullet caught him and sent him rolling. He staggered to his feet again. As Paul drew another bead on him, two of the Klosoebes leaped out and grabbed his arms and helped him toward the gully. It was so courageous an act that Paul refused to shoot again for fear of killing those two.

Down the shore Slam-Kiale had swerved his canoe in toward the bank when the yell went up. Paul swung on him and emptied his rifle, but the range was far too long even for Paul. Splashing through the shallows, Slam-Kiale dived out of sight into a juniper clump.

At the cabin Karakhan appeared in the doorway to see what the commotion was about. Curt whipped up his rifle and shot. His bullet splintered the door frame, and sent the Cossack jumping back inside.

After that first pandemonium a silence fell. Curt saw nothing, heard nothing. The advantage of surprise was gone, they were thrown on the defensive; and now they were up against overwhelming odds, in a timber fight where the Klosoebes were deadly.

Tenn-Og pointed down at the ravine. Slam-Kiale and the 'breed had got their men in hand and were bringing them up the deep brushy gully.

"We'd better get back to the cave," Paul warned.

Curt shook his head. If they did, the Klosoebes would keep them penned up in there for hours. Karakhan would escape. Sonya would be taken away. He hung on grimly, waiting for a break.

Without warning, an arrow burned into the tangle and pinned his jacket sleeve to the log he was lying against. It came not from level range but from above. He turned, looked up at the cliff, in a clump of buckbrush on top of the rock a bush swayed, a man's head and shoulders appeared for an instant.

It dawned on him that the Klosoebes had out-manuevered and cornered them. While part of the band was coming slowly up the ravine, the others had circled out the slope and up on top of the cliff.

He jerked up his rifle and shot at the buckbrush clump. A man leaped up, staggering blindly, took a step or two, plunged over the lip of the rock, struck once against the face of the cliff as he fell, and hit with a heavy thud on the boulders beneath.

Almost at that same instant a third arrow came hurtling down at Curt and hit the bolt of his rifle. Deflected downward, it struck his right hand that gripped the trigger guard, and sheared off his ring finger like a razor-edged chisel. He lifted his hand and stared blankly at the wound, unable to realize that his finger had been cut off, till the blood started spurting and darts of pain shot up his arm.

SOME swift flashing object, whistling down from the cliff-top like a tiny cartwheel, came over a boulder, glanced sideways, and smashed Paul across the forehead. His rifle dropped from his hands, he went limp and sank over against a log.

As Curt whirled to see how badly Paul had been hurt by the whizzing bolt-ax, he caught a glimpse of Karakhan making a dash for his cabin to the hangar. Flipping the blood from his stinging hand, he rose up, pointed his rifle and took a careful aim at the scurrying figure.

Before his finger squeezed the trigger, a sudden agonizing pain struck him in the right hip and nearly bowled him over. Giddy and faint from the shock, he looked down and saw an arrow buried head-deep in his thigh.

He seized hold of the shaft shut his eyes, gave a hard jerk, and the arrow came.

Curt grabbed Paul's shoulder and shook him. "Paul! We've got to make a break. They've got us here. Pull yourself together. If we can get to the cave we might save our selves."

He helped Paul to his feet, steadied him; and they started for the game trail. Tenn-Og led the way, tearing a path through the tangled brush. Behind them the Klosoebes in the ravine poured out of their cover and came yelling up the slope, to overhaul and spear them.

But they reached the foot of the cliff, hit into the trail and dashed out along it to the cave mouth.

"Get on back!" Curt cried to Tenn-Og, who had halted in the entrance. "We can't hold 'em off. All hell can't stop 'em!"

They hurried Paul back to the bridge, and between them they got him across the logs to the cave. Curt whirled to pull the logs down and stop the Klosoebes. In half a minute they would be pouring inside to finish off their wounded enemies. Neither he nor Paul could put up any fight.

But as he stooped down and grasped the log ends, he thought of the consequences—the three of them cooped up in there for hours, Karakhan escaping, Sonya being snatched away and hidden. It was this last thought that stopped him. He could not sacrifice her in order to save himself.

He straightened up. "Tenn-Og! Take the lead. Get us out to that ledge opening."

The Indian seized his hand and started away into the inky blackness.

The next few minutes were a blind and aimless groping. Then on hands and knees they squeezed through a slit in the rock and came out on the ledge near the fissure.

Curt grasped a bush, leaned out and glanced back along the face of the cliff to the cave mouth. The ferns and dwarf birches hanging against the rock obscured his view, but he saw enough to know that most of the Klosoebes had swept on inside. Only three or four men remained at the entrance.

He drew back. "They're in the cave, looking for us. Paul, stay here. You're too wabby. Tenn-Og and I'll try to trap 'em."

THEY scrambled into the fissure and down to the game trail, and headed back to the cave mouth. With automatic drawn Curt rounded a jut and ran headlong into LeNoir, Slam-Kiale and a third man.

The 'breed saw him first, and grabbed with his left hand for his belt-gun; but Curt's automatic cut him down and he toppled over, shot cleanly through the heart.

With a hoarse cry Tenn-Og sprang past Curt and fung himself bodily at the other two. The third man stabbed at him with a spear and tore the flesh in his arm. Tenn-Og grabbed the weapon, wrenched it away, and whirled on Slam-Kiale.

Tenn-Og's arm went back, his body tensed like a steel spring, he lunged forward and drove the spear home with all the force of his long-cherished hate. The point struck Slam-Kiale square in the breast. He tried to grapple with Tenn-Og, but his arms went limp, he staggered and fell backwards, and went rolling down the slope till he fetched up against a tree.

The third man dived like a scared marmot into the cave. Curt smashed him with the butt of his automatic, and reached the log. Bracing his foot to keep himself from toppling, he lifted the logs, swung, and let go.

When he got back, outside he saw Tenn-Og standing down the slope, staring at Slam-Kiale's body as though the end of his vengeance had left him dazed. Paul was stumbling along the game trail toward them, his face so covered with blood that he was hardly recognizable.

"You—you knocked the logs out?"

"Listen! From the cave came yells of fear and terror as the Klosoebes groped for the bridge and found it gone. Does that sound as though I did?"

A caribou spear came hurtling out through the cave entrance. Paul a Curt hastily jumped aside.

Down on the lake a motor started up with a spluttering roar. Curt's wounds, the quick desperate work of the last minute, and the smashing success of his trap had made him forget about Karakhan, but the roar brought him alive.

He turned, threw down his gun. "Stay here, Paul, you and Tenn-Og! I'll stop him!"

"But how... You can't stop him!"

"It's got to! I will!" He plunged down the slope, passed the cabin without checking himself or even looking at it, swerved west along the lake shore, and headed for the cove at a dead run. The wound in his thigh pained till it sickened him; he breathed in sputts, and every stride jolted a gasp from his lips; but he shut his eyes against the pain and ran on.

(Copyright, William B. Mowery)

Curt, desperately, takes to the air, Monday.

# SEVEN PACIFIST PUPILS DROPPED

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 12.—(AP)—Seven Ohio State university students

who revolted against compulsory military training, were suspended from the school today by President George W. Rightmire.

President Rightmire announced the students would be "automatically reinstated without prejudice whenever they are willing to comply with the university rule" requiring military training.

# FORD BIG LOSER IN BANK SMASH

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—(AP)—Hugh

# THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By C. M. PAYNE

bank group of Detroit were related today by Etsel Ford to the senate banking committee after he testified the Ford Motor company had \$32,500,000 on deposit when the banks were closed by the Michigan bank holiday.

The son of Henry Ford told a crowded committee room that he had about 50,000 shares of group stock when the bank holiday came last Feb-

ruary. At one time, previous testimony showed, this amount was valued at approximately \$15,000,000, but since has become worthless due to assessment of stockholders.

Ford denied a suggestion by the investigators that the Ford Motor company purchased seven and one-half million dollars of government bonds at the end of 1932 to avoid a state tax.

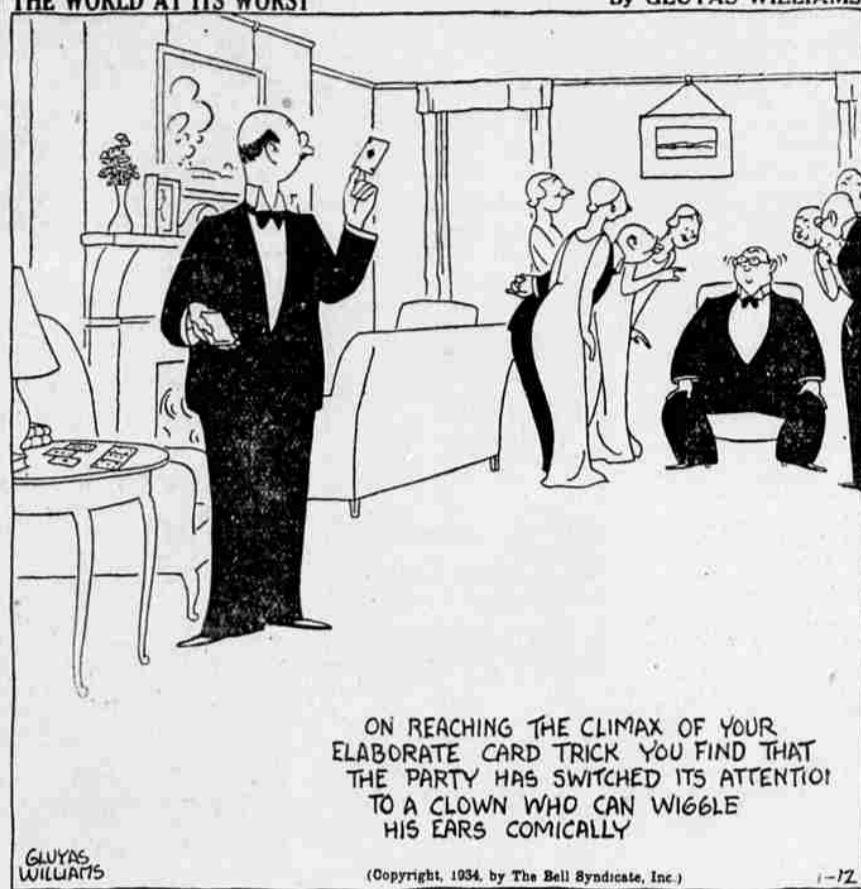
# S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



# THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



ON REACHING THE CLIMAX OF YOUR ELABORATE CARD TRICK YOU FIND THAT THE PARTY HAS SWITCHED ITS ATTENTION TO A CLOWN WHO CAN WIGGLE HIS EARS COMICALLY

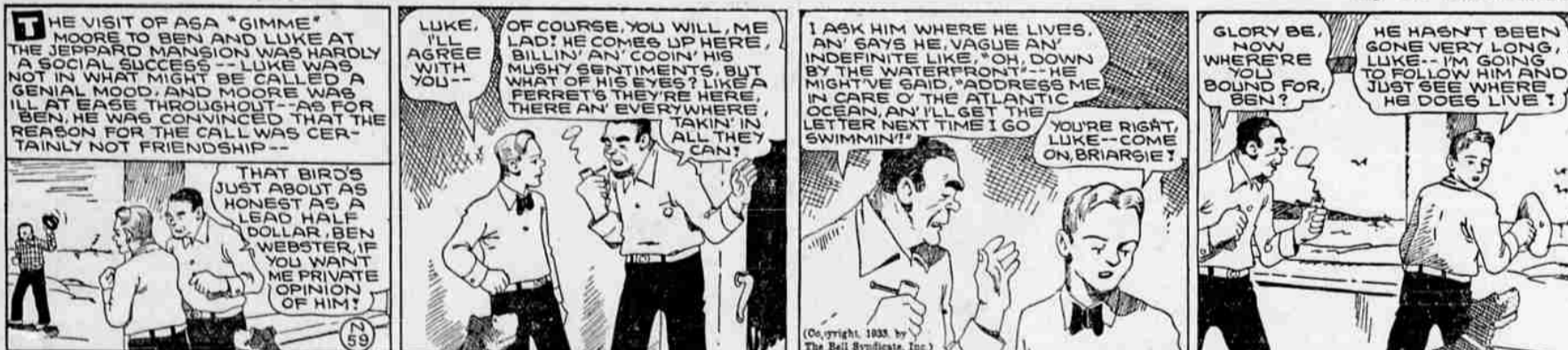
# TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Bandits Board The "Blind Baggage!"

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



# BOUND TO WIN—A Sudden Decision

By EDWIN ALGER



# THE NEBBS—Old Economy

By SOL HESS



# BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



# Senate Confirms Bullitt's Naming

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—(AP)—The senate Thursday confirmed the nomination of William C. Bullitt of Pennsylvania as ambassador to Soviet Russia. There was no roll-call. Confirmation of the ambassador was the only part the senate could play in recognition of the Soviet republics.

Fight for Locks PENDING, Ore., Jan. 12.—(AP)—L. A. Duncan and G. Carlton, members of a group representing the Inland Empire maritime conference, said here today the organization will "fight to the finish" for ship locks at the Bonneville dam, of sufficient size to pass ocean-going ships. Phone 342. We will haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

YEAR AFTER YEAR WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM THE STANDARD OF QUALITY

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