

The Valley of Voices

By GEORGE MARSH

Author of "Toilers of the Trail," "The Whelps of the Wolf"

(W. N. U. Service.)

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Lame, Tired, Achy?

Are you tired, lame, achy-worried with backache? Do you suffer sharp pains, headaches, dizziness and disturbing bladder irregularities? Perhaps your kidneys need attention. When the kidneys fail to properly filter the blood, body impurities accumulate and cause poisoning of the whole system. Such a condition may lead to serious sickness. Don't neglect it! If you suspect your kidneys, why not give Doan's Pills a trial? Doan's have been used successfully over thirty-five years—recommended the world over. Ask your neighbor!

A Utah Case

James Carlson, retired farmer, 359 N. Second St., W. Logan, Utah, says: "I had backache, caused from weak kidneys, and I got down to lift anything, my back stiffened, and shooting pains went across my kidneys. The kidney secretions passed during the night. Doan's Pills eased the backache and strengthened my kidneys."



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Famed War Spy Went to Her Death Alone

During the Civil War there were many spies on both sides, some of them women. From Memphis, Tenn., there came to serve the Confederate cause, Virginia B. Moon, a girl so full of pep that everybody called her "Miss Ginger." It is said she had no fear of death. She carried morphine and dispatches through the Union lines. Twice she won release from her captors by exercising her wiles on them. She was first arrested in Cincinnati by an officer who was once chief of General Grant's staff. She was commended by Jefferson Davis for her work. As a heart-breaker this girl was no slouch; she boasted of 14 bona fide proposals she had spurned when a southern belle.

In her later life Miss Moon did some acting for the movies; then she settled down in New York—alone. She died recently at the age of eighty-one.—Pathfinder Magazine.

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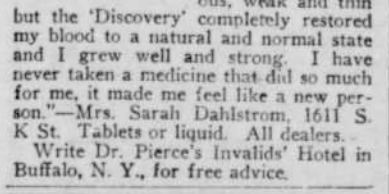
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The earliest recorded eclipse of the sun occurred in 2137 B. C. It was visible in China and is recorded in the Chinese classic, the Shu Ching.

HOW'S YOUR BLOOD?

Tacoma, Wash.—"I was so greatly benefited by taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery that I am convinced there is nothing better for a run down system or for thin blood. I was suffering from an anemic condition, had scarcely any blood, and what there was thin and impoverished. I became very nervous, weak and thin but the 'Discovery' completely restored my blood to a natural and normal state and I grew well and strong. I have never taken a medicine that did so much for me. It made me feel like a new person."—Mrs. Sarah Dahlstrom, 1611 S. K St. Tablets or liquid. All sales. Write Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free advice.



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THE WINDIGO

You never saw a windigo; that's sure. The chances are that you never heard one. But have you ever heard a superstitious Indian or half-breed of the Canadian wilds tell of his horrors? He certainly makes a blood-curdling thing out of the windigo. Anyway, this is the story of a windigo that was real enough to leave tracks like those of a great bear and to kill a big blood-hound. It is also the story of a factor's daughter and an American naturalist. The girl is beautiful and educated and a wonderful violinist. The man is brave and strong. And when Brent Steele gets into the "Valley of Voices" and sees the charm of Denise St. Onge and realizes that the mysterious windigo is working for her destruction—why, he drops everything else and starts in to solve the malign mystery. There's a fierce rivalry between trading posts—which complicates the situation. And Denise, to save her father, has been forced into a promise of marriage. So Brent Steele's job is a he-man's job. But he does the job—and gets his reward.

CHAPTER I

Steele stopped in his tracks. With his right hand he freed his ear from the head-piece of his tump-line and stood listening. Surely, he thought, those were the unmistakable notes of a violin, clear above the noise of the rapids. Curious, he continued up the steep portage; now convinced that faintly through the beat of broken waters, which the trail paralleled, floated eerie music, now doubting his senses. At length his alert ears failed to capture the strains of the magic violin and he dismissed his illusion as the vagary of nerves overtense from the toll of the trail over which he had come.

For a space he went on, engrossed in other thoughts, when through the roar of the waters a violin sobbed up to a wild crescendo . . . then ceased.

Easing the top bag to the ground, Steele swung the lower pack, with its attached tump-line, beside it, and waited. These were no fancied melodies of summer whitewaters. It was no wraith music which a shift in the August breeze had brought him—this mad playing.

Again the notes of the violin were audible; clearer now. Some magician out there on the neighboring shore was baring his soul. It was unbelievable—here, in this lost valley of the north—pure wizardry. Enchanted, Steele listened as the violin sang of yearning and despair, unutterable, which genius has voiced to the world through the magic of its strings. And as he listened he wondered what tragedy lay behind that playing, what trick of fate had buried this master of the bow in a fur-post on the Walling river.

"What you hear, de Windigo seeg in de strong-water?"
Turning, Steele smiled at the blocky figure of the speaker standing in the trail, his head and shoulders bent under a canoe.

"No, David, but I've been listening to the violin of a shaman—a medicine man conjuring up the spirits of the rapids. Someone at this French post is a sorcerer."

"Maybe you hear Windigo all de same," dryly suggested the half-breed, easing the stern of the canoe to the trail to uncover a broad, swart face wrinkled with amusement. "Up at Fort Hope de peopl' scared of dis river for sure. Dey tell me de strong-water by de French post had place for de devils an' de Windigo."

"Yes, I heard that too, the valley has a bad name on the Albany. Francois, at Martin's Falls, says it was called the Walling river because of the moaning of the rapids here in winter. I told him it was only the wind, but he wouldn't have it—insisted that the place was 'bad country,' bewitched."

"Dey say plenty peopl' drown there, long tam ago," gravely added David.

"So old Pierre once told me, down at Henley house. He was traveling from Ogoke to the Albany one winter and struck this gorge about sunset. But the spirits scared him so with their wailing that he drove his dogs ten miles before he dared to make camp. I can't understand why the French built a place on a tabooed river. They must have known its reputation."

"Wal," replied David with a grimace. "I nevaire hear one of dese Windigo howl een de night, but eef I see him now I eat heem for sure. I call dis de Starvin' riviere."

Steele laughed loudly at the remark of his hard-headed companion, whose legacy of superstition from an Ojibway mother had been heavily diluted by the blood of a Scotch father.

"I could eat a caribou myself," he said, "but we'll have a big feed at the post tonight. You take the canoe over while I had out who's playing that violin. Who would guess that there was a man within a thousand miles

of these bad-lands who could play like that?"

The half-breed started over the portage while Steele turned into the thick scrub toward the river. From the foot of the rapids the trail had swung away from the broken flanks of the gorge, but shortly Steele saw patches of foam through the spruce. He stopped to listen, and again the notes of the violin shrilled above the monotone of the broken waters. Slowly he worked his way along the shoulder of the shore, then, forced back to circle a gash in the eroded cliff, stumbled upon a trail, and following it a short distance, suddenly stiffened.

The path led to a huge, flat-topped boulder thrusting out into the stream. On the rock, her dark head nestling a violin to her cheek, stood a woman.

Surprise held the man motionless. To eyes which for months had not looked upon a comely white woman, the picture of the little figure of the musician, a crown of dusky hair half masking the face turned to the river, was a delight he hesitated to cut short by a betrayal of his presence.

From the passionate hopelessness of Massenet's "Elegie" the violin swung into a deathless lament of Grieg, grim with the eternal tragedy of his own gray north sea. As she played, the girl turned, exposing her face. On her cheeks were tears. But she did not see the listener for her eyes were closed.

She ceased playing. With a sense of awe at having heard the cry of



"I Come Here to Play, Monsieur—Often," She Replied in a Tense, Uneven Voice.

stark despair, the trespasser, conscious of sacrilege, had turned to retreat when he was stopped by:

"Qui vient la? Who is there?"
Caught, the eavesdropper faced about, hat in hand.

"Mademoiselle," he began, reddening under the questioning gaze which swept him from moccasins to tattered shirt, then fearfully searched his eyes as if seeking a sinister meaning in his sudden appearance. "I am packing up the carry to the post. I heard your marvelous playing—and came. You will pardon my listening?"

The dark face of the girl in turn flushed. The guilty man humbly awaited the revelation of her just anger. That meant for the forest and waters only—the naked anguish of a soul—a stranger had heard. It was right that he should pay.

"I come here to play—monieur—often," she replied in a tense, uneven voice. "I was startled! We see no more—but the Indians. There is nothing to pardon."

She spoke in English, with a flavor of accent which Steele had heard before, but not in French Canada.

Relieved at his reprieve, he hastened to explain his presence on that bush-grown portage of the Walling river.

"My man David and I are bound from the Albany to Ogoke lake and the Neplgon. We've been in the bush since May," he laughed, painfully aware of a three-days' growth of beard, with a deprecatory gesture toward his frayed clothes, "and have some trading to do at the post, as you see. Is it far?"

"Only a short distance, monieur. My father will welcome the sight of a white man; for him it is so lonely here."

"But surely," he protested. "It is more lonely for a woman." So she was the daughter of the French factor, and he wondered what force of circumstances had driven the father of this talented girl into the fur trade as an employee of the French company; this girl with the somber eyes who came to the white-waters with her violin—and her grief. Was it tragedy he had chanced upon, or mere loneliness?

"Lonely here for a woman? Surely, monieur, you speak as a man of the world—with understanding." The sensitive mouth of the girl shaped a

faint smile, but the dark eyes did not change as she continued: "Yet I have my father and my violin, while he—he has only his memories."

"But," he gallantly protested, "your father, mademoiselle, has the companionship of a very"—he hesitated and finished weakly—"his daughter."

She laughed in his face. "Ah, monieur, you have French blood in your veins. But the very—his daughter," she mocked, "is a dull substitute for a 'world of men,' as your Browning says. My father will be much pleased at the coming to Walling river of Monsieur—"

"Steele," he prompted, "my name is Brent Steele. I am in the field for the American Museum of Natural History."

She bowed low with mock gravity. "Monsieur Steele, my father, Col. Hilaire St. Onge, will be honored in offering the poor hospitality of Walling River to a learned American scientist."

Smilingly Steele raised protesting hands at her characterization. How charmingly, he thought, this strange girl, whose violin had sung so poignantly of despair, whose face had reflected fear of the stranger, now lapsed into rallery.

"Oh, pardon, monieur," she went on, "I forgot myself; I am Denise St. Onge. Now that the conventions have been satisfied, will you follow me to our chateau—of logs?"

"Thank you!"

Her simple muslin gown and beaded moccasins seemed but to authenticate the stamp of race in the figure and carriage of the girl who led the curious man over the river trail to the carry. At the portage she stopped.

"My packs are below here, where I left them to follow the Lorelei of the Walling," he said smiling.

Her face swiftly sobered.

"Ah, Monsieur," she replied almost inaudibly, "do not make jest of this terrible river." Then, with a shrug, as if ridding her mind of an oppressive weight, added, "I shall not wait for you, the post is very near," and walked swiftly up the portage, followed by the quizzical eyes of the man.

He stood in the trail watching the retreating figure of the girl until a bend shut it from sight.

What eyes and hair, he mused, and what playing! It was clear she was breaking her heart over something; the look in her eyes proved that. To think of such a glorious creature buried in this country! Her father probably was a retired French officer. Heaps of them marooned between Labrador and the Peace! But why, he asked himself, didn't they mention her over at Hope—this charming daughter of the factor at Walling River?

Yes, he decided, she certainly had been frightened at his appearance—had looked him over as if he were a ghost. Then she had seemed superstitious; but she couldn't really believe in this tradition of the valley—this Windigo and spirit stuff. That was inconceivable. She was not afraid to come here alone and yet she called the river terrible. What had happened here anyway? Whom could she fear, and why?

Thus speculated the intrigued Steele. Then swinging his bags to his back, he started for the post known as Walling River.

As Steele left the forest to cross the clearing the dogs of the post started the usual uproar. Half way to the group of log buildings he was met by an Indian, sent by the factor, and relieved of his packs.

Evidently Walling River has a mystery and one that challenges a brave man and the girl!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Nicotine in Tobacco

Nicotine is a colorless, intensely poisonous liquid. If exposed to the air, it absorbs oxygen and becomes brown and ultimately solid. The quantity of nicotine contained in tobacco varies from two to eight per cent, the coarser kinds containing the larger quantity, while the best Havana cigars seldom contain more than two per cent, and often less. Nicotine does not appear in tobacco smoke. It is split into pyridine and collidine. Of these, the latter is said to be the less active and to preponderate in cigar smoke, while the smoke from pipes contains a larger amount of pyridine.

Marvelous Precocity

The precocious infant was being submitted to the psychological tests in order to determine the degree of his genius. He had already picked out numbers, arranged blocks and distinguished colors. Then came the supreme test, the identification of various coins. The investigator tossed a nickel on the floor. The precocious infant bent over it while the proud parents held their breath. Then the precocious infant winked at his dad and cried exultantly: "Heads!"—Pathfinder Magazine.



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Dr. S. G. Schaefer tells an amusing story anent the modern doctor's practice of extracting teeth as a cure for so many ailments.

"A man went into a clinic one day and complained that he had lots of trouble biting his finger nails.

"Well, the medical staff in charge did everything they could to find out

what was the cause of this pernicious psychiatric phenomenon. They couldn't find the cause anywhere. As a last resort they looked at the man's teeth. There was something suspicious about them. They pulled out a couple of them. Instantly the patient showed improvement! Encouraged by their success, they pulled them all out! Their patient pronounced himself completely cured and from that day to this he has never bitten his finger nails!"



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Deserved His Drink

During the luncheon interval at a country golf match, the refreshment stand was besieged by a hungry and thirsty crowd. The girls behind the stand were doing their best to cope with the situation, but one man, waxing impatient at the delay in being served, attracted the attention of one

of the girls by shouting to her, "Heard the story of the mines?"
"No, I haven't," retorted the girl, "and I don't want to just now."
"Well, you've been listening to it for some time," replied the man; "mine's a chocolate soda."

Laws are vain without morals.

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