

The Sealed Valley

By HULBERT FOOTNER

Author of "Jack Chanley"

(From Wednesday's Daily).

The rapids followed each other with short intervals between. The river having taken in several little tributaries during the day was less simulative now, but no less charming. It was a jolly little stream that loved to surprise them with new tricks around every bend.

It was not without its element of danger, too, at least to their baggage. Rounding a bend, Nahnya suddenly shouted a command to her brother, and leaped overboard. The water reached to her knees. Bracing herself against the tearing current, she held on grimly to the gnarled of the dugout.

The startled Ralph looking around saw that Charley was likewise overboard, and saw the reason. A pine-tree undermined by the current was toppled over to the opposite bank, and lay trailing its branches in the current, and completely blocking all passage.

Ralph, though Nahnya forbade it, joined them in the icy water, and between the three of them they edged the boat ashore. Charley quickly chopped a way through.

They camped for the night on top of a bluff, about fifteen feet above the river. There was a little clearing and the remains of old campfires.

The view up-stream in the lingering twilight was enchanting. As time went on Ralph noticed that all the regular camping-places along the river had been chosen with a discriminating eye for beauty of outlook.

That evening Ralph's spirits blew a whole gale.

He could be friendly enough with Charley now. By degrees he apprehended that the strange aloofness was that of children; they had to be won, that was all. Since Ralph had a good deal of the child in him, his instinct taught him how to set about it.

To do his share of the work with a right good will; to put off the least suspicion of "side" and "make fun"—such was his simple method. Ralph played the fool with all his might.

Charley was easy to win.

Charley was just the boy in the concrete: simple, undeciphering, and hard-headed; limited in outlook, therefore prone to scorn. Nahnya was more complicated. Ralph's wiles enticed at first only made her more skittish and distant.

Ralph redoubled his efforts. "I'll make her laugh or break a leg," he vowed.

And obliged to laugh she was, finally, at the sight of Ralph flipping cakes in the pan to the accompaniment of a double shuffle.

"You're foolish!" she said scornfully, but her eyes were kind.

After supper, the mosquitoes being in abeyance, they lay for a while in a row beside the fire, before turning into their respective mosquito quite bars. By this time all constraint was melted. Ralph was accepted as one of them.

It appeared that Charley knew more English than he had been prepared to confess to a stranger, so that he was not altogether shut out from their talk.

Nevertheless Nahnya really unbuttoned, and proved for once that she could talk and laugh as easily as any girl. Ralph often looked back on that hour. They gave him his first lesson in Cree: topikow—to-night; noonikaw—white man; pakwishesan—bread; and so forth, laughing endlessly at his efforts to pronounce.

In return Ralph offered to extend Charley's knowledge of the English tongue, and set forth as his first exercise the ancient limerick:

A tutor who tooted the flute
Tried to teach two young tooters to
toot.
Said the two to the tutor
It's easier to toot or

To tutor two tooters to toot?
The woods rang with their laughter. Never had brother and sister heard such mirth-provoking sounds on the human tongue. Charley was obliged to roll on the ground and howl to relieve his breast of its weight of fun.

Nahnya's low, liquid laughter was like celestial music in Ralph's ears. The desire was well-nigh insupportable in his breast to start Charley rolling down the bank with a thrust of the foot, and turning over to seize her in his arms and stop her laughing mouth with kisses.

CHAPTER IV.
The Day of Days.

They issued from under their mosquito bars to behold a scene as delicately bright as sunrise in fairyland. The sun shone through the green-hung pavilion of the stream, full in their faces; and the silky eddying water caught at its level rays as if strings of diamonds were stretched across from bank to bank and gently agitated.

To the dark trunks of the pine forest on either hand the fairies had pinned fantastic banners of fairy gold leaf.

Nahnya and Ralph looked at it, and looking at each other shared their pleasure without the necessity of speaking. To Ralph the sight of Nahnya was like the very Spirit of Morning making him over anew.

As they sat after breakfast, halted by the beauty of it, a full-grown moose rounded the bend up-stream, and came splashing unconcernedly toward their camp, his noble, ugly head and his racer limbs outlined against the golden mist.

He carried his heavy head with a lowering pride, and stopped like a monarch. His antlers, that amazing extravagance of nature, were just now half-grown, and gloved in hoiony velvet.

Ralph, who like most men had always thought of himself as a hunter, felt a thrill at the sight of the kingly creature there in his fitting place, antipathetic to the thought of slaughter. And when Charley, who as a woods creature himself, turned and snaked himself soundlessly toward his gun, a little sound of compunction escaped the white man.

His right as it was the moose head, stopped, flung up his head, and like a released arrow, leaped to the bank and disappeared crashing away through the woods. Ralph was glad of his escape. Charley, kneeling aside, facing Nahnya, whose he could feast his eyes on her.

It was a day among days, the river flowed like a song of summer, like a day-long symphony of life at the flood; and ante where they were borne smoothly under the brown carpeted banks and athwart the golden stream spaces, adagio crossing the still black pools hemmed around with somber pines; and scherzo in the jolly rapids.

None joined in the concert, swelling and trembling with the life flood until the human hearts in the orchestra vibrated like violins almost to the pitch of pain.

More especially one heart of the trio. It was too wrong a dose for Ralph. He was filled with a delicate intoxication that made his eyes as bright and irresponsible as a fawn's. He was not aware himself of the subtle changes that were working within him.

Borne away upon the crest of the flood, he lost the sense of his own identity.

Nature had her way with him, undermining all his defenses before he took the alarm. Civilization being out of sight, passed out of mind. All his ideas of right and wrong were sloughed off like an old skin, revealing

Good Night Stories

DAVID AND THE THUNDER KITTIES

Mamma, what makes that dreadful roar?" asked little David, as a clap of thunder shook the house.

"Why that must be the Thunder Kitty, I guess!" replied mamma, and she went upstairs to close the windows.

David curled up in the big arm chair before the fireplace and closed his eyes to keep out the lightning and just covering up his ears when he heard some one singing.

Away, away to the North Wind's home,
Yes, up in the clouds, I'll soar,
Where the thunder kitties roam—
If you'll listen, you'll hear them roar.

When the Thunder Kitty I hear!
Out of the fumes in the fireplace tumbled a tiny Flame Boy.

"Hello, David!" he cried, when he saw little David in the chair. "Are you afraid of that noise?" He laughed when David nodded his head.

"Why that can't harm you! It's only Thunder Kitty playing with the Flame Boys. Put on this yellow coat and cap and come on up with me."

Good Night Stories

THE LITTLE MEMORY LINKS

An egg hunt at Easter for the children is another quaint old custom that has fallen into disuse and is being forgotten. A middle-aged man told me once of the egg hunts they used to have on Easter. Ordinarily he is a very unenthusiastic person. But in talking me about the custom he actually kindled. You see that little custom was one of the memory links that linked his heart to the home of forty years ago.

I have spoken before of the celebration of Christmas Eve, not as a wild orgy of bundle tying and errand doing, but as a family festival, a time when the heart grows tender, and the home is made more dear.

Little family institutions and customs will produce a family spirit even in a hotel, and more one cannot say.

Make More of the Birthdays. Birthdays always bring a family closer together. Why not make more of them? Not by giving bigger gifts but by having more of a celebration? Have a cake not only for the real children but for the child of thirty or sixty or eighty. He will appreciate the little attention even if he laughs at it. Try to

ing him no more than a young creature's face to face with the woman he desired. Both young men sang and shouted on the way, and talked loud, foolish talk.

Nahnya gave no sign of being aware of Ralph's ardent glances, but when they started again, after the first spell on shore, she coolly commanded him to turn around, and handed him a paddle. Thereafter Ralph worked his passage.

There were times when the forest drew back, and the river flowed through shining meadows, elevated a little above the travelers' heads.

In one such place Charley and Nahnya turned, and holding up a warning hand, pointed to a spot ashore. Nahnya immediately brought the canoe around in a graceful sweep, and then circled to a high bank, where she pointed to the place the boy had pointed out.

Ralph was at a loss to understand the move.

At first he could hear nothing; their senses were better trained than his. Finally the sound of a long sigh came to him, and a soft rolling in the grass above. A heaver's sigh followed, a low-drawn complaining breath ending in a bass groan; and there was the sound of a heavy body struggling to its feet. All very reluctantly taking up the day's burdens.

Nahnya touched Ralph's shoulder and pointed to his camera. He trained it on the spot.

Suddenly through the grass, no more than ten feet from Ralph, stuck a hairy head as big as a butter-tub. It was an immense brown bear.

His breath was almost in their faces; they could have whacked him with their paddles. For an appreciable instant he gazed at the side of the bear, his chopfallen, his little, short-sighted eyes agog with comic dismay.

Ralph snapped the shutter of his camera, and the three youngsters broke simultaneous into a roar of laughter. With a terrified snort the bear disappeared. For a long time they could hear him gnawing desperately away through the grass.

"Why didn't Charley want to shoot him?" asked Ralph.

"Skin no good in the summer," said Nahnya. "Bear meat much tougher."

The little river was not yet done with its surprises. By and by, without any warning, it carried them around a point of the elevated meadow, to the bosom of a lake, whose unexpected serene loveliness caught at the breast.

Woods and hills suddenly receded into the background, and the whole sky was suddenly revealed to them, with the expanse of water reflecting it.

(Continued in Friday's Issue.)

THE LADIES OF HELL

(As the Highland regiments are called by the Germans.)

There's a toss of the sporran,
A swing of the kilt,
And a screech frae the pipers
In blood stirring lilt;
They step out together,
As the pibroch notes swell—
Oh, they're bonnie, braw fighters,
The Ladies of Hell.

They are far frae the heather
And far frae the moor;
As the rack of their hill-sides
Their faces are dour.
Oh, "The Campbells are coming"
Frae corrie and fell—
What a thrill to the organ,
These Ladies of Hell.

As they charged at Culloden
Like fire o'er the brae,
Their brothers are charging
In Flanders to-day.
And one lesson in manners
The boche has learned well:
It's nalkie way for the ladies—
The Ladies of Hell.

—New York Sun.

SOLDIER POLICEMEN.

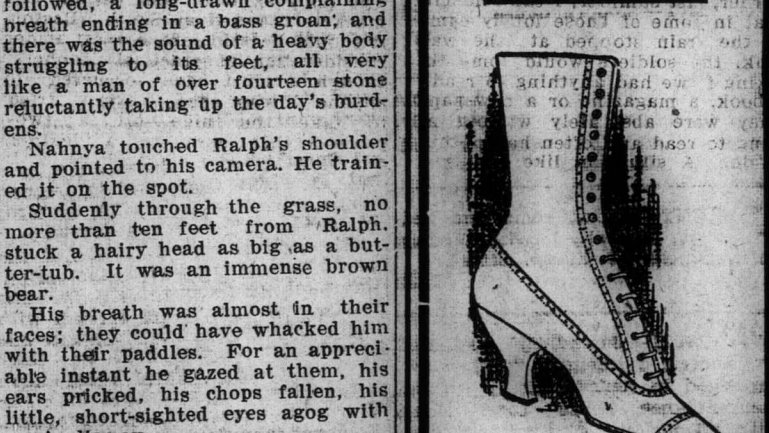
(Associated Press).

Paris, Oct. 25.—Some of the soldier-policemen, veterans of the Marne, of the Yser and of Verdun, have made their appearance in the streets of Paris after having done their share at the war, and they are showing themselves quite capable of doing their bit in the keeping of peace.

All of these men are more or less decorated with the various military medals or other ribbons. All of them wear upon their sleeves the record of the time they have served in the line and the various chevrons seem to have a great calming influence upon turbulent spirits.

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Rippling Rhymes

In times of peace my robes are rent o'er every statesman's blunder; I clamor that our government for boneheads, is a wonder. For congress then I rip and snort, to wrathful frenzy driven; it is a harmless indoor sport, to which most men are given. It doesn't jar our Uncle Sam, this pessimistic harping; the doesn't care a blink a man for criticism carping. In times of peace such talk will go, no voter it disgraces; it serves to let our statesmen know that we are keeping cases. But when our country's in a fight, and loyalty's essential, how good men hate the grouchily wight, with dirges penitential! Now, I am backing Uncle Sam, though all the gouches' hoot me; and I am silent as a clam if things don't chance to suit me. I still am talking much, by jings, but talking circumspectly; my Uncle Sam is doing things, and doing them correct. By my Uncle Sam is wise and great and all he does is proper; and I detest the sort of skate who's a dialoyal yawper.

Courier Daily:
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It's a free for all attempt
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