

# The Sealed Valley

By HULBERT FOOTNER

Author of "Jack Chanty" (Copyright)

Having said it he waited with a courteous air for Ralph to speak again. Only deep in his eyes could he be seen the working of his narrowing anxiety.

"I am friendly," Ralph said quickly. "I won't hurt anybody."

The old man shrugged deprecatingly. "Not afraid of hurt," he said. He paused, searching for English words to convey what he wished. "We alone here long time," he said. "Forget strangers. Stranger comes—wah! It is lak sun fall down from the sky!"

Ralph began to understand the effect of his sudden appearance.

"For what you come here?" the old man asked.

Ralph was nonplussed. "Why—why just to see the place," he said lamely.

The old man bowed. His manners were beautiful; the kind of manners Ralph dimly apprehended, that came only from real goodness of heart. He had never been a big man, and now he was bent and shaky, yet he had dignity.

The manifold fine wrinkles of kindness were about his eyes. He was clad in an old capote made out of a blanket. Around his forehead he wore a black band to keep the straggling locks out of his face.

"How you come here?" he asked.

"Through the cave under the mountains," Ralph answered.

"You are the white doctor?" the old man suddenly exclaimed with a look of extraordinary anxiety.

"I am," said Ralph.

The old man's head drooped on his breast and a little sound of distress escaped him. He murmured in his own tongue.

"What's the matter?" cried Ralph irritated. "Why shouldn't I come here if I want to take a walk? Do you think I'll bring a plague with me?"

The old man raised an inscrutable face. He shrugged. "I not talk," he said. "Got no good words, me Nahnya will talk. Nahnya is the chief here. She come soon I think."

"What does it all mean, anyway?" asked Ralph.

"Will you eat?" inquired the old man with his courteous, reticent air.

"Sorry I forget before. We have moose-meat."

Ralph was conscious of receiving a rebuke.

"I'm not hungry," he muttered, turning away.

His imperious curiosity soon brought him back. The old man stood as he had left him. "Has this place got a name?" asked Ralph.

"Call Mountain Bowl," was the answer.

A great light broke on Ralph. He stared at the old man with widening eyes. "Well, Trickster story came rushing back to him. The cave under the mountain, the blue-green lake, the gold beside the little stream!

"Bowl of the Mountains, of course! So it was true after all, and he had found it! He looked over the lake with shining eyes.

"Nahnya come," the old man said quietly.

Ralph whirled about in time to see her come flying up the slope, panting dishevelled, wildly agitated, a flaming color in her cheeks. At the sight of Ralph she stopped dead, and her hands fell to her sides.

She paled.

She did not speak, but only bent an unfathomable look on him. Indignation, reproach, and pain were all a part of it, and a kind of hopeless sad fatalism. It accused him more eloquently than a torrent of invective could have done. He became exquisitely uncomfortable.

"Well here I am! he said, trying to carry it off with a touch of bravado.

Still she did not speak. With her mournful, accusing eyes fixed on him, she flung up her arms, palms to the skies, and let them fall.

"So be it!" the action said. Turning abruptly, she walked to the edge

the little esplanade of glass in front was superb.

The two boys were standing near, rigid with astonishment and embarrassment. They were a comely pair, sixteen or seventeen years old, with bold, handsome faces that became stilled with shyness at Ralph's approach.

Each was naked to the waist and lean as a panther, with coppery skins that shone in the sun and muscles that crawled subtly beneath as if endowed with separate life.

They wore buckskin trousers and moccasins embroidered with dyed porcupine quills; their inky hair grew to their shoulders, and each wore a chong about his forehead to confine it.

Here the resemblance ended. He who stood a foot in advance was the taller. He had thin features and an aquiline glance. In the band around his head, unconsciously true to his type, he had stuck an eagle's feather.

"This Ahmek, Marya's son, the brother of Nahnya," said St. Jean Bateese.

The other boy, while an inch or two shorter, was broader in the shoulders. His face was flat, with high cheek-bones and narrow eyes.

St. Jean transmitted Nahnya's order to them, and the two departed in the direction of the cave.

Ralph, notwithstanding his distress on Nahnya's account, could not but be keenly interested in the life of the strange little community that she ruled.

Since she withheld the explanation of her unhappiness, he listened eagerly to St. Jean's gossip, and questioned him hoping to discover a clue there.

Though St. Jean had shared in Nahnya's dismay at the white man's coming, he had pride and pleasure in exhibiting their work.

Moreover, Nahnya had commanded him to do the honors. Courtesy was this old savage gentleman's ruling force.

His good boys," St. Jean said, looking after them proudly. The old man's English gradually came back to him at his need. I teach him all my father's teach me, long tam ago. I teach him to be pain and longer and cold, and to sing. I teach him shoot with the bow.

"Have you no guns?" asked Ralph.

"Our Fathers got no guns long ago," answered the old man. "Nahnya say bang-bang drive every bear out of our valley. Him not any scarce of arrows. We kill sheep and goat on the mountains with arrows. We kill caribou with harrows. My boys good hunters."

"Are there caribou in this little valley?" Ralph asked, surprised.

"N'moya," said St. Jean, shaking his head. "Over the pass up there"—he pointed to a high, rocky ridge—there is another valley. When the first snow come we travel there to kill for winter. Nahnya say we kill only bulls, and his never get scarce."

The simple old man worshiped at two shrines. "Our fathers do that," he said, "was continually on his lips; or 'Nahnya say so.'"

## SIDE TALKS

HOW ECONOMY TAKES HOLD OF PEOPLE.

Economy is a funny thing. I don't suppose people find it so who have to practice it day in day out, month in month out, year in year out. I know of no greater test of character than to do this bravely and uncompromisingly and without degenerating into mere miserliness but perhaps they will forgive me when I explain that I carelessly used that much abused word "funny" in its too common misuse—in place of the word queer.

Economy is a queer thing. In a way it takes hold of people. I mean, the strange little ways they economize, the strange ways they don't economize, the total inability of some people to learn it and other people's inability to ever unlearn it.

I know a man who is very lavish of his comfortable income, except when it comes to clothes, then he is really miserly. He wears a suit until it almost drops off him; his wife has to fairly drive him to the tailor's and even then he does not spend in proportion to his income—twenty-five dollars for a suit, perhaps. Yet he is a young, fine looking man and likes to appear well. Only he just can't bear to spend money for clothes.

She Economized in Dish Water. Economy with some people gets to be a habit of mind. They economize even in things which don't mat-

ter at all, just because their mind is twisted that way. A woman once confessed to me that she found herself economizing in the most absurd ways. "When I heat the water for my dishes I will use it so sparingly that I always have some left. I can't seem to bear to use it quite all," she said.

This same woman, though she loved candy, never could eat it wholesale as some people do. She would eat it bit by bit, almost penitentially, hoarding it by instinct. Yet she could well afford all she wanted. I have seen her look with ill concealed horror at people who pitched in and ate freely.

Most Women Find Extravagance Easy To Learn. The effect of prosperity on women who have always had to economize is very interesting. Some simply cannot learn to spend money. It seems to hurt them. But these are the exception, not the rule. I think the average woman easily enlarges her spending power, in most directions only holding on to some little economies, as a keeprake of old long years, as it were. It is an interesting phenomenon that such women are often extravagant about large sums. I have always wondered about this, as it was much interested in the following explanation by Mr. George.

"Poverty has taught woman much about the pence but is has taught her nothing about the pound."

that's their ambition; and some, perhaps draw Prussian pay for dealing in sedition. No other warring nation thus would stand for all this treason, would let the traitors rant and cuss without a rhyme or reason. The traitors great and traitors small, obscure or besetting titles—they'll back 'em up against a wall and shoot them through the vitals. I hear them yawb, where'er I am, these pestilential gadders! How patiently our Uncle Sam endures his nest ofadders.

DENTAL OFFICER PROMOTED. By Courier Leased Wire. Hamilton, Nov.—Major Hon. W. G. Thompson of this city in charge of military medical dental clinic, has been given the rank of lieutenant-colonel he was advised to-day.

Rippling Rhymes. Disloyal talkers still abound, and in my watchful waiting, white I am peering around, I hear the traitors traiting. Oh, some of them are humble guys, and some have higher places who push unpatriotic lies through never-resting faces. I hear them in the blacksmith shop, where smoke and soot blow o'er them, and then, again I hear them yawb in enato or the forum. Some of the traitors mean no harm, but wish to draw attention, and so they're boosting pedac's charm with zeal too coarse to mention. And some just let there jaw-bones play because

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LADY'S SKIRT. By Anabel Worthington.

Silk skirts are unquestionably the vogue this summer and naturally every woman wants to have one. Ribbons, sport silks and satins, silk poplin and taffeta are only a few of the materials which are utilized for this purpose. The model shown in No. 8432 is a very good one for this purpose. It has a hip yoke with a straight, one piece skirt section gathered to it. The use of the bias trimming folds shown in the large front view is optional.

The skirt pattern No. 8432 is cut in four sizes, 24 to 30 inches waist measure. As on the figure, the 24 inch size requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material, with 1 1/2 yard 36 inch lining.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents to The Courier, Brantford. Any two patterns for 25 cents."

