The Sealed Valley

By HULBERT FOOTNER

Author of "Jack Chanty" (Copyright

(From Wednesday's Daily.)

Somewhat to his disappointment, she showed no elation. Indeed, no sooner had she won him to go than she looked at him with a new question in her eyes with a painful and hesitating air.

"What's the matter?" said Ralph.

"You promise me you never tell where you been?" she said deprecatingly. "You promise me when you come back you never tell anybody what you see at my place?"

All Ralph's doubts came thronging back. "No!" he said, frowning. "I can't do that. I've got to be free to use my own judgment."

There was a pause while their individualities contended in silence. Ralph pushed the mooseh1de bag impatiently toward her. On this occasion he was the stronger. She lowered her eyes.

"You still think there is something crooked?" she murmured.

"How do I know?" said Ralph harshly. "I don't know anything about you."

She abruptly turned her back on him. Her hands lifted and dropped in an odd, unconscious gesture. "I don't know w'at to do," she whispered, more to herself than to him. The husky sound was shot with pain. "I come so far to get a doctor for my mot'er. But I cannot tell you."

Ralph darted around the desk and forced her to look at him. The dark eyes were soft and large with unshed tears. Beauty in distress is mighty to achieve.

Moreover, youth and adventure and romance were all on her side. Ralph melted like snow before a fire.

"Here, it's all right," he said gruffly. "I'll come. If it's straight I promise not to tell."

They shook hands on it and she wiped her eyes apologetically.

They fell to discussing their arrangements.

"Get on the steamboat after dinner to-morrow," she said. "When you see me make out you don't know me at all. At Gisborne I will tell you what to do. Bring only blankets. I have a mosquito-tent for you, and plenty of grub and everything."

Ralph passed the little moosehide bag to her.

She quickly put her hands behind her. "You must take it," she said. "I not want you to work for nothing."

"I have taken it, see?" said Ralph with a smile. "Now I pay it back to you for taking me on a trip. I've only been waiting for the chance to make a trip."

Once more their eyes met and contended, and again Ralph prevailed. She took the bag of gold-dust and put it back within her dress.

When she went and Ralph was left alone in his tiny office he sat down and endeavored to put his thoughts in order. Straightway the matter-of-fact half of him asserted its rights and half persuaded him that what had happened during the last hour was no more than a dream.

It was too fantastic, too preposterous for a matter-of-fact person to give credence to for a moment. That such a thing should happen to him, Ralph Cowdray, the patientless medico!

He looked down at his desk, and there in the cracks of the boards were lodged several shining yellow grains. In the light of this material evidence the matter-of-fact Ralph retired defeated, and the dreamy Ralph had full sway.

"Gad, what eyes!" he thought. "She can't be more than twenty-one or so, and she looks as if she had sounded all the depths of life."

The sight of his watch finally reminded Ralph of dinner. Dinner brought Dan to mind, and the thought of Dan recalled the subject of their jocular argument, which Nahnya had interrupted. Ralph fell back in his chair, amazed and dreamy.

"Romance!" he thought. "It did come in the door with her."

CHAPTER II.

On Board the Tewkesbury

Next day Ralph's preparations for the journey consisted in throwing a change of clothes and a few necessaries in a canvas dunnage-bag, rolling the bag inside the blankets from his bed, hoisting the bundle on his shoulder, and locking the door of his shack behind him.

No one had been unduly surprised by his announcement that he was going up on the steamboat to have a look at the country. In the unconventional North a man's time is his own, and taking a trip is the best way to pass it, and one day is as good as another to start on.

Even Dan Keach, knowing how bored Ralph had been, was unsuspicious of the sudden resolution. Dan was envious. "I wish to Heaven I was going!" he said.

Ralph, knowing that Dan was firmly tied to his telegraph-key, felt safe in echoing his wish. Ralph's breast was warmed by a delicious secret excitement. "If they knew!" he thought.

The captain of the steamboat, Wes' Trickett, a rakish, lubberly, fresh-water sailor like his boat, likewise dined at Maroney's, and after dessert the company adjourned to the river-bank and sat about on piles of lumber to witness the departure.

There was no haste about that.

Agreeable gossip and humorous anecdote mingled with tobacco-smoke. When conversation flagged Wes' would say regretfully: "Wal, time to pull out, boys."

Whereupon some one would suggest a last touch at Maroney's bar, and the company would rise as one man with the same expression of deprecatory anticipation. Wes', since he supplied the excuse for the gathering, did not feel that it was incumbent on him to pay for anything.

The Tewkesbury L. Swett lay at their feet with steam up. Like the land buildings at Fort Edward, her architecture was of a casual and strictly utilitarian description. To paraphrase the description of a more famous vessel, she looked like a shoe-box on a shingle, with the addition atop the shoe-box of a lean-to pilot-house, with nothing to lean to, and an attenuated smoke-stack.

The stack was made of many lengths of kitchen stovepipe braced all round with a network of wires, which did not, however, quite smooth out the kinks in the joints. The whole thing had a decided inclination to the nor'-east, but Wes' opined that it would do all right till it fell down.

Ralph had not seen his mysterious visitor since she had left his office. Loitering among the others on the bank, he was reassured by a glimpse of her, sitting in a dark corner within the deck-house, her back turned to the shore. To Ralph's secret relief, Dan did not remark her there.

Dan had an awkward faculty of putting two and two together and a caustic sense of humor.

Many of the old stories of the country were recounted for the benefit of the newcomers. "Ever hear tell of Tom Sadler?" said Captain Wes'. "Tom was the first white man who ever come up the Campbell Valley.

"Campbell hisself, when he discovered it, he only went downstream. It was mor'n fifty year ago before the first Cariboo gold strike. In them days the city of Kimowin was no more than Fort Edward here. Tom Sadler was one of these here rovin' fellers that can't rest easy among their own kind.

"He roved off up the Campbell Valley and was gone a whole year. In the summer he come back down the river and capsized in the rapids just above Kimowin. They saw him from the settlement, and pulled him out more dead than alive. A living skellington he was at that. His canoe and his stuff was nachelly seen no more.

"Well, he hung on for a couple of days, and then he up and chivvied out. But that ain't the end of the story. The story is about what he told when he was out of his head. Nobody believed what he said, but they tell it to this day for a good story.

"He went on all about a purty little valley he found in the mountains. All around it was high cliffs that you couldn't get up or down, like the sides of a bowl like. Bowl of the Mountains was what Tom called it.

"He said the only way you could get in or out was through a long cave under the mountains. A bear that he was after showed him the way in, or he never wouldn't have found it, being the mouth was all hid behind bushes and all.

"Well, sir, they say he said that little valley was as beautiful as paradise, but that wa'n't all. In the middle of it were a little lake of different colored water from any on earth, green as a bottle like, good water, too.

"Little streams come down from the mountains all round and flowed through meadows of flowers into that lake, and Tom said the banks of all those little streams was yellow with gold—yellow with gold, sir! Tom said he stayed there six months and washed two hundred pounds of it.

"Them beside his bed laughed him having nothing to show. If he'd been content with a hundred pounds now ,'twould have sounded more reasonable. Well, they on'y laughed at Tom and buried him. And it's got to be a saying like round Kimowin when a feller gets a bee in his bonnet, 'Oh, he's found Bowl of the Mountains' they say. But I ain't so sure there ain't something in it. I seen Tom's grave in the cemetery at Kimowin: 'Thomas Sadler, who bit July 9, -861.' I see it myself carved on the stone. That ain't no hearsay."

(Continued in Friday's Issue.)

Courier Daily: Pattern Service

Valuable suggestions for the Handy Homemaker — Order any Pattern Through The Courier. State size.

CHILD'S EMPIRE DRESS.

By Anabel Worthington.

Very prim and proper is this small girl in her little dimity frock. It is a style which never seems to go out of fashion because it is so simple and becoming. The waist is hardly more than a yoke, and it may have either a round or a square neck, the former finished with a collar pointed at front and back. Dainty little puffed elbow sleeves, or the long, full ones gathered into cuffs, may be chosen. A little one piece skirt is gathered to the high waist, and tiny, pointed pockets are the final irresistible touch.

The dress pattern, No. 8451, is cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. As on the figure, the 4 year size requires 2⅝ yards 27 inch material, with ⅝ yard 27 inch contrasting goods.

To obtain this pattern send [illegible] to the office of this publication.

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silvers

JIMMY WOODPECKER'S SECRET.

"I tell you its an outrage expecting us to live in such a place!" complained Susan, the brown cow, as the rain poured through the roof of the barn above her head.

"It's a shame our master neglects to fix that leaky roof!" replied Lady Horse, shaking the water from her black coat.

"Something ought to happen to make him think of it!" cried Susan.

Just then they heard a loud tapping and Jimmy Woodpecker poked his red cap around the corner of the door, and said;

"Hello, there, may I come in until it stops raining?"

"Surely, if you can find a dry spot you're welcome to it," replied Lady Horse, and Jimmy Woodpecker hopped inside the barn.

"Do you mean to tell me you have to stand this every time it rains?" exclaimed Jimmy Woodpecker, when he saw his friends wet and dripping.

"That's just what we've been complaining about," answered Lady Horse. "Master is surely kind and gentle with Susan and me, but he never thinks of the leaky roof until it rains."

"Then he can't fix it, and in dry weather it doesn't need fixing," mooed Susan.

Jimmy Woodpeecker sat nodding on the stall until the rain stopped.

"Well, I'll be going, friends, and I want to thank you for your kind-

ness. If there's anything I can do to help you, let me know," and away he flew.

Several days later Jimmy Woodpecker saw Susan and Lady Horse out in the meadow and stopped to inquire if the roof had been mended.

"Oh, no! It doesn't need a new roof when the weather is nice," answered Lady Horse.

Not far from the barn the master was raking the dead grass upon a booming bonfire which sent sparks flying through the air.

An idea popped into Jommy Woodpecker's head and when the master wasn't looking Jimmy Woodpecker flew down to the edge of the bonfire and gathering a few blazing straws in his beak he quickly flew to the roof of the old shed and laid them down.

Before many seconds the old barn was ablaze. Jimmy Woodpecker tilted on a twig of a pear tree not far away, laughed to himself as the old barn burned to the ground.

"It serves me right," Jimmy Woodpecker heard the master tell his wife. "Those animals ought to have had a better place long ago; now I'll build a nice barn for them."

Susan and Lady Horse were certainly proud of their new home, and took great pleasure in showing it to Jimmy Woodpecker.

Of course Jimmy Woodpecker never told his friends the part he'd played in giving it to them. That was his secret, for no one saw him carrying away the burning straw,

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH [illegible] CAMERON

EGOTISM OR EMBARRASSMENT?

Did you ever in your life hear anyone so egotistic?" said the Author-man's Wife.

"Do not you mean so self-conscious and embarrassed?" suggested the Lady-who-always-know-somehow.

A woman whom we know but casually had been talking to us and in answer to some simple question she had poured forth an astonishing stream of information about herself and her affairs.

It did sound egotistical for her to think we should be interested in the personal affairs of one we knew so casually, and yet when I stopped to think of it in the light of my own experience, I could heartily endorse the Lady's kind correction.

When One is Intoxicated

There are two classes of occasions when one is apt to make a fool of oneself by talking too much about oneself. One is when one is embarrassed by being with people one does not feel at ease with. The other is when one is intoxicated (do not shudder at that implication, friend reader. I do not mean only the kind of intoxication that comes from drinking things, but the many, many kinds to which we are all subject; the intoxication of praise, of success, of excitement, of stimulating society, etc., etc).

There are some people (luckily constituted I call them) who just naturally shut up when they are shy and embarrassed. On other people, embarrassment has exactly the opposite effect. They can think of nothing to say and so they say things without thinking. Instead of becoming silent they become noisy and fidgety. The nervous laugh is one of the sure symptoms of embarrassment.

I Sat There Like a Goop

Just the other day I had an interview with a woman with whom I never feel at ease. I had something important to tell her and got along with her splendidly so long as I was telling it, but when that was over my self-consciousness came back to me, and instead of rising and leaving promptly I sat there like a goop and talked about myself. Not because I wanted to talk about myself; not because she wanted to hear me. But simply because I was too nervous to make a quick and graceful get-away.

Pleasanter to Remember

Do not be too quick to condemn anyone who talks about himself, unless that person is you. And then do not condemn the person—merely the habit. Make up your mind that when you are nervous and embarrassed you will keep still, hold yourself in leash until you can say something appropriate and intelligent It's harder to do at the time but much easier to look back on afterwards.

GIRLS! WOMEN! TAKE CASCARETS IF CONSTIPATED

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and what he did was so very wicked—although done for a good purpose—he was ashamed for anyone to know. But he was glad that his mischievious impulse had brought good to his friends instead of harm.

MINEFIELDS ALONG NORWEGIAN COAST

Wreckage Would Indicate They Had Wrought Destruction

Associated Press

Christiania, Oct. 18. — Drifting minefields are reported along the whole Norwegian coast from Listerland eastwards. Off Halvo many explosions have been heard.

The drifting minefields are surrounded by a mass of drifting wreckage. Norwegian motor boats have salved many casks of wine, margarine and whale-oil. Other boats report encountering "great masses of glass balls rolled up in steel wire and rope work, which seemed to be a type of U-boat net."

The ownership of the drifting mine fields is a matter of doubt in the minds of some. Certainly nobody is anxious to claim them, for they do not conform to the rules of the Hague Convention, which prescribes that mines shall be so constructed that they become harmless when adrift.

FRANCE HAS USE FOR HORSE CHESTNUTS

School Children Collect Crop For Use as Fodder and Otherwise

Associated Press

Paris, Oct 18—The "Horse Chestnut collector" is the latest official to be added to France's long list of functionaries. One will be appointed in each commune of France to verify the quantities of horse chestnuts collected by school children and turned over to the state in the interest of the national defense The crop is immense in France. Heretofore it has been only partially utilized as fodder. The bulk of it found no other employment than that of munitions for boys' battles.

The government has appealed to the school children to see that not a horse chestnut goes to waste. Their use as fodder will be extended to replace corn, barley, rice, etc., in the manufacture of alcohol and acetone.

CO-OPERATION IS REQUIRED

Military Service Act Will Work Smoothly When All Realize its Benefits

Ottawa, Oct. 18—It is by the co-operation of all concerned that the Military Service Act will be applied most smoothly and with the least possible delay and trouble. This is plain, now that the programme to be carried out has been explained to the country in its broad outlines.

The men to be selected themselves, their parents or near relatives or their employers are being called upon to assist in the businesslike operations of the Act, and the kind of response that is made to this appeal will be an interesting indication of the good sense and democratic spirit of the Canadian people. Leading authorities here are unanimous in agreeing that, when the people get to understand the ultimate value of the Military Service Act, its fairness and its advantages, it will work so smoothly that the country will hardly notice it in application.

WOMEN RECRUITS

Associated Press

London, Oct. 18.—Ten thousand women recruits a month for use in the Army Auxiliary Service are being appealed for here. The chief need is for domestic workers, typists and automobile drivers. One of the recruiting posters says;

"Although the women must be strong, and reliable, it must not be supposed that their life is all hard work. They swim, they have games and musical evenings and dances, to which a woman can invite one soldier friend.

They play as hard as they work and they live a wholesome life.

"The women are under military discipline, but they do not march to work nor do they salute their officers of the male army."

CHINA SUSPICIOUS

Associated Press

Pekin, Oct 18.—Baron Aliotti, the Italian minister made only a verbal request for the Tien-tsin concession. But it was sufficient to stir up a tempest in China, which has good reason to fear foreign aggression.

The Italian minister's request was not supported by the other Entente ministers. But is is difficult to make China believe so. Secret agreements have wrought so much havoc in the republic that all Chinese are suspicious.

CROSSED THE BORDER.

(Associated Press).

Oldenzaan, Netherlands, Oct. 18.—A comic incident reported from the frontier involved a Russian prisoner of war, who was on the point of stepping from German on to Netherlands soil when he was grasped by a German sentry. A wrestle ensued. The fugitive threw himself on the ground, and lay with the upper part of his body in Holland and the other in German territory.

A Dutch sentry rushed to the Russian's help, seized him by the arms and pulled. The German soldier pulled at the Russian's legs in the opposite direction. The Russian began to kick with the result that the Dutch frontier guardian was able to haul him out of the "danger zone."

BUILD SHIPS IN JAPAN.

(Associated Press).

Tokio, Oct. 18.—Great Britain is now buiding twenty-three steamers approximately 200,000 tons at various shipbuilding yards in Japan. Several of these will be finished soon and will be transferred to the representatives of the British Government.

Aches and Pains of rheumatism are not permanently, but only temporarily, relieved by external remedies. Why not use an internal remedy—Hood's Sarsaparilla, which corrects the acidity of the blood on which rheumatism depends and cures the disease?

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A Bowl of Soup and a Slice of Bread

HOW many of us grumble at the burden of planning three meals a day, day after day! How much more simple it is in Belgium, where most of the inhabitants stand in line for a few hours to get a bowl of soup and a slice of bread—the entire day's ration.

Imagine any little child you know trying to gnaw on such a pittance! Naturally the poor little Belgian children are breaking down. Tuberculosis, rickets and kindred ills are the common lot. As the services will permit these children are taken to Holland to recuperate under proper feeding and care. But funds are so low they cannot be kept longer than 6 weeks, and more than 15,000 children are waiting for this much. Generous contributions (marked for the Belgian Children's Health Fund) will enable the Dutch authorities, who have replaced the American Commission, to carry on this vital work successfully.

Then the orphans! Think of the thousands whose fathers have fallen in battle, are still fighting, or have been taken away into German bondage. Living in the midst of plenty, will you deny these orphans must be fed and clothed and educated? Yet this work, too, must depend largely on charity. Mark your contributions for the Belgian Orphans' Fund.

As you plan your own meals, remember Belgium's "Bowl of Soup and a Slice of Bread" and HELP until you feel the pinch. It's a debt we owe to Belgium.

Your contribution will go entire through the Belgian Minister of the Interior (In Le Havre, France) to Dutch authorities, who administer the relief work under the approval of the British and Dutch Governments, and Mr. Hoover's Committee.

What will you do for the waifs of Belgium?

BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

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Said contributions to Miss Isabella L. George, Hon. Treas., or to Local Committee

Make cheques payable to Belgian Relief Fund

Don't forget Mrs. Agnes Adamson's Canal Boat Fund for work among Belgian refugees behind the allied lines in Flanders.