The Sealed Valley

By HULBERT FOOTNER

Author of "Jack Chanty" (Copyright)

(From Tuesday's Daily.)

Story Take One o J2ezv

"I am half white. Look what trouble and danger I bring on you. I will go away. All shall go on as we plan."

"The white men will break in tomorrow!" wailed St. Jean.

"The white men will never come in—this way," said Nahnya from between firm lips. "I will fix that."

The tears coursed down St. Jean's withered cheeks; he stroked Nahnya's hand imploringly. "I am old!" he whimpered.

"You are wise!" said Nahnya. "Add your wisdom to Charley's strength and make him a man. He will be the head man when you are gone. Make him know all the tales of our people, and all that they knew how to do, so nothing is forgotten.

"Nobody mus' know but you that I not come back. Let them look for me while the summer passes. By and by you can say you have a feeling I am dead. The young ones will forget."

The old man groaned, and letting his head fall on his breast, wound his gnarled fingers in his sparse locks.

"The boys will see you," Nahnya said sharply. "It is from you they learn how to bear pain!"

After a brief struggle with himself he lifted his head. The tears had ceased to flow, and the seamed face was composed into the ancient stoic mask of the race—the old hands still trembled piteously and groped for Nahnya's hand.

"So much we talk together," she went on, "you know all that is in my mind.

"No man will ever come in or go out this way," Nahnya continued. "If ever there is a famine, or you have great need to go out, there is another way. Go across the divide into the valley to the north, and at the top of that valley there is a little stream going out between the mountains. After many days' hard travel it will bring you to the Stanley River.

"You mus' not tell Charley of this way until he is wise, or until you feel yourself about to die. The knowledge of this way must be kept.

"All shall be done as you say," murmured St. Jean Bateese.

Nahnya dropped her hand over his. Giving it a quick pressure, she sprang up and climbed the hill until she was high enough to overlook the trees.

Here she turned.

There was no mask on her face now. Her eyes brooded with an infinite wistful yearning over the lovely panorama; the lake glimmering like a peacock's breast; the verdant, white-stemmed shores, the kingly mountains basking smokily under the western sun. To the left were the tiny teepees with the delicate smoke-spirals and a suggestion of women's figures moving in front. Nahnya turned with agitated hands, and scrambling down over the rocks, disappeared with the cave.

The old man sat where she had left him staring on the ground, a trembling hand outspread on either knee.

Nahnya saw the yellow eye of Philippe's torch gleaning far within the cavern, and she did not pause to light one for herself. She came upon the three waiting beside the hole that swallowed the stream.

Philippe sat on a jutting rock, smoking quietly; Kitty was huddled on the sandy floor, and Ralph was moving restlessly up and down.

Hearing her coming, he sprang toward her, bound as he was, softly crying her name with a passionate relief and gladness in his voice. This was what Kitty had to listen to.

Even in the uncertain light of the torch Nahnya saw the yearning and the pain in his eyes. Kitty had to see it, too. Nahnya could not support the look.

"Let us get on," she said quickly.

Philippe had already replaced the frail bridge over the hole. He crossed first, followed by Kitty, then Ralph, with Nahnya watching him close. At the other side Nahnya, stooping, affected to busy herself with lacing of her mossasin. Philippe and Kitty passed ahead a little. Ralph stuck close to Nahnya.

As the light went on he could not see what she was doing, but he heard the scrape of the logs as she pulled the little bridge toward her, and heard the structure knock against the rocky walls as it went down.

"Nahnya!" he said, amazed. "Aren't you going back?"

"No," she murmured.

Kitty's voice came back sharp and peremptory: "Ralph!"

"I tell you soon," Nahnya said swiftly. She hastened to catch up with the others.

Arriving at length at the cleft whence a little gray daylight filtered into the cave, Philippe quenched the torch in the loose sand on the floor.

They started through the narrow place in the same order; Philippe, then Kitty. As Ralph was about to follow Nahnya laid a hand on his arm.

"I stay here," she murmured.

He flung about. "Nahnya!—is this—the end?" he faltered.

"Listen!" she whispered swiftly. "When Jim Sholto get his daughter back he not want stay in Joe Mixer's camp no more. He make a new camp, I think.

"Maybe he go down by the river. But it is too late to start on the river to-night. He mus' camp. When they are asleep, you lie down a little way from them. Lie in the trail where I can find you easy—"

"Nahnya!"

"I will come," she whispered. "Now go; go quickly!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Renunciation.

Ralph followed Philippe and Kitty through the narrow cleft in the rock, and the three of them stood huddled together at the bottom of the hole.

The opening was like an eye looking down on them. Philippe sent Kitty aloft by means of the pine trunk. Looking at Ralph, he scratched his head in perplexity. How to get him out with his arms boun dwas the question.

"Untie me," said Ralph mildly. "I'll let you tie me again."

This sudden tractability aroused Philippe's suspicions. He debated the matter scowlingly. However, Ralph, deprived of the use of his right arm, was not a formidable antagonist, and the half-breed decided to chance it.

As Ralph climbed he followed close at his heels, and quickly secured him again at the top.

They made their way down the bed of the ravine. No more than Philippe could Kitty understand the new light in Ralph's eyes. She glanced at him covertly, wondering with a fresh pang of jealousy what had taken place behind her back.

Ralph was walking on air.

He had suffered so much that he snatched at the prospect of happiness, however fleeting. Both the immediate danger and the hopeless future were put out of his mind; it was enough for him that Nahnya had promised to come to him; she was one to keep her word!

Jim Sholto saw them coming, and ran down the bank to embrace his daughter. Kitty's answering welcome was not overwarm; she was too bitterly concerned with another matter. Jim, hurt by her coldness, and ascribing it to its cause, turned angrily on Ralph.

"You young blackguard!" he cried. "You'll stoop to use a helpless girl to further your evil ends, will you?"

Poor Kitty, all day the helpless plaything of circumstances, asserted herself at last. She forced herself between the two men.

"If you abuse him any more I shall hate you!" she cried to her father, with an outbreak of passion that surprised herself. "It was not his fault at all! I set him loose of my own free will out of common humanity, which you lacked! He sent me back, but I would not let him go alone in such a state! I kept telling you it's Annie Crossfox he's in love with. He has made no pretences to me!"

"Where's your pride?" cried Jim.

"It's you who won't let me have any pride!" she flashed back at him. "Never speak of this again!"

He took her arm. "Come away," he said grimly.

At the top of the bank they met Joe Mixer. "You've got him!" he cried gleefully to Philippe. To Ralph: "You— How do you feel about it now?"

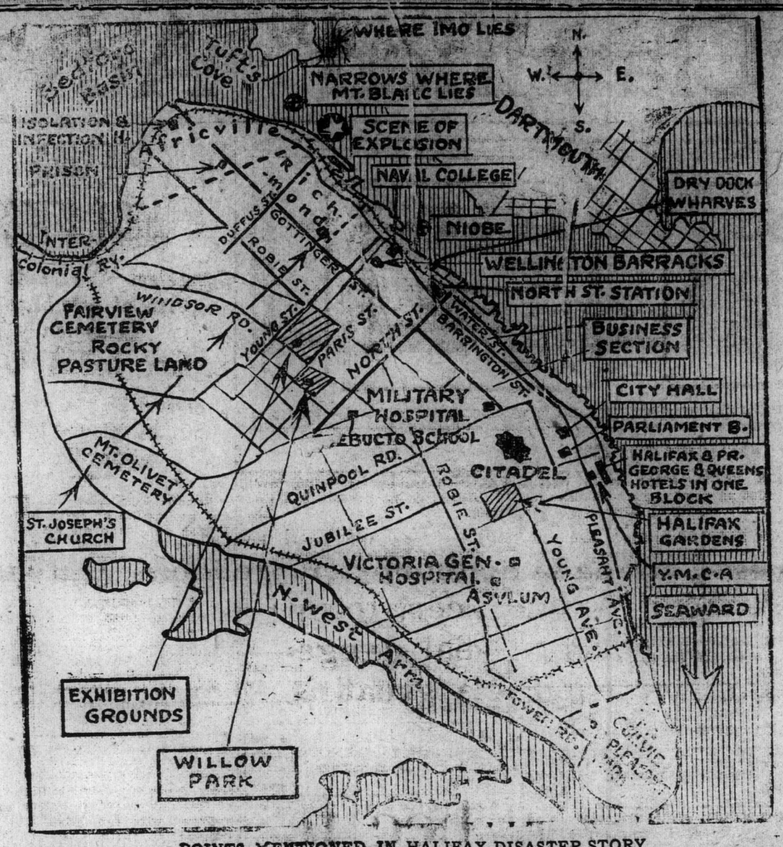
Kitty apprehending blows to follow, wrenches her arm out of her father's grasp and turned on Joe. The flames still burned high in her cheeks.

"Let him alone!" she cried. "He's not your prisoner!" To her father she said passionately: "He was sent out in your care! If you don't take him and keep him from this cowardly bully you won't take me!"

All men dread a roused woman. "Softly with your epithets, girl!" said Joe, scowling. To Philippe he said sullenly: "Give him over to me."

Philippe yielded his prisoner, nothing loath Joe Mixer, keen to learn what the half-breed had discovered, did not care what became of Ralph.

(Continued in Thursday's Issue.)



POINTS MENTIONED IN HALIFAX DISASTER STORY

Richmond and Africville, the "colored" settlement, shown on the above map, have apparently suffered the worst damages, although the whole waterfront as far as North Street Station, is practically ruined and the business section in the neighborhood of Water street and Barrington street, is more or less damaged. The scene of the explosion at pier 8 is shown and also where the two wrecked ships lie, the French munition ship Mont Blanc, in the Narrows and the Belgian Relief ship, Imo, in Tuft's Cove. Chebuco School, St. Joseph's Church, and Richmond School, all shown in the map, are gone. Wellington Barracks, the Naval College and the Niobe seemingly escaped serious injuries. North Street Station and the Dry Dock warfes were wrecked and although no word has arrived of the injury to the Parliament buillings, City Hall or principal hotels, the Y.M.C.A. was badly damaged

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BRANTFORD BRANCH

MANIFESTO

The returned men went to France to fight for thier Country, went over the top united. Have they no right to stand up for unity at home?

The returned men were and are your Husbands, Brothers, and Son's Chums in France. Do you think they would deceive their loved ones at home?

Protect Our Boys

The G. W. V. A. are organized to look after the returned men, also the dependants of our comrades overseas and know the needs better than those who aspire to high places.

The returned Soldiers constituting the Brantford Branch of the G. W. V. A. unanimously endorsed the candidature of W. F. Cockshutt, Esq., as Win-the-War Candidate, because they have full confidence in his sincerity and because they have full confidence that he will support Sir Robert Borden and the Union Government in all their Win-the-War Policies.

PROTECT OUR DEAR FLAG.

Has been said the returned men have no right to endorse any Candidate.

LOOK UNDERNEATH.

"Great War Veterans should endorse any man who is selected by representative organization supporting the Union Government War Winning Policies, and should concentrate their efforts to secure his election."

Headquarters Provincial Branch.

The returned men contradict the statement of certain candidates in Brantford that they were responsible for the increase of $5 for special separation allowance and object to this statement being used as an election dodge.

The returned men, now the G. W. V. A., asked the Government for increase of separation allowance and this was granted. We, the G. W. V. A. of Brantford, deny that any one person in Canada, let alone Brantfodr, was responsible either directly or indirectly for this increase.

GOD SAVE THE KING