

The Crippled Lady of Peribonka

By James Oliver Curwood

WNU Service
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STORY FROM THE START

Introducing some of the people of the pretty little French-Canadian village of Peribonka, particularly the Crippled Lady, idol of the simple inhabitants. Paul Kirke is a descendant of a sister of Molly Brant, sister of Joseph Brant, great Indian chief. He has inherited many Indian characteristics. His father is a powerful New York financier. Paul marries Claire Durand, daughter of his father's partner. He is in charge of engineering work near Peribonka. Paul's wife is in Europe. She dislikes the woods. Paul becomes interested in Carla, village teacher. Paul writes his wife to join him.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

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He sealed and addressed the letter and put it in the company's mail. What a glory life would be if his wife would come at last! He had painted a picture for her in the letter—her golden beauty a part of the blue of open skies, a thing near and wonderful for him to have. But when he went out into the night and looked at the row of lighted cottages on the hill he thought of Carla, and a yearning to be near her possessed him again.

This impulse bewildered him. He went to his bachelor quarters and tried to read. One by one the houses grew dark. Still he endeavored to make his books and magazines interest him. Never had his nerves been more sleeplessly alert, and their obstinacy persisted after he had undressed and gone to bed. Something kept him awake—an incessant stream of things passing through his mind, detached, illogical, unreasonable, and always bringing him back in one way or another to Carla and her mother.

He got up and dressed. It was after midnight. Over the pit hung an illumination which reached up into the sky like the glow from a volcano. He turned down the cinder path and was soon among the men. No one was on the job who did not know him, even in the night shifts. Many of them spoke to him tonight, but their friendliness failed to wipe away the disquiet of mind which had compelled him to get out of bed. He looked at his watch and found it was one o'clock when he reached the far end of the workings. A gravel-made road led to the forest trail higher up, and he took this road out of the pit.

After a little he came to the row of cottages. There was a light in the Haldan home, and he found himself wondering what Carla did with the long nights in which she waited for the coming of death. Was it possible for her to sleep? Or did she sit alone through dragging hours watching her mother, praying for the day? He stopped at the gate to the picket fence which enclosed her flower gardens, and his ears caught a sound which did not come from the pit. It was like a cry. He opened the gate quietly and went in. A window was open somewhere, and he could hear clearly a voice that was sobbing. It was Carla! No one else in the cottage could be crying like that—surely not Carla's mother. His heart thumped against his ribs. His breath came a little short. He went to the door and knocked against it gently. Then more loudly. Some one came, and the door opened. He entered and stood beside Carla. She had not been in bed, had not undressed. She was as he had left her hours before, except that her face and eyes were stricken with a grief that terrified him. Then, in the dim light, a miracle happened. She smiled at him through tears. "I was hoping for you," she said.

"I was passing—heard you crying—" He said no more, because he had guessed only half the truth. He was careful to speak so that his voice would not awaken Carla's mother. If she were asleep. His mind was not working quickly, he was bewildered and frightened by the agony in Carla's face, the way she turned and went ahead of him into the big room with Mrs. Haldan's empty chair near the window, and from that to another room that was full of light, and from which the sobbing must have come at the gate. In the open door of this

room Carla waited, and without turning her head gave him her hand. It was a cold, lifeless little hand, with no spark left of the warmth and thrill which he had felt in it a few hours before. He closed his own over it tightly, for the hand, more than Carla's face and eyes, struck the truth to his heart. They went in. Mrs. Haldan lay in her bed. Her face was lighted with peace, her lips were gently smiling. She was very white and very still. Paul knew she was dead.

Carla drew him nearer. When they were beside her mother she looked up at him. Her eyes, flooded with their pain, were starry bright, almost with pride, almost with glory.

"Beautiful," she whispered, the word breaking in her throat.

Paul bowed his head. "Yes, she is beautiful," he said, fighting to keep his voice even.

The hand which was not holding Carla's he placed on her mother's white forehead. For a few moments they stood in this way. Then the same impulse which had drawn his boyish lips to his mother's cold face when her soul was gone made him bend over and kiss the smooth, white brow where his hand had lain. A little cry tore itself from Carla's breast, and freeing her hand from Paul's she sank down upon her knees and pressed her face closely against her mother. For an eternity, it seemed to him, he stood over her—an eternity in which he could find no words for his lips to say, nothing which might help a little to ease the grief which had come so suddenly and crushingly upon her.

Slowly he put out a hand until it rested on Carla's head. Then he gently stroked her hair, and after a little the tenseness went out of Carla's body, and she seemed to be sleeping beside her mother—sleeping with wide-open, misty eyes, which Paul could not see, while through the partly open window came to them the drone and grind and distant tumult of the pit.

CHAPTER V

On Tuesday they went to Peribonka.

For thirty minutes there was silence in the pit, the first time in three years. The pit demanded it. It cared nothing for James Kirke, on whose millions it fed, but for Carla Haldan it held a warm affection. Out of the pit came tributes of flowers which smothered the little cottage on the hill, and when Carla and her mother went to Peribonka the soul of the pit went with them. For the first time Paul looked down upon it and almost loved it.

The next day Carla was among her children in the school. This was the most amazing part of her fortune. Two days later Paul was called unexpectedly to New York.

The new life which submerged him for a fortnight, its passionate business details, its conferences, the talk of still more millions, and of greater activities, was like a plunge into a maelstrom. His father and Durand had perfected a fresh scheme for bringing in another hundred million dollars of other people's money. Each day they were struggling to reach a little farther. Their huge new office building, with its appalling efficiency and ceaseless rush of living creatures, oppressed and dismayed him, and he was startled by its unexpected effect upon him. It was worse than the pit, for the pit had its redeeming edge of wilderness and its human forces at work with their naked hands in rock and clay. Here his mind seemed dulled, his wits blunted, his senses overwhelmed by the magnitude of the things which he knew were happening without the physical use of hands and bodies, without the flesh and blood vigor—the strain of brawn and muscle—which had made the pit endurable for him. He made no great effort to enter into it or to understand it. The house where his mother had lived seemed no longer even the husk of a home. It was filled with a cathedral stillness, wrapped up, packed away, moth-protected, like a palace whose occupants had suddenly died, a place guarded by soft-footed and obsequious servants who made him shiver. It was a sepulcher of hopes for him, a place of gravity and laughter and entertainment for Claire. Here he felt about him a clinging emptiness, a great loneliness, a haunting unrest—and in this same environment Claire would find amusement and happiness when she returned. The truth of the thing added to his heaviness of heart. A new note had come into his thoughts. He was beginning to ask himself if Claire, with all her wealth and freedom, were really happy. And if, in any way, it were possible for him to make her happy.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Word to the Wise

A pint mason jar filled with boric acid solution should be in every medicine closet. Boric acid is a mild, healing antiseptic. Poured over cuts it proves healing. In a wound a compress dipped in hot boric acid is a valuable aid.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

When garden walks and all the grassy floor
With blossoms red and white of fallen May
And chestnut flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry
From the wet field, through the
vest garden trees
Come with the volleying rain and
tossing breeze.
—Matthew Arnold

THIS AND THAT

The serving of a good soup at the beginning of the meal will save on the meat bill and also on the health. One is easily satisfied with a simple meal after being served with a soup of creamed vegetable. A light dessert or a bit of cheese and fruit makes a most satisfying finish to a meal.

When serving a clear soup a few little yellow balls of egg added to it gives the color and adds to the calories. Prepare them as follows: Take two hard cooked yolks of eggs and mix with the raw white of one, the paste, then form into balls like marbles. A little seasoning should be added. These, two or three to a plate of soup, will take the place of croutons for a change.

When the gardens are made this spring have a few feet for some of the savory herbs, so good in seasoning, as well as greens for garnishing. Chervil, chervil, parsley and mint are only a few. One's own sage tastes so much better than that which has been put away in boxes. Pepper grass, black mustard for greens are all easily grown. Tarragon is used to flavor vinegar, but, when fresh, adds flavor to many dishes.

Maitre d' Hotel Potatoes.—Cut cold potatoes (underdone) into thick slices. Add a tablespoonful of flour to the same of butter and cook with a cupful of broth. When boiling add the potatoes and a tablespoonful of minced parsley and pepper and salt to taste. Cook for a few minutes; then add the yolk of an egg beaten with a teaspoonful of cold water and a little lemon juice. When the egg is thickened, turn out on a hot dish and serve.

COOKERY HINTS

The American cook has a wider range of foods at his command than any other in the world, yet the bugbear of cookery is monotony. Foods served in the same way day after day, or on the same day of the week, week in and week out, "become flat, stale and unprofitable." Every one likes a change; change of scene, change of occupation and change of food are necessary to keep up life's interest.

Much of our cooking is like sheep leading sheep—an unthinking process. We prepare the foods that our mothers did; and die of stomach trouble. When eggs were ten cents a dozen and butter fifteen and twenty cents a pound, the free use of them was not criticized in cookery. But in this day of high prices much economy can be practiced without giving up expensive foods, such as eggs, butter and meat. Small amounts of different meats will season a large dish of vegetables, making a most satisfying meal at little cost. The flavor of the meat enters into the food and makes it tasty; then, with good seasoning and tasty serving, the dish is a success.

We may learn much from the French chefs who depend upon delighting the eye as well as the palate and use hundreds of ways of serving the same food. They are economical as well as resourceful and with their unflinching variety, most successful cooks.

We might not enjoy the fat and juicy snails which the French so enjoy and we are not yet accustomed to sparrow pie, though most savory they tell us, yet we may learn much from the French in the matter of sauces and seasoning to add variety to our diet.

The memory of a dish of fresh shrimps served in Madame Beques in New Orleans will be a lasting one. The shrimps were fresh and pink and plump, served on curled lettuce with a simple french dressing to which a dash of Worcestershire sauce was added. French bread in great wedges, served on a napkin-covered silver tray, was passed with the salad. The taste of that bread and sweet, fresh butter is written in her guest books by the thousands who have enjoyed her breakfasts and dinners.

Nellie Maxwell



Needless Pain!

Some folks take pain for granted.

They let a cold "run its course."

They wait for their headaches to "wear off."

If suffering from neuralgia or from neuritis, they rely on feeling better in the morning.

Meantime, they suffer unnecessary pain. Unnecessary, because there is an antidote. Bayer Aspirin always offers immediate relief from various aches and pains we once had to endure. If pain persists, consult your doctor as to its cause.

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BAYER ASPIRIN

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Magnificence Overdone

"Magnificence," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "often misleads a man into a belief that he is personally earning the admiration that is bestowed on his house and his attire."—Washington Star.

"My Stomach Was Upset—Food Would Not Digest"



Spokane, Wash.—"I think Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is one of the best medicines I have ever taken. I was suffering from stomach trouble—my food would not digest—would come up and cause me distress, but two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery entirely relieved me of this trouble. There is nothing so good for stomach distress as the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I advise those who have need of such medicine to try it."—Mrs. J. LeFevre, 403 South Chandler St., Tablets or liquid, Druggists.

Write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N. Y., if you desire free advice. Send 10c for a trial pkg. of the tablets.

Fashion Foremost

Gallant Passenger (on sinking ship)—Here, lady, take my life preserver; it will save you.

Miss Highbrow—Sir! That lifting thing! It's way out of style and you insult me. Keep it; I would rather drown first.—Pathfinder Magazine.



WELL OR MONEY BACK

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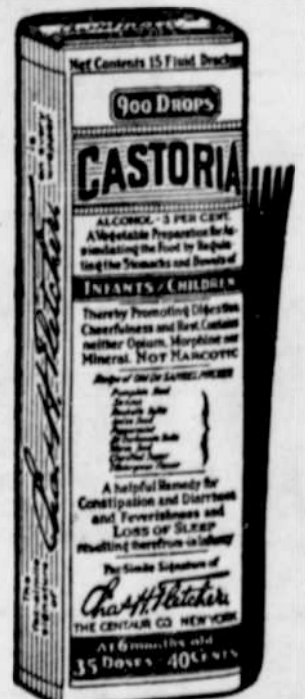
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FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE

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TOMORROW ALRIGHT
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When Babies FRET

There are times when a baby is too fretful or feverish to be sung to sleep. There are some pains a mother cannot pat away. But there's no time when any baby can't have the quick comfort of Castoria! A few drops, and your little one is soon at ease—back to sleep almost before you can slip away.

Remember this harmless, pure vegetable preparation when children are ailing. Don't stop its use when Baby has been brought safely through the age of colic,

diarrhea, and other infantile ills. Give good old Castoria until your children are in their teens! Whenever coated tongues tell of constipation; whenever there's any sign of sluggishness that needs no stronger medicines to relieve. Castoria is pleasant-tasting; children love to take it. Buy the genuine—with Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on wrapper.