

The Everlasting Whimper, By Jackson Gregory

Copyright by Charles Scribner's sons
W.N.U. Service

CHAPTER XIII—Continued

He was big and she little, yet she dragged his bed close to his side and got her arms about him and lifted him enough to get him upon the blankets. She ran to her fire and piled and piled wood on it until the flames roared noisily and brightened everything about. She ran back to him and knelt again and slipped her hand inside his shirt, seeking his heart. The deep chest was barely warmer than death, the heart stirred only faintly. But it did beat. She sought the wound Brail's bullet had made and found it in his side. There was blood on her hands but she did not notice it now. She found where the bullet had entered and where it had torn its way out through his flesh. She did not know if any vital organ lay in that narrow span or if any major artery had been severed or if the rifle-ball had merely glanced along the ribs and been deflected by them; she only knew that he had lost much blood, that it must have gushed freely while he strove with Swen Brodie, and that now it must be stopped utterly. And then it was that Gloria's hands achieved the first really important work they had ever done in her life. She tore bits away from her own undergarments and made soft pads over each wound; with their butcher knife she cut a long strip from a blanket. This she wound about his limp body, making a long, tight bandage.

She got the boots off and felt his feet; she stooped over them until for an instant she laid her cheek against a bare foot. It was like ice. She recalled how he had ministered to her. She heated a blanket and wrapped it about his feet and ankles. She heated other blankets and put them about him. The canvas at the cave's mouth had been torn down; she got it back into place to make it warmer for him. She put fresh wood on the fire. She hastened the coffee boiling all that she could by placing bits of dry wood close all about the pot.

She knelt at King's side; she got an arm under his shoulders and managed to lift him a little; she rolled up a blanket and put it under his head. Then she brought the cup of black coffee. She spilled more than went into his mouth but she was rewarded by involuntarily he swallowed. Thus, patient and determined and very, very gentle with him, she got several spoonfuls of coffee down him. Thereafter she let him lie back again while she sought to plan cool-thoughtedly just how she must care for him, just what she could do for him.

There were scraps of food left. She began taking careful stock; she found a scrap of bread that had been knocked to the floor and kicked aside; she picked it up and, carrying a torch with her, began seeking any other fallen morsels. In this search she came once to the hole in the floor through which Brodie and the others had gone down into Gus Ingle's treasure-chamber. And at its side she found something which at this moment was a thousand times more precious in her staring eyes than if it had been so much solid gold. It was a great hunk of fresh meat. Instantly she knew how it had come here. King had killed his bear! That was why he had returned tonight. He had brought it here; had missed her; had dropped it here. And then? She understood now, too, how he had come so unexpectedly into the lowest cave. He had gone down through this hole and had known a passageway which led on down. She caught up the bear meat, carrying it in both arms, and hurried back to her fire.

For herself, since her own strength must be kept up, she cooked a strip of the meat on the coals. As the night wore on, since she was determined that King should not be chilled, her fire consumed a great part of the wood. More wood must be brought; tonight or in the morning. She went to the cave's entrance and looked out. The everlasting whisper of the pines, that ancient, hushed voice which through the countless centuries has never been still save when briefly silenced by the snow; which had borne its message to Gloria when on that first day she went with Mark King into the mountains, set chords vibrating softly in her bosom. Insistently it bore a message to her, such a message as from now on she would hear in the quiet voices of her little campfire. It was the eternal call of the mother earth that one like Gloria must hear and harken to and understand before

she could set firm feet upon the ashes of a vanquished self to rise to the true things of womanhood.

Benny and the Italian were still alive and might be near? That did not in any way affect the fact that there must be wood brought for King's fire. She turned back for the rifle and the rope. She saw that King had not stirred; that he seemed plunged in a deep, quiet sleep. She stood over him, looking down at him with her love for him softening her eyes. He was going to get well—if she did her part. And her part was so clearly indicated: to give him broth and to keep his fire going. She did not hesitate and she was not afraid as she went down the cliffs. She meant to be Mark King's mate; she meant to be worthy of being his mate. He had not hesitated, he had not been afraid, when one man against five he dropped down into the lowest cave. She, like him, was of pioneer stock.

Three times that night she made the trip up and down the cliffs, bringing wood. At the end, though near exhaustion, she sank down by the fire for but a few minutes. The bear meat was boiling and bubbling; she poured off a little of the broth, cooled it, and then, as she had given King the coffee, she forced some of the strong soup between his teeth. She touched his cheek and dared hope that it was not so icy cold; she chafed his feet and wrapped them again in a hot blanket. And then, with all of her covers given to him, she drew a coat about her shoulders and sat down at his side, on the edge of his blankets. And here, throughout the night, she sat, dozing and waking, rising again and again to keep the fire burning.

She started up to find it full day; she had been asleep, her head against his knee. The fire was dying down; she jumped up and replenished it, setting the broth back among the coals. King lay as he had lain last night; his continued coma was like a profound quiet sleep.

All day long she ministered to him, going back and forth tirelessly, since love and hope inspired every step she made. None of Brodie's men had come; she felt a strange confidence that they would not come. They were afraid of King as Jackals are afraid of a lion; further, they did not know that he was wounded. She thought little of them, having much else to think of.

At a little before noon Gloria, stooping over the fire started erect and whirled about. King's eyes were open! She ran to him, dropping on her knees beside him, catching up his hand, whispering:

"Mark! Oh, Mark—thank God!" He looked at her strangely. There was a puzzled, bewildered expression in his eyes. He strove to move and again looked at her with that strange bewilderment. She saw his lips move—he wanted to say something, to ask something and, deserted now by all of that magnificent strength on which he had always leaned, was as weak as a baby.

She gave his hand a last squeeze and hurried back to the fire; his eyes, still shadow-filled, followed her curiously. She came back to him with cup and spoon. This he could understand; he opened his lips for the spoon, he accepted what she gave him and when she had finished lay looking up at her wonderingly.

"Mark," she whispered, "we are safe here because—because you are so wonderful! You were like a god—the bravest, noblest, best man in all the world! You came in time; you saved me, Mark; they had not put hand upon me. And I am well and strong now; I am going to take care of you; you must just lie still and get well—Oh, Mark—"

His eyes closed again; he seemed very faint, very weary. Hushed, she sat tense, her eyes never moving from his face. After a long time he opened his eyes again; he tried again to speak; when the words did not come he managed a strange, shadowy smile with his bloodless lips and in another moment had sunk again into that heavy sleep that was so like death.

When next, two hours later, she again brought his broth, he stirred at her touch and awoke. This time his eyes cleared swiftly; he remembered the other awakening and her words. He looked at her long and searchingly and she understood what lay back of that look; he was wondering how she managed, how she endured to care for them both, how without his active aid she withstood hardship. And this time she smiled at him.

"I have been dining sumptuously on

bear steaks," she told him lightly. "And I have slept and kept warm. There has been no one near. And the days are fine again. It was clear last night; the sun has been shining all day. Now, when you've had your own lunch, I'll tell you anything you want to know. Only you must not try to talk yet, Mark; not until tomorrow. I want you strong and well again, you know; it's lonesome without you."

She gave him, for the first time, a whole cup of broth, glorying in the certainty that already he was stronger. But even yet his weakness was so great that, before she had spoken a dozen sentences, he was asleep again. Clearly, even to Gloria, if but a little more blood had ebbed out of the wounded side, he would never have awakened; clearly to Gloria, triumphant, it had been she who had held him back from death. She, Gloria King, alone, had fought the great grim battle; hers was the victory.

King was awake. Awakening, he tried to move. His utter weakness, like a great weight bearing down upon him, held him powerless. But his mind, slowly freeing itself from the shadows of sleep, was suddenly very clear. He could turn his head a little. It was late afternoon; outside the sun was still shining, for a patch of light lay at the side of the canvas flap. At first he did not see Gloria; but his eyes quested until at last they found her. She lay by the fire, her head upon her arms, sleeping. The little huddled body looked weary beyond expression.

For a long time his haggard eyes remained with her. She lay on the rocks, without a blanket. His hand moved weakly; there were blankets under him, blankets covering him; his feet were wrapped in a blanket. He looked again at Gloria, at the fire; he saw wood piled near by. For many minutes he puzzled the matter; in the end it was obvious, even to a man as sick as King, that she must have gone for wood. Perhaps more than once. He closed his eyes and lay very still. He knew now that he had been desperately hurt; that, wounded, his fight with Brodie had brought him very near a weakness from blood loss that was pale twin to death. And yet he was alive and warm; he had had broth and blankets and the fire had been kept blazing. He managed to slip a hand inside his shirt, before his fingers found it he knew that the bandage was there. Gloria had done all this . . . Gloria, whom he had struck . . .

Ever since that blow, the one act of his life which he would have given so much to have undone, he had been ashamed. He had rejoiced in his battle with the men who had threatened Gloria with worse than death, rejoiced that in some way he might make reparation. But now, beginning to understand all that Gloria had done for him, how great were the sacrifices she had made for him, lying unconscious of all she did, it seemed to him that the thing that he had done was a very small thing set in the scales against her own acts. He wanted to get up and go to her; to put his blankets about her; to play the man's part and protect and shelter. But he could not so much as raise his voice to call her to him. . . . Ever since that blow, upbraiding himself, he had said: "She was only a little, terrified girl and you were a brute to her." And now he thought wonderingly: "After that, she has worked for you, has nursed you, has saved the worthless life in you when

she should have let you die." Again his eyes flew open; now they clung to her with a strange look in them, born of many emotions.

Gloria, as though she felt his eyes upon her, stirred, rose, pushed the hair back from her eyes and came quickly to him. And as she came, she smiled. She went down on her knees beside him and took his hand in her two, and held it tight.

"Everything is all right, Mark. And you are better every time you wake." His lips strove to frame words. She bent close to them and heard his wondering whisper:

"Every—thing—all right?" "Yes, thank God," she whispered back to him. "Everything in all the wide, wide world!"

No, he could not understand that. She saw perplexity in his eyes now. But she did not mean to let him talk yet and it was time for broth again. But again he was whispering:

"Blankets—yours—" "Yes, Mark. After you have had your nourishment. When I need them."

But when he had taken his cup of hot broth he slipped off to sleep again and Gloria, smiling a tender smile, sat by her fire watching him as a mother watches a sick baby who, the doctor has just told her, will live.

CHAPTER XIV

That night Gloria, listening now to King's breathing, now to the crackling of her fire, grew restless. In her heart was still that new-born gladness; in her bosom there was still something singing like the liquid voice of a bird. It had sung for the first time when first she had ministered to King, when she had understood what love's service was, when she had gone down the cliffs for firewood, when, because of her tireless nursing, she had been rewarded by his opening eyes; as the hours wore on it had grown into a chant triumphant. She, Gloria, had been unafraid and unswerving; she had saved a man's life. And that life was Mark King's! She had made amends; she had set her feet unflinchingly in a new trail; throughout her being she was aglow with the consciousness of one who had gladly done love's labor.

Now she waited only for the hour when again King must have his broth. She gave it to him, smiled at him, commanded him to go back to sleep, promising to talk with him in the morning. And then, when again he breathed with the quiet regularity of one sleeping, she went eagerly about her task. They must have more meat; tomorrow or the next day, at latest, for the steaks which she had eaten and the strong broths to maintain and rebuild strength in King had cut deeply into their supply. And she knew Mark King well enough to be very certain that, the moment he could summon strength enough to command, his tottering body to stand on two legs, he would go. It was for her to be before him. Fortunately it had not snowed since King made his kill; she could follow in the trail he had made and it would lead her unerringly to the spot where he had left the rest of the meat. She had everything ready, rifle, small packet of food, knife, even matches and strips torn from the sack for her feet.

Down in the gorge, clutching her rifle, she stood looking, listening. But there was no man in sight, and, in the intense determination possessing her, she throttled down all fear thoughts. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Canada's Buffalo Herds Came From America

Legend has it that the buffalo owes its present existence to a quarrel between two Indians, father and son-in-law. In 1873, says an article in the Los Angeles Times. The son-in-law left the paternal tepee, fled northward to Saskatchewan from his home at Flathead reservation, Montana. But his longing for home was too great. He decided to return. On the way he found a small herd of the fast-disappearing buffalo. He sorted out four calves. These he led home. They brought him once more in the family circle, for the father-in-law was happy with Hunting Dog's gift. The four calves grew and bred under the care of the priests of St. Ignace mission. Soon there was a small herd, too large for the priests to handle. Came Pablo, the Mexican halfbreed, and bought 10 of the animals for \$250 each. He led them

home, where he bred them till they became the herd which he sold to the Canadian government at a price per head similar to what he paid for the first 10. The United States government did not want them, for he offered them in 1906. Canada took them, and now has the greatest buffalo herds in the world, totaling more than 20,000 animals.

West Point's Beginning

According to the Centennial of the United States Military academy, the Corps of Invalids, of which the Corps of Cadets was an outgrowth, was organized in Philadelphia in July, 1777. In 1781 "the Invalids at Philadelphia were marched to West Point at the request of Washington," and from that date on West Point seemed by mutual agreement the one site for the United States Military academy.

The Beaverton Review

Issued every Friday at Beaverton, Oregon.

Entered as second-class mail matter Dec. 9, 1922 at the Postoffice at Beaverton, Oregon, under the act of March 3, 1879.

J. H. Hulett, Editor & Publisher

Mrs. J. E. Davis is visiting at the home of Mrs. W. H. Boyd.

Mrs. John Gray and small daughter Joeline returned from the hospital Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Asbahr of Portland were visitors at the R. B. Denney home Sunday.

Miss Dorothy Lewis and Ross Hart are home from the Normal School at Monmouth for the Christmas holidays.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT
In the County Court of the State of Oregon For Washington County
In the matter of the Estate of Omer O. Akin, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned Administrator of the above named estate, has filed in the above entitled court and cause, his final account and report as such, and the Court has fixed the 24th day of December 1932 at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, and the Court room of the above entitled Court in Hillsboro, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to said final account, and for the final settlement of said estate.

Dated this 25th day of November, 1932.
Doy Gray, Administrator of the Hare, McAlair & Peters Attorneys for Administrator, adv. 52-56 estate of said deceased.

SAFEGWAY STORES

HEADQUARTERS FOR CHRISTMAS FOODS

FEATURES For Friday - Sat., December 23 - 24

BUTTER	Kraft Cheese
lb. 28c	Half-lb. pkg. 15c

CHRISTMAS CANDIES

Satin Mix,	1 lb. 10c
Peanut Brittle, 2 lbs.	25c
Chocolates	Old Fashioned 2 pounds 29c
Holiday Chocolates	2 1/2 lb. Box 98c

PUMPKIN,	Del Monte No. 2 1/2 cans 2 for 19c
JEL-WELL,	Gelatin Dessert pkg. 5c
PEAS,	SAN WAN No. 2 can 2 for 25c
PINEAPPLE,	Rosedale Sliced No. 2 cans 13c

MIXED NUTS	PEANUTS
No Peanuts	ROASTED
2 lbs. 35c	lb. 9c

Special Produce Prices

LETTUCE,	2 heads,	13c
CELERY HEARTS,		8c
Sweet Potatoes, 6 lbs.		19c
APPLES,	Fancy Winesaps 5 lbs.	19c

LEG o' PORK	
ROAST	9 1/2c
ARMOUR'S	
HAMS	14 1/2c
QUALITY	
Mince Meat	9 1/2c
LARGE	
OYSTERS	pt. 15c
Merry Christmas	

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



A Dirty Crack

