

The Crippled Lady Of Peribonka

By James Oliver Curwood
WNU Service

The human element of this story is enriched by a study in heritages—genology. Noble blood of two races united. In one case, primitive and savage, but none the less real. In the other, civilized and cultured to the highest degree. This plot is based on the historical union, some thirty and a half years ago, between the French maiden known as Molly Brant and the Thayanadega chief, greatest of the hawk chiefs, and Sir William Johnson, representative of King George III in the colonies.

CHAPTER I

This story is going to start like a lesson in geography. This is because it is largely a chronicle of real events in human lives. History, whether of things or people, rests upon the basic necessity of possessing certain aspects of situation which we encompass within the terms of latitude and longitude. The following narrative would quite profoundly miss its real drama if it were to ignore the points of the compass and the manner in which Fate played with them to bring about an unusual combination of ends.

CHAPTER II

It is unusual that an Indian should be born in one of the wealthiest families in New York. Yet it happened. A traveler to the city of Brantford, Ont., will find within a few miles of the town a little church built for the Indians by King George the Third, and close about it an old cemetery. In which rests the dust of the last of the great Iroquois warriors and chiefs. In a tomb built of stone, which is green with age and moss, lies Thayanadega, greatest of all the Mohawks, and more commonly known as Joseph Brant. Readers of the romance, as well as the act of history may recall the day when Sir William Johnson, the king's right arm in the Colonies, first saw Thayanadega's sister. He was attending a muster of his county militia when an officer came galloping by with a beautiful Indian girl of sixteen riding laughing behind him. Sir William, whose wife had recently died, caught a vision of lovely dark eyes and of flowing black hair streaming in a cloud behind a form of rare symmetry and grace, and in that moment the heart of the lonely and susceptible widower was smitten so deeply that evening found Molly Brant in Johnson's castle, where she remained, thenceforth his mistress and the idol of his proprietor.

own. One would not have guessed it from the boy's physical appearance, for he was lighter rather than dark with blue eyes and blond hair. But the modern Molly, who lived in a palace, with a Croesus for a husband, saw what was happening as the years

intercourse. Their wives were intimidated. Their children became acquainted. In his thirty-second year Paul married Claire Durand. In his thirty-eighth year, the son of one of the richest men in New York, he was officially in charge of the huge engineering work on the Mistassini river in the wilderness north of Lac St. Jean and had been three years on the job.

During these three years he had known Carla Haldan. He was thinking of Carla as he looked from a window of his bungalow office on the hill down over the vast and naked workings of an engineering achievement which was costing fifty million dollars. He felt no exultation or thrill of pride, and in his eyes was a far-back, somber gloom. What he saw was to him an unending and monotonous drizzle of rain was falling. There were fifteen hundred men on the job below him working in three eight-hour shifts, and neither light nor storm could stop them.

Paul was thinking this even with Carla Haldan in his mind. He could see the gray-white steeps and dykes with their cement and steel walls, and the monster sections of the almost completed dam, which was to harness northern waters to the production of light and power for twenty million people. Three years of human effort and millions in capital lay under his eyes. Yet about it all was only one excusable and beautiful thing for him. That was the rim of wilderness, the green and black and purple boundaries of the forest which clung like a frame about the workings.

His contemplation of the scene in the valley was interrupted by a voice at his office door, and he turned to greet the most intimate of his friends in the field, Colin Derwent, who was the company's medical man. Even on rainy days, and with his boots clogged with mud, Derwent was a cheerful soul. With his Frenchy little mustache, his smooth cheeks, his liveliness of movement, and his appreciation of all phases of life, he continued to bear the appearance of a boy, though he had filled an important chair in medicine in Johns Hopkins.



Peribonka.

Her boy grew lean of face and figure. His cheek bones were a little high. His love for the outdoors became a passion. She made it possible for him to spend his vacations in the woods, and each time he returned she knew that something had been taken away from him and a little more of the other thing put in its place. The servants thought he was queer, and loved his quiet and stoical kindness, which was many years older than his age. Most boys would have lived up to the princely grandeur of his environment. To Paul it meant less than a tree with birds singing in its branches.

In his thirteenth year came three events of vital importance in the shaping of his future. First his mother died. No one would ever know the terrible, unhealing wound it cut in Paul's heart. It was James Kirke, the hardened and power-seeking Juggernaut of flesh and blood who went to pieces when he discovered that death had been fearless enough to cross his path. His agony was like a storm triangle for a time, and quickly over his sorrow fell the fierce strif of his self getting by the time Paul began to drive his shadow and the fact of death changed him a little. He saw himself alone, except for his son. And this son, after years of passing interest on his part, became the kernel of his plans and ambitions. He was now king. Some day his boy would be king. And it was his desire and his decision that he should be a greater king than himself. Pride freed his resolution.

But here the geographical genius of Fate again stepped in with humors of its own. In another fifth avenue home a baby girl was born to the wife of Kirke's most implacable financial enemy, Henry Durand. A few months later, three thousand miles or more away, an immigrant ship left for America. On board this ship was a clear-eyed, hopeful woodcutter from the mountain country of central Europe. With him were his wife and baby. They were an unimportant three. The sea might have swallowed them and no one would have cared very much, for their adventure was only one of millions of a similar kind. The immigrant baby's fortune began and ended with the few little clothes she wore. The other baby was worth millions on second after she came into the world.

Paul continued to grow up, and with equal steadiness his father continued to amass fortune and influence. It was his passion to smash and break down, then devour and build up—until some one called him the Anconada, a name which fitted him so well that the newspapers would have used it had they dared. Kirke was always within the legal boundaries of his country's laws. He absorbed shipping companies, railroads, coal mines and tinberlands, and sent out his engineers to corner vast water-power rights. From an industrial point of view he was a consummate success, for wherever he broke down or consumed small activities he built up larger ones. But morally and ethically his brain was inspired by a covetous and avid desire to rule. He was intolerant of rivalry, and this brought him each year in closer and more deadly contact with the equally far-reaching interests of Henry Durand. The titanic struggle between these two Goliaths of financial and industrial activities is a part of Wall street history. The more interesting story of Paul and the babies is known only to a few, chiefly about Lac St. Jean.

That his father married again soon after Molly Kirke's death and had another son did not hurt Paul, except that it made him grieve more deeply for his mother and added to his loneliness. He got along only fairly well in college, because he could never completely shake his mind to duties that were confined within stone and brick walls. It took him an extra year to finish an engineering course, and after that he was never happy except when in the open spaces. In a business way he was interested only in his father's timberlands and such water-power projects as were situated in the wilderness. As a whole he was a disappointment to his parent.

One restless night the greatest of all his ideas came to James Kirke. The next day he went boldly and in friendly spirit to the office of Henry Durand, and for hours the two colossal talked over Kirke's suggestion that their interests be combined into one giant force of countless millions. They parted friends. In a little while they were seen at the clubs together. Later the all-powerful Kirke-Durand corporation became a reality. The fifty old warriors worked hand in hand, their assets multiplied. Their palatial homes were scenes of mutual

Weeks and months and years of growing torment had at last broken through the dam Paul had built up about his emotions, and he spoke words which yesterday he would have throttled in his breast. "Fifty million dollars is an amount that hole before it is finished, Derwent," he said. "My father's money. That is why I am here. A score of engineers are on this job, and every one of them is better fitted to fill my place than I. They have done the work, not I. Respectfully they submit

suggestions when they know they should be commands. Yet they are slaves to my whims and desires as long as they remain on this work. I am the strutting figurehead of a financial monarchy. I hate that pit down there. I hate the millions going into it. I take no pride in what seems to thrill you all. If I filled my proper place I would be among the men digging and messing myself with clay, earning my six dollars a day. But I'm here instead. I do not have to succeed simply because I cannot fail. My father's millions attend to that. The millions cannot lose. They are all-powerful next to the Lord Jehovah. They get you and hold you, and you cannot break away. My father has never got away from them for a day's play in his life. And they've got me. I hate them, but that doesn't help. No matter where I go they follow me. They haunt me, tie me hand and foot, grime at me, and mock me. Some times I have had a terrible thought. I would like to see those millions shiver up and die. I would like to feel the necessities of life with my naked hands. I would like to feel the joy of knowing that I had to work or go hungry. What a thrill that must give one!

He turned toward Derwent again, trying to stem the tide of his emotion with a smile. "Pardon me. It's a gloomy day and I feel like raving. But I did love that glorious river before we cut it into ribbons. If my father would head his millions the other way and save such things instead of destroying them, I'd be quite happy. As it is, I suppose I must carry on until the d—d thing's finished." "You owe yourself an apology," Derwent remonstrated, pocketing his pipe. "The engineers and your father's money are making the job's success, of course. But do you ever think of morale? That's a big thing, a mighty big thing. And it is what you have kept alive in the camps up and down the river for the last three years. You're too serious, you don't laugh enough, you don't join much in our parties and excitements, but people like you. That is what pulls the trick. Even the old heads, the engineers who worked in Egypt and Panama, love to be with you. There isn't a jealous man in the workings. To have made that condition possible is an achievement which makes you the most valuable human asset in the organization."

Derwent interrupted Paul. "Funny why I should feel so strangely out of humor today. I think Carla's mother is getting on my nerves. Have you seen her recently?" "This morning." "And you still insist there is no hope?" "Positively. I had Doctor Thaledmere come up from Quebec, as you requested. He gives her even less time than I. Doctor Rollins agrees with him. It can't be more than three or four months, I think. Mrs. Haldan knows she's going to die and talks to us very calmly about it. She isn't afraid. The thought of it doesn't seem to cast a shadow over her motherly sweetness. She is keeping herself that way for Carla's sake. If it were not for Carla the thing wouldn't be such a tragedy."

"I know. It's Carla," said Paul. "Sudden sickness and death, like my own mother's isn't so terrible. But seeing it coming, waiting for it, counting the days and weeks—must be horrible. Carla is losing everything she has when her mother goes. I'm wondering what she will do." "Go on working among the children. She told my wife that yesterday. When the company's school closes here she will find another. I cannot understand her—quite. She is lovelier than Hebe, and so lovable that half the men I know worship her. Yet she favors one no more than another. She is twenty-five, Lucy-Belle says. They like each other and have had their confidences. Lucy-Belle says there is a love affair in Carla's life a broken one, which makes it impossible for Carla to love any other man or marry. Carla told her that."

Paul looked out of the window again, with his back to Derwent. "What a rotter I am to blow up as I did a few minutes ago," he exclaimed. "But I was thinking of Carla and the obstinacy of life. Mine has been one way, Carla's another. I was born rich; she came over an immigrant baby. I did nothing but grow up; she fought with the pertinacity of her race for an education after her father died, got it, and has been fighting for her own and her mother's existence ever since. I'm a man. She's a woman. I stand here and sympathize with myself and curse my luck for being what I am while she bears up like a soldier under her burdens. I saw her this morning. It was wet, soggy, gloomy, but she smiled. The sadness of all the world is back of that smile, but it doesn't spoil its sweetness or its cheer. She makes me feel how small I am and how inconsequential all this work is down here—if it were mine to give—could I save her mother for her!" Derwent put on his raincoat. "We all feel that way about it. And—we're helpless. Lucy-Belle wants you to come over to supper. Will you?" "Thanks. Tell Lucy-Belle she is an angel to think of me so often. I'll come." (Continued Next Week.)

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New "Angle" on Ghosts; Apparition Made Noise "During a walking tour in the north of Scotland last year a friend and I were approaching a lonely house standing in a little-used by-road," says a contributor to the London Post. "It was about eight o'clock in the evening and just getting dark, when we saw a coach coming toward us drawn by gray horses. It made a good deal of noise as it jolted in and out of the ruts. It pulled up by the gate, and as far as we could see, a man with powdered hair descended and dashed up the drive. His footsteps echoed loudly up the drive and then ceased. We were fairly close by this time, and we both wished to look at the coach more closely, but when we were with no longer than 15 yards the coach was no longer there. We searched the grounds of the house, but it was absolutely deserted. On making inquiries at our next stopping place we were told that no one used the road after dark, and that the house had stood empty for 30 years."

THE MARKETS Portland Wheat—Big Bend bluestem, \$1.33; soft white, western white, \$1.21; hard winter, northern spring and western red, \$1.19 1/2. Hay—Alfalfa, \$22.50 @ 23 per ton; valley timothy, \$19.50 @ 20; eastern Oregon timothy, \$22 @ 22.50; clover, \$20; oat hay, \$19; oats and vetch, \$19.50 @ 20. Butterfat—45 @ 49c. Eggs—Ranch, 30 @ 48c. Cattle—Steers, good, \$10.25 @ 11. Hogs—Good to choice, \$9.50 @ 10.50. Lambs—Good to choice, \$10.50 @ 11. Seattle Wheat—Soft white, western white, \$1.22; hard winter, western red and northern spring, \$1.21; bluestem, \$1.35. Eggs—Ranch, 32 @ 53c. Butterfat—51c. Cattle—Choice steers, \$9.50 @ 10.25. Hogs—Prime light, \$10.35 @ 10.50. Lambs—Choice, \$10.25 @ 10.50. Spokane Cattle—Steers, good, \$9.50 @ 10. Hogs—Good and choice, \$10.35. Lambs—Feeder lambs, \$8.75 @ 9.

NOTICE FOR PULICATION—Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, Oct. 22, 1929. Notice is hereby given that Peter Dohm of The Dalles, Oregon, who, on Sept. 24, 1924 made H. E. 023268 and also H. E. 023339, both under Act Dec. 29, 1916, for Lot 1, Sec. 12, T. 1 S., R. 15 E., NE 1/4 SW 1/4, Sec. 5, SE 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 9, NE 1/4 NE 1/4, NE 1/4 NW 1/4, Lots 1, 2, Section 7, Township 1-South, Range 16-East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register, United States Land Office, at The Dalles, Oregon, on the 14th day of December, 1929. Claimant names as witnesses: James A. Claussen of Dufur, Oregon; Glenn O. Allen of The Dalles Oregon; Elliott P. Roberts of The Dalles, Oregon; George Petroff of The Dalles, Oregon. J. W. Donnelly, Register.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of Samuel P. Brisbane, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County and has qualified. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present same, duly verified as by law required, to the undersigned at the office of W. C. Bryant, Moro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof. Dated and first published October 11, 1929. Ralph P. Brisbane, Administrator. Last publication November 8, 1929. W. C. Bryant, Attorney for Administrator. 6t-0111-18

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