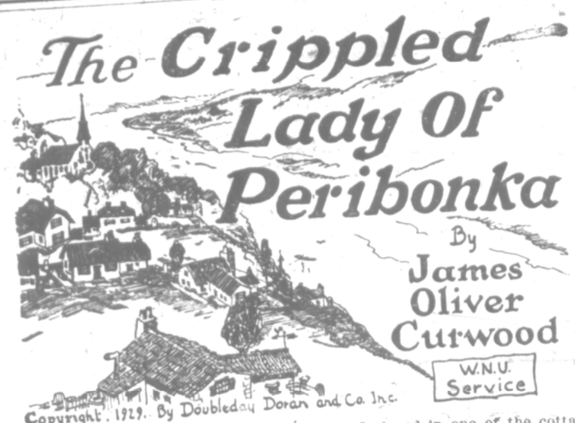

The human element of this story is enriched by a study in heritage—genealogy. Noble blood of two races united. In one case, primitive and savage, but none the less royal; in the other, civilized and cultured to the highest degree. This phase is based on the historical union, some century and a half agone, between the Indian maiden known as Molly Brant, sister of Thayendanega that greatest of Mohawk chiefs, and Sir William Johnson, representative of King George III in the colonies.

Down through the years to a descendant, to a Molly Brant of the present time, married to a Croesus and living in a palace in the city of New York. Through her son, a throw-back to type, the blood of the original Molly Brant comes into its own. This blending of the primitive and the modern is one of the greatest fascinations of the story. It is given an appropriate setting—in a village far back in Quebec where the Eighteenth century touches elbows with the Twentieth. The American melting pot is symbolized in the Crippled Lady herself.

The late James Oliver Curwood was a writer of adventure stories who had a most wonderful faculty for catching the spirit and translating the romance of a chosen locality. It was singularly fortunate that his affections centered about the north country, about the Habitant sections of Quebec and those farther reaches of forests and snows toward the Arctic.

No one has written more or better stories about the regions he loved than Curwood. New editions of his works make their appearance with even greater regularity than did new novels from his pen during life. One of his last books was "The Crippled Lady of Peribonka," a tale that will be read and read again for many years.

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Introducing some of the people of the pretty little French-Canadian village of Peribonka, particularly the Crippled Lady, idol of the simple inhabitants, and heroine of an epic destined to live long in the village annals.

CHAPTER II.—How the romance of Molly Brant, sister of the great Indian chief, Joseph Brant, and Sir William Johnson, in pre-Revolutionary days, comes down to today with the birth of a son, Paul, to Molly Kirke, wife of a powerful New York financier, and her death when Paul is thirteen years old. Molly Kirke was a descendant of Molly Brant, and her boy has many of the Indian characteristics. At thirty-two Paul marries Claire Durand, daughter of his father's business partner. He is in charge of an immense engineering work on the Mistassini river, near Peribonka, which his millionaire father has undertaken, but his Indian blood deplores the destruction of the wilderness, and his thoughts are more of Carla Haldan—not then the Crippled Lady—than of his work.

CHAPTER III

Paul sat at his desk after Derwent had gone. From his chair he could look through another window to a clean and unbroken sweep of country where the forest had stood, and where now were rows of cottages built for the men whose wives and families had come with them to the workings. He could see Lucy-Belle Derwent's home, and not far from it the cottage in which Carla Haldan and her mother lived. He had often felt an emptiness of heart and a great longing when his eyes rested upon these half hundred homes of the women whose love and loyalty had urged them to follow their husbands' fortunes. His wife was not among them. Only twice in three years had she come up to what she had called "these horrible woods," and then she had departed after a day or two. Her picture was on his desk. He knew she was beautiful, in a vivid, golden way. But her beauty had never touched him deeply. It had been for him like a beauty of a flower made by a master craftsman from paper or glass, without the rare, sweet perfume which should have been a part of it, and for which he had yearned all his life. He had thought of her as a lovely bird in a gilded cage—and the cage was the palace which he called his home. It was a

She Was in Europe Now. Last Year It Was Egypt. Next Year It Would Be Some Other Far-Away Place.

senseless thought, for the cage did not hold her often. She was in Europe now. Last year it was Egypt. Next year it would be some other far-away place.

He had been true to the woman on his desk, just as he knew she was true to him, and whatever he had wanted in woman he tried to build up about her. He wanted to love her. He did love the ideal which he created of her, a kind of dream woman, whom he endowed with a great love for himself and placed in one of the cottages which he could see from his office window.

He did not realize that during recent months he had clothed this ideal a little at a time in what he found in Carla Haldan.

Yesterday he had received a letter from Paris. It was friendly and full of interest, quite a long letter, but without a line in it to say she wanted him or was looking forward to the time when she would see him again. She must have written it in her dressing room, with her hair down, for one of the long fine-spun golden filaments had got into the letter somehow, and at first he wanted to believe she had put it there. Then he recalled that previous to this letter it had been five weeks since she had communicated with him. So there was no sentiment about it. Just accident. With Carla it was different. Flowers which she cut from her garden were always on his desk. A vase of gorgeous autumn nasturtiums was there now. Usually Carla sent them over by one of her school children, but occasionally she brought them herself. She made no display of the act, nor was there a motive in it, except the one inspired by kindness. Paul knew she would have done the same thing if his wife had been there. The two had met. Carla had seemed to bear in her heart a warm and tender feeling for the woman to whose husband she brought flowers. A curious fact had come out between them. They were the same age—twenty-five—both born on the same day. Funny, Paul had thought, how much two women could learn from each other in a short time.

Paul was looking at the Haldan cottage as he sat thinking, and saw Carla come out into the rain and turn down the cinder path toward his office. In a little while he knew she was on her way to visit him. He stood up to watch the slim figure in its close-fitting silken raincoat and hood. He knew how she would come in through his door, hiding her grief as much as she could from the world, that its gloom might not oppress or embarrass others. To have a mother at home, dying, and then to smile, was—Carla.

He met her at the door, and Carla had wet, fresh nasturtiums in her hand. A glow of greeting was in her eyes and the smile was on her lips, as he knew they would be. He helped her off with her coat and hood.

She objected a little to taking off her raincoat.

"I want to talk with you for only a few moments, if the inconvenience isn't too great," she said.

"And I want to talk with you—for a long time," he replied. "I am not working, not even dictating, and I have let my secretary go. I have felt peculiarly the desire to do nothing this afternoon. The day has been empty and blue, and it brightened only when I saw you coming down the path. I have been thinking about you—quite a bit."

He had never said as much as this, with the steely shutters let down from his eyes so that the other man within him was looking through. A flush so faint that Paul did not notice it gathered in Carla's cheeks.

"Thinking of me?" she inquired. "That is kind of you. I like to be thought about—pleasantly. And you could not think otherwise of me when I bring you flowers."

He was glad she had spoken about her flowers.

"They have been an encouragement and an inspiration to me for a long time," he said. "No matter how annoying my work or how gloomy the day, they are always like a cheering friend smiling at me from my desk."

The warmth in her cheeks deepened into a delicate rose flush of color.

"I am glad my flowers have seemed friendly to you. They are always that to me. I love them just as I love trees. If it were not that their crowning mission is to bring us comfort and solace, I should hate to pick them. Sometimes it seems to me like killing beautiful things with souls in them. I feel the same way when I see a tree cut down."

Her gaze rested upon the picture of his wife.

"I often think of Mrs. Kirke when I pick my nasturtiums," she added. "She is of their beauty, colorful, vivid, full of gold and life. Is she well?"

"I believe so. She is in Paris. I received a letter from her yesterday in which she speaks of you. She says she has not forgotten her threat to come up and paint you some day. That will be exciting, her third visit in three years."

She caught the inflection of irony in his voice, though he was not trying to reveal it. The knowledge of his loneliness sometimes oppressed her. It was one reason why she picked flowers for him. And she was always saying something nice for the woman whose picture was on his desk and whose life was so apart from his, so infinitely separated from everything in which he might have found happiness.

"I have tried to grow hyacinths about my cottage," she said. "But they won't live. They die. I love them and have given them every care, and I make myself believe they would like to grow for me if they could. I told Mrs. Kirke of my experience when she was here a year ago, and you should have seen her eyes light up. 'I am like that,' she said. 'I would die if I had to live up here. Paul doesn't understand. You won't. Yet—I would die'—and I believe that, too. It isn't her fault any more than it is the hyacinth's. They are very much alike. A wonderful flower—and a wonderful woman. I think your wife is the more wonderful of the two—giving you up as she is doing, all because of your work."

Behind her courage was a smoldering depth of pain. Paul thought she looked like an angel as she sat opposite him, with the desk between them—like an exquisite, white-faced nun he had see in the Ursuline convent in Quebec.

"Yes, she is a wonderful woman," he said, thinking only vaguely of his wife. "All women are wonderful. And especially—mothers."

He knew she had come to talk to him about her mother. Carla did not flinch when he brought her mission home to her in this way. She bowed her head a little, then her eyes came back to him with a misty glow in them.

"I don't like to add to your worries," she said. "But it seems necessary. I don't want to go to any other—but you. I think you will help me—a little."

"If my life could save your mother I would give it," said Paul.

His words broke through her calm for a moment.

"I have come to ask if you will take me over to Peribonka tomorrow and help me arrange for a little plot of ground," she said, tightening her hands in her lap. "My mother loves Peribonka. In so many ways it has reminded her of the village where she was born and from which my father brought her to America. We have dreamed of living there some day, for I love it, too. Now that mother is going to die, she wants to be buried there. Tomorrow I want to arrange for a place in the cemetery as near the river as possible. She told me today just where she would like to rest, in a little corner that was overgrown with wild honeysuckle when we were there last. She is so eager to get it, so happy and smiling and unafraid in planning for it—so wonderful—such a mother—that last night I asked God to let me die and go with her."

Looking into her bravely clear and tearless eyes, Paul felt himself, for a moment, unable to answer her. Then he said:

"We will go tomorrow, Carla. But it will be a long time before anything

"We Will Go Tomorrow, Carla. But It Will Be a Long Time Before Anything Happens."

happens. It may be—it won't happen at all. Doctors are not infallible. Sometimes—"

Carla smiled at him. Her look of gratitude transfigured her face.

"Thank you," she said gently. "It gives me greater courage to know that you are hoping for me like that. My mother says the doctors are wrong. That is why I want to go to Peribonka tomorrow. Mother wants to be with me as long as she can, but she insists that the time is very short, much shorter than the doctors have said."

"You believe that?"

"I must," Carla was looking beyond him, as if in the distance were a vision which it would be impossible for him to see. "I try not to believe, but it comes over me and holds me. It isn't just fear."

"I am going to write for Miss Wixom to come and take charge of the children," said Paul. "You must be with your mother without interruption."

Carla drew herself together with a little shock.

"Please don't. I must have the work—the pleasure—the inspiration of the children. Mother wants it that way, too. She sits in her window, and I can see her from the schoolhouse, and we wave our hands at each other every little while. She can see the children, and they are always thinking about her. Even during hours they don't forget. You see, they are as much mother's as mine, and we cannot turn them over to Miss Wixom. Mother and I need them. You won't send for Miss Wixom—until it is necessary?"

"No."

As she rose from her chair she took the picture of Paul's wife from the desk and stood looking at it with her back turned to the light coming through the window. Thus Paul could see them both—the profile of Carla, her exquisitely cut features, the grace and beauty of her head, and his wife smiling up at her out of the picture. After a moment Carla smiled gently in return.

"When is she coming home?" she asked.

"I don't know. She doesn't keep me in touch with her plans. Sometime before Christmas, I think."

He wondered why the note of bitterness persisted in coming into his voice when he spoke of his wife. It annoyed him. He tried to keep it back. Yet it would come out.

"She likes to surprise me," he added, walking around the end of his desk to stand beside Carla. "When the time comes I will get a telegram from her saying she is on board ship or in New York. 'Home, Paul,' she said last time. 'When are you coming to see me?' I wish she loved children as you love them."

"All women love children," replied Carla mysteriously.

"No, she doesn't. I've wanted a lot of them. Boys, mostly. Claire could be such a wonderful mother."

"She will be, some day," said Carla. "I saw the painting of it in her face when she was here, and I see it now—shining in her eyes—in this picture. She has a soul as deep as the sea, Mr. Kirke, and she must love children!"

She replaced the picture on the desk, and Paul helped her again with her raincoat.

"May I go with you?" he asked. "Like the children, I love your mother."

"Oh!"

The word escaped her lips, and the eagerness of it made his heart tingle.

"You mean that? You are not saying it just to be good to me? You love my mother?"

"Yes. Next to my own mother, who has been away from me so long."

He could not understand what he saw in her face. It was as if a flame had suddenly thrown a glow upon it.

They went out into the rain, and on the narrow cinder path Carla's arm touched Paul's. A soothing and pleasurable sensation accompanied the gentle pressure of it, and he glanced down at her head near his shoulder imprisoned in its hood. He could see the silken mesh of her long lashes gathering the rain mist.

A few minutes later the mother welcomed him from her chair near the window, from which she could see Carla's school. Carla had taken his hat and coat. A new spirit had entered the house with her. She was smiling, kissed her mother, chirruped a few notes to a bird in a cage as she went for a moment into the kitchen. What a magnificent fight! The cottage was filled with birds and flowers. Out where Carla had gone a canary was singing. A sleepy cat was purring on a cushion at Mrs. Haldan's feet. In a small grate a fire was burning. Contentment and happiness, and not the shadow of death, seemed triumphant about him.

Mrs. Haldan was the soul of this cheer. Twenty-five years in America had taken from her the ruggedness of her native mountains but had left the spirit of their beauty. She looked at Paul with the same eyes that Carla had. Her hair was heavy, like Carla's, and almost white. Paul had a vision of her back in her mountains, a quarter of a century before. How much she must have looked like Carla then! What beauty grew in those out-of-the-way places, like flowers lost in rugged rock crevices, with ages of history and the struggle of life behind it to give it character. A beauty with indestructible memories along with other things. Memory of love, most of all. He knew that Carla's father had died twenty years before, but one could always see him clearly in the eyes of Carla's mother, and when she talked about him it was as though he had gone away on a little visit only yesterday.

Carla would be like that. One love, one man, forever.

There was no pretense in her mother's gladness that he had come. They visited for an hour, and Carla made tea and served little cakes.

Never had Paul seen Carla so beautiful as during this wonderful hour he spent with her mother. When he was about to leave, and stood with her alone for a few moments, it seemed to him he could feel the throbbing of her body near him. Her fingers pressed his hand a little convulsively when he said good-by.

"You have made me happier than I have been in a long time," she said.

The words repeated themselves in his mind after he had gone. No woman had ever told him that he had made her happy, except his mother. Carla—and his mother. He took a long walk in the rain—up through the jack pines into the heavier evergreen timber, where the drizzle penetrated only in a mist—and the two women walked at his side. Then his wife joined them. Three wonderful women: his mother, Carla, his wife—with a fourth waiting for death back in her chair. The world must forever continue to be beautiful with such women in it. It was Claire, his wife, who turned him about and took him back to Derwent's home. He talked about her that evening. But he said nothing about the other three. They were locked in his heart, and it was sacrilege to open the door until

(Continued Next Week.)

Historic Buildings in Finnish Town of Turku

Turku was Finland's first capital. Christianity was first taught there, and the first Christian converts were baptized in the River Aura. The oldest cathedral and the oldest castle in Finland are to be found in Turku, and nearly all the historic homes of the Finnish nobility are in or near the city.

With the exception of the cathedral and the castle, modern Turku has been built since the disastrous fire of 1827, when the old town was almost entirely destroyed in a blaze that burned for five days. Both the castle and the cathedral are grim structures with little exterior ornament. The cathedral has a long, narrow vaulted interior and most of the immense treasure which was once kept there has disappeared.

Part of the castle is now a museum and is furnished with pieces of old Finnish furniture. Visitors can still see the dungeon, six fathoms deep and black as pitch, where prisoners were kept. In the great central hall is a high gallery from which a cruel ruler once had unruly subjects hurled to the floor below. One cell in the castle is still known as the malefactor's resting place.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

OREGON STATE NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Principal Events of the Week Assembled for Information of Our Readers.

The Hotel Willard at Klamath Falls is to be enlarged by the addition of 24 rooms from an adjoining building.

Fire destroyed the Horton Lumber company mill at Horton, near Junction City, doing damage of thousands of dollars.

The Oakland Oil company is again signing up large acreage in the Sutherlin district in preparation for a resumption of drilling operations at the Leeper Dome.

A person licensed in the state of Oregon to practice chiropractic may also practice physiotherapy, according to a legal opinion handed down by the attorney-general.

The huge task of lining the three great tunnels of the Vale project with concrete is nearing completion. The tunnels will provide short cuts for the main canal of the Vale project.

The $15,000 home of A. W. Peters, Pine Grove orchardist, was destroyed by fire recently. The fire, which originated in a defective flue, had such a strong hold on the building when the fire department from Hood River arrived that there was no chance of saving the building.

The Apple Growers' association of Hood River has taken a lease on the vinegar plant for a year. The A. G. A. will use this plant as an outlet for the cull apples of the valley that cannot be put through the cannery. Cores and peelings from the cannery also will be utilized.

Dogs have killed eight thoroughbred lambs belonging to Sherlock & Sons, in Lake county. The animals were valued at $600. Because the county imposes a penalty of $100 against each owner of a sheep-killing dog, a number of ranchers are reported doing away with the canines.

The oldest living woman graduate of Oregon State college, Mrs. W. H. Whitby of Benton county, has been made an honorary member of the American Association of University Women. She was a member of the class of 1871, 14 years before the college was taken over by the state.

The state game commission has treated Malheur county generously this fall. Various kinds of trout have been planted in several of the fishing streams, the Malheur river and its branches. A consignment of 20,000 eastern brook trout was planted in the Warmsprings reservoir at Riverside recently.

Nearly 3,000,000 pleasure seekers visited the national forests of Oregon and Washington in 1929, according to a report just issued by the district forester from his office in Portland. The 14 national forests of Oregon attracted 1,837,886 visitors, while the eight national forests of Washington had 1,036,795 visitors.

The first carload of copper ore from the Blue Ledge mine, now undergoing extensive development, was shipped from Medford last week to a Tacoma smelter. The mine is 39 miles from Medford, but five miles of the road near the mine is in such condition that inclement weather will make it impassable for trucks.

Snake Unjustly Condemned

It is commonly believed that the small snake known as the puffing adder blows poisonous powder or spray from its mouth. Frequently reports are published that persons have been injured seriously by venemous spray spat into their faces by these serpents. The breath of the puffing adder, it is said, will kill a person at a distance of 25 feet. All this is fancy, pure and simple. The puffing adder is perfectly harmless. According to the United States biological survey, the snake's teeth are too short to inflict a wound even if it did strike a person.—Detroit News.

"Frock Ladies" in Africa

With the introduction of modern styles on the Gold coast of Africa, "frock ladies" and "cloth mammies" have appeared. "Frock ladies" wear American and European clothes of latest styles and highest cost. They are considered to be literate, and are always referred to as "lady." They never carry bundles from the store, invariably being accompanied by another female on shopping expeditions. "Cloth mammies" wear native attire, consisting of voluminous prints and bandana head coverings, and do all the menial work.

If bureau of standards scientists really want a fireproof match they should work out a scheme for making every match the last one in the box.

A college for tramps in New York is giving scholastic degrees. We assume its A. B. would stand for Avoider of Brakemen.

A new record was set recently on one of these child-size tables in a tea room: It seems an absent minded diner ate three salads under the impression that they were his.

The joke about walking back from a ride in the country seems to have reached the New York Times, which heads a letter from a nature lover, "Rescuing Roadside Beauties."

Having been served a hot dog at a New York gas station, a tourist says it is now possible in the East to buy a lunch of some kind at every place of business, except possibly a quarry.

Highest Sense of Duty in "Doing Unto Others"

Men talk much of duty, but chiefly spend the most of their lives in efforts to evade its full obligations as ideally expressed through the ages.

Tennyson says: "Sweet it is to have done the thing one ought."

To appreciate and realize this sweetness is the reward of duty. Sometimes it is hard to do the thing we ought to do, but conscious satisfaction invariably soothes the soul that has been true to itself.

Duty is protean in aspect, but there is never a possibility that one will fail to recognize it in any expression, in any manifestation. There can be no mistake. It speaks a various language, but we inevitably understand.

The thing we ought to do makes for spiritual growth and development always. We may evade, refuse to do our duty, but in so doing we invite suffering and loss of spiritual stature and estate.

To do unto others as we would that they should do unto us is duty in the highest sense. If men would but live this simple rule all our problems would be soon solved and the world be very glad.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Odd Powers Attributed to Gems in Ages Past

While in modern times the value of jewels depends on their use as ornaments and their employment in certain optical and other instruments, the ancients attached a far different significance to them. In their minds gems were endowed with gifts of spiritual and material power and were credited with the ability to cure diseases, avert trouble and drive away the demons, which harassed the imaginations of people of early and medieval times. This conception gave rise to he wearing of amulets, the presiding genius of one's fate being easily carried about in the form of a precious stone.

These ideas, now so ridiculous to us, had their origin in the philosophy of India and are related to the belief in the transmigration of the soul. It was believed that the soul which at death, had not reached a state of absolute purity had to undergo various transmigrations until it became purified, and that consequently it entered into plants, animals and even mineral bodies in the process. Therefore, gems were considered living beings. Being of incomparable physical purity, they were regarded as the highest expression of natural perfection, and hence upposed to possess talismanic and other powerful properties.—Exchange.

Almost every year the announcement comes from Paris that skirts will be very much longer. A dressmaker with good commercial sense keeps hoping for a fashion that will call for the greatest possible amount of expensive material.

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., NE¼SW¼, Sec. 5, SE¼NE¼, Sec. 6, N½NE¼, NE¼NW¼, 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 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.

DR C. L. POLEY
Physician and Surgeon
Grass Valley, Oregon
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Dr W. N. Morse
Physician and Surgeon
THE DALLES, OREGON
Office at Mid-Columbia Hospital
Phone No. Hospital 841

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