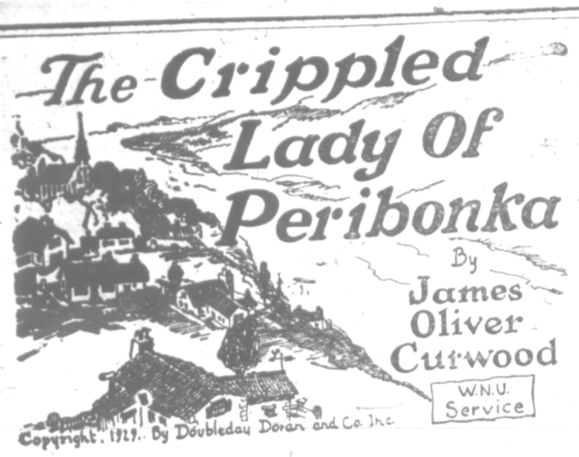

SYNOPSIS

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's wife is in Europe, she having no inclination to live in "those horrible woods." He comes to see in Carla, daughter of a central European immigrant, with her devotion to her invalid mother and her work of educating the village children, his ideal of womanhood.

CHAPTER IV.—Paul writes to his wife, urging her to join him, though Carla is the inspiration of the letter. Later that evening, passing the Haldan home, he hears Carla crying. He enters the cottage. Mrs. Haldan, long a hopeless invalid, is dead. Paul's efforts to comfort Carla, he feels, bring them closer together.

CHAPTER V.—Claire announces her intention of joining Paul on the Mistassini in a short time. She also writes to Carla, of whom she has heard from Paul, a letter of kindly sympathy, on the death of her mother.

CHAPTER VI.—Paul goes to Quebec to meet Claire, and brings her to his temporary home. Though she is apparently glad to be with him, and evinces warm friendship for Carla and Paul's other friends, he feels she is only there because she feels it her duty. She is not really happy. He becomes aware of a gulf between him and his wife.

CHAPTER VII.—Paul, Claire, Carla, and two friends make a luncheon party to visit the "Big Gorge" of the Mistassini, an appallingly swift current that disappears in a mountain side and [illegible] is that anything [illegible] into it is never seen again. In [illegible] they cast into the stream pieces of wood, and other objects, watching them disappear. Finally they carry a large log to the edge of the rushing water. As they toss it over it upends, sling Paul and throwing him into the stream. The two women with whom Paul's life is entwined see him go to what they are sure is certain death. One asks the other if she is going with him. Receiving no answer, she announces, "Then—I am!" and springs into the water.

CHAPTER VIII.—Paul sees the action and believes the woman is Claire. Clinging to a rock, which temporarily checks his rush to death, he recognizes Carla as the water brings her nearer. He clutches her, but the two are carried onward. Then, a miracle! Paul's feet touch solid earth. He drags himself, with the girl, into a subterranean cave.

CHAPTER IX.—Fully satisfied there is no chance of escape, and that for their few remaining hours they are in a world of their own, Paul and Carla reach a perfect understanding as to their mutual love.

CHAPTER X.—A frantic search for the bodies of the two begins, no one believing they could have escaped death. Paul, with matches he has in a waterproof box, builds a fire of driftwood, beside which he leaves Carla. Devising a torch to light his way, he begins what he feels is a hopeless exploration of the cave.

CHAPTER XI.—Continuing his search on the second day of their imprisonment, Paul climbs a wall of rock, groping toward a tiny shaft of light he has seen. Almost unbelieving, he finds there is a possibility of escape. He returns to Carla and tells her. The pair, their joy in the thought of returning to the world tempered by the knowledge that it means their separation, make their way to the spot, leaving Carla, Paul climbs toward the light. The girl, anxious to share danger with him, essays to follow him.

CHAPTER XII

Paul heard the crash. He was a little beyond the place where he had left Carla, and ran to it, calling her name. He leaped through the dust which was settling quickly and heavily, and saw the hollow choked to the brim with the debris of the avalanche. Carla was caught in the last grip of it, near the crest of the rock slip. The upper part of her body was out, and she was alive when Paul reached her. He tried to speak as he tore at the rocks. But his voice was gone. He saw Carla's eyes looking at him with the light fading out of them. She made no sound. Her eyes were closed when he had her in his arms at last. Yet she was not dead—he found himself saying the words over and over as he climbed with her out of the fissure.

It may be that the full story of Carla [illegible] and Paul would never have been known had it not been for the happening of this night. It seems reasonable that neither Claire nor Lucy-Belle nor the others would have told the more intimate of its details. A[illegible] the story. The mad[illegible] He came into the en[illegible] in the middle of the [illegible] not know him at first [illegible] and limbs and rocks had disfigured him in the darkness. His f[illegible] was like that of a man who [illegible] with naked fists. His [illegible] gone. His feet were [illegible] leather of [illegible] carried a [illegible] they thought. Not until Derwent unwrapped the coat with which her head and shoulders were protected and saw her face could he clearly realize that the man was Paul.

They took Carla to the Mistassini. [illegible] carried gently, but quickly, [illegible] with had a dozen men taking turns in bearing her.

Even then, in his exhaustion, Paul insisted on walking at her side until the last nerve in him broke. It was this which robbed him of a day and a night of consciousness.

When he came to himself again after hours of tortuous sleep, Derwent told him that Carla was badly hurt but would live.

Her Eyes Were Closed When He Had Her in His Arms at Last.

Claire, he said, had returned to her people in New York the second day after his supposed death. Lucy Belle had gone with her. Word had been sent to her that he and Carla were alive, and Lucy-Belle had replied, saying that Claire was very ill. Then had come a telegram from Claire.

Derwent gave it to Paul.

"I am so happy," it said. "Come to me as quickly as you can. Only God knows how glad I am."

"It sometimes takes a thing like this to bring out the love in a woman's heart," said Derwent, remembering Paul's years of loneliness.

"Yes, it does," said Paul, and he saw Carla's face between him and the words which Claire had written.

He went to see Carla soon afterward. He had taken a great deal of pride in the clean, white hospital he had built for the company, and now he blessed it. Derwent told him what it had meant for Carla. They had X rayed her and had made the extraordinary discovery that there was not a broken bone in her body. But something had happened to her back, and she was paralyzed from her waist down. Temporarily, he believed. Knowing what Paul would have done under the circumstances, he had sent to Quebec and Montreal for expert assistance, to consult with the company staff.

Carla was propped up against a mass of pillows in her snowy bed when Paul arrived. Everything was white about her, except the rich darkness of her hair—the room, the bed her lacy gown, her face. Like that, with two silky braids streaming over her shoulders, she might have been a child, one who had been a long time sick, with an exquisite, fragile beauty about her. He had not expected to find her so like a lily-petaled flower whose soul a breath might carry away.

He seated himself beside her, and she let her hand creep over the coverlet to him. It was helplessly weak. Her fingers were only a feathery pressure about his.

"Please don't scold me, Paul," she said faintly, trying to smile. "You see, I was right. If the rocks had buried you, I could never have got you out and brought you home. Could I?"

He did not answer, but held her hand so closely that a joyous little melody of content came for a moment in her throat. "I am glad. I was afraid you would be angry with me. Now I know I shall get well quickly!"

It seemed difficult for them to find things to say. Paul, fighting with the grimly set lines of an Indian in his face, was holding back what he wanted to tell her. Carla knew. A little more and she would have cried, her own weakness letting down the thing which both were valiantly making an effort to hold between them. [illegible] her about the specialists who were on their way, and that their own staff had no doubt but that she would very soon be on her feet again. He tried to talk without a strain in his voice, yet he could feel the falseness and pretense of his effort when he wanted to take her in his arms and kiss her pale, sweet face.

Carla knew this, too.

At last, when it was time for him to leave her, she said: "When are you going home?"

"I don't know," he replied.

"It must be soon," she urged. "I want it that way. You must start to day—or tomorrow. Only that will make me well. Claire wants you. Please—read this—"

She gave him a crumpled yellow slip of paper. It was a telegram, crushed, as if she had been holding it a long time before he came. He smoothed it out and read the words which his wife had sent her. The message was almost identical with the one he had received, giving him the impression that Claire, in the stress of her emotion, had been able to find but a single thought for them both.

"I am so happy," it said. "Send Paul to me as quickly as you can. Only God knows how glad I am."

"She has faith in me," said Carla. "She asks me to send you to her. What a privilege that is, Paul, for one woman to give another! No matter how hard I try I can never be as wonderful as Claire. The world does not hold many women like her. She loves you. She wants you. When will you go to her?"

"You said—tomorrow."

"Yes, tomorrow."

He rose, and stood looking down at her.

"I will go," he said. "But some time I will come for you, Carla. May be not now, not in this life, but sometime. May I continue to dream that?"

"It is not a dream," she said. "It is faith. I am giving you up for a little while, that is all. Sometime, in another life, these tests which God put upon us will return you to me."

When he looked back at her from the door she was smiling, her eyes filled with tears.

He tried to readjust himself between the time of this last visit with Carla and his departure for home. His effort was an honest one, a struggle to fit himself to certain demands which he accepted as necessary and inevitable. He was sure of himself as he returned to Claire. It was almost an exultant sureness, which left upon him no sign of spiritual or physical torment. He was possessed now by memories which blessed even as they burned. It was as if somewhere in him were a little song, a part of himself, which said: "I have a room whereunto no one enters save I, alone. There sits a memory on a throne. There my life centers." Carla was the memory. He made no effort to turn away from the truth, or harden himself in his contemplation of it. Some one had said that memory was a paradise from which Fate could not drive one. And the room which had built itself in his heart could never be leveled or taken away from him. It was indestructible, like a soul.

Claire, in a way, became the keeper at the door. Because of her he had closed it, and because of her he would never open it except to himself. He could conceive of no one but Claire in this sacred place. A long time ago, when he was a boy, there had been in his room a picture of an angel with snowy wings and golden hair. She seemed to be floating through clouds, and he remembered that his first ideas of heaven came from this angel and that she inspired him to ask questions which his mother sometimes found difficult to answer. The picture had always remained in his mind. It recurred to him in thinking of Claire. It was impossible for him to feel resentment against his fate, or even a desire to change it, in going to her. There were occasional women at whose breasts the world found its spiritual glory. Claire, he knew, was one of them—like the angel in his room. It was he who had been the misfit in their lives, and this defect in himself he was prepared to remedy—if he could.

He read Claire's telegram many times on the way south. He tried to read between its lines. He tried to understand more clearly the change which had come over her. Derwent had told him how she had watched where the water roared out of the chasm. "Whiter than death, as if she would die unless you came out alive," he had said. And Carla: "She loves you. She wants you." And now her own words on the yellow paper in his hand, entreating him to come to her as quickly as he could. There was a strange singing in his heart and a dull grief. If she should love him—at last—like that. After years of waiting, and hoping, and of yearning for a woman to be a part of him—children—a home he had dreamed of—

He folded the telegram for a last time and put it in his pocket.

He was seeing the tears in Carla's eyes.

(Continued Next Week.)

59 Coal Miners Killed in Oklahoma Explosion

McAlester, Okla.—With the recovery of the bodies of 59 miners in the recent blast at the Old Town mine near here, it develops that only five of the 64 men in the mine at the time survived the after damp and the poisonous gas which follows such an explosion.

The 59 bodies, some seared and broken by the violence of the blast, taxed the morgues to their utmost and it was necessary to employ a crew of convicts from the state penitentiary to dig graves for the wholesale burial.

It is generally conceded that a spark from a cutting machine was the cause of the explosion.

250 Passengers Rescued as Rammed Liner Sinks

New York.—Rescued when their ship was rammed and sank at the fog-hidden entrance of New York bay, 250 passengers of the Furness-Bermuda steamship Fort Victoria were safely brought ashore.

The Fort Victoria was rammed amid ships by the Clyde liner Algonquin as the Bermuda-bound ship stopped off Ambrose lighthouse to drop her pilot. The Algonquin was outward bound for Miami and Galveston with 189 passengers.

Plans Philippine Farm Aid

Manila.—Governor General Davis has ordered that a system be established for providing loans to farmers everywhere in the Philippines.

Phelan to Pilot U. of W.

Lafayette, Ind.—Jimmy Phelan, who piloted Purdue to the Big Ten football title this season, announced that he had signed a four-year contract as head coach at the University of Washington at Seattle.

Kills Wife, 7 Children

Montreal, Quebec.—Eight members of a family were found by police slashed to death—victims of an ax murder committed by the father, Andrew Day of Three Rivers.

A REAL NEW ..YEAR..

By Blanche Tanner Dillin

MUSIC and dancing within the brightly lighted cabaret, while across the street in the shelter of a doorway a shabbily dressed young man, his coat pulled closely around him and his right hand on a cold object in his pocket, watched the slowly moving line of cars stop, leave their passengers and move on.

Five years ago tonight, Harlan Moore had celebrated New Year's eve in this same city with some school friends. A bitter quarrel with his father had followed his arrival home, across the river, out in the country, early the next morning. Later that day angry, hurt and somewhat ashamed he had left home unnoticed, fully determined never to return.

The years since had been hard, and now almost penniless, without work and discouraged, a desperate plan, a way out of worry and want for a while, had suggested itself. It was dangerous—but then no one cared what happened to him—and the value of those jewels would keep him for a long time.

He stepped out and felt the now softly falling snow, which filled the unusually warm air, on his face. But an officer approaching drove him back. His heart beating hard and yet cold, he wondered if he had the courage to see the plan through. His hand tightened on the object in his pocket as new guests arrived. He would wait until midnight though.

Just before the usual din proclaimed the New Year's birth, the orchestra in the cabaret swung into the strains of "Goin' Home." Scenes long forgotten flooded Harlan Moore's memory. Again he saw the old home, and again the pained look in his father's eyes—pained to think that his son could come home in such condition. As memories crowded fast on each other he wiped a mist from his eyes. He jerked himself up quickly—he couldn't be a baby—besides he hadn't done anything wicked—hadn't—something whispered, but he had planned to.

As the dread of facing the years ahead gripped him, the temptation came to see his plan through and take the consequences.

Added to the other memories the longing expressed in his mother's last letter served to sharpen his wish for home, and before he realized it he was rushing down the street. In one pocket was enough money for the ferry trip and across the river he could walk home. The object in his other pocket he would throw into the river and have that off his mind.

"This is a real New Year," he happily exclaimed. Just then he bumped into some one—"Where do you think you are going!" the person growled and he looked into the eyes of a police officer, but there was no fear in his voice or eyes, just peace and joy as he answered, "Why goin' home!" and laughed with sheer delight at the advice—"Well go then."

URGES FEDERAL AID IN BUILDING ROADS

Automobile Association President Cites Highway Needs.

Washington.—The house roads committee has approved the bill to increase the federal aid highway appropriation from $75,000,000 to $125,000,000.

Washington.—Increase in the annual appropriation by congress for federal aid in road building from $75,000,000 to $125,000,000 was called for in a brief filed by Thomas P. Henry, president of the American Automobile association, with the house roads committee.

His appeal was in line with provisions in pending bills to boost the outlay for road building as an aid to general economic progress. Henry said:

"The nation is spending more than $2,000,000,000 a year for construction and maintenance of streets and highways, while the federal government is contributing only $75,000,000 annually to this program, which is the basis of national prosperity.

"Impetus to the construction of interstate roads would be of major importance in aiding the much-discussed farm problem by opening new markets for agricultural products.

"Upon an adequate highway system throughout the country rests the future of the gigantic automotive industry, directly employing 4,000,000 persons and indirectly employing 400,000 in allied industries.

"Federal aid has already proven that it is the incentive for road building in the various states, and governors have reported to President Hoover that their construction program will depend largely upon the degree of co-operation from the federal government."

Trace Origin of Gypsies to Northwestern India

The race of gypsies is now a very mixed one, with elements of the blood of all of the countries in which they have resided; and gypsies from one part of the world may present characteristics and appearances quite different from those of another part.

The English word gypsy reflects the old belief of many countries that the gypsies were Egyptians. In other countries they were called Tartars. The old agreement of the traditions concerning them was that they had come to Europe out of the East.

Modern inquiry has revealed a good deal of their true history, however, and has established that the race is originally from northwestern India. Bands of the inhabitants of this region were driven away from their homes and set wandering by hordes of northern invaders which swept down upon them in the Ninth century.

These forbears of the modern gypsy moved into Kabulistan and Persia, and ultimately filtered through Syria into Egypt and northern Africa and through Turkey into Europe. There are now fourteen or more distinct dialects of their language in European countries—indicating their widespread distribution.

Dunmow Flitch Traced to Ancient Ceremony

Father Ronald Knox wrote an amusing preface to the program for the Dunmow Flitch celebration, which is held annually at Ilford, England. "I have never been married," he wrote, "so I cannot tell what are the probabilities of your having deserved the flitch. I can only say that if you have deserved it, yours must be a tame sort of life, for which a whole sausage factory would not sufficiently compensate." Father Knox traces back the origin of the flitch to the ancient days of marriage by capture. "On the occasion of the wedding," he writes, "we must suppose a marriage treaty would be struck by the sacrifice of a pig. The ceremony was performed by the bridegroom, hence the custom that the bridegroom should cut the first slice of the wedding cake. Originally, no doubt, the wedding cake was an offering of meal shaped to represent a pig. The carcass of the pig became the property of the bride's father. If the wife did not prove satisfactory to her husband he would go to her father and demand to have his pig back. Originally, then, the Dunmow Flitch must have been awarded in view of unhappy, not of happy marriages."

A funny world, when the joke is on the other fellow.

Because a person is air-minded it does not mean that he is flighty.

Chicago police plan to use a microscope in their investigations. What they need is a telescope.

Unfortunately altogether too much of the modern "kindness" to children is a form of adult self-indulgence.

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN That, pursuant to law, the Oregon State Board of Aeronautics has prepared, and the Governor of the State of Oregon has approved, the following rules and regulations respecting the operation in Oregon of airplanes which are not licensed or authorized to be operated by the federal government:

1. All airplanes operating in the State of Oregon, not otherwise federally licensed, must have in addition to their state registration, an airworthiness certificate issued by the Oregon State Board of Aeronautics. This airworthiness certificate shall state the purpose for which the airplane is being operated; that is, whether it be operated commercially, or for experimental flying.

2. Airplanes manufactured under approved type certificate issued by the Department of Commerce, or planes eligible for Department of Commerce license for commercial use, will be issued an airworthiness certificate if found in safe flying condition. Other aircraft will be issued an airworthiness certificate after having successfully passed engineering flight tests, the same as adopted by the Department of Commerce, and other engineering tests, to-wit: A sand load test of 60% of the design load as determined by the Department of Commerce load factor curves, or, the above may be omitted at the opinion of the State Board upon submission of complete stress analysis on the airplane.

3. A new application for an airworthiness certificate for any plane may be made after such certificate has been denied whenever the plane has been placed in an airworthy condition.

4. If at any time when any airplane is being flown and is found not to comply with the forgoing rules, the airworthiness certificate then outstanding shall be cancelled by the Board.

5. In the event of accidental damage to any aircraft operated under an airworthiness certificate, the owner of such aircraft shall make a complete report to the Oregon State Board of Aeronautics at the Port of Portland Airport, Portland, Oregon, and if, in the judgment of the State Board the damage is of a major nature, the Board may, at its option, cancel the airworthy certificate until repairs have been made and inspected satisfactory to the Board.

6. Any inspection provided for in these rules shall be made by the Board of Aeronautics, or by any representative authorized by said Board.

7. Flying an airplane for which a certificate provided for in these rules, or a federal license, has not been issued and then in force, or failure to comply with any requirement of these rules, by any pilot, shall be deemed carelessness or negligence in endangering the safety of the public in the flying of aircraft sufficient to constitute cause for the revocation of such pilot's license.

These rules and regulations are hereby prepared and adopted this 25th day of November, 1929.

OREGON STATE BOARD OF AERONAUTICS.
By Archie F. Roth, Chairman.
By J. L. Morrow, Acting Secretary.

The foregoing rules and regulations are hereby approved this 29th day of November, 1929.

I. L. PATTERSON, Governor.

Eureka Lodge No. 121 A. F. & A. M.
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By order of W. M.
Robt. Urquhart, Secretary.

Bethleham Chapter No. 78 O. E. S.
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Kate Stephens
Worthy Matron
Nana Barzee, Secretary.

Moro Lodge No. 113 I. O. O. F.
Moro, Oregon
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A. M. Young, Secretary.

Lupine Rebecca Lodge No. 116
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Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays of each month. Visiting members welcome.
Jessie Henrichs, Sec
Metta Axtell, N. G.

Chris Schultz Post No. 71 American Legion
Meets at I. O. O. F. hall on 2nd and 4th Wednesday evenings of each month.
Harvey Thompson, Commander
Theodore Johnston, Adjutant

HARLAND VIEW GRANGE No. 682
Meets in their hall in Harmony District the second and fourth Thursday nights of each month. Visiting Grangers welcome.
C. P. Adams, Master.
Mrs. B. E. Davis, Secretary

Shows Big Italian Surplus

Rome.—The finance ministry of Italy announced budget estimates of expenditures totaling about $800,000,000, and of revenues amounting to about $940,000,000, leaving a large surplus for reduction of the public debt.

World Poultry Congress

London.—The world poultry congress will be held here from July 21 to July 30, 1930, according to a calendar issued by the British Ministry of Agriculture.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that Helen Deyo has been appointed Administratrix of the Estate of Clinton Clifford Calvin Deyo, Deceased, and has qualified as such.

All persons having claims against said Estate are hereby notified and required to present the same, duly verified, to said Administratrix at Rufus, Sherman County, Oregon, within six months of the date of the first publication of this notice. The first publication is December 27, 1929.

Helen Deyo, Administratrix.
J. Tracy Barton.
Attorney for Estate
4 t-d 27

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United States Dental Examiner for this district
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