

The Crippled Lady Of Peribonka

By James Oliver Curwood

WNU Service

CHAPTER XIII

Paul had told only Claire that he was on his way to her. At the station a familiar face came out to greet him. It was Jimmy Ennerdale whose presence always gave him greater comfort than that of any other man. He had known Ennerdale for a long time, and Claire had grown up with him like a sister. Jimmy had always seemed older than Paul, with a premature grayness in his hair and a slight stoop in his thin, sensitive body. His affection for Paul possessed the unchangeable quality of the marble out of which he was slowly and persistently chiseling fame for himself as a sculptor. He had been working in the West, and Paul had not seen him for a year. Ennerdale had grown older in that time, he thought. His face was thinner, his hair whiter over his temples, his physical tone even less robust than when he had seen him last. He had the same quick, nervous alertness about him, and it did Paul good to see the gladness in his face as they gripped hands. He knew that Claire, unable to meet him herself, had sent Jimmy in her place.

"She is like a child, waiting for you," said Ennerdale, as they rode toward his home. "I was there with mother last evening, and she asked me to meet you. She cried and laughed and is damnably happy. If you don't mind, I'd like to come over when you two have settled down, and have you tell me about this monstrous happening. May I?"

"You know you don't need an invitation," said Paul. "Come tomorrow. He had an odd feeling of not knowing what was going to happen as he left Ennerdale and entered his home. He could feel himself under a strain roused by the nearness of explanations which it was Claire's right to hear and his duty to make. It would be hard to talk about Claire, as he must, even should Claire in her wisdom ask for nothing.

Claire was waiting for him in her room. This act of thoughtfulness pleased him. She knew that in a peculiarly embarrassing moment they should be alone. Both were sensitive, each a little fearful of what one or the other might betray in their first greeting. He was thinking this when he went to her. As her door closed behind him, his first impression was of a room filled with flowers. Claire, like Carla, loved them. The air was delicately fragrant with their perfume. Claire was bending over a mass of white roses when he entered, and then came toward him with both hands held out. He did not put her arms about him or offer him her lips, yet never had he seen such a light of happiness shining in her eyes. He made a movement to kiss her, but she drew back in such a way that her act seemed scarcely to be repelling him.

"Not now, Paul. Not until we have talked. Then, if you want to kiss me, you may."

She was astonishingly free of the tension which he had anticipated, and as she stood with her fingers clasped warmly about his, telling him how glad she was that he was alive, and how doomed to despair and unhappiness she would have been if he had not lived to return to her, he wondered if it were Claire, his wife, who was talking to him, or another Claire—some one he had never known. For she seemed all at once, to have drawn herself farther away from him than she had ever been, but in such a sweet and friendly way that the change in her seemed one which could not bring hurt with it.

It was Claire's fight that was hardest. It was going to take a Joan of Arc courage to say what she had planned to say.

She made him sit near her, so they were facing each other.

"Paul, we are going to be honest. You will promise me that?"

He knew he was preparing to equivocate as he gave his word. A lie to save Claire from hurt was more creditable than truth. The impulse to shield her, to keep from her all suspicion of his love for Carla, swept over him as he looked at her. She was like the flowers on the table, as easily crushed, he thought. More vividly than ever he saw the difference between her and Carla. Carla would fight on through tragedy, even to death. Claire, suffering more, would droop and fade like a petal in a rose, shrinking from the quicker and more physical action which the other would find for himself. He was not analyzing himself, or her. The thought—like a picture—impressed itself upon him, and Claire, gazing at him in these epic, introspective moments, as if partly seeing the swift visioning in his mind, surprised him by saying:

"Paul, I wonder if you know, just how much I honor and respect you. I wonder if you realize how fine you are. I have failed to play my part as your wife. I have not let you know these things as I should. The fault in our lives is not yours. It is mine. I think I could have made you love me. Yet I saw the unfairness of it unless I could make myself love you first. I hoped and prayed for that."

"There wasn't love when we were married, on either side. You did not love me, not in the way you wanted to love a woman, and my feeling for you was an immeasurable respect and

admiration for an honorable gentleman. It seems trite and superficial to say that the interests of our families brought us together, does it not? But it is true. I wanted to love you. But I discovered—after a little while—that something was in my way."

"I know," he found himself saying. "You couldn't love an animal, Claire. I was that, until the day you came to the Mistassin. I have been blind and brutal. God knows I am only half worthy of you!"

"And Carla?"

"So softly did his wife speak Carla's name that for a moment it seemed as if he had not heard it.

"We have promised ourselves to be honest," she continued. "Do you remember a letter I wrote you from Paris in which I said I was coming to you and that I was sure a more important thing would happen for us in the evening. I have something which I must do before I see you again."

"That night, when he went to his home, Claire was not there.

She had left a note for him.

"I have gone to see Carla," it said. "Only a woman can make another woman—like Carla—understand!"

CHAPTER XIV

And here we find ourselves where we began, with the lovely Crippled Lady on her porch at Peribonka. There have been changes since the Crippled Lady was borne from the hospital to the place, near her mother, where she wants to live. The pit is no longer a pit, but a mighty force driving its energy in unending streams through high-tension wires. The Mistassin may rumble and roar and growl, but it is a slave, securely shackled, and will probably go on laboring for its human masters for all time. This change or development was expected, anticipated by experts almost to the day and hour. But others were not. The world, for instance, accepting a very small corner of it as the whole, could not understand why a man like Paul Kirke should deliberately sever himself from the huge prestige and wealth built by his father's success, and, as the story went, bear away with him all his personal possessions in a trunk and a handbag. It could understand, quite easily, how a husband and wife might end their marital relationship, but it was puzzled and shocked that a woman like Claire Kirke should throw herself away, soon afterward, on a stoop-shouldered, prematurely aging man who was possessed of nothing on earth but an admirable passion for shaping things out of marble.

Carla always sits on her porch so that she is looking up the river toward the north. Paul is there, working out a part of the dream which absorbs them both. Thirty miles beyond the green and blue-black edge of wilderness which she can see Paul has a timber concession, and fifteen men working with him, where a little while before he might have had fifteen thousand. But these fifteen men, and what they are planning to do with the concession, mean more to Paul and Carla than all the millions in the world.

"It is not necessary to slaughter Nature, or even harm her, in order to possess for ourselves some of her products," Paul says in a paper he is writing for a pulp-wood journal.



No shadow is cast over their happiness because Carla cannot walk. There is such a thing as harvesting lumber and having a better forest each year instead of a diminished one. Nature wants to fraternize with us, and will, when we cease to sack and plunder her like vandals.

Next year the fifteen men will be increased to fifty, but now camps are being built and just enough timber harvested to cover the expense of the work. Paul labors with his ax, along with the others, from morning until night.

Every Friday he comes down the river to Carla.

Carla knows that she is going to get strong and well. This mental attitude, her sweetness and optimism, together with her great happiness, has overcome the doubt of physicians. She is beginning to stand a little, with

Paul's arms about her, and their two precious days a week together are filled with wonderful plans of what she is going to do in another year. Wherever Paul is, there she will also be. That is the point from which they always start in building their castles.

No shadow is cast over their happiness because Carla cannot walk. Paul wheels her about the village in the big chair, and not a cottage is missed in their visits. They go as far as the little picturesque old cheese factory and down the hill to the still older wharf where the boat comes in from across the lake. Doctor Derwent, who is at Mistassin, has allowed Carla to go twice to the monastery, in Paul's launch, and if October is fine she will make her first trip to his concession during that month. Paul takes her over the soft, sandy roads to the edge of the blueberry plains in a buggy, and then carries her in his arms to a place where she can help him pick fruit for their Sunday dinner. He will never give up carrying her like that, he says, even when she is strong again.

Peribonka has grown happier with them. Even Maria Chapdelaine is younger, and Samuel has forgotten his financial losses.

So Carla wrote to Claire:

"It is glorious here. I hope September."

(THE END.)

Old System of Timing Still in Use in Egypt

Before the advent of the modern clock, many towns and cities told the time to their people by firing a gun at noon. Rome was such a place, and kept to the daily firing of her veteran non-gun on the Janiculum hill, which had been done so far back as human memory could go until a year or so ago.

Then she decided to replace this ancient form of time signaling by the most ultramodern system available. A master electric clock was installed in the city observatory, which controlled 300 other electric clocks placed in different quarters of the Eternal city on the Tiber. The 338,000 Romans are therefore exceptionally well catered for as regards the time.

What an amazing contrast is such a method as this to the manner in which parts of Egypt to this very day tell the time. There some of the natives still employ ancient shadow clocks. These consist of wooden boards with little "goal posts" in the middle of them, which measure by the shadows they throw the length of days which have to be performed by oxen or laborers.

These "clocks" have been in use for telling time for 4,000 years.

Eye Strain Responsible for Much Bad Temper

Physical exhaustion entirely disproportionate to the amount of energy expended is often caused by eye strain, said Dr. B. Franklin Iroyer, medical director of the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness. In many cases, Doctor Royer said, loss of temper could be traced to defective vision.

"Some of us are fooling ourselves when we do not connect serious bodily fatigue and irritability toward the end of the day, and still greater fatigue and irritability toward the end of the week, with the eye that has actually shown no pain during all that period. Many a worker having just such daily and weekly manifestations of increasing fatigue may have no symptoms disappear by wisely applying present day medical knowledge of the cause, have the fault corrected, and still keep the same job and the same kind of work, with the fatigue and discomfort rapidly disappearing."

Forged Art on Show

Some of the specimens of forged pieces of "ancient art" are so clever that they are of marvelous interest, although they are known to be spurious. The characteristics of old stone carvings, for instance, have been so minutely reproduced that it is often difficult to detect the fraud. As a matter of fact, there is hardly a museum in the world which at some time has not had one of these "fakes" in its collection. Ultimately, however, the imposture is revealed and the offending piece removed. The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York has a special department devoted to these forged antiques and they are regarded by experts as quite as interesting as the genuine, but in a different way.

Snake With Ears

Another story of a snake with ears comes from the Bushveld. Mr. S. Voges writes to say that he read the report in the Johannesburg Sunday Times of a "snake with ears" being seen in a vial at Roolberg, and he adds, that he believes this tale to be true. "My mother, often tells us how, when she was a child, a snake which was found to have two ears was killed in a fig tree," he writes. "As the snake was so strange, the neighbors were called to see it, and the reptile was kept for some time, so that people round about could come and see it as well. I can assure you that this story is true."

Community Scheme Fizzle

The Brook farm was a community organized in 1841 near Rosbury Mass. by George Ripley and his wife. An association was formed with a few stockholders and a farm of 200 acres purchased. The object was to promote the benefits of society according to the principle of co-operation. The life led was very simple, and every one had a share of the work, receiving a certain rate of pay. The products of the farm were sold. A school was maintained for the children. A number of prominent people were in the scheme, among them Nathaniel Hawthorne, Charles A. Dana, John S. Dwight, George P. Bradford, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Amos B. Alcott, Theodore Parker, George W. Curtis and Margaret Fuller. After a time, however, enthusiasm waned, and as a result of financial loss the scheme was dissolved in 1847.

Tell Mother I'll Be There

"Tell mother I'll be home by ten o'clock," phoned a young girl to a neighbor when she couldn't rouse her own home by wire.

"Sure," said the obliging friend. He went down the street to tell the mother, but she wasn't home. An hour later he went again. It was ten o'clock soon, and neither girl nor mother at home. At 11:30 he quit trying and wrote this note:

"Dear Little Mary—How can I tell your mamma you won't be home until ten o'clock when at 11:30 neither of you are at home at all?"

OREGON NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Important Occurrences of Past Week Briefly Compiled for Our Readers.

The recent warm rains have been of great value to central Oregon livestock men, especially sheep owners. The grass has started and the rain has washed the dirt out of the fleeces.

The total births in Portland in November numbered 331, bringing the number of births for the 11 months of 1929 to 3865. The month's births included 185 males and 146 females.

With operating tests under way, the city of Eugene's giant power project, being built near Leaburg on the McKenzie river at a cost of \$1,800,000, is nearing completion and should be in operation about January 1.

Clatsop county's outstanding debt both in warrants and bonds has been reduced in the sum of \$164,633 during the first 11 months of the year. On December 1 this year the warrant indebtedness was but \$131,710.

The county budget of Hood River county for 1930 calls for a tax levy of \$252,629. This is the lowest sum raised by taxation in the county for the past four years and, compared with 1929, shows a cut of over \$11,000.

Despite the fact that 1929 was the driest year on record, fire loss to Umatilla national forest was only \$659 compared with more than \$290,000 last year. Forty-five thousand feet of timber on 404 acres burned over.

Linn county's millage levy will be more than 4 mills lower this year than last, it was determined when word was received that the county's share of the state tax will be \$42,679.78 lower than the estimate included in the budget.

The Eugene Fruit Growers' association announced that a new building, 40 by 140 feet in dimension, will be added to the large canning plant of the association at Eugene. It will be used to house the vegetable canning machinery.

Initial surveys of the Lane county school system disclose that of the 40 buildings examined only one out of four or five is in a satisfactory condition for modern school use while the other three or four fail to meet modern standards.

The Apple Growers' association of Hood River is planning to mail out checks to its members very soon. Approximately \$150,000 is to be distributed. Although the fruit crop was only about 25 per cent normal, prices have brought good profits.

Mrs. Charles MacPherson, 53, was gored to death by a bull at the MacPherson farm near Grand Ronde. Charles MacPherson, the husband, returned home and found his wife in the barn lot dead. The woman was alone at the time of the fatal attack.

The first annual northwestern turkey show was held at Oakland under the auspices of the Douglas County Turkey Breeders' association, last week. There were 283 turkeys entered in the show, which makes it the largest ever held on the Pacific coast.

The Douglas county Broccoli crop prospects for this season are very encouraging, reports Foster Butler, manager of the Umpqua Broccoli exchange. The crop has not been harmed by lack of rainfall. Early estimates of the crop are at least 100 carloads.

Romy Pittard, McMinnville, was elected president of the older boys' conference, which held its final meetings in McMinnville recently. Other officers elected to serve for the year are Wilson Bennett, Albany, vice-president, and Neil Milner, Gresham, secretary.

Medford has a school population of 3647 between the ages of 4 and 20 years. This is an increase of 6 per cent over last year's total of 3433 and indicates that the total population of the city is 13,322. During the past 10 years the school population has doubled.

Henry Steger, 31, veteran of the Modoc Indian war, died at Roseburg at the Oregon Soldiers' home as a result of burns suffered when his night clothes caught fire. Steger apparently fell asleep while smoking, and his dressing gown and night clothes were afire when he ran from his room into the corridor of the hospital.

The Marion county court has sent a telegram to members of the Oregon delegation in congress urging a larger forest road appropriation. The telegram was inspired by the refusal of forest officials to accept an offer made by the court to match an appropriation of \$100,000 for completion of the north Santiam highway. Forestry officials said that the forest road appropriation for the year 1930 had been allotted, and that no money had been set aside for the north Santiam project.

Legal Enactments for Settling Public Lands

During the existence of the government under the Articles of Confederation, congress on September 6, 1780, passed a resolution recommending the survey and disposal by the several states of their waste and unappropriated lands to aid in paying the public debt incurred by the War of the Revolution. In the beginning these lands were regarded as an asset for the payment of this debt. The earliest effort was to sell the land in large blocks and, prior to the organization of our present government, congress made three such sales. On June 15, 1785, congress under the Articles of Confederation passed a resolution forbidding settlement on the public domain. The act of March 3, 1807, prohibited such settlement under penalty of forfeiting any right or claim a settler may have, and the President was authorized to use civil and military force to remove such persons from the land. Certain exceptions were made in favor of those who had settled there before the passage of the act, and later, for those who had settled before February 1, 1816, a privilege of temporary occupancy was given. From time to time acts were passed providing for the pre-emption rights within certain areas and subject to varying conditions.

Preserve Memories of Japanese Quake Dead

A method of preserving the names of 104,619 victims of the great earthquake of September 1, 1923, was perfected by Hidejiro Nagata, former mayor of Tokyo.

These names were sealed tightly in a special container and buried beneath a tower on the sacred Mount Koya, where generations of descendants may reverse the memory of those who perished in the catastrophe.

Special paper was used to bear the names, 100 to the sheet. Rolled into scrolls, each sheet was metal bound at the center and ends and wound with black and white silk mourning ribbons. All the scrolls were placed in a special crystal jar a yard and a half in diameter and a foot high, made airtight to prevent decay. These were placed in a lead casing surrounded with a packing of carborundum as protection against deterioration.

Mount Koya, known to all true followers of Buddhism, is located in central Japan. Women, though they may climb it, are not allowed to go to the very top, this custom having been in force since time immemorial and still is being maintained on a few other sacred mountains.

Manitoba Boundary

The lower half of the boundary between Manitoba and Saskatchewan is stepped because, crossing a well-settled farming district, it follows the survey lines. Survey lines in northwestern Canada are, of course, always stepped, this being necessary in view of the fact that the meridians of longitude, which form the basis of the surveyors' calculations, converge as they go north, and the distance between them, instead of remaining uniform, is thus gradually narrowing, whereas survey lines have to be kept straight.

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

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DENTIST
United States Dental Examiner for this district
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