

# The Crippled Lady of Peribonka

By James Oliver Curwood

WNU Service  
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## CHAPTER IX—Continued

As if she had been a pariter in the few seconds of his thoughts, Carla spoke softly, giving him her hand again in the night which shut them in.

"I want to hear you say it, Paul. I have dreamed, and even prayed in my weakness, and have fancied your voice telling me the story. For that I have many times asked God to forgive me. But now it is right and just. I want to hear you say—you love me."

"I do," said Paul. "I know—now—that I have loved you from the beginning of time, before I came to the Mistassini, before I was born in this life—a thousand or a million years. I have worshipped the soul that is you. Sometime, it may have been ages ago. I know that you belonged to me."

"I have always belonged to you," said Carla. "Yours is the love I thought was hopelessly gone from me—up there. But to die with you is my right. Can there be such a thing as doubt for us now?"

"I am sure there cannot," he said. "You would like to live?"

"Without you, no."

"And there is no chance—no hope of saving ourselves?"

"I can conceive of none. No force could contend with the maelstroms in the throat of the chasm. At the other end all physical matter is ground to pulp as the water comes out through the gorge. We are caught between the two."

He calmly and frankly spoke the truth to her. She made no reply in words, but he could feel her response creeping through her finger tips to him, could feel the tremble and thrill of it in her body. He had not frightened her, but had dispelled from her the beginning of a fear. She did not want to live. The truth seized upon and helped him with a kind of shock. Yet it was a simple thing, one he should have known without intuition or discovery. For Carla was—not only a woman, but a soul. Back there, in Claire's world, she would be lost to him—no matter what he might do in the way other men had solved such problems. Only here, in a beginning and an end all their own, could she belong to him.

Again she was in his heart, listening to his thoughts.

"It is strange, but I want to sing in this darkness," she said. "I did not know that blindness could be so beautiful."

"Nor I!" he answered.

## CHAPTER X

During the night following Paul's accident and Carla's leap, men were active below the gorge. Derwent lost no time in racing back to the Mistassini, and the presence of a hundred men below the chasm before midnight was the result. Every device of engineering science and unlimited resource which might be employed came with them. The big pool at the foot of the gorge was a glare of illumination, and men went down the river with their flaming torches, afoot along its banks and in canoes between them, questing for a shred of something which a few hours before might have been a part of Paul or Carla.

Lucy-Belle, shocked into sickness, was taken to her home. But Claire remained. Men who saw her in the weird glow of the lights will never be able to forget the image of her face as it was photographed upon their memories. Her blue eyes were so wide open and staring, so filled with an unwavering sapphire flame that at times Derwent thought of her as a spirit-goddess instead of a woman. Could Paul have seen her he would have known that at last she had conquered her fear and repugnance of the wilderness. She had come with the first men before a trail was cut. Her dress and shoes were torn, her soft skin bruised and bleeding. Where the water crashed and thundered loudest out from between the chasm walls she stood unafraid, until Derwent twice drew her back from the nearness and danger of it. She resented his appeal to leave the search to others, and Derwent made it only once. A white face, watching for its end—that was what men would remember. Eyes flamingly blue, hun-

grily searching the torch stream as it came from the mountain. A frozen form that seemed timeless, as steel. A woman, and yet more than woman—an unforgettable spirit, a vision that was like tragic music, always to be remembered.

She did not give up with the first hours of evening, but continued to watch through the night. She did not move from the foot of the gorge and the pool, as if she were sure that whatever came to her would be found there. Derwent was frequently with her, and tried to talk, but her lips framed few words. Not until day came again did something give way in her, and hopelessness take its place. Then he took her home to Lucy-Belle.

"I waited too long," she said to him, and afterward, back with the searching men, he wondered what she had meant.

These searchers, could they have looked through the rock, would have seen a fire. It was the second night for Paul and Carla in a place where night and day were the same. Paul had found drifts of wood along the edge of the sand, mixed with pitchy pine, and a little spot in their world was illumined by light.

In the fire glow sat Carla, combing her long, silky hair with her fingers. Paul watched her as she smoothed and braided the tresses, employing as great care as though she were in her bedroom at home. This was the third



In the Fire Glow Sat Carla, Combing Her Long, Silky Hair With Her Fingers.

time she had given it such attention in their thirty-six hours of entombment. At other times he had held a light for her at the edge of the water while she bathed her face and hands, and once she had said to him: "It is wonderful water, almost as soft as that which comes with rain." She spoke as if they might have been camping on one of the streams they loved, with the sky above and flowers about them. It was her utter acceptance of their fate as a thing of happiness which transformed what would have been a hell for him into a heaven. She had sat in the soft sand at his feet, a few moments before, with her head pillowed against his knees, and there she had unbraided her hair for him to caress, as she watched and pointed out for him the unusual and beautiful pictures that built themselves in the changing coals and crumbling embers of the fire.

Now she was a little distance from him, and no sense of dread or fear oppressed him as he followed the rhythmic movements of her slim white fingers braiding her hair again.

If it were madness which possessed him it was a beautiful madness, a sense of joyous living where there should have been despair. At first the fighting part of him had instinctively struggled against it, but now he accepted it fully, until, seeing Carla as she was, death seemed vague and far away and the glory of life very near. They had made no effort to hide from themselves the coming of the end, and Carla thought of it as a beautiful thing, a little journey, which they were making gladly together. Never had Paul believed so surely in a God. He had found himself fond of telling her how he loved her hair more than any other physical thing about her, and she had said: "I am going to spread it out so you may put your face in it when we lie down to sleep." This was the way she spoke of what was to come—as sleep. To drift off like this, his arms about her, seemed to Paul the fruition of a great privilege and joy, and not a triumph of fleshly dissolution. He had told her little stories about his mother and of the time they had spent sun-filled hours in the Indian burial place at Bfantford, where the proudest of her forest ancestors were buried.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### Rest Imperative

Take a rest; a field that has rested gives a bountiful crop.—Ovid.

## Improved Uniform International

# Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWAHER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago)  
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## Lesson for March 15

### JESUS AMONG FRIENDS AND FOES

**GOLDEN TEXT**—Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.  
**LESSON TEXT**—Luke 10:38-42, 11:14-15.  
**PRIMARY TOPIC**—Jesus Among His Friends.  
**JUNIOR TOPIC**—Jesus' Test of Friendship.  
**INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC**—Friendship With Jesus.  
**YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC**—Dealing With Friend and Foe.

#### I. Jesus in the Home of Friends (Luke 10:38-42).

There is no place where true character is so clearly revealed as at home.

1. His reception (v. 38). Jesus was received by Martha, as she was the head of the home. Jesus must have greatly appreciated the fact that there was one home in which he was welcome.

2. Mary sitting at Jesus' feet (v. 39). She, with fine spiritual discernment, knew that sitting at the Lord's feet and hearing his word was that which would most please him. He was more concerned with opportunity to reveal himself to human hearts than with the eating of well-prepared meals. Mary's way of entertaining Jesus was more acceptable than that of Martha.

3. Martha lumbered about much serving (v. 40). Both sisters loved the Lord. It would be impossible to say which loved the more, but Martha was bent on providing a fine meal for him. Because she was trying to do so many things, she was on the verge of distraction, and found fault with Jesus for permitting Mary to leave the kitchen to listen to his teaching.

4. Jesus' answer (vv. 41, 42). (a) He rebuked Martha (v. 41). He did this most tenderly for he knew that she loved him sincerely. (b.) Defends Mary (v. 42.) He declared that but one thing was needful and that Mary had chosen that good part which could not be taken away from her. The one thing needful for every member of the race is a heart for the Lord which brings the individual to Jesus to hear his teaching.

#### II. Jesus Among Foes (11:14-15).

1. Charged with being in league with the devil (vv. 14-23). Being unwilling to receive him as the Son of God and yet unable to account for his mighty works, they declared that he was casting out demons through Beelzebub, the chief of the demons.

2. Refusal to believe his miracles (vv. 29-32). They asked for a sign to which he replied that they would have a sign from heaven in his death and resurrection. He reminded them, however, that their request showed unbelief surpassing that of the heathen queen of the South and the wicked people of Nineveh.

3. Wickedness denounced (vv. 37-54). He pronounced six woes upon those who were opposing him and seeking his destruction: three upon the Pharisees and three upon the lawyers.

a. The Pharisees (vv. 37-41). These he denounced for:

(1) Punctiliously observing minute rites while at the same time breaking the Ten Commandments. They carefully tithed the small herbs of the garden while practicing injustice with their fellow men and withholding love from God. He pointed out to them their attending to these external acts while their hearts were filled with wickedness. It was as absurd as merely washing the outside of an unclean cup.

(2) Desire for public recognition (v. 43). This is a common sin today. Love for titles of respect and positions of prominence is a very common sin.

(3) Feigning humility (v. 44). He compared their hypocrisy to graves which are on the ground and may be stepped upon unconsciously by some one who would thus be defiled.

b. The lawyers (vv. 45-54). The strictures of Jesus on the hypocritical Pharisees aroused the lawyers, one of whom indignantly declared, "Thou reproachest us also." In reply to this Christ pronounced three woes upon them:

(1) For placing burdensome requirements upon the people to which they themselves would not submit (v. 46). Religious rites should not be made irksome. (2) For the murder of God's prophets (vv. 47-51). He showed that their attitude toward him was the same as was shown to the prophets by their fathers. Jesus declared that their guilt was the same as that of their fathers and that their generation would be held responsible for all that the fathers had done. (3) For keeping back the knowledge of God by false interpretations of the Scripture (vv. 52-54).



## Scraps of Humor

### A DELICATE COMPETITION

"Didn't Crimson Gulch take up the idea, just for novelty, of offering a prize for the toughest-looking man?"

"Yes," answered Cactus Joe. "But the enterprise fell through. There wasn't anybody who would have had nerve enough to face men who was maybe jest lookin' for trouble and formally announce to one of them that he had won the prize."—Washington Star.

### WOULD OPEN HIS EYES



"I'm so sleepy I can hardly hold my eyes open."

"Here's my dressmaker's bill, I guess that will open them."

### Giving a Party

There's pleasures a plenty  
In parties, no doubt;  
It's fun to ask twenty  
And leave forty out.

### Planning Ahead

Father had his little daughter on his knee.

"What are you going to do when you grow up?" he asked her.

"I'm going to marry an engineer," replied the child.

"And what kind?" he asked. "A civil engineer?"

"Oh," replied the little girl, "it doesn't matter what kind, I'll soon make him civil."

### Good-by

The crusty male laid down half a dollar and his meal check.

According to rules the cashier bounced it on the counter.

"What are you testing it for?" snapped the customer icily.

"Malaria," smiled the girl, flipping it into the trough.

### His Better Half

"I'm afraid Mr. Jones will not attend our party."

"Nonsense! His better self will triumph."

"She always does, doesn't she?"

### Relatively Rich

"They're comparatively rich, aren't they?"

"I wouldn't say 'comparatively,' but 'relatively.' They have a rich uncle of whom they expect great things."

### WILLING TO PAY



Suitor—I came to ask you for your father's hand.

Father—Have you any money, young man?

Suitor—Sure thing. How high do you quote her?

### Ins and Outs

We always know beyond a doubt  
When politicians seek to win  
They want to put somebody out  
And thereby put somebody in.

### Crushing Answer

Clyde—Why, dear, you talk as if you didn't like me! You know I'd do anything to please you.

Polly—Well, if you really want to please me stick your hat under a steam roller. And don't take it off!

### Deceived Himself

Mr. O'Gay—Say, Jane, do you think I have ever deceived you much?

Mrs. O'Gay—Well—er—not so much—not as much as you think you have, John.

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## Automatic Consumers

"We produce by machines."  
"Well?"  
"Now we need some machines to consume."  
"Haven't we got motor cars?"

## Heavens, No

"So you decided to quit being an atheist?"  
"Yeah, there's no future to it."



## Lucky Find

When we find some slight help makes a marvelous improvement in a child, we wonder why we hadn't thought of doing it long ago.

Here's a good example: "My little girl was doing fairly well," says Mrs. M. Seitenbach, 5605 Emma Street, Omaha, Neb., "but I noticed she didn't eat right and didn't have much energy."

"Our doctor had recommended California Fig Syrup, so I gave her some. She improved so much I wonder I didn't do something for her stomach and bowels before. She has a good appetite and digestion and plenty of energy, now."

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