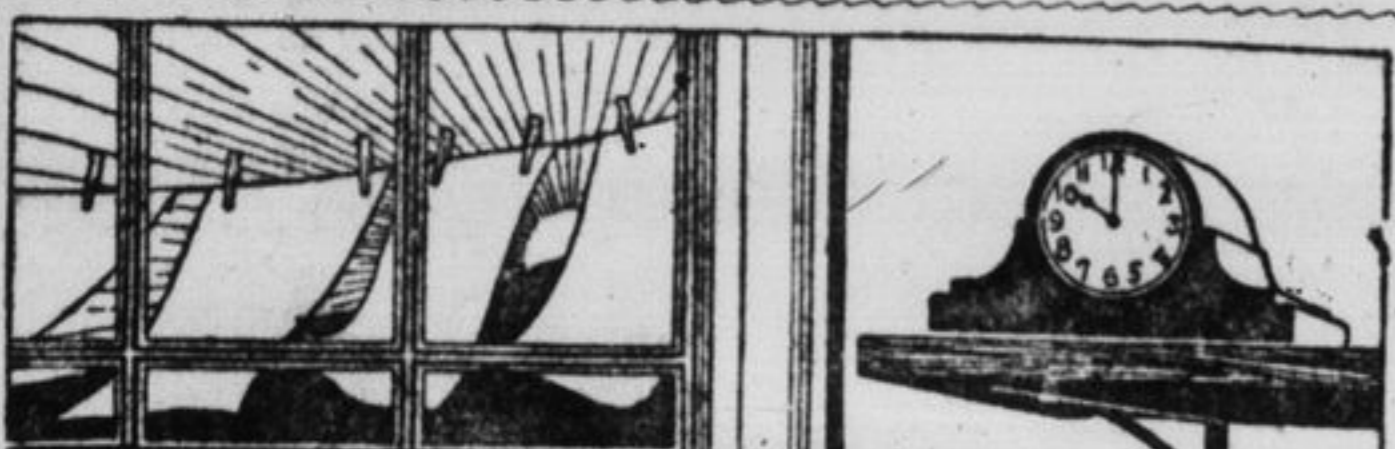


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## LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGione Gibson

Editor's Announcement — The Whig was compelled to temporarily cease publication of this story, owing to the loss of some of the copy in the mails. It is mailed to us in weekly instalments, and unfortunately the last instalment went astray. It has but recently reached us, and the concluding six sections of the story will now appear.

### My Wedding Gift to My Daughter.

Yesterday I went up to the attic to look for a piece of Chinese brocade that I intended to give to the bridegroom that she might make a wedding gift to my daughter, who will within a month marry young Robert Gaylor. It seems such a long time since I used to call him little Bobby. No one calls Robert Gaylor, Jr., "Bobby," even though to this day, his father is much like his mother to merit the somewhat irresponsible nickname that is so appropriate to his father. Robert is a splendid young man and seems very much in love with my daughter, who is a kind of flyaway, headstrong girl much like her father used to be.

I found the piece of brocade and within its folds, fragrant with the incense of China, I found the little book in which I had written the annals—the story of my first marriage. I've been reading it over and sometimes I have laughed and sometimes I have cried. It seemed to me that I was reading the story of another girl. And oh, how sorry I felt for her, not so much because she may have had a little more than her share of the trouble of this world, but because she had to go through all the experiences, all the heartaches, all the disappointments which youth must endure to reach the sure compensation that maturity gives.

It's such a long time since I wrote this story in this little book that I had forgotten many of the episodes recorded in it. As I read it over, I believe that I will give it to Mary on the eve of her marriage to my son. Mary has never known any other father than Karl Shepherd. Almost her first words were "Daddy Karl," and to her Karl has been the most indulgent and devoted of husbands to me.

I turn to the last entry that I made in this journal and find that I have recorded Alice's suggestion that after a year's trip around the world, we should go home, so that her baby might be born in the house which her husband had purchased from me at the time of John's death. That

was twenty years ago. To-day I am nearly fifty years old. There are many threads of white among my auburn locks and the gray at Karl's temples has spread all over his head. Karl is a very handsome man the way he is, of course I would think so. And yet, I'm going to write here for you, Mary, that I have never seen as handsome a man as your own father, John Gordon.

With that thought in mind, I wrote the following message to my daughter, Mary. The letter read: My Beloved Daughter: Sometimes, my dear, I almost wish that John Gordon had never met me—Fate had not sent him to the little country place where we met and that we should not have been taken off our feet by mutual magnetism and mutual youth. Then, my dear daughter, perhaps he would have married Elizabeth Moreland, who was his childhood's sweetheart, and they would have been happy together. But after all the sadness, tragedy and pain, I cannot fully subscribe to that wish, for Fate gave me one great kindness, one inestimable boon when she placed you, my dear Mary, in my arms.

When you read this little book, my dear daughter, do not jump to the quick conclusion of youth that your father was wholly to blame. I, too, must bear my share of the consequences of our mutual mistake. Looking back, I think I was a little bit stubborn—yes, more than a little bit. I made no allowance for your father's bringing up. I was just as decided in my own mind that a wife was best, as he was in his mind that his was the only right way. You see, my dear, Nature is a wonderful magician—she mesmerizes the whole world with thoughts of love. She makes two people coalesce—forget all about the stresses of life and move about in the glorious dreams of imagination. Not until after marriage does Nature allow them to think sanely, without emotion, and then having brought them together, her work is done and she goes on looking about for other men and women to pair. And that is the reason, my dear child, that marriage is different from what we call love. Marriage, like love, is only an incident of life, but a very different incident, but one that we may make very happy or very sad. And that is the reason, my dear child, that marriage is different from what we call love. Marriage, like love, is only an incident of life, but a very different incident, but one that we may make very happy or very sad. And that is the reason, my dear child, that marriage is different from what we call love.

To-morrow — Advice to Daughter Mary. Copyright National Newspaper Service.

## THE COURAGE OF MARGE O'DOONE BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

### Chapter XXVII.

It may have been five minutes that David held the Girl's arms, staring down into the sunlit valley which the last two of Hauck's men had fled, and during that time he did not speak, and he heard only her steady sobbing. He drew into his lungs deep breaths of the invigorating air, and he felt himself growing stronger as the Girl's body became heavier in his embrace, and her arms relaxed and slipped down from his shoulders. He raised her face. There were no tears in her eyes, but she was still moaning a little, and her lips were quivering like a crying child's. He bent his head and kissed them, and she caught her breath pantingly as she looked at him with eyes which were limpid pools of blue out of which her terror was slowly drying away. She whispered his name. In her look and in that whisper there was unutterable adoration. It was for him she had been afraid. She was looking at him now as one saved from the dead, and for a moment he strained her still closer, and as he crushed his face to hers he felt the warm, sweet caress of her lips, and the thrilling pressure of her hands, at his blood-stained cheeks. A sound from behind made him turn his head, and fifty feet away he saw the big grizzly ambler crouching from the cabin. They could hear him growling as he stood in the shade, his head swinging slowly from side to side like a huge pendulum—in his throat the last echoing of that ferocious rage and hate that had destroyed their enemies. And in the same moment Barea stood in the doorway, his lips drawn back and his fangs gleaming, as if he expected other enemies to face him.

her eyes again, anxious to have these last terrible minutes over. At the open door of the cabin he hesitated, would see at what he knew he would see. And yet, after all, it was no worse than it should be; it was justice. He told himself this as he stepped inside.

He tried not to look too closely, but the sight, after a moment, fastened on him. If it had not been for the difference in their size he could not have told which was Hauck and which was Barea, for even on Hauck, Tara had vented his rage after Barea had killed him. Neither bore very much the semblance of a man, just now it seemed incredible that that claw and fang could have worked such destruction, and he went suddenly back to the door to see that the Girl was not following him. Then he looked again. Henry lay at his feet across the fallen saplings of the battered door, his head twisted completely under him—or gone. It was Henry's rifle he picked up. He searched for cartridges then. It was a sickening task. He found nearly fifty of them on the three, and went out with the pack and the rifle. He put the pack over his shoulders before he returned to the cabin, and rejoined only for a moment, when he saw the Girl. With her hand in his he struck down into the valley.

"A great justice has overtaken them," he said, and that was all he told her about the cabin, and she asked him no questions. At the edge of the green meadows they stopped where a trickle of water from the mountain tops had formed a deep pool. David followed this trickle a little way, and he found it had worn in the course of ages, found a sheltered spot, and stripped himself. To the waist he was covered with the stain and grime of battle. In the open pool Marge bathed her

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face and arms, and then sat down to finish her toilet with David's comb and brush. When he returned to her she was a radiant glory, hidden for her waist in the gold and brown fires of her disengaged hair. It was wonderful at her, his heart filled with a wonderful joy, his lips silent. The thought surged upon him now in an overwhelming moment of exultation that she belonged to him, not to-day, or to-morrow, but for all time; that the mountains had given her to him; that among the flowers and the wild things that "great good God" of whom Father Roland had spoken so often, had created her for him; and that she had been waiting for him here, pure as the wild violets under his feet. She did not see him for a space, and he watched her as she ran out her glowing tresses under the strokes of his brush. And once—ages ago it seemed to him now—he had thought that another woman was beautiful, and that another woman's glory was her hair! He felt his heart singing. She had not been like this. No. Woman's separated those two—that woman and this God-crowned little mountain flower who had come into his heart for him, breath of a new life, opening for him a vision that reached even beyond the blue skies. And he wondered that she should love him. She looked up suddenly and saw him standing there. Love? Had he in all his life dreamed of the look that was in her face now? It made his heart choke him. He held open his arms, silently, as she rose to her feet, and she came to him in all the burrished glory of her unbound hair; and he held her close in his arms, kissing her soft lips, her flushed cheeks, her blue eyes, the warm sweetness of her hair. And her lips kissed him. He looked out over the valley. His eyes were open to its beauty, but he did not see; a vision was rising before him, and his soul was breathing a prayer of gratitude to the Missioner's God, the God of the totem-worshippers over the ranges, to the God of all things. It may be that the Girl sensed his voiceless exultation, for up through the soft billows of her hair that lay crumpled on his breast she whispered:

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people on the Kwadocha there were human beings. Nothing but the unbroken peace of the mountains, in which they were safe. His had ceased to fear their immensity—was no longer disturbed by the thought that in their vast and trackless solitude he might lose himself forever. After what had passed, their gleaming peaks were looking to him, and he was confident that the Finley and down to Hudson's Hope. What a surprise it would be to Father Roland when they dropped in on him some day, he and Marge! His heart beat excitedly as he told her about it, described the great distance they must travel, and what a wonderful journey it would be, with that glorious country at the end of it. "We'll find your mother, then," he whispered. They talked a great deal about her mother and Father Roland as they made their way down into the valley, and whenever they stopped to rest she had new questions to ask, and each time there was that trembling doubt in her voice. "I wonder whether it's true." And each time he assured her that it was.

"I have been thinking that it was

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