

brought up every year now since

up and enjoy it. It's about as good

a place as there is around here. It

took four beginnings of us to get

built, it doesn't cower under the

mountains nor cringe up a narrow

stands up and looks around at

things coming into order out of the

wilderness, the way a man's bouse

"April again, hurrying by as usu

al on wet feet. Getting time to put

seed in the ground again. Fifty-

three Aprils I've seen come and go,

and forty-eight I remember. Each

one is better, the good of all the

There are my sons going upstairs:

they have many springs ahead of

them on this place, and then their

sons and grandsons. We old ones

the new ones. Jasper'll be marry-

ing Jane Burden, I reckon, though

he doesn't say much. Quiet boy,

good about the work but takes

things about as they come. Jesse,

he must be twenty-one now. He

reminds me of his Grandfather Ti-

vis, only there isn't much more to

do like building a siding house or

a mill-wheel. He ought to take the

Wolfpen. He's a good hand to do

it. And there's Abral with enough

fidgety energy to do two boys.

They'll get along, my boys will. And

next week we must all buckle in to

Julia came into the room after a

little while, and lay beside him un-

der the soft warmth of the sea-

"You're not asleep, Sparrel?"

"No, Julia. It's quiet this time

don't any more. Sometimes it 'pears

to me like this is what everything

before it has been aiming at and

now it's here and I'm looking at it

and listening to it. That don't

"We've got about all a body could

"It ain't things, exactly, Julia, it's

. . it's . . . well, something in

when you think you won't find them

before dark you hear a bell and

along the path around the hill at

the edge of the cleared line, one be-

bind the other, and not a bit of

"I was thinking about Cynthia.

She's eighteen. I'd just turned sev-

enteen when you rode up to the

gate and stared at me with my

"You were taller than Cynthia."

"I didn't know much about books,

"There are better things for

woman than books, Julia. You know

"A body can know both, Sparrel;

the way of a house and a family.'

ought to have a winter at books

"The Pikeville Institute, Julia!"

over there a winter. It'd do a sight

"I don't know if I favor that much.

tent with things. They look to town

the learning she needs right here

on a big place like this and she's

going to be a good one, like her

"It don't take much money, Spar-

"I don't favor it much."

"Yes, Sparrel. She ought to go

over at Pikeville Institute."

want here."

hurry in them."

in the next room.

dress full of chips."

Sparrel, like you do."

"Sparrel."

"Yes."

for her."

spare her?"

work and get the crops down."

star, blue-and-white coverlet.

ought to stand, like himself.

SYNOPSIS

In the year 1785 Saul Pattern of much more to do to it only keep it the beating sley. Virginia came into the beautiful virgin country of the Big Sandy valley in Kentucky. Chief of the perils were the Shawnees, who sought to hold their lands from the ever-encroaching whites. From a huge pinnacle Saul gazed upon the fat bottoms and the endless acres of forest in its primeval quietude at the mouth of the Wolfpen, and felt an eagerness to hollow like lots of them do; it look out over the long porch where possess it, declaring it a place fit for a man to LIVE in! Five years later he returned with Barton, his fifteen-year-old son, and built a rude In Saul's absence the Indians attacked Barton and wounded him so badly Saul was forced to return with him to Virginia. In 1796, when it was reasonably safe, Saul returned with his family and a patent for 4,000 acres, this time to stay. He added to the cabin, planted crops and fattened his stock on the rich meadows. Soon other settlers past ones recollect in the new one arrived. A century later, in the spring of 1885, we find Cynthia Pattern, of the fifth generation following Saul, perched on the pinnacle from which her great-great-grandfather had first viewed Wolfpen Bottoms. The valleys, heretofore untouched by the waves of change sweeping the Republic, are at last beginning to feel that restless surge. Her dad, Sparrel, and her brothers, Jesse, Jasper and Abral, have been busy converting the old waterwheeled mill to steam power. Sparrel's triumph is complete when the golden stream of meal pours forth at the turning on of the steam. Cynthia feels that something out of the past has been buried with Saul. Cynthia is a pretty and imaginative | Marebone farm and build it up like miss in her late teens, who often re-created Saul and her other forebears, and fancied them still living. Sparrel proudly brings home the first meal out of the steam mill, and Julia, his wife, is pleased. Generation has added comforts and conveniences to Saul's homestead, and Sparrel has not shirked.

CHAPTER II-Continued

Much of Cynthia's dream-life centered about Sparrel and those two volumes. Long before she could of night. I've been listening to it. read for herself, she had sat on his I used to wonder if we'd be any betknees while he read the pictures to ter off to have stayed in Virginia. I her, or she had laid propped on her elbows on the floor before the light of the log fire making stories of her own from the illustrations.

Through the long winter evenings of the years, these associations had hardly sounds sensible, does it?" built themselves into her concept of her father, and as he sat at the desk, while Julia sewed, and the boys ended the chores and life proceeded in its old established pat- side, like the drum on a banjo . . tern, Cynthia's thoughts would play it's like going around the hill in the over these things.

"And there are his medicine books he doesn't like for me to bother, but he likes for me to gather up the there they come out of a hollow green peach-tree leaves and pipperin and oil of sassafras and get the apple brandy and the brown sugar for him to make up his flux medicine with when people on the creek get sick with bloody-flux; and the yellow dock for the itch; and get the salt and turpentine ready when he pulls a tooth for a neighbor. I like to hear them say, 'Sparrel Pattern's the easiest hand in the world to take a feller's tooth out.' And it's a good thing he can make medicine and doctor people because nobody else on the creek knows how like he does."

She hung the dishpan on its nail in the wall over the stove. Julia came in from the milk-house. Then the boys came in.

"A family is a funny thing when it sits around the fire. There's Mother in her corner finishing up a new shirt for Daddy and her fingers flying about and she looks content and doesn't say anything. You have and family as I do myself. She three brothers, they're all Patterns. but they're all different and you like them all but you like Jesse the best somehow. He sits and reads; when he talks, his voice is good and he may be right serious or he may say a funny thing. Jasper will sit with something on his mind and Abral will go to sleep before he the place here and spoil her conknows it. And Daddy writes things in his book and reads or cobbles ways and make young folks want to or studies up something, always in go off some place instead of living swallow's egg. She is pretty Mothgood humor, silent, never speaking hard of anybody. And then we'll all be a little sleepy and somebody with you, Julia; it takes that kind she was eighteen than I am. She will yawn and Daddy will wind up of schooling to make a good woman was taller and straighter and her the weights on the clock. . . ."

and felt the gentle friction of his money, and how'd you be able to when a man comes riding up Wolfnightshirt against his bare flesh, he lay by the window in their downstairs room on the soft feather-bed Julia had brought with her to Wolf- could come over and help along if I Cynthia, and gawked right at him pen after her wedding. Now that needed anybody. She ought to go." with my mouth gaping open, I reckthe new mill which he had planned during the winter was completed, and everything on Wolfpen orderly and in its place, and his children with his hand. content with their life, he could rest in peace as he waited the coming of Julia and sleep.

place on. We've been getting it any more in words but in a har- I looked down, reddening to the son.

Wolfpen. CHAPTER III

THE simple pattern of life designed so long ago on Wolfpen was again carrying the family easily into the work of the new season, There was a sense of peace and certainty which came from this yearly repetition of an old routine established by successive generations of men.

Cynthia sat in the sun-flooded weaving-room by the wooden loom had improved, weaving her unworded thoughts into the blue cashmere twill growing into dress goods under her fingers as she tossed the Saul's time. My boys won't have shuttle and worked the treadle and

"Shed, pick, beat; step two threads right; shed, pick, beat. Yellooks good and feels good. This low in the harness, blue in the shuthouse here, this Pattern house that tle. Shed, pick, beat. Pling to the left, plung to the right. . . . Planting time is a good time, even when a body sits at a loom. You can the honeysuckle awning will arch above the steps, and across the gray palings at the corner of the wood-lot and Mother's garden, and over the roof of the corn-crib and the cider mill and tan-bark shed, willows. Daddy and the boys out heart. . . ." in the bottoms and on the cleared edges of the hills with the mules turning over the rich soil, getting beans into the hills of corn and the side of the yellow grains of corn. Covering them over with a fail to wake up with the sun when it is morning."

brown sorghum, and big potatoes in joy of the end of day. Barn Hollow, and long yellow sweet



"You Are the Purtiest Sight I Ever Saw in My Born Days."

potatoes in House Field, and They went on again without peaches and apples for drying and words. They could hear Cynthia to make butter of, and pears for giving them space to breathe in the preserves in Mother's spiced earth- sunlight and a place for their roots enware jars."

Outside, the hollow was full of life and sound as it always was, as it always had been in the spring: the chickens in the barnyard, the scream of the hawks darting across the hollow, the liquid notes of nesting cardinals, the dolorous cooing

of doves in the tulip trees. "There's Mother going into her garden. How she loves to pull a hoe through the ground and rake it alive into beds of parsnips and radishes and beets and lettuce, and and not be hurt by it. Cynthia's build up little mounds exactly a hoe done all the books at the school and handle apart for muskmelons, and yours lots of times, and I reckon arranging everything according to she knows as much about a house its height in the sun and its shadow's length and decorating all the edges with flowers. It's like weav-

ing a patterned blanket." Passing slowly along a row, Julia framed herself in the window before Cynthia. She stooped in a graceful arc, bending to the hoe. Cynthia waved to her out of the Julia. It might take her away from bubble of joy that was within her.

"She keeps breaking up the clods and pounding at them until she has out every one that's bigger than a better at home. Cynthia's getting er is.

"She was a whole lot purtier when hair was brown and her teeth whiter. Will I be standing in the wood-After Sparrel had bathed his feet mother. Anyway, it takes ready lot with a dress full of pine chips pen? I'll know him the minute I set eyes on him, just like Mother rel. And one of the Wooton girls knew Daddy. 'I just stood there, on. He had ridden all the way Julia's head touched Sparrel's from Wolfpen down to Scioto to shoulder, and he touched her face see his sister, your Aunt Rachel. He was tall and straight, and his

"She's a fine girl, Julia. She takes beard was silky and flax-colored. I a right smart after her mother." just stared like an owl surprised by Nations on several occasions. De-Julia lay by his side feeling the a light. He pulled up his horse spite some good qualities, she was a "Things are about the way I want old joy in his way of speaking to right in front of the gate and his savage at heart, and in the Wyoming them around the place now. Ev- her and seeing in Cynthia herself blue eyes looked agape at me. Then massacre of July, 1778, tomaerything is handy and we've got projected into the books she had he said, "You're the purtiest sight hawked more than a dozen prisonjust about all we need to run a missed. They did not communicate I ever saw in my born days." Then ers in revenge for the death of her

monious silence which united their roots of my hair, and saw me holdseparate bodies. Before the late ing my dress up full of chips. moon could get through the window, was so plagued I could have crawled they and all their household were in a pin-hole. I dropped the chips fallen asleep in the night quiet of and ran like a scared rabbit back to the kitchen and looked back from the curtained window. He sat there on his big bay horse in a trance, and then rode on at a gallop to your Aunt Rachel's. And that's the first time I ever saw

Sparrel Pattern.' "Some day he'll come riding up Wolfpen here on a bay mare that's fifteen hands or better, and I'll be there by the pear tree in my blue cashmere dress with one hand lifted to a branch of blossoms like this, and he'll stop his mare and look and look at me, and then say, which Tivis had made and Sparrel 'Lady, you're the prettiest sight I ever saw in my life."

While her fingers tossed delicate ly the shuttle of blue wool between the shed of golden thread in the harness, and the bolt of twill grew by the width of each strand, the smell of the pines on Cranesnest. Mountain was gathered up and blown lightly on the wind into her thoughts through the open window by the

"People ought to have been trees; they live quiet and don't make trouble for other people. They say folks are like dogs and chickens and foxes and such, but they're like trees. Mother is a spray of April redbud looking at herself in clear pool, Daddy is a good hickory, not tough but straight and honest. I'll be a above the sea of peach tree buds, pear tree by the well with pinkand the spring-tangled green of the edged blossoms and gold in the

The days were growing longer over Wolfpen Hollows. Cynthia spoke ready for me to drop the thick wax about it, watching the long shadows going before the blaze of sun watch them lie there, pink and la- into the timber earlier in the morndie but the feeling is passed on to vender and purple striped beads by ing, and coming out later in the afternoon. She was in the fields for the planting. She loved to sense brown blanket of earth and saying the changing moods of a day from to them: 'Shut your eyes and go the cool vigor of the early morning, to sleep for a short spell, but don't through the slowed pace under the hot sun of noon, then the ebb and drowsiness of the first hour after "There'll be sugar-cane growing dinner, the dreamy relaxation and up like hearth brooms for thick fatigue in the afternoon, the tired

She liked best the long silence of the afternoon when the teams were scattered with her menfolk among the fields, near enough to be seen, far enough not to affect the moment around her. Then there was a whispering in the timber on one slope of the hollow, and an answering rustle from the opposite hillside. She thought of what the trees were saying and saw that the shadows which came silently out of the woods and hurried across the bottoms were the fingers of tulip trees which would soon be scattering honey-sweet brown dust from their bursting hearts' core.

The mood was different when she worked with some one, and at its best when she helped Jesse set out the sweet-potato plants.

They went to the hotbeds near the patch. They carefully pulled off the sturdy sprouts for planting and laid them roots down in a shallow basket. Then Cynthia dropped them at ten-inch intervals on the top of the ridge, and poured a gourd of water on their roots in the hole Jesse had made with his long fingers.

Cynthia filled the process with a delicate mystery, imagining that she was taking live people from dark beds where they were crowding one another to death, in the great cities she had read about, and in the ground.

When they had done with the last row, and the sun had been behind the mountain so long a time that the dark was coming again, Jesse remained on his knees at the last plant, rubbing his hands and picking idly at the dirt on his nails.

"Cynthia." "What is it, Jesse?" "Do you like this, Cynthia?"

"Do I like what?" "Just being here all the time this

way, planting, and tending, and looking after stock, and laying in grub and wood for the winter, over and over the same thing?" "Why, yes, Jesse; whatever else

could a body do, anyway? I could live here forever and ever. It's about the best place in the world. I reckon, to live in."

"I know it's a good place, and it ain't that I don't like it exactly. But I'd like to be something."

"Be something?" "Yes. Be something, Live in a town and have a profession. I don't want to just go on on a place where everything is done and fixed up by Dad and Granddad and the rest of them. I don't see why Jasper and Abral can't go on with the place if they like, and I'd be something else."

"A doctor like Daddy?" (TO BE CONTINUED)

Famous Indian Queen

Esther Montour, an Indian chieftainess, usually known as Queen Esther, was reputed to have been the granddaughter of Count de Frontenac. She became the wife of Eghobund, a chief of the Senecas. and gained great influence among her people. She visited Philadelphia with the delegates of the Six

Uncommon Sense

by horses out of business.

though he has probably not shod

For a time after the "devil wa-

horse drawn vehicles off the road,

Then one day he saw some or-

adornment on a new building.

went home and thought a little.

Today the children still "love to

see his flaming forge and hear the

Over the anvil on which he used

beautiful things of steel and iron.

same kind of work would be in

evidence as soon as there was a

He is known today all over the

state, and in many other states,

whose residents have bought his

But not, I am sorry to say, a

would have a wide reputation.

a horse or repaired an agricul-

or more.

he had little to do.

do it, by Gosh."

bellows blow.

work was on sale.

demand for it.

great business.

work.

JOHN BLAKE

6 Bell Syndicate.-WNU Service.

There are few village smithy | cannot be done in quantity over a shops today under the chestnut single anvil. trees. One reason A Village is that there aren't It cannot be said of him that he

Blacksmith any more chestnut is another Benvenuto Cellini. He

trees. Another is works in iron, not in silver and that the motor car is rapidly gold. driving horses and vehicles drawn But he is a master craftsman, which he never might have be-I used to think that in fifty come had he not been forced by years or more practically all the changing conditions to become

village smithies would disappear. something besides the village But lately I have learned better. blacksmith. Here in a little coast town in I saw him at work the other Maine is a village blacksmith who morning on a pair of beautiful

has more work than he can do. andirons.

I asked him what they cost. 'A lot of time," he said.

tural implement in twenty years "Yes, but how much money?" "Oh, not so much. But the fellow I'm making them for isn't rich so I wouldn't like to charge gons" began crowding horses and him too much."

And there was proof that he really had the soul of an artist.

namental grill work that had been Look Outward sent to his town to be used as an On Your Vacation

He examined it carefully, then There is no other rejuvenator equal to a vacation taken in the "There is no reason in the world right spirit. If you go away with why I cannot do that kind of your mind filled with your busiwork," he said to himself. "I will ness, your profession, your household cares, your studies, or your plans for the future, and if you keep thinking of those things, you might as well stay at home. If your eyes look inward instead of outward; if your ears still hear to fashion horse shoes he makes the hum of the factory and the noise of the busy streets; if you Visitors seeing him at work have carry with you the burdens and come in to inquire if his handi- perplexities which have been pinning you down and robbing He assured them that it cer- you of sleep and comfort, you tainly was, and that more of the will gain nothing from your outing.

Unique Strike

Recently in Damascus, Syria, the police displeased the guild of thieves and robbers, which, in retaliation, called a strike in the hope that the subsequent inactivi-And if he had the advertising ty of the police force would regift that some people have he sult in numerous dismissals. For many weeks the burglars and bandits of the city refused to steal a single thing.—Collier's Roll Developed—116 size or smaller, 2 beautiful enlargements from your roll 25c. Wisconsin Photoshop, West Salem. Wis. For his work is artistry, and Weekly.

ALL the relations of life are interwoven with trifles, and unless the shuttle is plied with a skillful hand, the texture of the web will be full of knots, and of many discordant colors. Let us fully appreciate trifles; look at them closely, but let them be reflected by the sunbeams of charity, arranged and woven together by sound discretion, that an even beautiful fabric may be presented before the gazing millions, at the great day of final examination.-L. C. Jud-

Trifles

Sublime living stamps beauty upon the face.

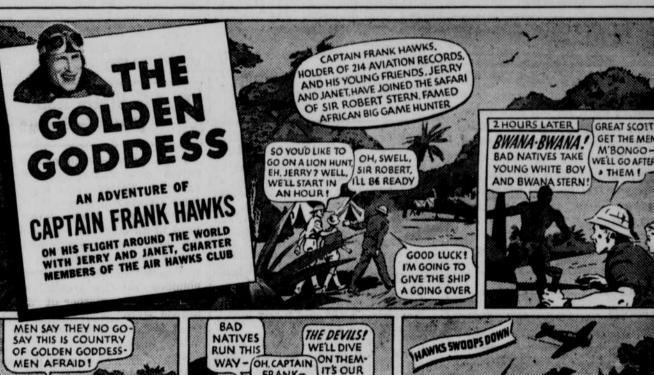


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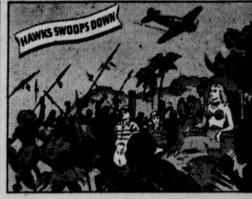
Classified Department

PHOTOGRAPHY















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