

SYNOPSIS

Kentucky. Chief of the perils were their lands from the ever-encroach- such a big price for it. It'll never ing whites. From a huge pinnacle be worth any more, and it's liable Wolfpen Bottoms. Saul gazed upon the fat bottoms and the endless acres of forest in its pri- to be worth a lot less, especially if meval quietude at the mouth of the fire should get into it." Wolfpen, and felt an eagerness to possess it, declaring it a place fit-for a man to LIVE in! Five years later he returned with Barton, his any land," Sparrel said, dfteen-year-old son, and built a rude cabin. 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 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 Bot-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 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 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. The famy goes easily into the work of the he said laughing. "When I buy some well, I just imagine he sees the w season, due to the simplicity of life designed along ago on the Wolfpen. The men are busy in the field, Julia in her garden, and Cynthia in the house. Joy is abundant. Jesse I don't want you to decide right off plans to study law. A stranger, Shellenberger by name, comes to Wolfpen,

Shellenberger."

about it again."

without disturbance.

round of thought.

menfolk had left the porch and gone

upstairs, Cynthia went on with her

CHAPTER V

which Julia had placed in his room,

well over his face and neck. He

voice to an easy friendliness.

"Why, if you think of it like that, yes. Only land, at least a right smart of it, was made to just be there to be around a body and be looked at. I spend part of my time just looking at Cranesnest and the Pinnacle. They don't have to have less miles of railroad being laid in any use only that."

"And yet you have to pay taxes on the entire place, don't you?" "Yes." Then, "Just what are you

aiming at?" Sparrel asked directly. Shellenberger filled his pipe carefully and when the pipe was going, Shellenberger turned to Sparrel.

"I need good timber, Mr. Pattern, and you've got what I want. I looked at it pretty carefully as I from the men, listening to the talk rode over here. You own every- of the great world that lay beyond thing from here to the river, don't the mountains. And for a long time you?"

"Just about, I reckon." "What do you think that land is

worth to you?" "Well," Sparrel said, "I just

hadn't thought anything about what timber in there."

sell me a few thousand acres of this at town." timber hill land, I'll pay you four dollars an acre for it. You would still have more land than you could keep your eyes on; it wouldn't touch your farms or your meadow land." SHELLENBERGER was in good before a storm, then maybe a body spirits the next morning. He wouldn't think about the hurt

Sparrel was in no hurry to speak. rose early with the family, and in- things in the world at all." The proposal lay in the space be- stead of using the blue washbowl tween them.

"I hadn't thought anything about he came down to the yard and just about as soon have my land," rock, dashing cold water from the puffs above Cranesnest, he said.

three times what hill land is worth." lumber business back in Pennsyl- Julia said. Sparrel thought about this a few vania and spoke further at the minutes in silence. Cynthia in the breakfast table of the way the counkitchen could hear words from the try was growing, the cities booming, waste by lumbermen.

"There's still a sight of timber up a big tract of timber like Sparbelow me. Why did you come way rel Pattern's because it was worth audible a fragment of her thought that new mill. I'd like to see how up here to my place?"

"Well, I'll tell you exactly why, fore or would likely be again. He lence. Mr. Pattern. Most of the good tim- disconcerted Julia by offering to pay ber down along the river has been for his night's lodging. He gave land?" bought and cut. There is a lot of Nelson a coin for guiding him over it on the sides of the hill away from the mountain, and went with Sparthe river, but you can't get at it rel to the barn to get a mount for good outlet: Big Sandy river on one of his saddle mules, as a part of on Sandy where they've logged." one side. Gannon Fork on the other his hospitality to the stranger, and right into one or another creek, then | town. noticed a good deal of the timber is turn it down. " we up at the the sky.

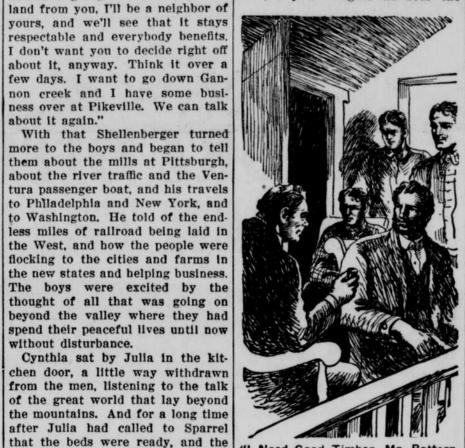
hotel at the end of the week." He

on around and you won't have a bit she had ever made to Cynthia. of trouble finding the way," Sparrel

When Shellenberger had gone, the whole family understood that some intangible alteration had affected At dusk the night before it was one himself. He wants to read the law." thing and they were used to it and tensions they were accustomed. The good at following law." values by which they lived had en-They had been sufficient to order a The feeling had returned. way of life which brought satisfaction and meaning into the activities falling and decaying, and a fire would play havor with it. I'd rather way into a fifth. They had produced into silence. Julia rolled the flour In 1785 Saul Pattern of Virginia get what I need in a large tract their culture. Now, suddenly, new paste from her hands and went to came into the beautiful virgin coun- than bother with a whole lot of pressures were there. Shellenberger her garden to be with herself. Cynsmall stumpage. That's why I am had unhinged the easy swing of life. thia watched her for a while from the Shawnees, who sought to hold here and that's just why I offer you He brought with him a strange rest- the door, pondering the great con-

Sparrel let the sales speech die tasted the feeling of disturbance. winter shirts for the men, she mediaway. "I don't guess I want to sell Jesse rubbed the black saddle of the tated on Julia's words and the Shellenberger attacked once more. from the barn. Jasper stood by the since she sat last at the loom. "You can't eat it. I can't carry it woodlot playing idly with the catch away. These natural resources on the gate, and then walked down by the garden and into Mossy Botwere put there for us to use, Mr. toward the sheepfold.

Pattern. You haven't any right to hoard up timber when it's needed to kitchen door looking into the cloud up the hollow, hearing them tear develop the country. This country's tangles above the Pinnacle. "The the crisp new grass with their got to develop sooner or later, you white clouds are soft as lambs' wool rich meadows. Soon other settlers know. It can't just lie here on a in a bag and there could be no burs vacation forever for you to look at. to pick out of it. If a body could We must develop with the country." sit on a fold of cloud and lean back "I don't take much stock in this against a fluff of woolpack and development, the way it's carried move about and be high above all ler?" Abral said, climbing on the out," Sparrel said, still slowly and the land that man wants to lum- top bar and biting at a straw. clearly. "We've developed this place ber, and then the groaning of the for about a hundred years, but it's big poplar trees when they fall and some different from the way they've crush the little under trees might developed the Peach Orchard sec- not sound any louder to you than tion by taking nigh on to a million the rush of an oriole's wing, and dollars a year in coal and timber that wouldn't pain something inside out of these mountains, and bring- of you. I guess it must be because ing into it nothing but a lot of ig- a body's soul squats too much on norant, drinking, fighting people the ground where so many things from down the river to do it with. are hurt right before your eyes and That is the way the country's being cry into your ears that keeps it developed, looks to me like, Mr. troubled. And then again, it might reach all the way up to Heaven, Shellenberger pulled at his pipe and when that man wants to cut for a while. Then he dropped his down our trees I reckon Grandfather Saul feels an ache in his long "Well, there's not much danger of legs, and Grandfather Barton gives a cough, and Grandfather Tivis, else." that in my proposition, Mr. Pattern,"



"I Need Good Timber, Mr. Pattern, and You've Got What I Want."

whole valley filling up with unpaint-"It seems a long way off from ed, rough-sawed, siding houses, Still, it's worth. There's a fine stand of here, mills as big as the orchard if you sat all night in Cassiopeia's and garden put together. Sometimes | Chair and went about above things "I'm told that land in this coun- when I lie here by the window and under a veil of moonlight when evil try is valued from a dollar to a look out down the hollow I can feel is hidden and the moan of trees and dollar and a half an acre. Of the fingers of the world creeping up the cry of a young ewe can't be course bottom-land alone is worth the river and edging in here; Jesse heard because stars sing and you more. I'll tell you what I'm pre- wanting to go off to read the law, breathe the sweet influence of the pared to do, Mr. Pattern. If you'll me thinking of the Institute over Pleiades, and in the daytime you watched the wind play in the white cloud mist under you and wave it the way a breeze from the hollow plays in the beard of the wheat wouldn't think about the hurt

While she was dreaming farther and farther away into the blue bend of the sky, a black cloud in a dragselling off any of it. I guess I'd joined with the boys at the wash on's shape crashed into the white

"The breakfast things are getting "I am offering you a price about talked easily with them about the dry and harder to wash, Cynthia,"

The kitchen was dark after the sharp sunlight. They worked in silence for a while, Cynthia washing talk and she began to see the hills and the Ohio valley filling up, and the dishes, Julia mixing yeast into trapped like the poor ewe and laid markets expanding, and how that the white flour and setting it in made it just the right time to open a wooden bowl on the hearth. Then more money instead of making your Cynthia spoke, the words making more now than it had ever been be. as it passed easily out of the si-

"Will Daddy sell him any of our

"That's for your daddy to say, Cynthia."

"I'd not like to see our place profitably. Your place has a fairly his journey. Sparrel let him have look like some of the hills over "Maybe people do need lumber and smaller creeks cutting into both told him how to leave it in Hardin to build houses with in the towns Constantine. The performers, moststreams. I'd want to look over the Slusser's stable below the court- and we oughtn't to hold it just be- ly women and girls, are known as

hunt in." brought to the two big streams and "You think over my proposition "I couldn't hardly think of Wolf- ed around the pits until they fall rafted and floated out. It's worth for a few days Me l'attern," Shel- pen without the tinder to be like exhausted by the fires. Then they nothing to you now as it stands; I lenberger said. ") on can't afford to green sea waves moving off into rise and in an ecstatic state dance

"It wouldn't be cut right around climbed awkwardly into the saddle the place here, and we could use as the mule jumped about under a little ready money. Maybe you could go to Pikeville for a win-"You just follow the creek right ter." It was the first mention of it

"Oh, could I? Then I could be there when Jesse is."

"Where is Jesse going?" "There I go blurting out what I was not supposed to. But I don't the atmosphere of Wolfpen Bottoms. reckon he'd mind only to tell you

"He never said anything about at home in it; in the morning of it," Julia mused, thinking on the the next day a new element had quiet way of Jesse with her and come into the valley and disturbed how he was turned different from the spiritual equilibrium to whose the others. "Jesse ought to be right

"But we wouldn't have to sell off dured for just a hundred years. any land to do that, would we?"

"That's for your daddy to decide, Cynthia," Julia answered. Their of four generations of men and part thoughts slipped back privately lessness and left a portion of it in tentment of Julia as she put seeds into the fine ground of her gar-Julia looked over the palings of den. Then as she went into the her garden into indefinite space and weaving-room to make cloth for shepherd which had bounded back change of the mood on Wolfpen

Jesse drove the cows up the lane tom meadow. There he leaned on Cynthia sat on a stool near the the bars watching the cows spread rough tongues.

> Abral, coming back from seeing Nelson on his way up the branch, found Jesse leaning on the bars.

"What do you think of that fel-"He is all right, I guess."

"I'd like to see all the places he talked about. Why do we always just live right here all the time?" "It's a good place to live. Patterns

have always lived here and done well," Jesse answered. "Sure it's all right that way, but a feller might go out and then come back. Even the old Patterns had to come from somewhere else before they got here, didn't they? If one of them hadn't come from the old country and another one of them hadn't come over here from

Jesse remained silent, for he liked Abral when he plunged headlong with one of his notions.

Virginia, we wouldn't be here would

we? We'd already be some place

"I'd like to see some of the world, and drive cattle down the river for a drover, or be a drover myself maybe and buy cattle. I'd like to take a raft down the Big Sandy and go up to Pittsburgh on a boat and run a coal barge down to Cincinnati, and do a lot of things."

"Dad couldn't hardly spare any of us off the place during the season," Jesse said. "I don't think he'll sell," Jesse

said. "Well, just the same he ought

to," Abral said. "Yes, and we ought to finish up the Long Bottom and get it planted. Half the morning's already

gone. Come on," Jesse said.

Sparrel closed the gate behind Shellenberger. He stood with his right hand still lifted in farewell, observing that the man did not know how to put his knees into a fine saddle mule. As Shellenberger disappeared down Wolfpen, Sparrel turned back through the lot toward the barn, feeling that the morning was advancing and the self-contained mood which had always borne him through the spring work was suddenly broken. He should be caring for the new lambs and getting the boys into the Long Bottom and carrying forward the daily work of the place, but some fragile quality had been shattered out of the delicate balance which had made all the yesterdays full of content in these things. He went into the barn through the thick smell of horses; then he crossed the harness-and-saddle room through the sweet odor of leather, and went into the alcove where he prepared his herbs and mixed his medicines. but his mind was on the words of the man riding down the hollow, and on their portent for him and

his children. "I just never thought about selling any; a man buys land if he can and he sells only if he has to. I'd rather have my land. A family ought to have plenty of land around them. But here I'm getting along and it stands to reason in a few years it'll go to the children. Sometimes it 'pears like it's coming to the place where you have to have own things. And I could saw on a big wheel saw the size of a millstone would go through a log when my new engine twirled it." (TO BE CONTINUED)

Firewalkers in Bulgaria

In Bulgaria fire-walking is an important part of the spring festival. The fire festival is held annually at the feast of Saints Helena and land a little more carefully, but it house at Pikeville and he would get cause a Pattern happened to see it Nastinarki. Pits are filled with logs seems to me that nearly all of the it when he rode over at the end of first and wanted a country full of and branches of trees which are igmarketable timber could be snaked the week on his monthly trip to timber about him to lost at and nited. As the wood burns into embers the Nastinarki dance barefootover the burning pits.

Chic Frock Slenderizes



Pattern 1889-B

There is nothing smarter for cool summer wear than silk linen, novelty crepe, dotted swiss, or printed silks, especially when fashioned into a slim and trim model like this stunning design.

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Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 367 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. @ Bell Syndicate. - WNU Service.



Add a tablespoon of cream to roast beef or lamb gravy. It makes it a delicious brown.

Some folks use a small, round goldfish bowl with a small opening at the tip as a spatter-proof place to whip cream, beat eggs,

To wash feather pillows soak in soapsuds for several hours, changing the water as it becomes soiled. Then put them through a washing machine or wash them by hand. Rinse them well in clear water and hang them in a sunny place to dry. Turn frequently to change the position of the feathers in the tick.

Place a glass pie plate over the top of the kettle when making a stew. The stew may then be watched while cooking without lifting the cover or allowing steam to escape.

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