

to kill her because she wasn't made

He stood apart delaying for sev-

eral more minutes, but when the

poor creature fixed her agonized

No one said anything more about

Shellenberger or his offer, but the

spirit of unrest he had brought into

rel would have to decide, and when

he had made up his mind he would

say what was to be done. In the

meantime the responsibility lay

heavy upon him. All the daily pur

poses of his life grew easily out of

tradition: that is the way it had al-

ways been done on Wolfpen. But

for this problem there was no

precedent, and Sparrel found it be-

wildering to settle on what was

best to do. He could think about

buying land and building a new

mill, because three generations be-

fore him had bought land and made

new mills. But there was nothing

Sparrel Pattern to know anything

helpful about partnerships or roy-

alties or selling off surplus timber

butter was sweet from the churn.

timber like the Ohio end of the Big

Sandy? Or might it be in the or-

derly manner of Wolfpen? Haste

and greed would never pause for

vision or plan. The Ohio was fill-

ing, the West was filling, the moun-

of trade. The outside had pushed

into Catlettsburg, then up to Louisa,

on to Richardson and Paintsville,

must be fed, and now Shellenberger

was up here on Gannon and Wolf-

pen wanting logs and land. And

the demand might cease. His chil-

dred needed the money more than

with the planting he had hardly

seen his mill. It was no crime to

sell timberland at a profit. Senti-

ment could never prosper a man.

He closed the worn history-book

and put it back on its shelf. He

wound up the weights on the clock,

had a long talk about it.

"We can see them all get a good

start now," Julia said, thinking,

as always, of her children and not

the morning?" she said.

berland to Shellenberger.

"You're going over to town in

That was the talk they had about

selling four thousand acres of tim-

our children."

of herself.

the stumpage.

Wolfpen.

land or the marketing of logs.

hunting knife and slit her throat.

right to start with."

SYNOPSIS

In 1785 Saul Pattern of 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 eyes upon him, he opened his long 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 feit an eagerness to possess it, declaring it a place fit the family continued and multiplied for a man to LIVE in! Five years in silence through the week. Sparlater 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 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 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, convert the old water - wheeled mill to steam power. Cynthia feels that something out of the past has been buried with Saul. Cynthia is 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 ning, fingering slowly at his trimmed Julia, his wife, is pleased. Generation after generation has added comforts and conveniences to Saul's homestead, and Sparrel has not shirked. The family goes easily into for baking the fluffy wheat biscuits the work of the new season, due to the simplicity of life designed long ago on the Wolfpen. Joy is abundant. Jesse plans to study law. A stranger, Shellenberger by name, biscuits on the evening when the comes to Wolfpen, intent on buying timber. Sparrel refuses his offer. Shellenberger tells of progress in the outside world. With the advent of

the atmosphere of Wolfpen.

turbing alteration seems to affect

Jasper found him there among his herbs and canisters enveloped in a smell of turpentine, ginger and tar. Through the small window came the bewildered bleating of the new lambs.

"How are they?" Sparrel asked just as though he were not thinking of Shellenberger.

"They're dropping pretty fast right now," Jasper answered, making the same pretense.

"How's that young ewe?" "She's not making it."

"We'll try this," Sparrel said. They walked around behind the barn to the railed lot where the ewes were penned. Sparrel treated the afflicted one; then they stood apart from her against the low

fence. "What did you think about that feller's offer?" Jasper asked, as though his thoughts had suddenly and without warning become au-

dible. "I haven't had a chance to think

about it much yet, son," "We better take it." "Why so?"

"It's a good price. That'd be a sight of money.

Sparrel regarded the lambs making friends with their mothers, and made no reply.

"I want to get married before long, Dad," Jasper said with a boyish shyness.

Sparrel turned to look at his oldest son who was covering his words by moving a new lamb against its mother. He was a well favored man of twenty-four, wide in the shoulders, clear-eyed, a young mustache which emphasized the gravity of his bearing.

"I allowed you'd be getting married one day, son. I didn't know. Who do you favor?"

"Jane Burden over at Pike." It was emotional to utter her name. "I guess she's a good girl al! right. She comes of good people." "I ought to have a place to take

her to." "You can have the Marebone farm. There's a fine place for a

house there."

young, did we, Julia?" "That's just it. I want a house with things in it and money to start in." make things."

"We can soon saw up a house on the new mill if you don't want to come into the home place for a while."

"We ought to have that money. Dad. There is no sense to it. You sell and let me have my part while

it'll do me some good." "A body gets attached to things,

Jasper. Don't you feel that?" "Not to a lot of timber-land we never see much of anyway and it

won't move." They were silent again. Sparrel watched the pained efforts of the

young ewe grow weaker.

daybreak, she was in the barn- Pikeville. yard opening the gate and watchwaved good-by to Cynthia.

with his own black gelding.

"You open the gate for me, will you, Cynthia?" "Why, Jesse, wherever are you

going to?" "I just took a notion to go over to town, too. I don't feel at rest in my mind this morning and I'm going to try to see Tandy Morgan about what I told you about the other day." He rode through the

and tell Mother?" "Yes, Jesse." She had never seen him in a flurry before. She waved good-by to him also and watched him ride hurriedly down the creek

gate. "Will you water the sheep

after Sparrel and Jasper. He overtook them at the Gannon creek ford.

"Where are you going to, son?" Sparrel asked also in surprise. "I thought I'd just go over to town, too," Jesse said.

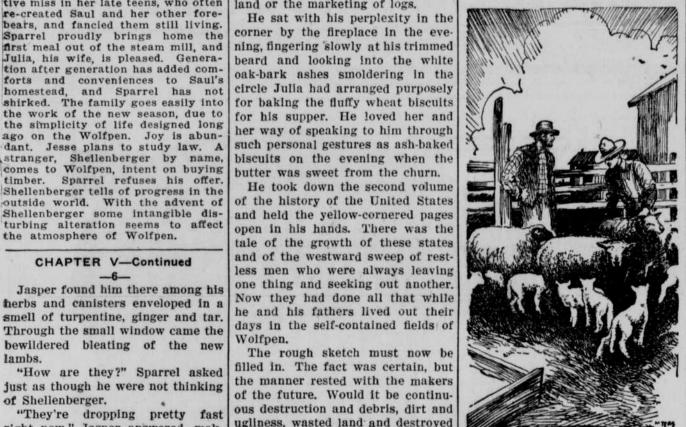
"I thought you went up to the field to look after that last piece," Jasper said, and there was an irritation in his voice.

"Abral's looking after it." "What about the sheep, son?" Sparrel asked. It was as near as he got to reproving Jesse for coming along.

"Cynthia will water them all right," Jesse spoke quietly, riding on with his father and brother up the bank. Sparrel said no more; he rode off at a lope up Gannon.

"What are you going to do over at town anyway?" Jasper demanded. "I've got some business of my own to attend to, Jasper," Jesse about selling. And how was a sim-

ple, honest, hospitable man like said. They rode in file-Sparrel, Jesse, Jasper-with ease and rapidity up the creek, the fall of twelve hoofs, the square, three tall men in black while reserving ownership of the muted in the soft dirt, beating



"I Want to Get Married Before Long, Dad."

quick rhythm as if they were only one rider, and then nervously out of rhythm as though there were tains were filling: everywhere (from nine. They rode without words, the what he could learn) the unrest only sounds the mild friction of of men and the inexorable pressure saddle leather and the quick intervals of the hoofs collecting into a more insistent one and then shattering into many. At the upper ford the Pattern

and now the big Sandy boats were towing it right into Pikesville. Most men crossed the creek and began to of the timber on the lower Sandy climb up Stepstone Hollow by the was gone and the hillsides were gutbridle path which lifted them slowted with washouts. The demand ly into Cranesnest Gap, took them was increasing; the hungry mills around the ridge, and lowered them into the Big Sandy Bottoms a few miles below Pikeville. As they climbed, leaning forward lightly after all, why not? No telling but while the hill-trained mules picked their way with precise steps up the mountain, Sparrel and his sons rose out of the revolving thoughts that There was the new mill that could had possessed them and relaxed run a saw. He had been so busy, into the untroubled sensation of riding up a steep hillside on a capable mount. The hills were now fully awake, and the wild life astir in the woods; the original possessors of the land which had survived the Patterns but had not yet felt the hand of the Shellenbergers.

and bathed his feet, and lay on the They came out of the dense upbed, waiting for Julia. When she per woodland at the end of the had put out the lamp and had taken ridge and paused for an instant to her place by his side, he laid his look back at the Pinnacle barely vishand on her face, stroking it gently, ible through the faint green of the and said, "We won't much miss the trees, and down upon the green land Shellenberger wants and the fringed bends of the Big Sandy money will come in right handy." river sweeping through the valley. "I think that's best, too, Sparrel," Julia said, just as though they had Then while the mules placed their precise downward steps, the men leaned backward lightly and dropped "We didn't think much about not having real money when we were one: Sparrel, Jesse, Jasper in file; "We had this fine place to start on, and it wasn't a bit of trouble to | Shellenberger, Tandy Morgan, Jane "I reckon it's not that way with

thought. At nine o'clock they rode into the and became the main street. It

to a full chorus with the coming of eral small boats were tied. This was

And Pikeville had a future, the ing Sparrel and Jasper ride down wise men said. It stood at the head Wolfpen toward Gannon on their of navigation on the Big Sandy in way to Pikeville. Before they dis- the heart of the coal region. It appeared around the lower orchard, was only a matter of time. The Sparrel turned in the saddle and boats had at last come; one day, so the more hopeful predicted, the She was still leaning on the gate railroad would lengthen up the valwhen Jesse came out of the barn ley, bearing on its rails more people and more trade. The country was full of coal and timber; Pikeville was the distributing point; strangers like Shellenberger were arriving and there was talk of development and natural résources and progress.

The Pattern men rode into Hardin Slusser's livery-stable.

"Howdy, Sparrel. Howdy, boys," Hardin called out.

"Howdy, Hardin." "Right smart gang of people in town today," Hardin said.

"Looks like they're all hitched up around the court-house fence,' Sparrel said.

"I got about all I can take care

of." Hardin led the mules into the clean stall smells. "That mule that feller left here got a shoe loose on the back off-

side.' "It's a cause for wonder they're not all loose, the way he was riding that mule down Wolfpen, Maybe you'd better try shoeing her. But have an eye on her. I have to hobble her, myself."

"I'll fix her."

"When did he get in?" "Day before yesterday. He said

tell you he'd pay for the stall." "Much obliged."

"You doin' some tradin' with him some way, Sparrel?"

"I don't reckon I am, Hardin. have been figuring on it some. He wants to buy some land and get out "That sure is what we need up

in here, Sparrel, is somebody to develop this country, as the feller says." Sparrel gestured a good-by to Hardin and walked with his sons to

boots and white shirts. Sparrel in the lead setting the pace, Jesse and Jasper in step behind him, "I guess you boys will look after your own business," Sparrel said.

"You aim to start back about the usual time?" Jesse asked. "About the middle of the evening, reckon," Sparrel said.

They separated at the square. Jesse crossed the rutted and dunged street into the crowded court-house grounds, passing knots of men who were beginning to drink and talk trades, and went around the corner by the recorder's office toward the pump and watering trough. There in the center of a crowd was Tandy Morgan. Jesse could hear Tandy's laugh bubble in his lungs before it burst into a cir cle of ripples over the group of men Tandy Morgan was already the bes: criminal lawyer in the county Every one said that as soon as this section developed, Tandy Morgan would go to Frankfort as governo of Kentucky. He knew everybody in the county and most of the peo ple down the river. When Jesse walked up to the pump, Tandy

crushed his hand and said: "Why, how are you, Jesse, mighty glad to see you. How're all the

"About as well as common," Jesse said. "How's yours?" "Never felt better and had less

in my life," Tandy said, the laugh bubbling and breaking over the crowd.

"I'd like to see you a minute, if you're going to be in your office any time," Jesse said. "Sure. Right now if these boys

will excuse me." Tandy Morgan opened a way through the crowd and Jesse was carried along in the eddy behind him across the courtyard to the bank building, up the dingy stairway, and into the large barren office room littered with yellow-bound books on the chairs, the rough pine table, and away on the varnished book-shelves.

"Just have a seat, Jesse." Jesse lifted two fat books from a chair and sat down with them on

"I've been thinking about asking you something for a long time, Tandy."

"Is that so, Jesse?" Tandy Morgan's hand spread over a disorder of papers on the pine table. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Playing Card Pictures

Represented Personages Marks upon the suits of cards were supposed to have been the sym-

bolic representation of the different classes of society. The hearts stood for the clergy, clubs for the soldiery, spades for the merchants. gradually into the aura of thought According to records, observes a which surrounded and isolated each writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, the pictures represented actual personages. The kings, in the early Burden in a circle of revolving French cards, were David, Alexander, Caesar and Charlemagne, being the respective representatives of straggling outskirts of the little the Jewish, Greek, Roman and county-seat, on the dirt road which French monarchies; the queens

thickened with houses farther along were Argine, Esther, Judith, Pallas. The marks on the suits of cards gathered on its edge the livery-sta- have undergone various changes. In ble, the hardware store and har- the earliest European cards (made ness shop; then, overflowing around in Germany) are hearts, bells, the public square that held the leaves and acorns, Italian cards court-house and jail, it fronted the had swords, batons, cups and three general stores, the state bank, money. The club of the modern card the post-office, the Gibson House, a is derived from the trefoil, a French Cynthia was awake when the restaurant and pool-room, a few design. The court cards at first first undecided birds in the orchard homes with trees and wide yards, were the king, chevaller and knave. chirped uncertainly for the morn- and then plunged down through the The queen was first substituted "She can't make it, but it's a pity ing. By the time they had swelled warehouses to the wharf where sev- for the chevalier by the Italians.

Polka Dot Tunic Frock



Even the slenderest of clothes allowances will permit including tain silence. this clever tunic frock in your wardrobe. It's the very dress you've been wanting . . . so perfect for town, country, commuting and vacationing. The tunic has a blue polka dot

on white ground and flares partly from a tiny waist held by a patent belt. The lines conform to the current wide shoulder vogue may wear the neckline open having revers in the same or conpolka dotted satin, pastel sheer was a daughter, Sarah.

splashed with crisp white, or any favorite shade or material that expresses your personality, mak-

ing this ensemble yours alone. Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1927-B is available for sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 2 3-4 yards of 35 or 39-inch material for the tunic and 2 yards for the skirt. Send 15 cents in coins.

Send for the Fall Pattern Book containing Barbara Bell. wellplanned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send NEW RADIO STAR 15 cents for your copy.

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Foreign Words and Phrases

Abusus non tollit usum. (L.) Abuse is no argument against the proper use of anything. Auri sacra fames. (L.) Ac-

cursed greed for gold. Bon chien chasse de race. (F.) A good dog hunts from instincts; blood will tell.

Coute que coute. (F.) At any Lite pendente. (L.) During the

Esprit des lois. (F.) The spirit

of the law. Modus operandi. (L.) A mode of operating.

Pot-pourri. (F.) A hotch-potch; a medley. Favete linguis. (L.) Avoid ut-

tering ill-omened words; main-In nubibus. (L.) In the clouds; not clear.

Tempus edax rerum. (L.) Time, the devourer of all things.

Franklin's Son

Benjamin Franklin had a son William, who lived from 1731 to 1813, and who was the last royal while puffed sleeves push up at governor of New Jersey. William the shoulders a la Margot. You was appointed governor in 1762, governor of New Jersey. William became a Tory in the Revolution, and was held in prison during trasting color, or buttoned high part of the war. After independand ornamented with a clip pin ence had been established he or bouquet. Your friends will moved to England, and lived there succumb to the charm of your the remainder of his life. Benjablack and white shantung model, min Franklin's only other child

Let Yourself Go!

After he is through running and playing, have you noticed how your dog completely relaxes and falls asleep on the rug at your feet? He lets go, rests every nerve and muscle, builds up his strength for the next run. Take a tip from your dog and let' go! In these high tension days it is vitally important to learn to relax.

A prominent efficiency expert taught that we should use our 'moments of unavoidable delay" to relax and store up energy for our work .- Arcadia Journal.



"The Travels of Mary Ward" Starting Aug. 24

Five days every week, from Monday through Friday, Mary Ward — farm wife, radio personality, nationally known stylist and merchandise authority — will bring you interesting, human stories of her travels. Love, drama and humor are fascinatingly interwoven with fashion news, authoritative merchandise information and practical household advice. You'll like Mary Ward!

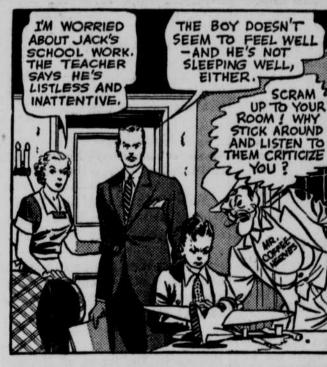
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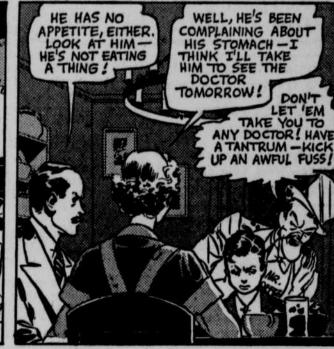


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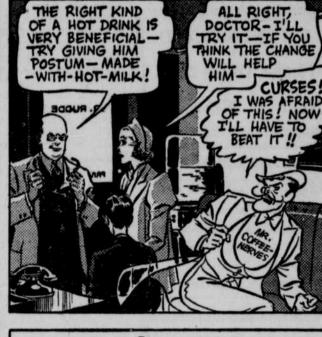
WNU-U

THE DOCTOR HELPS JACK

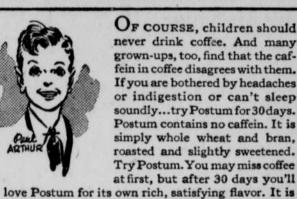












OF COURSE, children should never drink coffee. And many grown-ups, too, find that the caffein in coffee disagrees with them. If you are bothered by headaches or indigestion or can't sleep soundly...try Postum for 30 days. Postum contains no caffein. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. Try Postum. You may miss coffee at first, but after 30 days you'll

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