

PATTERNS OF WOLFPEN

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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 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 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 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 rich meadows. Soon after 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 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 Abrael, convert the old water-wheeled mill to steam power. 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 after generation has added comforts and conveniences by name comes to Wolfpen, intent on buying timber. Sparrel refuses his offer. Shellenberger tells of progress in the outside world. With the advent of Shellenberger some intangible disturbing alteration seems to affect the atmosphere of Wolfpen. Sparrel decides to sell timber land to Shellenberger. Jesse arranges to study law with Tandy Morgan.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"I wonder how big is an ocean and a boat on it, and if a stick ever floats that far from here? I don't reckon it really does. It'd go and get caught on something or other, or get waterlogged and sinking before it got a very far piece away from where it started. Funny the way I've just been wandering around and killing off a day this way, and Mother will be wondering what's become of me. Somehow the feel of things is different and their meaning changed when three of your menfolk ride off to sell the timber."

She began to observe that it had grown cooler, and she remembered that she had seen the shadow of the Pinnacle come creeping up the bank, pulling the sunshine back under the hill, and she knew with this return of the time sense that she had overlied the noon without hunger and that evening was moving into the bottoms and she must go back. While she was reorganizing her senses to this new moment, she heard the sound of a hoof beat on a stone, then a splash in the creek, and she looked across the ford at Doug Mason on his mule.

She had expected to see no one, but his presence seemed good to her after the lonely musings. "Howdy, Doug." "Why, howdy, Cynthia. Well, I don't reckon I figured on seeing you down here all by yourself." "Oh, I just wandered off and was sitting here looking at things." "Don't look like there's much of anything to look at just sitting there on an elm root."

"I've seen a plenty, and a whole lot more than anybody can see all at one time. But I'll look at it some more when I'm busy around the house. A body has to look in as well as out to see things." Doug looked out at her in the puzzled incomprehension he so often regarded her with, and then shifted his eyes to the mule, patting her neck. "I just didn't allow to see you down here," he said. "Well, anyway I ought to be getting back. I didn't think about it being so far along into the evening. Daddy and the boys will be getting in about dark."



"There Ain't Nobody There With Her Right Now."

seeds out of the berries last fall and planted them in that open spot at the head of Buzzard. I ought to have a sight of money out of them if the price stays up till the drover comes." "I'm proud you thought of raising it instead of going all over the hills hunting for it." Doug threw the bridle reins over a paling, and then walked on through the barn-lot by Cynthia's side. They went through the gate by the well into the yard. Julia was coming around the house wearing her great calmness which seemed to partake of the timeless alteration of evening and morning in this valley surrounded and protected by thick acres of trees. She greeted Doug with a soft kindness and inquired of his mother. "I'll just see if I can't find some of Sparrel's medicine for her," she said. In the small pantry-like room behind the kitchen where Sparrel kept some of his pharmacy, she found a bottle of brown medicine smelling pungently of sassafras and foxglove and marked in Sparrel's neat penmanship, "Dropsy—Heart pains." "You better stay and eat with us," Julia said. "Sparrel and the boys'll be along soon now, and Abrael's out milking." "I don't guess I can tonight. I ought to be getting back now." "Well, you be sure and let us know how your mother gets along, and I'll tell Sparrel when he comes." "I'm sure much obliged to you all," Doug said. Lingered at the gate, Cynthia watched the evening absorb him as the morning had effaced Sparrel and taken away Jesse, and she felt that the day had been long and dis-

turbingly strange. She watered the sheep, tasting the difference in the atmosphere of the place as the restlessness of evening surged over all things with the portent of night with its quiet and its restoration. Then she went back to the kitchen to help with the supper.

When Cynthia heard through the dusk the steps of Abrael as he went into the spring house with the milk, and then the sound of Sparrel and the boys on the porch, she began to feel that the balance was almost restored as before. But as she lay that night thinking over the day and its moods, and of the brief account of Sparrel's meeting with Shellenberger and their plans for surveying the place, she knew that all was not quite as before. And as she fell asleep she heard the restless voice of the disturbed timberland sighing over the leaves of the forests and running down into the roots and hiding there twisted between the leaf-mold and the sand.

The days that followed Sparrel's journey to town were tense, and the self-contained peace and quiet of the familiar routine were interrupted by an unfamiliar consciousness of suspense. Cynthia felt it acutely as she sat in the weaving-room with a shuttle of thread in her lap going over the brief account Sparrel and the boys had given of their day in Pikeville. "It has made a difference in everybody, seems like. Daddy tries to be just the same but you can see it on his mind. Jasper is thinking about Jane Burden, all right, but he won't ever say anything to anybody. Abrael is nervous and wants the strange men to hurry and come in here. Jesse is all wrapped up in his law book and puzzling all the time over the hard words. Mother spends hours in her garden tapping the earth with her hoe and not showing that anything is any different, but that is her way and she makes everything seem all right as it is. I'll be right glad when Daddy gets his herbs mixed up for me to take down to Mason's and feel the Finemare move under my legs."

Julia placed two loaves of her freshly baked wheat bread in the round basket and Sparrel put in a large bottle of his compound. "And tell her if she needs anything to just tell you," Julia said. Cynthia went down to the barn. The Finemare tidily brushed and curried was already saddled and waiting under the shed by the stile block. She set the basket on the step and went into the barn to look for Jesse. She found him in the harness-room astride a saddle on a wooden frame by the open window bending over his law book propped against the pommel of the saddle.

"This is the way we farm on Wolfpen this spring," Cynthia said. Jesse was startled at the sound of her voice and almost dropped the Blackstone. "I was just reading a page or two of law. The Finemare's all saddled for you." "I saw. Much obliged to you, Jesse, for doing it. You looked like it was right hard reading." "It is awful hard some places, and I got to hunt up lots of words in Dad's dictionary. See here now. 'This law of nature, being coeval with mankind, and dictated by God himself, is of course superior in obligation to any other.' What is 'coeval' if you know?" "Not if it don't mean as evil as mankind."

"No, it couldn't be that. That would make the law be evil, don't you see? And then it says 'in order to apply this to the particular exigencies of each individual.' Wonder what an individual's 'exigencies' are?" "I don't know, Jesse. That's hard. But lawyers have to know lots of big words about simple things. You'll have to ask Tandy Morgan. But it is nice you're reading about it. Do you know when the surveyors are coming?" "Just any time now." Jesse laid the book on the shelf above the saddle rack and went with Cynthia to the shed to unhitch the Finemare. Cynthia arranged herself on the red and green carpet-covered side-saddle, her right knee in the leather rest, and her full blue homespun skirt spread carefully over her feet. Jesse handed her the basket and opened the gate. "Are you going to see Sarah Mason or Doug?" Jesse asked, lifting his eyebrows. "I'm taking medicine to Sarah, and I reckon he'll be out in a hollow plowing like a body ought to be on a day like this," Cynthia said riding off.

She rode smoothly in rhythm with the movement of the Finemare, down Wolfpen and into Gannon Creek at the ford, listening to the liquid sounds of the horse hoofs against the boulders under the water, feeling the mare stretch out her neck and nose to gain freedom from the bridle to drink at leisure under the shadow of the Pinnacle. The Mason place was just off the road behind a weathered paling fence. Cynthia left the Finemare under the elm tree by the gate. The yard was full of chickens. She found Sarah on the back porch which connected the old house with the summer kitchen. The floor was laid but the roof was unfinished.

"Oh, for land's sakes, it's you, Cynthia," Sarah began, painfully drawing her bare and swollen ankles under her faded dress. She was a heavy woman, and her tabby face was lined with work and suffering. Her agitation and distress at the mere sight of a kind neighbor bearing gifts of medicine and fresh

FABLES IN SLANG

By GEORGE ADE WNU Service



"You Are Sitting There With a Dirty Look in Your Eye."

BEING CORRECT AND PROPER

ONCE there was a Man named Alonzo Frothingham whose wife used to bawl him out something scandalous on account of his crude Manner of Speech and his Punctate for using all of the Smart Aleck Slang he could pick up. Even when Company was present he made no apparent effort to recognize the Presence of the Dominie or the College Profs, but seemed to take a laud-erish Delight in saying, right out in front of them, "Not on your Whiskers!" or "How do you get that cock-eyed World." He was sure an Injun.

The wife, whose front name was Mehitabel, often told him that one Reason why she let out such a Yelp about his Coarse Language was that he had no Excuse for pulling the Hick Stuff. He had been incubated in an Atmosphere of Culture, and later, attended the State University. He had read all the Works of Sir Walter Scott and Robert W. Chambers. He had delivered Oration which were Scholarly and full of bang-up Words such as "Vouchsafe," "Eleemosynary" and "Peradventure," so what was the Large Idea of trying to make folks think he was a Longshoreman?

No matter how thoroughly a Lady is on to his Permanent Affliction and however low may be her Estimate of his Moral Grandeur and Intellectual Prowess, she always tries to be loyal to his Nobs and spread the Impression among the Neighbors that he is a Combination of Elihu Root, Calvin Coolidge, the Pope, ex-President Eliot and Dr. William Lyon Phelps of Yale. He may be a Mutt at Home but when he gets to the Bench Show he is a World's Champion with a Ribbon around his Neck.

Now there was simply no Let-Up to Mehitabel ragging Alonzo on account of his Predilection for the low-brow Vernacular. She dinged at him so long that finally he made what is known as The Married Man's Compromise, i. e., he decided to let her have her own way in Everything. He said he would Chop out the Chuck Connors Dialect and make Lindley Murray sound like a Vulgarian.

VERBAL AVALANCHE

At that, the Good Wife was not prepared for the Verbal Confectionery which he began to lavish upon her. For instance, they were seated at the Dinner Table and she wanted to know if he had put in a pleasant and profitable Day, whereupon he replied: "On the Contrary, I have been subjected to a Series of rather harrowing Experiences, all tending to disturb my Calm and ruffle what is, under all but abnormal Circumstances, a truly Angelic Temper."

"Have you gone off your Nut?" asked Mehitabel.

"No ma'am, I am trying to let you know Everything went Punk with me today, but I am endeavoring to convey that Information in Language so chaste and dignified that even my best Pal and severest Critic cannot find Fault with her little Alonzo."

"You can lay off the cheap and rowdy Expressions without trying to make a Fool of the Dictionary," suggested friend Wife. "Unfortunately I cannot do so," he replied. "There doesn't seem to be any happy Compromise between Slang and Jaw-breakers. When one decides to correct his manner of Speech by refraining from the current Catch-Phrases of the Street, the homely Colloquialisms and all of the barbarous Americanisms which are so repulsive to High

Good Pasture Is Needed for Stock

Permanent Feeding Places Prevent Topsoil Losses, Check Gullies.

Cattle get plenty of exercise but produce little meat and milk from worn out pastures. Properly managed pastures control erosion on sloping fields and produce the cheapest of all live stock feeds. Overgrazed pastures are soon reduced to a playground for hungry cows and mules.

Good permanent pastures prevent losses of top soil and the formation of gullies. Together with trees they represent the only natural and income-producing means for protecting slopes too steep for the production of clean-cultivated crops.

If you want to keep your pasture from becoming a live stock gymnasium and protect the soil from washing away, application of these timely pasture hints is suggested:

1. Do not graze heavily in dry seasons.
2. Mow the weeds and shrubs that rob moisture.
3. Let new seedlings make a good top growth before grazing.
4. Plant temporary pastures of Sudan grass, soy beans, cowpeas, etc., to tide the livestock over the entire season.

Pastures Do Better When Allowed Breathing Spell

A breathing spell for pastures pays good dividends in more forage and better gains in weight of cattle, according to tests by the Bureau of Animal Industry at the Ardmore field station, Ardmore, S. D.

Two-year-old steers grazed continuously on native range stocked at the rate of one steer to ten acres from May 15 to September 14 (122 days), gained 83 pounds per steer as compared with 157 pounds gained by similar steers on alternate grazing but at the same rate of stocking.

It was estimated that from 10 to 15 per cent more grass remained at the end of the experiment when the area was grazed alternately than when it was grazed continuously.

Steers receiving a barley supplement of 9.57 pounds per head daily on alternately grazed range gained 297 pounds per head. An additional group fed a barley supplement of 9.8 pounds per head daily for the last 66 days on grass gained 227 pounds per head.

Water Required by Horse

Water requirements of the horse are largely dependent on the amount and kind of work performed and the feed used. Carbonaceous feeds oxidize more completely than nitrogenous feeds. A horse fed timothy hay and oats, with comparable weight and work, will drink less water than one fed alfalfa and grain of a higher protein content. At medium work, a 1,400-pound horse will average drinking 12 to 14 gallons of water daily.—Rural New Yorker.

Feeding Young Pigs

The amount of feed required to add 100 pounds to a 75-pound pig depends upon how long the feeding period is to last. A total of 340 pounds of feed will add the required amount in a period of ten weeks. The feeds include 30 pounds of fish meal or tankage, 120 pounds of corn meal, 20 pounds of wheat shorts, and 170 pounds of shelled corn. The first three items are fed as a slop mixture with the corn being fed separately.

The Percheron

Percherons originated in the district of LaPerche in France, the region between Normandy and the River Maine, says a writer in Hoard's Dairyman. Their development in France has been under the guidance of the government. There are more registered Percheron horses in the United States than all other draft breeds combined. Color: Preferably gray or black. Stallions should weigh a ton or even more and should show a quick and active gait.

Agriculture in Philippines

Although the Philippines are chiefly agricultural, only about 16,300 square miles of their 114,400 square miles of area are cultivated. One of the several reasons is the abundance of coarse grasses that spring up if fields are neglected. In many cases it is easier to clear a patch in the jungle than to reclaim a field captured by grasses. It is not surprising that many of the islands' exports to this and other countries are fibers, and fiber products.

Cultivating Alfalfa Stands

Cultivating alfalfa stands after cutting off a crop was once rather widely practiced. Several experiment stations have had beneficial results from disking or using the spring tooth harrow, while others have shown a decrease. There was a benefit when blue grass was held down by cultivation. In the past the widespread appearance of alfalfa wilt has discouraged cultivation because it is believed that the practice tends to spread disease.