

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 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 pat-ent 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-grand-father 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 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 to Saul's homestead, and Sparrel has not shirked. The family goes easily into the work of the new season, due to the simplicity of life designed long ant. Jesse plans to study law. A stranger, Shellenberger 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. Spar-rel decides to sell timber land to rranges 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 overlived 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 at the head of Buzzard. I ought in the creek, and she looked across to have a sight of money out of the ford at Doug Mason on his them if the price stays up till the

She had expected to see no one. but his presence seemed good to her after the lonely musings.

"Howdy, Doug." "Why, howdy, Cynthia. Well, 1 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 fook 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

"I just didn't allow to see you down here," he said.

"Well, anyway I ought to be geting back. I didn't think about it Daddy and the boys will be getting | milking." in about dark."

She arose from the roots and stepped out into the path where the sun caught the pink in her cheeks and the luster in her black hair, and Doug's eyes were frankly upon her.

"Is Sparrel over at town?"

"Yes, early this morning." "I wanted to see him. Ma's got

again this evening. She needs some "I don't know whether he's got

with us."

of Sparrel's medicine."

They walked up the path together, leading his animal.

"You folks about got all your crops in?" Doug asked. "They're about all in now, I guess.

How are your crops?"

the lower orchard and Doug closed it. men to hurry and come in here. place," Doug said. "I'm figuring on the hard words. Mother spends a new kitchen back of the house hours in her garden tapping the and a covered-over porch between earth with her hoe and not showing

like down at Connoley's."

"I guess your mother'll like that." "I reckon she will, but I wasn't just thinking of her by herself," and I'll be right glad when Daddy gets himself say a thing he didn't know he was going to say. Doug was twenty. He had lived all his years Pattern on one side of Gannon, Cynthia saw the flush on his face without turning to look toward him. She made no answer but to thing to just tell you," Julia said. continue to walk easily by his side on the edge of Long Bottom.

"I've got something nobody knows about, and I've a mind to tell you what it is."

"I won't have any talk on it, Doug, if you want to tell me." "I got a big 'seng patch set out and they're coming up, hundreds of wooden frame by the open window



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

seeds out of the berries last fall and planted them in that open spot 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 paling, and then walked on fully over her feet. Jesse handed through the barn-lot by Cynthia's her the basket and opened the gate. side. They went through the gate by the well into the yard. Julia was coming around the house wear- his eyebrows. ing her great calmness which seemed to partake of the timeless and I reckon he'll be out in a holalteration of evening and morning low plowing like a body ought to be in this valley surrounded and pro- on a day like this," Cynthia said ridtected by thick acres of trees. She ing off. 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

In the small pantry-like room behind the kitchen where Sparrel kept | ter, feeling the mare stretch out her some of his pharmacy, she found a neck and nose to gain freedom from bottle of brown medicine smelling the bridle to drink at leisure under 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 eing so far along into the evening. be along soon now, and Abral's out | yard was full of chickens. She

> "I don't guess I can tonight. 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.

Lingering at the gate, Cynthia heavy woman, and her flabby face on the soft iron of the ship, change watched the evening absorb him as was lined with work and suffering. in temperature of the ship's magthe morning had effaced Sparrel Her agitation and distress at the netic material, change in the trim her pains around her heart again, and taken away Jesse, and she felt mere sight of a kind neighbor bear- of the ship, the course, or even a she says, and she's right poorly that the day had been long and dis- ing gifts of medicine and fresh lapse of time.

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.

to help with the supper. dusk the steps of Abral as he went to feel that the balance was almost restored as before.

knew that all was not quite as before. And as she fell asleep she any or not, but Mother knows, and and the sand. Daddy will be along soon. Come on

The days that followed Sparrel's her lap going over the brief account getting along now?" Sparrel and the boys had given of their day in Pikeville. "It has made

that anything is any different, but that is her way and she makes everything seem all right as it is. down to Mason's and feel the Finemare move under my legs."

Julia placed two loaves of her on the Mason place joining Sparrel freshly baked wheat bread in the round basket and Sparrel put in a large bottle of his compound. "And tell her if she needs any-

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 for us. Doug's been making this them. I went out and gathered up bending over his law book propped a good boy." She dabbed her eyes. against the pommel of the saddle.

> Volfpen this spring," Cynthia said. Blackstone, "I was just reading a us." 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'? Do 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'

"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 survey-

ors 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 care-

"Are you going to see Sarah Mason or Doug?" Jesse asked, lifting

"I'm taking medicine to Sarah,

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 wathe shadow of the Pinnacle.

The Mason place was just off the fence. Cynthia left the Finemare under the elm tree by the gate. The 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

turbingly strange. She watered the wheat bread sent a twist through Cynthia's stomach and she suffered with her.

"Law, Cynthia, I'm that glad to see you I have to cry. Why, it's been months since I saw you, hain't Then she went back to the kitchen it, and I can't get out any more and Hessie had to go over to help out When Cynthia heard through the at Elley's a spell and Doug's head over heels in work and everybody's into the spring house with the milk, busy with the planting and I can't and then the sound of Sparrel and get around to do anything or see the boys on the porch, she began anybody and I get so lonesome some days. And I get to thinking about Grier dropping dead in the oats But as she lay that night thinking | patch-it's five year come July-and over the day and its moods, and of wondering why the good Lord willed the brief account of Sparrel's meet- it that way. It's been hard since ing with Shellenberger and their then with me down and all, but plans for surveying the place, she Doug took right a-hold just like he was a man and not a fifteen-yearold boy and he's done fine. He'll heard the restless voice of the dis- go for Julia's wheat bread; we don't turbed timberland sighing over the have none in the house. How's leaves of the forests and running Julia and all the folks and how's down into the roots and hiding her flowers this year? It's been an there twisted between the leaf-mold early spring and not much danger of more frost is there?"

Sarah paused to wipe the last of up to the house and wait and eat journey to town were tense, and her tears. Cynthia put from her the self-contained peace and quiet | mind the thought of deformity and "I don't reckon I can do that, I'll of the familiar routine were inter- pain, and looked into the lonely have to be getting back. There rupted by an unfamiliar conscious- heart of Sarah Mason. She selectain't nobody there with her right ness of suspense. Cynthia felt it ed one of the questions, and said acutely as she sat in the weaving- with compassion, "Her garden looks room with a shuttle of thread in just fine this year. How is Elley

But she did not hear the story of Elley's stomach trouble since the a difference in everybody, seems last baby was born. She was gazlike. Daddy tries to be just the ing across the yard, following her "I got the lower part of Buzzard same but you can see it on his own reflection. "The grass is awto put in yet and some late melons mind. Jasper is thinking about ful long and bending over and needs down by the barn there by the Jane Burden all right, but he won't a sickle in it. Sarah Mason asked ever say anything to anybody. Abral about Mother's flowers because They went through the gate into is nervous and wants the strange she's not able to plant any. The garden looks bare. The meadow is "I'm getting things up and in pret- Jesse is all wrapped up in his law pretty the way it goes past the ty good shape again around the book and puzzling all the time over barn and down to the creek. The Mason place always smells musty, somehow like it wasn't happy in its life. It's not just because Grier Mason nor Doug never built a mill or a brick kiln or a dyeing vat or a smooth finished loom for their women. It's just the way one place he was full of surprise at hearing his herbs mixed up for me to take differs from another the way people do. Maybe Grier Mason dropping dead cradling oats and Sarah full of misery and Elley's trouble and Doug hard working got settled in down here and won't leave. I don't think I could ever marry Doug and come to this place to live. Maybe if I actually loved him. He'll make a fine place, but it seems like it of a body, even just sitting here in the . . . I must be listening to Sarah when she's talking to me."

"A body has to bear what's put upon them. He knows what's best porch in the evenings. He's such "Did the medicine help you any?" "This is the way we farm on Cynthia asked.

"It helps a sight. I don't know of her voice and almost dropped the didn't have Sparrel to look after

"Mother said tell you if there was anything else she could do." She got up and put the empty basket over her arm.

"Much obliged. You're not going back a'ready, Cynthia, so soon?" "I ought to get back now."

"Doug, he'll be put out to hear you've been here and him not seeing he was a Longshoreman? you. He thinks a sight of you, Cynthia, and that's plain."

"I just rode down a minute to see how you were and bring the medicine."

Cynthia listened politely for a time to the urgings of Sarah Mason, and when she could she said a final good-by.

The soft thump of the horse's hoofs in the moist earth soon established a new rhythm in her soul and she emerged from the feeling of oppression which had engulfed her before the pained and weeping face of Sarah Mason.

Doug was watering his mules in a little pool in the branch at the mouth of Buzzard Hollow. In a flash of joy he called out to Cynthia. His voice took form slowly and waited an instant before she could recognize it as something outside of her own thought.

"Why, howdy, Doug."

"Where you been down our way?" "To your house to take some things to your mother." "You don't need to be rushing

right back so soon." "I guess I'll have to be getting

back this time." Doug had left his mules to drink and had come down to the road. Cynthia observed that his face was ready heavily tanned. He was barefoot. He rubbed the nose of the Finemare.

"She's a beauty," he said. "How you getting on with your plowing?" Cynthia asked. "I got all the low bottoms done

He was captivated by her as she sat above him on the side of the Finemare, her knee pushing out the blue twill of her skirt which spread neatly to the tip of her shoe in the stirrup, the round basket on her road behind a weathered paling right arm, her dark hair lustrous even my best Pal and severest under the straw hat, her pink skin | Critic cannot find Fault with her glowing under her eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Deviation of Magnetic Compass Deviation of a magnetic compass on shipboard is caused by the magnetism which is built into a ship by hammering during construction, drawing her bare and swollen ankles | the character of the ship's cargo, the under her faded dress. She was a effect of the earth's magnetic field

FABLES IN SLANG

By GEORGE ADE

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

BEING CORRECT AND PROPER

NCE 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 Penchant 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 squeezes some good part clean out Profs, but seemed to take a loaferish Delight in saying, right out in front of them, "Not on your Whiskers!" or "How do you get that Way?" or, possibly "I'll tell the cock-eyed World." He was sure an

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 Jesse was startled at the sound what we'd do on this creek if we 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 Orations 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

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 Methitabel 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 pleasolder than twenty years, and al- ant 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 abnorman 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 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 Brows.

that rob moisture. 3. Let new seedings make a good top growth before grazing.

School Superintendents, he finds

himself at once imbedded in a Bog

"Slip me that Last One again,"

"I was endeavoring." said Alonzo,

to suggest that when One starts

in on a painful and determined

Effort to make all of his Oral Ef-

forts comport with the inflexible

"I am glad that you remember

some of the Long Words you heard

in College," said she, "but don't

to you, you will always go Free

lor-Broke and teach you to eat with

Deficiency in ordinary Bovine Intel-

ligence and appalling Absence of

Good Taste, are trying to kid my

Program and make me look like a

"You wrong me, Sweetie," in-

Talk sweet and purty and sanitary.

For nearly One Hundred Years, as

nearly as I can estimate the Time,

you have been throwing the Har-

poon at me because I talk like

George M. Cohan Instead of George

the Fifth. Up to the time that our

Honeymoon evaporated and you be-

gan to give me a Line on my spec-

tacular Inferiority, I labored under

the pleasant Delusion that I was

one of Nature's Noblemen. And

now because I use the only kind of

Talk which can be understood by

the Dubs with whom I am com-

pelled to associate, you are trying

to make it out that I am a flat-

NOT IN THE CONTRACT

"At this juncture, when you

should be singing 'Rescue the Per-

ishing,' and getting ready to heave

me the Life Line you are sitting

there with a Dirty Look in your

Eye, regarding me as if I were a

loathsome Reptile instead of a

dandy little Fellow with a heart of

"I don't remember the exact

Wording of our Nuptial Agreement."

said Mrs. Frothingham, "but I am

sure there is nothing in the Con-

tract to the Effect that I would be

expected to live in a Nut College.

When you are at your Top Form,

Alonzo, you are no Leon Errol and

just at present you are as excruci-

ating as a Hearse with Plumes on

it. The only way I can fit into the

the Year round. When it comes to

assassinating Mirth you have cer-

tainly got many a Notch on your

attempt to duplicate the banner Per-

formances of Thomas Babington

Macaulay, Joseph Addison and Wal-

ter Pater had gone blooey and blah.

He had started out to qualify for

the Intelligentsia and had landed

It became evident that he was not

a Rhetorician, but a Rube. So he

gave Notice that in the Future he

would confine himself to Words of

"Make them as Few as possible,"

said Mehitabel, "unless you want to

break your Plate and get the Air."

MORAL: There never was a

House big enough for two High-

back in the Ash-Heap.

One Syllable.

Alonzo began to suspect that his

headed Moron.

of Polysyllable Circumlocutions."

said Mehitabel. "I muffed it."

by Common Usage."

line of Low Comedy.

desiccated Wham."

4. Plant temporary pastures of Sudan grass, soy beans, cowpeas, etc., to tide the livestock over the entire season.

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 man-

aged pastures control erosion on

sloping fields and produce the

cheapest of all live stock feeds.

Overgrazed pastures are soon re-

duced to a playground for hungry

Good permanent pastures pre-

vent losses of top soil and the

formation of gullies. Together with

trees they represent the only nat-

ural and income-producing means

for protecting slopes too steep for

the production of clean-cultivated

If you want to keep your pasture

from becoming a live stock gymna-

sium and protect the soil from

washing away, application of these

timely pasture hints is suggested:

1. Do not graze heavily in dry

2. Mow the weeds and shrubs

cows and mules.

crops.

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, Ard-

more, 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.

Rules of the Lexicographers and Purists, he will find himself up It was estimated that from 10 to against it unless-I beg pardon-he | 15 per cent more grass remained will find himself confronting a at the end of the experiment when Dilemma, in that he will be comthe area was grazed alternately pelled to use only those Words and | than when it was grazed continu-Phrases which have been vulgarized ously.

Steers receiving a barley supplement of 9.57 pounds per head daily on alternately grazed range gained 297 pounds per head. An additionthink you are going to jar any al group fed a barley supplement Laugh out of me by springing that of 9.8 pounds per head daily for the last 66 days on grass gained "Whatever else they may hang on | 227 pounds per head.

Water Required by Horse when accused of being Funny," said Mehitabel, giving him the Fishy Water requirements of the horse Eye. "I am trying to get you Parare largely dependent on the amount and kind of work performed a Fork and you, with your Usual and the feed used. Carbonaceous feeds oxidize more completely than nitrogenous feeds. A horse fed timothy hay and oats, with comparanoble Efforts, gum up the whole ble weight and work, will drink less water than one fed alfalfa and grain of a higher protein content. At medium work, a 1,400sisted Alonzo. "I am trying, with pound horse will average drinking all of my Boyish Strength and with 12 to 14 gallons of water daily .my Fingers crossed, to make my 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 com-. bined. 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 Picture with you is to wear Black | 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.