

PATTERNS OF WOLFPEN

By Harlan Hatcher
Illustrations by Olwin Myers



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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 Abrel, 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 ago on the Wolfpen. Joy is abundant. 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. Sparrel decides to sell timber land to Shellenberger. Jesse arranges to study law with Tandy Morgan, Doug Mason, a neighbor, in love with Cynthia, calls to secure medicine for his sick mother. The feeling of disturbing suspense continues at Wolfpen.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"You're about the purest thing I ever saw on a horse, Cynthia," he said very simply.

"Why, Doug, you mustn't say any such a thing."

"I want to show you that 'seng bed' I told you about. It's just a little step. You don't even have to get down. It's right around the bend."

She was moved by the eagerness in his eyes and the pleading in his voice. "Well, just a minute. I must be getting back."

She slid lightly from the saddle. The mules had finished drinking. Doug slapped one of them on the rump, urging it out of the path. Doug led Cynthia and the Finemare up Buzzard to his 'seng bed.

"There it is," he said with pride. It lay like a still pool at the abrupt head of the hollow, a flat place at the feet of the steep hills which closed in upon it in the shape of a horseshoe. A thread of water dripped over a green rock cliff from the upper reaches of the gully. It trickled around the edge of the 'seng patch into Buzzard branch and ran on down the hollow into Gannon Creek. Hazel bushes, laurel and spicewood shrubs were thick around its edges. The odors of muggy loam and rotting leaves and of balsam and ground pine on the ununsloped slopes of the mountains were tossed together by a light wind in the bowl of the hollow and lay heavy on the air. Cynthia gave a little cry of surprise.

"It's a purty place, Doug."

"They're sprouting fine. Look."

He raked away the leaves and exposed the pale olive plumules springing vigorously out of their forked roots and crowding a passage into the upper air.

"They're fine plants. When did you make it?"

"Las' fall. It's too wet and shady for corn anyway, so I just got the idea to plant 'seng berry seeds. I'll make a sight of money off of this patch," he said with confidence.

Cynthia's eyes wandered over the lovely spot.

"I hope you do. It's getting right scarce in the hills."

"If I can make me some ready money I want to ask you something, Cynthia."

"It's a good bed. I must be getting back now. I hope your mother gets all right."

"It ain't that so much. You don't know how it is with all your folks up on Wolfpen to work all by yourself all the time. It's nice to see you and have you look at my patch and not anybody else know about it."

She turned away and they went back down the hollow. She mounted the saddle from a fallen willow. Doug handed her the basket, and she smoothed her skirt over her legs, adjusting her knee in the rest, thinking: "He looks up at me nearly as sad-eyed as Sarah, but I don't feel anything only sorry."

"I must go. You come up when you can."

"I will. You come back."

The Finemare stepped impatiently off in a running walk which carried Cynthia quickly and without jostle up Gannon toward Wolfpen.

CHAPTER VII

THE days passed but everybody continued to be restless. Julia had caught up with her garden now, and even she was affected beneath her outward calm.

At the supper table she said casually: "I've a mind to go over to Jenny's tomorrow and stay all night. The men will be coming in soon and we'll be tied down a right smart while they're here."

"That's so, Julia," Sparrel said. "Somebody ought to go over there."

In the early morning Sparrel handed her into the saddle, and the boys opened the gate, watching her ride.

Cynthia waved farewell from the yard. "It seems the natural way of things for menfolk to be going away somewhere. But when Mother ever goes off by herself, Daddy and the boys look glum all day."

Julia's absences from the place were so infrequent that the house, the yard, the garden all preserved in consequence a more profound silence.

The day was hot and sultry. All the crispness of the mornings was gone in mid-May. When Cynthia built the supper fire in the stove and put the sweet potatoes to bake, the heat filled up the kitchen for the first time in that year. She laid off the neat blue tulle dress for the coolness of an old and faded brown calico. "It's an ugly old thing but it's nice and cool to cook in. The first hot days always tire a body out so."

Back in the kitchen, she lifted the stove lid to lay on a piece of wood. The hot lid slipped away from the lifter and fell on her right hand



She Was Moved by the Eagerness in His Eyes and the Pleading in His Voice.

leaving a black smear and the furious bite of fire tearing into the skin. She caught her breath with the first pain, waving her hand up and down to relieve it. "What an awkward thing for a body to do and on a hot day when you can't hardly get your breath in this kitchen, and then to go and burn your right hand just when you're ready to mix up the cornbread batter."

She washed away the soot and anointed the burn with linsed oil from the bottle in the cupboard and spread soda over it and wrapped it lightly with a white rag.

She placed the large wooden mixing bowl on the table and began to stir in the meal and the sour milk, the soda and the shortening. It was an awkward process. She took the bowl into her right arm, pressing it against her, and stirred slowly with her left hand. Some of the soft batter sloshed over against her dress. A wisp of hair slipped from its place and dangled into her eyes. She pushed it back with her left hand, leaving flakes of cornmeal stuck in it and on her perspiring forehead. She was hot and fretted.

"Gracious, but I feel a sight. I could nearly cry."

Outside she heard the yard gate close sharply.

"There's Jesse and I'm so glad I could cry. He'll help me some now and me with this burn."

She dabbed at the sweat on her lip and went toward the door.

"Oh, Jesse, I'm sure glad—"

She had reached the door. Her words ended as abruptly as though the living self had walked straight out of its hot body into the habitation of spirits. She stood perfectly still, hugging the bowl of cornbread batter, shielding her burned hand, looking at him through the meal-stained lock of hair.

"Good evening," he said. "This is Sparrel Pattern's place if I'm not mistaken."

For the first time in her life she was without the words a meeting needed. She stood dumbly in the door, while the young man came on across the yard to the porch. He wore a brown corduroy cap, breeches of the same material tucked away at the bottom into heavy shoes, a blue shirt and a black bow tie. He walked with the easy grace and strength of a man who was used to moving about in the open on foot.

"Mr. Shellenberger described the place like a surveyor, that is, if this is the Pattern place," he said, his blue eyes and his voice smiling at her across the porch.

Slowly Cynthia felt her natural self return to the doorway. She looked at the young man. Over his bent left arm he carried a large brass surveyor's compass with shining, upright peep-sights on each end. With his other hand he grasped a long, smooth Jacob's staff like a huge walking stick tipped with brass, and over his shoulder was slung a knapsack and a surveyor's chain.

"This is the place. Daddy and the boys are out about the barn somewhere."

"Well, I'm glad to get here before dark. My name's Reuben Warren, I've come to survey the place."

Cynthia was bewitched by his voice and the clear music of his spoken words. His vocabulary was very much the same as that of the better Gannon Creek folk, but the quality of the intonation, the rhythm of the sentences, and the pitch of the voice were unusual to her ear.

Cynthia remembered to say that the menfolk would be in soon and to invite him to sit down.

"I'd better get on with the supper if you'll excuse me."

Reuben Warren set the Jacob's staff against the door, slipped the knapsack from his shoulder, and then sat down with the compass on his lap and felt the agreeable glow of rest sweep up the muscles of his legs and settle in his neck and shoulders where the heavy knapsack had imprinted a red band. He sat at ease, watching the dark shadow of the Pinnacle slice upward toward Cranestee. "The finest place I've seen in all my trips into the hills."

Cynthia hurried back into the kitchen. "Reuben Warren. What a nice name. Reuben Warren. It's like a singing. It goes like his talk." She poured the batter into the large iron skillet and placed it in the oven, bending over the stove and opening the door carefully with her burned hand. The loose strand of hair again fell into her eye. This time she would fix it properly. She went to the mirror that hung above the table and looked at herself. She gave a gesture of despair.

"Oh, my gracious, Cynthia Pattern, you never looked such a sight in your whole life. That awful wisp of hair over your face and the cornmeal in it like scruff, your hand burned and bandaged, and your sweaty face all red as a beet, and this old brown striped calico dress on and it spotted with batter! And Reuben Warren saw you like that, and he'll think that's the way I always look, and I don't. I never do."

There flashed into her mind the picture of her mother Julia years ago in the wood-lot with a dress full of chips, looking up suddenly at Sparrel Pattern on a tall horse, and then starting down at her dress, and running away to the kitchen with her confusion. The vision was so sharp and so unexpected that it completely changed Cynthia's mood and she felt a smile forming through her tears.

"And my dreaming on about a pear tree and a fine dress like Lady Arabella's and him saying, 'Lady, you're the prettiest sight I ever saw in all my born days.'"

She removed the unsightly bandage and brushed away the loose soda, and carefully washed the burned hand. Then she bathed her eyes back into composure. She felt her spirit lifting above the confusion and the heat.

She opened the oven to look at the baking sweet potatoes and the bread. She went into the smoke-house and sliced off the best cuts of the home-cured ham to fry. She took dripping spoonfuls of dark fragrant honey from the stone jar, and sweet new butter from the spring-house, and a fresh loaf of wheat bread from Julia's box. Then she slipped the every-day red-and-white-checked cloth from the table and spread in its stead one of the hem-stitched white covers from the cedar-smelling linen closet in the hall. She poured the brown sugar back into the jar and filled the bowl with white granulated. She cut a spray of wild honeysuckle from the clump behind the drying kiln, arranged it in a low brown earthen pot, and set it in the center of the table.

It was all very beautiful now, and

she stood back to admire it for an instant. "He'll see that I'm not anyway slouchy, if he has any eyes." She heard Sparrel and the boys coming into the yard. She looked at the supper again and ran up to her room to change into a fresh dress. "Blue is best for my face when it's hot and for my hair." She felt neat and orderly, like the table she had just laid. She hurried back to the kitchen.

"I guess I've got things about ready for him now."

Outside on the porch she could hear the voices of her menfolk making Reuben Warren welcome on Wolfpen.

"Where's your mule?" she heard Abrel ask.

"I haven't any mule."

"Then how did you get over here with all them things?"

"I walked."

"You walked?"

"Yes, I walked. Don't you people ever walk any? You're as bad as city folks." It was the first time she had heard his free laugh.

Cynthia was taking up the supper. She could hear the men at the wash rock, Jesse offering Reuben the soap and Jasper the towel. Everything was ready now and she



Julia Had Caught Up With Her Garden Now.

stepped to the door. The days were noticeably lengthening, as though the light clung to the trees and the sprouting fields and tried to shoulder the darkness from the hollows. "Come in to supper," she said.

"You sit right here, Mr. Warren," Sparrel said, placing him on the right facing the kitchen where Cynthia stood ready to serve. Then Sparrel asked the blessing, raising his head and looking at Cynthia as he said the Amen.

Cynthia returned the look of communication, following Sparrel's eyes over the white table to the honeysuckle in the center. "He thinks it all right to tidy up the table for company, but he wonders why I put on the white cloth for Reuben Warren and let Shellenberger take just what he found."

Sparrel passed the food to his guest, urging it upon him generously after the manner of Gannon Creek folks. Cynthia moved silently about the table with water for the glasses and with hot coffee and warm triangles of corn bread that was soft and flaky between the crisp red crusts. Her brothers took only the wheat loaf, but Reuben refused it for the corn bread and Cynthia flushed with confused pleasure, for she felt intuitively that he did it out of consideration for the distress and embarrassment she showed when she met him at the door with batter in her hand. It was the first time in her life that such a secret understanding had come to her and it left her surprised with the wonder of its recognition and communication.

Abrel had finished and was full of questions. Where did Reuben live? How did that Shellenberger fellow find him? How did he know where to come by himself?

"My father has an office down at Catlettsburg. He is a surveyor. You can look out of the office window and see the Big Sandy and the Ohio coming together in a V around West Virginia. Shellenberger just dropped in one day on his way to Pittsburgh and said he was buying some timber-land from Sparrel Pattern in Pike county and he wanted a surveyor. My father was tied up on a big job over in Ohio, so I packed up the traps and took the train and then the boat and came to Pattern Landing. I got off there this afternoon about two-thirty, and walked over the bridge path. It felt good to stretch my legs. When I saw this place from up there at the head of the hollow, I thought it was about the finest place I've ever seen away from the river."

"Does it take very long to learn to be a surveyor?" Abrel demanded.

"It's not a very hard job. You just naturally learn it after so long a time. I guess I've been around with my dad since I was about fifteen."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Wills Under English Law

Under English law a person can dispose of his property by will as he chooses. Neither husband nor wife is under any obligation to leave any part of his or her property to the other.

Curiosa Americana

By Elmo Scott Watson

Coincidence in Samoa

THIS is a story of three Ripleys. Back in the nineties Lieut. Charles S. Ripley of the United States navy was shipwrecked in the South seas and landed upon an island in the Samoan group. He was taken before the ruler of the island, King Malletoa, who asked the officer his name and who then astonished him by greeting him as "cousin."

The explanation was simple. Many years before, a great-uncle of Lieutenant Ripley, a native of Maine, had sailed for the Orient and had never returned. He, too, had been shipwrecked in Samoan waters, had married a native princess and founded the dynasty of which King Malletoa was the third generation.

King Malletoa insisted upon adopting Lieutenant Ripley and several years later an international commission, composed of representatives of the United States, Great Britain and Germany, then engaged in settling the question of sovereignty over the Samoan islands, settled upon him as the true heir to Malletoa's throne. Ripley, however, declined to exercise his right as king and returned to the United States to make his home in Colorado.

Coincidence in Samoa? Yes, and in the United States, too. In one of his radio broadcasts a few years ago, Robert L. Ripley, the "Believe It or Not" man, told that story. Soon afterwards he received a letter from Mrs. Charles L. Ripley in Denver saying that at the very moment his broadcast came to an end, Lieutenant Ripley had died!

Sacred Harp Singers

SOMETIME in the late summer go down into the South and attend a convention of the Sacred Harp Singers. When you do, close your eyes as they sing and feel yourself transported from modern America back to Elizabethan England.

For the Sacred Harp Singers cling to the "fa-so-la" singing of that far-off period, the "fa-so-la" being the names of the notes with which the major diatonic scale began. Because they have refused to take into consideration the "do-ra-mi" and "si-do" added later, they have been called a "lost tonal tribe."

The Sacred Harp Singers have borne that name for almost a century, taking it from a book of hymns called "The Sacred Harp," published in Philadelphia in 1844. First compiled by E. F. White and E. J. King of Georgia, it has gone through many editions and many hymns have been added.

On some week-end between early July and early September, when their crops "have been laid by," the Sacred Harp Singers gather for a convention. The president opens it with a song, then a chapter from the Bible is read and the chaplain leads the group in prayer. Thereafter the Sacred Harp people frequently sing all day with ten-minute recesses every hour and a half.

"A Dollar Down and . . ."

IF you think buying on the installment plan is a modern custom, consider this good advice, offered the housewife in "Decorum—A Practical Treatise on Etiquette and Dress of the Best American Society" in 1877:

Avoid Concealment.

Instances frequently occur of concealment with regard to money concerns; thus, for instance, a wife wishes to possess an article of dress which is too costly for immediate purchase, or a piece of furniture liable to the same objection. She accordingly makes an agreement with a seller, and there are many who call regularly at houses when the husband is absent on business, and who receive whatever the mistress of the house can spare from her expenses. A book is kept by the seller, in which payments are entered; but a duplicate is never retained by the wife, and therefore she has no check whatever.

We have known an article of dress paid for in this manner, far above its value, and heard of a poor young woman who had been thus duped say to her husband: "Alas! What can I do, I dare not tell my husband!"

It may be that the same system, though differing according to circumstances, is pursued in a superior class of life. We have reason to think that it is so, and therefore affectionately warn our young sisters to beware of making purchases that require concealment. Be content with such things as you can afford and such as your husbands approve. You can then wear them with every feeling of self-satisfaction, and have a contented mind.

Complaint in Form of Poem

When the residents of Lower Sandusky, Ohio, wanted to change the name of the town to Fremont in the latter 1840s they engaged Rutherford B. Hayes as their legal representative. Strangely enough, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, Hayes, later to become governor and then President, was the only person to present the only formal petition asking for the change and the only person to present the only formal complaint made against the proposed change. The complaint, which is presented after he had submitted the petition, was in the form of a seven-verse poem written by an old man of the town who wanted the place to retain the same name. It was, of course, changed.

Poultry

SERIOUS FEEDING TIME FOR TURKEYS

Raisers Should Be Putting Pounds on Birds.

By L. E. CLINE, University of Nevada Agricultural Extension Division—WNU Service.

Turkey growers who want to make profits at the business are putting the pounds on their birds as fast as possible these days. The four or five months of the summer feeding period are the most vital to making profits. The first six weeks of the turkey's life is a very critical period, but little weight is put on. The finishing period just before marketing the birds is also important, but in it likewise little weight is added in proportion to the large expense for feed.

But during the in-between period, according to Cline, the rapidly growing turkey adds pounds economically because it converts, at a rapid rate, large amounts of a relatively low priced feed into a high-priced commodity to grace the table during the fall and winter. During this fast growing period a relatively small proportion of the feed given is needed for maintenance while a large proportion is available for growth and profits.

When the average turkey is two months old it will weigh about 2.5 pounds. This weight is put on at an average rate of 2.15 pounds of feed per pound gain in weight. A month later the turkey will weigh 5 pounds, and will be gaining one pound for approximately each three pounds of feed eaten.

At the end of the fourth month, the turkey should weigh at least 8.25 pounds and is turning feed into turkey meat at the rate of 3.5 pounds of feed to one pound of turkey.

Good gains may be made also during the fifth month, but thereafter the ratio of pounds gained to feed consumed declines very rapidly, until it takes 5.6 pounds of feed to produce one pound of turkey in the sixth month and approximately 10.7 pounds of feed for one pound of meat in the seventh month.

After that the feed often costs more than the net price which will be received for the additional pounds of turkey.

While feeding in adequate quantity is very important the composition of the feed is equally important. The two must go together if the most pounds of turkey are to be put on.

Maintenance Ration and Laying Ration Different

Poultry is fed chiefly for one or more of three purposes: growth, egg production, and maintenance.

A maintenance ration differs from a laying ration, not in the ingredients, but in proportions, less animal food, or protein, being used. Whether feeding for growth, egg production, or maintenance, five classes of foods are necessary for poultry, asserts a writer in Hoard's Dairyman.

1. Grains, for energy, heat, flesh and egg-forming materials. Usually fed in two forms: ground, called "mash" and in the kernel, called "scratch feed."
2. Greens, as aid to digestion, for their health-giving and growth promoting properties.
3. Animal foods, rich in egg- and flesh-forming materials; the most essential as well as the most expensive and most frequently lacking ingredient in all laying rations.
4. Mineral matter, as an aid to digestion and to supply material for egg shells and bone structure. Examples: high-grade limestone grit, oyster shells, and charcoal. Keep these accessible to the fowls at all times. Feed a small amount of table salt in all mashes.
5. Water. Quenches thirst, regulates body temperatures, transports nutrients, and eliminates wastes.

Picking Out Feathers

The trouble with chickens picking out their feathers is caused by a small mite that gets into the skin near the base of the feathers and causes irritation. To get rid of this mite, according to the North Carolina State college, the poultry house should be thoroughly cleaned and sprayed with a solution of three parts of crude petroleum or carbolineum and one and one-half parts of kerosene. Dip the birds in a tub containing two ounces of flowers of sulphur and six ounces of flaked soap to five gallons of tepid water. Be sure that the solution gets to the skin.

Chickens Need Water

Hot weather sends the poultryman to the well many times during each day for a refreshing drink of cold water. He must remember that his layers get just as thirsty as does he and they need water just as much as he does or even more because of the body functioning which he expects of them. The water supply in the summer henhouse should be extra clean—for it is hot weather—always abundant, cool and fresh. Cleanse the water pans every morning and again in the afternoon. Never let the supply run dry.—Rural New-Yorker.

Quaint Sampler Will Keep You Occupied



Pattern 1187

No matter what the Season—a sampler's always fun to do, especially when it offers as colorful a picture, as quaint a verse, as this. You'll find it a grand way to use up scraps of cotton or silk floss, and a design that works up in no time, for the background is plain. Wouldn't it go beautifully in a young girl's room? Perchance that Young Miss will want to do this easy cross stitch design herself!

Pattern 1187 comes to you with a transfer pattern of a sampler 12 1/4 x 15 1/4 inches; color suggestions; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches used. Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Tennyson Hot-Headed

Thomas Hardy has commented dryly that "it is as risky to calculate people's way of living from their writings as their incomes from their way of living."

I heard in London, from a delightful old man named Macmurdoo, who had been the intimate of the Brownings and other Victorian notables, of an incident in which the poet who wrote "kind hearts are more than coronets," threw the mustard pot at his children's tutor (Macmurdoo's brother-in-law) one morning at breakfast, because the tutor, in the course of an abstract discussion, stood firmly by opinions in opposition to Tennyson's own.

"Simple faith" may be "more than Norman blood," but illustrations are legion that the man who said it was the quintessence of autocratic arrogance and undisciplined temper.

Week's Supply of Postum Free

Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

On the Hearts

Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year and you will never be forgotten.—Mrs. Anne Royall.



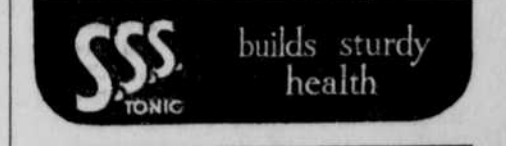
If you feel...

- tired
- run-down
- nervous
- out of sorts

THERE is usually a definite reason for such complaints . . . so, now let's reason sensibly.

Don't try to get well in a day . . . this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

Therefore, if you are pale, tired, lack a keen appetite, have lost weight and feel rundown . . . a frequent sign that your blood-cells are weak, with a tendency towards anemia—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve—by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic to feel like yourself again. © S.S.S. Co.



BLOTCHY, ROUGH complexions

improved, and smooth skin often restored by daily treatment with

Resinol

