

Letters on Airplanes

The letter "C" preceding the number on an airplane is used for commercially licensed aircraft not used solely for governmental purposes...

PAIN IN BACK

NEARLY DROVE HER CRAZY Got Quick RELIEF By Rubbing Muscles were so sore she could hardly touch them. Used Hamlin's Wizard Oil and found wonderful relief.



ALL TOO TRUE The reckless driver is never found to be wreckless.



TO regain lost weight is a simple matter when certain bodily functions are restored to normal. Of foremost importance is the stimulation of digestive juices in the stomach...



Watch Your Kidneys! Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood

YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work...

DOAN'S PILLS

face "Broken Out?" Start today to relieve the soreness—aid healing—and improve your skin, with the safe medication in Resinol

MORNING DISTRESS is due to acid, upset stomach. Mincea wafers (the original) quickly relieve acid stomach and give necessary elimination.

PATTERNS OF WOLFPEN



CHAPTER X—Continued

"Some parts of the place I have never been to," she said. "I like best the Pinnacle and Cranesnest and the hollows here by the house. I don't know whether they're best when the spicewood begins to bud and the white dogwood blooms, or in September when the wild touch-me-nots are waist high with yellow-and-red-spotted bags and two red ears on each one, and bumble-bees crowding down into them and shoudering the yellow dust."

"That sounds the best," Reuben said. "It's right pretty when the creek freezes over and the bushes are glazed with ice and the snow hangs on the pine trees. I guess it is always a good place to be."

"You'll be getting the survey done soon now, I guess?" "It won't be so very much longer now, I'm afraid."

"Then what will you do?" "I'll see if it closes on the map, and then I'll take it back home and my father will or maybe I will make the calculations and fix up the papers."

"You don't have to come back any more after you've finished running it?" "That depends. I might have to come back about the piece cut off for Shellenberger. There was a long pause. Then he added, "When do you go to Pikeville?"

"In September. Jesse's going too, but he hasn't told Daddy yet. He's to read law with Tandy Morgan." "I think that will be fine."

"Are you going to follow surveying?" "Yes. There's lots of work to do in this country. And the towns are growing, and the counties thinking about roads. I want to be the county surveyor some day."

"Oh, that would be a fine job for a man. As good as the law." "I kind of hate to see a place like this go over to a man like Shellenberger to cut into. The Big Sandy slopes where the timber is cut off are awful-looking things."

"It's just the part down the creek and you won't see it from here. But sometimes at night I can hear the trees talking about what's going to happen to them and it goes from one to another all over the hills and dies away in a sigh on our creek. Still, I reckon people need timber."

"I reckon."

hills longer than all her people. She would listen tensely to the saw making its first noisy attack and then settling into a steady raucous scream as it sliced off a piece from its side. A shiver would pass through her spine. The tree-trunk became a living thing suffering mutilation, and she wondered whether the screaming came from the exultation of the furious saw teeth, or from the hurt tree in its cry of pain.

The mountain men were coming to Wolfpen and Dry Creek with axes on their shoulders looking for work. They came from the cabins in the squeezed hollows where farming was already growing precarious, hearing the rumor that there was cash to be had for chopping timber on Sparrel Pattern's place. They cleared away the flat at the mouth of Dry Creek and erected shacks for the men and sheds for the mules and a blacksmith shop. Then their axes and saws gnawed at the boles of the trees through the hollow and up the hillsides, spreading relentlessly like a grim disease.

Julia was now at the gate of her garden. She stood looking at Cynthia and Reuben. "We'd better go back now," Cynthia said. "The cows, heavy with the long day, were coming slowly in file around the hill toward the barn. Everything was stirring again into life for feeding-time."

"I like to come down this valley this time of day," Reuben finally said as they neared the yard. "It seems like everything is doing just what it was intended to do."

"If you look close you can see Saul climbing back to Cranesnest Shelf," Cynthia said. "I see him," Reuben answered. He smiled broadly, and when Cynthia had gone into the house, he said to Reuben, "Oh, you've been surveying."

Reuben smiled at Abrel. He liked his spirit and his energy. "Yes, Abrel. There's a lot to be surveyed on this place."

CHAPTER XI NEAR the end of an afternoon some days later into July Reuben Warren drove the iron spike of the Jacob's staff into the ground below the mill and brought to a close the uncertain line around the Pattern lands. Day after day from dawn to dusk they had pushed it through the ax-cleared way through the timber, climbing over the ridges that lay lifeless in the noonday heat, and down into cool damp hollows where the birth gathered in the afternoons. Then they had marked off the portion for Shellenberger, cutting across the place from the jutting point on the Big Sandy watershed overlooking the river where the long ridges rolled into form out of blue and indistinct space, to the rich earth at the foot of the Pinnacle on Gannon creek in view of Cranesnest.

Tomorrow Reuben would be leaving this place where he had lived through the days of spring and early summer. He would ride in silence behind Sparrel to Pikeville and then by boat down the Big Sandy, sitting on the prow to watch the Pattern lands he had surveyed come into view and recede and pass into the hands of Shellenberger. It was the first time he had ever been sorry to complete a job in the hills and return home.

He had had enough experience in the changing world to foresee that the loveliness of Wolfpen could not survive the wave of development which would some day sweep over it. He was sorry.

He stood by the kitchen window, smelling the scent of poplars and pine trees on the light breeze from the hollow. Cynthia found him there for a minute alone. The note-books and the deeds were tied in a bundle on the table by the compass, ready for the journey. In the corner were the pins, the chain and the staff.

"I guess it's all finished," he smiled. "It will be different tomorrow when you are gone," she said. "It's been a good place to be in, and it will be a good place to come back to," he said. "But I suppose you'll soon be busy over at the Institute."

"I reckon so. Will you have any more to do here at our place?" "It doesn't look like it now." "Then you won't be coming back?" she said. "I'll be coming back," he answered. "It may be September and it may be spring and it may not be to survey. But I'll be coming back."

The spirit of the place changed abruptly after Reuben went away. Released from the survey, Jasper, Jesse and Abrel were deep in the neglected corn and the ill-tended crops heretofore unknown on Wolfpen. Cynthia found the day very long and the work irksome when it was done for Shellenberger and Mullens. Shellenberger filled up the valley with his presence and his lumbering operations. The old gristmill was converted into a sawmill. One change in a generation was well established by precedent, but two, and not only in a generation but in a single year, threatened the stability of a man's customs. Sparrel was too engrossed in the mechanical details of rigging up the saw and ripping out boards for the camp to be sensitive to it. But to Cynthia it was all new and disturbing. Sometimes she watched the smoke boil up through the laurel bushes on the Pinnacle and the bright whirling saw bite into the body of a yellow log which had lived in these

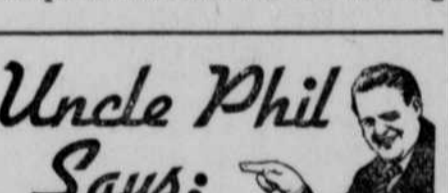
Quickly Crocheted Squares



Pattern 5193

Here's Fun for you—and Beauty for your dinner or tea table—in a lacy pattern which you can crochet so easily of string. It won't take you any time at all to learn the "sample" square design, on which all the others are based, and to crochet a goodly number of squares. When you've enough, join them to make a beautiful table cloth, bedspread, dresser scarf or pillow cover. Then sit back and wait for compliments!

In pattern 5193 you will find complete instructions for making



Uncle Phil Says:

The Wrong Road

Detours off the road of service may appear attractive, but they are detractive from true happiness. Youth knows it has spells of silliness; but it finds exhilaration in it. Have you allowed for that? Some men seek justice; others have it thrust upon them. How charming are clever humorous people! You begin to smile as soon as you see them.

But an Echo

Conversing with a man who always agrees with you is as monotonous as talking to an echo. Most well-established friendships last till death. It is the greatest commendation that can be given to friendship. If one is going to leave a high-brow book open on the table for effect, one ought at least to read what's on the page.

Any Others?

There are two kinds of men who cannot understand women—married men and bachelors. Everyone wants to think if he can. That is one of the eternal rewards for having brains. More wonderful even than the way we put up with some people is the way other people put up with us.

And Bag No Game

Usually the result of trying to kill two birds with one stone is that you lose the stone. We insist on the right of free speech, and we still cling to the right not to listen. When a man slaps you upon one shoulder blade, shalt thou not turn to him the other also? Character of children is built from example, not precept. A man must be a little "in love with himself" in order to take proper care of himself. You can be pretty broad-minded if you just don't care. Do a kind deed every day, but employ kind words oftener than that. Good taste may not rule the world, but it never stops trying.

Distinguished Merit

Distinguished merit will ever rise to oppression and will draw lustre from reproach. The vapors which gather round the rising sun and follow him in his course seldom fail at the close of it to form a magnificent theatre for his reception and to invest with variegated tints and with a softened effulgence the luminary which they cannot hide.—Robert Hall.

the square shown; an illustration of it, of the stitches needed; material requirements. To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

SMILES

Pop Was "It" Teacher—Name the seven wonders of the world.

Johnny — I only know one of them and that was papa when he was a little boy.

Encouraging

Proud Mother — And what do you think of our little Frank as a pianist? Professor—Well, he has a nice way of closing the lid.

An Improvement

"You are pretty dirty, Mary," said the master to his maid. She blushed. "Yes, sir, but I'm more pretty when I'm clean," she said.

The Iron Hand

Ruth—Don't you wish we had lived in the romantic days of old so the gallant knights could have made love to us? Dorothy — No, dear; I really don't believe sitting on an iron knee or resting my head on a metal chest would have appealed to me at all.—Pathfinder.

Unanimous

Said the young man: "Do you think your father would object to my marrying you?" "I don't know," she replied coldly. "If he's anything like me he would."

Mental Telepathy

Beezup—Do you agree with the theory that a man and his wife eventually get so they think of the same things? Benedict—Certainly. Why, right now my wife is thinking of the things she is going to say to me for getting home late—and so am I.—Pathfinder.

The Other Way

Old Lady (to parachutist) —I really don't know how you can hang from that silk thing. The suspense must be terrible. Parachutist — Noo, mum; it's when the suspense ain't there that it's terrible.

Money Destroyed

When Uncle Sam's paper money becomes worn and badly soiled it is returned to the Treasury where it is destroyed and bright, new bills issued in its place. If all denominations were thoroughly mixed together before being tossed in the macerator each ton of money destroyed would contain approximately 590,000 one-dollar bills, 190,000 fives, 130,000 tens, 60,000 twenties, 20,000 twos and no more than 10,000 fifties and higher denominations, which proves that the larger denominations do not wear out so quickly. The twenties, fifties and larger denominations do not circulate with nearly as much velocity as the ones, fives and even the tens.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Advertisement for Coleman 300 Candlepower Eye-Saving Light with Coleman Air-Pressure Mantle Lamps. Includes text about the benefits of the light and where to purchase it.

Advertisement for Quaker Oats featuring Dionne Quins. Text includes 'Dionne Quins Eat Quaker Oats Every Day' and 'Specialists set example for mothers everywhere'. Includes an image of a Quaker Oats tin.