

CHAPTER XI—Continued

"Daddy goes around like he had a trouble bound on his shoulders. He works down around the mill so much I don't know how he's ever going to get herbs for his medicine and the corn in and the hay made and the sorghum. Jasper works in the fields with a sorry look on his face, and I reckon he wants to marry. And Abrial is so excited about everything I can hear him flopping in his bed at night and ramming his knees with a bang into the wall. And there's Jesse working on through his big book and looking at his steer, and I know he is right nervous about going off over to town with so much to do about the place before winter and all these strange men coming here from down-river, and the hard feelings about Grover Sims getting killed. And there's Cynthia. What about you? You think about him and his maps and papers he's working on, and about how you're to get over to the Institute for a winter and about silly things in the trees that you'd just better leave to old Mr. Stinky Shellenberger and his black man. But it's not nice to call even him bad names."

These things gave her enough to think on. The work around the house offered more than she could do. Slowly September was creeping into Wolfpenn. Soon Cynthia would be going away and the thought was pleasant. She had finished the diverse colored cloth for the men's shirts and the blue twill cloth for her own dress, and now she was sewing them while Julia did the cutting.

"Next week will come in a hurry," Julia said.
"It's been such an odd summer," Cynthia answered.
"No two summers are the same, Cynthia."
"But this one is such an awful lot different the others seem alike."
"There have been others, Cynthia. The summer Jesse was sick, and the year Lucy got married, and the spring Jenny moved over on Horsepen; but you were little and didn't notice it like I did to see the two girls gone."

"And now with me about to go,"
"But it's just over to town to the Institute, and not like marrying and going off for good and all."
"Sometimes I don't think I'd better go and leave you here with everything."
"It's not much, Cynthia, now that Mullens stays at the camp with the new men. I don't mind Shellenberger like you do, and I'll get Amy to come over on wash-days. I'll manage all right like I always have. I want you to go and you must. And what we don't get done can just wait. And there'll be a right smart of money when Mr. Shellenberger pays for the land. We've been putting more than enough stuff away each winter. You just set your mind at rest, and be thankful for your chances."

Cynthia sewed quietly in thought for a time. She looked at her mother, noting the unselfish look of her face in repose and conscious of every faint line about her mouth and forehead. Her sense of withholding herself from intimate communication with Julia was suddenly and impulsively gone.

"Mother," she said.
"Yes, Cynthia."
"Do you think I ought to marry somebody?"
"Why, yes, Cynthia, some time you should marry."
"How old were you when you married Daddy?"
"Just about your age. A little younger."

"Is that too soon to marry or not?"
"It would be too soon for you, but it was right for me. I was big for my age. I knew how to manage a house and your father asked me to marry him. A girl should marry when the right time for her comes."
"Do you think I ought to marry—Doug, Mother?"
Julia controlled her surprise before she spoke again.
"Doug is a mighty good boy."
"But do you think a girl ought to marry just a boy who is good? Doug asked me to."

"And what did you say to him?"
"I said it wasn't time to think about things like that, and he asked me if . . . if . . ."
"If . . . well, he wanted to know if I . . . if he . . ." She shifted the varicolored shirting on her lap, looking up and then down. "He said, 'Has that . . . have you gone to liking that surveyor?' It was uttered, and it seemed very strange to see it taken out of secret and put in the room between her and

her mother—just a little phrase "liking that surveyor."
It was such an odd world within to be folded up in three words and stood upon a sewing stand or a bench by the loom.

Julia let it stand there until it was no longer ill at ease, and then said without probing Cynthia's secrets. "What did you tell Doug?"
"I told him a lie."
Its sudden stab was so unexpected that Julia exclaimed, "Why, Cynthia!"
"It seemed like a little tiny lie when I told it, but that was yesterday and today it looks as big as Cranesteen . . ."
"Mother."
"What, Cynthia?"
"Do you think Reuben was about the nicest boy you ever saw?"
"Well, I still remember your father, Cynthia."

"And how he saw you first on the chip pile. You always look the same when anybody mentions that. I'm glad you saw him first that way . . ."
"Mother."
"Yes, dear?"
"Do you know how I first saw Reuben?"
"No, you never said."
"I had burned my hand on the stove, and I was stirring the batter with my left hand, slopping it out against my old dress, and I was so hot and my hair was stringing down in my eyes and I was just about to cry. Then I heard the gate and thought it was Jesse and I went to the porch saying something to him and there he was tall and neat as a poplar, and I couldn't even run like you did when you first met Daddy, but I stood there and mumbled. And then I went back in the kitchen and cried . . ."
"Mother."
"Yes?"
"Don't things ever come out the way a body dreams them?"
"Hardly ever, dear. But sometimes they are better."
"I always thought I'd be looking neat and ladylike and standing by a pear tree, and I wasn't. But maybe it was more like you and Daddy."

They were both silent now, each running forward with her own thoughts and unaware for the instant that a unique moment had passed between them and that they had said things more intimately than ever before. After a time Julia came back, carefully preserving the fragile expansiveness which had confessed these things to her.
Then, "You liked him that much, Cynthia?"
"Yes, Mother."
"Have you . . . talked anything about it?"
"Yes . . . well, no, not right plain out. It is something you just know about the way you know you are breathing or a laurel sprig bursts out pink in the sun up the Pinnacle—or is that just crazy talk Jasper always said about me saying Saul was prowling around the place?"
"It's real nice to be able to know anything that way. A body can't always know things for a certainty."
"He's going to be a county surveyor some day. What is a county surveyor?"
"I don't just know, but your Daddy would."

"I reckon it doesn't matter much. Don't you think he is different from Doug?"
"Yes. But he's lived different and worked different. Doug is nice folks."
"Mother. Do you think I ought to marry Reuben?"
"Well, Cynthia, you're going to school next week."
"Yes, and I wouldn't miss that for anything hardly. But there is next year."
"And," Julia continued, "he hasn't so much as asked you."
"He said he would come back, and Mother, it just screamed out that very first day: 'That's him.'"
"Yes, but he ma' have . . . interests down the river where he lives, and you mustn't . . . unless he has told you . . .?"
"Can't you tell a body things in any way but words, Mother?"
"Why, yes, I reckon so, Cynthia, only a body could be mistaken, you know. Plenty folk mistake plain words. And it comes by nature for Reuben Warren to be nice to people."

"That afternoon we sat on the gray stone by the sycamore and he laid his hand over mine in the white-haired moss, and then he took it away again but it was still there, and that's how you know when it's true."
"You are a strange girl, my dear child, and I reckon you ought to know if it's that way with you. But I wouldn't have any blight spot your heart for this world."

"I guess I oughtn't of lied to Doug though."
"I reckon that was just the thing you ought to say to him," Julia said.
"I wouldn't want to make Doug feel bad. He works awful hard at the place and he is banking so much on his crop of 'seng. I did promise him I'd go look at his 'seng bed before I go."
"You ought to do that, and I must send Sarah some of the purple dahlias and some wheat loaf."
And on this they began to read just their inner lives to the new intimacies born of Cynthia's confession.

CHAPTER XII

IT WAS in the afternoon at the end of August that Cynthia went down to say good-by to Sarah Mason and Doug. It was the first time in many weeks that she had sat the Finemare and ridden out of Wolfpenn. It was a joyous thing to feel horse muscle flow under her thighs and connect with her spirit, to hear the soft, plopping of quick hoofs against the sand. It was tonic to efface the thought of what she would see when she peered into the hollow at Dry Creek filled with new men whom Sparrel called riffraff and was troubled about.
She waved to Jesse in the meadow where he had been furiously tossing hay and was sitting now under a haycock with the book opened on his knees. "I reckon Jesse sure means business whether he pitches hay or reads the law. I'm right glad he'll be over there too, even if he don't come for a week or two."

Sparrel was outside his shop, leaning against the shade by the door, looking to nowhere out of Wolfpenn with puzzlement on his face. It slipped off as Cynthia came into the mill-yard, and he spoke kindly to her and patted the rump of the Finemare.
"You two make a fine-looking outfit, if I do say it myself."
Cynthia, seeing a remnant of her Daddy Sparrel in his eyes and voice, thought, "He ought to have more



"You'll Be Coming Back to Visit Before Long, I Reckon."

pleasure out of all this business than he's getting, but he lets other men's troubles be his own because they are on his land, when he ought to let Shellenberger and his black man run on to suit themselves, and be happy up Wolfpenn with his own place."

She smiled to him, and waved back as she took the ford over Gannon.
And she smiled with her own sense of pleasure as she heard Abrial's voice pitched high saying, "No. It won't go that way. Here. Watch me."

She dreaded the thought of looking up the hollow where the trees had been cut. As she came into the road beyond the shadow of the Pinnacle where Dry Creek would burst into view, she played a game with herself and the Finemare. "We'll see if we can go by without either of us looking over there to the slaughter pens," she said aloud. It was a difficult game to play. She fixed her eyes on the Finemare's ears for many paces. Then she looked off to the bright, sun-tinted green on the timbered ridges to the north, and down into the cool dark pockets in the hollows where the shadows lay. The Finemare held her neck straight down the road between the Patches of rank horse-weeds as high as her back. "It's not fair for me, Finemare, because you couldn't see over along here even if you wanted to. But I just naturally face that over there because I sit sideways, and I have to stretch my neck to look the other way. It's funny how you try not to look at something you don't want to see and all the time feel it pulling at your eyes so hard you can't hardly keep them off of it." She looked at a great white roll of cloud, trying to decide whether to have it be a dragon straining for its prey, or a fair host of angels draping a veil of luminous wings over the unmolested hills. Then she decided they were just ordinary clouds with nothing to do but go riding in the sky in the afternoon.

So she resisted Dry Creek while they passed the rank horse-weeds, and the cane-brake shooting pale yellow poles high above her, and came to the open meadow. There she suddenly felt the lure of ugliness rushing across the open space

and reaching for her eyes, as though a barrier had fallen. She resisted with an effort. She heard the voices of men framing the curious, sharp, monosyllabic cries to the mules and oxen. She felt the smell of wood smoke in her nose and on her tongue. Still she did not look, and the mare was absorbed in the animated manipulation of her own legs. "I reckon maybe we can do what we make up our minds to. And if you won't look while I do it, I'll shut my eyes till we are clean across the meadow and get our backs to it." She closed her eyes, and gave her body in relaxation to the rhythm of each precise step of the mare.

Then she felt the muscles on the mare's shoulders contract with a snap, and tighten back to her rump, as she swerved and broke the rhythm of her gait. Cynthia involuntarily opened her eyes to see a young rabbit leap into a clump of berry vines.
As she followed its leap she heard men shouting, followed by the swish and the sharp explosive crack of a tree beginning its fall. The mare looked and Cynthia looked into the hollow at the heavy fall of a great tulip tree, lunging against all the efforts of the lumberman down-hill through space in a thunderous sighing swish, rebounding from the ground on resilient limbs and springing like a beheaded chicken a dozen yards from the stump on the steep hillside.

"I reckon a body just has to look sometimes when things get hurt and die. Does it make your stomach twist too? We both did it at the same time, and maybe you are not so different from the other people just because your square mouth won't make any words."

And Cynthia looked into the smoking brush piles and ugly stumps where "possums used to crouch in the padded silence."
The Mason place was unaltered; the weathered paling fence where she left the mare, the chickens about the yard, the slight musty smell of the house compounded of wood-smoke, unaired rooms, cooking and sickness. It dawned suddenly on Cynthia that it was this redolence of other people which had always made her vaguely unhappy at the Masons'.

The roof over the porch was still incomplete. There was a hen in Sarah's hickory-split rocker. Cynthia went on into the kitchen.

Sarah had her large bare feet propped on a cushion while she shelled beans from the sack by her side. She went to see Cynthia, dabbing at her eyes and smiling and talking all the time about how long it had been since she had come to see her, of the progress of her afflictions, of the gifts Julia had sent, and of Doug. "He's gone over to his 'seng patch again. He goes over there purt' near every evening with his gun."

Cynthia told her about the news from Wolfpenn and her plans for the Institute. Sarah made her usual exclamations and another of these visits was nearing an end.

"So you go off next week," Sarah said again, hobbling to the porch. "You'll be coming back to visit before long, I reckon."
"Yes, it's not so far."
"Doug is over by the 'seng bed, Cynthia. He'd never get over it if you went off without saying good-by," she said, dabbing at her eyes again.

"I'll go by the patch like I said. You take good care of yourself while I'm gone."
"I'll do the best I can, Cynthia. I wish you didn't have to hurry off."

Doug was crouched in a clump of sumac bushes looking down on the oblong glade. He was so intent that he did not see or hear her at once. She slipped down from the mare and stood watching him shoulder the gun, and trying to see what he could be shooting at. There was nothing to be seen but a few cardinals flitting about the red seed-pod berries on the 'seng. While she looked, he fired, and as she batted her eyes and calmed the startled mare she saw a puff of red feathers jerk sharply upward and then flutter to the ground.

"Oh!" she cried, as if she were hurt, and hid her eyes against the mare's neck.
"Why, howdy, Cynthia."
He came out of the bushes full of pleasure at the unexpected sight of her, and then looking puzzled as he sensed obscurely that she had turned away her spirit.

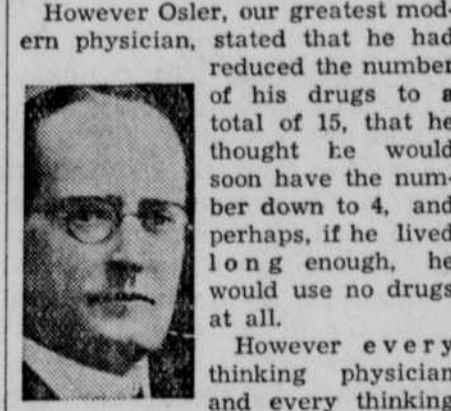
"How's the folks?" he said, touching the mare's mane.
"What in the world are you shooting, Doug?" she demanded.
"Birds."
"Was that a cardinal you just killed?"
"Yes. That makes nearly two hundred I got this week and I only missed three."
"Oh, shame on you, Doug! How could you do such a thing!"
"Why, they're heartin' every berry in my 'seng patch and eating the seed I wanted to save."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mrs. Robert E. Lee
Writing of Mrs. Lee, A. L. Long says: "Mary Custis had received a fine classical education and with the accompanying advantages of wealth and position was deemed by her father worthy of a match superior to that offered by a young man devoted to a military career." It was for each one "a case of love at first sight and destined to be a lasting one." During many years of her married life Mrs. Lee was an invalid. She, however, survived her husband.

HOW ARE YOU TODAY
Dr. James W. Barton TALKS ABOUT

Use of Drugs
WHEN we remember that what we call drugs are in most cases the leaves of the field and the roots of the ground, all provided by Nature, it may be only natural to believe that they should be used often and regularly.



Dr. Barton.

However Osler, our greatest modern physician, stated that he had reduced the number of his drugs to a total of 15, that he thought he would soon have the number down to 4, and perhaps, if he lived long enough, he would use no drugs at all.

However every thinking physician and every thinking layman recognizes that there are times of extreme need for powerful drugs—strychnine or digitalis for a fast falling heart and morphine for unbearable pain.

What about all the other drugs commonly used for headaches, rheumatic pains, pain of stomach ulcer, to correct constipation, to prevent diarrhoea?

Give Nature a Chance.
There isn't any question but that a headache powder, some baking soda for the stomach, and the usual remedies for diarrhoea are helpful and harmless when used for short periods. It is considered better to use the drug than to have the whole nervous tone of the body lowered by the depressing effects of the pain.

Then of course there are simple tonics containing iron, phosphorus and lime that put these body building materials into the blood and tissues direct, instead of trying to get them by eating large quantities of food with no appetite and a poor digestion.

However what is wrong is the habit so many have acquired of drugging themselves regularly and often for slight headaches, constipation and other little disturbances, failing to realize that nature will correct conditions if given the least chance.

Seek Cause of Trouble.
What caused the headache? Eating too fast or too much; eyestrain? Why not correct the cause? What caused the "gas" pains in the stomach or intestines? Certain foods that you know cause it? Why are you constipated? Is it no exercise; not enough fruit and vegetables?

The point is that drugs—leaves and roots—have their place in our present civilization under circumstances. To use them often and regularly for conditions that nature or your common sense can correct is a big mistake.

Advantages of Fasting.
That too much food or the wrong kinds of foods can cause disturbances in the body whether the individual is sick or well is now generally known. That most of us eat more food than we need is likewise known and admitted.

Thus most physicians agree that fasting seems to be of real help in various disturbances of the body. The ailments in which fasting seems to be good treatment are some acute ailments such as flu, simple colds, and high blood pressure, bronchial asthma, rheumatic disturbances, acute stomach or intestinal upsets and overweight (obesity).

However fasting is really dangerous in many cases if not supervised by a physician. Dr. W. Eisenberg, Munich, states that the fasting cure may involve danger. Patients with cancer and with tuberculosis should not fast. Hysterical patients should not be allowed to fast, and most cases of mental disturbances should not undergo fasting cures.

Limits of Usefulness.
Sometimes the fasting cure is used on patients with a poor appetite, the idea being that if allowed to go without food for some time the appetite will increase. Dr. Eisenberg points out that this is dangerous in cases of neurasthenia (being tired physically and mentally) as these cases need food to keep up their strength.

While the fasting cure is helpful in many cases of heart disease, it should not be used when there is rheumatism or tonsillitis.
The length of time the fasting cure can be given safely depends upon the condition of the patient, and the physician is best qualified to say how long the fasting cure should be continued.
The food to be eaten at the end of the fast depends upon the patient and his ailment, for although fruits may be advisable in overweight patients, patients with stomach, intestine or liver disorders need a less harsh diet.

Storms of Winter Injure Farm Land
Protection From Erosion Is Urged by Early Use of Common Grains.

By R. H. Morrish, Agronomist, Soil Conservation Service, Ohio State University, WNU Service.

Land owners should make provisions to protect their fields from the destruction of winter storms which cannot aid crops but which do cause severe erosion.

Lack of water during the growing season prevented the usual amount of plant growth on most soils. Pastures have been overgrazed and the covering of grass will be thinner than usual. All these factors will combine to make conditions favorable for erosion during late fall and winter down-pours.

Oats, wheat, or rye will serve to protect fields which can be planted to these common grains. Oats will winterkill but if they are planted early enough they obtain sufficient growth to furnish ground cover in the winter. Wheat or rye are usually more satisfactory as cover crops and they can be plowed down in the spring in time to get the field ready for other crops.

D. R. Dodd, specialist in agronomy, Ohio state university, says thin pastures can be helped materially by applying lime and fertilizer and by reseeding the poorer spots. Lime should be applied only after the soil has been tested. Mr. Dodd recommends the use of 20 per cent superphosphate or a 0-14-6 fertilizer at the rate of from 300 to 500 pounds per acre.

Early fall seeding of the grasses in the pasture mixture frequently gives the best results. A good mixture contains 7 pounds Kentucky blue grass, 4 pounds timothy or orchard grass, 3 pounds red top, 3 pounds red clover, and 1 pound white clover. The legumes for this mixture can be seeded in the spring.

Method Better Than Hand and Eye Aid to Sheepmen

Although wool is graded according to its fineness of fiber, the finest wool is not always the choicest, says Dr. J. I. Hardy, specialist in animal fibers, of the United States bureau of animal industry. This knowledge, although not new to wool buyers, have been more definitely revealed in a recent study of wool-fiber measurements made by special apparatus developed by Dr. Hardy.

The measurements showed that the ability of an animal to produce a choice fleece is an individual rather than a breed characteristic. There is great variability among animals of the same breed. Cross-sectional photomicrographs and measurements of wool fibers have shown some surprising variations in fineness of wool from different flocks of the same breed and from different individuals of the same flock. In several cases, wool from medium-wool sheep proved to be finer than that usually obtained from some sheep of fine-wool breeds.

All measurements of samples were made with apparatus which Dr. Hardy has perfected, and has found to be much more accurate than the usual method of judging by hand and eye. The method offers breeders an opportunity to select their breeding stock with greater accuracy in respect to fineness and uniformity of wool.

Corn and Cobmeal

Corn and cobmeal will not harm pigs. It will not produce quite as good gains due to the fact it is a little too high in fiber to be best suited to the digestion of fattening shoats. Corn and cobmeal is suitable for feeding to dairy cows or growing heifers or calves, states a writer in the Rural New-Yorker. If so used a good mixture is 600 pounds corn and cobmeal, 600 pounds ground oats, 400 pounds ground barley, 300 pounds wheat bran, 200 pounds linseed oilmeal. The mineral mixture of equal parts iodized stock salt, ground limestone and steamed bonemeal is suitable for all classes of live stock mixed with the feed to the extent of five per cent of the grain mixture.

Bovine Tuberculosis

It is difficult to recognize tuberculosis in cattle in its early stages. The first noticeable symptom of a chronic case is a dry cough. The condition of the animal slowly deteriorates and there is loss of flesh, accompanied by an unhealthy appearance of the coat. The disease affects nearly all the organs of the body but in individual cases may be confined to one organ or a set of neighboring organs. — Indiana Farmer's Guide.

Choosing Cider Apples

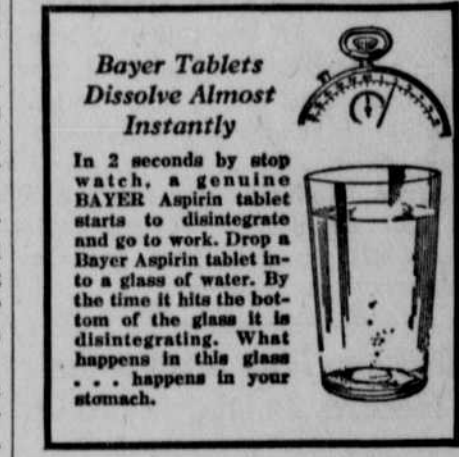
In making cider vinegar many fail to obtain a first class product due to unwise selection of fruit or use of unripe or decayed apples for the cider. Vinegar, according to requirements of many states regulating its sale, must contain at least four per cent acetic acid. Usually, high acidity of vinegar depends on the sugar content of the apple and resulting cider. For this reason mature apples are more satisfactory for cider vinegar.

Floats 6,500 Miles
Floating 6,500 miles in five years, a bottle has been picked up in the Bahamas and returned to the navy hydrographic officer at Washington for record-making purposes. It was thrown into the sea off the coast of Virginia in 1930. Hydrographers say that in its journeys, the bottle has twice crossed the Atlantic.

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.

Bright Outlook
"What made the good old days 'good' was that you were young."

Now Ease Neuritis Pains Fast



For Amazingly Quick Relief Get Genuine Bayer Aspirin
If you suffer from pains of neuritis what you need is quick relief. Genuine Bayer Aspirin tablets give quick relief, for one reason, because they dissolve or disintegrate almost instantly they touch moisture. (Note illustration above.)

Hence—when you take a real Bayer Aspirin tablet it starts to dissolve almost as quickly as you swallow it. And thus is ready to start working almost instantly . . . in headaches, neuralgia and neuritis pains start easing almost at once. That's why millions never ask for aspirin by the name aspirin alone when they buy, but always say "BAYER ASPIRIN" and see that they get it.



Try it. You'll say it's marvelous.
15c FOR A DOZEN
2 FULL 25c DOZEN
Virtually 1c a tablet
LOOK FOR THE BAYER CROSS

Why Laxatives Fail In Stubborn Constipation

Twelve to 24 hours is too long to wait when relief from clogged bowels and constipation is needed, for then enormous quantities of bacteria accumulate, causing GAS, indigestion and many restless, sleepless nights. If you want REAL QUICK RELIEF, take a liquid compound such as Adierka. Adierka contains SEVEN cathartic and eliminative ingredients that act on the stomach and BOTH bowels. Most "overnight" laxatives contain one ingredient that acts on the lower bowel only.

Adierka's DOUBLE ACTION gives your system a thorough cleaning, bringing out old poisonous waste matter that may have caused GAS pains, sour stomach, headaches and sleepless nights for months. Adierka relieves stomach GAS at once and usually removes bowel congestion in less than two hours. No waiting for overnight results. This famous treatment has been recommended by many doctors and druggists for 35 years. Take Adierka one-half hour before breakfast or one hour before bedtime and in a short while you will feel marvelously refreshed. Leading Druggists.

Miserable with backache?

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night when you feel tired, nervous, all upset . . . use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

WEALTH AND HEALTH
Good health and success go together. Don't handicap yourself—get rid of a sluggish, acid condition with tasty Milnesia, the original milk of magnesia in water form. Each water equals 4 teaspoonfuls milk of magnesia. Neutralizes acids and gives you pleasant elimination. 20c, 35c & 60c sizes.