

CHAPTER XII-Continued -15-

"But to shoot a cardinal-it's sinful, Doug."

"Not when they riddle my seeds." dinals just because . . ." She looked at him. Words were useless unless

they were not and could never be. fasten on Abral and come on up "Do you want to let them eat ap here." my seeds I want for next year?" he exclaimed.

She turned the mare slowly back down the hollow again toward the apples in the sun. road. Doug followed along close behind her, confused and perplexed. "I guess you'll be going away right soon now," he said at last.

"Yes. On Monday. Daddy is riding over with me."

"What's the use of your going off over there, Cynthia? You don't have | ing." no need for that kind of book learning."

"But I do, too."

"You're just going over there because of that surveyor, and you know it."

"Why, I'm not, either; I've been counting on going there all year and in." a right smart before any of those men came to the creek."

"I saw you looking at him." "That doesn't make any differ-

ence in it." "You swear it?" "I told you once when you were

up to our house." "You swear it then?"

"I don't feel any call to give ac-Instead of advancing his rising temper, it halted it.

"I calculate I ought to get about a thousand dollars for my 'seng. I'm going to dig it soon now."

"That'll be nice and I'm right glad," she said. "I have to go back now. I just stopped to say good-by."

death.

now and I been thinking about you while I was doing it. Will you?" "It's not time for me to think about that, Doug."

"When you get back, then?" "We can see about it then. It's

thought to marry." "You won't feel too stuck up aft-

er you've been over there?" "Doug Mason, sometimes I get so mad at you I could die. You know

better than that." "It's just that . . . you know . . sometimes it's right lonesome and I get to thinking about you going

off to people not just like us, and . . . You won't change your mind about going?" "Why, no. Doug. I've been plan-

ning on this all year." She got easily into the saddle.

"Good-by, Doug." "Good-by, Cynthia."

Cynthia booted the mare with her heel and hurried from Sarah and Doug, the birds and the fallen trees, back to Wolfpen through the ruins of the visit she had planned.

The final days were busy ones for Cynthia, but without visible evidence of her inward excitement at the thought of being away from home. Julia was always near her with kind words and suggestions for the packing.

Then three days before the time for Cynthia to leave, Abral came pale and weak, but declaring he was !

the table before the others to lie in ful to hear the chickens clucking in long she could hear the battering the cool on the porch. Sparrel went out to him.

"What's the trouble with you, son?"

"I guess I just got my stomach riled a little at the camp.

"When did it begin to hurt?" "It's felt funny for a day or so." Sparrel gave him some of his remedies and after a while Abral went

to bed. He lay there for two days very sick and refusing food. for many weeks and had been up ing brown and sprawling on the they were riding up the creek was and down for two nights with Abral, ground unable to bear the heavy less exciting than formerly. In past

out strength. half a year for Cynthia to ride away through eyes heavy with grief, that from Wolfpen, she sat by Julia and the garden and the still rooms of had already seen a steam-engine, a was startled to see how large her the house knew that Julia was dead. sawmill, and a lumbering enterprise; Arthur D. Styles, Montreal, Canada, eyes were under the pale skin of

grown from her sickness.

But Cynthia sat by her bed, saying, "Abral's some better. I wouldn't go off today and you sick. A few days won't make a sight of difference." Thinking: "I wonder how feel." "But, Doug! You don't kill car- sick she is and why it came on so sudden right now. It must be the spread over the place of the sicktheir meanings were already sensed ness in the trees or it wouldn't bebefore they were spoken, and here gin down there in Dry Creek and

delicately along the sheet. She found into the way she had come, moving Jesse by the drying kiln spreading

> "How is she?" Jesse asked, whispering it.

"Asleep now."

"She didn't sleep any last night." "No. She looks pretty sick, Jesse." "Yes, she's kind of worn out. I reckon you're not going this morn-

"I reckon not."

er is sick." When do you aim to

"In about two weeks now. I cal-

and depression squeezed at her spirit. There were so many things she had wanted to talk about so she could carry them into the day bright stacked in the cellar where they with the sunshine and Jesse's understanding.

And there was Reuben far away certainty of Julia's sudden illness, count to you, Doug." It was sharper and confusion everywhere to be at. The stone jars were filled with apthen he had ever heard her speak. tacked, ordered and subdued. But ple and pumpkin butter and tomato she could not get it out between them at the kiln.

"I'm sorry you can't go today, Cynthia. May be it won't be long. Don't you get sick."

It was unexpected and clothed in a depth of genuine feeling which warmed the coldness she had felt 'Cynthia. Don't go off over there. creeping over her. She might even her mother for her menfolk, and to Let's . . . why can't we . . . let's us yet say the things in her heart. But order all things with as little he was going on now. She watched change as possible. She looked after you told Daddy yet?" Cynthia scringed, seeing birds him away and then went back into Shellenberger and spread his two tumbling through the still air into the yard. "There's a sight of things sheets as a matter of course and to do without thinking about your- custom. She even had a better lik-"I'm getting things in good shape self, Cynthia Pattern, and making ing for him because of the way out to yourself that you're wanting he spoke and left unspoken his somebody to sympathize with you."

It was in the second week of September that Julia Pattern died. very sorry." She lay in the room which Sparrel Just not time yet and I hadn't had built for her when he brought October, and the poignant grief camp and the plans for the spring her as a bride to Wolfpen. She lay was, by repetition, a little older. on the sheets which she had made winters, on the bed where three green into all the flamboyance of

> Julia's side on the chair he had made for her when they were young. rich scarlet of the white oaks, the He spoke no word and no tear fell. deep brown of the black oaks, with silence wandered out between the house and the barn.

Cynthia was deathstruck. For the first time she was seeing death invade her own family. She had never manent and timeless as Wolfpen. all things.

potent before the assertion of such the bed to the window and looked up to the Pinnacle gleaming golden in the sun. She was surprised that the world continued as though nothing had happened, that the Pinnacle activities of life, seething about the thought of without Julia. The holly- ness. The summer was gone, hocks had had their proud days of brown; but they were bursting with pen. Cynthia was not sorry. But fell sick in the third night and had red load. The beans were growing years the drovers, with their talk to lie in her bed very pale and with- yellow and dry, the cabbage was of politics and the growth of Mount

The news went up to the hol- and Reuben Warren and Shellenher forehead and how weak she had lows, over the hills and down the berger had been there. creeks with mysterious speed. The The drovers came up the creek "You must go, dear, as we people came to Wolfpen; the old from house to house performing tween 1798 and 1831, to stop all planned. I'll be all right now," she families on Gannon, the folk from the ceremony prescribed by custom. vehicular traffic on Sundays by

fragrant cedar,

her there in the silence and the peace. The people went away. The dark came again, the autumn dew dripped like rain in the orchard leaves, the fog settled in and shifted eerily about erasing the stars.

Cynthia, in collapse, on her bed: "I ought to feel. But I can't any more. I am not me. The weight pushes me down. I don't know how to think about it, and it hurts to

CHAPTER XIII

IN THE weeks that followed, the I spiritual disruption in this house seemed complete. No one spoke of Julia in words; each one suffered She left Julia in a weak sleep, in private his own particular degree the long fingers of one hand lying and quality of grief. They fell to the accumulated work, easing their sorrow in excess of toil.

> The plans Cynthia and Julia had made for the Institute now seemed as remote as though they belonged with other people. This was her place, where Julia had always been, directing the house for Sparrel.

Gradually the deadness grew cus tomary as the days lengthened into a new routine. The work of the full harvest filled up and spilled herd. over the days into both ends of the "Some, maybe, and because Moth- night. Cynthia did all the woman's part with some aid from the boys. She and Jesse gathered the late beans from the garden. She culate to get my share of the stuff | pickled them in the brown earthen jars in the cellar, giving painstak-She felt suddenly unhappy inside ing care to preserve the flavor which Julia developed in them. The sweet potatoes were carefully dug, put into open slatted crates and gave off a good earthen smell. The Irish potatoes were buried in the hole by the smoke-house. Sparrel in some distant county, and the un- and the boys made the sorghumthick and brown and full flavored. preserves, the great goose-necked and green-striped squash and burnished copper-colored pumpkins were buried in the haymow. Jesse brought in the dark honey from concerned over Jesse's leaving. the hives and filled the jars on the

fruit shelf. Cynthia tried to cook meals like shock and his sorrow at the death

of Julia.

There was even a melancholy beautern around the hillsides the flame- pockets and took them out. Sparrel was broken. He sat by and-golden-hued maple leaves, the soft yellow of the poplars, the dull The boys in stunned and complete a few vivid gum trees screaming among the dark green pines. Noth-

ing was left untouched. of complete abandon to the display to betray the nervous constraint bearound her, her heart gone out of hind it. thought of her mother as a part her into the prodigal splashing of of the mutabilities. She was as per- color. Then she would have that tly, "I allowed you had a mind to sudden vague awareness of tears it. You'll need some money for There could be no Wolfpen, no Pat- in the heart from which she had es- that." He took from his pocket the tern household without Julia's gen- caped for an instant and to which long leather sack which he cartle words and silent competence in she must return. They came with ried, and held it out to Jesse. "If the first sight of the dark clouds Desolate, feeling so little and im- gathering over the Pinnacle, pre- good one, son, and be clean about saging the coming of the cold rains it. The law can dirty a man." invisible strength, she turned from and the violation and the annihilation of all the glowing beauty which supported the hours.

house, she cried, "Oh, rain, leave ter." home early from the camp looking could take the sun and look over the leaves alone! Give them one a bright land when her own heart | more day." But the rain did not was dark with grief and her world hear the cry of one lonely girl deep He ate little for supper, leaving black with desolution. It was pain in the Big Sandy hills. All night the yard, to observe the common attack of each heavy bullet of rain tearing through the magic world of heaviness of death in its midst. the morrow the sun would disclose There was Julia's garden, not to be their wet and melancholy naked-

The death of Julia and the press color and now they were dry and of work had kept Jesse on at Wolfbursting. It seemed to Cynthia, Sterling and Maysville, had been an world. But this year Gannon Creek

said in a low voice. "I've never the Big Sandy. The Castle boys They were dressed in their tight

at Sparrel's shop, using the knotted with red handkerchiefs around theh boards Sparrel had sawed from a necks. They went to the barnyard at each place and leaffed over the Amos Barnes came to conduct rails, sizing up the cattle. They the funeral. There were so many walked in among them to slap the people that the service was held rumps of the steers and feel their under and around the tan-bark shed hide. They told a story or two, where there was room for every one. sending their big laughs infectiously She looked very beautiful in the over the group of men gathered brown cloth dress she had woven around, and giving a holiday spirit with her own hands. They carried to the bargaining. Then they made her slowly through the yard and up their final offer, the sale was closed, the path to the Cranesnest Shelf, and the drovers and the neighbor the people following. They laid men moved on behind the growing her beside Grandmother Adah, herd to the next house. Where they Tivis's wife, just as the great were at meal-time, there they all shadow of the Pinnacle reached the ate, taking turns at the table unstone by Saul's grave. They left der the hospitable urgings of the womenfolk. And when evening came, the neighbors returned home and the drovers spent the night wherever they happened to be.

At Wolfpen, where they always managed to stay the night, Sparrel gave them the use of a fenced meadow for their cattle and stalls and feed for their saddle mules. But when they talked about buying his steers, Sparrel said:

"I guess I won't be selling any this time."

"Why not, Sparrel?"

"I told Shellenberger I'd let him have all we could spare for his men this winter." Then Jesse said, "I want to sell

mine to you fellers.' Sparrel looked at his son in silent surprise, but offered no interfer-

"We'll be glad to look at it. Jesse," they said. Cynthia watched them go to the

barn-lot where Jesse had driven in his fat steer. She could see them out there looking and feeling and bargaining. Then, after a proper time, they drove it out of the pen and down to the meadow with their

Jesse came back to the house where Cynthia was. She knew from nis look that he was content, and that it was the pleasure of a man in the quality of his product and in seeing others appreciate it, as well as satisfaction with the price it brought.

"Did they like your steer?" "They seemed to. It was a good

"Did you get what you wanted for "Yes. I got thirty-six dollars for

it, and I bet that's more than Dad'll get out of Shellenberger for his." "Why do you say that, Jesse?" "Well, he's been here all year

nearly and nobody's seen any of his money yet for anything." Cynthia thought of the paper on which she had entered the record of his board. But she was more

"I reckon you'll be going soon now, Jesse?"

"I aim to be there on Monday morning for the opening court

"No, not yet. I'll tell him to-

night, maybe." "I don't think he'll mind, Jesse." the fire while she cleared away the dishes. There was more silence about the drovers and the cattle. And so September gave way to Abral talked about the men at the rafts; he was going to float one. Sparrel said little, staring into the with her own hands by the fireplace ty in the days. The hills turned fire and looking at his sons. And at his father, at the fire, at Cynthia, generations of Pattern women had autumn, arranging in exotic pat- at Jasper, put his hands into his

> "I guess the fall work's about done up now," Jesse said. "We've done right well with it,"

Sparrel said. "I reckon I'll go over to town now and read the law with Tandy Morgan." It came with nothing but a

Sparrel said easily and very genyou're going to be a lawyer, be a

"It didn't dirty Blackstone or Lincoln any. I mean to be that kind. And I don't need the money," Jesse When the first sprinkles shattered said, handing the purse back to the flaming maple near the smoke- Sparrel. "I got enough for the win-

> Cynthia knew the fervor of his voice and was moved.

Sparrel had got up from his chair, and stood looking down at Jesse. With unaccustomed demonstration he laid his hand on Jesse's house quite uninterrupted by the yesterday, and she knew that on shoulder and pushed away the leather sack. "Keep it, son. That's what I got it for. I'll just ride over with you tomorrow and see you settled, by your leave."

In the morning they rode down Wolfpen, Sparrel choosing the Fineseed. The larkspur had faded, the the work was nearly done now, and mare for the journey, and Jesse on cosmos were falling to seed because she knew that he was restless to his own mule with the small grip there was no one to pinch them go, and was waiting only for the of clothes and the yellow Black-Then Julia, who had looked tired back. The tomato vines were turn- drovers to come. The news that stone firmly strapped to the saddle. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Halted Sunday Vehicular Traffic

The increasing use of the horse and buggy in the United States at On Monday at the hour set for looking into the familiar plot important link with the outside the beginning of the Nineteenth century apparently hurt church attendance, for in Philadelphia, notes in Collier's Weekly, the church authorities became so perplexed by it that they had permission, behanging large chains across the been sick to amount to anything." | made and polished a casket for her | trousers, tall boots, broad hats, and | principal streets.

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

Old Men Still Useful Fists and Razor Blades Youngest Grandfather Science Works Two Ways

Even in this day of flaming youth, mature age still has its usefulness.

The average age of our Supreme Court justices is seventy - one years. Twenty-six years ago Chief Justice Hughes took his seat on the Supreme Court bench. President Taft rendered public service by appointing him to succeed Justice Brewer.

He left the Arthur Brisbane bench to run for President against Woodrow Wilson, and would doubtless have been elected had he not gone to California. Had he been elected he would have remained in the United States and probably would have saved the country ten thousand million dollars that Woodrow Wilson shoveled out in his ecstacy of self-approval.

Rioting in London's "Mile End Road," in which the faces of men and women were slashed with razor blades and one man was thrown through a shop window, etc., seems rather "un-English," to put it mildly. Fist fighting has been encouraged by distinguished Englishmen, including judges, on the ground that it is "better than using

It is better, doubtless, but what about the razor blades?

Germany honors its youngest grandfather, Herman Jahnke, farm laborer, thirty-six years old. Married at seventeen, his eldest daughter became a mother at seven-

If all you want is children, that record is satisfactory, although any mouse family could beat it by 25,000 per cent, and almost any microbe by a billion per cent. If good children were desired, it

would have been better for Mr. Jahnke to have his first child at 36, and his first grandchild at 60 or 70; at least that was Plato's

Justice uses science—the electric chair, the lethal chamber—to punish It's the Talk of criminals. The criminal uses science "That'll be might' nice. Have to carry on his trade. An SOS signal,

purporting to come from a yacht in distress, drew the coast guard away from the coast of Hawaii. She knew how it would proceed making it convenient for smugglers after supper. The menfolk sat by of narcotics to bring in their cargo. Tear gas, comparatively modern, was used to empty a New York "She was a fine woman. I am than talk. Then Jasper spoke theater where there was labor trouble.

Japan, until recently convinced, mistakenly, that this country is her enemy, and for excellent reasons keeping close watch on Russia and as the children grew through the riotously from the long summer Jesse twisted his mouth, glanced her anti-Japanese Vladivostok airplane and submarine base, now turns suspicious attention on dear old John Bull.

> Britain is supposed to have asked nine nations to protest against Japan's demands on China. That should not worry Japan too much. The same old John Buli got fiftyone nations to protest Mussolini's Cynthia found herself in moments higher pitch and a brittle utterance attack on Ethiopia; but, paying no attention, the able Italian went ahead swallowing Ethiopia; sending the little Haile Selassie to live in Switzerland.

In his villa at San Remo, the Duke of Borea D'Olmo celebrates his one hundred and sixth birthday in excellent health. He has been active in Italian court circles since 1841, before the beginning of the United States -Mexican war.

Mussolini tells 200 farmers and industrialists to prepare for a "decisive conflict" that will be necessary "to preserve order against anarchy."

Those that favor the "present civilization," he said, will have to preserve it. "We are at the dawn of a decisive conflict between the representatives of order and anarchy."

Dr. Irving Langmuir, brilliant Nobel prize winner, announced a "counterpart of life," produced chemically; interesting, probably not important. Until some professor can produce "some counterpart of life" able to think, manufacture telescopes, explore the universe and run for office, man's domination will not be threatened. A cigar store Indian is a "counterpart," but not an Indian.

European nations are preparing to recognize the Spanish rebels when they take Madrid and set up

a national government The idea is to take prompt action and forestall the victorious insurgents' giving Spanish territory to Italy or Germany; the Balearic islands to Italy for instance, to use as naval and air bases, with Ceuta for Germany. This would upset the balance of power in the western Mediteranean and disturb old England, with Egypt and the Suez Canal on

her mind. © King Features Syndicate, Inc. WNU Service.

Puttering Around the House—



Time-Wasting Work of Putting Away Things Others Have Used

no one has to do much put- by others. If they really detertering about. When the members mine to stop this bothersome are not particular where they put fault, they will decrease the their things, it becomes the un- necessity of puttering about by desirable duty of some person to the person who heartily dislikes spend much time in just this the work, but who, for the sake very thing, puttering. Hours are of order prefers to do it rather wasted daily in such trivialities than have disorder around. as gathering up newspapers spread about, picking up and putting away gloves, hats, scissors, thimbles, pencils, etc. Whatever it may be that has been in use, and not put away by the user, or has been put in the wrong place, must be placed where it belongs or the house would reflect poor housekeeping.

Nondescript Tasks.

The time given to these nondescript jobs should be given by those who leave the work to others. Putting things away is part of the job connected with using the things, just as much as getting the things out, is part of it. The work is regular and legitimate and only becomes an annoyance when left for the wrong person to do.

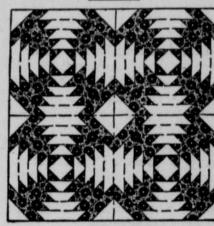
Left-Over Jobs.

No person wants her time frittered away doing the left-over jobs of others. Nobody enjoys having a person puttering around, either. It is distracting to attention, and disturbing to the nerves. From both the angle of the person who putters about and those who have to endure the annoyance of such activity. there should be some remedy found. Remedies Suggested.

Mothers can teach their children to put their playthings away when through with them. This is the first step to take. Then she can instruct the little folk to put their outside things away when they come in from outdoors. Children can get into the habit of orderliness by being made to realize that what they don't do, has to be done by mother who is very busy and often too tired to do the extra tasks. Affection will gain the

Breaking the Habit. Adults should consider how to break themselves of the reprehensible habit of leaving work

the Quilting Bee



Pattern 5591

It's most certainly the talk of the quilting bee-this quaint Pineapple pattern! And why wouldn't it be? With nearly all the patch pieces the same width, you can cut your fabric into strips and snip off pieces as needed. Easily made, you start from the center and sew round and round till the block is done.

In pattern 5591 you will find the Block Chart, an illustration for cutting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram of quilt to help arrange the blocks for single and double bed size, and a diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing the patches and suggests contrasting materials.

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.

Law of the Home

I believe that the fewer the laws in a home the better; but there is one law which should be as plainly understood as the shining of the sun is visible at noonday, and that is, implicit and instantaneous obedience from the child to the parent, not only for the peace of the home, but for the highest good of the child .- A. E. Kittredge.

WHEN a family is orderly, they should do, to be completed

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You take either two teaspoons of the liquid Phillips' after meals; or two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. Almost instantly "acid indigestion" goes, gas from hyperacidity, "acid-headaches"—from over-indulgence in food or smoking — and nausea are relieved. You feel made over; forget you have a stomach.

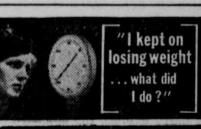
Try this Phillips' way if you have

any acid stomach upsets. Get either the liquid "Phillips" or the remark-able, new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. Only 25¢ for a big box of tablets at drug stores.



Firmness

I know no real worth but that tranquil firmness which seeks dangers by duty, and braves them without rashness.-Stanislaus.



"I found an easy, grand way to get back those precious pounds'

TO regain lost weight is a simple I matter when certain bodily functions are restored to normal. Of foremost importance is the stimulation of digestive juices in the stomach tomake better use of the food you eat...and restoration of lowered red-blood-cells to turn the digested food into firm flesh, S.S.S. Tonic does just this. Forget about underweight worries

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S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again. Available at any drug store. @ S.S.S. Co.





