

Quick Stitchery for the Home "Artist"

Here's a famous painting—"The Angelus," to reproduce in quick stitchery. You've no idea what a charming picture will result as you stitch away in wool or rope silk, but you're assured a speedy finish due to the plain background. So send for your pattern today



Pattern 1212

and get started on this fascinating piece of needlework. You'll want to frame it, when it's finished.

Pattern 1212 contains a transfer pattern of a picture 13 1/2 inches; a color chart and key; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches needed.

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.

Foreign Words and Phrases

- Amor patriae. (L.) Love of country.
Contra bonos mores. (L.) Contrary to the moral law.
Dirigo. (L.) I direct or guide.
Functus officio. (L.) Having fulfilled his office; out of office.
Genius loci. (L.) The genius of the place; the guardian spirit.
Malum in se. (L.) A thing evil in itself, inherently wrong.
En fin. (F.) At the end; finally.
Obiter dictum. (L.) A remark in passing; such part of a judge's opinion as is aside from or beyond the point at issue, and therefore not binding as a precedent.
Bienvenu. (F.) Welcome.
Ultima Thule. (L.) Farthest Thule or land; most bound.
Savoir vivre. (F.) The knowing how to live; good breeding.
Tu quoque. (L.) You too; you're another.

"I was run-down—"

"... looked pale... lacked a keen appetite... felt tired... was underweight."

"What did I do?"

"MY intuition told me I needed a tonic. Naturally, I am happy and grateful for the benefits S.S.S. Tonic brought me."

You, too, will be delighted with the way S.S.S. Tonic whets up the appetite... improves digestion... restores red-blood-cells to a healthier and richer condition. Feel and look like your old self again by taking the famous S.S.S. Tonic treatment to rebuild your blood strength...

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.



Get a New Hold Determination means stick right where you are right, and get a new hold when you are wrong.—Van Amburgh.

Advertisement for Black Leaf 40, featuring a rooster and the text 'KILLS LICE' and 'OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS'.

Advertisement for Resinol, featuring a woman's face and the text 'PIMPLES from surface conditions need not be endured. Make your skin clearer and smoother with soothing Resinol.'

PATTERNS OF WOLFPEN



CHAPTER XIV—Continued

Abra! and the men at the dam heard the uncommon rumble of the truck. Doug came furiously into sight around the bend, preceded by the roar of the wheels on the infirm tracks.

"It's Doug Mason. He's gone plum crazy," Abra! said. While he was yet speaking, the heavy load struck a weak joint in the wooden rails in the middle of the curve and plunged down the foot of the hill to the creek bank.

They rolled the worthless log from his torn body and carried him bleeding to the camp. Sparrel must hurry.

There was nothing much Sparrel could do for the left hand, flattened and punctured, with the white broken bones, hanging by a single string of skin at the wrist. The left eye was struck too hard by the heavy links of the log chain, and was no longer an eye.

Sparrel did well by him with his turpentine and salve and castle soap. When the worst of pain had passed, they carried him out of the bank in the lumber camp to his own house. A moan came sometimes from his lips out of his control. He would twitch the handless stump of his arm, his teeth grinding and stare at the blank wall with a bitter eye.

His mother, hobbling about on her poor legs, and his sister Hesia did the weeping.

Cynthia, preparing things to bear to the Masons, riding down Wolfpen an Gannon Creek with them on the Finemare, kept thinking over and over, "Worrying and regretting are what you can't help and they don't make things a bit different. But a body can't hardly see why things in the world can be the way they sometimes are. Seems like there has been a plague on this year that just hangs around Dry Creek Hollow waiting to reach out and do everybody an ill turn. I'm downright sorry about Doug."

December was dreary and full of heaviness. It was as if the sorrow for Doug Mason had taken visible form over the houses. Day after day the thick clouds lay on the hills.

All day long the house was as quiet as death. Shellenberger was still away down the river somewhere getting ready for the rafts in the spring. Jasper was busy in the hollows and at the barn. Abra! went each day to Dry Creek.

Nearly every day Sparrel would go down to see Doug, and when Cynthia asked about him, replied: "Poorly, Cynthia, he's getting well, but he's in bad shape. And he's that proud he won't let anybody see him only me."

They were trying days, and they trailed one another through the gloom. Then Jesse came one warm week-end when the wind blew into the hollows and pressed the rain from the clouds, driving them from before the sun. The darkness lifted for a moment, the grass looked up wondering and the birds sang. Jesse was happy. He filled the house with his enthusiasm and goodwill. He talked about the law and the lawsuits pending next term of court, of the people and the activity of Pikeville, feeling himself no longer a spectator but a part of it. He described the new brick jail to be built on the lower corner of the courthouse square, the new Baptist church by the Institute, the general store the George Brothers were putting up, the stone sidewalks being laid all through the town, and the talk about even lighting up the streets at night. He could see all this progress from Tandy Morgan's office.

It was good to have Jesse come back, but it was somehow different from the way she had imagined it. He was changed and all this talk sounded strange from him. He was already more of the Pikeville lawyer, Cynthia thought, than the boy who set out the plants in the spring and read Blackstone haltingly under the haycock. She realized with her heartache that even the Jesse of those days existed no longer except in her memory, and would return no more to Wolfpen. It was idle to think of it being otherwise, and yet the thought of placing Jesse in the vault along with all the other treasured things that had died in that year was full of grief. And the days after he was gone were less happy than before.

Shellenberger and Dry Creek seemed to have conquered and possessed Wolfpen. Shellenberger returned from his journey down the river. He was still talking about the progress of business-minded men who were developing the country—for a profit. For themselves. Everything was going to come along

big very soon now. Just at the moment things were a little tight because it required a steady outlay of capital to get an operation going and a long time to get returns on it. Vision, co-operation, enterprise were the necessary qualities. A few days later he came up from Dry Creek to the mill where Sparrel was grinding. "I was wondering whether you couldn't help me out for a few weeks," Shellenberger said in his pleasantest manner.

"What could I do to help you out, Mr. Shellenberger?" "Those fellows are grumbling for their pay again, and the God's truth of it is, Mr. Pattern, that I'm just a little short of cash right at this minute. I was wondering, if I couldn't borrow a thousand dollars from you for a short time. I'll give you my personal note for it, and at the end of the month when I go down I'll have Judge Wade of the Cattlettsburg bank endorse it if you wish."

"I don't hardly see..." "You ought to have interest at six per cent. Say fifteen dollars for the loan. That's the way men make money, by making it work. You let it idle in the bank and the bank lends it out and gets the interest. Just for ninety days and you'll do me a great favor and help my work along."

Sparrel thought it over; the end of May, a thousand dollars, fifteen dollars interest, enough cash for Jasper, a real favor to Shellenberger.

"I guess I could spare that to help you out," he said. "And I don't see any cause to bother Judge Wade with it."

"I'm certainly much obliged to you, Mr. Pattern."

Dry Creek kept pushing in like its new owner. Abra! was much engrossed in the technique of lumbering and the prospect of driving a raft in the spring. He could even bring a fleeting moment of cheer into the house when he stood in the middle of the kitchen floor in Cynthia's way, with a broom locked in the back of a chair, swinging it like an oar-blade and shouting to his imaginary helper on the raft to shove on the pole and keep the headlogs away from the bank. Then, the stiff curve cleared, he would relax while the raft rode safely on the current, and turn to Cynthia and say, "That's the way to take her around a sharp bend."

"I bet you run right into a sandbar, Abra!."

"All right, I bet you. What'll you bet?" "Well, how many rafts have you ever run?" Cynthia asked.

"I can take one around any bend in Gannon Creek or the Big Sandy. I learned all about it from Mullens."

Cynthia would carry it, or she would drop it and be happy for a time in the presence of his energy and his confidence. She lived in the rich world of her imagination, for the most part, above the routine of the house where Julia was not. Soft white fluffs of snow, small hard pellets of ice, the sun and the thaws carried away the colorless days of January. The wind and the rain, the sleet freezing enamel on the pear tree, the sun cracking it and dropping it to the ground, brought in February.

In Dry Creek more and ever more logs were piling up, and the rough men were getting more restive in the loins and irritable with one another in the good isolation from a town with long drink and women.

Cynthia could know little about them, but Sparrel was concerned. He mentioned it to Shellenberger who dismissed it with a word. Sparrel said no more, except to himself. "A body hates to see that kind of life in here but it's just the men he brought up from down the river. I don't reckon a little drinking will hurt any man, except it's encouraging some pretty bad characters to make it. I'd hate like anything to see Gannon Creek get a bad name from it. Things are bad enough down below where they come from, killings and then more killings if somebody witnesses against them in court. These feuds already give a black name to a lot bigger country than has title to it. I wouldn't want any of that around here even on Shellenberger's land. Maybe I'll be all right and I'm just touchy about things."

While he was pretending to himself that everything was all right, it went abruptly awry. Sparrel himself was in the blacksmith shop at the camp when it occurred. The men came down from the woods with the tools to be sharpened. They were rough-looking laborer type of men. White liquor was heavy on their breath and red in some of their eyes. The trouble between Ike Dallow

and Jack Caher had begun in rough humor when Ike said that Jack had been cutting timber for three months and still didn't know which way a tree was going to fall and would have got his fool self killed long ago if somebody didn't always pull him out of the way. The men, glad of words to break the silence and isolation, laughed; their laughter inspired Ike to keep it up, elaborate it, and go on baiting Jack. Then Jack Caher lost the humor of it feeling himself in ridicule out of the usual good-natured butt, and showed resentment. Ike Dallow couldn't very well stop without seeming to back down. So they carried on through the drink they had behind a pile of brush and down to the shop. Sparrel tried to quiet them, but they were too excited now to listen to him. They grew more boisterous, drawing others into the baiting.

"That's about enough now, Ike," Jack Caher said.

"Listen to the little rat-eared poodle," Ike said. "Enough what?" Then Jack lunged at Ike and hit him under the eye. Jack stumbled as he swung, and was carried to his knees past Ike Dallow and against the bellows by the forge. In the flash of blind anger, Ike seized a cant-hook, swung it over his shoulder, and before Jack could reach his feet he brought it down with crushing force on his neck and shoulders. Had the hook not caught in the bellows, the blow would have slain Jack Caher outright and instantly. He crumpled with a cry and groan, his bleeding head pushing into the soft leather of the bellows, causing the smoldering forge to throw up a shower of sparks.

It was all too quick for anybody to intervene; the sudden flash of the long smoldering antecedents. Ike Dallow stood for a moment with the cant-hook in his hand, be-



Then Jack Lunged at Ike and Hit Him Under the Eye.

ref of the anger, bewildered by the unwilling act some part of him had leapt forth to perform.

Then he dropped the bloody cant-hook, stared in fright at the dying man; then he got out of the shop and began to run up Dry Creek toward the woods. The other men gathered around Sparrel who was working over Jack Caher. He was unconscious, bleeding, but not quite dead. They carried him into the bunk where Sparrel watched over him until he died in the early morning.

Sparrel laid him out with the soiled blanket covering his face. Tired and worried, Sparrel tramped toward Wolfpen through the last of the dark, thinking it over and over. "I felt it in my bones, somehow, the way you know something you don't want to know, hope you won't have to know. Then, bang, and it's all done. No warning. Sheriff Hatler'll have to come now, and a grand jury and all. Sheriff Hatler never rode down this creek before in his life only as a neighbor. Now he has to come on a murder. Right on the Pattern land it was. Only I reckon it's not Pattern land but Shellenberger land. Never any disgrace to it before. I'd like to have seen it stay that way. There was just no reason in it happening. Bad blood breaking out, it was. Seems like in the last year something's been at the heart of these hills, like it was sick or giving up. Not just here on my place. It's the whole Sandy Valley. Swamped with too many floating people I reckon, coming up the river and loafing around the new mine towns and lumber camps, not interested in the good of the land, making corn liquor and gambling, and things like this.

"Never been so busy in all his life, Sheriff Hatler told me at Pike, such a sight of lawbreaking going on in the country here lately. Trouble right there in Pikeville, too, about the jail, and that witness in the Harrison-McClurg feud getting shot. Jesse's only been there a few months and he's seen a sight of cases come up. We've been here about a century now. I feel kind of disgraced myself, like I was in it. And I reckon I am, because I'll be summoned. The loggers and the moonshiners will want to get it hushed over. Better get it all out in the clear light now before it goes further. Better just tell Sheriff Hatler, and the grand jury all about it and clean it all away. This is where we have to live. We must keep this country clean and decent and a fit place where a man's grandchildren

can grow up good men with a pride like all their folk before them back to Saul and the time he saw this land as a place for a man to live in."

CHAPTER XV

SPARREL passed it over as lightly as possible with Cynthia, and Abra! added nothing to it. It was just another accident. You had to expect them, on a big job, Shellenberger said. Men would not be careful. But Cynthia knew from the worried look on Sparrel's face that it was more than that. It involved the law and a sheriff, and that was a sinister thing quite apart from Jesse and Tandy Morgan and Blackstone. Shellenberger found business calling him down the river; he was gone when Sheriff Hatler came. Cynthia heard the sheriff talking in low tones to Sparrel after dinner, standing on the porch in the cold.

"You're right, Sparrel. We'll clean it all up right now," he said.

"I think we ought to," Sparrel said. "We'll have Ike Dallow in Pikeville tomorrow. They picked him up down at Beaver. You tell what you know about the liquor, too, Sparrel, and we'll get this cleaned up."

"I'm sorry you had to come here on this business, but there wasn't any way of getting out of it."

"Don't worry about it, Sparrel. We'll just get it cleaned up now. How's Doug Mason getting?"

"He's up and around now, flatter, and he's learning to do things again. He says he'll do the farm work in the spring."

"It wuz a darn shame, Sparrel. Didn't your girl have an eye for him?"

"I don't reckon so only just as a neighbor."

"Well, she's too fine a girl for any cripple."

Cynthia could not listen any more. She ran to the kitchen and began to scour the pots she had used to cook the dinner. "I couldn't ever have married you, Doug, not even if it hadn't happened. Why did you want me to, and why did you go and do that, and why don't you take Judy Wooton who always has wanted you and why does Hatler talk about it? Things would drive a body plumb crazy if you didn't think about something else. Oh, Reuben, wherever you are in the woods, the place is different from when you liked it so much. It's been so long. April is so far away. Will you forget how you said, 'I will come back?'"

On a gray winter morning Cynthia opened the gate for Sparrel and watched him ride away on the Finemare to obey the summons. He smiled to her about his worry, and again at the orchard he turned, straight-shouldered and handsome, to wave to her.

"It's a sin and a shame that he takes it so to heart. I'll try to make an apple pie for him and have it hot the way Mother always did when he gets back tonight from his hard trip."

She was busy all day, weaving at the loom, cleaning the house, making the pies, cooking dinner for Jasper, tending to the milk, getting supper for Jasper, Abra! and the return of Sparrel. Then the flutter of the hens in the pear tree, the nervousness in the stalls and the barnyard among the mules, the sheep and the cows; and the dark slid into Wolfpen. Abra! came in from Dry Creek, hungry after his day in the open.

Jasper sat quietly by the log fire looking into the flames, waiting. The crust of the dried apple pies browned in crisp flakes, deep stained with the juice in the fork holes in the dough patterning ferns. Cynthia kept them in the oven as long as possible, and then set them on the warming shelf by the stove-pipe. The special dinner for Sparrel was ready.

"He ought to be back now," Abra! said.

"You can't always tell about getting an early start back from the trials," Jasper said. "They can use up more time doing nothing. I've watched them."

"Maybe we might just go ahead and eat," Abra! said. "I'm hungry."

"We'll wait a while longer," Cynthia said, prolonging the cooking. Jasper nearly dozing before the heat after the outside cold, Abra! poking the fire, Cynthia about the stove, while time went on into an hour beyond custom.

"He might have to stay over," Abra! said. "Let's eat. I'm hungry."

"It's not like Daddy to say when he'll be back and then not be," Cynthia said.

"He don't usually go to a law case either. You can't tell about things lawyers and a jury," Jasper said.

They waited still longer, and then Cynthia at last took up the supper. "I wish he'd come," she said.

"I reckon he's stayed over with Jesse," Jasper said, going out. "I'll keep things warm for a while just to make sure," Cynthia said.

Abra! finished and went outside following Jasper. Cynthia lingered at the table, resting, waiting. Then Abra! came bounding back into the kitchen.

"She's down at the gate and scared as a rabbit," he shouted. Cynthia ran to the kitchen with the lamp.

"Who? Who, Abra!?" "The Finemare," he said, grabbing his coat from the peg by the door.

HOW ARE YOU TODAY

DR. JAMES W. BARTON Talks About

Cod Liver Oil Heals Burns.

A NUMBER of years ago while examining the boys in a preparatory school it was interesting to watch the different youngsters go up to a table immediately after lunch and take a spoonful of cod liver oil from their own particular bottle. Thus cod liver oil was known to be a body builder for a number of years, but it was only in recent years that it was discovered that it was the vitamin D that was the important factor.



Dr. Barton

A couple of years ago it was discovered that in old diseased bones, if the dead bone were scraped out and the bone filled with cod liver oil, healing advanced more rapidly.

And now Dr. J. P. Steel, in the Lancet, tells of the good results he has obtained with cod liver oil in the treatment of burns and wounds.

Lint heavily soaked in cod liver oil was applied widely over the part to be treated and covered with a dressing. The dressing is left in place and re-soaked with cod liver oil every 24 hours, the lint not being taken from the skin surface until the end of 48 hours—a great advantage in extensive burns. Cases that have not done well under the ordinary dressings or were very slow in recovery, seemed to make a rapid recovery with the use of the cod liver oil treatment. Almost every patient has said that the first application of cod liver oil has given much greater ease than other dressings.

Good for Slow Ulcers, Too. Dr. Steel has also used crude cod liver oil as a dressing in slow or indolent ulcers and deep scrapes in the skin, ulcers of course letting the pus out (if present) before applying the cod liver oil. Pus should never be covered or smothered in; it should always be let out, or at least nothing allowed to prevent it from coming out.

Cod liver oil has been found of advantage in a great number of slow healing wounds. After the removal of pus or gangrenous (dead) patches of skin, the oil applied as above has brought about healthy granulation of the tissues and complete healing.

The above information should be helpful in many "slow" cases of wounds or deep scrapes in the skin.

How to Reduce Weight. Such a large percentage of the population is overweight—20 per cent of the entire population and about 40 per cent of those at or past middle age—that the matter of reducing weight is now a popular or unpopular subject in many households.

The first point that every overweight who is really willing to do all possible to reduce weight must fully understand is that no matter how much overweight exists and how much effort has been expended in reducing weight in the past, much of the excess weight can always be taken off.

The only point of difference between one overweight and another is the rate at which the extra weight can be removed.

The fact that fat tissue holds a great amount of water, and that some overweighters drink much more water than do others often accounts for the fast or slow rate at which the weight comes off.

All that is necessary then is to first reduce the liquids until the body stops losing weight. As all foods contain water—10 to 98 per cent—there is no need for the great amount of water so many overweighters drink.

The next point is to use certain foods that will furnish all the needs of the body, but are not too rich in food or fuel value, and to avoid the rich fat and starch foods which, while good energy producers, are big fat storers.

The first foods to use are lean meats and eggs, which, while rich in fuel value, must nevertheless be eaten to maintain the structure of the different parts of the body. These foods are not only absolutely necessary to health but give a "satisfied" feeling to the individual on a reduced diet. Vegetables and fruits must also be eaten for although containing much liquid, they are needed to supply the minerals and vitamins the body needs.

The foods that must be avoided or very greatly reduced in amount are: cream soups, breakfast cereals, bread, potatoes, fat meats, cream, butter, sugar, nuts, dried fruits, rich dressings, and rich desserts.

By keeping in mind that meat and eggs must not be reduced although rich in food value; that cabbage, celery, lettuce, and radishes are good foods but bulky with little fuel value and can thus be eaten in large quantities; and that starch foods—bread, potatoes, sugar—are weight producers as are also cream, butter, fat meat and nuts, one has a working or practical knowledge of what to eat and what not to eat to reduce weight.

©—WNU Service

Scrap of Humor illustration of a man and a woman.

Just Forget Me "No, old boy, I'd rather not lend you anything. Borrowing and lending are the surest ways to break a friendship."

ITS ABSENCE



She—You look worried; I hope money matters are not troubling you. He—I should say not. I haven't a dollar in the world to worry about.

Here's Another

Voice on the Telephone—Oh, will you ask the doctor to hurry round. My little girl has just swallowed a needle.

Maid—Well, the doctor is very busy just now, ma'am. Did you want the needle at once?

In His Footsteps

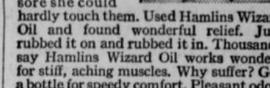
Son—Do you remember telling me about the time you were expelled from school? Father—Yes, my boy. I do. Son—Well, I'm telling you.

Mark the Spot

Old Lady (to driver of steam-roller)—Have you seen a packet of butter, my man? Driver (scratching his head)—Well, come to think of it, mum, I did feel a bit of a bump up yonder.

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. Just rubbed it on and rubbed it in. Thousands say Hamlin's Wizard Oil works wonders for stiff, aching muscles. Why suffer? Get a bottle for speedy comfort. Pleasant odor. Will not stain clothes. At all druggists.

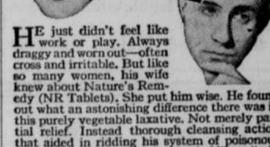
HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL

For MUSCULAR ACHES and PAINS Due to RHEUMATISM—NEURALGIA—LUMBAGO—CHEST COLDS

Mending Artists

Prudence, frugality and good management are excellent artists for mending bad times.

CONSTIPATION MADE HUSBAND DRAGGY



HE just didn't feel like work or play. Always drabby and worn-out—often cross and irritable. But like so many women, his wife knew about Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). She put him wise. He found out what an astonishing difference there was in this purely vegetable laxative. Not merely partial relief. Instead through cleansing action that aided in ridding his system of poisonous waste, refreshed him, made him feel like a "million." Try NR Tablets yourself. Note how gentle they are and non-habit forming. 25 tablets a box—25 cents at any drugstore.

NO TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Travels Alone

One can leave human society and discard its rules, but he loses its protection.

KILL RATS TODAY!



STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE

Recognized for 55 years as the guaranteed killer of these food-destroying and disease-carrying pests. Ask your dealer. Money back if it fails. IN TUBES 35¢—LARGE BOXES \$1.00

FOR CRACKED SKIN BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES get Cuticura—SOOTHES FAST HELPS HEAL



CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT