

Simple Cross Stitch
Towels Quickly Done



Pattern 1302

You'll enjoy doing these—they go so fast! You'll enjoy owning them—they're so effective! The simple cross stitch dishes contrast so well with the dainty flowers. Any bride-to-be would be delighted with a set of these—they'd certainly make an effective Fair donation. Lose no time, for you'll want to make a number of sets. Pattern 1302 contains a transfer pattern of six motifs averaging 4 by 8 inches; illustration of all stitches needed; color suggestions; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

"I was run-down—"

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

"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... restore your appetite... and make better use of the food you eat.

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.



Happiness a State of Mind
There are as many miseries beyond riches, as there are on this side of them, declares a man of great observation. Happiness is a state of mind.

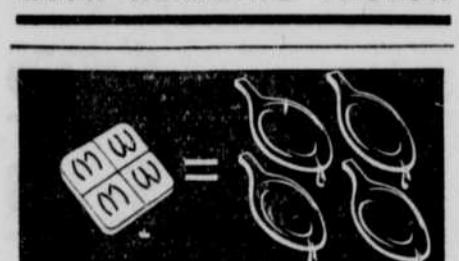
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MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢
WITH ALKALINE FACTOR



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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 wafer form. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls milk of magnesia. Neutralizes acids and gives you pleasant elimination. 20c, 35c & 60c sizes.

PATTERNS OF WOLFFPEN



CHAPTER XVI
—19—

THROUGH the next weeks after Reuben had gone Cynthia was much alone in and about the house. She would often stand by the well in the evening, the days visibly growing longer, watching the shadow of the Pinnacle glide up the hillside and finally rest its finger on the fresh graves of Sparrel and Julia, sweeping them into the eternal quiet of the dust. In a year. One procession of the seasons, spring to spring. From the garden behind the picket fence, from the steam-mill, to the profound silence of Cranest Shelf. As the days passed with their thought of Reuben and the life ahead, the finality of the procession began to seem supportable to her, so much grief tempering the heart to the sorrow inherent in a precarious life. The way lay onward and not back and was filled with a degree of hope bravely disproportioned to the defeat of yesterday.

The mountain laurel against the sun-warmed rocks of the Pinnacle would be flushing pink at the bud hearts, and the birds would be welcoming the return of another spring. She would go there now to meet them and weave Reuben and her vision of life with him into the memory of that place where she had through the years communed with herself.

In the afternoon she went out through the barnyard, down into the just perceptible green mist in the orchard, across the creek, stepping through the low sound of the water playing among the rocks in the bed, and then the sharp climb up the steep contours of the path. It was good to feel again the muscle pull in her calves and thighs, the thump of her heart, the sweet intake of fresh breath, to see the valley begin to spread and drop away, to hear the cattle, the sheep, the chickens, recede below her. Step by climbing step she mounted upward out of the events that had assaulted the Wolffpen Hollows in a year. She felt her soul growing calmer, released from the sharp clutch of ever repeated broodings: Shellenberger, lumbering, Julia, Sparrel, the place; the place, Sparrel, lumbering, Abrael, Julia; Reuben and the vision of him taking possession of her.

At the Pinnacle she passed her hand over her forehead, lifting her head, breathing mountain air into her mouth, feeling exalted by the triumph of glad animal life over the depression of spirit. She wandered around the rock ledges of the Pinnacle, peeping down the abrupt emptiness to the creek and mill below, examining the miracle of columbine extracting sustenance from a break in the rock, musing on the timeless heavy flopping of crows' wings, the effortless sailing on the wind up and down over Wolffpen and Gannon. There were cardinals in the boughs of the pine tree on the edge of the precipice. She sat on the ledge with her feet resting on the last shelf and looked across the valley, yielding to her unworded thoughts.

"April and another spring rolling silently into these hills and spilling into Wolffpen. It's a queer gladness all tangled up with a sorrow and a longing in a body's heart when you see the spring coming green again. I reckon it is the seed urge pent up for a winter and breaking out of its shell. Wanting to feel the earth warm around it, and open itself and say, 'Here I am, take me and I shall bear fruit.' I wonder if the sweet-corn seeds are like me, thinking of Mother's garden as I do of Reuben? Would I dare even to think of it? Corn seed into the warm ground, man seed... woman... a planting. To bear his children. With Reuben, in the spring, in a few more days it will be. To be thinking of such things. Always before it seemed like a thought of shame to think of a man in that way. But not with Reuben and not now. Like it was a part of a body's life, beautiful, the best part. Looking to this time. Strong he is and gentle in his strength.

"Last spring I sat here and had never seen him. Then Mother was making her garden. Then Daddy was excited about his mill, not thinking of selling land or lying on Cranest Shelf in a year. I will think of my father. Wolffpen with him; Jasper to carry on; Jasper's new wife to have the house now. How does a body go about planning to think about things? First you have a place where you feel alone with yourself. Like this. Where the lay of the land is like all the folds in our own soul. They fit right over each other and then you haven't any body any more. The

way the sky and the mountains come together in the blue. The stir of thoughts rises there in the heart of God. It comes with the airy waves of the mountaintops and the dark blue pockets over the hollows, surging to me, play of His thoughts forever beating on this Pinnacle. This cardinal feather fluttering out of the sky almost into my lap. I guess it must be a blood drop from the head of God. The sudden bell note of the cardinal's call from the laurel spray is the music of His voice through these hills. It does not belong to the rebird. Another one sounded it last year, still another the year before. He lends it to each bird generation, blowing upon them with His breath as they come into the earth. The Indians heard it, too, and they are dead. My grandfathers heard it and my father, and they are dead as the birds are. Now I hear it going on. The feathers flutter in the pine boughs and flit down into the apple orchard in Wolffpen for a season or two and are brushed away. But the bell note sings on forever over these hills in the very breath of God.

"Or could it be after all a sign? A despairing sigh from a bleeding hawk before the black plague on hawk's wings stifles the melody of the song? My father's voice stopped by a stone in the hands of wicked men. I will think of him. Yonder is the upper ford and the big rocks where a great evil hawk battered the song from my father's mouth. There floats over Ferguson's meadow the black shadow from the only cloud in the sky. It seems to lie now at rest on the rocks at the very spot where they struck him down. And still no trace of them that did it. Why did it have to happen? Or Doug broken up and blinded by a worthless log? There is no way, no reckoning with destruction and death. Hurrying on somewhere else to strike again, but giving no answer to a body's why. Where in the heart of God does death dwell? I guess there is also no answer to a body's where.

"I keep thinking of death. I will not think of death. I will think of Daddy, of Sparrel Pattern. Every eye between here and Pikeville turned upon him when he rode. Jasper tries to sit a horse like him but he can't. Jesse seems to be dreaming when he rides. Abrael is fidgety. Daddy rode upright and easy and men looked at him. And women. I can't keep going straight with a thought. I steal up on one to catch it in hand like it was a moth on a grapevine, and when I reach out my fingers it flutters away.

"Reuben marrying me. Married? It is a strange word. Wife. From Cynthia Pattern who always lived and her mother and father and brothers as a girl sister, to wife and the love of a man, married and in a house with him, together in the same bed. With Reuben. Husband, he will be. Children... Julia or Sparrel, or ought he to be called Reuben? To leave Wolffpen and go away with him the way Mother left Scioto and came here with Sparrel Pattern, and Granny Louverna from Virginia with Saul. His eyes when he told of the house in the orchard on the hill above the river. I could live forever in the look in his eyes. Maybe I could marry in Mother's dress, with a little making over, for she was taller than I and prettier. Reuben says no, but she really was. How the days go since he went away. Planning all the time, fixing out clothes and quilts and blankets, too, good to use, to keep for keepsakes, no, not too good for Reuben to use.

"That day Jesse went away and I cried, and Doug came and grabbed me and said Reuben wouldn't get me. I wonder what he aimed to do then, and if he would have done it if it hadn't happened to him. He is a fine boy and I could nearly love him for the proud way he went into himself and never said another word to me. I hope he marries Judy and has a good family. I couldn't ever have, Doug.

"I will think of my father. I never heard him lift his tongue on anybody. Not even on the bad men coming into these hills and giving them a bad name. Why do bad men kill the good men? Because they sneak behind a rock from behind. They wouldn't, none of them, stand up to him eye to eye like a man straight and fair. Abrael calls them dirty devils, and keeps saying to Jasper they ought to catch and hang them. Jesse thinks Sheriff Hatler'll get them because he has some clues? It might lead to more feuds. 'There's been too much feuding and fighting in these hills, Daddy always said about those Harrison and McClurgs. Patterns have kept out of any trouble ever since they have been here. The law's got to

keep this valley an orderly place for a man and his family,' he said that evening before he went away. I guess that meant Jasper and his family. Jesse is wrapped up in the law and won't want to live here. Abrael is right now getting ready to go on a raft. I hope he takes it around the curves without running into the bank. Or would it be better if he grounded? No. It wouldn't. He's so confident. He ought to keep it. He'll go on down to Cincinnati or up to Pittsburgh, I'm sure, hearing Shellenberger talk of the world. Shellenberger. He owes me for his board. He'll never offer to pay it. He owes Daddy a thousand dollars on a note and a payment on the place. Jesse says it ought to have been a mortgage instead of a note because it's hard to collect a note. I don't know. Neither did Jesse last fall. Jesse says he'll look after all that now. He says there is enough money for me to have twelve hundred dollars when I go with Reuben. Is that an awful lot of money? And Reuben had some saved. Maybe it would be enough to buy the orchard so we could start off in our own place. Reuben will be surprised. What did they use to call it? A dowry? Reuben. I bring a dowry of twelve hundred dollars cash and a chest of linen made on the loom in Wolffpen. Mother had a chest, too, but no money. Only she was a beautiful girl, more than I am. I reckon if Shellenberger gets his other debts paid it won't hurt me any to give him his victuals and his bed. Even if he did want two sheets all the time.

"The house looks so little down there in the trees, but it appears happy again, like it understood it was about to start all over again with Jasper and Jane Burden. Saul and Louverna, then Barton and Mima, then Tivis and Adah, then Sparrel and Julia, and now Jasper and Jane, the people ending but the house going on and the things in it. Jane is a good girl. She's been at town a right smart but she is a good girl. She can't weave as well as Mother or me, but maybe she'll

learn better. And she won't have the garden Mother made, with every clod out no bigger than a robin's egg, and the flowers all around the fence. But she can do all right and I don't begrudge her the place—much—only I'm right glad I'm going down to a cottage in an orchard looking over two rivers and three estates to live with Reuben. I'd rather be away and let Jane and Jasper have it the way they want it. She'll want things changed some, and right she should, but I would not want anything different from the way Mother left it. And Jasper will ask her about things and not me. It is the custom and custom is a good thing. Mother coming up here, me going down there. I guess it is about the same, always new things for a body to get used to. I reckon it's life."



Cynthia Was Finishing the Dishes.

In a series of pictures and with few words formed she let her mind play over the things that touched her life. Sitting there on the rocks, high above the valley, each mountain ridge shouldering its blue-green mist above the one before it, stretching on into the purple fusion with the sky on the horizon. The graves on Cranest Shelf were wrapped in peace. The mill was idle and the abandoned wheel at rest. Behind her in Dry Creek she heard the shouts of the men. She had not for a long time looked into that hollow. Now she felt released from it and detached. She would turn and confront it from this high place. She arose from the ledge and climbed across the back of the Pinnacle. The brown pine needles were thick on the thin soil under the clump of trees. Emerging, she stood on the jagged rock on the west, the sun in her face, and looked down into Dry Creek.

It was a changed place. The mountainsides were desolate and almost bald now as far as she could see. Brush piles were scattered on the slopes. The round gray splotches of wood-ashes from the burned heaps spotted the hills like the after-marks of a disease. A few scrubs, worthless and unprofitable trees, scorched and seared by the brush fires, withered among the dead stumps. Already a hundred intricately laced gullies were outlined on the naked hills where the giant poplars stood, cut by the muddy water as it rushed down into Dry

Creek. The men were gathered about the mountains of logs at the splash dam and in Gannon creek linking rafts with tie-poles.

"Death here also and destruction. Well, that's what that man has done to the woods. I reckon there's nothing one poor body can do about it—only watch the wind come over from Wolffpen to wake up the trees when the night's over, and then hurry sad away because they're dead, like Grandfather Barton. Still, I guess you needn't weep over it, only just wait, and maybe all the little under trees will grow up to meet the wind and hide the scars of Dry Creek. The earth is very old, and to her a season is only an evening and a morning. And death is no older and no stronger than is life."

For the third time in the year, Reuben came to Wolffpen. He rode over with Jesse from Pikeville near the end of April in the evening before the wedding. Cynthia was in-laying the dishes and gazing out of the window when he came into view. She was enraptured to see him, watching him as he came through the yard, observed the neat black suit, the Gladstone collar, the wide black silk cravat with small white dots that covered the bosom of his shirt. "He's a handsome man, and as fine a figure as Sparrel Pattern off a horse. And Jesse begins to look professional, but he's still a little self-conscious about it."

People came and the house was full. Lucy and her family from Pattern Landing, Jenny and her family from Horsepen Branch, all came bearing baskets of food for the wedding. Cynthia gave them welcome trying as usual to convince herself that these were her sisters, born of Sparrel and Julia in this house, and married here as she herself was about to be. But they with their silent men remained strange to her, even though they took possession of the house and acted as if it were their own wedding. The children were irrepressible, climbing about the barn and sheds, watching the sheep and the newborn lambs, feeding the horses and mules; they were her nephews and nieces more than her sisters were. She liked them in their turn, I reckon, to carry on the place. Unless they're like Abrael and Jesse. What, I wonder, will my children grow up to be like, not born on Wolffpen but down at the mouth of Sandy?

People from Gannon Creek came all morning to be at the wedding of Cynthia Pattern. It was also their third journey within a year; "I'm sure glad to go there to a wedding, after all the trouble they've had in that house." The womenfolk took over the big kitchen, the men the barn, the yard and the barn-lot. They were impressed, as always, by the ingenuity of the Pattern men in inventing improvements around the house. They commended Jasper on the place he had to start out with, they asked Jesse about the law, and Reuben about the business boom in the Ohio Valley. Shellenberger, returning from Pittsburgh and the river towns, condescendingly joined them. The biggest business in history was sweeping to the West now. He might consider leasing and buying up Gannon Creek land in reach of the creek for lumbering.

Sheriff Hatler and his deputies came, pleased with the law. They thought they had captured the man who murdered Sparrel. They had him in jail over at Williamson. The sheriff was going over there in person after this wedding of Cynthia Pattern, the daughter of Sparrel. He talked a great deal. "A good match this is. That young Warren feller has a head on him. A fine surveyor, too, they say. Doing big things down the river. Getting the finest girl in this valley, if you ask my opinion. A fine couple they make. Yes, she give up Doug Mason long before he got smashed. Sparrel told me. Yes, sure, Doug's a good boy all right, but not the one for that girl, much less now. But I tell you, boys, I'd rather put a rope around the neck of the dirty devil that way-laid Sparrel Pattern than put an arm around the purest girl in these hills, 'pon my honor I would. Have a drink to it."

Amos Barnes came over with the Fergusons, having stopped with them the night before. He had set aside this day ever since he had married Jasper and Jane Burden at Pikeville.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mother Shipton
Mother Shipton, say the ancient annals, was the child of peasant parents named Southiel or Southill, who lived in the latter part of the Fifteenth century near the Dropping well in Yorkshire. Her mother, Agatha, was reputed to be a witch. Agatha named her daughter Ursula but the neighbors called the girl "the devil's child." Despite the fact that Ursula was phenomenally ugly, says the Chinese Daily News, Tobias Shipton, a builder of York, wed her when she was twenty-four years old. Legend, antedating by centuries the first appearance of the fraudulent prophetic ditty, credits her with fulfilled predictions concerning certain statesmen who flourished at the court of Henry VIII, including the great Cardinal Wolsey. England, not always tolerant of witches, let her die in bed when she was well beyond three-score and ten. She was buried, it is said, at Clifton, Yorkshire, in 1561.

Delightful, Modish Models



MATRON, miss, or tiny maid— you'll find here the answer to your wardrobe needs. These three delightful and modish models, specially designed for those who sew at home, cover a wide range of sizes and take high honors for style and economy combined.

Pattern 1818, an unusually graceful and flattering double duty frock for the mature figure, features a softly draped collar in contrast and set in skirt panels topped with pockets. Appropriate for any of a wide range of fabrics, it will serve with equal grace as a morning or daytime frock, can be cut twice for double wear. The pattern is available in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, and 52. Size 36 requires 4 1/4 yards of 39 inch material plus 1/2 yard contrast.

Pattern 1910, the adorable apron, is an early reminder that Christmas is just around the corner and it's time to start now on the frocks you are planning to make for your baby daughter or a favorite niece. This clever little apron and pantie set will slide

through your machine in a jiffy (just six pieces for both apron and pantie) and your selection of materials is unlimited—percale or gingham or pique or pongee or shantung or linen. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years, the pattern in size 4 requires just 2 3/4 yards of 32 or 35 inch fabric.

All patterns include illustrated sewing charts to guide you every step of the way. You'll find making them a joy. Send for yours today.

Send for the Barbara Bell Fall Pattern Book containing 100 well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send 15 cents (in coins) for your copy. Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 367 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Tailor Put Chesterton's Practical Joke to Profit
On one occasion the late G. K. Chesterton came upon a sign in a humble tailor's window which read: "This style made to measure, 45s." Now Chesterton weighed 224 pounds and looked every ounce. Thinking to embarrass the tradesman, he went in. The enterprising tailor took his measure without a murmur. He was told to come back in two weeks. Out of curiosity, he did so.

In the window he saw his suit adorning an elephantine and improvised dummy, and under it the legend, "We made this suit for Mr. Chesterton for 45s. No order too big for us."—Morning Post.

"Quotations"

If you are a friend to Nature you are a rich man, even in old age.—*Adolf Lorenz.*
The only way of catching a train I have ever discovered is to miss the train before.—*G. K. Chesterton.*
Women are the social guardians of the human race.—*Lady Astor.*
Beauty in itself is not a gift, but femininity is.—*Henri Bernstein.*
To live for one's country is greater than to die for it.—*Harold Bell Wright.*
It's better to give than to lend, and it costs about the same.—*Sir Philip Gibbs.*
The decrease in ability with age is much slighter than popular opinion would indicate.—*Havelock Ellis.*

through your machine in a jiffy (just six pieces for both apron and pantie) and your selection of materials is unlimited—percale or gingham or pique or pongee or shantung or linen. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years, the pattern in size 4 requires just 2 3/4 yards of 32 or 35 inch fabric.

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