

PATTERNS OF WOLFPEN



CHAPTER XVII—Continued

Cynthia almost grew to love Jane for the way she came into the house after her marriage to Jasper. Jane was radiant in her own happiness; it overflowed her heart and expanded to include the whole pattern household. She maintained the most admirable poise between the new mistress of the house as Jasper's wife, and a guest of honor at Cynthia's wedding. There were no bristling or stuck-up city ways about her. She was helpful, unobtrusively managing the details of the kitchen and assigning guests to the bedrooms. The womenfolk spoke of it: "I reckon she can carry on a place right well—Jasper's wife is a mighty fine girl. Yes, she takes right a hold of things.—She'll be a good manager.—Jasper might have gone further and fared worse.—Julia always said she was a fine girl.—She comes from might good people, Jane Burden does.—Wolfpen's a good place and I don't reckon it'll suffer any with her in the house. . . ."

Jasper moved around as the head of the house. It amused Cynthia, when she had time to give it a thought, to see Jasper consciously trying to act the role of Sparrell, imitating his stride across the yard, his phrases of welcome to men and women, his inflections, his courtesy and manner in the house. "There is nobody else in the world he could better pattern after, though, and I don't reckon anybody else besides me notices it. Maybe it'll come natural to him after a while."

Cynthia wanted to be married in her mother's wedding dress. "It will be like having her here herself," she thought. "Maybe she is. The way I used to talk about Grandfather Saul stalking around over the place. In her dress, enveloping me in her, that would be a good omen of happiness like hers." The dress had been long in the cedar-lined closet. It smelled of the trees and was scarcely faded. The shoulders and the waist were exact in their fit, but the skirt was an inch and a half too long. Jane and Lucy bent on their knees and pinned it up; then they ran a neat hem around its wide fullness. "If I had been only two inches taller, or an inch, say, Lucy and Jenny are tall. But I have better shoulders and a waist like Mother's and it's no real trouble to stitch in a hem."

She was beautiful in this gown, so daintily quaint; the heavy coil of black hair above the smooth soft skin of her forehead, her cheeks pink-flushed, and the look in her eyes as they turned up to Reuben's. People spoke of it. She stood with him on the porch by the door to the parlor so the people could see the ceremony. All Wolfpen was aglow with the day, the sense of new life throbbing through the hollow. There were sprays of wild honeysuckle in the stone jars in the doorway and on each side. The clove smash by the steps gave off its first blush of spice.

While they were standing there, Cynthia happened to look across the yard to the pear tree by the well. The buds had burst suddenly under the sun. "I'll be a pear tree by the well with pink-edged blossoms and gold in the heart . . . better be standing there with a sprig of blossoms in your hand. . . . And I was a sight and covered with 'corn-meal'!" "Oh, Reuben," she whispered, "the pear tree. Look!"

down the river but a Gannon Creek boy. Then it was said that Reuben was one of the Pike county Warrens who went to Lawrence and Scioto counties in Ohio at the time Julia Pattern's people went there, and that seemed to make the union complete.

Many of the women brought gifts to Cynthia of needlework and the loom. "It ain't much, Cynthia, and nothing you couldn't do yourself, but you can remember us by it."

"As if I needed anything to make me remember all you folks." Shellenberger brought gifts: a gray telescope with leather-bound edges and brass corners and yellow straps around it, and a silk umbrella. "You've been mighty good to me, you and your folks. Here's a little present for you. I wish you much happiness." That was all he ever said about the board money. The people thought the gifts princely, in keeping with Shellenberger and the fine words on a cultivated tongue. Cynthia at first hardly knew whether to take them or not. But the telescope was a beautiful piece of luggage for a young bride going away for the first time on a far journey, and she had never had an umbrella. "A body doesn't pay money for a place to sleep and a bite to eat in our country, anyway. I reckon it was right right, by way, to think of it."

In the evening when the people were gone away, Hessie Mason remained, silently waiting a chance to say a word to Cynthia.

"Ma was a right smart worried she couldn't come." "I wish she could have come, Hessie. You tell her." (Should I ask her about Doug? or just let it pass like it is? Ask, just as if nothing ever happened.) "And how is Doug?"

There was reproach in the sallow eyes as Hessie spoke. "He still frets a sight. He's been calming down some now. He's learning to do things all right now. He plowed the garden yesterday. If he turns his head to the off side, he can see the furrow. He stumbles a bit, and when he cuts too wide a swath he gets in a fit of temper. It makes a body right heart-sick to watch him. If some people had done the right thing by him it wouldn't never have happened. He won't give up. He's going to do all the plowing. I reckon he'll get along all right." All this she uttered in a slow even voice.

"I hope he does, Hessie." "He's powerful proud. He knew he couldn't have you after it happened to him. He'd kill himself to try to go about the place just like nothing happened. He won't let anybody say anything about it."

This seemed to be the thing she wanted to say, more with her eyes full of reproach and the tone of her voice than with the words. Cynthia did not go on with it. It would be idle to try to explain it so Hessie could understand. She handed her a basketful of things from the table.

"You take these to your mother, Hessie, and to Doug."

Jasper got her mule and led it up to the horse-block. She gave Cynthia a last look from her hooded eyes and sallow face. "I guess I'll be going now. You leaving tomorrow?"

"Yes, tomorrow morning," Cynthia said, watching her ride stolidly through the gate. Cynthia's shoulders trembled, and she ran to the porch where Reuben was standing. She slipped her arm through his for reassurance and looked up at him. He smiled at her and stroked her hand. "I hope we're going to have the sun for our trip on the boat tomorrow."

"I got some news for you, Cynthia. Mrs. Warren. Tomorrow I go down Gannon with a raft. And then I'm going up to Pittsburgh." He stamped a few jig steps in his excitement. "Don't ram it into Hart's barn down on that bend." "I go around all the curves. I'll be carving them before you're up, and I'm going to bed."

Cynthia had put on the walnut bed the lace-edged pillow case, the fine sheets Julia had hemstitched, and the choicest of the colored quilts wrought into intricate needlework patterns. She was poignantly aware of Reuben in the room. She did not light the lamp or candle. The glow from the moon filtered into the room. She stood for a moment by the window looking down the hollow. It was stirring with spring and there was a whispering among the trees on the hillside. She could hear Reuben in movement in the room behind her. Under the moon the pear tree by the well looked to be bursting into full bloom under the pent-up urge of its nature. Reuben's movements had ceased and the room was quiet. She turned from the window. Reuben was standing by the foot-post of the bed. She moved joyously toward him through the dim moonlight.

Abral had gone before daybreak; out into the great world at last, Jasper had taken one of the plow mules to Poplar Bottom to turn the ground. Jesse was getting ready the



She Moved Joyously Toward Him Through the Dim Moonlight.

Finemare and the mules for the journey to the river and the boat. Jane and Lucy had the breakfast prepared.

While Jesse and Reuben were strapping the small trunk and the new telescope on the pack-mule, Cynthia made a last visit about the house. She took down the Boone powder-horn and Sparrell's pioneer clothing and looked at them. She went into the medicine-room to smell the herbs her father had left there. She charged Jane to watch over the things her father had left in the desk by the mantel. She went into the weaving room for the last time and sat by the loom, feeling the tears form, lifting in her hands a ball of yarn, the last one Julia had dyed. "It isn't so easy to leave everything. Maybe Jane will learn to use it. She takes hold of things. But it isn't so easy." Then

[THE END.]

THE GARDEN MURDER CASE

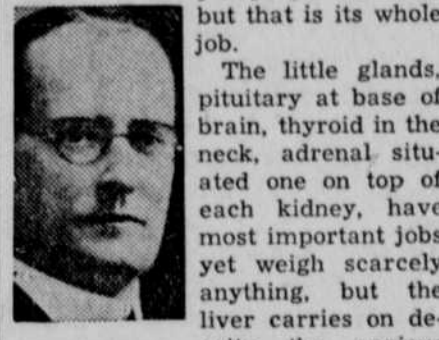
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HOW ARE YOU TODAY

DR. JAMES W. BARTON Talks About

The Liver and Wakefulness.
I OFTEN speak about the liver—the king of the organs—because of the great amount and the importance of its daily work. It does more different jobs than any other organ and has to do them in such a big or wholesale manner. Of course the heart which is only a few ounces compared to the liver's six pounds in weight has the important job of pumping the blood but that is its whole job.



Dr. Barton

The little glands, pituitary at base of brain, thyroid in the neck, adrenal situated one on top of each kidney, have most important jobs yet weigh scarcely anything, but the liver carries on despite the various forms of damage that occur to it. In fact, as mentioned before, practically two of every three persons have some irritation or inflammation of liver and gall bladder and yet perhaps only one in a hundred has real trouble.

Recent investigations would seem to show that the liver has a regular routine or system of performing two of its important jobs, that is the storing away of glycogen (sugar) for future use, and the manufacture of bile to assist digestion and stimulate bowel action.

Glycogen and Bile.
"It appears that in man there is probably in the liver the greatest amount of bile being manufactured when the least amount of glycogen is being stored, and the greatest amount of glycogen is being stored when least bile is being manufactured. According to research workers the least glycogen is being manufactured at noon and the most after midnight. While taking food may affect this routine to some extent, nevertheless this general rule is maintained."

These facts are of interest to physicians treating diabetic patients. This fact of the daily routine of the liver in storing its largest amount of glycogen at night—about eight hours after the evening meal—is thought to be the cause of sleeplessness or wakefulness about two o'clock in the morning in certain individuals. Eating their large meal of starchy and fat foods—potatoes, bread, sugar, sweets, puddings, cream—at the noon hour instead of at six o'clock might be of some help, but would certainly not tend to keep them alert for mental work in the afternoons.

Three Kinds of Overweight.
I sometimes think that most of us are just a little too severe in criticizing those who are overweight. While practically every case can remove some fat by cutting down on food, nevertheless there are some overweights who honestly try to reduce in this way, with results that, to them at least, are disappointing.

In justice to overweights it must be stated that the great majority of them inherit the tendency to overweight. Close questioning by the physician usually brings out the fact that if neither the father nor the mother were overweight, one of the grandparents or an uncle or aunt carried many excess pounds. Dr. C. G. Lambie in the British Lancet tells us that some 70 per cent of overweights have overweight parents, so even where the parents were not overweight, the tendency to overweight is likely present in a goodly number of other cases.

Dr. Lambie puts overweight into three classes: (a) developmental (natural or inherited tendency), (b) metabolic (where the body processes work slowly and allow fat to accumulate instead of burning it up), and (c) nutritional (where more food is eaten than the body needs).

The energy requirement of the body is the amount of energy needed to keep the body processes going, to supply energy for muscular work—walking, playing, working—and to cover the dynamic action of food. If these three needs are taken care of, and still there is food unused then this will be stored up in the body as fat.

It is estimated that from 70 to 80 per cent of all the food eaten is used by the body just to keep its processes going properly; that only about 20 to 30 per cent is needed for the work the body does with the muscles in doing our daily work.

Thus a man of average weight and height, 150 pounds, 5 feet 7 inches tall, in doing an hour's walk covering 2½ miles would require only about a slice of bread to supply the needed energy for the walk.

Thus if walking does not demand a great amount of energy because the body is always on the ground, nevertheless if so much food is needed by the body every day a very considerable amount of this food or fuel is used by the body processes even if the individual is lying quietly in bed.

Poor Soil Needs Proper Treatment

Land That Produces Lowest Yields Found to Respond to Building-Up.

Supplied by the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois.—WNU Service.
Those soils which produce the lowest yields without treatment make the best response to soil-building practices, according to a bulletin, "Crop Yields from Illinois Soil Experiment Fields," published by the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois.

"With the less productive soils, the increased yield from treatment was several times as great as the yield obtained without treatment," the bulletin states. "However, on the more productive soils yields from the plots without treatment were several times as great as any increase that could be attributed to soil treatment."

"Despite this fact, on each field there was found at least one practice that raised the efficiency of production enough to pay for the treatment."

When the crop-producing capacity of the less productive soils can be raised to the present productive levels of the better soils seems doubtful. The gray and yellow soils after 25 years have potential levels only about one-half the level of the better untreated soils."

Since 1876 when the Morrow plots, oldest soil experiment field in America, were established, the College of Agriculture has been studying the soils of the state to learn practices which would bring about more efficient production, lower the cost of production, improve the quality of crops grown on the soil and maintain soil fertility.

With the Morrow plots located on the grounds of the agricultural college at Urbana, a number of outlying fields have since been established throughout the state to study soil types in each section. During the past year's crop season, 26 permanent fields were in operation.

Straw as Feed for Live Stock for Fall, Winter

Straw from grain threshing, as well as small grain hay or sheaf grain, may well be widely utilized in corn belt live stock feeding this fall and winter, or at least until emergency forage crops and pastures develop, says Wallace's Farmer.

The most satisfactory results from straw as a feed for dairy cattle are obtained when it is used to take the place of only one daily hay feeding. The intake of straw can be facilitated by increasing the palatability with molasses. Either cane or beet molasses, diluted with one to two parts of water and sprinkled over poor hay or straw, will help. Beet molasses is more laxative than cane molasses and therefore should be fed more sparingly at first.

Straw probably is most valuable as a roughage for idle horses and for wintering beef cows. Straw also can be fed to sheep and to working horses to some extent, but it is important to add enough protein supplements and concentrates to supply the needed elements that are lacking in straw.

Navicular Disease

Navicular disease is very difficult to treat successfully. Its location within the hoof makes its treatment hard to administer. The sesamoid sheath becomes inflamed and the navicular bone is involved. It occurs in the front feet, usually only one being affected. A horse may seem lame at first and after exercise the lameness disappears. If lame in both feet the gait is stiff. The front shoe shows most wear at the toe as a result of putting the foot down too first to favor the tender parts. Blister and rest are about the only treatments, and they give only temporary relief.—Rural New-Yorker.

Millers' Toll

Wheat testing 60 pounds to the bushel should return about 38 pounds of flour to the producer when the wheat is exchanged for flour. Sixty pounds of wheat will mill 44 pounds of flour, 14 pounds of bran, and 2 pounds lost in the milling process. This means that the miller keeps 6 pounds of flour, and all of the bran and shorts in a bushel of wheat when the flour is milled on the exchange basis.—Indiana Farmer's Guide.

Seed Corn

Much seed corn is not fancy in appearance, but it may be entirely satisfactory for seed, nevertheless. In the dry areas, stalks that were able to mature even small ears may be regarded as having better than average resistance to drought. It is advisable, however, to avoid saving moldy ears or those which come from stalks infested with smut, rot or any other kind of disease.



A Little Bit Humorous

Substantial Estate
Mrs. Murphy — What! You're going to sell up and marry that hard-up lodger of yours? What on earth are you going to live on?
Mrs. O'Flynn—We'll be all right. The poor fellow owes me enough to keep us in comfort for years—Montreal Star.

Skip It
First Tramp—Is this town any good?
Second Tramp—No, I'd say not! I had four jobs offered me in one day.

INDEPENDENT



"Yep, I served in de army for two years."
"An' wuz you honorably discharged?"
"Discharged! Well, I should say not. I up an' quit on me own hook."

Self-Service
Modern Mother—Lloyd, you've been a bad boy. I shall have to punish you.
Young Lloyd—Aw, gee, Ma, I didn't do nothing.
M. M.—None of your back talk, young man. Just hook yourself up to my reducing vibrator and give yourself a good spanking.—Pathfinder.

Real Soaking
A Scot was engaged in an argument with a conductor as to whether the fare was 5 or 10 cents. Finally the disgusted conductor picked up the Scotsman's suitcase and tossed it off the train, just as they passed over a bridge. It landed with a splash.
"Mon," screamed Sandy, "isn't it bad enough to try and overcharge me, but now you try to drown my little boy."—Berkshire Eagle.

New Dialect
Eastern Visitor—Has the advent of the radio helped ranch life?
Pinto Pete—I'll say it has! Why, we learn a new cowboy song every night, and, say—we've found out that the dialect us fellers have used for years is all wrong.

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