

PATTERNS OF WOLFPEN



CHAPTER XIII—Continued

Instead of waiting at the gate until they had passed from sight, Cynthia went to the upstairs window from which she could see over the barn and orchard to the path through the Long Bottom, and as the Finemare and the mule passed swiftly through the meadow and out of sight, she put her hands on the window-sill and bowed her head upon them and wept silently in her loneliness.

"Mother died in the month of September; last month, and it might have been all the time there ever was. And now Jesse away for the winter to study the law. And Reuben has not come back. The end of July it was, another lifetime. It may be September, and it may be spring. . . . But it is late October. Mother is dead. Jesse is gone away. Reuben has not come back. It is not Wolfpen any more, for Wolfpen is a good place and this is a place of sorrow and loneliness. In the space of one summer. If Reuben would come. Reuben, September is here and past and taken with it my mother, and you do not come. And your two letters. . . ." She went to the bureau drawer in her room and took them again, knowing full well each word in the thin precise writing with the perfection of print.

" . . . and my father has accepted the office of surveyor for the Eastern Iron Works and I am to do most of the field work. The company has bought several thousand acres of land around here because of the ore pockets and the charcoal timber. I am beginning the surveys this week and will be in the field most of the autumn but it will not stand in the way of my coming to Wolfpen as soon as I can. . . ."

The other one she knew so well that she merely held it in her hands while she saw the carefully built sentences march through her mind.

" . . . I have been in the hills west of the river for two weeks and just came in this Saturday and my mother gave me your letter. I am sorry and I had to read several times before I could take in what it was saying. I liked her so very much.

"She was so quiet and kind and it seemed to me while I was in her house that her life was self-contained and in order like her fine garden and her quilts. I can hardly think of Wolfpen nor of you or your father without your mother. It must be very hard for you. None of my family has ever died, but I remember how I liked your way of thinking of your people in the graveyard on the Shelf. I hope that in your grief now you can think of your mother in the same way. I wish I had known so I could have come. I don't know just when that will be now, but it will be. . . ."

She thought it was a good letter. It was like something written in a book, but it was Reuben. The person who wrote was always different from the person who spoke to you, and you must grow used to the difference until you can see the same person in both. The morning was gone, and she realized with surprise that her reluctance to see Jesse go away for the winter and her tears for her mother were not separable from her secret thoughts of Reuben and that in the end they had been curiously submerged and forgotten in him.

In the afternoon Doug came up the hollow. He looked discouraged. His eyes were heavy and his mouth had the pulled appearance of one who had made hopes too confidently and had suffered by their defeat. She felt a sorrow for him akin to pity.

"How's your mother today, Doug?"

"About as well as common. How are all your folks?"

"All well. Jesse went over to town today. He's going to read the law with Tandy Morgan this winter."

"He has a good turn for following something like that. I guess he ought to make about as good a one as Tandy. I didn't take to books much. Seems like I wasn't cut out for lawyering or doctoring or surveying but just to be a Gannon Creek farmer, and not so good at that, 'pears like."

"Now, don't you go to making little of yourself," Cynthia said.

"A feller loses all heart, Cynthia. I've worked harder and done about as poorly this year as ever since I been trying to run the place."

"Didn't they buy your 'seng, Doug?"

"I didn't have any, only about four pounds."

"Why, Doug?"

The mice chewed it up, Cynthia. They had purred near every single root, and it was a fine lot I had."

"I'm awful sorry, Doug. How's your other stuff?"

They figured the whole place has six thousand two hundred and ten acres, more or less."

"How much in my part?" Shellenberger asked.

"I haven't looked at that part yet," Sparrel said.

"Well, you give me the papers and I'll go over them today and we'll sign them up."

Sparrel handed him the documents.

In the evening after supper he sat with Sparrel in the big kitchen by the smoldering logs.

"They did a good piece of work, and clear and all there. He figures there are four thousand two hundred and fifty-one acres in the strip I bought," Shellenberger said.

"I calculated there'd be around four thousand acres more or less," Sparrel said.

"Warren has left blank a space for writing in the contract, so I suppose we might as well begin to talk details of settlement," Shellenberger said.

"Yes," Sparrel said.

"Four thousand two hundred and fifty-one acres at five dollars an acre would be, let's see, five ones are five, five fives are twenty-five. . . . twenty thousand two hundred and fifty-five dollars I make it."

"Twenty-one thousand two hundred and fifty-five dollars," Sparrel said, "one to carry."

"So it is. Twenty-one thousand two hundred and fifty-five dollars, but it's about four thousand too much. The surveyor's bill is five hundred and thirty dollars."

Sparrel offered no comment.

"Now about the terms of the contract," Shellenberger said. "On sales like this it is customary to pay so much down and agree on a way of carrying the balance. I take it that is all right with you?"

"I reckon that's all right," Sparrel said.

"Suppose then that we agree to this: I'll arrange to pay you, say, forty-five hundred dollars now, twenty-five hundred dollars about the first of the year, and the balance when I get the logs down the river to the mills?"

"I reckon if that's the way you do in big deals like this, it will be all right. We'll just write in that agreement," Sparrel said.

"I'll have to go down the river in a few days," Shellenberger said, "and if we could go over to Pike-



He Sprang Upon the Porch and Swept Her Violently Into His Arms.

ville together we could have it witnessed and notarized, and I'll draw a check on the Cattelburg bank for the amount. I'll pay Warren while I'm down there."

Cynthia had finished her work, and she stole quietly out of the kitchen and into Julia's room and sat down in Julia's chair by the window to look down the hollow in the dark as Julia had so often done, thinking. "So the sale ends and all the months since April have gone by and the menfolk write what they're supposed to write to make it on paper. They're always putting things down on paper, as if that made it any different, and then they forget about what it really is."

"And Mother lies there on the Shelf with Saul and Barton and the rest where the stars are dim tonight, and across the ridge are all the men for cutting down the trees to float away when spring comes, the way Reuben floated that morning. 'Pears like Jesse Wolfpen has just become a place for a body to float away and not live in. Reuben and Jesse and Mother and the land and the trees, maybe me, I could float away now and not miss things so much."

At the end of the week Sparrel rode with Shellenberger over to town to sign the papers and file them with the county recorder. He brought back word from Jesse. He was proud of his son in the law for he was doing well, his heart in his work, and he was aglow with his young enthusiasm and there was an inspired look in his eyes. Tandy Morgan, large, jovial, easy-going Tandy had praised Jesse to Sparrel. "That boy of yours has got a head on him, Sparrel. He beats all I ever saw the way he takes to the law. I'm going to take him into court to help me with cases, come next term." Sparrel liked that, and told it to Cynthia when he returned.

"I always knew Jesse would do well at whatever he was minded to follow," Cynthia said.

"They say the school is doing right well this term under the new principal. I was just thinking," Sparrel said, "you might just as well as not go over and get in the second term."

"No, I can't this year now," Cynthia said.

"We could get a woman to come in now," Sparrel said.

"I don't fancy a strange person taking over the house. There's always been a Patter woman to do the woman's part in the house. I don't think Mother would want Amy Wooton or somebody messing around her closets and beds and kitchen and smoke-house and fruit shelves and milk cellar. It's too soon, yet. Maybe next year with Jasper getting married and all."

"You're the doctor," he said.

"I read the books on the shelf and the papers that come. And, anyway, I am about of the mind that to run a house like this the way Mother did it is just as good as the book learning over at town."

"Unless you have a real turn for books."

"It takes a real turn for a house, too."

"Sparrel left it there, glad of her pride in the house. He took the book from his pocket and held it near the light for a long time.

"That looks pretty good, I reckon."

Cynthia examined the single entry of \$4,500 in the neat banker's hand.

"Is that all there is to it?" she exclaimed.

"That's all."

She could not somehow get used to it. Through the days it moved in and out of her thought.

"Four figures in a little thin scrap of a book. That's all there is to it. Four figures in ink. It don't seem right. The Pattern land sold, a bunch of strange men from down the river in here chopping down the place, everything changed right around until a body don't know whether she is living on Wolfpen or in a lumber camp, and all it matters to the menfolk is some scratches on a thin little scrap of a book with a brown back to it."

Sparrel was not so busy at the mill after early November. He went less often to the logging camp and found more content in being near the house. He seemed to her more like the Sparrel of a year ago when the new mill was being planned, only he was graver now. He was doing things that gave a satisfaction deeper than the physical act of doing. He spent an entire day going over the loom, replacing and tightening loose threads, and greasing the treads. He pegged the boards in the floor which had come loose. He brought sawed lumber from the mill and built the new row of shelves in the smoke-house. A little shyly he gathered up the seeds from Julia's flowers and put them in labeled jars as she had always done, saying to Cynthia:

"I reckon we'd better put these away for seed. It wouldn't seem natural not to have the flowers around the place."

Then he gave the garden its coat of cow dung and its fall plowing, turning it carefully in deep narrow furrows and harrowing it until it lay soft, mellow and without clods. And so he worked about the place for many days until Cynthia thought for a moment that past days of peace had returned to Wolfpen.

It was only for a moment. Then Abral came at the end of a wet and misty afternoon, out of breath with running, bearing the news about Doug. Sparrel was in the medicine-room behind the chimney. Cynthia was in the kitchen listening:

The lumbering had moved relentlessly up the Dry Creek hollow. As the great trees fell, they were collected and dragged down to the creek by the mules and the yoked oxen. Now, at the end of November, they were far up into the narrow portion of the hollow and beyond the floating capacity of the creek. Mullens constructed a narrow tram road around the rim of the hollow to carry the logs to the dam at Gannon Creek. They were snaked down from the hill to the rube platform and there rolled onto the log trucks. The track sloped rather sharply down the hollow, giving the trucks considerable speed under their own momentum. At the last bend opening into the mouth of the hollow at Gannon, the tracks curved abruptly and plunged down the slope to the dam. One man rode at the end of each truck to apply the brakes and bring the load of three logs to a halt at the collecting point. The men grew reckless and increased the speed. They drank.

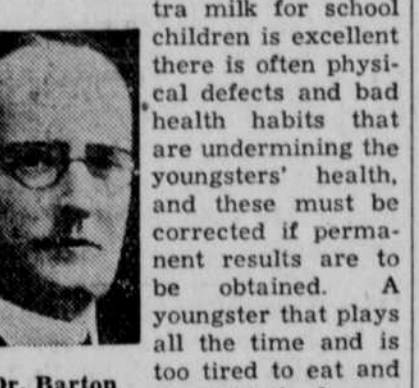
Doug had grown rash in their company. He talked more and bolder. He drank with them from the Jug behind the bushes. That afternoon he pushed the wood blocks from their place under the wheels of the loaded truck and gave it a sharp urge with the crowbar. Standing on the narrow platform by the brake, he waved his hat at the lumbermen, and as the load of logs gathered speed he shouted, "This'll be a record." The two logs on the bottom were thick and very heavy, the third and top one was thin, not straight and of little value. Doug held to it, letting the truck go its way untouched by the brake.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Many Stone Blocks in Pyramid About two and a half million huge stone blocks were used in building the famous pyramid of Cheops in Egypt.

HOW ARE YOU TODAY?

DR. JAMES W. BARTON Talks About Underweight Children.



Dr. Barton

IN AN examination of a number of children in the public or grammar schools it was found that the number of underweights was reduced by supplying milk at the school at least once a day. In the high schools where no milk was supplied the gain in weight for height and age was not so satisfactory.

While this habit of supplying extra milk for school children is excellent there is often physical defects and bad health habits that are undermining the youngsters' health, and these must be corrected if permanent results are to be obtained. A youngster that plays all the time and is too tired to eat and digest his food properly may be keeping his weight low just as can a youngster who doesn't get outdoors at all, and has no appetite for his food. Infected teeth or tonsils, a nose that is blocked and preventing proper breathing, round shoulders, and other physical defects all prevent proper growth and development.

Dr. W. R. P. Emerson in "Archives of Pediatrics" says: "The essentials for good nutrition and normal physical and mental development are: (1) freedom from physical defects, (2) adequate food, (3) free air, (4) sufficient exercise, and (5) proper rest. From a survey of a large number of children of preschool (three to six years) and school ages it was found that each child had an average of 4½ physical defects and 6 faulty eating habits. Of a group of 1,000 children only 2 per cent (20 in the whole 1,000) were found to be free from physical defects."

"The most frequent defects are obstruction of the nose, bad teeth, diseases of various organs, and postural conditions (round shoulders, sway back, spinal curvature), which were either the result or partly the cause of the underweight and underdevelopment."

Physicians are agreed that attaining the proper weight for any youngster's particular type of body or physique will mean "improvement in mental development, increased efficiency, and increased resistance to disease."

The treatment of underweight children then should be from the various standpoints outlined above which means, first, the removal of defects and bad health habits, and second, plenty of fresh air, plenty of good food and plenty of rest.

The Family Physician.

There was a time when the "out-standing" doctor of a community was supposed to be very silent, very gruff, having no patience with the patient who wanted to tell him all about his sickness. It was felt that he knew so much that just a glance at his patient and the taking of pulse and temperature was all that he needed to know what was wrong and how to treat it.

Fortunately the real family physician was not of this type, but a real all-around friend of the family who had all the affairs of the family on his mind and tried to help whenever and wherever possible.

And then came the "hospital" type of physician who took samples of blood, urine, sputum, used the X-ray and other types of examination possible in the hospital, and after waiting the hours and days necessary for these examinations to be completed, told the patient and the patient's family exactly what was wrong.

Now it is only good sense for the doctor to get all the help possible from the hospital's laboratories, because this will be of help to the patient; but the up-to-date doctor, the successful physician now realizes more than ever before that more than a knowledge of medicine, more than the findings from the laboratory are necessary if the patient is to get the best possible treatment.

Humanism Is Needed.

Dr. Oscar Klotz in addressing the Toronto Academy of Medicine states: "In the practice of medicine the physician is called upon to use his every effort and equipment to learn the cause of the ailment and its treatment. He is often called upon to strain the last resources known to science to attain a satisfactory result. But over and above all these scientific endeavors, aided by all the available skill, there is need of a very commonplace attribute of man best spoken of as humanism—love and understanding of your fellow man. There is need of a sympathetic understanding which serves to support the courage of the patient, an appreciation of the mental and spiritual reactions of the sick, often determined by their surroundings and made worse by the poverty and distress of other members of the family. The full understanding of 'humanism' in medicine is acquired through varying circumstances of life and is attained in greatest measure by the family or general physician, rather than by the specialist."

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Tables Turned

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FLIRTING was second nature with Deborah Bellamy. No one would have guessed, after one glance at her gay, laughing face, after one look into her mocking, tantalizing eyes, that inwardly she was afraid. Afraid that sometime some one of her victims was going to turn the tables. That is to say, she knew that one day she was going to fall in love with one of the men with whom she flirted. She knew this and yet she never dreamed that this man would prove to be a crude, uneducated cowboy, named Lon Fairweather.

Deborah had joined a party who planned a month's vacation at a dude ranch in Wyoming. Lon was the foreman in charge of looking out for the guests. He was tall, fair, handsome and built like an Adonis. After one look into his sober blue eyes, Deborah began to lay her snares. Here was someone different, a change from the monotony of pink-tea men she'd known back in New York.

Lon was different, but he was also human. Just as human as the pink-tea men who composed Deborah's long list of previous victims. Hence he succumbed to her wiles, just as had the others. The night that Lon told Deborah of his love they were seated on a high boulder overlooking a hemmed-in lake, above which a full moon came gliding toward them.

"Oh, Lon," she said a little breathlessly. "Not now. . . . this . . . Give me a little time to think."

She pushed him away and ran up the path toward the ranch house.

In the days that followed, despite her greatest endeavors Lon persisted in occupying her thoughts. Somewhat in desperation she cast about for escape. And then a plan came to mind. She'd ask him to come to New York.

The idea seemed a good one and strangely enough Lon agreed to come—in the fall when the ranch was closed up for the winter.

And so Deborah left him, feeling queer, the drawl of his voice in her ears, a picture of his sun-bronzed face in her heart.

Fall came, and she planned a party, a sort of reception for Lon. She invited all those who had been in the Double Q Bar that summer. Lon arrived in due time and called at Deborah's apartment. She was a little taken back at the ease and grace with which he wore his smart new tuxedo, and in spite of herself she thrilled when he swept her into his arms.

The dinner was set for eight. At 7:30 the guests began to arrive. Lon arched his brows in faint surprise when he saw that the men wore chaps and high-heeled boots and the women were garbed in divided riding skirts and gay-colored blouses. But no word passed his lips. There was no sign that he noticed, none save the merest of twinkles in his blue eyes.

A butler came to the door and yelled: "Come and get it, cowboy!" Lon's eyes twinkled again, and he offered Deborah his arm in quite a courtly fashion. The others rushed pell-mell to the table.

Deborah felt a little uneasy as Lon escorted her to her seat. Her uneasiness grew as he looked slightly puzzled upon discovering there was no silverware at his place save a broad-bladed knife. He hesitated, watching in amazement as the other guests picked up their knives, and with suppressed chuckles began to scoop up peas and shove them into their mouths. He watched as they poured coffee from their cups and drank from their saucers. Then his mouth set in a grim line, and a cold flinty light came into his eyes. He stood up.

"I understand," he said, looking directly at Deborah, "exactly what you're trying to do. And I regret I can't appreciate the humor of the thing. You see," he added, smiling a little, "we Westerners have had it drilled into us ever so many times by our Easterners, that we're crude and ignorant and have no manners; that you folks are superior in every way. I know all that, and have always tried to bear it in mind. I've always tried to follow your code when, like tonight, I am your guest. But," he paused and made a little, perfunctory bow toward Deborah. "Now I know something else; know that whatever other manner you folks might have, you don't know the meaning of hospitality."

And with this he carefully placed his napkin on the table, pushed back his chair and strode from the room. He had reached the front hall when Deborah suddenly came to herself and rushed after him.

"Lon! Lon!" she called. "Please come back. It was all my fault. I'm sorry. Please!"

But Lon was already through the door and halfway down the stairs.

Above on the landing Deborah stood as if dazed. There was a terrible gnawing sensation inside of her, a great, desolate, miserable feeling. She knew then that Lon Fairweather had been the man she was afraid of meeting. She knew it now, but too late. Lon had gone. And Deborah knew he'd never come back. Lon had turned the tables. She was the victim, no longer the victor.

Frisky Scotties for Your Tea Towel Set



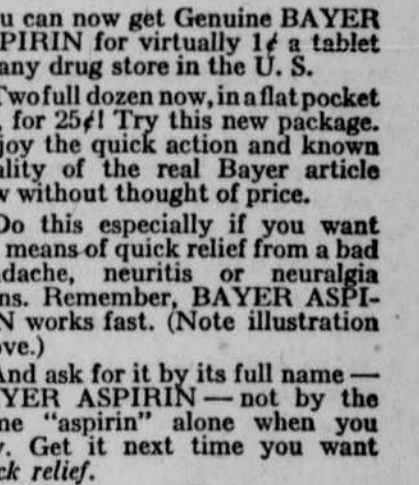
Pattern 1228

No need for Scottie to teach her puppy new tricks—he's up to them already! And what a joyous set of motifs with which to cheer the towels that serve for heaviest kitchen duty. There are seven of them, and see what simple cross stitch 'tis, with crosses an easy 8 to the inch! Done all in one color, they'll make smart silhouettes 'gainst the whiteness of your tea towels. Send for the pattern! Pattern 1228 contains a transfer pattern of seven motifs (one for each day of the week) averaging about 5 by 8 inches; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches needed.

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If you want to really GET RID OF GAS and terrible bloating, don't expect to do it by just doctoring your stomach with harsh, irritating alkalies and "gas tablets." What GAS is lodged in the stomach and upper intestine and is due to old poisonous matter in the constipated bowels that are loaded with ill-causing bacteria.

If your constipation is of long standing, enormous quantities of dangerous bacteria accumulate. Then your digestion is upset. GAS often presses heart and lungs, making life miserable. You can't eat or sleep. Your head aches. Your back aches. Your complexion is sallow and pimply. Your breath is foul. You are a sick, grouchy, wretched, unhappy person. YOUR SYSTEM IS POISONED.

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