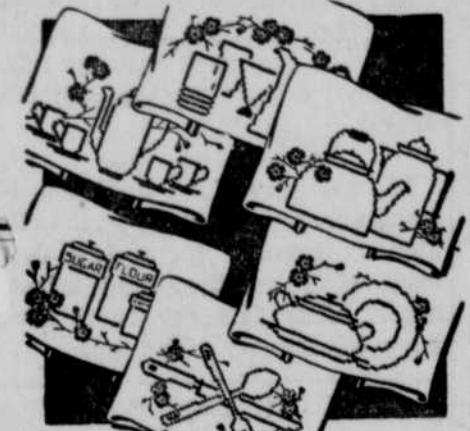


Simple Cross Stitch Towels Quickly Done



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 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... 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.



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.

KILL RATS TODAY!

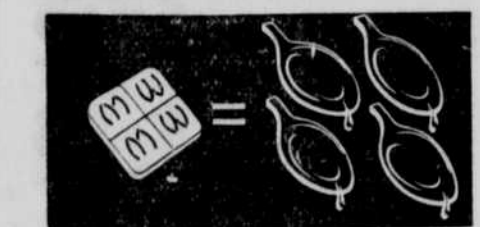
Health officers urge the killing of RATS, MICE, COCKROACHES, WATERBUGS.

STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE

Recognized for 58 years as the guaranteed killer of these food-detracting and disease-carrying pests. Ask your dealer. Money back if it fails. IN TUBES 35c—LARGE BOXES \$1.00

WHAT'S HAPPENING in Hollywood?
HEAR JIMMIE FIDLER TUESDAY!
10:30 P.M., E.S.T., N.B.C. Red Network

LU DEN'S
MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢ WITH ALKALINE FACTOR



WEALTH AND HEALTH
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 of milk of magnesia. Neutralizes acids and gives you pleasant elimination. 20c, 35c & 60c sizes.

PATTERNS OF WOLFPEN



By Harlan Hatcher Illustrations by O. Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER XVI

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 hillsides 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 Wolfpen 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, Abrial, 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 heaving of crows' wings, the effortless sailing on the wind up and down over Wolfpen 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 Wolfpen. 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. Wolfpen without him; Jasper to carry on; Jasper's new wife to have the house now. How does a body go about beginning 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

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. Abrial 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 Wolfpen. 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



Cynthia Was Finishing the Dishes.

learn better. And she won't have the garden Mother made, with every clod 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."

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

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 1/4 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.

300 CANDLEPOWER EYE-SAVING LIGHT

with Coleman Air-Pressure Mantle Lamps

Protect your sight with this eye-saving Coleman light! Kerosene and Gasoline Pressure Mantle Lamps provide up to 300 candlepower of fire light... nearest like natural daylight... kind to your eyes.

You can enjoy the finest light for only 1¢ a night. No bonus can afford to be without Coleman. Buy it from your local Coleman dealer. FREE Folders—Send Postcard Now!

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Silence Is a Remedy

We all make many mistakes—most of them in what we say.

WHAT BECAME OF YOUR HEADACHES?

ON THE ALL-VEGETABLE CORRECTIVE PUT A STOP TO ALL THAT!

SHE was "notorious" for her sick headaches. Finally a friend said, "Why don't you give N-R-A a trial?" With Nature's Remedy (N-R Tablets) she noted a thorough cleansing of poisonous wastes—a complete natural action that she hadn't experienced for ages. Yet so gentle and refreshing. Try N-Rs yourself. They are so fine for constipation, so useful in warding off colds, so-called "bilious spells" and other conditions caused by faulty elimination. Only 25c for box of 25 at any drugstore.

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WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night when you feel tired, nervous, all upset... use Doan's Pills.

Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

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