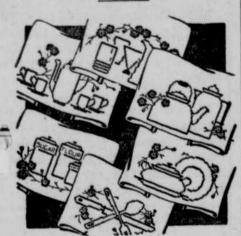
Simple Cross Stitch



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-

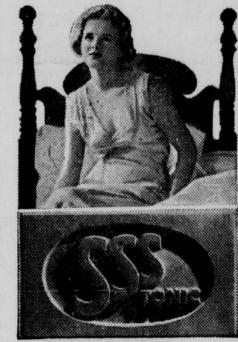
"... looked pale ... lacked a keen appetite . . . felt tired . . . was underweight."

"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 @ S.S.S. Co. at any drug store.



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

KILL RATS TODAY



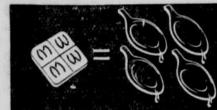
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LUDEN'S

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pleasant elimination. 20c, 35c & 60c sizes.



CHAPTER XVI

_19__

passed with their thought of Reubravely disproportioned to the defeat of yesterday.

The mountain laurel against the would be flushing pink at the bud hearts, and the birds would be welwith herself.

by climbing step she mounted upassaulted the Wolfpen Hollows in a body's where, calmer, released from the sharp Sparrel, the place; the place, Sparrel, lumbering, Abral, Julia; Reupossession 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 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 timeless heavy flopping 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.

strength. making her garden. Then Daddy sneak behind a rock from behind. was excited about his mill, not out him; Jasper to carry on; Jasginning to think about things? First clues? It might lead to more feuds, trees, scorched and seared by the Henry VIII, including the great Car-Where the lay of the land is like all ways said about those Harrisons tricately laced gullies were outlined bed when she was well beyond the folds in our own soul. They fit and McClurgs. Patterns have kept on the naked hills where the giant three-score and ten. She was Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls milk of right over each other and then you out of any trouble ever since they poplars stood, cut by the muddy buried, it is said, at Clifton, York-

way the sky and the mountains come together in the blue. The stir THROUGH the next weeks after of thoughts rises there in the heart much alone in and about the house. waves of the mountaintops and the money? And Reuben had some She would often stand by the well dark blue pockets over the hollows, saved. Maybe it would be enough in the evening, the days visibly surging to me, play of His thoughts to buy the orchard so we could growing longer, watching the shad- forever beating on this Pinnacle. start off in our own place. Reuben ow of the Pinnacle glide up the This cardinal feather fluttering out will be surprised. What did they hillside and finally rest its finger on of the sky almost into my lap, I use to call it? A dowry? Reuben, the fresh graves of Sparrel and Ju- guess it must be a blood drop from I bring a dowry of twelve hundred lia, sweeping them into the eternal the head of God. The sudden bell dollars cash and a chest of linen quiet of the dust. In a year. One note of the cardinal's call from the made on the loom in Wolfpen procession of the seasons, spring laural spray is the music of His Mother had a chest, too, but no to spring. From the garden behind voice through these hills. It does money, Onlyshe was a beautiful girl. the picket fence, from the steam- not belong to the redbird. Another more than I am. I reckon if Shelmill, to the profound silence of one sounded it last year, still an- lenberger gets his other debts paid Cranesnest Shelf. As the days other the year before. He lends it it won't hurt me any to give him ben and the life ahead, the finality upon them with His breath as they did want two sheets all the time. of the procession began to seem come into the earth. The Indians supportable to her, so much grief heard it, too, and they are dead. My tempering the heart to the sorrow grandfathers heard it and my fainherent in a precarious life. The ther, and they are dead as the birds was about to start all over again way lay onward and not back and are. Now I hear it going on. The with Jasper and Jane Burden. Saul was filled with a degree of hope feathers flutter in the pine boughs are brushed away. But the bell sun-warmed rocks of the Pinnacle note sings on forever over these hills in the very breath of God.

coming the return of another A despairing sigh from a bleeding good girl. She can't weave as well spring. She would go there now to heart before the black plague on as Mother or me, but maybe she'll meet them and weave Reuben and hawk's wings stifles the melody of her vision of life with him into the the song? My father's voice stopped memory of that place where she by a stone in the hands of wicked had through the years communed men. I will think of bim. Yonder is the upper ford and the big rocks In the afternoon she went out where a great evil hawk battered through the barnyard, down into the song from my father's mouth. the just perceptible green mist in There floats over Ferguson's meathe orchard, across the creek, step- dow the black shadow from the only ping through the low sound of the cloud in the sky. It seems to lie water playing among the rocks in now at rest on the rocks at the very the bed, and then the sharp climb spot where they struck him down. up the steep contours of the path. And still no trace of them that did It was good to feel again the mus- it. Why did it have to happen? Or cle pull in her calves and thighs. Doug broken up and blinded by a the thump of her heart, the sweet worthless log? There is no way, no intake of fresh breath, to see the reckoning with destruction and valley begin to spread and drop death. Hurrying on somewhere else away, to hear the cattle, the sheep, to strike again, but giving no anthe chickens, recede below her. Step swer to a body's why. Where in the heart of God does death dwell? ward out of the events that had I guess there is also no answer to

a year. She felt her soul growing "I keep thinking of death. will not think of death. I will think of clutch of ever repeated broodings: Daddy, of Sparrel Pattern, Every eye Shellenberger, lumbering, Julia, between here and Pikeville turned upon him when he rode. Jasper tries to sit a horse like him but he ben and the vision of him taking can't. Jesse seems to be dreaming when he rides. Abral 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 triumph of glad animal life over the 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 a break in the rock, musing on the 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 . . Julfa or Sparrel, or ough he to be called Reuben? To leave Wolfpen 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 used to. I reckon it's life." marry in Mother's dress, with a little making over, for she was taller ning all the time, fixing out clothes 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 idle and the abandoned wheel at me. I wonder what he aimed to do then, and if he would have done it heard the shouts of the men. She if it hadn't happened to him. He had not for a long time looked into is a fine boy and I could nearly love that hollow. Now she felt released him for the proud way he went into himself and never said another word to me. I hope he marries place. She arose from the ledge and who lived in the latter part of the Judy and has a good family. I couldn't ever have, Doug,

"I will think of my father, 1 coming into these hills and giving "Last spring I sat here and had them a bad name. Why do bad men into Dry Creek. never seen him. Then Mother was kill the good men? Because they

family. Jesse is wrapped up in the law and won't want to live here. Abral 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 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 because it's hard to collect a note. life." 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 to each bird generation, blowing his victuals and his bed. Even if he

"The house looks so little down there in the trees, but it appears happy again, like it understood it and Louverna, then Barton and and flit down into the apple orchard Mima, then Tivis and Adah, then in Wolfpen for a season or two and | Sparrell 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 "Or could it be after all a sigh? at town a right smart but she is a



Cynthia Was Finishing the Dishes

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 states 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 In a series of pictures and with

few words formed she let her mind than I and prettier. Reuben says play over the things that touched no, but she really was. How the her life. Sitting there on the rocks, days go since he went away. Plan- high above the valley, each mountain ridge shouldering its blueand quilts and blankets, too, good green mist above the one before it, to use, to keep for keepsakes, no, stretching on into the purple fusion with the sky on the horizon. The graves on Cranesnest Shelf were wrapped in peace. The mill was rest. Behind her in Dry Creek she from it and detached. She would turn and confront it from this high parents named Sowthiel or Southill, climbed across the back of the Pin- Fifteenth century near the Dropthick on the thin soil under the er, Agatha, was reputed to be a never heard him lift his tongue on clump of trees. Emerging, she stood witch. Agatha named her daugh-Strong he is and gentle in his anybody. Not even on the bad men on the jagged rock on the west, the ter Ursula but the neighbors called

It was a changed place. The mountainsides were desolate and al-They wouldn't, none of them, stand most bald now as far as she could thinking of selling land or lying on up to him eye to eye like a man see. Brush piles were scattered on ty-four years old. Legend, ante-Cranesnest Shelf in a year. I will straight and fair. Abral calls them the slopes. The round gray splotches dating by centuries the first appearthink of my father. Wolfpen with- dirty devils, and keeps saying to of wood - ashes from the burned ance of the fraudulent prophetic Jasper they ought to catch and hang heaps spotted the hills like the aft. ditty, credits her with fulfilled preper's new wife to have the house them. Jesse thinks Sheriff Hatler'll er-marks of a disease. A few dictions concerning certain states now. How does a body go about - get them because he has some scrubs, worthless and unprofitable men who flourished at the court of you have a place where you feel 'There's been too much feuding and brush fires, withered among the dinal Wolsey. England, not always alone with yourself. Like this, fighting in these hills, Daddy al- dead stumps. Already a hundred in- tolerant of witches, let her die in magnesia. Neutralizes acids and gives you haven't any body any more. The have been here. 'The law's got to water as it rushed down into Dry shire, in 1561.

keep this valley an orderly place | Creek. The men were gathered for a man and his family,' he said about the mountains of logs at the that evening before he went away. splash dam and in Gannon creek I guess that meant Jasper and his 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 Wolfpen to wake up the trees when the night's over, and then hurry sad away because they're it. He'll go on down to Cincinnati 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 been a mortgage instead of a note is no older and no stronger than is

For the third time in the year, Reuben came to Wolfpen. He rode over with Jesse from Pikeville near hundred dollars when I go with the end of April in the evening be-Reuben had gone Cynthia was of God. It comes with the airy Reuben. Is that an awful lot of fore the wedding. Cynthia was finishing 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 sisters. She liked them around her. "They will grow up in their turn, I reckon, to carry on the place. Unless they're like Abral and Jesse. What, I wonder, will my children grow up to be like, not born on Wolfpen 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 waylaid Sparrel Pattern than put an arm around the purtiest 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 nacle. The brown pine needles were ping well in Yorkshire Her mothsun in her face, and looked down 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 twen-

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cially designed for those who sew sizes and take high honors for sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years, the pat-style and economy combined. tern in size 4 requires just 2% 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 41/4 yards of 39 inch material plus 1/3 yard con-

Pattern 1984, the princess frock, has everything it takes for success. Taking full advantage of the current swing to princess lines, this slick number features front and back panels extending from yoke to hem and can be fashioned with long or short sleeves as you prefer. With a world of zip and a fitted waist, this simply made pattern is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42. Size 16 requires 4% yards of 39 inch or 3 yards of 54 inch fabric, and there are just six simple pieces to the complete

pattern. 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

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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 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.

you'll find here the answer to (just six pieces for both apron your wardrobe needs. These three and pantie) and your selection of delightful and modish models, spe- materials is unlimited-percale or gingham or pique or pongee or at home, cover a wide range of shantung or linen. Designed for yards of 32 or 35 inch fabric.

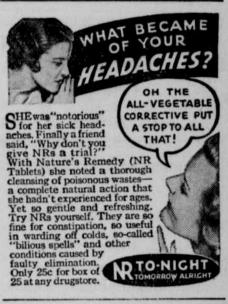
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