

PATTERNS OF WOLFPEN



CHAPTER XII—Continued

"But to shoot a cardinal—it's sinful, Doug."

"Not when they riddle my seeds."

"But, Doug! You don't kill cardinals just because . . ." She looked at him. Words were useless unless their meanings were already sensed before they were spoken, and here they were not and could never be.

"Do you want to let them eat up my seeds I want for next year?" he exclaimed.

She turned the mare slowly back into the way she had come, moving down the hollow again toward the road. Doug followed along close behind her, confused and perplexed. "I guess you'll be going away right soon now," he said at last.

"Yes. On Monday. Daddy is riding over with me."

"What's the use of your going off over there, Cynthia? You don't have no need for that kind of book learning."

"But I do, too."

"You're just going over there because of that surveyor, and you know it."

"Why, I'm not, either; I've been counting on going there all year and a right smart before any of those men came to the creek."

"I saw you looking at him."

"That doesn't make any difference in it."

"You swear it?"

"I told you once when you were up to our house."

"You swear it then?"

"I don't feel any call to give account to you, Doug." It was sharper than he had ever heard her speak. Instead of advancing his rising temper, it halted it.

"I calculate I ought to get about a thousand dollars for my 'seng. I'm going to dig it soon now."

"That'll be nice and I'm right glad," she said. "I have to go back now. I just stopped to say good-by."

"Cynthia. Don't go off over there. Let's . . . why can't we . . . let's us marry."

Cynthia scinged, seeing birds tumbling through the still air into death.

"I'm getting things in good shape now and I been thinking about you while I was doing it. Will you?"

"It's not time for me to think about that, Doug."

"When you get back, then?"

"We can see about it then. It's just not time yet and I hadn't thought to marry."

"You won't feel too stuck up after you've been over there?"

"Doug Mason, sometimes I get so mad at you I could die. You know better than that."

"It's just that . . . you know . . . sometimes it's right lonesome and I get to thinking about you going off to people not just like us, and . . . you won't change your mind about going?"

"Why, no, Doug. I've been planning on this all year."

She got easily into the saddle.

"Good-by, Doug."

"Good-by, Cynthia."

Cynthia booted the mare with her heel and hurried from Sarah and Doug, the birds and the fallen trees, back to Wolfpen through the ruins of the visit she had planned.

The final days were busy ones for Cynthia, but without visible evidence of her inward excitement at the thought of being away from home. Julia was always near her with kind words and suggestions for the packing.

Then three days before the time for Cynthia to leave, Abrael came home early from the camp looking pale and weak, but declaring he was all right.

He ate little for supper, leaving the table before the others to lie in the cool on the porch. Sparrel went out to him.

"What's the trouble with you, son?"

"I guess I just got my stomach riled a little at the camp."

"When did it begin to hurt?"

"It's felt funny for a day or so."

Sparrel gave him some of his remedies and after a while Abrael went to bed. He lay there for two days very sick and refusing food.

Then Julia, who had looked tired for many weeks and had been up and down for two nights with Abrael, fell sick in the third night and had to lie in her bed very pale and without strength.

On Monday at the hour set for half a year for Cynthia to ride away from Wolfpen, she sat by Julia and was startled to see how large her eyes were under the pale skin of her forehead and how weak she had grown from her sickness.

"You must go, dear, as we planned. I'll be all right now," she said in a low voice. "I've never been sick to amount to anything."

But Cynthia sat by her bed, saying, "Abrael's some better. I wouldn't go off today and you sick. A few days won't make a sight of difference." Thinking: "I wonder how sick she is and why it came on so sudden right now. It must be the spread over the place of the sickness in the trees or it wouldn't begin down there in Dry Creek and fasten on Abrael and come on up here."

She left Julia in a weak sleep, the long fingers of one hand lying delicately along the sheet. She found Jesse by the drying kiln spreading apples in the sun.

"How is she?" Jesse asked, whispering it.

"Asleep now."

"She didn't sleep any last night."

"No. She looks pretty sick, Jesse."

"Yes, she's kind of worn out. I reckon you're not going this morning."

"I reckon not."

"Sorry?"

"Some, maybe, and because Mother is sick." When do you aim to go—?"

"In about two weeks now. I calculate to get my share of the stuff in."

She felt suddenly unhappy inside and depression squeezed at her spirit. There were so many things she had wanted to talk about so she could carry them into the day bright with the sunshine and Jesse's understanding.

And there was Reuben far away in some distant county, and the uncertainty of Julia's sudden illness, and confusion everywhere to be attacked, ordered and subdued. But she could not get it out between them at the kiln.

"I'm sorry you can't go today, Cynthia. May be it won't be long. Don't you get sick."

It was unexpected and clothed in a depth of genuine feeling which warmed the coldness she had felt creeping over her. She might even yet say the things in her heart. But he was going on now. She watched him away and then went back into the yard. "There's a sight of things to do without thinking about yourself, Cynthia Pattern, and making out to yourself that you're wanting somebody to sympathize with you."

It was in the second week of September that Julia Pattern died. She lay in the room which Sparrel had built for her when he brought her as a bride to Wolfpen. She lay on the sheets which she had made with her own hands by the fireplace as the children grew through the winters, on the bed where three generations of Pattern women had lain before her.

Sparrel was broken. He sat by Julia's side on the chair he had made for her when they were young. He spoke no word and no tear fell.

The boys in stunned and complete silence wandered out between the house and the barn.

Cynthia was deathstruck. For the first time she was seeing death invade her own family. She had never thought of her mother as a part of the mutabilities. She was as permanent and timeless as Wolfpen. There could be no Wolfpen, no Pattern household without Julia's gentle words and silent competence in all things.

Desolate, feeling so little and impotent before the assertion of such invisible strength, she turned from the bed to the window and looked up to the Pinnacle gleaming golden in the sun. She was surprised that the world continued as though nothing had happened, that the Pinnacle could take the sun and look over a bright land when her own heart was dark with grief and her world black with desolation. It was painful to hear the chickens clucking in the yard, to observe the common activities of life, seeing about the house quite uninterrupted by the heaviness of death in its midst.

There was Julia's garden, not to be thought of without Julia. The hollyhocks had had their proud days of color and now they were dry and brown; but they were bursting with seed. The larkspur had faded, the cosmos were falling to seed because there was no one to pinch them back. The tomato vines were turning brown and sprawling on the ground unable to bear the heavy red load. The beans were growing yellow and dry, the cabbage was bursting. It seemed to Cynthia, looking into the familiar plot through eyes heavy with grief, that the garden and the still rooms of the house knew that Julia was dead.

The news went up to the hollows, over the hills and down the creeks with mysterious speed. The people came to Wolfpen; the old families on Gannon, the folk from the Big Sandy. The Castle boys made and polished a casket for her

at Sparrel's shop, using the knotted boards Sparrel had sawed from a fragrant cedar.

Amos Barnes came to conduct the funeral. There were so many people that the service was held under and around the tan-bark shed where there was room for every one. She looked very beautiful in the brown cloth dress she had woven with her own hands. They carried her slowly through the yard and up the path to the Cranesnest Shelf, the people following. They laid her beside Grandmother Adah, Tivis's wife, just as the great shadow of the Pinnacle reached the stone by Saul's grave. They left her there in the silence and the peace. The people went away, and the dark came again, the autumn dew dripped like rain in the orchard leaves, the fog settled in and shifted early about erasing the stars.

Cynthia, in collapse, on her bed; "I ought to feel. But I can't any more. I am not me. The weight pushes me down. I don't know how to think about it, and it hurts to feel."

CHAPTER XIII

IN THE weeks that followed, the spiritual disruption in this house seemed complete. No one spoke of Julia in words; each one suffered in private his own particular degree and quality of grief. They fell to the accumulated work, easing their sorrow in excess of toil.

The plans Cynthia and Julia had made for the Institute now seemed as remote as though they belonged with other people. This was her place, where Julia had always been, directing the house for Sparrel.

Gradually the deadness grew customary as the days lengthened into a new routine. The work of the full harvest filled up and spilled over the days into both ends of the night. Cynthia did all the woman's part with some aid from the boys. She and Jesse gathered the leaf beans from the garden. She pickled them in the brown earthen jars in the cellar, giving painstaking care to preserve the flavor which Julia developed in them. The sweet potatoes were carefully dug, put into open slatted crates and stacked in the cellar where they gave off a good earthen smell. The Irish potatoes were buried in the hole by the smoke-house. Sparrel and the boys made the sorghum—thick and brown and full flavored. The stone jars were filled with apple and pumpkin butter and tomato preserves, the great goose-necked and green-striped squash and burnished copper-colored pumpkins were buried in the haymow. Jesse brought in the dark honey from the hives and filled the jars on the fruit shelf.

Cynthia tried to cook meals like her mother for her menfolk, and to order all things with as little change as possible. She looked after Shellenberger and spread his two sheets as a matter of course and custom. She even had a better liking for him because of the way he spoke and left unspoken his shock and his sorrow at the death of Julia.

"She was a fine woman. I am very sorry."

And so September gave way to October, and the poignant grief was, by repetition, a little older. There was even a melancholy beauty in the days. The hills turned riotously from the long summer green into all the flamboyance of autumn, arranging in exotic pattern around the hillsides the flame-and-golden-hued maple leaves, the soft yellow of the poplars, the dull scarlet of the white oaks, the deep brown of the black oaks, with a few vivid gum trees screaming among the dark green pines. Nothing was left untouched.

Cynthia found herself in moments of complete abandon to the display around her, her heart gone out of her into the prodigal splashing of color. Then she would have that sudden vague awareness of tears in the heart from which she had escaped for an instant and to which she must return. They came with the first sight of the dark clouds gathering over the Pinnacle, presaging the coming of the cold rains and the violation and the annihilation of all the glowing beauty which supported the hours.

When the first sprinkles shattered the flaming maple near the smoke-house, she cried, "Oh, rain, leave the leaves alone! Give them one more day." But the rain did not hear the cry of one lonely girl deep in the Big Sandy hills. All night long she could hear the battering attack of each heavy bullet of rain tearing through the magic world of house quite uninterrupted by the heaviness of death in its midst.

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with red handkerchiefs around their necks. They went to the barnyard at each place and leaped over the rails, sizing up the cattle. They walked in among them to slap the rumps of the steers and feel their hide. They told a story or two, sending their big laughs infectiously over the group of men gathered around, and giving a holiday spirit to the bargaining. Then they made their final offer, the sale was closed, and the drovers and the neighbor men moved on behind the growing herd to the next house. Where they were at meal-time, there they all ate, taking turns at the table under the hospitable urgings of the womenfolk. And when evening came, the neighbors returned home and the drovers spent the night wherever they happened to be.

At Wolfpen, where they always managed to stay the night, Sparrel gave them the use of a fenced meadow for their cattle and stalls and feed for their saddle mules. But when they talked about buying his steers, Sparrel said:

"I guess I won't be selling any this time."

"Why not, Sparrel?"

"I told Shellenberger I'd let him have all we could spare for his men this winter."

Then Jesse said, "I want to sell mine to you fellers."

Sparrel looked at his son in silent surprise, but offered no interference.

"We'll be glad to look at it, Jesse," they said.

Cynthia watched them go to the barn-lot where Jesse had driven in his fat steer. She could see them out there looking and feeling and bargaining. Then, after a proper time, they drove it out of the pen and down to the meadow with their herd.

Jesse came back to the house where Cynthia was. She knew from his look that he was content, and that it was the pleasure of a man in the quality of his product and in seeing others appreciate it, as well as satisfaction about the price it brought.

"Did they like your steer?"

"They seemed to. It was a good beef."

"Did you get what you wanted for it?"

"Yes. I got thirty-six dollars for it, and I bet that's more than Dad'll get out of Shellenberger for his."

"Why do you say that, Jesse?"

"Well, he's been here all year nearly and nobody's seen any of his money yet for anything."

Cynthia thought of the paper on which she had entered the record of his board. But she was more concerned over Jesse's leaving.

"I reckon you'll be going soon now, Jesse?"

"I aim to be there on Monday morning for the opening court."

"That'll be might' nice. Have you told Daddy yet?"

"No, not yet. I'll tell him tonight, maybe."

"I don't think he'll mind, Jesse."

She knew how it would proceed after supper. The menfolk sat by the fire while she cleared away the dishes. There was more silence than talk. Then Jasper spoke about the drovers and the cattle. Abrael talked about the men at the camp and the plans for the spring raft; he was going to float one. Sparrel said little, staring into the fire and looking at his sons. And Jesse twisted his mouth, glanced at his father, at the fire, at Cynthia, at Jasper, put his hands into his pockets and took them out.

"I guess the fall work's about done up now," Jesse said.

"We've done right well with it," Sparrel said.

"I reckon I'll go over to town now and read the law with Tandy Morgan." It came with nothing but a higher pitch and a brittle utterance to betray the nervous constraint behind it.

Sparrel said easily and very gently, "I allowed you had a mind to it. You'll need some money for that." He took from his pocket the long leather sack which he carried, and held it out to Jesse. "If you're going to be a lawyer, be a good one, son, and be clean about it. The law can dirty a man."

"It didn't dirty Blackstone or Lincoln any. I mean to be that kind. And I don't need the money," Jesse said, handing the purse back to Sparrel. "I got enough for the winter."

Cynthia knew the fervor of his voice and was moved.

Sparrel had got up from his chair, and stood looking down at Jesse. With unaccustomed demonstration he laid his hand on Jesse's shoulder and pushed away the leather sack. "Keep it, son. That's what I got it for. I'll just ride over with you tomorrow and see you settled, by your leave."

In the morning they rode down Wolfpen, Sparrel choosing the Finemare for the journey, and Jesse on his own mule with the small grip of clothes and the yellow Blackstone firmly strapped to the saddle.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Halted Sunday Vehicular Traffic

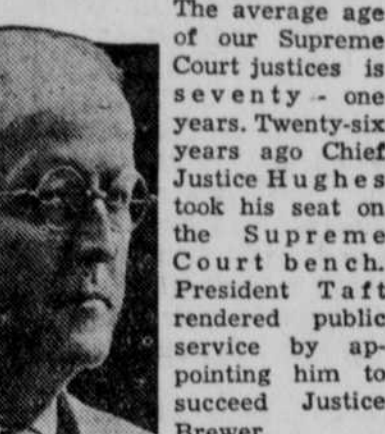
The increasing use of the horse and buggy in the United States at the beginning of the Nineteenth century apparently hurt church attendance, for in Philadelphia, notes Arthur D. Styles, Montreal, Canada, in Collier's Weekly, the church authorities became so perplexed by it that they had permission, between 1798 and 1831, to stop all vehicular traffic on Sundays by hanging large chains across the principal streets.

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

Old Men Still Useful
Fists and Razor Blades
Youngest Grandfather
Science Works Two Ways

Even in this day of flaming youth, mature age still has its usefulness.



The average age of our Supreme Court justices is seventy-one years. Twenty-six years ago Chief Justice Hughes took his seat on the Supreme Court bench. President Taft rendered public service by appointing him to succeed Justice Brewer.

He left the bench to run for President against Woodrow Wilson, and would doubtless have been elected had he not gone to California. Had he been elected he would have remained in the United States and probably would have saved the country ten thousand million dollars that Woodrow Wilson shoveled out in his ecstasy of self-approval.

Rioting in London's "Mile End Road," in which the faces of men and women were slashed with razor blades and one man was thrown through a shop window, etc., seems rather "un-English," to put it mildly. Fistic fighting has been encouraged by distinguished Englishmen, including judges, on the ground that it is "better than using knives."

It is better, doubtless, but what about the razor blades?

Germany honors its youngest grandfather, Herman Jahnke, farm laborer, thirty-six years old. Married at seventeen, his eldest daughter became a mother at seventeen.

If all you want is children, that record is satisfactory, although any mouse family could beat it by 25,000 per cent, and almost any microbe by a billion per cent.

If good children were desired, it would have been better for Mr. Jahnke to have his first child at 36, and his first grandchild at 60 or 70; at least that was Plato's opinion.

Justice uses science—the electric chair, the lethal chamber—to punish criminals. The criminal uses science to carry on his trade. An SOS signal,

purporting to come from a yacht in distress, drew the coast guard away from the coast of Hawaii, making it convenient for smugglers of narcotics to bring in their cargo. Tear gas, comparatively modern, was used to empty a New York theater where there was labor trouble.

Japan, until recently convinced, mistakenly, that this country is her enemy, and for excellent reasons keeping close watch on Russia and her anti-Japanese Vladivostok airplane and submarine base, now turns suspicious attention on dear old John Bull.

Britain is supposed to have asked nine nations to protest against Japan's demands on China. That should not worry Japan too much. The same old John Bull got fifty-one nations to protest Mussolini's attack on Ethiopia; but, paying no attention, the able Italian went ahead swallowing Ethiopia; sending the little Haile Selassie to live in Switzerland.

In his villa at San Remo, the Duke of Borea D'Olmo celebrates his one hundred and sixth birthday in excellent health. He has been active in Italian court circles since 1841, before the beginning of the United States-Mexican war.

Mussolini tells 200 farmers and industrialists to prepare for a "decisive conflict" that will be necessary "to preserve order against anarchy."

Those that favor the "present civilization," he said, will have to preserve it. "We are at the dawn of a decisive conflict between the representatives of order and anarchy."

Dr. Irving Langmuir, brilliant Nobel prize winner, announced a "counterpart of life," produced chemically; interesting, probably not important. Until some professor can produce "some counterpart of life" able to think, manufacture telescopes, explore the universe and run for office, man's domination will not be threatened. A cigar store Indian is a "counterpart," but not an Indian.

European nations are preparing to recognize the Spanish rebels when they take Madrid and set up a national government.

The idea is to take prompt action and forestall the victorious insurgents' giving Spanish territory to Italy or Germany; the Balearic islands to Italy for instance, to use as naval and air bases, with Ceuta for Germany. This would upset the balance of power in the western Mediterranean and disturb old England, with Egypt and the Suez Canal on her mind.

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Puttering Around the House—

Time-Wasting Work of Putting Away Things Others Have Used

WHEN a family is orderly, no one has to do much puttering about. When the members are not particular where they put their things, it becomes the undesirable duty of some person to spend much time in just this very thing, puttering. Hours are wasted daily in such trivialities as gathering up newspapers spread about, picking up and putting away gloves, hats, scissors, thimbles, pencils, etc. Whatever it may be that has been in use, and not put away by the user, or has been put in the wrong place, must be placed where it belongs or the house would reflect poor housekeeping.

Nondescript Tasks.

The time given to these nondescript jobs should be given by those who leave the work to others. Putting things away is part of the job connected with using the things, just as much as getting the things out, is part of it. The work is regular and legitimate and only becomes an annoyance when left for the wrong person to do.

Left-Over Jobs.

No person wants her time frittered away doing the left-over jobs of others. Nobody enjoys having a person puttering around, either. It is distracting to attention, and disturbing to the nerves. From both the angle of the person who putters about and those who have to endure the annoyance of such activity, there should be some remedy found.

Remedies Suggested.

Mothers can teach their children to put their playthings away when through with them. This is the first step to take. Then she can instruct the little folk to put their outside things away when they come in from outdoors. Children can get into the habit of orderliness by being made to realize that what they don't do, has to be done by mother who is very busy and often too tired to do the extra tasks. Affection will gain the day.

Breaking the Habit.

Adults should consider how to break themselves of the reprehensible habit of leaving work

they should do, to be completed by others. If they really determine to stop this bothersome fault, they will decrease the necessity of puttering about by the person who heartily dislikes the work, but who, for the sake of order prefers to do it rather than have disorder around.

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To Alkalize Acid Indigestion Away Fast



People Everywhere Are Adopting This Remarkable "Phillips" Way

The way to gain almost incredibly quick relief, from stomach condition arising from overacidity, is to alkalinize the stomach quickly with Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

You take either two teaspoons of the liquid Phillips' after meals; or two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. Almost instantly "acid indigestion" goes, gas from hyperacidity, "acid-headaches"—from over-indulgence in food or smoking—and nausea are relieved. You feel made over; forget you have a stomach.

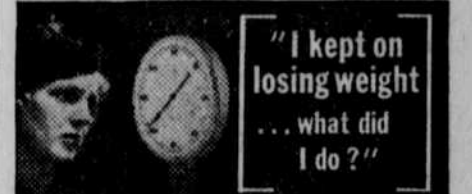
Try this Phillips' way if you have any acid stomach upsets. Get either the liquid "Phillips'" or the remarkable new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. Only 25¢ for a big box of tablets at drug stores.



PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

Firmness

I know no real worth but that tranquil firmness which seeks dangers by duty, and braves them without rashness.—Stanislaus.



"I kept on losing weight . . . what did I do?"

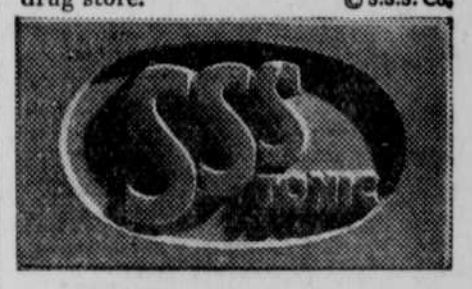
"I found an easy, grand way to get back those precious pounds!"

To regain lost weight is a simple matter when certain bodily functions are restored to normal. Of foremost importance is the stimulation of digestive juices in the stomach to make better use of the food you eat. . . and restoration of lowered red-blood-cells to turn the digested food into firm flesh. S.S.S. Tonic does just this.

Forget about underweight worries if you are deficient in stomach digestive juices and red-blood-cells. . . just take S.S.S. Tonic immediately before each meal. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you feel. . . your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

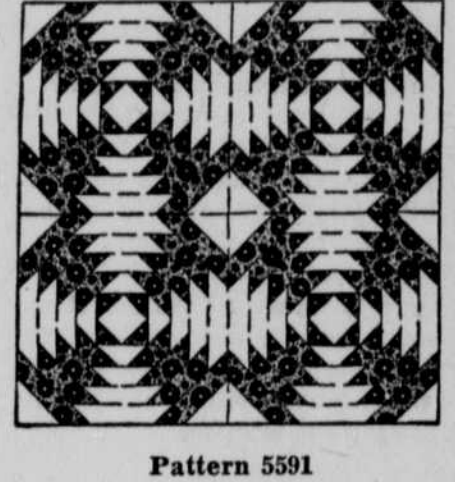
S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health. . . its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven. . . that's why it makes you feel like yourself again. Available at any drug store.

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HOTEL SANFORD OMAHA

It's the Talk of the Quilting Bee



Pattern 5591

It's most certainly the talk of the quilting bee—this quaint Pine-apple pattern! And why wouldn't it be? With nearly all the patch pieces the same width, you can cut your fabric into strips and snip off pieces as needed. Easily made, you start from the center and sew round and round till the block is done.

In pattern 5591 you will find the Block Chart, an illustration for cutting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram of quilt to help arrange the blocks for single and double bed size, and a diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing the patches and suggests contrasting materials.

To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Law of the Home

I believe that the fewer the laws in a home the better; but there is one law which should be as plainly understood as the shining of the sun is visible at noonday, and that is, implicit and instantaneous obedience from the child to the parent, not only for the peace of the home, but for the highest good of the child.—A. E. Kittredge.

LOOK, PIMPLE SUFFERERS!



I HATE GOING OUT. MY SKIN LOOKS AWFUL.

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