

CHAPTER XVI-Continued -20-

for the way she came into the Jane was radiant in her own hap- Julia Pattern's people went there, piness: it overflowed her heart and and that seemed to make the union expanded to include the whole Pat- complete. tern household. She maintained the new mistress of the house as Jas-Cynthia's wedding. There were no but you can remember us by it." bristling or stuck-up city ways about her. She was helpful, unobtrusively managing the details of the bedrooms. The womenfolk edges and brass corners and yellow spoke of it: "I reckon she can straps around it, and a silk umbrella. carry on a place right well-Jasper's wife is a mighty fine girl .- you and your folks. Here's a little 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 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 Doug?" Grandfather Saul stalking around over the place. In her dress, en-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 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 coll of black hair above the smooth soft skin of her forehead, her cheeks pink-flushed, and the look in nothing happened. He won't let 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 honevsuckle in the stone jars in the doorway and on each side. The clove bush by the steps gave off its first smell of spice.

While they were standing there, Cynthia happened to look across the the sun. "I'll be a pear tree by the well with pink-edged blossoms and row?" 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!"

pear tree. Look!" She held the skirt of her wedding the tree. She reached for the long her and stroked her hand. spray that hung over the well box, bending it down and looking back over her shoulder at Reuben who morrow." had followed her, watching her. She

smiled at him across the blossoms.

there," he said. Then he broke the quiet under the stars. The Milky branch for her and she carried it Way lay like a wisp of fog once along her arm as she went back to more over Wolfpen as it had lain the porch for the ceremony. She in the days of Saul Pattern, calm held it in her left hand across her and immemorial above the affairs breast when she said to Amos of this hollow. Looking up the dark Barnes for Reuben, "I do." And hillside to the night sky, Cynthia when Reuben placed the ring on her had the sensation that the year was finger she held the spray on her a dream and the events that had right arm, thinking. "The actual befallen it no more substantial than marrying itself is right simple. I this plume of white mist in the guess it is the feel in a body's heart space above her. that makes it not simple. 'Do you take this man to be your wedded ily on the old porch Tivis and Sparhusband?' and for all that means rel had built: Lucy and her family,

had come into the hills; as if Cyn- any more but Warren. Cynthia thia were not marrying a man from Warren, Mrs. Reuben Warren, His

down the river but a Gannon Creek boy. Then it was said that Reuben Cynthia almost grew to love Jane was one of the Pike county Warrens who went to Lawrence and house after her marriage to Jasper. Scioto counties in Ohio at the time

Many of the women brought gifts most admirable poise between the to Cynthia of needlework and the loom. "It ain't much, Cynthia, and per's wife, and a guest of honor at nothing you couldn't do yourself,

> "As if I needed anything to make me remember all you folks."

Shellenberger brought gifts: a the kitchen and assigning guests to gray telescope with leather-bound

"You've been mighty good to me, Yes, she takes right a - hold of present for you. I wish you much things.-She'll be a good manager. happiness." That was all he ever -Jasper might have gone further said about the board money. The and fared worse. - Julia always people thought the gifts princely, said she was a fine girl.—She comes in keeping with Shellenberger and from might good people, Jane Bur- the fine words on a cultivated den does.-Wolfpen's a good place tongue. Cynthia at first hardly knew and I don't reckon it'll suffer any 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 thought, to see Jasper consciously 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 nice of him to think

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

There was reproach in the sallow eyes as Hessie spoke. "He still veloping me in her, that would be a good omen of happiness like down some now. 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 She Moved Joyously Toward Him gets in a fit of temper. It makes a body right heart-sick to watch him. If some people had done the Finemare and the mules for the right thing by him it wouldn't never have happened. He won't give up. Jane and Lucy had the breakfast stopped to look back. The top of an inch, say. Lucy and Jenny are He's going to do all the plowing. I prepared. 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 hap-

anybody say anything about it." be idle to try to explain it so Hestable.

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

Jasper got her mule and led it up to the horse-block. She gave Cynyard to the pear tree by the well. thia a last look from her hooded The buds had burst suddenly under eyes and sallow face. "I guess I'll be going now. You leaving tomor-

> "Yes. Tomorrow morning," Cynthia said, watching her ride stolidly through the gate.

Cynthia's shoulders trembled, and "Oh, Reuben," she whispered, "the she ran to the porch where Reuben was standing. She slipped her arm through his for reassurance and gown above the grass and went to looked up at him. He smiled at

"I hope we're going to have the sun for our trip on the boat to-

"I am sure we will." The evening was soft with spring "You're as pretty as a picture and the pale moon, Cranesnest was

They sat in the evening as a famare only two of the tiniest words in Jasper and Abral, Jenny and her the whole world, 'I do.' But I do!" family, Jasper and Jane, Cynthia The ceremony affected the Gan- and Reuben. The talk was of the non Creek folks who come to it, life on Wolfpen through the years, finding the emotion akin to that of of the incidents in their family life. a funeral. Then the dinner was Reuben sat very quiet holding Cynlaid on long tables on the porch thia's hand, Cynthia going out to and in the dining room and kitchen. be one of the family for a sentence The men were merry. The women or two, then hurrying back to be were efficient wa serving the food. lost in her world with Reuben. It was almost as if no new thing "Married. My name is not Pattern

I am ready, Reuben. I love you." Abral broke the circle and every-

body arose. "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 | trees would be in bloom when they 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 polgnantly 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 moonglow.

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



Through the Dim Moonglow.

journey to the river and the boat, the Big Sandy Valley, Cynthia

While Jesse and Beuben were strapping the small trunk and the in leaf. It was taking the sun on new telescope on the pack-mule, its yellow edge, enduring above the Cynthia made a last visit about the house. She took down the Boone pened to bim. He'd kill hisself to powder-horn and Sparrel's pioneer ing the schemes and exploitations try to do about the place just like clothing and looked at them. She of little and selfish men. went into the medicine-room to smell the herbs her father had left This seemed to be the thing she there. She charged Jane to watch wanted to say, more with her eyes over the things her father had left er through the valley toward the sea. full of reproach and the tone of in the desk by the mantel. She her voice than with the words. Cyn- went into the weaving room for the ing the tears form, lifting in her her a basketful of things from the Julia had dyed. "It isn't so easy to ben smiled to her. leave everything. Maybe Jane will learn to use it. She takes hold of two," Jesse said. things. But it isn't so easy." Then

GARDEN

MURDER

CASE

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hand is hot. In a little while we she took the two volumes of the will go to bed. Together. I always thought I would be plagued and thumbs through the years when he bashful when. But I'm not, We've read to her, and a few packets of been married now, eleven to about the flower-seeds Sparrel had gatheight, say nine or ten hours his wife, ered from Julia's garden, and packed them to carry away with her.

She heard through her tears the voice of Reuben speaking to Jesse and there was laughter in it. She thought of the cottage in the orchard above the rivers. The cherry got there. That would be her place. as Wolfpen had been Julia's and was Jane's. "It isn't so hard to leave everything, going with Reuben."

Jesse rode away with them. Jane stood at the kitchen door, as Julia used to do when Sparrel was riding over to town. She waved to Cynthia, and Reuben lifted his hat, returning the farewell. Lucy and Jenny and their children were in the yard. They found Jasper at work in Poplar Bottom and bade him good-by there. "Take care of yourself," he said, "and come up and see us now before long."

They took the more difficult trail around Cranesnest because Cynthia did not want to pass the spot where her father was struck down. At the top of the mountain they stopped to look down for the last time into Wolfpen. The mill was silent and the pond was dark with the shadow of the hill behind it. The shelf of graves was hidden by Cranesnest. The house and orchard were far away, tiny and quiet. Under them Poplar Bottom looked to be standing on edge. Jasper was plowing, the old iron plow blade flashing in the sun when he turned at the end of the row. He strode the furrows like his father, only it was not Sparrel. He called to Sparrel's mule in the cadence of Sparrel's voice; it lay poised in the hollow like a thin fog and then floated up to Cynthia's ears on the mountaintop. It was only an echo of Sparrel's call.

It was a moment of sentiment for Cynthia, and of vision. The turned earth lay brown and naked to the sun, fertile and ripe for seed. Death was now no more. Death was gone with the winter snow, buried in the earth to be reborn. Perhaps Sparrel lay with content by Saul and Barton and Tivis above his fields and those of his fathers, seeing Jasper in the long furrows. Perhaps Julia rests in peace by Sparrel's side, seeing Jane raking seed into her garden, knowing the secret swelling that would plump the new wife's womb before the roasting ears were ripe. Death had come to ife under the sweet ache and thrust of the sun, and the moist nurture of the rain.

They rode on through the forest around the Cranesnest Ridge, Reuben, Cynthia, the pack mule, Jesse, in file. The sun shone on the budding trees. At the end of the ridge where the trail began to drop into the Pinnacle was just visible from this point when the trees were not desolation in Dry Creek like the nobility in the human soul outstand-

Cynthia turned from it to the road ahead. Stretched below her was the timeless circling of the riv-

"I reckon this is good-by to Wolfpen," she said, patting the neck of thia did not go on with it. It would last time and sat by the loom, feel- the Finemare and looking at Reuben. "And welcome to an orchard at sie could understand. She handed hands a ball of yarn, the last one the other end of the river," Reu-

"And don't miss your boat, you

[THE END.]

## The Liver and Wakefulness. OFTEN speak about the liverthe 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

The little glands, 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 ment. 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 pa-

This fact of the daily routine of Wolfpen suddenly, violently. Then, eight hours after the evening mealreserved and silent once more, it is thought to be the cause of sleephad withdrawn into the dark places lessness or wakefulness about two of the earth beyond the sight of o'clock in the morning in certain son to the urgence and assertion of of starchy and fat foods-potatoes, obtained when it is used to take the as they passed over a bridge. It at six o'clock might be of some help, but would certainly not tend with molasses. Either cane or beet 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

"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, workingand 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 21/2 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.

However, when real hard work is done such as outdoor digging, handling ice, coal, or other heavy materials, eight or more hours a day, then a great amount of food is needed-just twice as much as if this individual were lying quietly in bed. @-WNU Service

## 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," pituitary at base of 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 treat-

"Whether 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 main-

tain 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 the liver in storing its largest in corn belt live stock feeding this amount of glycogen at night-about fall and winter, or at least until emergency forage crops and pastures develop, says Wallaces'

The most satisfactory results from bread, sugar, sweets, puddings, place of only one daily hay feeding. landed with a splash. cream-at the noon hour instead of The intake of straw can be facilitated by increasing the palatability 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 toe 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 abut 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 drouth. 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.

"Green Wrap" Tomatoes Since the tomato season in any locality lasts but a few weeks most consumers who insist on the "fresh" vegetable the year round get what is known to the trade as the "green wrap" (tomatoes that are held in storage and ripened) about eight months out of the year. This business of picking green and ripening on the way to the consumer has become a well developed and highly successful business.



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 Second Tramp-No, I'd say not!

had four jobs offered me in one

INDEPENDENT



"Yep, I served in de army for

two years." "An' wuz youse honorably discharged?"

"Discharged! Well, I should say not. I up an' quit on me own

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 anything. 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 men, yielding place for another sea- individuals. Eating their large meal straw as a feed for dairy cattle are and tossed it off the train, just

"Mon," screamed Sandy, it bad enough to try and overcharge me, but now you try to to keep them alert for mental work | molasses, diluted with one to two | 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

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pains! Thousands

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