

The Legend of Hanging Rock

By E. CARL SINK

(Continued from last week.)

For a long while she stood looking at the house and then at the ground. Later, in her bed in the little room next to the kitchen, she lay for long while her thoughts were numb and yet her mind raced around and around the awful problem. In the rosy dawn, when she stretched her aching body from the low bed, she had come to the decision that all pioneer women in all matters must make. There was nothing, exactly nothing, that any woman could do and live excepting to accept fate in the will of her men folk. Life was sweet to a girl of eighteen; to die was all horrible; to live might bring, might bring anything. She would wait.

Two days passed, and three had finished with the mending which followed the Saturday baking. In the time Ellen had not left the house several times in the rounds of her duties she had felt a presence, which never was a presence, but perhaps a shadow fitting with the shadows of a westering sun when the noontime had passed. Though her body ached with the tension, and her soul sickened with the sight of Vincent at meal times, resolutely she put from her mind all thought, and existed as a creature bereft of all conscious volition.

Saturday night brought deep sleep, and Sunday morning, day of rest excepting for the cooking of breakfast and the finishing of the Sunday roast of a beef the Colonel had ordered killed to furnish him an excuse for the long trip back to Patrick to dispose of the unused parts, finished at noon upon a note of expectancy.

The brothers and Vincent had gone to their favorite swimming hole to spend, she knew, the afternoon as was proper with young bucks. The house was intolerable to Ellen, and the immediate premises were little better after she had exhausted the possibilities of the setting hens and a new litter of kittens. The garden would stand a bit of hoeing perhaps, but it was the Sabbath . . . and so Ellen found herself shortly in the cool shade beside the streamlet under the pine. And Wanataki was before her, a quiet gladness in his eyes.

"You come, Princess?" he said simply. Earnestly his eyes peered into hers.

"You are sad, Princess? On the hill the young bear is feeding." His eyes were suddenly eager. Tears threatened in the grey eyes. Hastily Ellen turned her head and furtively rubbed her hand across the offending members. When she turned a quiet smile played at the corners of her mouth. Impulsively she grasped his wrist, and pointed to the great boulder which hung over the valley.

"Wanataki," she said softly, "take me there."

Wanataki was troubled. His eyes, for the moment, clouded,

and his face became even more grave. He lifted his eyes to the great stone, and dropped them to the white hand upon his wrist. Ellen waited until his eyes returned fully to hers. Inwardly she sensed the struggle within the youth, and, not knowing its import, yet thrilled womanlike as she sensed his capitulation to her desire. For a long moment they stood face to face, and what passed between the soul of the Indian youth and the white maiden only the good God who made all humanity can know.

"The Great Spirit," Wanataki began and stopped. Ellen waited a long minute.

"The Great Spirit, Wanataki," she said simply. "I want to know the Great Spirit. This day we too set aside to worship our Great Spirit."

Wanataki peered long into the depths of the grey eyes for the truth behind her words.

"Come," he said at last.

It was a long walk, tiring even to the well exercised muscles of the pioneer maiden. They crossed two streams and entered a game path at the foot of the first hill. A toilsome climb put them on the brow and they faced another ascent across a pass. Around the side of the second mountain they skirted while the smoothness of the passage rested weary legs and relieved the pressure on laboring lungs. Between the second mountain and the third there was a grassy plane, beyond which a towering corroded granite marked the ascent to the utmost peak which was the abode of the Great Spirit.

At the edge of the grassy plot, and around the first boulder which had hidden the upward path, Wanataki stopped so suddenly that Ellen bumped into him, and giggled, almost lost her footing. The youth made no effort to stay her fall, but waited gravely until she stood, flushed, before him.

"Wait here," he said briefly, and waited only for the assent in her eyes before turning up the path.

Ellen watched as his walk became a dog-trot, the jog a smooth-strided run until he stood outlined on the rim against the evening sun. Her breath caught as the virility of his young body stood so revealed. Fascinated, she stared as his right arm lifted toward the distant sky, and he stood motionless for a long instant.

Then from the swelling muscles of his throat came the call that had thriled her so often as she heard it in the mornings and at night in the safety of the stone house and imagined it the wailing of a monster panther on the mountainside. It rose in crashing crescendo, seeming in reality to mount the air to heaven, a supplication which became a mighty challenge to the forces of earth with the sure promise of strength from above.

As the call finished, Ellen leaned weakly against the boulder, not having the strength to stand,

and her mind and soul was given to the youth who stood upon a mountain top and sent out his call for the earth and for the heavens to hear. It was not long before she gathered sufficient strength to go forward when she saw the youth, having approached his God alone, now awaited her coming.

Wanataki stood silent as the girl approached and stood at his side. His gaze was fixed out into the horizon, halfway between the heavens and the dwelling places of his people below. He stood as a statue, rigid, scarcely breathing.

Ellen followed his gaze out over the mountain top, but she saw nothing beyond. She was trembling, not with the exertion of the late climb, but with the force of her emotions which hammered at her chest, and tingled the tips of her breasts, and beat at the base of her skull, and sent whirling streamers of hot light through her brain. Her eyes fixed suddenly on the swell of his biceps as she stood at his side; her mind swooned, and was brought up sharply, fascinated at the regular beating of a pulse in the brown throat. As a marked bird would follow the swaying of a serpent's head, her head bent forward and back in cadence with the beating of the pulse. Dimly she was aware of a warming sun which poured all the strength of nature into her body; within herself a flaming heat welled outward.

With a sudden motion she stood before him, and her frantic fingers luried themselves in the firm flesh of his upper arms. Passionately she forced his body forward and his eyes down. But his body was rigid, and his eyes filled with a light which came, she knew, from outside. Her instinct forced the fullness of her womanhood into the struggle.

She measured her length against his body, crushed her breasts against his hard chest, her limbs against the steel tendons which held him so upright. Her arms entwined and locked behind his head. To the force of her pull he relaxed slightly, while the light in his eyes changed suddenly. With a moan Ellen crushed her lips against the stern lines of his own, and poured all of her maiden strength into the caress her blood forced from her being.

(To be continued next week.)



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Hints For Motorists

By Joseph R. Rollins
The Atlantic Refining Company

WHEN a car refuses to start after it has been standing in the rain for a long time, the trouble is usually due to water working its way into the distributor. Nine times out of ten, the remedy is simply to remove the distributor cap, wipe off the moisture between the contacts, and replace the cap.

Spark plugs will give longer, better service if they are cleaned every 2,000 miles. If your car starts to buck when slowing down in high gear, or when you step on the accelerator, it is often a sign that the spark plugs need attention.

NOTICE

Having qualified as the administrator of L. L. Nunn, late of the county of Stokes, this is to notify all persons holding claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned on or before the 7th day of September, 1940, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate settlement with the undersigned.

This September 7, 1939.
ANDY H. NUNN, Adm.,
of L. L. Nunn, Westfield,
N. C., Route 1.

State of North Carolina,
Stokes County.

In the Superior Court
NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL
PROPERTY

Stokes County (Board of County Commissioners of Stokes County, North Carolina, and J. R. Voss, Auditor of Stokes County.)

Vs.
N. Earl Wall, et al.,
Raynor Wall, Lois Wall,
Brantley Wall, Eugenia
Wall and Anna Wall

By authority of an order made and entered on the 27th day of September, 1939, in the above entitled cause by J. Watt Tuttle, Clerk of the Superior Court of Stokes County, North Carolina, the undersigned commissioner will expose for sale for cash, at the court house door in Danbury, North Carolina, to the highest bidder, at 12 o'clock noon on Friday, October 27th, 1939 the following property:

A tract of land devised by J. T. Wall to N. E. Wall, for life and remainder to his children, the will of said J. T. Wall, being recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Stokes County, North Carolina, in Will Book No. 8 at page 414, to which reference is hereunto made. The land being in Yadkin township is more particularly described as follows:

"Beginning at a white oak runs north 20 chains to a black gum; thence 10 chains to a black oak; thence north 2 degrees east 4 chains and 13 links to a dogwood; thence east on a new line 33 1-2 chains to a Spanish oak; thence south 15 chains and 68 links to a cotton wood; thence north 88 degrees west 17 and 3-4 chains to a pine bush; thence south 9 chains to a stake; thence west 24 chains to a white oak, the beginning corner, containing 81.95 acres, more or less."

This the 27th day of Sept., '39.

A. J. ELLINGTON,
Commissioner.

NOTICE

State of North Carolina,
Stokes county,
Stokes County, plaintiff

Vs.
Ovela Sockwell, and husband
— Sockwell, defendants.

The defendants above named, will take notice, that an action entitled as above, has been commenced in the Superior Court of Stokes County, North Carolina, for the purpose of foreclosing past due taxes on 19.10 acres of land located in Beaver Island township and owned by the said defendants, and the defendants will further take notice that they are required to appear within thirty days from this date and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

This the 28th day of Sept., '39.
J. WATT TUTTLE,
Clerk Superior Court.
A. J. Ellington, Attorney for plaintiff

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