SYNOPSIS borty, Maine, Jim Sale aberty, Maine, Jim Sala-to the Bistory of the Hostile Valley--its past is superb fishing streams, all, the mystarious, en-idy," wife of Will Ferrin. he drives to the Valley Sching, though admit-musif his chief desire is resented by sciencerus Hol-

ALC: N

Williams

CHAPTER I

not which boiled over that In Hostile Valley had been brewing: two years, or twen-cording to the point of view. Ferrin may have been its ingredient; but Jenny Pierce iso a major part in what en-

bad never lived for long other world than this deep It was almost twenty years her father died; and her sold their farm in Liberty

me, with Jenny in her arms, here with old -Marm who was Jenny's grand-

Plerce, before their comeen a farmhouse of some size, e old Haven place. The house wan built by her father long When he died, her brother who had a wandering foot, who had never spent more time in the Valley than he must, to sell; but Marm Pierce

vas born in this house and mind to die here," she told outly. "Half of it's mine, and You'go on and sell your want; but I aim to go f if you want; gving in mine."

t obviously it was impossible ell half a house; and Win n raged at her obstinacy. She mined unshaken and the result a one of those guarrels which be-ne more bitter with years, which w and thrive on their own acrid The house and the farm they ed half and half, by a straight drawn through the very middle he house itself; and since then, m Pierce kept rigidly to her

rce kept rigidly to her and her brother maliciously d his alde of the house to and decay. He made no res, gave the rotting boards no serving touch of paint; and he med to permit his sister to rem-his own neglect. She boarded her side of the house; walled off half of the cellar; nalled up the

cting doors. any, as she grew older, for a subset to imagine dreadful with her; or rather, sometimes lorking in the other side-Pierce called it the Win-side this strange house divided; when windows fell out and ors sagged on their hinges, she netimes crept secretly into the rooms to peer into shadowed ak of a mouse. Till one morning, thus venturing, she found Win Haven himself in a drunken sleep on the floor, and fied in stark disay, weeping with fright, to her mother, "Good enough for yon," Marm arce told her aharply, "You keep t of the Win-side of the house ter this. Let him may there and t in his own dirt if he's a mind." reafter, Jenny obeyed this inparticular fear of Win Haven particular teat of Win Haven, was a restless man, appearing disappearing at long intervals, sometimes for months, some-a for years. But always the came when Jenny and her dmother heard some stir of ement in the empty rooms so to those in which their own were lived: and old Marm were lived; and old Marm e would say tartly: ell, that Win's back again !" II, that Win's back by sometimes encountared He was already an old man, grew older; yet there was in him too, and a vigorous in him too, and a vigorous

but even the Valley road itself was little traveled. As long ago as Jen-ny's childhood, the Valley was already a solltary place, with only scattered families here and there. The farm was hidden within a belt of woodland, halfway between the Valley road and the brook. Some meadow land Marm Pierce tended year by year, hiring neighbors to cut back the encroaching underbrush, and to harvest the hay; and she and Jenny made a garden suffi

abe and Jenny made a garden sum-cient for their needs. The mead-ows that were part of Win's half of the farm were long since gone back to birch and popple and back to birch and popple and young backmatack; a youthful wildernet In this remote spot Jenny gre from a baby into childhood. She

never vividly remembered her mother, who died soon after they came to Granny Pierce's farm to live. Thereafter the old woman and the little girl dwelt here alone; and

Jenny grèw older. Marm Pierce was not a solitary. however; she had some skill with roots and herbs, and a certain healing power in her, and since there was no doctor nearer than Liberty village, folk hereabout were

apt to turn to her to tend their les ser ills. So visitors came not in frequently to seek Marm Pierce's ministrations, or to cut and mow her hay, or plow her garden, or merely for the sake of passing by. The old woman's sharp tongue was kindly, too: her wit pleased more than it hurt. And either from friendliness, or from a desire to keep her good opinion, neighbors did her a favor when they could.

If a man were going to Liberty vil lage for supplies, he was apt to stop by to ask whether there were any errand be might do. If a man

had more apples than he could well market, he brought her a barrel. The bins in her cellar were well filled with potatoes and other roots, every fail; and when her cow calved, there were helpers ready if the need arose. Jenny, as she grew older, wore

none of the shyness natural to farm children. She saw a surprising number of people, and met them in friendly fashion, so that even when a stranger came into her life, she for her to admire. could greet the newcomer unafraid. Also, as she grew older, she took to herself the liberty of the fields, and the deep woods; and she knew every foot of the brawling stream that from Carey's bridge came in swirls and cascades through a nar

rowing gorge, to relax in wide slug-gish pools as it entered the cedar bog a little below. etim 8 Mari Pierce

with salt will seal the ole that re: that a lau ill her life, so ing. Th Will Perrin for the fir When they t day the co pasture l ne to walk for no reason, t

rs old; and he had lived al the farm 00 up the al kitch ve the Valley. The farm was a good, even though its tilled acres contracted since the old days Enoch, great-grandfather Will, and his three a

orked it well, Will, when he could be spared from the farm work, sometimes came down to fish the stream; and he had thus come on this day when

Jenny first saw him, Jenny and Will, though they had lived for a Will, though they had lived for a dozen years within a mile or so of one another, had never met at all. Will came to fah a few of the deep holes in the gorge; and Jenny wandered through the woods to the streamside, seeking here and there the springing herbs which Marm Plerce liked to gather in the flood tide of June.

Jenny by old habit moved through the forest silently, finding pleas-ure in surprising the birds at their pleasant occupations, in catching quick fleeting gilmpses of small creatures unawares. She was no more a disturbing element in the forest than the creatures which lived there, and Will, his cars filled with the rushing song of the wa-ter as he fished, heard nothing of her coming.

He had crossed to the west side of the stream for his fishing, so that his back was toward her when she first discovered him. She saw a tall, strong figure in blue over-alls and blue shirt and a battered old hat, the overalls tucked into rubber boots that ended just be-low his knee. She saw him, and she paused, a little way off, standing utterly still, leaning with one hand against a tree, motionless

and yet not rigid, beautifully at her BRIDE She watched him for a moment: and he lifted a fine trout out of the stream. It fell flopping by his side, and he dropped the rod to pin it with his hands. So doing, he turned

sidewise to her, so that she saw his face, and the shock of straw-colored hair under the hat, and his delighted grin. But as he pinned the fish, he ut-

tered an exclamation of pain, and snatched one hand away and looked at it; and Jenny, with the quick sympathy which all women have, came toward him. She was six paces off when he heard or felt her presence there, and turned and looked up at her; and his eyes widened in quick surprise, and then he said something, laughing. And he got up, the tront in one hand, his rod in the other, and held the fish

"Handsome, ain't he?" She asked: "Did he stick the hook into you?"

Will was puzzled. "No !" "I could see you hurt your hand, hen you grabbed him." "Oh," he remembered; and he extended the hand which held the fish, turned it so that she could an inflamed and swollen finger

to her been, ut her y in her ignant the back

e's barn Her head brought rce like

a trophy, like a p They found the n in the the girl, This here is not a felon on him you could c I told his inger. 1 t

THE DUPLIN

Marm Pierce, briak, black-eyed, Marm Pierce, briak, black-eyed, white-haired, with a quick-thrusting tongue, said sharphy: "Take it in time and I could Howdy, Will. Let's see it. If you'd had any sense, you'd have come before now !" Jenny cried softly: "You already knowed him? You never told me, Granny!"

Granny i" Marm Pierce looked at the girl with swift probing eyes. "Told you?" ahe echoed. "Why should ..." She checked the question unasked, reading her answer in the girl's warm color and soft tones; and she spoke briskly to Will again. "It's a bad one," she said. "I dunno as I can do it a mile of rood, but you can do it a mite of good, but you set down and we'll see

Will obeyed her, and the old wom an, with another wise glance at Jenny, turned to the cupboard above the sink where many of her stores were kept, and runmaged

ber what it is you do, Granny." "Take a piece of wild turnip," Marm Pierce explained. "There's "There's some here somewheres." She found



on It Tomorrow."

"I'll grate it up, and mix it with turpentine, and put it on that finger of yours, Will. It'll kill the pain right away; and if it works the way it's s'posed to, it'll eat the felon out, too. Be a hole there tomorrow morning, clear in to the

"T'll give you some salve to put on it tomorrow," she suid. "That'll heal it right up, like as not. If it

Not Posed By MOSES SCHERE MoClure Newspaper Syndicate.

E COULDN'T face her, looking so pitifully weary as she held the crumpled hundred-dollar

"Listen, Daisy," he said finally, don't ask me to take it. Please, please, go back to England. Go back to your folks. I'm no good. I married you five years ago, and for those years you haven't tour of wen had enough to eat. Go back there, sweetheart. I can't, can't take the last of your rainy-day money and sink it in this shop, and watch it go the way the rest of it went

She stood and looked at him for a long time. Then she went slowly, drearily back to the two little rooms.

She said, "You arranged everything, Tommy?" "Yes. The Caribbee - sails at

noon." He tried to smile. "Pay them at the pier. There'll be just enough left to get you home after you land on the other side. . . ." She said, "I love you," with her

lips, not making any sound. Then walked out of the door. When he realized that he was standing and looking at the sharp

edge of his pocket knife, he recolled. Not that-ever. He looked around wildly. There was the tricky little cam era with which you snapped people as they walked down the streets

You gave them a coupon with a number, and one in a hundred would send it back with a quarter for you to develop the negative. The gadget had cost him plentycost him Dalsy, perhaps. But he locked the store and ran out with it. Ten o'clock. She'd be gone in two hours, and gone, he knew, for good.

"Just send in the coupon, madam The picture will be perfectly nat ural-not posed, you see."

That one's the kind who wouldn't want a natural-looking photo-graph. I'll have to be careful about types. Eleven-ten. Twenty. Thirty. Daisy's still here-she's on the ship, and the captain is looking at his watch. She still loves me; if I didn't know that I'd walk out in front of that trolley car . .

here's a man, there's a good type Why, it's his honor, the mayor. His honor wouldn't send him quarter, but he'd just watch that slow, heavy walk in his finder. Ah, he's stopped-some men have come out of a car marked "Press' and are talking to him, very respectfully. And the mayor is denying something; he's turned his back on the men and is walking on, a little faster.

What's this? Some one else is in the finder. Some one who's picture had been in the papers as much as the mayor's-Big Dan Murphy, the opposition boss, the sworn enemy of his honor. Snap! Got them glaring at each other. Snap! Got both their arms waving. Snap! Big Dan's fist is in the mayor's face! Snap1 The mayor is on the sidewalk with blood running of his fat chin and Big Dan is turning on some one else! It's the men from the Press car; they've suspected something and had their camera ady-they were behind the two.

RENANSVILLE, NORTH CABOLE

Created by Man in All Ages

In all countries and in all ages this breed is smaller than a rat, there have been those possessed of a genius for creating Lilliputian mas-and weighs just over three ounces. terpieces, says Everyman, London. In the Sixteenth century Queen The engineer has also been tempt-

ed by records of smallness, and the creations of the model engineer far Elizabeth was the recipient of one such masterpiece; a golden chain composed of 50 links and so minute surpass the work of the artisans of the Middle Ages. The smallest electric locomotive that it was practically invisible un-

in the world has thrilled many London schoolboys, but this is beaten for smallness by a model auto-plano which plays Schubert's "Serenade" with the touch of a virtuoso. It is no bigger than a box of vestas.

Yet even this cannot compare for smallness and precision with that masterpiece of model-making executed by an American engineer-an engine developing less than a thousandth horse-power and so small that it can be hidden in the paim of the hand.

Women Form Majority

of Turkey's Population Women form the majority of Turkey's population; they exceed men by not less than 7.9 per cent, according to official statistics.

In rural districts the percentage of women is even much higher, as carved a dozen ivory plates so small in diameter and so thin that they fitin most of the larger cities the male element prevails.

The population of Istanbul with 709,000 inhabitants, against 1,100,-000 under Ottoman empire, includes 138,000 married couples, while 333,-000 persons are unmarried. There are 19,000 widowers, against 72,000 widows. The number of marriages has increased steadily from 1927, when 2,895 were registered, to 1932 with 4813 marriages. The majority of the brides were between nineteen and twenty-four years old, while men mostly married between thirty and thirty-four.

More than 13,000,000 Turkish citizens profess the Mahometan faith; 109,906 are Greek Orthodox, 81,872 Isrealites: 77,433 Armenian-Gregorians; 39,511 Roman Catholics, and 24,307 Protestants. The rest of the population of 17,500,000 belong either to no religious community or their religion could not be established.

Way Off to One Side

read with ease. Less futile and still more astound-A country storekeeper from Missouri visited New York city recently. ing are the chefs de'oeuvre of the On his return, he was the center of attraction around the stove in his watchmaker's art. In spite of the high precision required in making store the first evening. "New York is some town all right," he told his the parts and the intricacy of the assemblage, there are on the market listeners. "Cars scootin' like light-nin' over yer head, dash-burned long watches which keep good time and are so small that they can be set in trains a-divin' underground, buildin's a ring the size of a very small sigso blamed high ye cain't see the tops net. There are cameras, too, small of 'em, millions o' miles o' paved enough to be sewn inside the lining streets, an' autos a-chasin' ye all of a coat without making a noticeover the street. It's a blg town, all able bulge, the projecting lens look right, as I say, but it'll never be a success. It's too fur away." Combining the arts of the cameo

Distinct Benefit

untrained Russian and Czechoslo-Because a minister takes an intervakian peasants produce marvels of est in politics might inspire a politidexterity and patience in the form cian to take an interest in religion. of tiny wooden figures, about half No doubt it would do him good. These figures, carved in every con-



Gas and Headache

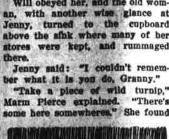
due to

Constipation

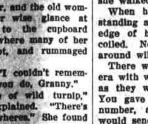
T "I'll Give You Some Salve

bone

She was busy with the grater at the sink, her shoulders moving as she worked energetically.









less placed against a black ground

To demonstrate its lightdess the

maker wound it around the body of

a fiy, which fiew off unembarrassed. The man who made this tiny chain

The smooth shapeliness of a grain of corn has tempted the skill

of several men. A late President of

the French Academy of Science once received a grain of corn on

which one of his pupils had written

a sentence of no less than two hun-

Still more extraordinary was the

feat performed by a Spaniard named

Faba. This man bullt a carriage ex-

actly the size of a grain of corn. Ex-

amined under a strong magnifying

glass it was possible to see the per-

fect detail of the interior decoration.

An equally skilful piece of work

was performed by a Swede who

berry, duly ornamented and in-

When it is borne in mind just how

clumsy were the tools of the Middle

Ages it is all the more surprising

that feats of this kind were com-

paratively common in those days.

The old monks were particularly

skilful in this way. It was a Polish monk who did the tour de force of

transcribing the whole of the Hiad

on a strip of parchment which, when

rolled up, could be placed inside a walnut shell; and one of the prized

possessions of the llbrary of the

Louvain university is a 15th-century

Book of Hours, beautifully illumi-

nated, smaller than a pocket watch, Smaller still, and of later date, are

some of the pocket dictionaries to be

found in German collections, A post-

age stamp stuck on the cover of

some of these miniature volumes would completely hide them. Yet un-

der a magnifying glass they can be

ing like a small button.

scribed, was given to Pope Plus V.

ted inside a pepper-berry.

was by trade a blacksmith.

dred and twenty-one words.

d a wise old eye. Bleared es with an appreciative

as he watched Jenny's young passing by. But wise and for all of that. A man with and malice in him. Some-in his own side of the house, g far into the night drunken gs, for the sake of annoyrm Pierce with whom so long had quarreled. as the Win-side of the house

crumble, and the roof to the windows to sag, he often. There was no de-

ften. There might forms in the rotting rooms Marm Pierce might for-e months on end. was remote, approached was remote, approached emote, approached h led off the road

when the old woman went search ing here and there for the herbs she required, she took the child along, and taught Jenny to recog nize all those plants which com-

Ð

She Watched Him for a Moment.

prised her simple pharmacop Later, as she found it not so easy to get about, she sent Jenny herb

sathering alone. The girl learned from her grand-mother some of that infinite lore which the older woman had through the years acquired. Before Jenny was fifteen, she knew that if you wanted pullets, you must choose blunt-pointed eggs for the hatching;

long blunt-pointed eggs for the hstching; that a piece of red finnel wet twice a day with strong camphor will f to cure bumblefoot; that ground to bacco stams will keep lies out of de the hens' nests; that castle soap omm and tobacco ashes make the best for dentifrice; that borsx, or the yolk of an egg mixed with soda, will cure dandruff; that a fance of heavy paper will keep cut worms lay; away from young plants; that wood

joint. "Got a felon," he said. "It's sore as time!"

She took his hand in her two rands, gently, looking at the felon "Granny can cure that," she said. "If you'd come on home with me." "So !" he ejaculated, in please

mrprise. "Can she now? I've heard tell that Marm Pierce is a mighty hand at curing ills; but I thought a felon you just had to take and stand it.

She frowned in thought, with an amusing affectation of maturity. "I've just forgot what it is you do," she confessed. "But Granny, she'll know." And she urged: "It ain't only a little ways through the woods to our place." . Will said heartily : "Why, let's go

along, then. Like trout, does she? I've a couple here. You'll have to show me the way."

She nodded; and he fetched his fah from a moss bed where he had laid them under ferns; and the two young people went together through the woods back toward Marm Pierce's farm. There was no path; but there would be, by and by. It needs only a little tracing and retracing of the same way in wild land where no foot has trod, to leave a thread of trail along the

nd. And-Jenny would come

der. "Will Ferrin? You live right up

there?" She pointed. "Certain." He was pussled by

What followed, Jenny watched without speaking; or rather she watched Will, and his eyes that were so deeply blue, and his strawcolored hair rough and unkempt across his brow, and the youthful lines of his mouth and chin. Marm Pierce gave the girl a sidelong scrutiny, while she affected to be busy with her ministrations; till sently the thing was done, and

presently the thing was done, and Will offered them the trout by way of payment, and departed, and Jenny-though even then her feet wished to follow him, to follow him anywhere, forever, wherever he should go-stayed in the door to watch him disappear through the

She turned then to her grandmother with shining eyes. "He looked back and waved, Granny !" she cried.

barn.

"Sh'd think he would," Marm Pierce assented crisply. "Ungrate-ful young imp if he didn't. You get the yarbs I sent you for, Jenny? Jenny colored in distress. "I for-

The old woman made a sound like mirth. "No matter," she decid "Time enough for them, anoth day."

She did not then ask any ques-

aloud.

strond. And.-Jenny would come from by this way, in the years that were to follow; would come thus to the brook and wait here on the chance that Will might find time for the fishing; would even cross the brook and climb the steep path beyond, and so go up through the orchard to the Ferrin farm for a glimpse of him. Bot now the way was trackless, and Will followed on her heels. He said: "Guess yo're Jenny Pierce. I never see you before." "Yes, I be," she assented; and she added, with a glance over her shoulder: "Nor I never see you." "The Will Ferrin," he explained. She stopped as though in sur-prise; she turned, and looked at him, and her eyes were wide with won-der. Hipped away on every occasion on the chance of seeing Will. Jamy prove the young man that deep and boundless affection of which only a child is capable; and Marm Pierces watched her tenderly, ready with the sympathy and comfort which, the began to perceive, would be needed by and by. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Maybe they were in time and maybe they weren't. Big Dan's two hundred pounds is moving toward. that camera like a charging elephant. Snap! Got him! Got him as he lifted the instrument and got him as he slammed it down and the creamy-white film spilled out and spoiled.

The newspaper reporter who had been smart enough to scent the trouble but too much in a hurry to take two cameras, opened his mouth to swear. Then he saw something that caused his mouth to remain open-a man with a dinky litale picture-taker who was calmly taking shot after shot of the mayor's battered bewildered face.

When the newsman descended upon him he was dazed. They grabbed him. "Did you get it-get the whole

fight?" Slowly his eyes opened wide as

he realized what he had done. "I got it."

"He got it! He got it!" There was a happy chorus. Then strict

"Here. Hop into the car. It's worth five hundred to us. Get in, get in."

Tommy suddenly looked around wildly. Where was that clock? The official pulled his hand down "All right, I'll make it seven hundred; but it's near press time, hurry up." Tommy stared. It sank into his

mind. He looked up for the clock again-there it was, an electric clock in the window of a telegraph

There was time!

"Eleven thirty-five !" he cried

The official stepped back, looked at him, looked at his camera, looked at a rival car marked "Press" which was speeding toward them. "All right. Eleven hundred and

thirty-five. It's robbery, but come on-get in.". "Wait-just a minute." Tommy

was back in the world now. "The pictures are yours at that price. But lend me a dollar first, will you? I've got to send a telegram to the

tures. The Chinese also excel in the art of miniature carving, but their work is far from attaining the perfection of the Slavs.

cutter and the miniature painter.

the size of a small lead soldier.

This passion for the diminutive is not confined exclusively to inanimate objects. The Japanese garden, with its fir trees no taller than a blade of grass, is a well-known example of Lilliputian horticulture. Some years ago this penchant for small things led to the breeding of dwarf dogs until the evolution of the Griffon-about the size of a rat. Still smaller, and having a delicate beauty all its own, is the masterplece of dwarf breeding-the Butterfly dog. The perfect specimen of





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