



By Ben Ames Williams

SYNOPSIS

At a gathering of cronies in the village of Liberty, Maine, Jim Salas...

CHAPTER I

THE pot which boiled over that day in Hostile Valley had been years brewing...

Jenny had never lived for long in any other world than this deep one. It was almost twenty years since her father died...

But obviously it was impossible to sell half a house, and Win Haven raged at her obstinacy. She remained unshaken...

Jenny, as she grew older, for a while used to imagine dreadful things lurking in the other side of this strange house...

but even the Valley road itself was little traveled. As long ago as Jenny's childhood, the Valley was already a solitary place...

In this remote spot Jenny grew from a baby into childhood. She never vividly remembered her mother, who died soon after they came to Granny Pierce's farm...

Marm Pierce was not a solitary, however; she had some skill with roots and herbs, and a certain healing power in her...

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...

Sometimes Marm Pierce went with her; or rather, sometimes when the old woman went searching here and there for the herbs she required, she took the child along...

Thereafter, Jenny obeyed this injunction, though she eventually lost any particular fear of Win Haven. He was a restless man, appearing and disappearing at long intervals...

Jenny sometimes encountered him. He was already an old man, who grew older; yet there was youth in him too, and a vigorous spirit and a wise old eye...

ashes mixed with salt will seal the cracks in a stove; that sulphur is good for mange; that a laudanum drench will relieve colic.

When they emerged into the back pasture behind Marm Pierce's barn, he came to walk beside her. Jenny, for no reason, smiled. Her head was high and proud; she brought him home to old Marm Pierce like a trophy, like a prize.

Jenny by old habit moved through the forest silently, finding pleasure in surprising the birds at their pleasant occupations, in catching quick fleeting glimpses of small creatures unawares.

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 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.

She frowned in thought, with an amusing affectation of maturity. "I've just forgot what it is you do," she confessed.

She nodded; and he fetched his fish 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.

But now the way was trackless, and Will followed on her heels. He said: "Guess you're Jenny Pierce. I never see you before."

But she made no explanation, only nodded; yet it seemed to her incredible that he could have been, all her life, so near without her knowing.

Marm Pierce, brisk, black-eyed, white-haired, with a quick-thrusting tongue, said sharply: "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!"

Will obeyed her, and the old woman, with another wise glance at Jenny, turned to the cupboard above the sink where many of her stores were kept, and rummaged there.

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

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

"Sh'd think he would," Marm Pierce assented crisply. "Ungrateful young imp if he didn't. You get the yards I sent you for, Jenny?"

And during the next two years, while Jenny came to maturity, as a stream rushes to the sea, Marm Pierce still held silent; but she was not blind.

Will said: "You live right up there?" She pointed. "Certain." He was puzzled by her surprise.

Not Posed

By MOSES SCHERE

HE COULDN'T face her, looking so pitifully weary as she held out the crumpled hundred-dollar bill.

"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 four of those years you haven't even 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, dreadingly back to the two little rooms.

There was the tricky little camera 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.

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! Got Dan's fist in the mayor's face!

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 little picture-taker who was limply taking shot after shot of the mayor's battered bewildered face.

"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 Caribbe."

Lilliputian Masterpieces Created by Man in All Ages

In all countries and in all ages there have been those possessed of a genius for creating Lilliputian masterpieces, says Everyman, London.

In the Sixteenth century Queen Elizabeth was the recipient of one such masterpiece; a golden chain composed of 50 links and so minute that it was practically invisible unless placed against a black ground.

An equally skillful piece of work was performed by a Swede who carved a dozen ivory plates so small in diameter and so thin that they fitted inside a pepper-berry.

Less futile and still more astounding are the chefs d'oeuvre of the watchmaker's art. In spite of the high precision required in making the parts and the intricacy of the assemblage, there are on the market watches which keep good time and are so small that they can be set in a ring the size of a very small signet.

Combining the arts of the cameo-cutter and the miniature painter, untrained Russian and Czechoslovakian peasants produce marvels of dexterity and patience in the form of tiny wooden figures, about half 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.

MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ MAKES THE FINISH LAST LONGER Keeps Cars Beautiful for Years

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 in 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.

More than 13,000,000 Turkish citizens profess the Mahometan faith; 109,906 are Greek Orthodox, 81,872 Israelites; 77,433 Armenian-Georgians; 39,511 Roman Catholics, and 24,307 Protestants.

Way Off to One Side

A country storekeeper from Missouri visited New York city recently. On his return, he was the center of attraction around the stove in his store the first evening.

Distinct Benefit

Because a minister takes an interest in politics might inspire a politician to take an interest in religion. No doubt it would do him good.



"I'll Give You Some Salve to Put on It Tomorrow."



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(TO BE CONTINUED)