

news.

or maybe May."

In winter time. Will had cut and

the next morning, Will, with a

It was two or three days before

Jenny knew that he had gone. Then

"The fellow wanted me to go

along, too," he said. "Good pay

and all that. But I got to stay here and look out for the place. I

couldn't go and leave Amy by her-

"But Will, he went the next morn-

Marm Pierce, seeing Jenny's

white lips and rigid face and tor-

tured eyes, got Bart out of the

house as quickly as possible; and

once the door was closed upon him,

arms and hold her close and ten-

"Cry it out, Jenny," she urged

Jenny whimpered, bewildered,

"Love him?" Jenny whispered, her eyes wide. "Do I love Will?"
"He's a dumb idiot to go away,"

CHAPTER II

frifts were shrinking, and the brook

shook off its bonds and went roar-

ing down the gorge, and the soft

rains came, Enoch caught one day

He stayed to see the old man

laid away in the small family bury-

ing ground hidden in the border of

the spruce woods above the house.

Jenny went to the brief services,

standing in the background of the

little group around the grave. Marm

Pierce had stayed at home. They

had no conveyance readily avail-

able; and the walk around by the

road was long, and the way through

the woods was too arduous for her.

But Jenny saw Will, and watched

him, her eyes hovering about him tenderly; and afterward, when the

others began to move away, she

Will Ferrin nodded. He was old-

er, aged as much by his father's

death as by these months away from home; his lips were white and hard compressed just now, and his eyes were steady and a little

frightened, as though he were faint-

prise. "Why, I'm going back," he

came to his side,

Will," she said.

"But men are a dumb lot

He's no worse than the rest,

half-terrified as though by some

ter, child. You go on and cry !"

what's the matter with me?"

strangely gentle.

anger.

likely.

ing. Lowed to be back in April,

SYNOPSIS

fitted a plentiful supply of wood to last till spring; the roots were in ty, Maine, Jim Salato the history of the Hostile Valley—its past a superb fishing streams, all, the mysterious, engy," wife of Will Ferrin, he drives to the Valley fishing, though admittant his chief desire is poutedly glamorous Hulfold Marm" Pierce and n-year-old granddaughing in the Valley. Since than a child Jenny has mired and than deeply Will Ferrin, neighboroider than she. high sense of adventure, departed into the outer world. Bart Carey stopped at the house one morning and told them the

### HAPTER I-Continued

Will was a man, and flushed pride of first manhood; eyes Jenny was still no in a child. An adoring child, on to watch him fish, and on her stomach behind not to affright the trout it near to drop his line pool; or she might appear m in the hayfield while he digging the roots on some in fall; or she came to pick apples in the orchard house. It mattered not e occasion, she drew near ing nothing, content to him, and to watch him his tones when he

s pleased and at the same d by her adoration, And Pierce, watching them, hoped ag and feared another. There iny no coquetry at all; ad no instinctive knowledge arts and graces which might the child he thought her air as often as not hung in braid between her shoulince, her dresses were rough d and fit for hard usage traversed the shadowed went easily and smooth a wild thing; but otherwise of strength not yet con ordination. Her very stead and serenity must make her lil's eyes, the old woman consexless, like a boy; Jenny none of the shynesses, the

y the matter by and by, and made an occasion to see old Will's father, and speak of a cold that within 48 hours was him. These two were of much more than a cold. Will, sumne generation, Marm Pierce moned in baste from Augusta, ara little the older; for Enoch, ed late, and Will was his

Enoch was older than his and Marm Pierce younger ters. Vigorous enough to do ork that needed doing around on, he was apt between these al activities to sit with va es, staring at nothing, in the apathy of age. rm Pierce laid her concern be

m, spoke to him of Jenny and film, spoke to him of Jenny and fill. "I dunno what to think," sonfessed. "Seems like if either of 'em had any git up and git, a have found out what was matter with them by now. But y, he's the first boy she ever yed; and Will don't act like had much to do with girls." 's a good, steady boy," amented. "He stays close

Pierce thought with some nee that Enoch had prob-t even heard what she said, y don't know the meaning she fold him stoutly, "Don't what's the matter with her, ungry for him, but just see-m and being with him is to keep her satisfied. She now what it is she's hungry like as not she won't ever ut, only if the time comes can't see him, then she'll

the urged, honestly troubled: you have a notion of some-se do about it? Will's as a do about it? Will's as a she is. He acts like she boy; and I doubt if it ever her that he's a man!" to confess her perplexities to proved of no use or availables and fears rebounded in passive silence. He apto listen without hearing;

"I can bring the farm back, another year," he said. "But looks like I ought to hang onto this job, long as I can. It's a dam they're ng over there, and a power

She made no open affort to dis-ade him. He said, with some indering perception of the change her: "You've growed a beap,

the cellar, sait pork in the jars. A man came through the neighborhood seeking good stout fellows for a construction job, offering good pay; he stopped at Enoch's house at noon one day-and after breakfast

above Carey's brook was deserted all that summer, and the next win-ter, too; and for Jenny, with Will gone, Hostile Valley became a dreary solitude. The girl came swift to womanhood; the change was manifest to the rudest eye. Uncle Win Haven, returning on one of his infrequent visits to the Valley, met her one day when she went to feed the bens, and chucked her under the chin and told her she was a fine wench now, and would have kissed her, but Jenny turned her head aside. Back indoors, she told Marm Pierce that Uncle Win was about; and the old woman said crisply:

He'll get sick of it mighty soon." The old man stayed in the neighborhood for a while, lodging with

she turned to catch Jenny in her briskly. "That'll make you feel betthing she could not clearly see: "But Granny, I feel sick! I'm all aching and hot and empty! Granny, "The same that's been the matter with every woman that ever loved a man," said old Marm Pierce, Marm Pierce exclaimed, in rising She chuckled, fondly. "Yes, that's it, Jenny." she said. "Only you've come to it younger than most. Cry, child. That will ease you. And—he'll be back in May."

She Saw or Felt or Heard a Move ment on the Bank Above Her.

WILL FERRIN came back to Hostile Valley before May; but not to stay. Old Enoch, Will's father, endured the winter; but the treacherous enticements of first spring betrayed him. When the Bart Carey; and Amy, Bart's sister, came to Marm Pierce one night for sanctuary.

"They're over there, the both of them, drunk on Bart's cider," Amy explained. "And making such a noise and tother you can't sleep in the house. I thought maybe you could give me a bed here. I'll go back in the morning and cook up some breakfast for them."

Marm Pierce made per welcome rived too late to see his father die. and Amy slept on the couch in the dining room. "But if you had any gizzard in you," the old woman told her briskly, "you'd roll the both of them out of doors to sleep it off."

Amy smiled wistfully. "Bart's all right, the most of the time," she said. "Only thing is, I keep out of his way when he's drunk a lot of cider. He gits to be noisy." And she said with a glance at Jenny: Win Haven was saving that Jenny here has got to be a grown woman ny. I hain't seen you for a spell." "Why shouldn't she?" Marm Pierce demanded. "She's nigh on to

twenty. Time she was growing up, "I'm awful sorry about your pa, if she's ever going to." But the change in Jenny was in fact much more than a matter of years; for this is a part of the al- him again, chemy which first love may work in He a woman child. She had come to you?" wear a rich bloom apparent to the dullest eye. Marm Pierce, watching the girl sometimes when Jenny did not know, thought that if Will ly afraid to face the world, as he now must, without his father's strength behind him. were here, even he must see the beauty in her now. Some time

"I wish't I'd been to home." he later, when Bart Carey came over said grievously. "Might be it one day on a manufactured errand, wouldn't have happened, with me here to do the chores." had known this young man since he was a boy, and she was not in the least persuaded of his virtues. The "Now don't you. Will," she whispered, comfortingly. "Granny says least persuaded of his virtues. The old folks are like as not to die in fact that, instead of farming with the spring; and he was old, and tired." And she said softly: "It's good to know you'll be here now."

He looked at her in faint suremen as boarders, prejudiced her suremen as boarders, prejudiced her suremen as boarders, prejudiced her suremen as boarders, prejudiced here.

prise. "Why. I'm going back." he told her. "I've got a good job, while it lasts; and good pay. I low to let the farm lay idle this sum to let the farm lay idle this sum mer; come back next year when this job's done, with the money I've saved."

"I guess the farm'll miss you," the useful to say, as in midsummer; and in her voice. "Farms need taking care of, and tending. It midsummer; and in of that year, Will went augusta. Enoch had a keep house, and the old a manage what chores he done around the farm.

The they came down toward the house together, while friends in the voice of them was a taint on any man.

The they come do pay, I low were to her mind cardinal virtues; the neglect of them was a taint on any man.

The they come do pay, I low were to her mind cardinal virtues; the neglect of them was a taint on the was a taint on the stood, her head a little bowed, thinking of will. "I do know that, Bert," she said. "But—not you and me."

"What's the matter with me?" he asked, half angrily.

"Why, yo're all right," she said honestly, you've been mighty good to that."

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"Why, yo're all right," she said honestly. "You've been mighty good to to that."

The their come back next year when this courses. His father before him had been shrewd enough to perceive the possibilities of profit in the wood, thinking of will. "I do know that, Bert," she said. "But—not the sort of thing you and me."

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against him. Thrift and industry were to her mind cardinal virtues;

the farm to Wilfred, the ho

"That way, Wilfred can run the farm, do what he wants, and Bart

their own destinies. Wilfred moved to Liberty, and married, and found a farm of his own; and Bart—with his sister to keep house for him—stayed on here, and did only enough farming for his personal needs.

She shook her head. "No, Will, Im—stayed on here, and did only on the personal has been a mough farming for his personal needs.

He protested, smilingly: "Sho, young one. You'll be a grown woman, first thing you know."

"Some ways," she confessed, "I'm a woman now," She watched him hopefully; but he did not speak, and she asked: "You aim to stay any time at all?"

"I low to leave first thing in the massing." he returned. They were ing against him is Jenny, with a massing." "I Tow to leave first thing in the morning," he returned. They were come to the house. "So I don't know's I'll see you again, before. Nice of you to come over, Jenny, Pa, he always liked you."

Jenny nodded, not trusting herself to speak; she turned away.
So the Ferrin place on the alopes above Carey's brook was deserted all that summer, and the next win.

The need did not arise. Jenny, with Will more then once ancountered Bart.

more than once encountered Bart. These encounters seemed to her ac-These encounters seemed to her ac-cident; but Marm Pierce thought otherwise. Bart, the old woman guessed, preferred to see Jenny without subjecting himself to her grandmother's watchful vigilance. It was true that he came some-times to sit in the kitchen, his hat between his knees, and talk with them both together; true that when he fetched dry groceries from the store in Liberty he might stop for a while in the dining room where the warm lamp burned. But he sel-dom came openly and frankly to see Jenny. Rather he met her casually by the brook, or on the road, or in the woods. There was in the lower reaches

of the brook just above the bog a long pool with a sandy bottom and deep water at the head; and Jenny, on a hot summer day, used sometimes to go there to bathe. She could not swim; but she liked to gather her skirts about her thighs and wade in the cool clear water, or even sometimes remove all her clothes except a white shift and imnerse herself completely in the refreshing flood. The place was renote and solitary, and none but the most ardent fishermen ever went so far; so she was not likely to e surprised there.

But one day when she was wading into the foot of the pool, the sand soft between her toes, her skirts high, she saw or felt or heard a movement on the bank above her and looked up and dis-covered Bart standing smiling there.

She dropped her skirts into the water, heedless of the fact that thus they were wetted along the hem, and faced him steadily; and he called, raising his voice to be heard above the song of the small ripple at the head of the pool: Water's cold, ain't it?"

She shook her head. "Feels good, a hot day," she said. She was not confused or embarrassed, not even esentful. He had a right to be there if he chose.

He slapped a mosquito on his cheek. "Give you the rheumatism," he predicted. "Me, I wear rubber boots when I go to wade. You better come out of there." Jenny asked: "Fishing?" Then

realized that he had no rod. "Just looking over the brook," he explained. "Couple of men coming to fish tomorrow, and I wanted to see where the trout was lying. Water's kind of low."

"Guess I've scared them, if there was any in here," she said. He grinned. "Sho," he said flatteringly, "no trout wouldn't ever be afraid of you. Wonder to me they ain't nibbling at yore toes."

She looked down at her bare feet and realized that she was standing here with her wet skirt drabbled about her knees. So she came ashore, and wrong out the hem of her skirt, and sat down with her back to him to pull on her stock ings and shoes. He stood behind her, coming no nearer, speaking of casual things, till she rose to face

He asked then: "In a hurry, are "Granny'll be wondering where

I've went to." "Set and talk," he urged. want to talk to you, Jenny." "Walk along with me, then," she proposed, and moved resolutely on

her way. But as she passed him, he caugh her arm. Deep silent wood lay all about them, and the shadows were cool. "You don't ever give me a chance to talk to you, Jenny," he "What about Bart?" she asked

gravely. He laughed. "Sho, there's aplenty of things for a fellow and a girl to talk about, Jenny. High

time you got on to that."
She stood, her head a little bowed, thinking of Will. "I do know that, Bart," she said. "But—

# PREMENDOUS TRIBLES

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

"UNLESS"

THE department commander places too much confidence in your seal, energy and ability to wish to impose on you precise orders which might hamper your action when nearly in contact with the enemy. He will, however, indicate to you his own views of what your action should be, and he desired that you should conform to them unless you should see sufficient rea sons for departing from them."

It was June, 1876, in Montana Gen. George Armstrong Custer, riding at the head of the Seventh cavalry in search of a big village of hostile Indians, pondered over these orders from his commander, Gen. A. H. Terry. He knew the plan of campaign—Terry and Gibbon and he were to strike the enemy at the same time. And that time was June 26.

But Custer was "in bad" with President Grant. If, unaided by the others, he could find the Indians first and get in a smashing victory, he might get back into the good graces of the administration at Washington,

On the morning of June 25 his scouts reported the discovery of the village in the valley just below. True, Custer was 24 hours ahead of the appointed time of the rendezvous with Terry and Gibbon. But here were the Indians.

He remembered Terry's orders . . "he desires that you should conform to them." And yet-"unless you should see sufficient reasons for departing from them." Wasn't that little word "unless" a good excuse?

So he decided to attack. And on that word "unless" hung his life and the lives of 300 men of the Seventh cavalry. For that many perished, or, died later of their wounds, in "Custer's Last Battle" on the Little Big Horn,

#### H. U. (U. S.) GRANT

WHEN the first-born son of Jesse Root Grant and Hannah Simpson Grant was six weeks old, his relatives wrote their choice of names for him on slips of paper, folded them, then drew one. It was "Ulysses"-his Grandmother Simpson's choice. But Jesse Grant tacked "Hiram" on in front of 'Ulysses.'

As the boy grew older he didn't care so much for "Ulysses" because village wits pretended it was pronounced "Useless." Congressman Thomas L. Hamer, writing out Grant's appointment to the United States Military academy, couldn't remember if he had a middle name. But he did recall that the boy's mother was a Simpson. So he wrote it "Ulysses Simpson Grant."

'On May 29, 1839, Ulysses Hiram Grant registered at West Point. "But," protested the adjutant, "this appointment is for Ulysses Simpson Grant." More trouble over his name! "All right-Ulysses Simpson Grant it is," he replied. And "U. S." Grant he became,

The Civil war brought new meaning to that "U. S." After Fort Donelson it stood for "Unconditional Surrender," and as a commander of the victorious Union army in 1865, it was easy to believe that it also stood for "United States." Both meanings were easy to remember when it was time to elect a President in 1869. Would things have been the same if his initials had remained "H. U." or U. H."?

### THIRST

IT WAS hot that day along the road to Palos in the Spanish province of Andalusia. The dust eddled and swirled around the hoofs of a little white mule and arose in a choking cloud around his rider. He was Cristobal Colon. Ahead of him, the mariner saw the walls of a monastery . . . Santa Maria de la Rabida. Surely the good friars there would give a thirsty traveler a drink of water!

They would, indeed! So he drank several cupfuls of the refreshing fluid. Between drinks Joan Perez, officiating guardian of the monastery, listened to the stranger's tale of thwarted ambition. He wanted to sail West across the Sea of Mystery. He had sought the aid of Ferdinand and Isabella, rulers of Spain. But they had refused.

By and by the disheartened sallor rode away. He did not know that Juan Perez was the confessor of the queen, nor what a deep impression he had made upon the friar with his tale of vast ambitions. But he soon found out. For Perez' eloquent pleading in the Genoese sallor's behalf convinced Isabella. And so it came about that the thirst of Christopher Columbus on that hot summer day along the road to Palos sent him sailing at last

across the Atlantic to immortality as the discoverer of America. 6. Western Newspaper Union.

DOW DE

#### CROCHET COLLAR OF MEDALLIONS The eastern time belt extends from the Atlantic ocean to a line drawn, roughly, through Toledo, Ohio; Nor-ton, Va.; Johnson City, Tenn.; Ashe-



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## Sausages and Bombs

That a machine in a confectioner's shop at Cork, Irish Free State, made sausages by day and bombs at night was revealed recently. The innocent-appearing appliance produced bombs for the Irish Republican army during the Anglo-Irish trouble, but eventually was discovered by the police.

# 44 PREMIUMS



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ville, N. C.; Atlanta and Macon, Ga., and Apalachicola, Fla. The central time zone extends from this line to another drawn through Mandan, N. D.; Pierre, S. D.; McCook, Neb.; Dodge City, Kan., and along the westerly lines of Oklahoma and Texas. The boundary between mountain and Pacific time is the westerly line of Montana, then the Salmon river, then the westerly boundary of Idaha

southward, and the southerly boundary of Idaho eastward, to a line through Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah, and Parker and Yuma, Ariz.

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