

studine listens to the history phoring Hostile Valley, with of the mysterious, enticing wite of Will Ferrin. Interdrives to the Valley for a thing, though admitting to his chief desire is to see the glamorous Huldy. "Old Pierce and her mineteen-granddaughter Jenny live Plerce and her alneteenid granddaughter Jenny live
Valley. Since little more than
I Jenny has at first admired
iss deeply loved young Will
neighboring farmer, oldes
he, and who regards her still
rely a child. Will takes emmit in nearby Augusta. Jenny
onsolate.

CHAPTER II-Continued

do you know?" he chalcuriously abashed by her enity. "You can't tell. You

git to . . ."
shook her head. "Not you,
she said simply. His clasp er arm relaxed, and she moved away from him. There was move nothing in the least tic; and yet Bart perceived at there was in it nevertheless ality. He stared after her, fied, rebuffed; he did not fol-stood where she had left him, d when she was gone he said

Well, I'll be . . ." e did not say what he would ut later, on his way up the brook to his home, he grinned at

Win Haven was at the farm when got there; and Bart confessed of there; and Barr conressed incident. The older man de-nded impatiently; "Shucks, y'n't you just grab of to her? y woman, she has to be rushed, it. Took off her feet before she

nows what's going on." Bart shook his head. "Jenny lowed well enough what I want-," he said in amused discomfiture. nowed before I did. Yes, sir, was way out in front of me. couldn't see nothing but her and have a glass of cider. How you're around here again, any-

ot me a job in Liberty." Win splained. "But I can handle a s of cider. Sure." He added oantfully: "Just the same, if I an a young one, and a ripe gal

n't ever stop in, the way he used

to? What's got into him, Jenny?"
Jenny told her, then, about that
encounter by the brook; and the woman chuckled with appreciand contentment, sure that art need worry her no more. That was an open winter in the

ey, with little snow, and deep it; and the mud in the sprin sat; and the mud in the spring as worse than usual. It was miday before a plow could be put in e ground, June before the clods mid be broken. But in the last sek of May Jenny heard that Will arrin was coming home.

Jenny, though she had said nothing to the older woman, had been pecting word of him; he had told ar, on that day of his father's fundi, that he would return this year.

did not occur to her that Will

d not occur to her that Will t change his mind, that be t do less than he had planned. sed to the Ferrin farm to see her he had come. Day by day house stood shuttered and y, and she returned to the weariness of waiting. Yet ripeness of spring made long-lil her heart, and one day she home to Marin Pierce with

d woman had long since there Jeany went on these s; she saw the girl's face d-chuckled, and asked

y looked startled; then the clor nooded her cheeks, "No, " she said. "But Pat Prenns plowing the lower field, told me Will had wrote and him to do it. Said Will to get here Monday."

Pierce mined scornfully. Will's worked for day long he thinks money's mis by. Hiring work done might full as well do his figure he could've come.

that would not be downed. "Yo're just talking to make me argue about it, but I won't," she said; and she eried: "I don't care if he never does a lick of work, long's be does come home, Granny." And sud-denly there were deep tears in her eyes and her voice was husky. She clung to the old woman. "I want to see him," she whispered. "I want to awful," she cried. "Seems like he's been gone so long."

Marm Pierce felt quick misgiving in her, "Dunno why you should be so worked up about it," she protested. "Like as not he won't only stay long enough to do his farming and get out again."

"He will. He will stay," Jenny insisted happily, "You wait and

And during the intervening days, Jenny rode on a flood of anticipation. Will was to arrive on Monday. Jenny took broom and mop and dust cloth and departed to make Will's house ready for him. Marm Pierce made some mild re-

"No need of that," she protested "Like as not he's already bired it Her tone was mild with

scorn. Jenny urged. "He'll come home expecting to roll up in blankets the first night; and the blankets, they'll he damp, give him a cold. I'm going over and clean up, and air everything, and get fires going in the stoves and have everything ready for him . .

"House is locked up," Marm Pierce insisted. "You can't get in!" Jenny cried joyously: "Yes I can! The lock's broken on the window in the side room. I've climbed in through that before now."

"Like as not he'll put you in jail for housebreaking," the old woman predicted, yet she let Jenny go, It was dusk before the girl came home, tired and happy. "It's done, Granny," she said. "Every room swept, and everything dusted, and the kitchen floor scrubbed, and the bed made. I found the window curtains put away in the bureau They're kind of creased, but I'm going to press them out tomorrow." "You've got smut on your face,"

Marm Pierce retorted. Jenny laughed softly. "I cleaned out the stove," she said. "It was terrible full of soot, so's you couldn't make it draw. And I aired that running wild in the woods terrible full of soot, so's you and, I'd. . . ." And he told, with couldn't make it draw. And I alred mile and fatuous unction, what the sheets and blankets in the sun, would do.

enny went home, but she said plenty wood in the shed—and toand had fires going all day-there's thing about Bapt. It was weeks morrow I'm going to take over some ter before Marm Pierce/remarked milk and eggs and biscuits and thing, and have supper ready for htm.

The older woman was tenderly amused. "How do you know he won't get here for noonday din-

"I'll have dinner ready, too, in case," Jenny decided. "I'll take a fowl, and make a stew and some lumplings. He'll like coming home to a house that's all ready for him. Granny . . ."
"Want I should come over and

help you?" the old woman offered; and Jenny hesitated, uncomfortable. ill at ease.

"It's a long walk for you, Granny."

Marm Pierce chuckled. "Go along
with you, then. Like as not you'll
stay and clean up after supper,

And Jenny nodded wisely, hap-

And Jenny nodded wisely, happily; there was an audacious triumph in het. Suddenly she hugged the old woman close.

"I might," she said. "I might not ever come home at all. You wait and see . . ."

She was, all next day, very busy and completely happy in the home of this man whom she loved. The question whether Will would arrive in the morning or afternoon perplexed her; but she prepared for either contingency, by putting on the fowl to boil till it was done, leaving it then in the rich stew of its own fat so that it might be warmed readily and served quickly. She had brought a pie made of blueberries which she herself had preserved the year before, and she cooked doughnuts all morning, and had biscuits ready to pop into the oven; and she kept the stove hot all day so that the oven should be ready to receive them, the minute Will appeared.

She ironed the lace curtains and

said. "But Pat Prenwing the lower field,
the Will had wrote and
do it. Said will
here Monday."

They needed washing, she decided;
but that must walf another day,
and in the afternoon, when everything work done
to full as well do his
to thinks money in
the interest of the series of the series

into the orchard where the buds on the apple trees were just bursting, and brought an armful of sprays of bloom and arranged them in a vase on the table. She was forever find-ing forgotten details, or doing over again things she had done a dozen times before. She tested the ten-derness of the fowl a dozen times; she wished to warm the blueberry ple, and was in an agony of indole, and was in an agony of ind sion lest if his arrival be delay: become too dry. She set the ble, and reset it, and thought the iter was softening, and put it in d water until it was hard and firm. She discovered a bit of wall paper that was loose, and made flour-and-water glue and fastened it down. The day seemed at once breathlessly short and torturingly

And the sun crossed the Valley and began to slip down the western sky, and still Will had not come. She would not even entertain the thought that he might not come at all tonight. Yet since he was sure ly coming, then he would soon be here; and impatience and a deliclous terror began to possess her. and the Valley was a pool of dusk which rose like a rising tide to cloak the orchard, to touch the foundations of the house. She lighted a lamp, long since cleaned and trimmed and freshly filled with oil; she tried the lamp on the table on the shelf above the stove. Ther were still shadows, and she wished no shadows here; and in the end she lighted other lamps, and se them in the dining room as well as kitchen.

She had not thought how Will would come, whether afoot, or in a team. She left the kitchen door open, so that he might see his welwaiting; she put the stew on and took it off again, and she put fresh wood on the fire till the stove was red hot, with a glowing spo upon its dark fresh-polished sur

Then suddenly he was here. Jenny did not at first realize that Will had come, because she not imagined him as coming in this fashlon. A car drove into the yard and stopped; and Jenny heard i almost inattentively, saw its head lights fade as the engine died, till it sat in darkness there, where the lamplight shone through the oper door in a widening rectangle. And then suddenly she heard his voice, his well-remembered tones.

She wished to go to the door to greet him, and could not. Paralysis suddenly laid hold on her; she backed warily into a corner, as far



"She Looks Mighty Friendly to You

as possible from the door, and stood there, her hands outspread, her wide eyes shining, her cheeks pale She stared at the door with an in credible fixity, waiting, not breathing; her breast ached from the nounding of her heart, vibrated like the taut head of a beaten drum.

He came in and looked around and at first, since she was so still, he did not see her. But then his puzzled eyes found her, and the mick welcoming light in them gave her courage.

"It's me, Will," she said. "Come in. All's ready for you here. Wel-

"Jenny?" he cried. "Why, Jen, I take this neighborly of you folks. Where's Granny?" e," she told him.

"You do all this?" he asked, de itchtedly.

"I didn't want you coming to cold empty house," she said. "Sup-per's all ready; or it can be in ten ninutes. Chicken stay, and doubt inutes. Chicken stew, and doughinto an unaccustomed forgetfulness,
its, and blueberry pie; and there
be biscults ready to bake, and the
ren's hot." She moved toward
in, finding her finishs at last anrering her will. "Come in, Will,
have off your hat," she bade him,
let down and I'll..."

Jenny, alone with her grandmothlet was all ready; or it can be in ten
into a folly of words,
into an unaccustomed forgetfulness,
effer to assuage her grief, Will,
he thought, was blind and dumb
and blamable; he had a quixotic impulse to go thrash the other man
for failing to see that Jenny loved
him, for failing to understand.

Jenny, alone with her grandmoth-

"Huldy," said Will, "Jenny's come and made all ready for us. I told you that folks was friendly here." Buidy smiled; something in her faint mirth at once insolent and provocative, at once arrogant and acquiescent.

"She looks mighty friendly to you, Will," she said, a barb in the

worda.

"Why, she is," Will declared, blindly content. "Always was. She wa'n't but a young one when I see her the last time, the time Pa died."

"Yol're real." He turned to Jenny. "Yo're real grown up now, Jenny," he said. The word somehow lent Jenny strength. Her spine stiffened and her pulse slowed and her tone was

calm. "You come in and set, Mis' Ferrin," she said equably. "I guess yo're tired. You make yourself to home, and I'll get supper on."
But when this task was done, she would not stay to eat with them.

Valor would not sustain her so far, "It's late, Will," she explained. "If you'd come earlier, I might stay and wash dishes; but Granny will be wondering about me now."

And when supper was on the table Jenny bade them both good

night, in strong steady tones, and took herself away. Out through the barn, down the orchard slope, down the steep trail to the stream.

She went blundering through the dark woods, her eyes hot and dry with tears that would not flow.

CHAPTER III

WHEN Jenny, struggling through W the deep woods, her eyes burn-ing for the anodyne of tears, emerged at last into the open meadow land and saw the dim bulk of the barn shead, she ran stumblingly, in haste to come home to Marm Pierce and the old woman's understanding arms. She rounded the barn and saw a light in the kitchen; but she saw too a team here in the yard, and so was warned that her grandmother was not alone. and had time to steady herself before she came to the kitchen door.

Bart was here. He had been in-Liberty village when Will drove through, had hailed Will and heard an answering call; but Will did not halt, so Bart had not seen Huldy. Yet he had seen, dimly, the form of a woman in the seat beside Will; and before Jenny arrived now, he had told this much to old Marm Pierce, sitting by the stove before the open oven door.

"Brought some one to keep house for him, like as not," was the opinion he hazarded; but Marm Pierce knew misgivings, even before Jenny appeared. Jenny came in composedly enough, but her countenance was a haggard mask, eloquent of torment and of pain; and Marm Pierce rose quickly and came between the girl and Bart, to shield Jenny from his eyes,
"He come finally, did he, Jen?"

the asked. "Yo're late enough."
"He only just got there," Jenny explained. "I stayed to put the supper on."

Marm Pierce nodded, and she told "Bart see Will go through the village. He says as how there was a woman with him in the car." Jenny sald in husky Granny. It's his wife. Will's got married."

Her voice was terribly steady, as rigid as steel. Marm Pierce was shocked motionless; and even Bart could in this moment read Jenny's secret in her eyes. Before the old woman could move, he stood up and came toward the girl.

"Why, Jen," he said warmly, "I guessed you liked Will pretty well yore own self, didn't you?" He chuckled, yet not in a fashion to cause her any pain. "I always had a notion you did," he confessed. "I knew with him around there wa'n't a chance for me, but when he went away, I kind of thought . . ." And he urged: "Don't you grieve

for Will, Jen! There's men enough, not as fine as him maybe, but . . . " Marm Pierce said harshly: "Bart, you shut your mouth. Let the child alone !"

Bart protested: "Ma'am, I'm sorry for her. I want to-kind of comfort her. I'd marry Jen in a minute if she'd have me. Guess she knows ft, too."

"Well, she won't," the old weman told him. "Don't you see she wants to cry now? You go along and get out of here."

And she bundled him uncer niously through the door. Bart, outside, climbed into his buggy, wondered at the sudden flooding arder which had made him speak so open ly. He had no least mind to marry,

had not contemplated dolog no; yet there had been in Jenny's eyes just now something so broken with long-ing and deep hunger that he had been swept into a folly of words,

and blamable; he had a quixotic impulse to go thrash the other man
for failing to see that Jenny loved
him, for Talling to understand.

Jenny, alone with her grandmother, wept long weary tears, till she
alone at least from very pain and
deep fatigue; and old Marm Pierce sat by her long, that night, brood-ing over the hurt child, tender and fond. Already she hated Huldy Fer-rin for hurting Jenny so.



Lace Is Everywhere This Season

style trends. This spring and summer it's lace. What with the featuring of fashions this season which include everything from bathing suits, beach outfits, sports clothes and daytime tailleurs to fine millinery and gracious evening ar-

ray made all of lace, and after ered neckline are contributing style that amazingly beautiful lace ball features to the chiffon blouse. You which was recently given in New York where everyone wore lace, the guests as well as those who took part in the gorgeous pageantry which was staged so picturesquely, we are coming to know more about lace than we have ever known be-

When all has been said and done, the present season will go down in history as an era in which lace really came into its own-as a period which marks the development of a new appreciation for lace, a new feeling, a new lace sense as it were. Up to now, in the minds of most of us lace had its limitations. was rather a luxury to be reserved for occasions of more or less dress up tendency, Henceforth, with modern laces being that versatile they range from sturdlest sportsy cotton and hardy linen types to be used in fabric way, to laces so dellcate and of so fragile a beauty the traditional cobweb will have to look to its laurels, theories in regard to the rerestricted possibilities of lace have had to give way to lasting conviction that the practicability and the adaptability of lace to every phase of fashion, measures up 100 per cent to that of any other member of the fabric realm.

So it is we find lace going every where this season, no matter how formal or how informal the event. Than lace, either cotton or linen, your tailored suit or your simple daytime frock.

A most fetching idea is to wear blouse of monotone chiffon (chiffon is the rage for blouses) with your tallored-of-lace-jacket sult. See centered in the picture this partnership of chiffon blouse and lace two-piece suit. Here we have an afternoon ensemble in brown lace in neat allover patterning. Pearl

buttons and a peasant gathwill find a costume such as this a perfect joy in the summer wardrobe, being cool and lovely and fairly bubbling over with swank. The hat is fashioned of the same lace as the suit, with a brown straw fac ing to accent its charm.

The stunning costume to the right in the group demonstrates how beautifully and appropriately lace can be used for spectator sports wear. It is of natural color cotton lace with a bright green silk tie, Which reminds, if you would trek along fashion's high-style path, wear vivid green accessories with your grege or your blege or your pure white costumes this summer. Notice the very good-looking hat which tops this spectator-sports outfit. It is made entirely of starched lace in the same pattern as that used for the suit with which it is worn

A bit dressler, yet not too dressy for going about places during the daytime hours is that most attractive frock which the young woman seated is wearing. The lace is smart white linen with accents of blue in the sleeve and collar binding and the bows down the front, also the tie-belt. A large blue straw hat completes the ensemble.

By the way, have you a lace can in your summer collection of prettlest clothes? You really must not overlook this intriguing item of fashion. Border it with a double fold of net in matching color and finish the neck with a huge pleated ruch of the net. It is practical in black and in pastel colors-well, just try it out for yourself. @ Western Newspaper Union.

SUMMER COAT By CHERTE NICHOLAS



A swagger cont worn over the nummer frock is the last word in chic. Seems as if these swagger woolen coats were never so awag-ger as they are in the beautiful soft textured fabrics of this year. These pastel coats in finger tip or three quarter length are particularly in high fashion favor made of such fabrics as novelty rabbit woolens which are as smooth to the touch as a kitten's ear. These include shadow-checked weaves of feath-erweight but firm textured, also suraced constructions that delineate

HOSE ARE ADAPTED TO CUT-OUT SANDALS

Sandal shoppers who have been buying all the newest models in these most revealing trifles masquerading as summer footwear have possibly been more than a little troubled by the problem of proper stockings to wear with these high fashion slippers. But the hosiery designers have kept in step, and the last arrivals ready for sandal collectors are the semi-sandal hose, As you may surmise, the extra thickness is distributed over the area where it will do the most good, but so cleverly restrained that even the most cut-out of

sandals show only the sheerest part of the hose. Heel re-enforcement as well as the toe sections and the long, very-narrow panel under the foot, make them Ideal number Very sheer and not so sheer stockings in all of the newest of summer tints, tones, and shades, with a flock of fancy new names, are now ready.

Lanvin-Designed Draperies Fall in Swirled Festoons

Lanvin, this season, designs draperles which fall in portiere-like draperies of swirled festoons. From three great gold rings at the front decollete of the evening gown she swings drapery of rich black silk crepe falling to the floor.

She makes a smoke gray crepe afternoon frock with a skirt whose criss-crossed folds swoop from the walst to the hem and back again, and fashions a long-sleeved green crepe evening gown with skirt panels working in green and gold pall-ettes like an old mosaic.

Veils Move Back Hang your veil off the back of your hat if you wish to be both "different" and chic.

MOUNTAIN IN OCEAN

A mountain peak 17,000 feet high has been found rising from the bot-tom of the sea, 60 miles off San Nich-olas island, off the coast of Long Beach, Calif., according to Capt. O. W. Swainson, commander of the coast and geodetic survey ship Pioaeer.

When Sentiment Fades At a certain period in one's live souvenirs become junk.

How Cardui Helps Women to Build Up

Cardui stimulates the appetite and Cardui stimulates the appetite and improves digestion, helping women to get more strength from the food they eat. As nourishment is improved, strength is built up, certain functional pains go away and women praise Cardui for helping them back to good health. Mrs. C. E. Ratiff, of Hinton, W. Va., writes: "After the birth of my last baby, I did not seem to get my strength back. I took Cardui again and was soon sound and well. I have given it to my daughters and recommend it to other ladies. Thousands of women testify Cardui benefited them. If it does not benefit YOU, consult a physician.

Soviet "Luxury Train"

Radio, telephones, a library and a special car for "culture and rest" are some of the features of a "luxury train" running between Moscow and Tiflis, Russia.

KILL BLACK WIDOW

The deadly Black Widow spider's bite is decidedly dangerous to people.

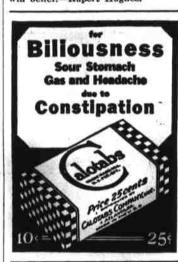
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Author's Lament

I am tempted to think that in this silly world only the impossible can win belief.—Rupert Hughes.



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