



By Ben Ames Williams

CHAPTER IX—Continued

So she was silent; and later, when they came back through the wet woods together, she decided that this was a matter none should ever know. And thus resolving, she found strength for the task before her, and was at peace again. Huldy was dead. Let it be by accident. The world would presently forget that Huldy had ever lived. When with Will she came back to the little house in the Valley, she had somehow stifled her fears.

"Till she saw the sheriff there. When they came in, she felt her strength drain away. But then, and by Will himself, her foreboding was turned into fearful certainty; for Will said to this man:

"Why, Sheriff, what fetched you here?"

The sheriff hesitated. "I kind of hoped you'd bring this Zeke Dace back with you," he said, evasively.

Will shook his head. "I dunno where Zeke's got to," he admitted in troubled tones. "He won't to home." And he persisted: "But Sheriff, what fetched you here?"

Jenny was breathless, waiting for the answer. Then Saladine said gravely: "I sent for him, Will."

Will stared at Saladine. "What for?" he protested, bewildered.

And then the sheriff said: "Why Will, the thing is, it looks to everybody as if maybe Mrs. Ferrin didn't just fall off of that ledge. They think some one maybe threw her off."

Jenny's throat constricted strangely. The hounds were on the trail.

As though from far away she heard Will stammer: "Killed her, you mean?"

"Something like that."

Will stood with his head bowed. "I guess not," he said firmly at last. "Who'd do that?"

"I was thinking maybe this Zeke Dace," Sohier suggested.

But Will shook his head. "No Sheriff," he insisted. "Whatever did happen, it wasn't Zeke. He wouldn't go to hurt her." And he continued, half to himself: "There might have been some to hurt Huldy; but not Zeke! Why, I'd as soon think I did it myself," he said.

Jenny felt the shock of a great blow.

Then Bart chuckled. "That's a joke, Will. I mean, to think you'd hurt Huldy," he explained, and he added hotly: "Not that anybody'd blame you! She needed it. He spoke to the sheriff. 'Anyone around here will say the same!'"

Will moved a little toward him. "I don't take that kindly, Bart," he said. "I don't want that kind of talk from you or anybody. Not about Huldy. Not now."

"There was, briefly, silence; but after a moment the sheriff said, half to himself, in almost querulous tones:

"It's a pity she didn't come so long enough to tell what happened to her!"

And it seemed to Jenny suddenly that this familiar kitchen was very small, and crowded, and stifling hot. She felt strangled, and her hand flew to her lips, and stark terror choked her. Then she saw Marm Pierce watching her with eyes suddenly keen and shrewd; and she felt smothered, and shrank back into the corner by the door.

After the sheriff spoke, there was silence for a moment; then Jenny had a respite, for Joe Matthews, the undertaker, came out of the dining room. He spoke to Will.

"There, Will," he said. "I've done all that needs doing tonight; and if you want, I'll carry her home." He hesitated, added: "But if you take my advice, let her lay here tonight. I can tend to everything a sight better in the morning."

Marm Pierce said: "She's welcome to stay, Will!"

Will nodded. "Well, likely that's sensible," he agreed.

Jenny, while their attention was thus turned away from her, opened the door and stepped out on the porch, grateful for the taste of cool, moist air. In the kitchen she heard the sheriff say doubtfully: "I guess, Joe, you'll want to go along home now. I don't know as I ought to leave yet, though. I'd like to see this Zeke Dace, first. But I wish you'd bring Doc Harris in the morning. I want him to look her over."

When presently the undertaker came out to depart, Jenny drew aside out of his way. Sohier and Saladine crossed with him to where his truck stood, spoke with him there. Then Bart came out, and went to Jenny casually:

"What is there, ain't it? And in a minute too! Don't you worry,

said no more. She stood near the cabinet over the sink, where knives and forks and cooking dishes were stowed away. Bart was by the door into the shed. Marm Pierce was between Jenny and the stove; and Sheriff Sohier sat in front of the oven with his greatcoat loose about him.

"Will was beyond the stove, near the other door, impassive, waiting. Saladine, watching Jenny, thought she seemed in this moment to wear a mantle of grace. She looked at Will and her eyes held his, and her tone was gently mirthful.

"She told me you did it, Will," said Jenny, with a smile on her lips, and her glance serene.

Bart uttered a low ejaculation; and Marm Pierce spoke in brisk insistence.

"How come you didn't call me?" "I didn't want you," Jenny told her gently.

"The more fool you!" said Marm Pierce briskly, her patience near the breaking point. "What happened?" she demanded.

The sheriff spoke heavily. "Miss Pierce, you let her tell it her own way," he urged. So Marm Pierce was silenced; and Jenny's eyes turned again to Will. The big man shook and away where he stood, as though this that Jenny had to say had struck him nerveless.

Then Jenny faced the sheriff steadily and she said: "Miss Ferrin looked at me, and her mouth twisted into a kind of laugh, and she said something. First off, I couldn't hear her. She was awful weak, and I leaned down and I said to her, 'It's all right, Miss Ferrin!' And she laughed at me. I mean her mouth twisted as if she was trying to! And this time I heard what she said."

Marm Pierce exploded in a fierce impatience: "Get on with it, Jenny! What did she say?"

And Jenny answered: "She said I could have him now!"

"I guess I kind of moved back, at that, away from her! It was like she'd slapped me!" Her cheek was pale, and she spoke almost humbly. "I didn't know what to do," she confessed. "So I just tried to tell her it was all right, and I told her Will was coming."

Her tones shook, then steadied.

"And then she said it," she concluded. "She said, kind of slow and weak: 'Will knocked me off—' And she had to wait a minute, and then she said: 'He hit me!'"

The girl was silent for an instant before she could go on.

"Her mouth was still kind of laughing," she finished. "And she sort of coughed. I guess that was when she died." A deep tremor shook her, but her voice was firm, and she laid there, looking at me. "She said her voice was firm, and her mouth grinning at me; but I guess she was dead by then. Anyway, she didn't say any more."

She finished and was still, waiting. And suddenly she was very tired, dreading what was to come. Yet for a while no one spoke at all.

CHAPTER X

JENNY'S disclosure for a moment hushed them all. Marm Pierce was the first to speak.

"Whew!" she exclaimed. "I declare, 'It's hot as love in hay time, here!'"

Bart opened the door into the shed, to admit some air.

The sheriff crossed his feet and sat in a deep embarrassment. His shoes scraped on the floor; and Marm Pierce said:

"I smell a lamp smoking."

The lamps here were all in order; but when she opened the door into the dining-room where Huldy lay, a reek of soot and smoke emerged. The old woman bustled in there, complaining, scolding the absent Joe Matthews.

"Takes a man to make a mess of things," she protested. She brought out the lamp, its chimney black.

"He left it turned up too high," she declared; and replaced it with another lamp, and they heard her raise the windows a little from the bottom. "I'll air out a mite," she explained, talking to herself in the other room.

Then she returned, shut the dining room door again.

"Well!" she ejaculated. "I declare, I've had about enough of the goings on this day. Jenny, why didn't you tell me this here before?"

Jenny looked at Will, and she said: "Because first off I was afraid it was true." She smiled steadily. "Only I knowed that even if it was, I didn't care!"

"How do you mean, you didn't care?" the sheriff asked, in a dull perplexity.

But before Jenny replied, Marm Pierce spoke, in a sort of defiance. "I'll tell you that, Sheriff," she said. "The thing is, Will and Jenny had got to like each other mighty well, before Huldy come back after that time she went away. Will he's fine; and so's Jenny. No harm in it. I hoped Huldy'd not come back ever. It looked to me that Will'd be better off if he was rid of her for good and all. But when she did come, Jenny, she didn't see him after that, till today."

She concluded: "But Jenny and Will would have married before this, if Huldy hadn't been married to Will. Jenny loves him and he loves her, and I'm glad of it, if it comes to that. Jenny's fine, and Will's a man!"

"And nobody'd blame him for hitting Huldy," Bart insisted, quick to

More Velvet in the Fall Mode

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WE ARE going to be more elegant in dress this fall and winter than ever. All the pre-showings of advance fashions declare for greater luxury in jewels, in furs, in fabrics, in costume design. Where there is luxury and elegance to apparel there is velvet. Which leads to the message we would convey—the outstanding importance of velvet in the mode.

There is simply no limit to the enthusiasm which style creators are expressing for velvet this fall. It's velvet everywhere this season.

Apreros of the craze for velvet which is sweeping throughout the world of fashion Paris cables the news of tailored cloth suits which are styled with velvet collars and revers. Several suits shown in early contour showings have velvet skirts with cloth jackets often of rough surfaced, bright colored novelty wools.

The girl planning her going-away-to school wardrobe will adore the new velvet-plus-woolen outfits. Consider, for instance, the cunning ensemble shown to the right in the picture. It is a style-elet when it comes to assembling the college girl's wardrobe. The dress is of stiff deep red (red of the Italian master paintings) velvet. The bodice is designfully stitched in squares. The cloth cape in matching red has velvet buttons and velvet flowers at the throat.

Black velourganza, which is a thin velvet pile on an organdie base, fashions the handsome costume to the left in the group. Note that the flaring jacket is lined with the same gay printed organdie as makes the blouse. Linings which correlate the

Housewife's Idea Box



A Paint Hint
Do you find it difficult properly to mix paint which has just been opened? The next time you are going to use a can of paint, turn the closed can upside down a couple of days before you intend to use it. You will find that you have no difficulty in mixing the paint.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

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Week's Supply of Postum Free
Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

Stone Shower Falls
A shower of stone which recently fell in the Tipperal district of Bengal is believed to be fragments of a meteor.

alotabs
BILIOUSNESS

Forest Found in Desert
A forest 60 miles long has been discovered in the Kara-Kum desert of Russian Central Asia.

A NEW Coleman
Kerosene MANTLE LAMP
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THIS two-mantle Coleman Kerosene Mantle Lamp burns 95% air and 4% kerosene (coal oil). It's a pressure lamp that produces 300 candle-power of "live," eye-saving brilliance... gives more and better light at less cost. A worthy companion to the famous Coleman Gasoline Pressure Lamp. Safe... the fuel four times as long as steel... no glass to break. Clean, no greasy wicks to trim; no smoky chimneys to wash. Finished in two-tone Indian Bronze with attractive Parchment Shade.
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Happiness
Happiness is the silver in the gray hair of Suffering—V. D. Ventris Field.

Laxative combination
folks know is trustworthy
The confidence thousands of parents have in good, old reliable, powdered Theodor's Black-Draught has prompted them to get the new Syrup of Black-Draught for their children. The grown folks stick to the powdered Black-Draught; the youngsters probably will prefer it when they outgrow their childish love of sweets... Mrs. C. W. Adams, of Murray, Ky., writes: "I have used Theodor's Black-Draught (powder) about thirteen years, taking it for biliousness. Black-Draught acts well and I am always pleased with the results. I wanted a good, reliable laxative for my children. I have found Syrup of Black-Draught to be just that."

BLACK-DRAUGHT
Bowling at Midnight
Midnight outdoor bowling matches are popular in Scotland.

FLY-TOP
Kills
MOSQUITOES
FLIES-SPIDERS
and
OTHER INSECTS
BEST BY 10,000 TESTS
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

ECZEMA ITCHING
Quickly soothe burning torment and promote healing of irritated skin with -
Resinol

\$ 2 PER DAY

SINGLE ROOM AND PRIVATE BATH

A new hotel on 42nd Street 2 blocks east of Grand Central Station.
HOTEL TUDOR
NEW YORK CITY

READY FOR SCHOOL

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Coat fashions for the junior miss should be considered as "first aid" to preparedness in the matter of school girl wardrobe needs for fall. The model pictured is highly significant as to certain style trends that are outstanding in the new autumn and winter modes. Note a slight flare from the hipline. Double-breasted in somewhat of a coachman style this coat takes on a new note of chic. The fur-bordered collar carries a capelike air. The material for this attractive coat is a checked velour woolen. The hat is included in the ensemble, being of the same smart wool weave.

DRAPED BRIDAL VEIL

IN MANY NEW WAYS

New ways of draping the bridal veil are offered the girl who is planning an early fall wedding. While in general these may be said to derive from the Russian thara effects, they should more properly be credited to the Renaissance period. This includes the Italian, the Russian, and the Hungarian periods of corresponding dates.

One of the most charming of these diadem effects was recently constructed by Worth. Of tulle and old lace, over a stiffened wire foundation, it gains in width clear to the ears and is softened by incrustated draperies at the top in crenelated fashion.

Chanel has made a bridal head-dress which starts with a cap of tulle, embroidered in crosslines of dull silver. This silver note is recalled in the torsade which divides the upturning and downturning sections of the slightly circular-cut euroete, diminishing to nothing at the back of the head and giving full sweep to the simple tulle veil.

Great Shawl Affairs Will

Appear on Coats for Fall

Bruyere shows new collar treatments on fall coats—great shawl affairs, high at the back, tapering down to the waist in front. These come in bi-color effects. One beige coat has a double shawl collar, half black and half beige, used crosswise. A black lamagne repeats this effect in black and white. Another has large, white fur coin dots on a black caracul collar.

Chanel, in her advance fall coats, features tippet collars with fur edgings.

Wooden-Bead Collars
New cowl collars are made of colored wooden beads.