

# HOSTILE VALLEY

by  
**Ben Ames Williams**

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WNU Service.

When Huldy, with that black accusation on her lips, died, Jenny was at first left desperate; till quick loyalty brought her strength again, and resolution too. Marm Pierce, seeing without understanding the girl's deep distress, as soon as they were alone asked gently: "Jenny, you all right? I'm troubled about you."

"Seeing her die upset me," Jenny whispered. "That was all, Granny." Marm Pierce, only half convinced, yet forebore to question further. "Well, she's dead," she said. She touched Jenny's arm reassuringly. "Child, she's dead; and Will, he'll be coming soon. Nought now to keep him away from you."

Jenny's pulse failed and the blood drained from her lips. "Don't, Granny," she protested softly. "With her lying there. Not now." And she urged: "We'd ought to dress her in dry clothes. Will, he hadn't ought to see her so."

Marm Pierce nodded. Jenny's thoughts were plunging now. There was in her a blind desperate hunger to see Will, to comfort him, to assure him of her loyalty and silence and deep understanding and forgiveness too. She wished on any count to see him, to be with him now. Yet it was some time before she devised that errand involving Huldy's clothes.

Even when she proposed this errand, Marm Pierce at first demurred; but longing to be with Will, Jenny would not be restrained. In a sort of breathless rush, she overbore her grandmother's remonstrances, and so was away.

She took by habit the path toward the woods; and her lips shaped unspoken words of tenderness and comforting. But when she came to the dark border of the wood, the girl paused, shrinking, reluctant to plunge into the shadows. This path would take her by the foot of the ledge, by the very spot where Huldy a while ago had fallen to her death; and Jenny could not endure the prospect. So she retraced her way and turned aside toward Carey's. And halfway up the hill she saw ahead of her a figure, tremendous in the dim rain, familiar, beloved. Will, coming toward her. She stood weak and shaken by the sight of him; yet when he came near, lest he might think she shrank from him, she took one step forward to meet him steadily.

Will looked down at her for a long moment in silence. He said at last, heavily:

"Jenny, where you going in this rain?"

"To find you, Will," she told him. "I'm on my way to Bart's," he explained. "To see if maybe Huldy's there!"

Jenny felt her spine chill. "She's not there, Will," she said. "She's at our house."

He frowned in a deep bewilderment. "Your house?"

"Will," she told him gravely, "Huldy's dead!"

The man stood huge above her; wind whipped his hat brim, rain lashed his cheek and struck his face and filled his eyes. He wiped his eyes with his hand, shook the water off his hand, wiped it on the side of his coat. A storm, visibly, swept across his countenance and left a shadow there.

Yet she thought he was not surprised; and she spoke quickly, to spare him need of speech. "She fell off the ledge down back of your house," she said. "Bart found her, and fetched her over to our place,

case Granny could do her any good. But she died."

He asked, after a long moment, dumbly: "Bart know how she come to fall?"

Jenny steeled her tones, made them all reassurance. "No one will ever know that, Will," she said; and she added: "We did all could be done!"

"I guess you would," he agreed. His shoulders bowed as though under a crushing load; and after a moment he said heavily: "Well, I'll go on over."

But Jenny checked him. "I have to get some clothes to dress her," she said gently. "You'd best come back to the house with me, show me her things."

He accepted this without speech; and he and Jenny climbed the steep grade side by side. In Will's barnyard Jenny saw a car standing, and so remembered Saladine. "That man, he's over 't' the house," she told Will. "I guess he wouldn't mind if we drove his car over. He'll want it, and that way we can keep Huldy's things dry."

"Over there, is he?" Will echoed, with haunted eyes. "Last time I see Huldy," he said, "she was taking him off down to the ledge. Said she'd show him the brook trail."

And his brow furrowed. "I want to talk to him," he said, ominously.

"He left her on the ledge," Jenny urged. "He never see her, after." They went indoors. "Now you get some dry clothes onto you," she bade him. "I'll pack the things we'll need for her. Where are they, Will?"

He looked at her in a sort of shame. "In there," he said, and pointed through the dining-room door to the bedroom beyond. "That's hers. I mostly step' up attic." He opened a door beside the stove, and she heard him climb the narrow stairs.

She selected what she required; and then on impulse, she made Huldy's bed. Huldy's nightgown she put away; and when she was done, the room was in immaculate order. It pleased her to leave all things as Huldy would have wished to leave them.

When she had packed the suitcase, she came back to the kitchen, and called up the attic stairs: "I'm ready, Will."

He answered her, after a moment. "I'm coming, Jenny."

When they were in Saladine's car, Will said: "The road looked to me like we could get through down to Carey's, Jenny. We'd save a lot of time that way."

She made no comment, trusting such matters to his judgment; and he turned the car down the hill and drove on across the bridge, past Bart's, out to the Valley road, and thus in toward Marm Pierce's farm.

In the yard they stopped, and Will took the suitcase from the back of the car. Saladine and Bart were on the porch to meet them; but if Will had known a passing doubt of Saladine, it was forgotten now. He said to the other man:

"Jenny told me you was over here. I didn't know as you'd mind if we driv' your car over."

"Glad you did," Jim agreed; and Bart gripped Will's hand.

"Guess you know, Will, how I feel about this," he said.

"Guess I do," Will agreed. They all came indoors.

"Set down here by the stove.

Will," said Jenny softly. "Your hands are bound to be cold. Take off your coat, and dry."

"I went out to find you, Will," Bart explained. "But you wa'n't there."

"I was out hunting them," Will assented, and he looked at Saladine. "She didn't come back after she went with you," he said. "When it come on to rain, I went to find her. Huldy was foolish about rain, kind of. She'd stay out in it, claimed to like it."

He added: "But I couldn't find them nowhere."

"Where's Zeke?" Bart asked.

"I dunno," Will confessed. "I ain't seen him sence."

Jenny took the suitcase into the dining room where Huldy was, and closed the door between. Marm Pierce was there; she said crisply:

"Back, be you? Fetch Will?"

"He's in the kitchen," Jenny assented. "I want to get her dressed first, make her look as nice as we can before he sees her."

(Continued)

## Service Sunday at Baptist Church

There will be services at the Baptist church Sunday morning and night. The pastor will preach. The evening service will be at 8:00 o'clock.

## Union Revival at Kenly

Rev. Theo. B. Davis is attending a Union meeting at Kenly this week. The Baptist church of which he is pastor is cooperating. Rev. R. K. Davenport of Raleigh is doing the preaching and the services are being held in a big tent. These meetings will continue ten days.

## Cooperation Appreciated

The enumerators and office force of the Zebulon unit of the Consumer Purchases Study are most appreciative of the courtesy and cooperation of the citizens of Zebulon whose names occurred in the first allotment to be interviewed. A splendid spirit has been shown on the part of those who have seen the project not as one created to give employment to those who need work but as a constructive measure pointing toward economic security. Courteous response has also come from those who have not learned of the merits schedules is impersonal. No name of the undertaking.

The information given on all is attached to them and no taxing agency will ever have access to them. All the agents have taken an oath before a notary public to hold in strict confidence all information given, and those facts are not known to the group of workers.

Before a physician can treat a patient he must make a diagnosis of the case. He must know the facts. The government wishes to meet the needs of the people, especially those who are not living as abundantly as they should. In order to help to raise the level of living and to make those who should have opportunity to make a larger income and to be able to use this income to the best advantage these facts are needed as a basis of this comparative study.

Next week a new assignment will be given, other homes will be visited. It is hoped that the same consideration will be shown by this section of our citizens as by those who showed so much patience and willingness to help on the first round. As the work progresses it will grow easier for the enumerators and less time will be required of those interviewed.

Mrs. C. L. Read,  
Supervisor of the Consumer Purchases Study

## Fertilizers For The Farm

Have you been reading the big ads. in the Record of the Home Fertilizer and Chemical Company? If you have not, then possibly you do not know where to go get fertilizers mixed to suit any kind of crop or soil. This local concern mixes all its fertilizers in its plant right here in Zebulon. If you have not seen this done, you should visit the plant. Some one will be ready to carry you through and explain to you just the process to give you a well-balanced food for any crop you grow on your farm.

They sell wholesale or retail at the prices charged by other dealers and can supply any grade desired almost on a minute's notice

## Educate Conscience

Men's consciences sometimes get mighty bull-headed. A man's being conscientious does not necessarily mean that he is right. Saul was just as conscientious when he was persecuting Christians as he was when he was being persecuted. Conscientious people can be and sometimes are coldblooded and cruel. When you say a man is conscientious you may be only saying that he is pig-headed. Being true to one's conscience may be only continuing in one's opinionated way. We had better check our consciences fronttime to time with the Jesus way of thinking and doing.

—Charity and Children

## Cucumber Pickles

(This recipe was furnished by Mrs. J. C. Wilson's mother by special request. Keep it until need-

## WENDELL Theatre

WENDELL, N. C.

PROGRAM WEEK OF APRIL 30

Thursday, April 30

WARNER OLAND in  
CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI

Friday Night, May 1

NOAH BEERY in

"STORMY"

Saturday, May 3

KEN MAYNARD in

"HEIR TO TROUBLE"

Saturday, May 3

"STREAMLINED EXPRESS"

with Victor Jory, Evelyn Venable  
(Shows at 2:00 and 9:00 p.m.)

Monday, Tuesday, May 4-5

"FOLLOW THE FLEET"

with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire

Wednesday, May 6

"HELL SHIP MORGAN"

with Victor Jory, Ann Sothorn

Thursday, Friday, May 7-8

WILL ROGERS in

THE CONNECTICUT YANKEE  
(A Reissue)

ed.) Slice cucumbers rather thin. Then soak them in lime water 3 days, mixing a cup of lime to a gallon of water. Then soak in alum water 3 days, putting 4 tablespoons of alum to one gallon of water. Use powdered alum.

Then put in a kettle of fresh alum water and bring to a boil. When they begin to boil, add 1 teaspoon soda. Remove from fire before adding soda as it will boil over. Then boil in strong ginger tea. Tie Ginger up in a muslin bag.

In each pound of cucumbers add one pound of sugar and spices—cinnamon, clove, celery seed, mace. Cover all with vinegar. Let boil until they have a crystal appearance and pack in jars.

This is a fall recipe and cannot be made while weather is hot enough to ferment during soaking period. They also require careful handling as they are very brittle.

## Famine in China

Famine in two provinces in China has reached the stage of national disaster. The number of dead or facing death from starvation has reached a total of more than 10,000,000. Parents are eating their own children or selling them into slavery in order to buy food. The terrible conditions are attributed to floods following unusually dry summer and to looting by communist soldiers.

Americans living in China say millions of dollars more than the \$180,000,000 already raised by government banks would be required to relieve the hunger of the Chinese.

## The Lady in Red

Mrs. Anna Sage, who aided police in the capture of John Dillinger, notorious outlaw, has been deported and will return to her native country, Rumania.

WANTED:—A man to cultivate 4 acres tobacco right at Zebulon on halves. Have plenty plants, wood cut and hauled. Apply at Record Office or write Zebulon, Box 364.

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**BURTON BREECE.**

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