

SYNOPSIS

Jim Saladine listens to the history Jim Saladine listens to the history of neighboring Hostile Valley, with gossip of the mysterious, enticing "Huldy," wife of Will Ferrin. Interested, he drives to the Valley for a day's fishing, though admitting to himself his chief desire is to see the reputedly glamorous Huldy. "Old Marm" Pierce and her nineteen-year-old granddaughter Jenny live in the Valley. Since little more than a child Jenny has at first admired and then deeply loved young Will Ferrin, neighboring farmer, older and then deeply loved young Will Ferrin, neighboring farmer, older than she, and who regards her still as merely a child. Will takes employment in nearby Augusta. Jenny is disconsolate. Bart Carey, something of a ne'er-do-well, is attracted by Jenny, but the girl repulses him. Learning that Will is coming home, Jenny, exulting, sets his long-empty house "to rights," and has dinner ready for him. He comes—bringing his wife, Huldy. The girl's world collapses, Huldy becomes the subject of unfavorable gossip in the Valley. Entering his home, unlooked for, Will finds seemingly damning evidence of his wife's unfaithfulness, as a man who he knows is Seth ori, will mads seemingly damning evidence of his wife's unfaithfulness, as a man who he knows is Seth Humphreys breaks from the house. Will overtakes him, and chokes him to death, though Humphreys shatters his leg, with a bullet. At Marm Plerce's house the leg is amputated. Jenny goes to break the news to Huldy. She finds Bart Carey with the woman. When he leaves Huldy makes a mock of Jenny's sympathy, declaring she has no use for "half a man," and is leaving at once. Will is legally exonerated, and with a home-made artificial leg "carries on," hiring a helper, Zeke Dace. Months later, Huldy comes back. Will, only warning her she must "mend her ways," accepts her presence as her right. Two years go by. Zeke and Bart Carey engage in a fight, the trouble arising over a fight, the trouble arising over Huldy. Amy Carey commits suicide. Before Huldy's return Zeke Dace had been showing her attention, but Zeke had succumbed completely to Huldy's wiles. Saladine comes to the Valley. Bad roads cause him to stop at the Ferrin farm where he meets Huldy.

CHAPTER VI-Continued -11-

turned to face Saladine. "This is my place," she told him. Her voice was rich and fulf.

"A chance to get down t'the brook

from here?" he asked, urged, almost cajolingly:

"You won't take any trout today. Brook's too high!" He would not argue with her. "Likely not," he agreed. "But I'm a mind to see the brook." He found

the steep path at one side. "What did you come here for, anyway?" she demanded, and her

was sullen, almost angry,

"To fish," he said, uncomfortably. "To see Hostile Valley."

said. She was smiling again. you wa'n't in such a hurry!" He ook one step down. "I might come along with you," she proposed. "If took the way in to Marm Pierce's you asked me pretty, I c'd show you the best holes." took the way in to Marm Pierce's farm instead, and so came to the house divided. Marm Pierce and Saladine was a man sober and

contained; but no man could escape the disturbing force she emanated. His senses swam and his cheek was "I'll find 'em," he blurted; and

plunged down the steep path to-ward the brook like one who breaks away from detaining hands. From the foot of the precipice he

looked up and back, his eye drawn irresistibly. She stood poised on the very margin of the ledge, leaning a little over to watch him and he heard her laugh softly.

Then he turned into the woods relieved to be away. He supposed she would go back to the house but so far as Saladine ever knew, she did not return to the house again before she died.

CHAPTER VII

JENNY went down brook that morning to do Marm Pierce's bid-ding in the matter of the lily root. ding in the matter of the lily root. The girl made her way to a pool she knew, with a rip of singing water at the head, crawled out on a log and lay at length, reaching deep into the water with a heavy kitchen knife to loose one of the roots from the mucky bottom. Saladine came upon her while she was thus en-

Along any well-fished stream there is sure to be a trail that will lead even a stranger to the mos advantageous spots from which try each pool. Saladine was quickly ry each pool. Saladine was quick o discover such a path here. When he first found it, he saw a boot rack in the muck, and knew that mother angler had gone down the same morning. He hought regretfully that if the other man had fished the pools, the rout would be not so readily re-

him, and to watch alertly, waiting

to overtake the other.

But it was not a man whom pres ently he encountered, but a woman lying along a log which extended into one of the pools, with her head lower than her heels, her ankles crossed, and her heels toward him.

While he checked in his tracks, still and astonished, she brought up out of the water an object which he recognized; one of the thick fleshy root-stocks of the water lily. She washed it clean, and then she rose to her hands and knees on the log, and sat back on her heels, and so came to her feet and turned to face Jim on the bank behind her here.

Her dark eyes widened at sight of him; and Jim looked at her with a pleasurable appreciation. The beauty which she wore was not a simple matter of hair and lips and eyes, of coloring and conformation. She was, Saladine thought, illum ined and made radiant by some in ward glory.

He told her: "I didn't look to run into anyone, this far from the road.' "It's not far to where I live," she said simply; and she asked: "Done anything?"

"Not much," he said apologetically. "Some one fished down through ahead of me. That'd scare the trout. I see his tracks. Likely he passed you?"

"There's a steam mill working, down below," she reflected. "Likely it was one of the men from there." She was clearly uneasy. "I've got to go," she decided, and before he could speak to detain her, she was gone. She vanished among the trees, and he had an impression of an almost musical harmony as she

The girl set out for home swiftly, disturbed by this encounter, her eyes watchful of the woods around. She came back to the house, and Marm Pierce saw her uneasiness and asked:

"What happened, Jenny? See some one?"

"A man, down brook," Jenny ex-"Over that side," she assented. plained. "Fishing, he was." She "If yo're still a mind to go!" And hesitated. "He didn't bother me." she said. "He was kind of like Will, big, and steady. But he said he'd seen tracks all down the brook, along the path. I didn't know who might be around." "This man, did he look like he

might be from Augusta?"

Jenny shook her head. "No, more like folks around here," she declared. "But no one I ever see

They exhausted the subject pres ently, and must by and by have for-"We ain't all hostile here," she gotten it. But a little before noon, when he was done fishing. Saladine mistaking Will Ferrin's directions and seeking the road to Carey's Jenny were in the dining room when rain suddenly began to fall. Jenny rose to close a window, and as she did so, Saladine came running around the house to take shelter on the porch; and Jenny called over her shoulder:

"Granny, here's that man I see down brook!" They saw him pas the windows and go toward the kitchen door, and the girl made

haste to open to him there. When Saladine thus saw Jenny gain, he was surprised afresh at her beauty, and amused at this sec-ond encounter. The rain had wet-

"Come in and set," Jenny invited him. "Till the rain's done. Yo're soaked through!" She pushed the

"I'll drip on your floors," Saladine pointed out. "And it's not cold! I'll stay here on the porch till it passes. Then maybe you can put

ne on the way to Carey's."

"Come in, come in!" Marm Pierce
nsisted. "Water won't hurt the
foors, and you'll catch your death

So he leaned the loose sections of his disjointed rod against the weather-boarded wall and stepped into the kitchen. "I fished down rook, after I saw you," he said to the girl. "It's all a bog, below there. I got enough of that, and cut back up to the road. Will Fer-rin told me to take the first road

When he spoke that name, the girl's pulse caught, then pounded in a quicker beat. To think suddenly of Will could always shake her long composure. She stepped back, into the shadowed end of the kitchen by the sink; but Marm Pierce—she had put aside her knitting—came

text of activity; and Saindine told them his name and errand here. "The road in here fooled me," he explained. "I thought it'd bring me to Carey's. It looks like a traveled

She nodded, with clucking chuckle "Tis!" she agreed. "A lot of peo-ple come in here, take it by and

Her little black eyes twinkled at him. "If you lived anywhere around here, you'd have heard of Marm Pierce," she told him, a crotchety pride in her tones. "Folks come to me for doctoring. Yarbs and simples. I've healed a pile of hurts in

"A real doctor can't make a living here, so they come to me, and pay me with help in hay time, or they get my wood in, and do the chores that's too heavy for Jenny."

"It must be hard for just the two of you," he hazarded.

Marm Pierce eyed him shrewdly. "Now yo're wishing you dast ask his, questions," she guessed. "You've got eyes in your head to see the dry. looks of this house, and you've got a head on you to wonder about the why of it!

She related, almost proudly, her ancient stubborn quarrel with her brother. He sald, amused:

"Looks to me you cut off your own nose to spite your face!"

"Folks get so they hanker for a fight, around here," Marm Pierce declared. "Quarreling with your kin comes natural in Hostile Valley, I take a heap of satisfaction out of seeing the Win-side of this house go to rot and ruin. Serves him right, I say!" "He around?" Saladine asked.

"He sneaks back, oncet in so often, to see to't I'm letting things alone," she said. "Or he says that's why." Her tone was dry with scorn. Then old Marm Pierce asked: "You say you come in by Will's?" And at his assent, she said: "Will's a fine man! He deserves better!" Saladine explained: "I left my

car at Will's. Mis' Ferrin showed me the path down to the brook." Marm Pierce's tone was suddenly unfriendly. "Guess likely you visited with her for a spell?" Saladine shook his head; and the other said tartly: "It's a wonder she let you

get away!" There seemed no reply to this; but Saladine, standing by the stove, was deeply uncomfortable. He had caught one foot between two bowl-



"I C'd Show You the Best Holes."

ders, and had felt a sharp burning pain in his ankle. Moving a step away from the stove just now, that hurt reminded him of its existence with a pain so sharp that he winced, and limped. The old woman looked at him shrewdly.

"Your foot hurt?" she asked.
"I twisted it," he confessed, and she came to her feet with a spry

"High time you was a'telling me," she said. "I can tend that for you Set down and take off your sh She began to heat something in a cepan on the stove. "How'd you

do It?" she asked. He said with a smile at his own siness: "A fool thing. All down ook today, I kept feeling as if me one was watching me. So I ept looking back, and naturally l epped into a hole." And he said, atching her: "This Valley's a

oomy place for a stranger She nodded. "It is that," she greed. "And for folks that live here, too. I could tell you tales."
And then suddenly she became motionless, her head cocked, listening. "Heavy foot a-coming." she
said softly, and looked toward the

Saladine, seated, did not immedi-tely rise; and Marm Pierce was usy, so it was Jenny who crossed

striding toward the house through the rain. He bore a burden in his arms, a woman. Her
head hung down over his elbow, and
her upturned face streamed with
rain. Huldy Ferrin, limp and still
and broken! That dark red garment she wore was drenched and
shapeless now.

Jenny instinctively recoiled; but
Marm Pierce came to fling the door
wide. Bart stepped up on the porch.

ideous ringing in her ears, and she tared at Huldy with blank, glazed

Then Bart told them in explosive jaculation: "She fell off the ledge ack of Will's. I fetched her here-

back of Will's. I fetched her here-case you could—do anything."

So Marm Pierce recovered her wits and took quick command. "Carry her in here," she bade; and led the way into the dining room. Jenny moved aside, and Bart deposited Huldy upon the couch against the further wall. Jenny saw that he was curiously disheveled. Something—a dead stub which he had brushed in his passage through the wood—had his passage through the wood—had gouged three deep scratches on his cheek; and the shoulder of his shirt was torn. His garments all were soaked, save that across the front of him, where he had carried Hulda in his arms, the faded blue of his overalls was of a lighter hue than elsewhere. Her body, pressed against his, had kept the denim there, save for two thin trickles, completely

And Jenny remembered that ledge where she had seen Huldy, lying in the sun, on a day long ago; and she remembered, shufideringly, the steep declivity below.

Then Bart was speaking, still panting a little.

"I was fishing," he said, "Down below Will's place. Heard her let out a screech, and then a kind of thump; and I scrabbled up to the foot of the ledge and there she was. I 'low she's dead and done for," he confessed. "But I never took time to think of that!"

Marm Pierce nodded. "Aye, done for, finally," she said in low, almost triumphant tones.

"I could've lugged her home, up the hill," Bart admitted. "But it's steep, and I thought you might do something. It's some further over here than up to Will's; but it's eas-ier going. Looked to me I could get her here as quick as there!"

He was rubbing his right hand with his left, and Jenny saw that the right was bruised and swollen, a split across one knuckle.

"You hurt your hand," she suggested huskily. "Fell on it; fell and landed on

a rock," Bart agreed. The girl turned toward the couch; she stood beside it, her back against the wall, her hands spread at her

sides and her palms pressing against the plaster. She looked down at the hurt woman over her shoulder, sidewise, with wide eyes; her lips were white and still. Bart stood in the middle of the room, "I thought first off she was alive,"

Marm Pierce sald softly to herself, like an old crone mumbling some mysterious charm: "The blood still runs!" She darted out to the kitchen, lightly, swiftly, moving like a shadow; she returned with some white stuff in her hand, and clapped this against the wound on Huldy Ferrin's neck, from which a thin stream flowed. She held her

hand pressed there.
"Dead, ain't she?" Bart asked huskily.

"You'd best fetch Will. Bart." she directed. "What'll I tell him?"

"Tell him anything yo're a mind!" she said impatiently.

"I'd better stay here," the young man urged. "There might be some thing I could do!"

"I can do anything needs doing," Saladine volunteered. He saw Bart's glance touch his bare foot. "I sprained my ankle down in the woods," he explained. "Marm Pierce was boiling up some liniment for "Land!" cried the little old wom

an. "I declare, my wits are skrim shaw!" She flitted to the kitchen "I'd be letting this boil dry in another minute. Nothing stinks like burned vinegar! What's the matter Saladine followed her into the

kitchen. Bart stayed with Jenny in the dining room.

"I'll set it back to cool, or it'd take the hide off you," Marm Pierce decided, and suddenly she was busy with another saucepan, water, some twists of herbs from the cabinet above the sink. "I might try a hot steep on her chest" she whispered, half to herself. "No good just standing by."

And she called: "Jenny! Jenny!"

The girl came softly to the door.
"Jenny, you loose her clothes,"
Marm Pierce directed. "I'll want to
rub this on her chest, soon's it's
ready. Get her wet things off, easy as you can, not moving her. Get a blanket 'round her. . "

Jenny tried to speak; and after a minute she managed an assenting word. "Yes, Granny," she said, and

Her knees were wavering; she turned and set her back against the door, and stood there weakly, look-ing toward the couch where Huldy's

So, slowly, at last she moved across the room. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Weather Affects Human Effici-Studies of the effect of at-mospheric conditions on human ef-ficiency show that the majority of us work faster in the spring and autumn than in winter and that we accomplish more work than usual ediately after a change in ather, not only on a clear day



Louis Victory Looks Sure on Baer's Past

THIS month a headline hero, who took advantage of every opportunity to make a fool of himself, meets a younger man who stead-fastly has spurned far more glow-ing temptations to toss aside all sense of proportion. Perhaps the younger man is a greatly superior fighting machine but of that no matter. Because there is no real evidence that either man can, or will, change his old habits so soon, there is little need for waiting until the eve of their affair before pre-dicting that Joe Louis will beat Max Baer easily, and probably quickly.

A superbly built man, Baer is better equipped physically than even the lithe-muscled

opponent whose legs must eventually cause him trouble. Whether he could have become the greatest of all champions is some-thing that never can be decided because, obviously, there is no yardstick for such

Max Baer measurement of past and present. Yet it also must be as obvious that he has declined to his present estate because he listened too implicitly to those who screamed so

of the great. Louis, whose ears have been as sailed by a ballyhoo far louder, far more intense and probably far more reasonable, has yet to indicate that he has been swayed by it.

Baer Must Depend on Slugging Ability

Whether his ability is such as would have enabled him to arrive so close to the top so quickly in an-other fighting era is something that need be touched upon here only scantily. Perhaps, for all the fanflare about his murderous punch, the future will reveal that it was as a cool, deadly, unwinking stalker of his prey—a master boxer—that he was at his best.

Through no fault of his own the supply of even second-rate opponents is scarcer now than at any time within 20 years. Again it is to his credit that he gets through with the job quickly, still on his balance.

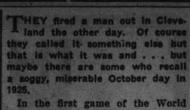
Baer, even though it is quite pos sible that his best days are done and quite certain that those days never were as magnificent as was insisted upon by the sports page philanthropists who made him 1,000 to 1 against Jim Braddock, might be a worthy opponent. It may be that, after spending months in get-ting into shape for Carnera and not getting that way and after spend ing more months in getting in shape for Braddock and then claiming that he was not ready, Max can come

Probably it would not matter anyhow. If there is one time more than another when a guy continually pops off about his own virtues is apt to make a sucker of himself it is when he faces a cool, determined opponent who keeps boring in. Braddock did that to Baer, and it is obvious that Louis will do more of the same. Braddock won from a temperamental opponent because he gave early evidence that he never had read those headlines which said Max would kill him. nyhow. If there is one time more

With the possible exception of the New Jersey Irishman who has

the quarrel between the Hearst press, and Mad-ison Square Gar-den, there is no white man who could stand a could stand a chance at outboxing the cream-colored Joe. Baer, one of the poorer boxers, clearly will not try such a thing.

tand how he possibly can them long against the cold lent pride of Alabama.



In the first game of the World series with the Pirates that year Old Barney had pitched the Senators to a 4-1 victory. He had come back in the fourth contest to do even better, to win, 4-0.

Now, while sullen clouds stared down upon the soggy turf and chill mists blew up from the rivers, he was to try again in the deciding game. Almost single-handed this veteran of a decading time to the state of the departing day was to try to beat the National league champions. It was no fit afternoon to drag him forth again but there was nothing else to do and no one else to

save the cause. Perhaps he thought about that as, arm swathed in a heavy sweater, he warmed up slowly.

Four runs for Washington in the first, Vic Aldridge driven from the box. It was news that delighted his supporters throughout the land but he took it calmly. He knew how tired his legs were and how merci-lessly the chill drizzle was seeping into his muscles.

Still, he kept at it. Bad breaks menaced him inning after inning, but in the eighth Peckinpaugh hit a home run and the Senators came into the final session with a onerun lead.

That was enough for Old Barney, they said. Perhaps he thought so himself. He had not yet glimpsed his most dangerous foe.

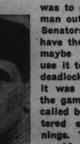
Calmly, easily he disposed of the first two batters. Only one more and a long career would be crowned with two years on world champion-ship teams.

"Old Barney" Takes Fate's Raps Smiling

Smith came to the plate, a good batter but not a great one. He poked the ball into right field. should have been held to a single but rain was falling again. While stridently that he was the greatest the outfielders slid in pursuit of the ball Smith reached second.

Bigbee batted for Kremer-it was so dark that you could hardly see him but he slashed a double to score the runner.

A tie now. Too bad, but no use crying over that. The thing to do was to get another



Peckinpaugh

man out. Then the Senators would have their turn and maybe they could use it to break the deadlock. If not, it was likely that the game would be called before it entered extra in-nings. That would provide another chance another

All this Old Barney must have been thinking as he faced Moore. He was thinking, too, of a vague face that kept leering at him from a distance.

control for once was lacking. Moore

"Too bad, but no use weeping.
I'll get the next one. I've pitched
myself out of worse holes," Old Barney must have been saving to himself, trying to ignore that leerng face. He pitched. Max Carey hit a

grounder to Peckinpaugh, Old Bar-ney's high, stooped shoulders no longer felt tired. He had done it. But wait! There was a gasp from the crowd. Peck, who was setting a new record for errors, had fumbled again. Both runners were

A forlorn figure, Old Barney walked back to the mound and s wanted back to the include and stoked there a long moment. He had staked everything on getting Carey and he had lost through no fault of his own. Still, even though he was beginning to recognize that leering face, he must try again, this time against a far better hitter than

Try he did, but Cuyler, young and ardent, was too much for him. Kiki doubled into the right field stands and the runs scored.

It was time to surrender. Old Barney knew that an enemy mighter than the Pirates was crushing him, yet he did not yield another inch. Cooly, gamely he retired the hard-hitting Barnhart and returned to the bench hoping against hope. Even when two were out in the Washington half he still hoped. But it was no use. Old Barney was It was time to surrender. Old

Who beat him? Cuyler, some say. Peckinpaugh with his errors, others add. Old Barney knows better even though he never said a word and took it with a smile.

They fired a man in Cleveland the

Housewife's Idea Box



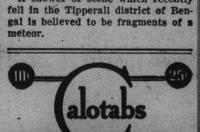
Do you find it difficult properly to mix paint which has just been mix paint which has just been opened? The next time you are going to use a can of paint, turn the cl sed can upside down a couple of Lays before you intend to use it. You will find that you have no difficulty in mixing the paint.

THE HOUSEWIFE. Public Ledger, Inc.-WNU Ser

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Stone Shower Falls

A shower of stone which recently



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Happiness is the silver in the gray hair of Suffering .- V. D. Ventris

Laxative combination folks know is trustworthy The confidence thousands of parents have good, old reliable, powdered Thedford's lack-Draught has prompted them to get

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 Thedford'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. MOSQUITOES FLIES-SPIDERS

CZEMA ITCHIN Kesinola

