### Thursday, September 26, 1935



#### SYNOPSIS

Jim Saladine listens to the history of neighboring Hostile Valley, with gossip of the mysterious, enticing "Huldy," wife of Will Ferrin. Inter-ested, he drives to the Valley for a day's fishing, though admitting to himself his chief desire is to see the membradity clamorons Huldy "Old himself his chief desire is to see the reputedly girmorous 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 than she, and who regards her still as merely a child. Will takes em-ployment in nearby Augusta. Jenny is disconsolate. Bart Carey, some-thing of a ne'sr-do-well, is attracted by Jenny, but the girl repulses him. Learning that Will is coming home, Jenny, exulting, sets his long-empty by Jenny, but the girl repuises 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 sub-ject 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 Humphreys breaks from the house. Will overtakes him, and chokes him to death, though Humphreys shat-ters his leg, with a bullet. At Marm Pierce'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 and mirthless grin. 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 pres-ence as her right. Two years go by, Zeke and Bart Carey engage in 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. While fishing he is caught in a heavy rain and takes refuge at Marm Pierce's. Bart Carey arrives carrying Huldy whom he claims has fallen from a ledge, and seemingly is dead. a rotten floor. it was as though these things were far off, remote from her and from

#### CHAPTER VII-Continued -12-

- Jenny approached the task of tending Huldy with a deep reluc-tance; but this was not because of part Huldy had played in her heretofore. She had cause enough to hate the woman, not so much because Huldy had prempted the place in Will's heart to which the girl so long had yearned. but because Huldy had wronged Will and flouted him and embittered all his life these later years. But in this hour Huldy was no longer the woman whom Jenny at once them, she was already resolved that hated and despised; but only one this dark secret none but herself

she gathered patient strength again "Hush, ma'am," she whispered. "We've sent for Will. He'll be right

here. You rest yourself." Huldy's head moved faintly, as though it were terribly heavy, as though she moved it by a slow tremendous effort. Her mouth was smilling still, dry lips twisted mockingly; and she spoke yet once

"He's finally fixed it so's he can have you," she said clearly, in that thin, strained, burning tone. "It was Will knocked me off. . . ." She gasped and seemed to choke

as though she would cough. Her breath withheld, she whispered: "He hit me!" Her mouth opened wider. She

he world in which she must here-

A world forever shadowed by the

knowledge that Will, no matter under what ugly provocation, had

struck this woman down to her destruction in the end.

Will, whom Jenny loved. Blind, spinning chaos whirled like

stars through the girl's thoughts; but through this chaos like a light-

er's voice. Marm Pierce called,

"Jenny, I'm opening the door!" And at once she did so; but that

instant was for Jenny an eternity, in

which she had time to comprehend,

and to consider, and desperately

plan. When she whirled to face

ning stroke came her grandn

from the kitchen:

fter dwell.

seemed to strain as though in the effort to produce one further word. Her lips drew tight across her them all!" teeth. Then she coughed faintly, convulsively; and her breast swelled

and remained distended, hollow, aching, for a long instant. Till the mockery faded from her eyes and along of me!" left them blank and glazed; and "Let that boil up good, and then set it to cool. I'll be back in a she lay still, her smile now a fixed And there was no beauty in this

that had been Huldy now. For a space after the woman died, there lay in the dining room a long silence of horror and dismay. Jenny could not for her life have moved. But the deep silence was broken presently, by a sound, sharp and startling; and at the same time hollow and sodden, as though a chair had overturned and fallen on it seemed to him there was a low woman could revive. Then sud-denly his hair prickled faintly; for

murmur in the dining room. And a chair toppled over, some

mind; and a moment later she heard a stir in the kitchen, and startling. Saladine came to his feet, movement there, and voices too. Yet



And then, over her shoulder, to Bart still lingering: "Well then, go out in the hen pen and get me some feathers." "Feathers?" he echoed. "The source of a like age, both comely with the

THE ALLEGHANY TIMES, SPARTA, NORTH CAROLINA

hese two lives to flow together. In-

consequently, Saladine recalled the heavy footstock of the water lily, which Jenny had fetched that morn-

which Jenny had fetched that morn-ing from the brook. Some shadow of a forgotten memory stirred in

It was one of the intangibles which

The root itself was tangible

garment close about her, and the

boot prints on the fisherman's trall

beside the brook, which had some-

marking where they turned aside. But most of all he thought of

Then suddenly the dining room

door opened, and Jenny came out

into the kitchen, the old woman

following her. "I'd best go myself,"

Jenny insisted; and Saladine saw

a sort of stubborn haste in her eyes. Marm Pierce protested: "Like

enough Will and Bart will remem-

ber to bring something."

"Well then, go out in the hen pen and get me some feathers." "Feathers?" he echoed. "I'll burn 'em under her nose. splendor of youth, their interests akin. Between them no obstacle ap-

"Til burn 'em under her nose, Might make her gasp and gag and start breathing. Don't stand there arguing. Go along with you i" So Bart went out through the shed, and Saladine said gravely: "Ma'am, this ankle of mine can peared. Unless old Marm Pierce were an obstacle? Yet Saladine thought she had met Bart kindly today, treated him with courtesy. This might be gulle; she might, while appearing to approve, nevertheless check in every possible way the tendency of wait, if you can be doing anything for her.' "There's nought to do for Huldy

Ferrin now," she told him in slow ones, and tossed her head. "And I nno as I'd do it if there was! But I'll have to wait till the pot poils, anyhow. Might as well be doing this as setting here." He suggested: "You sent Carey him, and was gone without recogni-to get some feathers. If there's no tion; yet this memory would recur.

chance, why . . ." It was one of the intangibles which She retorted: "I got fidgety with made the whole of this day like a him hanging around." And after a

disordered dream. alent moment she looked toward the dining room, as though her enough; yet there were implications thoughts turned that way. in it, just as there were implica-Saladine asked: "How do tions in that peg leg Will Ferrin wore, and the cowboy hat so jaunreckon Mis' Ferrin come to fall?" "I want to know," said old Marm tily set atop the bowed and hum-ble head of Zeke Dace, and the knot-ted rope that held Huldy Ferrin's Pierce, and Jim stirred in quick

attention. The phrase was usual enough, as an expression of sur-prise and interest and wonder; yet Saladine thought her accent and her intonation had not been usual. how ended without Saladine's re-There was a step in the shed, and Bart returned. She looked over her shoulder, saw him empty-hand-

shoulder, saw him empty-hand-"Where's them feathers?" she to fall to her death this day. Bart seemed faintly to hesitate. "I couldn't find a dry one anywhere," he declared. "The rain has wet

She protested irritably: "Land sakes, I sh'd think you could find a dry one somewhere! You come And she said to Jim, pointing toward the stove:

minute to try it on her." He nodded, and she went out through the shed with Bart on her heels; and Saladine was left wondering why old Marm Pierce was so bent on finding feathers to burn under Huldy's nose, if there was in fact no chance that the hurt get what's wanted and fetch it."

Jenny heard it with half her where. The sound was loud and

"Not Will," Jenny retorted. Her voice was gentle as she spoke the name. "A man wouldn't think of it. And it isn't for men to do, anyway. Rummaging through her things." She took down a heavy oilskin coat from behind the kitchen door. "Til go myself," she said. "If I meet Will, I'll have him come on here, case you need anything. I'll

Then she was gone.

WHEN Jenny, thus departing, left Saladine and Marm Pierce alone, the old woman seemed for a ment almost embarrassed. She looked at Jim with her small bright

"I'll boil up a cup of tea," she de cided. "It's past dinner time, and I'm hungry. 'Low you could eat a bit your own self." She filled the kettle at the pump in the sink and clapped it on the stove. Bread from the pantry, jam, butter from the cellar, and a bit of salt pork and some cold bolled potatoes to slice and fry in the sweet fat. "Jenny's a fine girl," Saladine sug-

gested presently. "It's a wonder she ain't married."

Marm Pierce looked at him with Marm Pierce looked at him with eyes suddenly shrewd. "You said Huldy Ferrin showed you the path down to the brook," she remem-bered. "Go back to the house when you left her, did she?"

"I don't know," he replied. "I looked up, from down below, and saw her still there."



Roosevelt entered the White House March 4, 1933 Check on every dollar of Spending federal money Spending that was expend-

unted for and the lewed by the general s. J. Raymond Mcaccountin er general of the Carl. com , occupied and still dependent position in United St occupies an li directed and the the acco made under the reviews accounting law. But crival of the New Deal budget with the an government and and the from the depresthe natio w laws were ension, sc acted, n es of government billions of dollars ed, the bulk of it were cres were app thout reference to act or the bureau of being spe the account the budg ress, under White lid not make these House di their spending accountable to the comptroller gen-

It was almost two years before President Roosevelt saw fit to make any of the emergency agencies, the alphabetical soup, amenable to the general accounting office. Conse-quently, millions upon millions of dollars were spent and only the spending agencies knew whether they were spent in accordance with law. Now, however, things have changed. Late last winter, the President began extending the broad wings of the general accounting office over emergency agencies and has continued to do so until, only the other day, the last of these were made responsible to the comp-troller general. Thus an independent governmental unit—one with no axes to grind—again is in a posi-tion to say whether federal money is being spent as congress directed and in a manner which the taxpayers have the right to demand.

new ag

eral.

This spending of money in gigantic amounts always breeds suspi-cion. It causes people to inquire, whatever the form of government may be or whatever political party may be in control, whether there is waste or graft, whether the then of-fice holders are feathering their own nests, and many another question of the like. It was true in the case of the New Deal. Observers here in Washington constantly were receiving information alleging that this individual or that had been displaying signs of unusual prosperity: that rumors were afloat concerning graft and crookedness in one agency or another and that "somebody ought to expose" the goings-on with respect to a named department of government. It was not an unusual circumstance because in every administration we here in Washington who attempt to see and to hear as much as we can, get the same kind of reaction. Only,

THE TOTAL PROPERTY AND Washington .- When President | to soften the antagonistic feeling that people have for any public of-ficial who wastes money whether the motives be proper or improper. From this point, one may look into the crystal of the 1936 cam-paign and it takes no stretch of the imagination to visualize what a Imagination to visualize what a pounding the New Deal opposition will give the Roosevelt administra-tion on this question of spending. When Mr. Roosevelt began spend-ing, he declared it was justified be-cause hundreds of thousands of citizens were starving. His next pronouncement on this subject by way of explaining continued expenditure was that if the government spent freely, it would serve as a priming of the economic pump; that the circulation of federal money would allow industry to sell and that in-

dustry would replace by manufac-ture the things sold. That, too, brought little or no result. Then we entered the current stage where the spending was to be closely su-pervised and only projects that held promise of actually developing manufacture and retail selling would be approved and financed by federal money. It is regrettable but it is a fact that almost nothing has come of this program.

And to make matters worse, lately, Secretary Ickes, public works administrator, and Rellef Administrator Harry Hopkins have locked horns on the bulk of the projects on which federal money was to be used.

It is not strange that these two men should differ. Mr. Hopkins, being a trained, a professional, welfare worker, sees things only from the standpoint of the individual who needs food. Mr. Ickes has a conception of federal spending that embraces the use of money in ways designed to start the great industries in motion. He figures that if these industries get going, they will employ workers; the workers will spend their wages and the retailers will profit thereby and, as the re-tailers sell from their shelves, they seek replacements from the manu-facturers. The controversy between Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Ickes, therefore, is not one to be settled by compromise or by soft words. In fact, it may never be settled until

one or the other gets out of his place in the government. The importance of the Ickes-Hopkins row to the reader of this column, however, lies

largely in the fact Break for Taxpayers that the particular reader is a taxpayer. The connection is simply this: the last congress appro-priated \$4,880,000,000 for use by the administration in public works and relief. If all of that sum were





**Old Fashioned** 

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK From all indications quilt makers will be busy this winter making more

quilts. Quilts are still very attrac-tive for needle workers, and any sug-gestion on this work will be wel-Patchwork Quilt making is much asler today than 'during Colonial

days. Patches are more easily obtained. Diagrams and cutouts for patches and books of instruction are printed. All of these make the work easier and more quilts are being made. Grandmother Clark's Book No. 20

on Patchwork Quilts contains 30 quilts with cutting diagram for patches, also several ways to assem-ble 12 and 18-inch quilt blocks.

This book contains information and diagrams for the quilts shown above and many other old designs. Send us 15 cents for this book No. 20 and receive it by mail.

Address Home Craft Co., Dept. D. Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Enclose a stamped ad-dressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

#### **BOYS! GIRLS!**

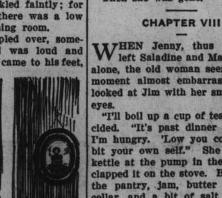
Read the Grape Nuts ad in another column of this paper and learn how to join the Dizzy Dean Winners and win valuable free prizes.—Adv.

#### London's Rainfall

Rainy days in London are fewer than in many American cities. Philadelphia has 16 inches, St. Louis 15 inches, New York 14 inches and Cleveland 12 inches more.

## Women Who Have Pains **Try CARDUI Next Time!**

On account of poor nourishment, many women suffer functional pains at certain times, and it is for these that Cardui is offered on the record of the safe relief it has brought and the pool it has done in helping to overcome the cause of womanly discomfort. Mrs. Cole Young, of leeswile, i.a., writes: "I was suffering with irregular . . . I had quite a lot of pain which made me nervous. I took Cardui and found it helped me in every way, making me regular and stopping the pain. This guieted my nerves, making my health much better." . . . I Cardui does not benefit YOU, consult a physician. MANGE-X for your sick pet. Reliable and effective. Safe, easy to use. Act before it is too intel \$1.00 postpaid anywhere. MANGE-X - - EVANSVILLE, IND. **Quick, Pleasant** 



who was hurt to death, and needa ever countenance might betray her to the ed tenderness. So after this first old woman's shrewdly understandreluctance, Jenny began the task ing eye. imposed upon her with gentle hands and pitying solicitude.

Once while she worked Marm Pierce called some question, and Jenny answered it almost heedlessly: but a moment later she was alert, watching the hurt woman keenly. For Huldy had stirred; and Jenny saw a faint movement of the other's breast.

But Huldy did not rouse, and when there was no more that Jen-ny could do, she stood beside the couch, lost in dim dreams and long thoughts of what had been.

After a long time, the pattern of the past began to shift and change and Jenny glimpsed the future. Huldy was hurt, was dying. She would die, and Will would be left alone.

Alone, and free. And Jenny, un derstanding, felt her pulse quicken its beat, and her cheeks grow warm. Her eyes began to shine.

She had for the moment torgot ten Huldy, in her thought of Will; yet she still stood above the hur woman, looking down at her. And now suddenly she forgot Will again; for Huldy' moved. Jenny saw her eyes half open, saw the hids crack, and the eyes—blank and

has crack, and the eyes—blank and wandering—stare up at the celling. Then Huldy's eyes met Jenny's and held them for a pulse beat that was eternity. She looked at Jenny, and then her lips twisted a little in that familiar, half-insolent, half-challenging smills ing smile.

And from these lips came a

And from these lips came a sound, a low murmur of ironic laughter, perhaps a word. Jenny bent lower, infinitely gen-tle; she whispered: "It's all right, Mis' Ferrini We're taking care of you. Don't try to talk, ma'am. Justwrest yourself." The smile widened, and this time Huldy spoke audibly. Her voice was this and strained, yet the words were clear enough. And they cut and burned and stung; for she rned and stung; for she

" can have aim now !" ny's eyes widened at that, as a at a blow. She recoiled, , her check crimson; but

Nevertheless she must face them and she whirled toward the door, standing with her arms spread as though to hide this behind her, as half-crouching, ready for any ap-parition; but nothing did appear, nor did he hear any further sound. though half fearful that even now Huldy would speak again. And she The pot on the stove boiled, and sought desperately some expedient as he lifted it, Marm Pierce and to divert their eyes from her, their

Bart returned, and the old woman minds from her, lest her secret be too desperately plain. "Men are all blind as bats!" she too desperately plain. exclaimed irascibly. She saw the

For-secret it must be! Though boiling pot. "Now we'll try if there's anything to do!" And she went dithis hour must shadow and distort her whole life hereafter, yet none rectly to the door between kitchen should ever know.

"No use now !"

hair.

The door opened and Marm and dining room. "Jenny, I'm open-Plerce came in, came toward her; ing the door," she called, and walted a moment and then made good but the old woman's eyes and mind her word.

were on Huldy, and Jenny made way for her to come to the dead woman's side. Yet she felt Sala-dine's glance upon her, and fought So they came into the dining room, and learned that Huldy was dead; and when Jenny said there was some one in the Win-side of the desperately for composure; and nouse, Saladine remembered that then Marm Pierce said soberly: ound of a falling chair; and there

seemed to him something hideous in the thought that anyone should prowl through those moldering and empty rooms while a woman here Bart asked huskily. "She's dead?" was dying. But Bart said reassur-

Bart asked huskily. "She's dead?" "Certain, she's dead." Bart spoke to the girl, in a quick whisper. "Jenny, did she come to at all?" he asked. Jenny wetted her lips; but she could not speak. She could only move her head in desperate denial; and there was a dreadful, shaken terror in her. Then Marm Pierce demanded irritably: ingly: <text><text><text><text> "That's likely Win, Granny. He aded irritably: "Well, Jen! What you goggling for? Folks have died before!" So Jenny found an expedient to

turn this scrutiny away from her-self. She remembered that toppling

chair. "There's someone in the Win-side the house," she said; and with a vast surge of relief saw their glances swing that way. When Jenny had closed the door, shutting herself into the dining room where Huldy iny, Marm Pierce said insistently to Bart: "You go along and fetch Will. Not that hurrying can help her; but Will had onght to know." "I might do some help here," Bart still protested.

Marm Plerce spoke op Saladine. Set down, you," she uade him Till I can rub that ankie of yours'

Miller Ladding

"He Hit Me!"

"Jenny told me," she said, "that you claimed somebody had fished down brook ahead of you." "I saw tracks in the trall," he assented. Rain began to drive against the

windows, against the glass panel in the door. She said: "Well, everything's ready. You can set down !" He perceived in her the pent garrulity of a lonely old woman who too seldom has an audience; and while they ate, he encouraged her, skillfully, to speech. Marm Pierce, at first guardedly and then warming to her theme, told him about Jenny and Will. Once she was well start-ed, he listened without interruption, finding in what she said the explanation of much that he had seen today.

"She didn't know the meaning of it, first off," the old woman con-cluded. "Didn't know what was happening to her. She wa'n't but a girl then." And added: "But Jenny's growed to be a woman

now . . ." She broke off, seemed to listen; and he asked softly: "Hear some-

"Nothing, likely," she said after a moment. "Seemed like I heard some one in the barn. Like as not it was that no-good brother of mine." And she talked on and on; and rose at last and began to scrape the dishes clean and pile them in a pan in the sink. She chunked the fire,

Then suddenly the old woman replaced the lid on the stove with a clatter, and crossed as gulet as a nouse, to the shed door. Jim came

ed like I did hear some one,"

He touched the latch and swum he shed door wide, to reveal-noth

"Don't see anything !" he said oubtfully.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

dods and Nitrate Nitrate of sods and com ashing sods are not the so litrate of sods is sodium nit bile washing soda is sodium car-

it seemed to have been worse this time and well it may have been because the amount of money made available to President Roosevelt and subordinates was so much larg-

er. It is my belief, however, that there has not been more of this intangible thing called graft in government in the present administration than in most others. There has been some crookedness be there have been court convictions of some officials but L expect when and if the future lays bare all facts concerning the present administra-tion and its handling of the vast sums of money available to it, it will be disclosed that most of the New Deal officials have been honest in their disbursement of funds.

If Mr. Roosevelt has been able to keep down straight-out crooked-

Criticize ness, he is to be commended. It Spending will remove from the forthco

campaign some of the mud slinging that really has no place in nation-al politics. But, while the President is entitled to commendation, for the attempts at honest disburse-ment of funds, I hear more and more crificism of the way the money has been spent. Indeed, it appears now that the vast expenditures by the administration are likely to be

the administration are likely to be as much of a campaign issue as is his proposal to alter the Constitu-tion to fit New Deal plans. Every one knows that when an individual's pocketbook is touched, he rises in revolt. By the time the next election comes around individ-uals will have had their pocketbooks touched rather forcibly by national and state and local taxes of an in-creased amount. Thus, it is easy and state and local taxes of an in-creased amount. Thus, it is easy to see how the criticism of Roose-velt's spending is growing and can continue to grow. The government has been pushed ten or tweive bil-lion more in debt and the end is not in sight, despite the fact that Mr. Roosevelt has infimated on several occusions intely that he proposes to curtall federal expenditures except for emergency purposes. Those an-nouncements and any future declar-ations he may make are not going

to offset more than the ordinary government expenditures. There-fore, if all of this money is not spent, and it cannot be spent if the Ickes-Hopkins dispute continues to hold back administration plans, then the taxpayers will have just that much less of a government debt to meet through this payment of their taxes.

So the President's order placing all administrative agencies under the general accounting office to see that their spending is honestly done and the developments within the administration over a difference in policy must be taken together as a break for the taxpayer.

Agriculture adjustment administration officials are about ready to

Potato present to the Control country a detailed plan for control

of potato production. It will pro-vide means for boosting the incomes vide means for boosting the incomes of the potnto farmers something more than 100 per cent, and will in-crease the cost of this item of food to consumers by a proportionate amount, of course. Conferences soon will be held between the AAA and representatives of farmers' or-ganizations to work out phases of

ganizations to work out phases of the plan requiring farmer approval. Various thoughts arise if one re-flects upon potato control. First, control of potato production marks the fourteenth agricultural crop brought under regimentation and it presents, probably, the toughest of all of them in the matter of enforc-ing its provisions. Adoption of the potato control program represents attainment of a

Adoption of the potato control program represents attainment of a point in the life of the AAA where one step has led to another until control of potatoes was essential, or the whole plan of crop control flops. It will be recalled that the declared purpose of the AAA at the beginning was only for the control of cotton. Land withheld from cot ton then was planted to tobacco and tobacco had to be controlled ; when tobacco was controlled, an the land withdrawn, farmers i some sections turned to peanuts an some sections turned to peanut peanuts had to be controlled. @ Wassen Newspaper Union

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# HELP KIDNE

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer backache, dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urina-tion, getting up at night, swellen feet end ankles; feet upset and miserable ... use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recom-mended by users the country over. Ask your meighbori