

HE STORY

PROLOGUE—At a gathering of cronies in the village of Liberty, maine. Jim Saladine listens to the history of the neighboring Hostile Valley—its past tragedies, its nuserb saling streamled the Library of the Salading streamled the Library of the Villa Ferrin, interested, he driver to the Villey for a day's thinn, though admitting to himself his stancous lightly Ferrin, reputedly stancous lightly Ferrin, reputedly stancous lightly Ferrin, reputedly stancous lightly Ferrin.

CHAPTER i- "Old Marm" Pierce and her nieteen-year-old grand-daughter Jenny live in the Valley Since ittle more than a child Jenny Since ittle more than a child Jenny loved young Will Perrin, neighboring farmer, older than she and whe regards her still as merely a child regards her still as merely a child nearby a child more still as merely as me

CHAPTER Hards Eathers death the returns to Augusta. Still unconscious of Jenny's somethood, and Bart and Amy Carey, brother and eleter. Bart, unnarried and norther and eleter. Bart, unnarried and somethood, and by Jenny, but the girl requisions him long-menty house "to rights," and long-empty house "to rights," and considerable house "to rights," and grant property of the propert

CHAPTER III.—Huldy, at once perceiving Jenny's secret, mercliesity mocks her disconfiture. Huldy soon becomes the subject of unfavorable gossip in the Valley, though Will apparently is blind to the fact.

CHAPTER V-WIII is legality exonegrated, and with a home-made artificial lag "carries on." hiring a beiner. Eske Dues. He is stubbornly all condemnation of her conduct, all condemnation of her conduct, which later Huidy-comes back. Will ask warning her he must "mend her right. Eske and flart engage in a flat fight, the trouble arising. Will, sever meditality, Jenny and

## CHAPTER VI

while that he end of the walley, estimated as it is the control of the value, estimated as it is the control of the control of

"Most times, I wouldn't worry a mite about them," the old woman admitted. "But a woman like Huldy, she'll poison every min any! where around her, till you can't tell what'll happen!"

So for the most part Jenny stayed at home, Bart now and the stopped on the way to the village, and this was almost their only centack with the world. Disaster might have come to them and none know for days, but Jenny was not artrad. It was not easy to be art and an extra of sport as of the sport and as extra of sport as of sport as of the sport and as extra of sport as of sport as of the sport and as extra of sport as of sport as of the sport and as extra of sport as of sport as of the sport and as extra of sport as of sport as of the sport and as extra of sport as of sport as of the sport as the sport

And Will was always in Jenny's mind, and she held long hopes and dreams. And sometimes to ease the girl, Marm Pierce led her to talk of Will, and sometimes they played a game of mike believe in which Huldy did not exist, and Will was free to come to Jenny.

But the game was apt to end in a sudden choking longing which left Jenny white and breathless; till the old weman forbore.

In the speing, Marm Pierce had some tain of rhematism in her old dies; no the sent lenity or gather herbs that suffix relieve it. Also, one day she had the gift relieve it. Also, one day she had the gift believe it. One that suffix relieve it. Also, one day she had the gift bring a root, of the water lilty, from one of the deep hogy pools in the brook near the cedar swamp, and concect ed a fearful bene which she made Jenny, drink day by day. The girl protested:

But, Granny, I don't need a tonic

"Hush, child," the old woman 1

sisted. "I know what I'm about." Ye she did explain: "Spring's the Ifms when the new say runs in a tree, or in a body, too; and that may be all well enough if the tree's to go in flowering and bearing. But it some hurt or harm come to it, why the quick pulse of the say just makes it bleed to death the quicker. This will slow your blood, child. Do as

And Jenny drank, obediently; and as the frost came out of the ground and the hardwoods pint on their vell of new green, the deep floot of new life flowed through her, too Indoors all winger, she welcomes this release, and went more ofter abroad, and strength was in her like a flowing well.

Once, wandering toward the bridge, she met Amy by the brook. It was long since they had seen one another, and Jeany thought Amy looked broken and old and very fired. She said some word of soilicitude, but Amy fied from her kindness as though in fright of in depair. At home again, Jenny related this circumstance to her grandmother,

"She looks real poorly, Granny," she confessed, "Maybe If you'd give her some of this tonic you give me..."

"Sulphur and molasses, is likely all she needs," Marm Pierce guessed. "Amy knows that well as me, but if she needs me, I 'low she'll let me know."

But in this conjecture Marm Pierce was tragically wrong. Amy needed more than homely remedles; but she did not come to consult the old woman, and though Jenny went once to the house to see the



"Amy's Drunk Some Apple Spray!"

other, she saw only Bart, and he showed an unaccustomed ill humo at her solicitude.

"He was name to spray his apple trees," Jenny explained, when she returned. "Working in the barn, guess Amy was inside the house but Bart said she was all right."

She did not confess Bart's ill humor. It had seemed to her at the

her concern.

But two or three days later sh
would remember it, and regret the
she had not persisted in her it
tent to see Amy. For Bart can
in haste through the woods part

spiashing through the mud; and the man was pale and shaken. "Ma'am," he said. "You've got to come oulds Ama's drunk some

apple spray!

Marm Pierce cried; "Drunk is
How come? You dumb fool, did yo

"She done it a-purpose," he confessed; and he protested; "L dunno why, Amy ain't been the same all winter; brooding and worrying about nothing. You come quick, or

she'll be done for."
"What was in it, arsenic?"
old woman demanded grimly.

And Marm Pierce nodded. "Fetch the mustard, Jenny," she ômmanded, "And pienty salt." Oh. I know you've likely got them in your kitchen, Bart; but It'd take time to find em there, Jenny, come

on they three went together through the belt of woodland the Bark's farm, Marm Pierce scur rying in the lead. Bari at ther beel repeating and reiterating fils bewill derment. Jenny sick and shaken trudged belind. Sha thought Ammust have loved Zeke and waited for him to come back to her, this long winter through; and when is

did not come...

They found Amy on the floor in
the kitchen. Bart explained: "!
carried her in here; but I never
stopped to put her in bed. "

opped to put her in bed. . . "D
"Never mind now," Marm Pierce turne
did him. "No time to move her. of the
he mustard, Jenny. Bart, you hold

she had thus cravenly surrendered. Mustard, and table sait, and butter, and milk; all the simple remedles at hand Maru Pierce used, and without result. "Got to get it out of her," the old woman insisted desperately. "We'll try some more." Eut either they came too late, or there was not left in Amy's poor body strength enough to fight for

itseir. Sae died.

Alone together, afterward, when all that could be done had been done. Marm Pierce and Jenny had some talk of this tragedy between them. Jenny cried in deep anger:

"It's Huldy that's to blame! If she hadn't got hold of Zeke, he'd have married Amy by now."

"she wa'n't the only one to blame."
"Oh, Zeke's to blame." Jenny confessed; and Marm Pierce looked at her as though impatient with her blindness, and seemed about to speak; but then she said:
"Oh, aye, he'll have to take his

"She might have kept her head up," Jenny urged. "It needn't have broken her down;"

The old woman said, with a harshness in her tone that she did not often use toward Jenny: "Don't talk like a fool! Being brave is all right; but no matter-dow brave you be, there's times it won't belp you!" The girl sensed something hidden in her tone. "Why, Granny? What

"I dunno as I know," Marm Pierce confessed. And she cried suddenly, daming with high wrath; "Child. If I knowed for certain, think I'd

"But what could you do?" Jenny whispered, all bewildered, "A-plenty," Marm Pierce told her stoutly, "I'd know enough to do."

Jenny did not go to Amys rune.

Jean's Herrer that day sufferes

a. Marm Herrer that day sufferes

while Jenny slowly though ber had

with a hot flattron over blanket

till the old woman writhed from

the heat, yet declared she felt bet

ter by and by. Jenny was as wel
pleased to slay at home. Will wonl,

have been at the burying; and Jen

yn night have seen him there

and she shrank from seeing him

and weary wounds. He must be

she thought, somehow broken be

she thought and weartness

and weary wounds. He must be

she thought somehow broken be

she thought somehow broken

she that were going to see

him, to see his grief and weartness

and weary would. So Jenny willingly

stayed at home, nursing in her hear

and control. So Jenny willingly

stayed at home, nursing in her hear

weevering him and she heling they had

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ler love, drawing it around him filt

be buckler against all he must da-

They and sloving that summer word now and then by Will, and of Zeke and Huldy, too. The word are through the Valley that nown-days Zeke never wenty where Huldy did not go. And in September there were vague, fragmentary reports that he had struck Huldy, hal tried to choke her; in some passion of anger at her for a cause unknown.

Will, it appeared, made no effor send Zeke away; he frested Zek with a slow couriesy, and Hindy too. He seemed to preserve by hi demeance the fiction that Zeke was the farm; that Hilly as mind about the farm; that Hilly as mind as the should be. Old Will Haren, according to rumor, taunted blim one day and then shrank in afright before Will's blaning eyes, and habbled hi apologies, withdrawing the oftend the property of the property of the contraction of the control o

the others nurried win away.

And Jenny thought of Huldy moving insolently to and fro about the

farm, doing the housework with a

casual ease—it was agreed that she
was a good housekeeper—idling

alone on the ledge above the brook

strolling in the orchard or across

the fields; and always with Zeke

like a jealous guardian on her heels. Zeke, some one said, was not so staiwart as he had used to be. He had begun to cough, and to lose weight. It was even predicted that he might not live the winter through. Bart came to the door one day, on his way home from the village, and

"Huldy and Zeke was in Liberty today, Driv' over in Will's sleigh." This was in February, with snow deep on the road, He chuckled: "If Zeke and me went at it again, I guess I could handle him now, He's failed pitiful, this last six months."

He's got enough trouble on his ands."

Bart nedded soberly, "It's a wonler to me how Will stands It," he onfessed, "I see her today. She's he same as ever, with an eve for

way she has."

Marm Pierce, putting away the parcels he had brought, asked with a glance toward the dining room whither Jenny had withdrawn:

"Didn't see him, no," Bart returned. "He stays to home, the most of the time."

And he chuckled, and said; "It

was funny to see the nien today, kilid of circling, and watching, like they was writing for something. Like a bunch of crows around a sick horse, walting to see what was, going to happen next." And he said: "Zeke, he won't last long!"

"Guess you wen't go to his funeral when he dies," Marm Pierce commented.

"Oh, I don't hold a thing against Zeke," Bart assured her. "I figure I've got all the better of our argument, by now,"

"How would Amy feel about that?" the old woman demanded; and Bart said slowly: "Pore Amy!" But he rose as

After he was gone, Marm Pierce was busy with supper for a while, Jenny helping her; but when they had finished the meal, as though after long reflection, the old woman

"Child, there's things the less said about them the better; buit I can feel it in my bones, something's going to happen around here. I dunno what it'il be; but I don't want you mixed up in it."

Jenny looked at her gravely. "What can happen, Granny?"

The old woman hestated, "I dunno as I know," she confessed. "I dunno as I know," she confessed. Blut Jenny, don't you let what harts other folks hurt you." She other folks hurt you." She other folks hurt you. Jenny, 'There's apt as not to be trouble, bou't get in the way of II. One of the days, somebody, some man's going to, ..., "She shook her how days, womebody, some wan's going of the word of the control of the control

to do," the old woman retorted; yet she sald slowly: "Amy died of it, Jenny. I don't want a thing to happen to you."

Jenny could not understand; yet she could share her grandmother dushs and fears. This season from that February IIII the flood file of summer must always be a weary one, when nerves are ranged and frayed; and especially in this northsearth is still mustiling to restrict the stroke of plow, so that man can only wait, this energies restrained and funing for an outlet, IIII the time for action course.

time for action counce.
This year, the season of waiting was a long one; the frost was deep, the spring was slow. Burt stays between the spring was slow. Burt stay deep at the house one morning, the wheels of his burgs much clotted to the hubs; to take commissions for shopping at the village; and also shopping at the village; and they have kept all day indoors. But they came early, till the lamps in the kitchen and dining room made ill sung and warm. Marm Pierce and Jamy began to prepare supply and the old woman went out to survey the weather signs.

survey the weather signs.
"It might lift tomorrow," she
said. "The wind's this way, that
way, now, but if it shifts, wy'll get
a change. It'll be a late spring, and
sudden. First touch of sun, and
everything will grow a week in a
day. A spring like this, I ran't get
my simples when they're right."

"Till go tomorrow and see what I can find," Jenny offered.
"You can get me a water lily root, anyway." Marm Pierre re flooted. "If the water sin't to

deep."

The girl said: "There's a pool down toward the bog with an old log in it, and liles grow in back of the log. It's not deep there. I can seach down."

reach down."

Marm Pierce opened the oven to see if the biscuits were done, and a blast of hot air struck her in the face, "Whew!" she exclaimed, and closed the oven. "I'm bound to air out or suff-cate," she said, and opened the kitchen door.

opened the kitchen door.

Then she ejaculated: "Bart! I never heard you come up on the

porch. Where's your team?"
Jenny turned and saw Bart there
on the porch, just outside the door.
"Mud's too deep to git in here and
not 'founder," he explained, "!
walked over from my house. Here's
yore things!"

yore things!"

Marm Pierce spoke sharply.

"Well, don't come tracking into my
kitchen," she said, and took his
burdens from him, "Much obliged.

Good night to you."

Good night to you."

And she pushed the door shut with her knees.

with her knees,
"I'd a notion he'd b'en standing
there listening," the old woman
declared. "Be just like him to? If
I'd knowed he was there, I'd have
said something he wouldn't like to
hear!"

Jenny smiled at the old woman's asperity. "You don't like Bart, do you?"

And Marm Fierce said flatly
"No. I hate a man that's alway
doing me favors." She smiled grim
by at her own words. "Footlish o
me, like as not; but that's the wa;
I be."

Latter the rain began again; but they were here secure. Rain was dancing on the roof and sinting against the weatherboards when Jenny went to bed; but ahe sleptgluckly, deeply, till the befared gray of a moist and solden dawn. "And woke and rose without misgiving. There were in her no premointions. Yet this was the day we death and Saladine came to Hastite Valley, and the face of Jenny's

Saladine, at the entrance of this idden Valley about which so many ark tales clustered, cheeked his ar on the ledge above Will Ferin's farm for long enough to surely the scene, shrouded in a migtige rain; but at just he loosed his

brakes and begin the steep descent.
The road played downward, the relaxed to a larcer gradual pifets and he saw payeently a meadow one hand, and a rocky posters where were cove, and the well-kept building of a fram. The bijldings were set bisk h little from the road, upon a kubit that wiss like

There was nothing extraordinary in the outward angled of the place. It was life countries, where here about, except that ferhaps the buildings were a little larger. There was rather something reasoning in the very fact that it lwas an endinary, therity farms, by Saladins knew it junus he will Dyrinis, and he remembered Hudy Peyrin's dark reports, and wished contributy that the contribution of the countries of t

But a hundred yards below the farmhouse, his jammed on british and skildded for a 'stop. Here, flye and skildded for a 'stop. Here, flye and skildded for a 'stop. Here, flye her had been and the first his farmed to be a stop of the first his farmed margins to such effect that there was not from for a car De pass, on one side or the other, flw wheels on the first his farmed for a car do must drep of first he first had not the differ his first had not all the the differ his first had not all the state of the first was so deep that if a car did suffer this mischance, tel wheels would be left spinning, with per forting underfylem.

Salidine checked his car with not tip feet to spare, and then began to back up this seep road, and he was faintly pleased. Ferrin's farm would serve its a place to leave the car. He might see Huldy

He backed past the drive that led into the farmerad, and swamp-lag and he passed the front of the house—blank, with shades drawndown and the door unconcomislingly closed and came into the barnyard.

agen doop of the shed a man. This yam had been fitting stove wood; by capie to the shed door, with an axistill in this hand, to look at skindolne. A tall, lank man; a young man, an til man. These were link with the shed weather, designed to she was to she was the shed weather, designed to she was the shed weather, designed to she weather, designed to she was to she was to she with the she will be must title, has no neoper functional was the shed was the she wa

roked.

But instead he only sald: "Morning!" And he only fished: "You Will

"WIP's In the house," the ma answered, gradfully, he a volce or riously shaken and hollow. Safe tine had again that strong impresion that the other was ill, that he was a bask, drained and emptiof all strength and vehenence. If added now, unnecessarily: "Yr Zeke Duce." His tone was somble and there was reasonless suspicte

i ms eyes.
"I come to fish the brook downelow," Saladine explained, as lough some explanation were by he other's glance required of him. The road's washed out, 'tween here and Carey's; so I thought to leave

Zeke dld not speak; but his eye, when Jim spoke the name of Carey, held a spark strange to see. Then his glance turned to one side, at something beyond Saladine's line of vision, there within the shed. Saladine was a bold man, but he felt a pricking at the back of his

ful for whatever should appear. But it was only a woman who appeared in the doorway, and at first Saladine was relieved at sight of her. Then he was astonished at the leastry, and relevant the leastry and relevant of the first Saladine was relieved at Sight of her, the saladine should be suffered by the saladine should be saladine should be suffered by the saladine should be saladine

And then he looked at her c tenance again, his pulse sudd constitue. She seemed Arga, Tree in realized this she was in the realized this she was in the realized this she was in the realized this she was the realized this she was the realized with the realized convenients and the required, with that conting employed upon the congration of hey flips and eyes which is so offer any attribute of contraction of he great woods of the stage. And eyes, they are the realized was formed to the realized was formed to the ellow the head was formed to the ellow the head was the realized was when the realized was within a manner for the very sleete, with no half with circle above the ellow to make the realized was when the realized was within the same contraction of the was and the stage of the was and the stage of the realized with which its rays shall their deep tools on. She was one of those consens who, so natter what they can, seen not a man's eye on.

She looked at him, and with quickening eyes that suddenly were veiled as though she had frawn a cartain down; and then she looked at the man in the shed. As though at command, Zeke began with split another billet of wood. Then the woman addressed Saladie.

your car in my yard!" Her tones



You Can Rest Your Car in My Yard."

ere light, almost jesting, half flatery, half challenge, "Much obliged," Saladine said. It's only white try the brook a

gently. "The fish won't take hold, by You could find better ways to use your time!" There was in her a physical passivity acquisitingly disturbing; she was like an animal crouched ready to spling.

He began to set un bis rod. "May,

He began to set up his rod, "Maybe I can get at thom before the rain," be evaded. The ax clopped and clopped behind her, and a clip flew spinning over her shoulder toward him. She dld not turn her head.

"I expect yo're Mis' Ferrin," he hazarded, in the silence, "I'm Huldy—Ferrin," she hasented, and smiled, and he could find no reason for this smile. She continued to watch him camby.

Then the kitchen door opened and the state of the state o

occasion blaze and burn!

The man came toward Saladine, and his glance was friendly. He looked at the woman, and she suitlet; and Saladine thought uneasuly that Huldy Ferrin smiled more than the occasion required.

dine.

"Yo're Will Ferrin, I expect,"
Saladine returned, "How do. My
name's Saladine."

Will \ \ \text{nodded.} \"Fishing?" \ \text{he}

Saladine assented, "I hear tell here are some big ones in the rook," he said. The woman in the shed door

The woman in the shed door watched them. She seemed half iskeep, seemed there; yet saladine thought warmth emanated from her as from a good store. Beniad her the ay rived wood, "Some," said Will Ferrin, "Yes,

"Some," said Will Ferrin, "Yes, there's a few, Von go along broad to Carry's, and start there and his down through the quick water," he suggested, "I'l runs a ways be low here. Then three's dead below that, through the bog, The then below that, through the bog, The then by one are mostly, in the then by one are mostly, in the then by one are mostly, in the then water; but those they won't take at all, and it's hard fashing, unless you know the holes.

"If it's too tough, I'll pass it up," aladine decided.

\"Guess you'll stick it, by the looks of you," Will predicted. "But it'it save you some hard walking, atter yo're through fishing! if you strike over to the Valley road." And he explained in more detail:

"You'ld come to where there uses to be a mill; an old stone dam. You leave the brook on the far hide there, and go up through the wood till you bit the road. Follow'ld north, and take the first right That'll bring you back to Carey's and back bere. Be a heap easie

than drilling through the woods.

Satadine thought there was something defensive in Will's garcuilty, as though by speech he sought to avert that which he feared. "Mach obliged." Jin told him, and slung basket on hip. "How far down to Carry's from here."

Carey's from here?

But before Will could answer,
Huldy Ferrin movel, and spoke,
"Yo're wasting time, going by the
road," she said. "Til show you befter than that," And without waiting for Jim's assent, she moved toward the barn.

Saladine looked at Will Ferrin Will's eyes were heavy with a deep shadow. Also, the ax half stopped its clack and bite, as though Zek in the shed were listening, too. "Through this way," Insisted Hull

"He'll do full as well to go the road," her husband urged; but her eyes touched him, and he was still She had paused and Jim felt im patience in her; and then he found himself following her through the

path beyond. He would remember, afterward that Zeke's ax in the shed did not resume its rhythmic sound; but now he watched her, here before him forgetting all else. She flowed along the traft, her body moving without effort, vigorous as a cat's, easy.

They came to where a flat ledge printruded from the steep slope o the hill, like epaulet on shoulder Here lay a narrow bank of mess and turf, compact and firm, and then bare granite; and tree topwere level with the lip of the gran Ite, testifying to a steep declivity.

"I C'd Show You the Best Holes"

their eyes.

She \unred to face Saladine.
"This is my playe," she told him.

Her voice, was rich and full.
"A charge to get down (the break).

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
he steep path at one side.

whe steep path at one side.

What did you come here for, anyway?" she demanded, and her mouth was sullen, almost anary, thallanging.

"To fish," he said, uncomfortably
"To see Hostile Vailey."
"We ain't all hostile here," sh
said. She was smilling again.
you wa'n't in such a hurry!"
Hook one step down, "I might com
along with you," she proposed. Te

Saladine was a man sober and contained; but no man could escape the disturbing force she emanated. His senses swam and his cheek was

plunced down the steep path toward 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

and he heard her laugh softly.

Then he dyrned into the woods, relieved to be away. He supposed she would go back to the house; but so far as schaline ever kney, she did not return to the house.

(Continued Next Week)

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Court
At A see
Probate Of
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rue Copy, LORENCE DOTY, Deputy Probate Register, July 25, Aug. 1 and

STATE OF MICHIGAN—The Probate Court for the County of Oukland At a session of said Court, held at the robate Office in the City of Pontae, in ald County, on the 25th day of July,

Present: Hon. Dan A. McGaffey, Jude of Probate.
In the Matter of the Estate of Akin Mills, Deceased.
Helen Illilings Orlich and Treillis- Line, executors of said estate, having the court a petition praying the the time of the court of the presentation of claim, cannot said estate the court of the court

the said court. It is a four months from the date be allowed for creditors to reverse claims assume that each extra construction of the date of the da

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