A RIDDLE.

There's a queer little house That stands in the sun; When the good mother calls, The children all run. While under her roof It is cozy and warm, Though the cold wind may whistle And bluster and storm.

In the daytime this queer Little house moves away, And the children run after, So happy and gay: But it comes back at night, And the children are fed, And tucked up to sleep In their warm, cozy bed.

This queer little house Has no windows nor dcors; The roof has no shingles, The rooms have no floors: No fireplaces, chimneys, No stoves can you see. Yet the children are cozy And warm as can be.

The story of this Little house is quite true; I have seen it myself. And I'm sure you have, too, You can see it tonight, If you'll watch the old hen, While her downy wings cover Her chickens again. -Author Unknown

THE DARK MOUNTAINS

the house stepped in unexpectedly, summer." she could run down to see what

"fancy work" from both her menfolks. And this table spread was, you might say, a debt of honor. If she hadn't pledged herself to work she had marked for its sheer beauty. She had gone with Field and Cynthia such a third a bedroom. She had fried he had driven up the day before platters of chicken. Mother had commencement—fine. Not that he not meant to frown at anything the hadn't pledged herself to work she had marked for its sheer beauty. the rarest piece of linen anywhere in the country, and that for a wild away from the light of door and Liv night trip to Stillwater, Joie window, she could not see the words wouldn't have been in college; he distinctly, but she knew them:

her lids and was in Margaret Foss's lurching truck, hoping to reach town by sunrise. Mud-splashed, her roughened hands, gripping each other across her lap, she had faced David Porter, superintendent of schools, and out-talked facts themselves.

Give God the glory for what? Where have any to spare—ninety-five in all! Oh, she to spare—ninety-five in all! Oh, she help being a little unreasonable. Cynthia Ann wrote every week. She help being a little unreasonable. Cynthia Ann wrote every week. She help being a little unreasonable. Cynthia Ann wrote every week. She help being a little unreasonable. Cynthia Ann wrote every week. She help being a little unreasonable. Cynthia Ann wrote every week. She help being a little unreasonable. Cynthia Ann wrote every week. She help being a little unreasonable. Cynthia Ann wrote every week. She help being a little unreasonable. Cynthia Ann wrote every week. She help being a little unreasonable. Cynthia Ann wrote every week. She help being a little unreasonable. Cynthia Ann wrote every week. She help being a little unreasonable. Cynthia Ann wrote every week. She help being a little unreasonable. Cynthia Ann wrote every week. She help being a little unreasonable. Cynthia Ann wrote every week. She help being a little unreasonable. Cynthia Ann wrote every week. She help being a little unreasonable. Where you been keeping it? I'll to keep the shock from being too at the swore. "You've put your eyes out on that blanked tablecloth. Where you been keeping it? I'll to keep the shock from being too at the whole it was stumbly on the stairs. Where you been keeping it? I'll to keep the shock from being too at the wall, at the shaky and go right on. Maybe Joie wasn't what I think of her."

Rachel said where it was. She didn't want the house upset and direction and one of the province of

English, but he wasn't a thief. secret. If they hadn't been afraid with their maze of frail leafage in an They knew she wouldn't have a cent trouble to telephone that Joie was of wounding Joie's pride—for no boy of eighteen wants a woman, even his mother, getting him out of trouble—if she had told the boy, flat, why she had to use every spare minute of daylight and all her hadly-lighted ber eves to rest them. Not to grow of eighteen wants a woman, even his hour easily. Now it was going to buy even one flower. But there coming home for his birthday. He to buy even one flower. But there coming home for his birthday. He to buy even one flower. But there coming home for his birthday. He wasn't coming expressly for his dinner; more to see about some lars Joie earned coaching another boy in Latin was the only money that ever stayed hidden around the periment station. The phone had of daylight and all her hadly-lighted ber eves to rest them. Not to grow the coffee perking," she didn't hurry. When a dozen or so stitches had been set, she closed that ever stayed hidden around the periment station. The phone had better slice the bacon. Good thing how for his birthday. He coming home for his birthday. Wasn't coming expressly for his dinner; more to see about some long-tinted cotton-seed for the expression and the periment station. The phone had better slice the bacon. Good thing have been set, she closed better slice the bacon. Good thing have a cent trouble to telephone that Joie wasn't coming expressly for his dinner; more to see about some long-tinted cotton-seed for the expression and the property coming that wouldn't stay glosse back. Reddy Laughlin, slim as boy in Latin was the only money back alone. "Tve got the coffee perking," she didn't hurry. When a dozen or slamming back alone. "Tve got the coffee perking," she didn't hurry back. Reddy Laughlin, slim as boy in Latin was the only money back alone. "Tve got the coffee perking," she didn't hurry back. Reddy Laughlin, slim as boy in Latin was the only money back alone. "Tve got the coffee perking," she didn't hurry back. Reddy Laughlin, slim as boy in Latin was the only money back alone. The property coming to the coffee perking. The pr

center and she would be done. She a rich alchemy he did not realize; Strange how thought unwinds it-should have worn glasses. There lifted him on wings he could not self, like thread; breaks off; knots stitch. When she sighed with relief was a pair of old blue goggles that see. With the coming of Reddy Laughlike her to wear them. Experimenting
with spectacles of any kind was bad
he used them only when breaking
rock. The day Rachel left off finishing the tablecloth to get dinner,
and he saw her flinching away from
the blast of the oven door, burning

With the coming of Reddy Laughlin it had suddenly been different.
Joie wasn't making good in the
lin it had suddenly been different.
Joie wasn't making good in the
lin it had suddenly been different.
Joie wasn't making good in the
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Joie wasn't making good in the
lin it had suddenly been different.
Joie wasn't making good in the
lin it had suddenly been different.
So this wasn't suddenly
lin it had suddenly been different.

Nash was mad, but he couldn'

brought out Joie's birthday cake, a twinkling at 2 o'clock in Engineering him to free his mind. huge souare of angel food. If her Hall; students bending over drawshe was going to parcel-post his night-Aggieland in moonbeams; the treat to him. In any case the cake beloved person at your side; a caress

powdered sugar at the Corners. it?" he grumbled graphically. "Jo- dropped out.

only pulled against each other. Now girl, at all—who had taken him up and made him the fashion.

Right here Rachel began to embroider.

"You know what I think about

around the cotton crop-shoveling cotton-seed, chopping cotton, picking drag him out of bed. be no holidays-no nothing."

white. "You think it hurts a man hadn't jumped to catch it. to work?"

slave."

slave? There was one window where Rachel Nash could embroider without being "fussed at," and that was let me be boss for once. It's the old-fashioned in her son's bedroom at the peak of the house. It wasn't comfortable finding his mate when he's young. Here Mother opened her flinching eyes and set another stitch. She up there—no seat but a rickety If Joie wants to marry Reddy Laugh. chair or the edge of a sagging bed lin, I'll build him the best house on weave of blue flax, and she coaxed

she could run down to see what was wanted, and no questions asked.

Rachel Nash met her husband's flowers now—plenty of time. It wasn't late; it only seemed late. She had brought up a pan of salt Ira Nash never exerted himself ter not have answered back at all. water with a soft washcloth, and

hash wasn't at home now. Since the first of September—he had been in the University, his "forest of a thousand hopes"!

Mother had been afraid she wouldn't get Margaret Foss's tablectoth embroidered be fore cloth embroidered be fore loth embroidered be fore loth embroidered be fore and during Christ—where were times when all she had to

encircling tendrils of ivy, she closed Give God the glory for what? Where counting couple after couple and one Nash knew that.

No, not quite that. Joie hadn't one—not late. Four hours yet in ago, when Mother had said foolishly stolen the English grades. He hated which to embroider. A month be-And David Porter had kept her worked the four remaining flowers commencement, that was "talk".

she had to use every spare minute of daylight and all her badly-lighted her eyes to rest them. Not to grow evenings to embroider a spread, it would have been different. She thought to possess her. Of course, needn't have dedged about as she thought about Joie. Joie was green house herself and selected her maybe she could smile back the Joie have been different. She thought about Joie. Joie was green house herself and selected her maybe she could smile back the Joie have the tablecloth off her mind.

But of the boy, hat, why she didden around the periment station. The phone had better since the bacon. Good thing her eyes to rest them. Not to grow a truin of the new dress had kept at breakfast. Well, Mother would have been different. She thought about Joie. Joie was green house herself and selected her maybe she could smile back the Joie have the tablecloth off her mind. The phone had better since the bacon. Good thing fresh, heavy-shouldered—

"You're not eating," Joie com to go—be home as soon as I can," he said and started.

But of the door he thought of the properties where the back the Joie have the tablecloth off her mind. The phone had better since the back. The back the Joie have the tablecloth off her mind. The phone had better since the back. The back the Joie have the tablecloth off her mind. The phone had better since the back. The back the Joie have the tablecloth off her mind. The phone had better since the back the back the back the Joie has thought of the periment station. The phone had better since the back the back the back the back the Joie had been set, she closed that ever stayed hidden around the periment station. The phone had better since the back the ba Almost a vear, now. Rachel Nash had tucked his First Reader under to carry them. Hadn't Reddy run his arm and started him for school him around in her car? Had he himself yet. His will is the wind's embroidering the tablecloth.

The anxious but proud morning she come mumbling that Reddy wanted love him back. She must remember a something important. When was Rachel's young mouth smiles ber an eighteen-year-old boy isn't him around in her car? Had he himself yet. His will is the wind's embroidering the tablecloth.

Joie wanted to say she did—sic five-petaled blossoms in swirls among the jack-oaks, to the ever given Reddy anything? around the scalloped edge of a long ning before his high-school comoval. One gorgeous swirl in the mencement, she had filled him with to Mother!

Nash had never lost the privilege of kissing his wife's young mouth, and he stooped to her now. But his voice was edgy.

"Mavbe you only think you do."

Valley memory shadows rise. It lane.

Valley memory shadows rise. It lane.

It was three in the morning when across Lewis Field, Rachel Nash unlatched the screen door and stepped out in the star-lost light. Always Joie had things to tell her; never before, angry ones.

Wild hairs!" That gave the silver blindness; it was the real thing. Tremblingly she folded the her the ghost of a hope, though she knew, in reason, it was not wild hairs. Of course, she would bathe ness. If this had been night-darkness, Rachel Nash would have step-lost of the private of the silver blindness; it was the real thing. Tremblingly she folded the her the ghost of a hope, though she knew, in reason, it was not wild hairs. Of course, she would bathe her eyes. The basin of salt water was up in Joie's room. Stiffly she privately the stiffly she folded the her the ghost of a hope, though she knew, in reason, it was not wild hairs. Of course, she would bathe her eyes. The basin of salt water was up in Joie's room. Stiffly she privately the stiffly she folded the her the ghost of a hope, though she knew, in reason, it was not wild hairs. Of course, she would bathe her eyes. The basin of salt water was up in Joie's room. Stiffly she privately the stiffly she folded the her the ghost of a hope, though she knew, in reason, it was not will have the stiffly she could be the story of the stiffly she folded the strength she folded the story of the story of the stiffly she folded the story of Rachael changed the subject. She by a study table at midnight—lights His mother had made it easy for ped across the warped boards with moved around the table toward the voung student didn't come home, ing-boards—the barns on a wintry murmured. -a long walk with the professor; Nash thought he might get some philosophy of life he never gave in "Bill?"owdered sugar at the Corners. the class-room—a dean lending a burst out: "But what makes you mess with helping hand when you had almost

bling." "Jole's fust nineteen," she ventured—"a boy."

"How about your youngest brother?"

That was true. Joseph Culpepper, for whom Jole was named, had begin the study of law at eighteen, married at nineteen, and planted himself forever on a farm in Ohio.

Mother didn't want her Jole planted Mother didn't want her Jole planted Mother didn't want her Jole planted in natural darkness—the darkness of law at the boy's poverty. Cynthia Ann confided Mother didn't want her Jole planted in natural darkness—the darkness of law at the vollet wanted to hurt his mother; but—the young savage of it mothers; but—the young savage of it mothers; but—the

on a farm anywhere. Nash knew "stingy-gut." And here was a girl center than Reddy's red wool suit? ters—the first step—she was going rain. Lucky that rain walks with she didn't. They hadn't quarreled, out of the dim hills-not a Stillwater Ain't legs-legs?'

colleges. More and more they breed had not meant to criticize. But it atheism—stuff up a boy's head with did seem strange for Reddy to breeze azure run threadlets of royal purple.

Joie his chance. It isn't that I hate eyes could be dancing gipsies under finishing the tablecloth; how he had this book, he had written. the farm; in a way I love it. But purple shadowed tents of fringy covered the page with his elbowit is a hard master. If Joie m-mar- black; her neck a stem of snow

that was "fearless youth." Of course, Joie was crazy about cotton. His nights would be a blank. Reddy Laughlin. One thing Moth-If he didn't get up before daylight, er noticed with hope—he hadn't you'd chase over where he was and learned to fetch and carry. When There would Reddy tossed him a wad of loose- up: e no holidays—no nothing."

Nash's smooth-shaven face turned bathing-suit in your pocket—" he

Before the web of crimson not "I think it hurts any one-to much bigger than her two hands, and meant to stretch into a complete "What about me?"

"Have I ever wanted you to Nash had grown a little sick. Still, When Ira Nash was concerned, he bathing-suits? Hadn't Cynthia Ann

—but it was safe. If the man of Bear Creek. I told him so, last the blossoms into a part of the warp and woof. Just two more She had brought up a pan of salt to climb the dim stair unless Joie It had been bad for her nerves—were at home and overslept. But Joie For her eyes. Nash wasn't at home now. Since be finished! wasn't at home now. Since

mas holidays, hiding her despised "fancy work" from both her menfolks And this fall been awful the between herself and ner Maker. Still learn about cotton at that division paintuily clean nouse and hung fresh there were times when all she had to Oklahoma's Agricultural and curtains in Cynthia Ann's white "What are you doing out bareheaded?" Nash cried, coming the had driven up the day before platters of chicken.

would have been expelled from high "Give glory to the Lord your God trumpets in the hands of little school.

When the light seemed to be closing in on Mother's aching eyes, she lived it all over, that almost tragedy.

Sifting patiently before he cause darkness, and below for plumed knights. Roses, roses—the had written as usual when he went up to the University, Mother's eyes wouldn't have become so inflamed.

Tears are for the young. If Joie What's the matter with you, girl? You gone crazy?"

What's the matter with you, girl? You gone crazy?"

What's the matter with you, girl? You gone crazy?"

What's the matter with you, girl? You gone crazy?"

What's the matter with you, girl? You gone crazy?"

What's the matter with you, girl? You gone crazy?"

What's the matter with you, girl? You gone crazy?"

What's the matter with you, girl? You gone crazy?"

What's the matter with you, girl? You gone crazy?"

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What's the matter with you, girl? You gone crazy?"

What's the matter with you, girl? You gone crazy?"

What's the matter with you, girl? You gone crazy?"

What's the matter with you, girl? You gone crazy?"

What's the matter with you, girl? You gone crazy?"

What's the matter with you, girl? You gone crazy?"

What's the matter with you gone crazy?"

What's t

If only Joie hadn't talked mean nowhere.

was a pair of old blue goggles that see.

rested her eyes. But Nash didn't With the coming of Reddy Laughlike her to work and looked up, it seemed very late, I'll tell you—when I feel better."

like her to work and looked up, it seemed very late, I'll tell you—when I feel better."

"Is it something about Joseph?"

"And drive back alone?"

That was dear of her, and Mother Now, a blue flax flower is a bit of into it.

ried and lived here, he'd never be any company for his wife, nor for me."

"What, then?"

"All that was left of him, after the first season, would be stooping to a jealous, gold-size and lived here, he'd never be jealous, gold-size and stream of snow disappearing into a jealous, gold-size sheath. All knees shimmer of sheath and stood whitely and smiled down at him—anybody would have trusted that smile—he had thrust the writing tablet toward her.

"All that was left of him, after the first season, would be stooping the powdered sugar—not in when she had stood whitely and smiled down at him—anybody would have trusted that smile—he had thrust the writing tablet toward her.

"All that was left of him, after the first season, would be stooping the powdered sugar—not in when she had stood whitely and smiled down at him—anybody would have trusted that smile—he had thrust the writing tablet toward her.

"And when she had stood whitely and smiled down at him—anybody would have trusted that smile—he had thrust the writing tablet toward her.

"And when she had stood whitely and smiled down at him—anybody would have trusted that smile—he had thrust the writing tablet toward her.

"And when she had stood whitely and smiled down at him—anybody would have trusted that smile—he had thrust the writing tablet toward her.

"And when she had stood whitely and smiled down at him—anybody would have trusted that smile was here time, and she the rain—but Rachel said never mind time to read it."

Well, here was her time, and she the rain—but Rachel said never mind time to read it."

Well, here was her time, and she had stood whitely and smiled down at him—anybody would have trusted that smile when she had stood whitely and smiled down at him—anybody would have trusted that smile when she had stood when she had s

"Dear Reddy:" (Joie had scraw-

Mother had not failed Joie. She foolish! It had groped for the pencil and writ-"Dear Girl,

squirrel-hunting!

will, coming from no place, going

Mother knew where her boy's ambition had come to rest. Sitting herself with nopping grease—of the ode of his bed, she visualized a prose poem in last year's had a fit.

"I'm going to break those danged things." he told her. "If you want glasses, who don't you sav so?"

Mother knew where her boy's ambition had come to rest. Sitting there on the edge of his bed, she visualized a prose poem in last year's course, she couldn't see in goggles!—baily O' Collegian, "My task accombings." he told her. "If you want glasses, who don't you sav so?"

Mrs. Nash smiled doubtfully, dabing her burns with iodine. "Huh, maybe I do want glasses."

Mother knew where her boy's ambition had come to rest. Sitting thad to go by. Straight and still by the south window, she had felt the soft June wind in had to go by. She couldn't see one single thing!

Quite a while longer Rachel Nash statistening to outside state on the edge of Joie's bunk, waiting for her sight to return. Maybe wild hairs in your lides. The door shad and the long day done; my wages taken and in my heart some plished and the long day done; my wages taken and in my heart some planed. The fieling was all she had to go by. She couldn't see one single thing!

Quite a while longer Rachel Nash at on the edge of Joie's bunk, waiting for her sight to return. Maybe wild hairs in your lides. The door slame. The door slame had to go by. She couldn't see one single thing!

Quite a while longer Rachel Nash at on the edge of Joie's bunk, waiting for her sight to return. Maybe wild hairs in your lides. The shimmer that occasionally blinds the best of eyes. No, there was a prolonged spell of silver blinds the best of eyes. No, there was a prolonged spell of silver blinds the best of eyes. No, there was a prolonged spell of silver blinds the best of eyes. No, there was a prolonged spell of silver blinds the best of eyes. No, there was a prolonged spell of silver blinds the best of eyes. No, there was a prolonged spell of s

m to free his mind.

"Reddy bring you home?" she urmured.

Uh-huh, she had

Uh-huh, she had

"The day of the warped down the stairs; put her hand on a dish, and flinched back. Grease—ugh!

Stir. She was afraid. Groping she touched this and that. Her fingers rainy coolness. Lying on Jole's Joie hadn't wanted to hurt his it—what kind of head—what kind of froze on the blanket?

down from darkness to darkness.

toward the living-room and groped atheism—stuff up a boy's head with critical of his own people. I did my best to keep Joie at home, you know that When I sold his horse four years ago, I didn't need the money; it was to keep him out of that University bunch."

"I know." Rachael murmured. "It almost killed Joie—and me."

"Not that Reddy Laughlin was so wonderful. Cynthia explained afterward that beauty was all in know-ing how. Reddy's hair was red, him contained the book bene the effect was color. Close work, as the tablecloth was finished. As the to dow the loud bastion of grass, perfumed secrets of the wind. You knew it!" Nash stopped eatmach the side of the saking and, if they chose, the was to keep him out of that University bunch."

"It almost killed Joie—and me."

"You knew it!" Nash stopped eatmach him cheep the mail, the only evening has to keep Joie at home, you knew it!" Nash stopped eatmach the side was color. Close work, as the tablecloth was finished. As through a shining doorway she had gilmpsed the pages with rare words of grass, perfumed secrets of the wind. That had to do with cloud bastion to do with the back of me, it has the sake of mouth, a bleeding heart. Any gir!" she cried. "Are you carry-had the effect was color. Close work, as the tablecloth was finished. As through a shining doorway she had gilmpsed the pages with rare words of grass, perfumed secrets of the wind. The back of me, it has the colors, but the solor the slope had worked half the last flower when she ha. to close her eyes again that had to do with cloud bastion to do with the page with rare words of grass, perfumed secrets of the wind. The back of me, it has the table

Mother's eyes had been blurring. She couldn't see; went in and filled brown as Joie might expect, and no Maybe the Lord for that moment laid on them rus healing hand. The Coal still smoldered in the range. When square-topped writing had sprung Stirring it, she had to burn herself he eats. "I guess maybe you are dancing with old Bill now. It's only tenthirty, or so. I been dancing with the cotton-rows since before daylight, so that's all right. Where I sit on my bunk up in the rock."

I guess maybe you are dancing back in Joie's peak of a room, where eyesight had flickered out like a candle in the wind. Maybe sight darkening like that retains an inner picture. It seemed that before her were shining tendrils of ivy curling ticed that young hound recorded. sit on my bunk up in the peak I can see the stars shine through the roof and feel the wind in the plumtree grab at my paper.

"Reddy, you're so darned good to me—to every one. No wonder the Stillwater kids are crazy about you. I'd like to have you come down here were shining tendrils of ivy curling back to the open window—Joie's dark lantern fixed clumsily to keep the light from glancing down through a knot-hole in the floor after his father thought him asleep—the hole itself, a queer, irregular place shaped by the light from glancing down through a knot-hole in the floor after his father thought him asleep—the hole itself, a queer, irregular place shaped by the light from glancing down through a knot-hole in the floor after his father thought him asleep—the hole itself, a queer, irregular place shaped by the light from glancing down through a knot-hole in the floor after his father thought him asleep—the hole itself, a queer, irregular place shaped by the light from glancing down through a knot-hole in the floor after his father thought him asleep—the hole itself, a queer, irregular place shaped by the light from glancing down through a knot-hole in the floor after his father thought him asleep—the hole itself, a queer, irregular place shaped by the light from glancing down through a knot-hole in the floor after his father thought him asleep—the hole itself, a queer, irregular place shaped by the light from glancing down through hound" would get there. Field the floor after his father thought him asleep—the hole itself, a queer, irregular place shaped by the light from glancing down through hound" would get there. Field the floor after his father thought him asleep—the hole itself, a queer, irregular place shaped by the light from glancing down through hound" would get there. Field the floor after his father thought him asleep—the hole itself, a queer, irregular place shaped by the light from glancing down through hound" would get there. Field the were shaped by the light from glancing down through hound" woul

into the yard. Here she searched the table. Dinner had begun. out and touched familiar things; the The strange part was, they did I do like you and —I can beat you bench under the junipers; the click- keep Joie from knowing what was Rachel Nash."

Rachel

> "What are you doing out here bareheaded?" Nash cried, coming out "Why, of course." of nothing.

er. Because of Reddy Joie had ain't supper on the table? I got to Living it over, she felt her breath drawn away from a life-long commoning faster. She was pushing radeship and become pals with his through gates to the blast of silver father. Dad liked Reddy!

The secause of Reddy Joie had go back to the gin and finish loading that car with cotton-seed. For the first time what's the matter with you, girl? What's the matter with you, girl? grumbled at the table fare.

But she couldn't gone blind."

"My God!" Nash prayed. Then dressing."

thing or another. Once it was Latin; now it was Reddy Laughlin.

It was Cynthia who took the left with the dinner. Not that she longer a "rack-a-bones"—his wid

needn't have dedged about as she thought to possess her. Or course, the secret Mother had gone to the have the tablectorn on her mind. She thought about Joie. Joie was green house herself and selected her Maybe she could smile back the Joie had that was; joke and feast him back, a Culpepper; he was herself. From bushel of roses. Then Joie had that was; joke and feast him back, a Culpepper house herself and selected her bushel of roses. Then Joie had that was; joke and feast him back, but at the door he thought of the anxious but proud morning she come mumbling that Reddy wanted love him back. She must remem-But at the door he thought of an owl in goggles. Maw, you sick?

"How, then?"

"I'd rather not talk about it now.

"And drive back alone?"

No, Bill Simms was along.
"Bill?"—and right there Joie had urst out:
"Gosh, Maw, you turned parrot?"

came to her apron pocket and found the little package, still in its mailing wrappers, that Ira had brought up from the post box. Mothers was despite the raw cotton she had "Gosh, Maw, you turned parrot? er had a birthday, too. She was stuffed into the mattress! How many it?" he grumbled graphically. "Joseph will be home this summer, and it'll be vour steady job to make cakes for him. If he marries the Laughlin girl. vou'll have them both to stuff till I get around to build."

Rachel Nash felt a sudden trembling." "Joie's tist nineteen," she bling." "Joie's fust nineteen," she ventured—"a how."

"Gosh, Maw, you turned parrot? Can't you say a thing but what I say? I know you don't like Reddy. She knows it, too—well, she does. She saw that look you gave her bathing-suit".

Rachel Nash felt a sudden trembling." "Joie's fust nineteen," she would meet the graphically. "Gosh, Maw, you turned parrot? Can't you say a thing but what I say? I know you don't like Reddy. She knows it, too—well, she does. She saw that look you gave her bathing-suit".

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The youngster between the parrot? Can't you say a thing but what I say? I know you don't like Reddy. She knows it, too—well, she does. She knows it, too—well, she does. She knows it, too—well, she does. She knows it too—well, she sets the planet to buy an error for the stilky part of the silky part of the seals, the little was a jewel-box—Ad had sent her a cameo breast-pin with six sets around sifted in the mattress! How many times she had planned to buy a new say? I know you don't like Reddy. She knows it, too—well, she does. She knows it, too—well, she does. She knows it say? I know you don't like Reddy. She knows it say? I know you don't like Reddy. She knows it say? I know you don't like Reddy. She knows it say? I

Rachel Nash slept and forsleep. Reaching the kitchen, she faced got she was blind. The next she knew, her husbnad was coming heav-

A bookcase was on the ily up the stairs.

side with a big heater and a "I had to fill this darned lamp,"

finishing the tablecloth; how he had covered the page with his elbow—
"Gosh, Maw, can't a fellow—?" And never find time to read it."

toast. Nasn wasn't a cook and didn't want to be. He hadn't brought the powdered sugar—not in

efore!"

That was in June. Even then bled out to the well; pumped water Maybe the turkey wasn't as crusty

again. No matter. It wasn't real Nash struck early. He said let hurn—nothing was real. She wasn't the biscuits go. But when Rachel even trying to start supper, but was came smiling, with two litle cans-

I'd like to have you come down here for squirrel-hunting—you know that. I wished Maw—" her Joie had crossed out "Maw" and written "she"—"liked you—" her Mother had not failed Joie. She Mother had not failed Joie. She foolish!

ed like an old man's head with big nose and upjutting whiskers. She had the whimsical impulse that if she went back where her sight was lost, she might find it again; even started up the stumbly stairs. Too Mother had not failed Joie. She foolish! he gave in. When a car honked Rachel Nash turned back and went into the yard, they planned to be at

Joie stiffened. "Reddy brough!

Rachel looked where the girl might And, when he had stamped into be and started to hold out her hand the house and come right out: "Why No, better not. She heard the two sitting down; a brisk stirring o

For the first time in his life, Joie

lived it all over, that almost tragedy. Sitting patiently by the high-up window from which she had pushed encircling tendrils of ivy she closed. The program wouldn't have become so inflamed. In a count her eyes were smudges black-light he turn it into the shadow of read "Spirit of Freedom," by Wheel-Of course, no boy can love a girl, er than her long lashes—the finger-death and make it gross darkness." er; "War Eagle," Berry. How she keep up a college course, and write encircling tendrils of ivy she closed her Bible. had leaned to the marching of it, to his mother often. Rachel Nash closed her Bible. The court of the course, and write encircling tendrils of ivy she closed. The program wouldn't have become so inflamed. around her eyes were smudges black-light he turn it into the shadow of read "Spirit of Freedom," by Wheel-Of course, no boy can love a girl, er than her long lashes—the finger-my cooking?"

"You bet I do, Big man," Reddy find the turn it into the shadow of read "Spirit of Freedom," by Wheel-Of course, no boy can love a girl, er than her long lashes—the finger-my cooking?"

"You bet I do, Big man," Reddy tried to smile. "No Ira, I—I've flashed back. "This bird is scrump tried to smile. "You bet I do, Big man," Reddy tried to smile. "You bet I do, Big man," Reddy tried to smile. "You bet I do, Big man," Reddy tried to smile. "You bet I do, Big man," Reddy tried to smile. "You bet I do, Big man," Reddy tried to smile. "You bet I do, Big man," Reddy tried to smile. "You bet I do, Big man," Reddy tried to smile. "You bet I do, Big man," Reddy tried to smile. "You bet I do, Big man," Reddy tried to smile. "You bet I do, Big man," Reddy tried to smile. "You bet I do, Big man," Reddy tried to smile. "You bet I do, Big man," Reddy tried to smile. "You bet I do, Big man," Reddy tried to smile. "You bet I do, Big man," Reddy tried to smile. "You bet I do, Big man," Reddy tried to smile. "You bet I do, Big man," Reddy tried to smile. "You bet I do, Big man," Reddy tried to smile. "You bet I do, Big man," Redd

Joie wanted to say she did-sic before her.

"By, Maw!,' He came dabbing kiss on her cheek. "We gotta go.

and touched cloth that had bee wet-now stiffened with fever; fina ly ventured to lift the cloth. No that she could see anything. racuously familiar sound came fro the living room-Ira sleeping in h chair. Suddenly a chair creaked steps came toward the bed.

"Awake, girl?" "Yes. What'd I do, Ira—go o on you?" "I'd say you did. How feel?"
"F-fine. You might wet this ra

again." Clumsily Nasn got the bandage place. Water dripped on the pr Rachel shrugged away fro

"What time might it be?" "What time do you want it to be The youngsters just getting in the party if they haven't skiddedown some bank." The man trie to speak reasonably and couldn "Now," he hesitated, "now you kno what I've always told you-

"What, Ira? Know what?"
"About this higher education you, blind; Joseph-run off to shindig!"

(Continued on page 3, Col. 4.