

DRIVIN' WOMAN

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"He probably realized he'd never get you to Timberlawn, if he told the truth. All's fair in love and war, isn't it? Did he tell you about his running contractor?"

"Some of our best young men did that."

"Fant did it for the money, and to rile his paw. Fant's contrary-minded, like an old mule I've got. Lumber was one of the few articles admitted to Kentucky through the blockade. Fant got a contract to deliver Ohio two-by-fours cut behind Aberdeen, across from Lime-stone, to Lexington. The whole operation seemed small potatoes to the Union troops guarding the Ohio side, until one day a timber slipped, hit the ground and knocked out the plug to reveal quinine and morphine powder inside —"

"How clever of Fant!"

"How stupid—to let the timber slip. Fant disappeared into the river and enlisted—to escape Federal arrest."

SILENCE settled between them, while America struggled to bring some order to her tumultuous feelings. If Cousin Justinian was an abolitionist, how could she live under the same roof with him? Yet there was no turning back now.

As if he were reading her thoughts, Stone asked, "You haven't much money, have you?"

"Not enough for a ticket home. Besides, I couldn't be so rude to Cousin Margaret. She's expecting me; or at least I wrote her I was coming. The letter may have miscarried."

"Mrs. MacGower told my sister Emerald when you were expected. Knowing Fant as we do, maw thought it a sensible idea for me to slip down to Cincinnati and see that you got aboard the right boat. I—I'd like to take you home with me, but maw's got sugar diabetes. Rindy's hands are full, with our slaves gone and what's left too old to turn out much work."

"What shall I do, sir?"

"You'd best forget hard feelings now. Cousin Maggie's no Yankee, and Timberlawn belongs to her. It's been a cross, I can tell you, for her to put up with Mr. Justinian."

For several miles they had been climbing a series of hills, the river rim. They rolled over the summit and America saw spread before her the southeastern knob of an undulating plateau. Broad open fields, silvery with moonlight, sloped into shadow-black hollows, fields tented with hero-sized corn shocks. Mason County, thumb of the Kentucky Blue-grass, thrust north to the Ohio River, was the very tassel on the cap of American agrarian prosperity. Farm-trained as she was, America recognized the signs of the earth's bounty. Here on Tuckahoe, her instinct whispered, were at least the materials from which she could raise another Golden Hill.

AMERICA never forgot her first entry into the Annable home. Stone drove into a dusty lane, pale between the massed gloom of giant oaks. At its farther end was an impressive brick house, which, to America, seemed transplanted from Charlotte County, Virginia. A flagstone walk led from a closed doorway between the lighted windows to a whitewashed stile, ghostly under funeral cedars. As Stone halted his mare, the cedar boughs quickened with sleepy protests from guinea fowl and turkeys.

A moment later America found herself crossing the threshold into a large dining room. The uncovered floor, of blue-ash

boards, had been scrubbed to a monotone. On the cleared table was a lighted Bavarian lamp. Around it sat four people: man and wife, a grown daughter, a lad of perhaps fourteen. All raised their heads and gazed at America with the same anxious intensity which she knew her own face must reflect.

THE man could be only Mr. Justinian Annable. He loomed at the head of the table with black-clad arms outspread, a tall man nearing sixty years of age. At his right sat a stylishly dressed young lady. Across the table, the boy slouched low in his chair and stared. At the foot of the board sat Margaret Collier Annable. Evidently a beauty in youth, she still possessed a warm fleshy charm, which revealed to America the source of Fant's spectacular comeliness.

"How do you do, my dear?" Mrs. Annable arose with an elegant rustle. "Mr. Annable, this is America."

"How do you do, sir?"

"Humph! I see you got here."

"And our daughter, Kate."

"What do you mean coming in at this time of the night with another man, even if he is your cousin? Where's Fant?"

"This is Edwin Dell, our younger son." Mrs. Annable's voice flowed on as if her husband had not spoken. "And how are you, Stone? 'Twas kind of you to drive America out."

Mrs. Annable changed the subject: "We will proceed with family prayers. Kate, ring for the niggers. Stone, will you stay? Good night, then, and my respects to your ladies."

Although she wanted to extend her hand, America dared do no more than smile at Stone. He took his departure by the door through which they had entered. America followed Kate into the adjoining room. Through the long devotions, she tried to compose her thoughts. The dull ache of Fant's failure to meet her, together with his deception about Mr. Annable's political views, would heighten with time into acute misery, she knew, and into a proper sense of personal outrage. From whom, she angrily asked herself, could these Kentuckians have gained the impression that she had come out to marry Fant Annable, unless from Fant himself? As from a distance, she heard Mr. Annable asking God's blessing on the family and this stranger from an erring land whom they hoped to receive as a daughter in their midst. The long service ended, the family arose stiffly. Good nights were said and Kate showed America upstairs to her room.

AFTER Kate had left, America looked around the spacious chamber. With its towering platform bed, swell-front chest of drawers, a Dolly Madison mirror over the fireplace, it might have been her own room at Golden Hill. After she had undressed and bathed in hot water which some unseen servant had provided, she stretched out on the corded bed and tried to formulate some plan acceptable to Cousin Margaret and to her own hurt pride.

Sounds on the porch beyond her rear windows awakened America. Down the western sky, the setting moon hung low enough to throw a jaundiced glow into the bedchamber. America listened. Someone was being helped by a soft-voiced Negro up the enclosed stairway from the lower porch.

"I tell you—hie!—I had a reason to go to town!" Fant's drunken voice insisted beyond the window shutter.

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How one Mother met her family's most troublesome "health problem"



"We're a pretty healthy family—Don, the children, Grandpa and I—but frequently some of us were bothered by constipation.

Dr. Jones suggested that perhaps our diet lacked sufficient bulk.

"One day I read about a new form of bran put out by Nabisco, the folks that make Ritz crackers. It was said to have a tempting new flavor—and be made by an improved process called double-milling that made the bran fibers smaller and less likely to be irritating.

"Next morning, everyone had a

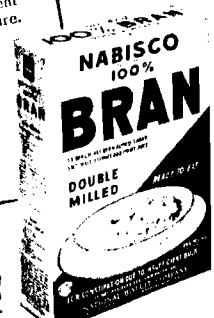
dish of Nabisco 100% Bran at his place at the table. I didn't say anything. Just watched and listened.

"Wow! a new cereal! It's swell!" "Hhis bran," said Don, "it is certainly the most delicious I ever tasted."

"Well, we've been Nabisco 100% Bran rooters ever since! Its wonderful flavor is one of the nicest things about breakfast. We appreciate its mild, gentle action. And last, but not least, I know that Nabisco 100% Bran is helping supply us with important food elements—iron, phosphorus, and Vitamin B₁. It certainly was a happy day that I discovered it."

NABISCO 100% BRAN MUFFINS

1 can Nabisco Bran	1 egg, well beaten	Soak Nabisco Bran in milk 5 min.
1 cup milk	1 cup flour	Cream shortening and sugar
2 tbs. shortening	1/4 tsp. salt	thoroughly; add egg and beat
1/4 cup sugar		smooth. Add to bran mixture.
3 tps. baking powder		Sift flour, salt and baking
		powder. Add to mixture
		and stir only until well
		mixed. Fill greased muffin
		pans 3/4 full; bake in mod-
		erate oven (400° F.) about
		25 min. Makes 10 large
		or 14 small muffins.



NABISCO

ACCEPTED BY THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Your food dealer sells Nabisco 100% Bran in pound and half-pound packages. Eat it regularly. If your constipation is not helped in this simple manner, consult a competent physician.

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