The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play.

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SYNOPSIS.

On Minery creek, John Miller, from George Lescott, a landscape painter, and Jennie Stewart, a mountain girl, he meets when boys about the Stewart home in one of the cabins. Samson denies to Jennie that he is married. Years later, Jennie, a mountaineer, finds Samson artistic ability in Samson. Samson leaves the mountains and Jennie, taking him as his "protegee," which Miller, from Samson tells the South clan that he is married. Miller, in a fit of jealousy, shoots George and leaves Jennie for dead. Samson flees and falls forward and follows. In the fight that ensues between the clans, much of Jennie's property is destroyed by fire. Miller, William Horton, his daughter Ethel, and Jennie are left homeless. Prepared by her son Sally Horton, Jennie will be settle. Horton blames himself for the fire. Jennie, Ethel and Sally are helped by professor Samson, a young artist, at a Bohemian resort. Samson, Ethel, Jennie and Sally return to the mountains, and Samson, with Jennie, agrees with others to make Horton feel that he is responsible for the fire. Samson, Ethel and Sally return to the mountains, and Sally's shooting, John, and Jennie go carry on the feud. Jennie, Ethel and Sally are sent on to the Bohemian resort. Samson, one of the crowd, Samson expects the girl to marry him. Jennie refuses.

CHAPTER XI—Continued

"George Lescott brought me up here and befriended me. Until a year ago I had never known any life except that of the Cumberland mountains. Until I met Miss Lescott, I had never known a woman of your world. She was good to me. She saw that I spoke of my roughness and ignorance, wanted to learn, and she taught me. Years came to misunderstand, and I filled me. These men saw that, and believed that, if they could make me beastly me, they could make me kill you. As to your part, they succeeded. I didn't see fit to oblige them, but now that I've settled with them, I am willing to give you satisfaction. Do we fight now and shake hands after word, or do we shake hands without fighting?"

Horton stood silently studying the mountaineer.

"Good God!" he exclaimed at last. "And you are the man I underbrush certificate!"

"You ain't answered my question," suggested Samson South.

"South, if you are willing to shake hands with me I shall be grateful. I may as well admit that if you had thrashed me before that event, you would hardly have succeeded in making me feel another. I have played into their hands. I have been a damned fool. I have riddled my own self-respect—and if you can afford to hear my apologies and my hand I am offering you both."

"I'm right afraid to hear that," said the mountain boy gravely. "I reckon you'd jest as lief shake hands as fight . . . But just now I've got to go to the infirmary."

The South was in the same room and, as Horton waited, he recognized the member for which Samson was calling. Wilfred's face now more flushed with the old prejudice. Horton it he that Samson meant to tell Adelaide Lescott what had transpired? Was he, after all, the braggart who boasted of his fights? And if so, was it Samson's custom to call her up every evening for a good-night message? He turned and went into the hall, but, after a few minutes, he returned.

"I'm glad you liked the show . . . the mountaineer was saying. "No, nothing special happened to upset the energy that the docks are plentiful . . . Yes, I like it fine."

Horton's face. What a minute—I guess maybe he'd like to hear it, too."

The Kentuckian beckoned to Horton, and he surrendered the receiver. He left the room. He was gone a little while or the mountaineer's voice with the girl's voice had just come between them.

"I know that's you two not each other you would hesitate to . . . ."

"I review," said Samson, ruefully, when Horton joined him. "I'm afraid I look around and see how bad these fellows are but in their heart they need a doctor . . . I'm sure you want back to find several startled women waiting to their beds the disabled combatants, and the most interesting their inquiries about the information that the gentlemen were injured by a motor, but were breakdancing in their rooms."

Such as looked from their windows that morning saw an unexpected sight, when the car of Mr. Wilfred Horton drove away from the club carrying the man whom they had hoped to see killed and the man they had hoped to see kill him. The two appeared to be in excellent spirits and thoroughly congenial as the car rolled out of sight, and the gentlemen who were left behind decided that, in view of the circumstances, the "extraordinary nerve" of last night had been an unadvertised into amicest history.

CHAPTER XII.

The second year of a new order brings fewer radical changes than the first. Samson's work began to forge out of the ranks of the ordinary and to show symptoms of a quality which would some day give it distinction. Heretofore his instructors had hitchen rigidly to the limitations of black and white, but now they took off the bonds and permitted him the colorist delight of attempting to express himself from the palette. It was like permitting a natural poet to leave prose and play with prosody.

One day Adelaide looked up from a sheet of his very creditable landscape studies to inquire suddenly:

"Samson, are you a rich man or a poor one?"

He laughed. "So rich," he told her, "that unless I can turn some of this stuff into money within a year or two I shall have to go back to boiling tar."

She nodded gravely.

"Haven't it occurred to you," she demanded, "that in a way you are wasting your gifts? They were talking about you the other evening—your real patrons. They all said that you should be doing portraits."

The Kentuckian smiled. His manners had been telling him the same thing. He had fallen in love with art through the appeal of the cows and hills. He had followed its call as the proselyting of George Lescott, who painted only landscape. Portraiture was another and less artistic form of expression. He said so.

"But may all be very true," she conceded, "but you can go on with your landscapes and let your portraits pay the way. And," she added, "I know I am very vain and moderately rich. I hereby commission you to paint me, just as soon as you have time."

Parkish had simply dropped out. He by the truch of the conspiracy had asked, and he knew that his useful ness was ended and that well-bred Kentucky would no longer open to his profligate demands.

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Sally had started to school. She had not anticipated that she meant to do so, but each day the people of Misery saw her old sorrel mare making its way to and from the general direction of Transylvania college, and they smiled at the idea. Now Sally's cheeks flushed as she sat alone on Saturdays and Sundays on the rock at the back of her cabin, with a tablet for place, softly sensitive and a woman of eighteen, among little girls clad in short skirts and pigtails and the little girls were more advanced than she, and she, too, meant to have "done as much of it as was necessary to satisfy the lover who might never come. And yet, the "fotcheds" teachers at the "college" thought her the most voraciously ambitious pupil they had ever had, so unflagging did she toil, and the most remarkably acquisitive. In fact did she learn. But her studies had again been interrupted, and Miss Lescott, her teacher, riding over one day to find out why her prize scholar had deserted, met in the lane an enough "job wagon," followed by a ragged company of moonset men and women, whose faces were still lingering with the tears of a recent mourning. Her question elicited the information that they were "a-moving from the 'Barylo' of the Widow Miller."

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Towards the end of the fall season undertook the portrait of Adelaide Lescott. It was a rapid completion, but it had been agreed that the girl would be seated in a peep at the canvas until the painter should be ready to unveil it in finished condition. Often, as she posed, Wilfred Horton called in the studio, and often, when George Lescott came home, he found the two in earnest discoursing. The girl was impatient for the information that they were to have, later, concerning which the three men seemed so profound a secret. She knew that Samson was a painter who worked with his heart and that the picture would show her not only features and expression, but a true estimate of herself.

Do you know," he said one day, coming out from behind his easel and studying her critically, "that I believe I'll never really begin to know you until I know? Analytical people are puzzled in this fashion, not by your words, but by your expression, your pose, the very unconscious essence of your personality—these things are dissonant in me."

"Although I am not painfully you," she said with a smile. "I have been studying you, too, and I know that before your exhibition I shall be quite ready to reveal—to you—my very unconscious essence of your personality—these things are dissonant in me."

"And under the X-ray scrutiny of

MUCH SOUND: LITTLE EFFECT

Protest of Champ Clark Reminded Alabama Statesman of Plumbers' Strike

The most dramatic day of the sixty-third congress was when Champ Clark, the speaker of the house, was called upon for his famous speech explaining why he opposed President Wilson's policy of repealing the Panama canal tolls exemption law. Clark was on the waiting side, and everybody knew that the vote would certainly uphold the president.

While the speaker was delivering his oration in his vibrant, booming voice, Tom Heflin of Alabama, walked through the Democratic chamber. Even there the thunder of Clark's voice was audible.

Heflin stopped, laughed and said: "That reminds me of an old colored man down in my state. He was working out in the middle of a field on a hot summer day. It was so hot that the heat seemed to be simmering visible wherever you looked. After a while the midday trails rushed by about half a mile away, whistling for a crossing and roaring and thundering as it went.

"The old man watched it go by, took hold of his hoe and stepped over his work once more. Then he said, talking to himself:

"'Toots! Sing! Sam! Ham! Put a caise to 'em yes 'em! Bubbles slight!'"—Popular Magazine

A Spendthrift.

A man and his wife got walled into a North Illinois street drug store. The man bought a souvenir picture postcard and a souvenir postage stamp. As he started to place the stamp on the postcard the woman walked toward the door.

"Talk a minute, Susie," said the man. "I'm not near through." The man turned to the clerk and bought a package of chewing gum. As the couple walked out of the drug store the man was heard to remark: "There's no limit to me, Susie, when I'm out with you."—Indianapolis News.

Let it consist then that thou art a man.

BANQUETS THAT ARE FAMOUS

Epicures Would Seek the Ends of the Earth for Delicacies That Tempt Them.

At the famous banquet of Trimalchio which, I, about, he remembered, not not never; which I call to a bore tongue, and was given by a multi-millionaire, who, in the middle ages, the course would have served the more of the Medici, or the Doge of Venice or Caesar, or Tiberius, or Nero, or Caligula, or Heliogabalus, or Lucullus, or Apicius, or Trimalchio, or Lucullus, or Apicius, or Trimalchio, or Lucullus, or Apicius, or Trimalchio