The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"Dear Samson: The war is on again. Tamarack Spicer killed Jim Asberry, and the Hoffmans have killed Tamarack. Uncle Spicer is shot, but he may get well. There is nobody to lead the Doubles. I am trying to hold them down until I hear from you. Don't come if you don't want to—but the pen is ready. With love,

"SALLY."

Slowly Samson South came to his feet. His voice was in the dead-level glide which Wilfred had once before heard. His eyes were as clear and hard as transparent flint.

"I'm sorry to be of trouble, George," he said, quietly. "But you must get me to Nora York at once—by motor. I must take a train much sooner."

"No bad news, I hope," suggested Lemuel.

For an instant Samson forgot his four years of reserve. The century of prenatal barbarism broke out fiercely. He was seeing things far away—and forgetting things near by. His eyes blazed and his fingers twitched.

"Hell, no!" he exclaimed. "The war's on, and my hands are freed!"

For an instant, as no one spoke, he stood breathing heavily, then, wheeling, rushed toward the house as though just across its threshold was the fight into which he was aching to hurl himself.

CHAPTER XIV.

Samson stopped at his studio and threw open an old closet where, from a blistered pile of discarded backgrounds, draperies, canvases and stretchers, he fished out a belted and dust-covered pair of saddlebags. They had long lain there forgotten, but they held the ready clothes in which he had left Misery.

Samson had caught the fastest westbound express on the schedule. In thirty-six hours he would be at Hinton. There were many things which his brain must attack and digest in those hours. He must arrange his plan of action so no minuteer detail, because he would have as little time for reflection, once he had reached his own country, as a wildcat flung into a pack of hounds.

From the railroad station to his home he must make his way—most probably fight his way—through the ranks of hostile territory, where all the trouble were watched. And yet, for the time, all that seemed too remotely ahead to be held in his thoughts.

He took out Sally's letter, and read it once more. He read it mechanically, and so a piece of news that had been several days old. Then, suddenly, another aspect of it struck him—an aspect to which the shock of its receipt had blinded him. The letter was perfectly conventional and penned in a hand of copybook regularity and precision. The address, the body of the missive and the signature were all in one calm formality. But he could not have introduced the writing of this letter to anyone else.

Sally had learned to write.

Moreover at the end were the words, "with love." It was all plain now. Sally had never responded when she was declaring herself true to her mission and her love.

"Good God!" groaned the man, in utterly bitter self-contempt. He had sent involuntarily to his cropped head, and dropped with a gesture of self-doubting. He looked down at his corduroy coat and his socks. He rolled back his shirtsleeve and contemplated the forearm that had once been so brown and tough as leather. It was now the term of a city man except for the tanning of late outdoor work. He was returning at the eleventh hour, stripped of the faith of his kinsmen, bereft of his faith in himself. If he were to realize the constructive purpose of which he had last night so confidently prattled to Adrienne, he must lead his people from under the shadowing shadow of the feud.

He must reappear before his kinsmen as much as possible the boy who had left them—not the fop with pose and tangled affectation. His eyes fell upon the saddlebags upon the floor of the Pullman and he smiled satirically. He would like to step from the train at Hinton and walk brazenly through the town in those old clothes, challenging every hostile glance. If they shot him down on the streets, as they certainly would do, it would end his unwelcoming and his anguish of dilemma. He would welcome that, but it would not, after all, be mirroring the best in him.

He must get out of Hinton and into the country unrecognized. The last hour but four years ago was the somewhat similar one when he had the connection that he had made to Paris life was the recalling of a closely grouped sequence. That he still were—had worn it close to his heart—was the hour Adrienne's generous denunciation of it. He knew that it was a thing of noble and divine, he had an excellent chance of walking through it to the streets of Hinton as a stranger. And after leaving Hinton, there was a mission to be performed at Jesse Perry's store. As he thought of that mission his grim glance came to rest.

All journeys end, and as Samson passed through the tawdry end of the local train near Hinton he saw several faces which he recognized, but they either eyed him in inexpressive silence or spoke him the greeting of the "furriner."

As Samson crossed the toll bridge to the town proper he passed two brawling-shirted millhands who sat on the rail of the middle span. They glanced at him, and, recognizing the outsider from his clothes, one of them remonstrated.

"Ain't this the hell of a town?" he said, in a tone of friendly inquiry, enigmatically, as he went on.

Still another, who kicked a horse at the livery stable, and for two hours had been swapping knives with a man who was trying to get rid of a worthless jackknife with dull blade and broken handle.

The silence soothed him. The brood of little trifled life spring up and grow, song lulls a fretful child. Mile after mile the unrolled footpath was flung behind deep in himself murmured.

It was late afternoon when he saw ahead of him the outskirts of Nora York, and read on the store wall, a little above a weather-worn sign, the words: "Jesse Perry, General Merchandise."

The porch of the store was empty, and as Samson lifted the latch and shook the saddle there was no one to greet him. This was surprising, as Jesse Perry, or one of three of Perry's personal guardsmen loafed at the front door of the road. Just now the guard should logically be doubled. Samson still stood in the eastern doorway, and started to go through that door unknown, as Samson South in a suit and carried his threshold either way. But when he stepped up on to the rough porch

"The War's On and My Hands Are Free!"

flooring no one challenged his advance. The yard and orchard were quiet from the store to the grassy stock pen at the rear, and, wondering at the strange things, the young man stood for a moment looking about at the after-scene of a stern except for the flicking of one outdoor work. He was returning at the eleventh hour, stripped of the faith of his kinsmen, bereft of his faith in himself. If he were to realize the constructive purpose of which he had last night so confidently prattled to Adrienne, he must lead his people from under the shadowing shadow of the feud.

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RISKS OF RED CROSS WORK

Doctors Who Operate on the Field Under Fire Require Nerves That Are Steady.

In the fighting area Red Cross workers are running greater risks than they have ever done in any modern war. Those who nurse the wounded do not now wait until the end of a battle for their, they commence their humane operations in the midst of the fighting, some distance in the rear. The number of the wounded in modern battles are too great to allow of that, and assistance must be given to the wounded in the field front with speed and skill while living around dodging shells now makes their way to the trenches under heavy fire, carrying surgical cases which contain a number of absolutely necessary medicines and the terrible gash-killing drugs, such as morphine, antiseptics and syringes. If the wounded soldier himself a few and outfit can be found, as every military man carries in his knapsack a little packet of antiseptic gauze and a roll of bandages. The surgeon makes his patient as comfortable as possible and, if he can, drags him to a point where the burning shells are not likely to injure him. Then, on his hands and knees, the plucky worker has to crawl along the rows of dead and wounded, looking as many, if not more, risks than the "Tommies" themselves do. Many are killed under such trying conditions the surgeon cannot do his work with full efficiency, and many by means of injections from his hypodermic syringe he temporarily paralyzes their pain, and in serious cases stops bleeding by tightly knotted bandages placed round the injured limb, while broken bones he puts in a "splint," provided, in many instances, by the stricken soldier's lanyard.

An Institute of Agriculture.

More scientific farming resulting in fewer food crises is to obtain in the avowed object of the free institute of agriculture which has been in progress in New York city throughout 20 days of the present year. The institution depends upon co-operation between the national department of agriculture, Columbia university and the New York state department of agriculture. It is intended to give a short course of study to any person who may desire to go into farming that will better prepare him for it. Applicants for admission are not fitted for that occupation, but are instructed from starting it. It is also the hope that abandoned farms may in time be subjected to proper development.

Helpfulness Sometimes Resented.

Abbott—Robbins—Robertson's Passing of the Third is a short book of deep and lasting interest. Gossip on Actors.—It sometimes happens that a man's best friend is his worst enemy.—Boston Transcript.

territory and the need of manoeuvre had ended.

The table had not for years been occupied. Its surface was beating under rotting shingles. The doorstep was dry-covered, and the stones of the hearth were broken, for it lay on the ground and was no longer square.

Shortly a sandhi flickered inside before a small hand mirror. Science and safety razor blades were in the basket. The man who entered in the periods climbed the hill, and then—disappeared. There appeared under the fallen roof a smoothed and scented man, and stained stone clothes, with fresh linen, and a silken tie of bright hues, and a battered felt hat drawn down over his eyes. No one who had known the dapper fourth of four years ago would have recognized him, and the stranger, in one part, he told himself, was to hold fit the old Samson.

At a point where a band bridge crossed the skirting creek, he dismounted. Ahead of him lay the cliffs where he had fought and played.

His was going to her, and nothing else mattered.

He tied his horse and sent out a long, clear whippoorwill call, which was answered on the night wind by two other calls in the black hills around him. After a moment he went nearer to the shadow of a poplar, and repeated the call.

Then the cabin door opened. Its lamb framed a pale figure, a candle in right, and, at the center, a slender figure, in a flowing white gown, whose attitude of uncertainty. The figure turned slightly to one hand, then the other did so, the man was clasped in her right hand the left. Then, fulfilling his mission, he crawled to her in trust and soft that it seemed the voice of a night-wandering spirit.

Then with a sudden glad little cry, she came running down the path and grace down to the road.

Samson had rushed the stile and stood in the full moonlight. As he saw her coming he opened his arms and his voice broke from his throat in a half-sobs, passionate cry.

"Sally!"

It was the only word he could have spoken just then, but it was all that was necessary. For a time there was no speech, but the night was filled with the tumultuous heartbeating must sound through the night music, and the long reply of heartbeats talks enough. Then, with a sudden glad cry, she drew down to the road.

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"Do you know me?" he inquired, as he stepped from the saddle and the crouched back with startled surprise.

"Of course, Samson."

"No, damn ye! Git eaten my road!" Then, with a sudden decision came, he heard a sharp report inside, and the heavy fall of a body to the floor.

A wildly excited figure came plunging through the open doorway, and left hand swept out and seized the bridle of Samson South's horse.

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"My name is Samson South."

The man extended finger on the stopper could be seen from the pocket, and, as though in a hurry, he pulled it out. Then he let go of the bridle to high, over his head, as the dazed, frightened horse reared. Except for these two reports there was no sound. Samson South sat his horse, dissipated an occasional plunge, as he should doubtless have to pay with his life before the deadline, with he would inevitably and logically be attributed to his account. He looked down on the man, who was dead. The shot in side had been fired at close range, and, broken by the intervening store, did not penetrate the heart. The man bodyguard had been sent away by Hoffmans. Only the two or three "hill folks" and children remained indoors. Samson looked up and down the road, and any sounds that might have come from the

Now Samson South stood looking down, uninterrupted, on what had been Aaron Hollis as it lay motionless at his feet. There was a powder-burned hole in the butternut shirt, and only a slender thread of blood trickled into the dirt-grimed cracks between the

Samson turned to the darkened door-

Inside was emptiness, except for the other body, which had crumpled forward and fore down across the counter. A glance showed that Jesse Perry would never fight back from the evening of death. He was quite unarmed.

Samson paused only for a moment-long survey. His score was clean. He would not again have to agonize over the dilemma of old ethics and new. Tomorrow the word would spread like wildfire along Misery and Cripplecreek that Samson South was back and that Hoffmans had been signalized by three two dead! The fact that he had meant to go back attrivially, in self-defense—would not matter. They would prefer to believe that he had invaded the store and killed Perry and that Hollis had fallen in his master's defense at the threshold. Samson went out, still meeting no one, and continued his journey.

That was following when he hitched his horse in a clump of timber, and, lifting his saddlebags, began trudging to a cabin that sat back in a thickened on the side of a hill. As object loomed

THE KITCHEN CABINET

After a day of cloud and wind and dampness the setting sun breaks out in splendor.

And, touching all the darkness made by storm,

Smiles on the fields until they laugh with light.

And all the woods are merry.

—Longfellow

TEMPTING DISHES.

The following dishes are not mushy and may be recommended to any busy housewife in preparing delicacies for the sick.

Ham Mousse.—Finely chop two cupfuls of cold boiled ham. Pound in a mortar until fine and smooth, adding two tablespoonfuls of gelatin in a quarter of a cup of cold water and let soak until soft. Add a cup of boiling water. Add to the ham, when well mixed, a half cupful of heavy cream, beaten stiff. Turn into a mold, chill and serve, garnished with horseradish, mixed with cream and seasoned with salt, cayenne and a dash of mustard.

Cream Ham.—Wipe two thin slices of ham and cut off the outside fat. Put in a saucepan with a pint of water and let stand an hour. Drain, and put in a frying pan with a piece of butter the size of an egg. Remove to the pan, add a cupful of cream, and when hot add a tablespoonful of vinegar, mixed with a teaspoonful of mustard and a half teaspoonful of sugar and a few grains of cayenne pepper. Stir well and pour over the ham.

Chicken with Curried Rice.—Cook chicken in boiling water with a slice of onion until tender. Drain and brown the chicken in hot fat. Cook ham had rashed the stile and stood in the full moonlight. As he saw her coming he opened his arms and his voice broke from his throat in a half-sobs, passionate cry.

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Inquiry in the Air.

An insult to the bee is to use the same to denote a cross or ecstatic person, as the bee is possibly the most methodical of all insects, with the possible exception of the ant. These are the expressions "He has been in his bonnet" is an offensive phrase as the bee has a way of keeping its head, such as president and other political aspirants are said to be afflicted with. "He's whiles crazy about bees" and "He has a bee in his head" was not worthy of Walter Scott, though it is his.

She Knew Hubby.

"My doctor says I mustn't worry," said Mr. Grouchey. "Well, I'd get as other doctor," replied the wife. "Fire he says you mustn't drink. Then he says you mustn't smoke. Now he says you mustn't worry. Say, he doesn't do anything that you will enjoy."—Washington Star.

Man's Chief Failing.

Talk to any man long enough and he will narrate some instance when the doctors gave him up.—Atchison Globe.

Birds Fly From Battle.

One of the war correspondents has noted the complete absence of birds from the battlefields of northern France and the consequent profusion of spiders and other vermin crawling things. Birds always desert scenes of heavy gunfire, and, what is more, they often do not return for many years. All the birds left the theater of war in South Africa, and it is only now—10 years later—that they are returning. Meanwhile South Africa has suffered from a veritable plague of ground insects—"locks," as they call them over there—and it is supposed that the African birds left the country, but that they merely retired to some remote and peaceful part of the veldt.

Different Now.

"He's sure that the people can't be trusted to act wisely in great public matters."

"That so? Only two weeks I heard him say that the people can't be trusted to act wisely in great public matters."

"I know. He was running for office then, and most of them voted for the other fellow."—Detroit Free Press.

WOMEN FROM 45 to 55 TESTIFY

To the Merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during Change of Life.

Westbrook, Me.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and had a severe pain in my back and side and was so weak I could hardly do my housework. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has done me a lot of good. I will recommend your medicine to my friends and give you permission to use my testimonial."—Mrs. LAWRENCE MANN, 12 King St., Westbrook, Maine.

Masonic, Wis.—"At the Change of Life I suffered with pains in my back and loss until I could not stand. I also had night-sweats so that the sheets would be wet. I tried other medicine but got no relief. After taking one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began to improve and I am now in the best of health. The pains left me, the night-sweats and hot flashes are gone, and I can sleep well. In fact, the real act is one of the medicine used to be feared by the female. The two insects may be commonly found inhabiting the cells of the honeycomb, and yet the former will capture and destroy many members of the latter while under the influence of the narcotics.

Even a single sting from a bee causes considerable pain, but the life of the white ant, is evident from the fact that the young are born blind, and they have just hatched from the eggs, and with white grub, they cannot be told from the same, but after a series of darkness and moths they develop along particular lines.

The "workers" are probably the most important caste in any colony. They make the excavations where the ants are to live, and help care for the royal couples and the young.

The "soldiers" are the winged members of the community, who in the spring fly away in swarms to found new colonies. These establish themselves in the ground and commence operations by relating a new community. Each original pair becomes a "royal couple" in its new surroundings.

Among other social insects, the the bee, the king of a new colony is immediately after he has fulfilled his usefulness. Likewise the drones are contemptuously killed by the workers, the latter caring for the young and storing the newly hatched grubs from place to place when the colony is disturbed.

Notwithstanding the fact that the white ant is such an interesting insect it is one of the most destructive in North America. While in a way they serve in a favorable role by converting the wood of dead stumps and trees into valuable soil material, this is more than offset by the damage they inflict on infested living trees, to say nothing of their destructiveness in all manner of timbers, props, poles and posts, which often give way without the slightest warning. White ants will infest the interior of living trees injured at the base by fire, disease or other insects, and sometimes in such trees they excavate upward throughout the dead heartwood, longitudinal tunnels, irregular in diameter.

These insects also infest the roots of living trees, finding ingress through abandoned burrows of the large round-headed borers. Sometimes they girdle young trees—forest tree nursery stock, for example—eventually exiting the tree at half-hour the ground and excavations disclosing that the stems were entirely hollow. This is not necessarily due to the presence of dead wood near by, since they will attack and kill sound trees.

Unfortunately for man, however, the destructive work of these insects is designed to aid "white ant" communities in destroying timber, and has helped to produce it the reputation of being one of the most destructive pests. Crumbling walls, collapsing floors, breaking beam poles and weakened fence posts are evidences of the ravages of this tiny insidious pest.

The term "white ant" is misleading, as it causes many people to consider this insect merely a variety of the ordinary ant, and because the ancients used the word "termite" in preference, to describe the insect. As a matter of fact, the real ant is one of the enemies used to be feared by the termite