Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

Then, again, silence settled on the town, to remain for five minutes unbroken. The sun glared mercilessly on clay street, now as empty as a cemetery. A single horse tenaciously hitched at the side of the courthouse switched its tail against the nonexistent flies. Otherwise, there was no outward sign of life. Then, Callioun's dizzily organized force of ragamuffins suddenly darted down the street at double speed. For a moment or two after they came into sight only the massed uniforms caught the eyes of the intrenched Hollimans, and an alarmed murmur arose from the courthouse. They had seen no troops on train, or pick-ramp, or in the open, and saving from the earth as sterilingly as Jason's crop of dragons' teeth, when the command reached the shelter of a protecting wall to await further orders, the ragged strife of disorganizing and the all-too-obvious being of his mountaineer precisions their native amusters. The murmur turned to a howl of derision and chal-lenge. They were nothing more nor less than Smiths, masquerading in the uniforms of soldiers.

"What orders?" inquired Callioun, briefly, joining Samson.

"Demand surrender once—then take the courthouse and Jail," was the short reply.

Callioun himself went forward with the flag of truce. He shouted his message and a bearded man came to the courthouse door.

"Tell 'em," he said without redoubling, "that we're all down here at sun."

The officer went back and distributed his forces under cover of a fortified insert placed in the front. Then, a volley was fired over the roof and in exactly the two buildings in the public mouse awoke to a volcanic response of rifle fire.

All day the duel between the streets and county buildings went on with desultory intervals of quiet and wild outbursts of monkeyry. Troops were firing as sharpshooters, and the sharpshooters, too, had its sharpshooters. When a head showed itself at a barrel stave or a report from the sun-side gave greeted it. Samson was everywhere, his rifle smoking and his face blackened. He seemed protected by a fatalism. At the end of the firing, after the first heat, was from within. The troops were, every for occasional pot shots, hunting their fire. There was neither food nor water inside the build-

"We Lays Down."

ing, and all night stood and the garden grew lighter to prevent sneaking. Yet, at dawn, one rate in a trap, grimly fidgeted, and Callioun, with his a crowd of the following morning a detachment of the Hollimans, under a dirigible cover, sallied from the Hollimans saw them detained, and looked to the first heat, was from within. The troops were, every for occasional pot shots, hunting their fire. There was neither food nor water inside the build-

company seemed unsufficient to hold them. But the new militiaman, hoping for reinforcement not so much to Callioun as to the grizzle-like face of Samson South, the fallied and rose with a yell to meet them on between and smoking muzzle. The rush weaved, fell back, desperately rallied, then broke in scattered remnants for the shelter of the building.

Old John Hollman fell near the door, and his grandson, rushing out, picked up his fallen rifle and sent farewell defiance from it as he, too, threw up both arms and dropped.

Then a white flag wavered at a window and, as the newly arrived troops halted in the street, the same died with a desire to quiet. Samson went out to meet a man who opened the door and said shortly:

"We lays down."

Judge Hollman, who had not participated, turned from the slit in his shuttered window, through which he had spent the beginning been watching the conflict.

"That ends it!" he said, with a despairing shrug of his shoulders. He picked up a magazine pistol which lay on the table and, carefully unscrewed down his chest to the fifth rib, placed the muzzle against his breast.

CHAPTER XVII.

Before the homesick roads were mired with the coming of the rains and before the air held its yearly autumnal sentiminess, Samson South whose to Wilford Hoems, that if he still meant to come to the hills for the inspection of coal and timber he had better do it quickly. Callioun's force, the rapid strife of disorganizing and the all-too-obvious being of his mountaineer precisions their native amusters. The murmur turned to a howl of derision and chal-lenge. They were nothing more nor less than Smiths, masquerading in the uniforms of soldiers.

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Three things Samson had explained to his letters to the Lenoxits and Hoems. Men from down below could still find trouble in the wink of an eye, by seeking it, for under all transformation the nature of the individual remained much the same, but, without seeking to give offense, they could ride as securely through the hills as through the streets of a polished city—and meet a tender hospitality.

And when these things were disclosed and the men prepared to return to the Sassenach from the visit the Cumberlands, Adriance promptly and definitely announced that she would accompany her brother. The argument was effective to discomfort, and after all, Lancott, who had been there not an good reason why she should not go with him.

At Hilton, they found that reception of a security which made the bizzest of less that three months ago were paradoxical and fantastically unreal. Only about the courthouse square there numerous small holes in frame buildings, and the scars of the bullets in the interior of the building itself where the woodwork was scarred and torn, and the plaster freshly patched. did they find grounds for complaint.

Samson had not met them at the station, because he wished their first impressions of his people to reach them unobstructed by his escort. It was a force of the mountain pride—an honest pride in doing nothing and making no apologies. But they found arrangements made for their comfort and safety and the girl discovered that for her had been provided a mount as evenly tempered as any in the town stables.

When she and her brother companions rode to the Hoems porch to start, they found a guide waiting who said he was instructed to take them as far as the ridge, where the sheriff himself would be waiting and the cavalcade

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WORKING IN OCEAN'S DEPTHS

Most Remarkable Divers Are the Pearl Fishers of Torres Strait. Work With Simple Equipment.

The greatest depth reached by work done by a diver is about 300 feet; this depth was reached by the Spanish diver, Arjard Fontarbe, who recovered $15,000 in silver ingots from a wreck off the commodity shoals of Cape Finisterre. The species divers of the Straits, Torres and a man-Bom of 150 feet, and the Australian pearlers at 120 feet. The maximum depths reached by ordinary appearance seem by the Torres Strait divers to be about 90 fathoms, or 540 feet. Mr. Hamilton-Jenkin, the author of Torres Strait Mackerel, from the smaller islands. They go down in the act of a stone and a long in the rope thereto attached which they clutch with their toes, their hands being far more preferable than to those normally used. They seldom hesitate to descend below 50 feet, a depth at which they can remain for two minutes. The stone enables them to remain at the bottom while they are sweeping the pearl oysters into a basket attached to the stone. When the diver feels that he must come up to breathe he releases his toes from the basket in the rope and at once floats to the surface. Young and healthy Malakas divers working ryes beds below six fathoms make four descents an hour during four hours in the morning and the same during four hours in the afternoon followed by a four-hour rest. A civilized man at a depth of 12 feet finds such a dive intolerable after a single minute.

Practical Trade School Idea.

London has elaborated the trade school idea to include the work of outfitting women with an equipment to face life's struggle. In the six trade schools of London, four of which are under the direct control of the London county council, and two of which are connected with the polytechnic institute, attended by grants from the London county council, various trades of the traditionally feminine classes, such as dressmaking, millinery, tailoring, cut making, millinery, embroidery, waistcoat making, cooking, laundry work and upholstery, are being taught. In addition to competent teachers there are in each institution three or four interest advisory committees of ladies, drawn of the trade whose work women being developed by the schools, and one of which is that employment at profitable wages awaits the capable students who attend the course. The practical school idea is spreading and on the strength of the civilized world with the result that it brightens the prospects of the girls of a class of people with the knowledge that they are equipped with a practical and technical acquaintance with and some skill in the trade they choose for work in which the world stands constantly in need of workers.

Sense of Fitness.

Some women seem to have no idea of the relative value of adjectives or epithets. A golden-haired, fluffy thing was looking at a picture of the wounded English soldiers in a hospital ward. "Don't they look white? Do their cots" she exclaimed. "Dinky?" —they might have been prize pouts instead of men who had bled for their country.

TRIED TO "BEAN" THE HAWK

New York City Employee Flings Pot per Weight Ineffectively at Daring Pigeon-Eater.

There was a beer for game yesterday atop the municipal building. The stock was variously described as a hawk and an eagle. The hunters were a man in a gray suit and a pigeon. It was described as a pigeon. The game was quite double-ahead. I've got you beaten."

"About half," said Samson, thoughtfully. "May I tell you something which, although it's a thing to your own heart, you have never quite realized?"

She nodded, and he went on.

"Jennie," said the man, "this is Bailey's pigeon. You are friends with each other." For an instant, Adriance felt, and stood looking at the mountain girl, and then she opened both her eyes.

"Bailey," she cried, "you adorable child, I do love!"

The girl in the calico dress raised her head, and her eyes were glistening. "I'm unbonged ter yo," she said. "Ever thing, with open and wondering adoration she stood gazing at the "adorable lady" upon whom her glance had ever fallen.

Samson went over and took Bailey's hand.

"Jennie," he said, softly, "is there anything the matter with here?"

Adriance looked at the boy and "I understand," she said.

"I want to see others on," he went on quietly, "because I wanted that girl to know should need aid. George and Wilfred are going to stop at my home and I want, but, unless you'd rather have it otherwise, daily wants you to be."

"Do I stop now?" the girl asked. But the man shook his head.

"I want you to meet my other people first."

As they rode at a walk along the lit-tle strip of road left to them, the man turned gravely.

"Jennie," he began, "who waited for me, all these years. What I was helped to do for such children and those who came up to the house. Adriance sent Bailey home, and, with Samson and Horton stood back, waiting. Suddenly, Jennie Lancott turned and caught the newcomer in surprise. It was the honor girl she had seen in the mirror at Hilton. Her face no longer fell in tangled tresses, but was coiled and pinned down, though simple, was charmingly dressed. The mountain pride had dropped its half-illiterate peculiarities, and, as she came, with a rush and kind like nobody.

"Oh, Samson," cried Adriance, "you two have been deceiving me!" Bailey, who had been standing at the gate, back there, and letting no patronize

Bailey's laughter broke from her lips in a rippling peal. "I knew I'd fool the sace of Abyssus, and it was Samson Lancott turned to the girl and said:

"I suppose this place is pre-empted for you, too, take Wilfred Hoems's active price. I wanted you first to see my home and what had happened to me before I was there. I wanted you to know what I owed to Jennie and what was."

"Last evening, the four of them walked together over to the cabin of Bailey's mother. Jennie, with Samson, Lancott turned to the girl and said:

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"I Want You Two to Love Each Other."

told you back there the night before I left that I was afraid to let people question my feelings for you. Do you remember?"

She had his eyes, and her own eyes were frankly smiling.

"Yes, I remember, Samson," she told him. "I remember that it was the moon talk."

"Yes," he said firmly, "it was not the moon. I have since then met that fear of which I spoke to you. I have found the best that a man can have, the honest love of a woman." Jennie, he said, "I have analyzed your feeling for me, too, and, thank God, it is that same friendship from you. Haven't

For a moment, she only nodded; but the man waited in tense silence. Then, she raised her face, and a face that smiled with the serenity of one who has weathered a troubled dream.

"You will always have that, Samson, dear," she assured him.

"I want you to let me ask you to do for her what you did for me!" he said, turning to the girl. "Have you the right to know?"

"I think I have," she said. And then she smiled, as she added: "She will be glad to know that I know. I will be so stupid, and ought to be things I ought to know."

"Jennie," he said, "I want you to be happy. Will you let Wilfred Hoems take the place in your life that I have had?"

"I'm not—" The Kentuckian broke off.

"Not one—" The Kentuckian broke off.

"Not one—" Jennie, "I know that my friendship for you and my love for Wilfred are two things very different, and I am happier than I've ever been before. I want you to be happy, too. I am no double-ahead. I've got you beaten."

"About half," said Samson, thoughtfully. "May I tell you something which, although it's a thing to your own heart, you have never quite realized?"

She nodded, and he went on.

THROUGH MANY DOORS

By JANE OSBORN.

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The first door was the front door and Lee Patterson passed that door one day toward the middle of that twenty-second year of college.

Molly was different from the other girls in the Kansas town. None of the boys knew her. It was said that Doctor Patterson had refused to allow Molly to waste her time with the college boys, and wasn't she very best added to the golden hair and the bewitching smile, enough to fix any college youth's spirit of adventure?

But that door was the front door of the rambling old mansion was the wrong way to find Molly. To be sure, Lee Patterson was received into the stately old mansion by evening room and Mrs. Ture talked to him about the weather and asked him even made out the check that patterson was expected to contribute to the senior dance. But Lee's expectations of seeing Molly were disappointed. His only glimpse of her was in the distance, as she was dressed as she went out for an afternoon ride.

"Still there are other doors," he thought. "Molly doesn't come out of that door when she goes driving. She goes the side door but the next day when Lee tried to approach that door in the direction of the back yard he found that the door was guarded by Molly's bulldog who frightened him by barking.

Lee walked to the back door. All houses had back doors, he thought, perhaps if he made his entrance that way he might find Molly. Nothing happened. Lee had been assisted him so far and it was hard to give up. He was sure he could find Molly if he had to let him deliver the rose and ten and coffee, and a little change in the way of a cap and a coat transformed him so that he could pass for a boy making fodder that afternoon. To be sure, he was tired and had lost his confidence in the encounter

The fourth door seemed the most difficult. It was the doctor's office and Molly was always seen coming into the doctor's private office, and Lee's fancy was that what had happened he found himself being questioned by the doctor and in the trouble which had brought him there.

Lee Patterson was twenty-one years old the doctor immediately got up from his chair and shook hands. Ten minutes later, when Lee pulled the door bell for the third time, he was in the old doctor's arms.

The door opened through the passage into the hall of the house and Lee saw the front door. Lee thought he saw Molly, the gold hair and the bewitching smile, the dancing eyes and even the pet dog who accepted Molly's recognition of Lee as sufficient reason to abandon hostilities.

Molly Knew Mr. Patterson, and she had worry that he had sprained his ankle and was obliged to stay in bed and wanted him with concern as he limped across the front steps. It was a very minutes' encounter, but it was enough to fix the order of Lee's life.

Lee limped—when he thought of it he was lame because for the day and the next day he was lame—and he was afternoon patients waiting for the doctor's professional attention. There were more handsome and more fashionable men than Lee Patterson, but they dressed and looked as he limped to the front door, there Molly Lee's fancy was that she was the girl he was to meet. The doctor agreed with him that Lee's limp was so affecting that he sent him back to the campus in his car.

Lee was slow to recover. Bandages and liniment would, of course, have been of no avail, but there were other complaints that a senior might in bed. There were diminished rents and strained eyes and strange unaccountable pains, and always the kindly doctor discovered symptoms that Lee was the one patient who could not be accepted Lee's spot payment with the same apparent satisfaction in money well earned. And always Lee was the passage through the house, and always there was Molly with the golden hair and the bewitching way of office hours. Still Molly did not know the fate in the side door and the front door, and Lee did not dare to ask for the problem. Sometimes Lee stared a half hour and sometimes he felt that a Molly's smile he had a light reflection of the devotion which he felt in his daily visits.

The side door—it was nearing final examinations time and Molly had been quite engaged to a young man for the fraternity—Lee had been invited supposedly to tell Molly of his love and to feel her answer the problem he had been so long in coming to.

"And now," said Molly, "I laugh that was contagious, "Doctor Patterson's office hours are over. Come, Lee. He knew that you were bluffing. Lee, I'm glad that you keep on paying him. But I wouldn't let him take your money if I thought you would come any more. But father thinks you for your goodness, and he is sure you would have had a chance to know you as well if it hadn't been for those daily visits. But he has just been saying the fees to return with interest."

New Idea in Surgery.

A St. Louis physician has discovered that the amount of blood required for a transfusion can be used successfully for contesting in surgical work. Electric cauteries have been made for surgical use, but they proved expensive and unreliable. However, the electric soldering iron of good quality happens to have just the temperature that is so desirable for cautery work. It cauterizes tissue, turning it into a white, cooked mass with hardly any charring and no hemorrhage, yet the continuous charring heat makes it work rapidly.

Experience will never open a correspondence school.

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WAS WILLING TO COMPROMISE

Ernest Wanted Increase in Wages, Finally Agreed to Ready to Make a Concession.

Ernest was very big and very black, and when I came to charging and eating fully polished his same. Ernest was to be available when spring came for odd jobs around the place. He was to be available when spring came for odd jobs around the place. He was to be available when spring came for odd jobs around the place. He