WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES IN THE PLAY COPYRIGHT , 1913 HANY

CHAPTER I.

Cumberland ridge through a sky of and down. Her shyness was forgotten. mountain clarity, the sun seemed hesi- The groan was a groan of a human tating before its descent to the hori- creature in distress, and she must find zon. The sugar-loaf cone that tow- and succor the person from whom it ered above a creek called Misery was came. pointed and edged with emerald tracery where the loftlest timber thrust rection. A voice from overhead or up its crest plumes into the sun. On broken by echoing obstacles does not the hillsides it would be light for readily betray its source. Finally she more than an hour yet, but below, stood up and listened once more inwhere the waters tossed themselves tently-her attitude full of tense earalong in a chorus of tiny cascades, the nestness. light was already thickening into a cathedral gloom. Down there the "fur- half aloud. "I'm shore a plumb fool." riner" would have seen only the rough Then she turned and disappeared in course of the creek between moss- the deep cleft between the gigantic velveted and shaded bowlders of bowlder upon which she had been sittitanic proportions. The native would ting and another-small only by comhave recognized the country road in parison. There, ten'feet down, in a these tortuous twistings. A great block narrow alley littered with ragged of sandstone, to whose summit a man stones, lay the crumpled body of a standing in his saddle could scarcely man. It lay with the left arm doubled reach his fingertips, towered above under it, and from a gash in the forethe stream, with a gnarled scrub oak head trickled a thin stream of blood. clinging tenaciously to its apex. Loft. Also, it was the body of such a man ily on both sides climbed the moun- as she had not seen before. tains cloaked in laurel and timber.

Suddenly the leafage was thrust the opening. For an instant she halt- of a brain dulled into coma. ed, with her brown fingers holding back the brushwood, and raised her shyness by his condition, the girl face as though listening. As she stood with the toes of one bare foot hold until she reached his side. She twisting in the gratefully cool moss tion of life and youth, and started out down while her hair fell about her on the table top of the huge rock. But there she halted suddenly with a she shifted the doubled body into a startled exclamation and drew instinc tively back. What she saw might well have astonished her, for it was a thing she had never seen before and of which she had never heard. Finally, reassured by the silence, she slipped across the broad face of the flat rock for a distance of twenty-five feet and paused again to listen.

At the far edge lay a pair of saddlebags, such as form the only practical Near them lay a tin box, littered with coat. Then she picked her bare-footed half-hour." small and unfamiliar-looking tubes of way swiftly to the creek bed, where soft metal, all grotesquely twisted and she drenched the cloth for bathing and strangely shaped plaque of wood done what she could by way of arst an' light out." She turned, and with smeared with a dozen hues. That this aid she sat supporting the man's a nod was gone. plaque was a painter's sketching pal- shoulders and shook her head dubiette was a thing which she could not ously. know, since the ways of artists had her own as the life of the moon or stars. It was one of those vague mysteries that made up the wonderful life of "down below." Why had these things been left here in such confusion? If there was a man about who owned them he would doubtless return to claim them. She crept over, eyes and ears alert, and slipped around to the front of the queer tripod, with all her muscles poised in readiness for flight.

A half-rapturous and utterly astonished cry broke from her lips. She stared a moment, then dropped to the moss-covered rock, leaning back on her brown hands and gazing intently "Hit's purty!" she approved, in a

low, musical murmur. "Hit's plumb. dead beautiful!"

Of course it was not a finished pic ture-merely a study of what lay be fore her-but the hand that had placed these brush strokes on the academy board was the sure, defi hand of a master of landscape, who had caught the splendid spirit of the thing and fixed it immutably in true and glowing appreciation. Who he was; where he had gone; why his work stood there unfinished and aban doned, were details which for the moment this half-savage child-woman forgot to question. She was conscious only of a sense of revelation and awe Then she saw other boards, like the one upon the easel, piled near the paint box. These were dry, and represented the work of other days; but they were all pictures of her own mountains, and in each of them, as in this one, was something that made

her heart leap. To her own people these steep hillsides and "coves" and valleys were a matter of course. In their stony soil they labored by day, and in their shadows slept when work was done. Yet someone had discovered that they held a picturesque and rugged beauty; that they were not merely steep fields where the plow was useless and the hoe must be used. She must tell Samson-Samson, whom she held in an artless exaltation of hero worship; Samson, who was so "smart" that he thought about things beyond her understanding; Samson, who could not only read and write, but speculate on

problematical matters. Suddenly she came to her feet with clamation of suffering. a swift-darting impulse of alarm. Her ear had caught a sound. She cast searching glances about her, but the tangle was empty of humanity. The water still murmured over the rocks self and behaved stoically it would undisturbed. There was no sign of have been mere matter of course; but way they filled with apprehension. buman presence, other than herself, her eyes mirrored a pleased surprise that her eyes could discover-and yet at the stranger's good-natured nod and to her ears came the sound again, and his quiet refusal to give expression this time more distinctly. It was the to pain. It relieved her of the neces. prisal in which he was biding his time, sound of a man's voice, and it was sity for contempt. moaning as if in pain. She rose and searched vainly through the bushes of "that I've been a great deal of trouble | She came close, and her voice sank strode down creek in search of Les cunning little cakes of soap he the billside where the rock ran out to you."

from the woods. She lifted her skirts and splashed her feet in the shallow Close to the serried backbone of the creek water, wading persistently up

Certain sounds are baffling as to di-

"I'm shore a fool," she announced,

Although from the man came a low groan mingled with his breathing, it aside from above by a cautious hand, was not such a sound as comes from and a shy, half-wild girl appeared in fully conscious lips, but rather that

Freed from her fettering excess of stepped surely from foothold to footstood for a moment with one hand on face. Then, dropping to her knees, leaning posture, straightened the limbs, and began exploring with efficient fingers for broken bones.

She had found the left arm limp above the wrist and her fingers had diagnosed a broken bone. But unconsciousness must have come from the blow on the head, where a bruise was already blackening, and a gash still asked, trickled blood.

She lifted her skirt and tore a long stained, and beside the box was a bandaging the wound. When she had

to do with a world as remote from his lips moved. Then he opened his stripped off to make way for a fenced- searchingly into the stranger's face. eyes.

"Hello!" said the stranger, vaguely. his lips smiled. It was a friendly, understanding smile, and the girl, fight-



A Low Groan Mingled With His Breathing.

ing hard the shy impulse to drop his shoulders and flee into the kind maskreassured. "You must hev fell offen the rock."

she enlightened. "I think I might have fallen into

worse circumstances," replied the un-

"I reckon you kin set up after a little."

"Yes, of course." The man suddenly realized that although he was quite comfortable as he was he could scarcely expect to remain permanently in the support of her bent arm. He attempted to prop himself on his hurt hand and relaxed with a twinge of extreme pain. The color, which had begun to creep back into his cheeks, left them again, and his lips compressed themselves tightly to bite off an ex-

"Thet air left arm air busted," announced the young woman, quietly. "Ye've got ter be heedful."

Had one of her own men hurt him-

"I'm afraid," apologized the painter,

Her lips and eyes were sober as she

"I reckon thet's all right." "And what's worse, I've got to be more trouble. Did you see anything of a brown mule?"

She shook her head. "He must have wandered off. May ask to whom I am indebted for this strangers jest now." first aid to the injured?"

"I don't know what ye means." She had propped him against the rocks and sat near by, looking into his almost indifferently. face with almost disconcerting steadiness; her solemn-pupiled eyes were unblinking, unsmiling.

"Why, I mean who are you?" he "I hain't nobody much. I jest lives

over yon." "But," insisted the man, "surely you have a name."

She nodded "Hit's Sally." "Then, Miss Sally, I want to thank

Once more she nodded, and, for the first time, let her eyes drop, while she sat nursing her knees. Finally she glanced up and asked with plucked-up courage:

"Stranger, what mout yore name

"Lescott-George Lescott." "How'd ye git hurt?"

He shook his head. "I was painting-up there," he said; "and I guess I got too absorbed in the work. I stepped backward to look at den peal of laughter-"es er pictcher." the canvas and forgot where the edge was. I stepped too far."

The man rose to his feet, but he tottered and reeled against the wall of ragged stone. The blow on his head briefly, and swung off without further had left him faint and dizzy. He sat parley toward the curling spiral of down again.

from your hospital."

girl rose and pointed up the mountain- Sally sat mountain fashion behind side. "I'll light out across the hill and him, facing straight to the side. fotch Samson an' his mule."

inquired. He realized that the bot- still sat propped against the mossy tom of the valley would shortly thicken into darkness, and that the way the case of his watch and put it back she laughed with the sheer exhilara the dripping walls of rock, looking out, unguided, would become imposinto his pocket with a smile. sible. "It sounds like the name of a strong man.'

"I means Sameon South," she enlightened, as though further description of one so celebrated would be redundant. "He's over thar 'bout threequarters."

She nodded. What else could threequarters mean? "How long will it take you?" he

"Three-quarters of a mile?"

She deliberated. "Samson's hoein'

equipment for mountain travelers. strip of cotton from her single petti- ter cotch his mule. Hit mout tek a at Hixon and ridden through the coun-"You can't do it in a half-hour, can

you?" "I'll jest take my foot in my hand, evening.

Finally the man's lids fluttered and above her. The forest blanket was swered, his eyes contracted and bored in and crazily tilting field of young corn. High up and beyond, close to "I seem to have--" He broke off, and the bald shoulders of sandstone which threw themselves against the sky, was know the place?" the figure of a man. As the girl halted at the foot of the field, at, last, panting from her exertions, he was sitting on the rail fence, looking absently down on the outstretched panorama below him.

Samson South was not, strictly speaking, a man. His age was per- tal jigsaw puzzle. haps twenty. He sat loose-jointed and indolent on the top rail of the fence, mentioned by the more talkative of his hands hanging over his knees, his his informers, and carefully tabooed hoe forgotten. Near by, propped by others-notable among them his against the rails, rested a repeating host of last night. It now dawned on rifle, though the people would have him that he was crossing the bountold you that the truce in the "South- dary and coming as the late guest of the ring of determined authority. Hollman war" had been unbroken for a Hollman to ask the hospitality of a "When I dies ye'll be the head of the two years, and that no clansman need | South. in these halcyon days go armed afield.

CHAPTER II.

fence and started on the last stage of abouts." her journey, the climb across the young corn rows. It was a field stood on end, and the hoed ground was uneven; but with no seeming of weariness her red dress flashed steadfastly across the green spears, and her voice

was raised to shout: "Hello, Samson!" The young man looked up and waved a languid greeting. He did not remove his hat or descend from his place of rest, and Sally, who expected no such attention, came smilingly on. Samson was her hero. Slow of utterance and ing of the bushes, was in a measure diffident with the stranger, words now came fast and fluently as she told her story of the man who lay hurt at the foot of the rock.

"Hit hain't long now tell sundown," she urged. "Hurry, Samson, an' git yore mule. I've done give him my promise ter fotch ye right straight back."

Samson took off his hat, and tossed the heavy lock upward from his forehead. His brow wrinkled with doubts.

"What sort of lookin' feller air he?" While Sally sketched a description, the young man's doubt grew graver. "This hain't no fit time ter be takin'

in folks what we hain't acquainted with," he objected. In the mountains any time is the time to take in strang. he brought the landscape over to its ers unless there are secrets to be guarded from outside eyes. "Why hain't it?" demanded the girl.

thar, kin we?" Suddenly her eyes caught sight of the rifle leaning near by, and straight-Her militant love would have turned to hate for Samson, should he have proved recreant to the mission of reyet the coming of the day when the truce must end haunted her thoughts.

with her sinking heart

"What air hit, Samson? What spoke slowly and diffidently. fer hev ye fotched yer gun ter the field?"

The boy laughed. "Oh, hit ain't nothin' pertic'ler," he reassured. "Hit hain't nothin' fer a gal ter fret herself erbout, only I kinder suspicions

"Air the truce busted?" She put the question in a tense, deep-breathed whisper, and the boy replied casually,

"No, Sally, hit hain't jest ter say busted, but 'pears like hit's right thar bend." smart cracked. I reckon, though," he added in half-disgust, "nothin' won't come of hit."

Somewhat reassured, she bethought nerself again of her mission.

"This here furriner hain't got no harm in him, Samson," she pleaded. 'He 'pears ter be more like a gal than a man. He's real puny. He's got white skin and a bow of ribbon on his neck-an' he paints pictchers."

The boy's face had been hardening with contempt as the description advanced, but at the last words a glow came to his eyes, and he demanded almost breathlessly:

"Paints pictchers? How do ye know that?"

"I seen 'em. He was paintin' one when he fell offen the rock and busted his arm. It's shore es beautiful esshe broke off, then added with a sud-The young man slipped down from

the fence, and reached for the rifle. The hoe he left where it stood. "I'll git the nag," he announced smoke that marked a cabin a quarter "I'm afraid," he ruefully admitted, of a mile below. Ten minutes later 'that I'm not quite ready for discharge his bare feet swung against the ribs of a gray mule and his rifle lay bal-"You jest set where yer at." The anced across the unsaddled withers.

So they came along the creek bed "Who and where is Samson?" he and into the sight of the man who rock. As Lescott looked up he closed

> "Snappy work, that!" he called out. 'Just thirty-three minutes. I didn't believe it could be done."

> Samson's face was masklike, but as he surveyed the foreigner, only the ingrained dictates of the country's hospitable code kept out of his eyes a gleam of scorn for this frail member of a sex which should be stalwart. "Howdy?" he said. Then he added suspiciously: "What mout yer busi-

ness be in these parts, stranger?" Lescott gave the Odyssey of his wancorn in the fur hill field. He'll hev derings, since he had rented a mule boy nodded, but with an evident antry, sketching where the mood prompt- others deferred as to a commanding ed and sleeping wherever he found a officer. The cortege remounted and

"Ye come from over on Crippleshin?" The boy flashed the question At last she came to a point where with a sudden hardening of the voice, a clearing rose on the mountainside and, when he was affirmatively ans-

"Where'd ye put up last night?" "Red Bill Hollman's house, at the mouth of Meeting House fork; do you

Samson's reply was curt. "I knows hit all right."

There was a moment's pauserather an awkward pause. Lescott's mind began piecing together fragments of conversation he had heard, until he had assembled a sort of men-

The South-Hollman feud had been

he hastened to explain, "until I was friend an' foe alike. I reckon Jesse benighted and asked for lodging. They Purvy knows who got yore pap, but were very kind to me. I'd never seen up till now no South hain't never Sally clambered lightly over the them before. I'm a stranger here-

Samson only nodded. If the explanation failed to satisfy him, it at least

seemed to do so. "I reckon ye'd better let me holp ye up on thet old mule," he said;

"hit's a-comin' on ter be night." With the mountaineer's aid, Lescott clambered astride the mount, then he turned dubiously.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," he ventured, "but I have a paint box and some materials up there. If you'll popular function when the native bring them down here, I'll show you how to pack the easel, and, by the hard work of harvest. The principal way," he anxiously added, "please character is a weird figure supposed to handle that fresh canvas carefullyby the edge-it's not dry yet.

He had anticipated impatient contempt for his artist's impedimenta, but to his surprise the mountain boy climbed the rock and halted before the sketch with a face that slowly der care of which his rough hands spoken, there flashed between the eyes | Wide World Magazine. of the artist, whose signature gave to "He's hurt. We kain't leave him layin' a canvas the value of a precious stone. and the jeans-clad boy whose destiny was that of the vendetta, a subtle, wordless message. It was the countersign of brothers-in-blood who rec-

mutual passion.

"What air hit?" she tensely demand- upstream in silence. Finally Samson

"Stranger," he ventured, "et hit hain't askin' too much, will ye let me see ye paint one of them things?" "Gladly," was the prompt reply. Then the boy added covertly:

"Don't say nothin' erbout hit ter none of these folks. They'd devil me." The dusk was falling now, and the hollows choking with murk.

"We're nigh home now," said Samson at the end of some minutes' silent plodding. "Hit's right beyond thet

Then they rounded a point of timber and came upon a small party of men whose attitudes even in the dimming light conveyed a subtle suggestion of portent.

"Thet you, Samson?" called an old man's voice, which was still very deep and powerful. "Hello, Unc' Spencer!" replied the

Then followed a silence unbroken until the mule reached the group, re-

vealing that besides the boy another man—and a strange man—had joined their number. "Evenin', stranger," they greeted

him, gravely; then again they fell silent, and in their silence was evident constraint.

"This hyar man's a furriner," announced Samson, briefly, "He fell



Tamarack South.

offen a rock an' got hurt. I 'lowed I'd fotch him home ter stay all night." The elderly man who had hailed the noyance. It seemed that to him the hospitable roof at the coming of the rode slowly toward the house. At last the elderly man came alongside the mule and inquired:

"Samson, where was ye last night?"

"Thet's my business," "Mebbe hit ain't." The old mountaineer spoke with no resentment, but deep gravity. "We've been powerful oneasy erbout ye. Hey ye heered the news?"

"What news?" The boy put the question noncommittally. "Jesse Purvy was shot this morn-

ing. The boy vouchsafed no reply. "The mail rider done told hit. . Somebody shot five shoots from the

. . Purvey hain't died yit. laurel. Some says as how his folks has sent ter Lexington fer bloodhounds."

The boy's eyes began to smolder hatefully. "I reckon," he spoke slowly, "he didn't git shot none too soon.'

"Samson!" The old man's voice had Souths, but so long es I'm a-runnin' "I didn't know whose house it was," this hyar fam'ly I keeps my word ter

busted no truce." The boy's voice dropped its softness and took on a shrill crescendo of excitement as he flashed out his retort. "Who said a South has done busted

the truce this time?" Old Spicer South gazed searchingly

at his nephew. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Queerest Dance in the World. The Godavari dance of the malayers, or drummers, of Malabar is a very farmers are taking their ease after the to represent the sacred cow of the gods, Kamachenu. A small boy carries this about while the other performers, decked out in primitive fashion with painted bodies and hideous masks, go through a weird dance, accompanied by much drum beating and softened to an expression of amazed singing. Wherever it goes the cow admiration. Finally he took up the is supposed to shower blessings and square of academy board with a ten- prosperity, and so, ostensibly to please the animal, but in reality to satisfy would have seemed incapable and the dancers, presents of money, paddy stood stock still, presenting an anoma- or rice are given to the performers. lous figure in his rough clothes as his This custom has been in existence eyes grew almost idolatrous. Then from time immemorial and is likely to continue as long as agriculture encreator, and, though no word was dures among the Hindus of Malabar .-

What Attracted Him, A mother took her four-year-old son to a restaurant for his first luncheon outside of the nursery at home. He behaved with perfect propriety, and ognize in each other the bond of a watched the elaborate service with keen interest. When the finger bowls The boy and the girl, under Lescott's were placed on the table, he noticed direction, packed the outfit and stored the square white mint on the plate the canvas in the protecting top of the at the side of the bowl, and exbox. Then, while Sally turned and claimed: "Oh, mother, look at the cott's lost mount, the two men rode brought us!"-Harper's Magazine

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