# The Call of the Cumberlands

# By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

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### SYNOPSIS.

On Misery creek Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious. Jesse Purvy of the Holiman clan has been shot and Samson is suspected of the crime. Samson denies it. The shooting breaks the truce in the Hollman-South feud. Jim Hollman hunts with bloodhounds the man who shot Purvy. The bloodhounds lose the trail at Spicer South's door. Lescott discovers artistic ability in Samson. While sketching with Lescott on the mountain, Tamarack discovers Samson to a jeering crowd of mountaineers. Samson thrashes him and denounces him as the "truce-buster" who shot Purvy. At Wile Mcand denounces him as the "truce-buster" who shot Purvy. At Wile McCager's dance Samson tells the South
clan that he is going to leave the
mbuntains. Lescott goes home to New
York. Samson bids Spicer and Sally
farewell and follows. In New York Samson studies art and learns much of city
ways. Drennie Lescott persuades Wilfred Horton, her dilettante lover, to do a
man's work in the world.

#### CHAPTER IX.

in a drab mantle of desolation. At York." over which her forehead had been in his own silk socks. strenuously puckered, and gazed somewhat mournfully into the blaze. Sally he said, quietly. had a secret. It was a secret which she outside world unaltered. No man ever table. would. A terrible premonition said he learned a little more, she might even changed you?" go to school for a term or two.

It was all proving very hard work. The clothes forever, you know." mas she would surprise Samson with a client. . . . . . .

long been almost empty, and now from Street into panic. or give away.

plications of thought by a sanity You have toys enough to amuse. Why which was willing to assimilate with | couldn't you stay put?" out too much effort to analyze. The boy from Misery was presently less bizarre to the eye than many of the smile faded and Horton's chin set unkempt bohemians he met in the life itself for a moment as he added: of the studios, men who quarreled garrulously over the end and alm of put-watch me." Art, which they spelled with a capital A-and, for the most part, knew nothing of. He retained, except within a small circle of intimates, a silence construed into surly egotism.

He still wore his hair long, and, though his conversation gradually sloughed off much of its idiom and vulgarism, enough of the mountaineer savor of the crudely picturesque.

Meanwhile he drew and read and studied and walked, and every day's advancement was a forced march. Lescott, tremendously interested in his experiment, began to fear that the boy's too great somberness of disposition would defeat the very earnestness from which it sprang. So one morning the landscape-maker called on a friend whom he rightly believed to be the wisest man, and the greatest humorist in New York.

"I want your help," said Lescott. "I want you to meet a friend of mine and take him under your wing in a fashion. He needs you."

The stout man's face clouded. A few coupled his name with those of Kipsought to lionize him. Lescott read had time to object, swept into his re-

At the end he summarized: "The artist is much like the setter as a glog's nose. But to become efficient he must go a-field with a steady ing. veteran of his own breed."

"I know!" The great man, who was also the simple man, smiled reminis meant to show that he had not buried cently. "They tried to teach me to his talent. herd sheep when my nose was itching for bird country. Bring on your man;

I want to know him." self. The stout man responded with life class. something like churlish taciturnity

from Misery.

"Does Billy Conrad still keep store

at Stagbone? Samson started and his gaze fell in rough mules hitched to fence palings. a man who had been there! With sciously back into the vernacular of the hills.

"Hey ye been thar, stranger?" The writer nodded, and sipped his whisky.

cence, which to Samson was like wa- Chianti.

ter to a parched throat. When they left the cafe the boy of the human soul had been reading snatches of current airs, were inter- smile that found its way to the boy's heart-warming sympathy.

great men had adopted him as their "little brother" that he might have productions. their shoulder-touch to march by. And it was without his realization, too, that they laid upon him the imprint of their own characters and philosophy.

"I have come, not to quarrel with you but to try to dissuade you." The Hon. Mr. Wickliffe bit savagely at his cigar and gave a despairing spread to his danger of becoming the most cordially | portantly: hated man in New York-hated by the Christmas came to Misery wrapped most powerful combinations in New

the cabin of the Widow Miller Sally Wilfred Horton leaned back in a was sitting alone before the logs. She swivel chair and put his feet up on his put you up .t the best clubs. I think laid down the slate and spelling book, desk. For a while he seemed interested I shall sell him a landscape."

"It's very kind of you to warn me,"

The Hon. Mr. Wickliffe rose in exbased on a faint hope. If Samson asperation and paced the floor. The should come back to Misery he would smoke from his black cigar went become back full of new notions. No fore him in vicious puffs. Finally he man had ever yet returned from that stopped and leaned glaring on the

if he did-she must know how to read fortune you showed no symptoms of and write. Maybe, when she had this mania. In God's name, what has

"I hope I have grown up," explained The cramped and distorted chirog- the young man, with an unruffled raphy on the slate was discouraging. smile. "One can't wear swaddling

girl gazed for a time at something she The attorney for an instant softened saw in the embers, and then a faint his manner as he looked into the smile came to her lips. By next Christ- straight-gazing, unafraid eyes of his

letter. It should be well written, and | "I've known you from your babyevery "hain't" should be an "isn't." | hood. I advised your father before | she had just thrown from her shapely you were born. You have, by the The normal human mind is a res- chance of birth, come into the control and vivaciously to the flatterer. ervoir which fills at a rate of speed of great wealth. The world of finance regulated by the number and caliber is of delicate balance. Squabbles in of its feed pipes. Samson's mind had certain directorates may throw the who hasn't got a line to read into Suddenly so many sources the waters of new emerge from decent quiet and run get the spot-light, or be a dead one. things were rushing in upon it that amuck in the china shop, bellowing It reminds me of a little run in I had under their pressure it must fill fast, and tossing your horns. You make with Graddy-he's our stage-director, war on those whose interests are your He was saved from hopeless com. own. You seem bent on hari-kari.

"They weren't the right things. They were, as you say, toys." The castic manner of his, and said: 'Miss

"If you don't think I'm going to stay "Why do you have to make war-

to be chronically insurgent?" "Because" -the young man, who had that passed for taciturnity, and a ing a certain writing on the wall. The solemnity of visage that was often time is not far off when, unless we within we shall be regulated from without."

"Take for instance this newspaper war you've inaugurated on the police." stood out to lend to his personality a grumbled the corporation lawyer. "It's less dangerous to the public than these financial crusades, but decidedly more so for yourself. You are regarded as a dangerous agitator, a marplot! I tell you, Winfred, aside from all other considerations the thing is perilous to yourself. You are riding for a fall. These men whom you are into prolonged peal of laughter. whipping out of public life will turn

on you." "So I hear. Here's a letter I got this morning-unsigned. That is, I thought it was here. Well, no matter. It warns me that I have less than three months to live unless I call off my dogs."

It is said that the new convert is ever the most extreme fanatic. Wilfred Horton had promised to put on years ago he had been peddling his his working clothes, and he had done manuscripts with the heart-sickness of it with reckless disregard for conseunsuccessful middle age. Today men quences. At first, he was simply obeying Adrienne's orders; but soon he ling and De Maupassant. One of his found himself playing the game for antipathies was meeting people who the game's sake. Political overlords, assailed as unfaithful servants, showed the expression, and, before his host their teeth. From some hidden, but unfailing, source terribly sure and direct evidence of guilt was being gathered. For Wilfred Horton, who was ing twilight, and he had laid aside a manner of real friendliness. demanding a day of reckoning and pup. If it's in him, it's as instinctive spending great sums of money to get ple power had beguiled aim. The door it, there was a prospect of things do opened, and he saw the figure of a

> Adrienne Lescott was in Europe. Soon she would return and Horton

run in the steady ascent of gradual | so's landscape. She stood at the door Samson was told nothing of the be- climbing, but in the four months from nevolent conspiracy, but one evening the first of August to the first of Deshortly later he found himself sitting cember, the pace of his existence sudat a cafe table with his sponsor and denly quickened. He left off drawing a stout man, almost as silent as him from plaster casts and went into a

In this period Samson had his first to the half-dozen men and women who acquaintanceship with women, except girl. "I thought id find my brother came over with flatteries. But later, those he had known from childhood- here. I stopped by to drive him upwhen the trio was left alone, his face and his first acquaintance with the town."

brightened, and he turned to the boy men who were not of his own art world.

trator who 'odged and painted in smallness. studio-apartments in Washington amazement. At the mention of the Square, South. His companions were The boy was in doubt as to the proper name he saw a cross-roads store with various, numbering among them a procedure. This was Lescott's studio group of those pygmy celebrities of and he was not certain whether or not It was a picture of home, and here was whom one has never heard until by it lay in his province to invite Leschance he meets them, and of whom cott's sister to take possession of it.

called one night by telephone. He "Not for some years, though," he fate with his coterie, and denounced her up. confessed, as he drifted into reminis all forms of government over insipid

find himself in the midst of a gay and real ladies, except on the street, and felt as though he were taking leave boisterous party. The room was all now he had the opportunity. of an old and tried friend. By homely ready thickly fogged with smoke, and methods, this unerring diagnostician a dozen men and women, singing you, Mr. South," said the girl with a and unsavory. The crowd was typical. A few very in "foreign" women. "George talks of thinking parts in current Broadway

At eleven o'clock the guests of honor arrived in a taxicab. They were Mr. William Farbish and Miss Winifred the old instinct against effusiveness Starr, Having come, as they explained, direct from the theater where Miss Starr danced in the first row, they | cott," he told her, gravely. were in evening dress. Samson mentally acknowledged, though with instinctive disfavor for the pair, that both were, in a way, handsome. Colwell-manicured hands. "You stand in lasso drew him aside to whisper im-

"Make yourself agreeable to Farbish. He is received in the most exclusive If he takes a fancy to you, he will I am. I haven't no-" Again, he broke silk. From your brain to the tone of

The girl was talking rapidly and loudly. She had at once taken the center of the room, and her laughter rang in free and egotistical peals above the other voices.

"Come, said the host, "I shall present you."

The boy shook hands, gazing with his usual directness into the show-"Your family has always been con- girl's large and deeply-penciled eyes. would not come at all, but, if he did-servative. When you succeeded to the Farbish, standing at one side with teaching each other?" his hands in his pockets, looked on with an air of slightly bored detachment.

His dress, his mannerisms, his bearing, were all those of the man who has overstudied his part. They were too perfect, too obviously rehearsed through years of social climbing, but that was a defect Samson was not yet prepared to recognize.

Someone had naively complimented | with you!". Miss Starr on the leopard-skin cloak shoulders, and she turned promptly

"It is nice, isn't it?" she prattled. "It may look a little up-stage for a girl you the piece, but these days one must you know." She paused, awaiting the invitation to proceed, and, having received it, went gayly forward. "I was ten minutes late, one day, for rehearsal, and Graddy came up with that sar-Starr, I don't doubt you are a perfectly nice girl, and all that, but it rather gets my goat to figure out how, on a salary of fifteen dollars a week, you come to rehearsals in a million dollars' worth of clothes, riding in a limousine-and ten minutes late!" waked up, spoke slowly-"I am read- She broke off with the eager little expression of awaiting applause, and, having been satisfied, she added: "I regulate a number of matters from was afraid that wasn't going to get a

laugh, after all." She glanced inquiringly at Samson, who had not smiled, and who stood looking puzzled.

"A penny for your thoughts, Mr. South, from down South," she challenged. "I guess I'm sort of like Mr. Grad-

dy," said the boy, slowly. "I was just wondering how you do do it." He spoke with perfect seriousness, and, after a moment, the girl broke

"Oh, you are delicious!" she exclaimed. "If I could do the ingenue like that, believe me, I'd make some hit." She came over, and, laying a hand on each of the boy's shoulder's kissed him lightly on the cheek, type, and for that reason a diversion-"That's for a droll boy!" she said, a sort of human novelty. She liked are made of date palm branches That's the best line I've heard pulled

lately." Farbish was smiling in quiet amusement. He tapped the mountaineer on the shoulder.

fancy for being among the discoverers of men of talent. We must see more of eacu other."

with a sense of disgust.

Several days later, Samson was volume of De Maupassant, whose simwoman on the threshold. The boy son sat across the table from Adrienne rose somewhat shyly from his seat. Lescott at a road house on the Sound. and stood looking at her. She was as richly dressed as Miss Starr had been, but there was the same difference as between the colors of the sunset sky For eight months Samson's life had and the exaggerated daubs of Collasa moment, and then came forward a short spin, but the afternoon had

> with her hand outstretched. "This is Mr. South, isn't it?" she asked, with a frank friendliness in her voice.

"Yes, ma'am, that's my name." "I'm Adrienne Lescott," said the

Samson had hesitatingly taken the and led toe way, on foot, to the neargloved hand, and its grasp was firm Tony Collasso was an Italian illus- and strong despite its ridiculous

"I reckon he'll be back presently. glowing eyes the boy dropped uncon- their intimates speak as of immortals. Possibly, he ought to withdraw. is friendly and innocent, they both To Collasso's studio Samson was ideas of social usages were very vague.

"Then, I think I'll wait," announced had sometimes gone there before to the girl. She threw off her fur coat, sit for an hour, chiefly as a listener, and took a seat before the open grate. while the man from Sorrento bewailed | The chair was large, and swallowed

Samson wanted to look at her, and was afraid that this would be impolite. But tonight he entered the door to He realized that he had seen no

"I'm glad of this chance to meet friends?"

Samson had no answer. He wished tied his tongue.

"I owe right smart to George Les-

"That's not answering my question." she laughed. "Do you consent to being friends with me?"

"Miss-" began the boy. Then, realhere over nine months now, and I'm off, and laughed at himself. "I mean, I haven't any idea of proper manners, and so I'm, as we would say down home, 'plumb skeered' of ladies."

As he accused himself, Samson was looking at her with unblinking directness; and she met his glance with eyes that twinkled.

"Mr. South," she said, "I know all about manners, and you know all about a hundred real things that I want to know. Suppose we begin

Samson's face lighted with the revolutionizing effect that a smile can bring only to features customarily

"Miss Lescott." he said, "let's call that a trade-but you're gettin' all the worst of it. To start with, you might give me a lesson right now in how a feller ought to act, when he's talkin' to a lady-how I ought to act

Her laugh made the situation as easy as an old shoe. Ten minutes later, Lescott entered. "Well," he said, with a smile, "shall

I introduce you people, or have you left the room, she turned and added: a young woman. Her face is smooth day when we can have the school-room to ourselves, will you come up?"

Samson grinned and forgot to be bashful as he replied: "I'll come a-kitin'!"

# CHAPTER X.

Early that year, the touch of autumn came to the air. Often, returning at sundown from the afternoon life class, Samson felt the lure of its melancholy sweetness, and paused on one of the Washington Square benches, with many vague things stirring in his mind. He felt with a stronger throb the surety of young, but quickening. abilities within himself. Partly, it was the charm of Indian summer, partly a sense of growing with the days, but, also, though he had not as yet realized that, it was the new friendship into which Adrienne had admitted him, and the new experience of frank camaraderie with a woman not as a member of an inferior sex, but as an equal companion of brs a and soul. He had seen her often, and usually alone, because he shunned meetings with strangers. Until his education had ad- is great, and the kufa men pack in vanced further, he wished to avoid their passengers like herrings in a barsocial embarrassments. He knew rel. I had the good luck to take a phothat she liked him, and realized that it was because he was a new and virile him, too, because it was rare for a woven together with rope made out of man to offer her friendship without leaves of the same palm, thickly plasmaking love, and she was certain he tered on the outside with bitumen. would not make love. He liked her They range from four to twelve feet for the same reasons that every one "I've heard George Lescott speak of else did-because she was herself. Of Tigris and lower Euphrates rivers can you," he said, genially. "I've rather a late, too, he had met a number of one see these curious craft, which men at Lescott's club. He was mod- serve principally for the transport of estly surprised to find that, though passengers, country produce and his attitude on these occasions was beasts of burden across the river. Samson left the party early, and always that of one sitting in the background, the men seemed to like him, and, when they said, "See you again," alone in Lescott's studio. It was near- at parting, it was with the convincing it. Like the kelek, the kufa is of

One wonderful afternoon in October, when the distances were misthung, and the skies very clear. Sam-The sun had set through great cloud battalions massed against the west, and the horizon was fading into darkness through a haze like ash of roses. She had picked him up on the Avenue, and taken him into her car for beguiled them, luring them on a little farther, and still a little farther When they were a score of miles from Manhattan, the car had suddenly broken down. It would, the chauffeur told them, be the matter of an hour to effect repairs, so the girl, explaining to the boy that this event gave the

est road house.

"We will telephone that we shall bo late, and then have dinner," she laughed. "And for me to have dinner with you alone, unchaperoned at a country inn, is by New York standards delightfully unconventional. It borders on wickedness." Then, since their at titude toward each other was so laughed. They had dined under the trees of an old manor house, built a century ago, and now converted into an inn, and they had enjoyed themselves because it seemed to them pleasingly paradoxical that they should find in a place seemingly so shabbygenteel a cuisine and service of such excellence. Neither of them had ever been there before, and neither of them knew that the reputation of this establishment was in its own way wide-

The repairs did not go as smoothly him, liking him, and making him feel a esting themselves over a chafing dish. heart. After all, there was sincerity as the chauffeur had expected, and, when he had finished, he was hungry. It was not until much later that minor writers and artists, a model or you so much that I feel as if I'd known | So, eleven o'clock found them still Samson realized how these two really two, and several women who had you all the while. Don't you think I chatting at their table on the lighted might claim friendship with George's lawn. After awhile, they fell silent, and Adrienne noticed that her companion's face had become deeply, alto say something equally cordial, but most painfully set, and that his gaze was tensely focused on herself

"What is it, Mr. South?" she demanded.

The young man began to speak, in a steady, self-accusing voice.

"I was sitting here, looking at you," he said, bluntly, "I was thinking how fine you are in every way; how izing that in New York this form of there is as much difference in the texaddress is hardly complete, he hast- ture of men and women as there is in ened to add: "Miss Lescott, I've been | the texture of clothes. From that automobile cap you wear to your slipsociety, and is a connoisseur of art. just beginning to realize what a rube pers and stockings, you are clad in



"I Was Thinking of My People."

your voice, you are woven of human silk. I've learned lately that silk isn't weak, but strong. They make the best balloons of it." He paused and laughed, but his face again became "Oh," Adrienne assured him, "Mr. | sober. "I was thinking too, of your South and I are old friends." As she mother. She must be sixty, but she's "The second lesson had better be at and unwrinkled, and her heart is still my house. If I telephone you some in bloom. At the same age, George

won't be much older than he is now." The compliment was so obviously not intended as compliment at all that the girl flushed with pleasure. "Then," went on Samson, his face slowly drawing with pain, "I was thinking of my own people. My mother was about forty when she died. She was an old woman. My father was forty-three. He was an old man. I was thinking how they with-

## (TO BE CONTINUED.) OLD CRAFT OF ODD DESIGN

ered under their drudgery-and of the

monstrous injustice of it all."

Mesopotamia Boat, Known as Kufa, Known to Have Been in Use Be-

fore Christian Era. The Kufa, a curious circular boat made of basketwork, and seen nowhere else in the world, is a common sight in Mesopotamia. The ferrymen charge only a cent each passenger. There is one good point about these strange craft-they are not easily upset. Their carrying capacity also tograph of the actual building of a kufa on the banks of the Tigris river. says a writer in the Wide World. They in diameter. Nowhere but on the About three men are required to make a kufa of respectable size, and it takes them some twenty days to build

great antiquity, for both these strange craft were in use long before the time of Christ. The evidence of this is indisputable, for on the bas-reliefs taken from the palace of Sennacherib both craft are clearly represented.

Depends on the Well. "Truth lies at the bottom of a well," quoted the Sage, "Not if it happens to be an oil well," corrected the fool.

Warmed By Snow. The earth, under a thick coating of snow, is ten degrees warmer than the air immediately above the snow.

Tough Spider Webs. Some of the spiders of Java have webs so strong that a knife is reaffair the aspect of adventure, turned quired to cut them.

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