## The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

(Copyright, 1913, by W. J. Watt & Co.) SYNOPSIS.

On Misery creek Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious. Jesse Purvy of the Hollman dan 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 McJager's dance Samson tells the South dian that he is going to leave the mountains. 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. Prompted by her love, Sally teaches herself to write. Horton throws himself into the business world and becomes well hated by predatory financiers and politicians. At a Bohemian resort Samson meets William Farbish, sporty social parasite, and Horton's enemy. Farbish sees Samson and Drennie dining together unchaperoned at the Wigwam roadhouse. He conspires with others to make Horton jealous and succeeds. Wigwam roadhouse. He conspires with others to make Horton jealous and suc-

CHAPTER XI-Continued.

Samson did not appear at the Lescott house for .wo weeks after that He had begun to think that, if his going there gave embarrassment to the girl who had been kind to him, it were better to remain away.

"I don't belong here," he told himself, bitterly. "I reckon everybody that knows me in New York, except the Lescotts, is laughing at me behind my back."

He worked fiercely, and threw into his work such fire and energy that it came out again converted into boldness of stroke and an almost savage vigor of drawing. The instructor nodded his head over the easel, and passed on to the next student without having left the defacing mark of his relentless crayon. To the next pupil.

he said: "Watch the way that man South draws. He's not clever. He's elementally sincere, and, if he goes on, the first thing you know he will be a por-

through them." And Samson met every gaze with smoldering savagery, searching for some one who might be laughing at him openly, or even covertly, instead of behind his back. The long-suffering fighting lust it him craved opportunity to break out and relieve the pressure on his soul. But no one

lauzhed. One afternoon late in November, a hint of blizzards swept snarling down the Atlantic seaboard from the polar floes, with wet flurries of snow and rain. Off on the marshes where the Kenmore club had its lodge, the live decoys stretched their clipped wings. and raised their green necks restively into the salt wind, and listened. With dawn, they had heard, faint and far away, the first notes of that wild. chorus with which the skies would ring until the southerly migratious ended -the horizon-distant honking of high flying water fowl.

Then it was that Farbish dropped in with marching orders, and Samson, yearning to be away where there were open skies, packed George Lescott's borrowed paraphernalia, and prepared to leave that same night.

While he was packing, the telephone rang, and Samson heard Adrienne's voice at the other end of the wire. "Where have you been hiding?" she

demanded. "I'll have to send a truant officer after you." "I ve been very busy," said the man, and I reckon, after all, you can't

civilize a wolf. I'm afraid I've been wasting your time.' Possibly, the miserable tone of the

voice told the girl more than the "Don't You See That This Thing Is a words. "You are Laving a season with the blue devils," she announced. "You've

ben cooped up too much. This wind confidences. The delegated spokesought to bring the ducks, and-" "I'm leaving tonight," Samson told South had spoken pointedly of him, "It would have been very nice of fashion calculated to inflame.

you to have run up to say good-by," she reproved. "But I'll for ive you, if you call me up by long distance. You will get there early in the morning. Tomorrow, I'm going to Philadelshall be at the theater. Call me up the crow of cowardice. after the theater, and tell me how you like it."

It was the same old frankness and friendliness of voice, and the same he said, seating himself on Samson's old note like the music of a reed in bed, "that Horton arrived today." strument. Samson felt so comforted and reassured that he laughed through the telephone.

"I've been keeping away from you," he volunteered, "because I've had a of a prophet of trouble," he said, "but lapse into savagery, and haven't been you are my guest here, and I must fit to talk to you. When I get back, warn you. Horton thinks of you as a I'm coming up to explain. And, in the 'gun fighter' and a dangerous man. meantime, I'll telephone."

that he had found an opportunity to comes-" He broke off and added seri- bad just now. . . . For certain reasons, a dinner-table, hat now. North sea-

comfortably ensconced and introduced. The first day Farbish and Samson had the place to themselves, but the next morning would bring others.

The next day, while the mountaineer was out on the flats, the party of men at the club had been swelled to a total of six, for in pursuance of the carefully arranged plans of Mr. Farbish, Mr. Bradburn had succeeded in inducing Wilfred Horton to run down for a day or two of the sport he loved. When Horton arrived that afternoon, he found his usually even temper ruffled by bits of maliciously broached gossip, until his resentment against Samson South had been fanned into danger heat. He did not know that South also was at the club, and he did not that afternoon go out to the blinds, but so far departed from his usual custom as to permit himself to sit for several hours in the club grill.

And yet, as is often the case in carefully designed affairs, the one element that made most powerfully for the success of Farbish's scheme was pure accident. The carefully arranged meeting between the two men, the adroitly incited passions of each, would still have brought no clash, had not Wilfred Horton been affected by the flushing effect of alcohol. Since his college days, he had been invariably abstemious. Tonight marked an exception.

He was rather surprised at the cordiality of the welcome accorded him, for, as chance would have it, except for Samson South, whom he had not yet seen, all the other sportsmen were men closely allied to the political and financial elements upon which he had been making war. Still, since they seemed willing to forget for the time that there had been a breach, he was equally so. Just now, he was feeling such bitterness for the Kentuckian that the foes of a less personal sort seemed unimportant.

In point of fact, Wilfred Horton had spent a very bad day. The final straw had broken the back of his usually unruffled temper, when he had found in his room on reaching the Kenmore a copy of a certain New York weekly paper, and had read a page, which chanced to be lying face up (a chance carefully prearranged). It was an item of which Farbish had known, in advance of publication, but Wilfred would never have seen that sheet, had it not been so carefully brought to his attention. There were hints of the strange infatuation which a certain young woman seemed to entertain for a partially civilized stranger who had made his entree to New York via the police court, and who wore his hair long in imitation of a biblical character of the same name. The supper at the Wigwam inn was place intimated. Horton felt this obfriendship for the mountaineer, and he bitterly blamed the mountaineer. And, while he had been brooding on these matters, a man acting as Farbish's ambassador had dropped into his room, since Farbish himself knew



Frame-Up?"

that Horton would not listen to his man warned Wilfred that Samson and advised cautious conduct, in a

Samson, it was falsely alleged, had accused him of saying derogatory things in his absence, which he would hardly venture to repeat in his presence. In short, it was put to Horton phia over night. The next night, I to announce his opinion openly, or eat

That evening, when Samson went to his room, Farbish joined him. "I've been greatly annoyed to find,"

"I reckon that's all right," said Samson. "He's a member, isn't he?"

Farbish appeared dubious. "I don't want to appear in the guise He won't takes chauces with you. On the train Samson was surprised If there is a clash, it will be serious, give a damn whether you do or to discover that, after all, he had Mr. He doesn't often drink, but today William Farbish for a traveling com he's doing it, and may be ugly. Avoid ever passed . . . I ain't going to hit But, as he met the gaze of the dispanion. That gentleman explained an altercation if you can, but if it back. . . . You need a friend pretty ordered figure across the wreckage of it had been killed by a mine in the

or two, and wished to see Samson he will get you. Are you armed?" The Kentuckian laughed.

amongst gentlemen." Farbish drew from his pocket a

magazine pistol. "It won't hurt you to slip that into

your clothes," he insisted. that bored deep, but whatever was in his hand, and put It into his pocket.

"Mr. Farbish," he said, "I've been in drinking who had made threats against me. I think you are excited about looked at it in bewildered stupefac- dazed expression, "if you're still of the start it."

At the dinner table, Samson South son was, perhaps, no more silent than | really responsible has got to pay first. usual. Always, he was the listener except when a question was put to him direct, but the silence which sat upon Wilfred Horton was a departure from his ordinary custom.

He had discovered in his college days that liquor, instead of exhilarating him, was an influence under which he grew morose and sullen, and that discovery had made him almost a total abstainer. Tonight, his glass was constantly filled and emptied, and, as he ate, he gazed ahead, and thought resentfully of the man at his side.

When the coffee had been brought, and the cigars lighted, and the servants had withdrawn, Hortor with the manner of one who had been awaiting an opportunity, turned slightly in his chair, and gazed insolently at the Ken-

tuckian. Samson South still semed entirely inconscious of the other's existence. though in reality no detail of the brewing storm had escaped him. He was studying the other faces around the table, and what he saw in them appeared to occupy him. Wilfred Horton's cheeks were burning with a dull flush, and his eyes were narrowing with an unveiled dislike. Suddenly, silence fell on the party, and, as the men sat puffing their cigars, Horton turned toward the Kentuckian. For a moment, he glared in silence, then with an impetuous exclamation of disgust he announced:

"See here, South, I want you to know that if I'd understood you were to be here, I wouldn't have come. It has pleased me to express my opinion of you to a number of people, and now I mean to express it to you in person."

Samson looked around, and his featmentioned, and the character of the ures indicated neither surprise nor interest. He caught Farbish's eye at eyes and lips and noses, but character jectionable innuendo was directly the same instant, and, though the plotand virtues and vices showing out traceable to Adrienne's ill-judged ter said nothing, the glance was subtle and goad him on, as though the man had said:

"You mustn't stand that. Go after him."

"I reckon"--Samson's voice was a pleasant drawl-"it doesn't make any particular difference, Mr. Horton." "Even if what I said didn't happen

to be particularly commendatory?" inquired Horton, his eyes narrowing. "So long." replied the Kentuckian, as what you said was your own opin-

ion, I don't reckon it would interest me much." "In point of fact"-Horton was gazing with steady hostility into Samson's eyes-"i prefer to tell you. I an exact counterpart of the one with

belief that you are a damned savage. unfit for decent society." Samson's face grew rigid and a trifle line, but, as Wilfred Horton came to was a momentary scuille of swaying

taineer remained seated. flushing with suddenly augmenting conspirator's body bent back at the passion, "what I said I still believe to waist, until its shoulders were be true and repeat in your presence. stretched on the disarranged cloth. At another time and place, I shall be and the white face, with purple veins even more explicit. I shall ask you to swelling on the forehead, stared up explain-certain things."

"Mr. Horton," suggested Samson in its throat. an ominously quiet voice, "I reckon you're a little drunk. If I were you, taineer. I'd sit down."

Wilfred's face went from red to white, and his shoulders stiffened. He leaned forward, and for the instant no one moved. The tick of the clock | man!" was plainly audible.

"South," he said, his breath coming in labored excitement, "defend your-

"Against that!" Horton struck the

solf!" Samson still sat motionless. "Against what?" he inquired.

mountain man across the face with his open hand. Instantly, there was a commotion of scraping chairs and shufffing feet, mingled with a chorus of inarticulate protest. Samson had use him as a catspaw and murderer. risen, and, for a second, his face had become a thing of unspeakable passion. His hand instinctively swept toward his pocket-and stopped half- ments, there was a crashing of glass chair, gazing into the eyes of his as- and a chaos of struggle. sailant, with an effort at self-mastery which gave his chest and arms the appearance of a man writhing and stiffening under electrocution. Then,

ously distinct and clear clipped. "Maybe you know why I don't kill |

the tableau was held, then the man

from the mountains began speaking.

slowly and in a tone of dead-level

monotony. Each syllable was portent-

"I reckon I don't need to be armed was brought here to murder you?" He turned suddenly to Farbish.

"Why did you insist on my putting that in my pocket"-Samson took out mortified, and, had apology at such a the pistol, and threw it down on the time been possible, would have made table-cloth in front of Wilfred, where For an instant, the mountaineer it struck and shivered a half-filled his man; he saw the outlines of the stood looking at his host and with eyes | wine-glass-"and why did you warn | plot as plainly as Samson had seen me that this man meant to kill me? them, though more tardily. his mind as he made that scrutiny I was meant to be your catspaw to put | Samson's toe touched the pistol he kept to himself. At last, he took Wilfred Horton out of your way. I which had dropped from Farbish's the magazine pistol, turned it over in may be a barbarian and a savage, but hand and he contemptuously kicked it I can smell a rat-if it's dead enough." to one side. He came back to his For an instant there was absolute place. places before now where men were and hushed calm. Wilfred Horton picked up the discarded weapon and man who stood looking about with a

distressing mortification. "Any time you want to fight me"and Wilfred Horton were introduced. Samson had turned again to face him. like I was, and"-he paused, then and acknowledged their introductions and was still talking in his deadly added-"and I'm ready either to fight with the briefest and most formal quiet voice-"except tonight, you can or shake hands. Either way suits nods. During the course of the meal, find me. I've never been hit before me." though seated side by side, each ig- without hitting back. That blow has nored the presence of the other. Sam- got to be paid for-but the man that's



'I'm Ready Either to Fight or Shake Hands."

When I fight you, I'll fight for myself. not for a bunch of damned murderers. Just now, I've got other business. That man framed this up!" He pointed a lean finger across the table into the startled countenance of Mr. Farbish "He knew! He has been working on attend to his case now."

As Samson started toward Farbish, the conspirator rose, and, with an excellent counterfeit of insulted virtue, pushed back his chair.

"By God," he indignantly exclaimed, 'you mustn't try to embroil me in your quarrels. You must apologize. You are talking wildly, South."

"Am I?" questioned the Kentuckian, quietly; "I'm going to act wildly in a

He halted a short distance from Farbish, and drew crumpled scrap of the offending magazine page: the item that had offended

Horton. "I may not have good manners, Mister Farsish, but where I come from we know how to handle varmints." He dropped his voice and added for the plotter's ear only: "Here's a little matter on the side that concerns only us. It wouldn't interest these other gentlemen." He opened his hand, and

added: "Here, eat that!" Farbish with a frightened glance at the set face of the man who was advancing upon him, leaped back, and drew from his pocket a pistol-it was have rather generally expressed the which he had supplied Samson.

With a panther like swiftness, the Kentuckian leaped forward, and struck up the weapon, which spat one inpale. His mouth set itself in a straight effective bullet into the rafters. There his feet with the last words, the moun- bodies and a crash under which the table groaned amid the shattering "And," went on the New Yorker, of glass and china. Then, slowly, the between two brown hands that gripped

"Swallow that!" ordered the moun-

For just an instant, the company stood dumfounded, then a strained. unnatural voice broke the silence. "Stop him, he's going to kill the

The odds were four to two, and with a sudden rally to the support of their chief plotter, the other conspirators rushed the figure that stood throttling his victim. But Samson South was in his element. The dammed-up wrath that had been smoldering during these last days was having a tempestuous outlet. He had found men who, in a gentlemen's club to which he had come as a guest, sought to feet, and at each of these points a disk

As they assaulted him, en masse, he seized a chair, and swung it fiaillike about his head. For a few moway. He stood by his overturned and china, and a clatter of furniture

Samson South stood for a moment panting in a scene of wreckage and disorder. The table was littered with shivered glasses and decapters and he forced both hands to his back and chinaware. The furniture was scatgripped them there. For a moment, tered and overturned. Farbish was to which he had made his way. The where they had fallen.

Wilfred Horton stord waiting. The night." you. . . . Maybe you don't. . . . I don't | whole affair had transpired with such celerity and speed that he had hardly not. . . . That's the first blow I've understood it, and had taken no part.

play truant from business for a day ously: "fou will have to get him, or I'm going to be that friend. . . Don't | with the preliminaries settled, he who you see that this thing is a damned had struck Samson in the face must frame-up? . . . Don't you see that I give satisfaction for the blow. Horton was sober, as cold sober as though he had jumped into ice-water, and though he was not in the least afraid, he was it. He knew that he had misjudged

"Now, Mr. Horton," he said to the this thing. If anything starts, he will tion, then slowly his face flamed with same mind, I can accomodate you. You lied when you said I was a savage-though just now it sort of looks

For the moment, Horton did not speak, and Samson slowly went on: "But, whether we fight or not, you've got to shake hands with me when we're finished. You and me ain't going to start no feud. This is the first time I've ever refused to let a man be my enemy if he wanted to. I've got my reasons. I'm going to make you shake hands with me whether you like it or not, but if you want to fight first it's satisfactory. You said awhile ago you would be glad to be more explicit with me when we were alone-" He paused and looked about the room. "Shall I throw these damned murderers out of here, or will you go into another room and talk?"

"Leave them where they are," said Rorton, quietly. "We'll go into the reading-room. Have you killed any of them? "I don't know," said the other, curt-

ly, "and I don't care." When they were alone, Samson

went on: "I know what you want to ask me about, and I don't mean to answer you. You want to question me about Miss Lescott. Whatever she and I have done doesn't concern you. I will say

this much-if I've been ignorant of New York ways and my ignorance has embarrassed her, I'm sorry. "I supposed you know that she's too damned good for you-just like she's too good for me. But she thinks more this job for a month. I'm going to of you than she does of me-and she's yours. As for me, I have nothing to apologize to you for. Maybe, I have

something to ask her pardon about, but she hasn't asked it. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SLEEP WAS NOT FOR HER

Little One Got What Consolation She Could Out of Foregoing Promised Reward.

The parentally imposed afternoon nap has long been childhood's bane Harry S. Smith, secretary of the park board was telling the other day of difficulties of afternoon napping experienced by his offspring.

A youthful daughter is especially given to insomnia at the time in the afternoon when it is insisted that she shall nap. It is no fault of hers She strives strenuously to woo Morpheus. but to no avail. The sleep god is coquettish and he comes only when he can steal upon his victims.

The other afternoon the tot was doing her best to sleep. Dutifully she closed her eyes, breathed rhythmically and counted sheep jumping over the fence, as instructed. Sleep would not come. But it would never do to disappoint a parent. So when the question came, "Are you sleeping, daughter?" she murmured slumberously,

"Uh-huh." But her message was not convincing. So she was offered a dime as a reward for sleeping. Time and again she made the effort, but always it was fruitless. Then she began to squirm. Finally she sat up in her bed. Her manner was eloquent of conviction of the futility of further effort, after resignation of claim upon the reward.

"Oh, I don't care; I don't want the dime," she said. "My bank is a penny bank, anyhow."-Louisville Times.

Hundred-Foot Standard. The Western Society of Engineers has had prepared a 100-foot length standard, which it has presented to the city of Chicago. This standard is a steel rod 102 feet long, two inches wide and half an inch in thickness. which rests on rollers secured to substantial brackets fixed to the wall. The graduations, which were established by Prof. L. A. Fischer of the United States bureau of standards, Washington, were at zero, one foot, one yard, one meter, ten feet, 25 feet, 50 feet, 66 feet, 20 meters, 30 meters and 100 of an alloy of 90 per cent platinum and ten per cent iridium 5.16 inch in diameter was inserted in the rod flush with its surface, the exact division point being marked on the disk. The work of graduation proved remarkably accurate, as is shown by the correction table furnished for use in connection with comparisons of measures.

Chicken Thief Wrote Verse.

After cleaning out a chicken coop in Birmingham, Ala., the chicken thief weakly leaning to one side in the seat | left the following note: "Lord, have mercy on my soul, how many chickens men who had gone dov/n under the have I stole, last night and the night heavy blows of the chair lay quietly before, coming back tonight and get 25 more; remember coming back to-

> Whale a Victim of War. An enormous whale drifted ashore

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