Cumberlands By Charles Neville Buck With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes

Tamarack scowled.

safe-and he had plans.

Asberry.

the laurel.

Jesse's place?"

drawled Tamarack.

fably and he paused to talk.

"'Lowed I mout as well."

"Much obleeged," he replied.

played no hostility, he knew he was

Standing before the Hollman store

were Jim Asberry and several com-

panions. They greeted Tamarack af-

"Mind of I rides with ye es fur

"Plumb glad ter have company,"

They chatted of many things, and

traveled slowly, but, when they came

to those narrows where they could not

for the rear position, and the man who

found himself forced into the lead

over his shoulder, with wary, though

seemingly careless, eyes. Each knew

At Purvy's gate Asberry waved fare-

well and turned in. Tamarack rode

on, but shortly he hitched his horse

in the concealment of a hollow, walled

with huge rocks, and disappeared into

He began climbing, in a crouched

position, bringing each foot down

noiselessly and pausing often to listen.

masked in clumps of flowering rho-

dodendron. Presently Asberry passed

him, also walking cautiously, but hur-

riedly, and cradling a Winchester rifle

in the hollow of his arm. Then Tama-

rack knew that Asberry was taking

this cut to head him off and waylay

him in the gorge a mile away by road

the other was bent on his murder.

The Call of the

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

in the Play

<text> Jim Asberry had not been outwardly armed when he left Spicer. But, soon, the brakeman's delicately attuned ears caught a sound that made him lie flat in the lee of a great log, where he was

CHAPTER XII-Continued.

"No," she said, "we haven't done that, yet. I guess we won't. . . I think he'd rather stay outside, Wilfred. If I was sure I loved him, and that he loved me, I'd feel like a cheat -there is the other girl to think of.

. . And, besides, I'm not sure what but a short distance only over the hill. I want myself. . . . But I'm horribly Spicer held his heavy revolver cocked afraid I'm going to end by losing you in his hand, but it was too near the

Horton stood silent. It was tea time, and from below came the strains of the ship's orchestra. A few ulster- ing the man who was stalking him. nufiled passengers gloomily paced the deck.

"You won't lose us both, Drennie,"

fixed on the slow swing of heavy, gray-green waters. He was smiling, tion his intended victim stole down, son should have succeeded. but it is as a man smiles when he con- guarding each step, until he was in That a Hollman should have been fronts despair and pretends that every- short and certain range, but, instead able to elude the pickets and penetrate looked at him with a choke in her

THE CENTRE REPORTER, CENTRE HALL, PA.

Purvy thet time, an' he said'-the | The officer had meant what he said. brakeman paused to add emphasis to He marched his prisoner into Hixon fully. "There's just one man living see? I've only seen it myself for "That's a lie!" said the girl, scorn-, could teach the others? Don't you his conclusion-"thet the next time ye at the center of a hollow square, with that's smart enough to match Jesse little while." come home, he 'lowed ter git ye plumb muskets at the ready. And yet, as the Purvy-an' that one man is Sam-

boy passed into the courthouse yard, son. Samson's got the right to lead "What is it that-that you see now?" with a soldier rubbing elbows on each the Souths, and he's going to do it-ef to come to be a constructive force. I "I must go back, not to relapse, but At Hixon Tamarack Spicer strolled from somewhere. The smokeless powmust carry some of the outside world

along the street toward the court- der told no tale, and with blue shirts ingly, "don't go gittin' mad. Caleb to Misery. I must take to them, behouse. He wished to be seen. So long and army hats circling him, Tamarack talks hasty. We knows ye used ter they would reject from other hands." cause I am one of them, gifts that be Samson's gal, an' we hain't aimin' That afternoon one of Hollman's ter hurt yore feelin's. But Samson's From the house came the strains of

henchmen was found lying in the road done left the mountings. I reckon they listened without speech, then the with his lifeless face in the water of ef he wanted ter come back, he'd girl said very gravely: the creek. The next day, as old Spicer a-come afore now. Let him stay whar "You won't-you won't still foe

"Whar is he at?" demanded old Ca-Samson?"

tell you, he's got to have his say." "I reckon we hain't a-goin' ter wait," sneered Caleb, "fer a feller thet won't them pull the chestnuts out of the let hit be known whar he's a-sojournin'

"That's my business, too." Sally's fairly. The end is worth it." store an instant after the shot which here-it'll take two days to get to heard Samson's voice again: Samson. It'll take him two or three

days more to get here. You've get to of thanking you." that way about it.' way fer two days yit." "I'm not askin' any South to ride

into Hixon. I recollect another time when Samson was the only one that tennis courts. would do that," she answered, still scornfully. "I didn't come here to ask favors. I come to give orders-for him. A train leaves soon in the morning. My letter's goin' on that train." "Who's goin' ter take hit ter town in it.' fer ve?"

"I'm goin' to take it for myself." Her reply was, given as a matter of course.

"That wouldn't hardly be safe, Sally," the miller demurred; "this hain't no time fer a gal ter be galavantin' around by herself in the night time. Hit's a-comin up ter storm, an' ye've got thirty miles ter ride, an' thirty-five

back ter yore house." "I'm not scared," she replied. "I'm goin' an' I'm warnin' you now, if you do anything that Samson don't like, you'll have to answer to him, when he comes." She turned, walking very erect and dauntless to her sorrel mare, and disappeared at a gallop.

"I reckon," said Wile McCager, breaking silence at last, "hit don't make no great dif'rence. He won't hardly come, nohow." Then, he added: 'But thet boy is smart."

. Samson's return from Europe, after a year's study, was in the

AT FORMETS B. PORFER AFFORNEY-AS-LAS BULL STORTS, SH BARRISON WALFER ATTORNET-AT-LAW BELLEPOSTE B L.D. Canno Pos. J. Bowm bound to kill your enemies, will you ... CARTYLA BOWER & SERAN The man's face hardened. ATTORNEYS AT-LAW "I believe I'd rather not talk about LASLS BLORD that. I shall have to win back the BELLEFONTE BA tation in English and German confidence I have lost. I shall have to take a place at the head of my clan by proving myself a man-and a man B. SPANGLER by their own standards. It is only at their head that I can lead them. ATTORNEY AT LAR If the lives of a few assassins have to BELLEFORTER be forfeited I shan't hesitate at that. the th all the searts. Consultation English and Serman. Office, Oridar's Susbana shall stake my own against them Suilding The girl breathed deeply, then she LEMENT DALS "Drennie, I want you to understand ATTORFET-AT-LAW that if I succeed it is your success BELL BFORTE P. Office N. W. ourses Diamond two down ffor. You took me raw and unfashioned, and first Mational Bank. you have made me. There is no way "There is a way," she contradicted Penns Valley Banking Company You can thank me by feeling just Centre Hall, Pa. The next afternoon Adrienne and DAVID K. HELLER, Cashier Samson were sitting with a gayly chat-Receives Deposits . . . tering group at the side lines of the Discounts Notes . . "When you go back to the moun tains, Samson," Wilfred was suggest-BO YEARS ing, "we might form a partnership EXPERIENCE 'South, Horton & Co., Development of Coal and Timber.' There are millions "Five years ago I should have met you with a Winchester rifle," laughed the Kentuckian. "Now I shall not." TRADE MARKS "I'll go with you, Horton, and make DESIGNE a sketch or 1wo," volunteered George COPYRIGHTS & nding a sketch and de Lescott, who had just then arrived from town. "And, by the way, Samson, here's a letter that came for you Scientific American The mountaineer took the envelope with a Hixon postmark, and for an or months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers instant gazed at it with a puzzled expression, It was addressed in a femi-MUNN & CO. 361Broadway. New Yor nine hand, which he did not recognize. It was careful, but perfect, writing, *********************** such as one sees in a school copybook With an apology he tore the covering Jno. F. Gray & Son and read the letter. Adrienne, glancing at his face, saw it suddenly pale



"Tam'rack, Ye've Got to Go."

a woman buying a card of buttons and Purvy house to risk a shot. He waited a fair-haired clerk waiting on her, they a moment, and then, rising, went on found the building empty.

noiselessly with a snarling grin, stalk-Back beyond, the hills were impenetrable, and answered no questions.

Asberry found a place at the foot Old Spicer South would ten years of a huge pine where the undergrowth ago have put a bandage on his wound would cloak him. Twenty yards below and gone about his business, but now he said, steadily. "You may lose your | ran the creek-bed road, returning from he tossed under his patchwork quilt, choice-but, if you find yourself able its long horseshoe deviation. When and Brother Spencer expressed grave to fall back on substitutes, I'll be he had taken his position his faded doubts for his recovery. With his butternut clothing matched the earth counsel unavailable Wile McCager, by For once he did not meet her scru- as inconspicuously as a quail matches common consent, assumed something tiny, or know of it. His own eyes were dead leaves, and he settled himself to like the powers of a regent and took wait. Slowly and with infinite cau- upon himself the duties to which Sam-

thing is quite all right. The girl of being at the front, he came from the heart of South territory to Spicer

South stood at the door of his cabin. he's at." a rifle barked from the hillside, and he "Ridin' over ter Misery?" inquired fell, shot through the left shoulder by leb Wiley, in a truculent voice. a bullet intended for his heart. All "That's his business," Sally flashed this while the troops were helplessly back, "but I know. All I want to tell camped at Hixon. They had power you is this. Don't you make a move and inclination to go out and get men, till I have time to get word to him. I but there was no man to get. The Hollmans had used the soldiers as far as they wished; they had made

fire and Tamarack Spicer out of his at. Ef ye air so shore of him, why stronghold. They now refused to won't yet tell us whar he is now?" ride stirrup to stirrup each jockeyed swear out additional warrants. A detail had rushed into Hollman's

turned in his saddle and talked back killed Tamarack was fired. Except for

wait a week." "Saily," the temporary chieftain spoke still in a patient, humoring sort of voice, as to a tempestuous child, "thar hain't no place ter mail a letter nigher then Hixon. No South can't ride inter Hixon, an' ride out again. The mail carrier won't be down this

throat.

that I should refuse him. I am not below the shoulder blades. at all sure that I am the least little bit in love with him. Only, don't you

CHAPTER XIII.

Tamarack Spicer sat on the top of a box car, awinging his legs over the side. He was clad in overalls, and in the pockets of his breeches reposed a bulging flask of red liquor, and an unbulging pay envelope. Tamarack had been "railroading" for several months this time. He had made a new record for sustained effort and industry, but now June was beckoning him to the mountains with vagabond yearnings for freedom and leisure. Many things had invited his soul. Almost four years had passed since Samson had left the mountains, and in four years a woman can change her man and agree to forget his faulty method of courtship. This time he would be more diplomatic. Yesterday and a free lance.

As he reflected on these matters a recruited from the mountains, though

"So yer quittin'?" observed the newcomer.

Spicer nodded.

"Goin' back thar on Misery ?" Again Tamarack answered with a jerk of his head.

"I've been layin' off ter tell ye some thin', Tam'rack."

"Cut her loose."

"I laid over in Hixon last week, an' some fellers that used ter know my mother's folks took me down in the cellar of Hollman's store, an' give me some licker." "What of hit?"

"They was talkin' 'bcut you." "What did they say?"

"I seen that they was enemies of mor, so, when they axed me of I vys. I know their breed." knowed ye, I 'lowed I didn't know ye out, or git in trouble myself."

Tamarack cursed the whole Hollman tribe, and his companion went on:

they'd found out thet you'd done shot of finality. "ye've got ter go."

Then he pulled the trigger! He did with ancient custom the lanes would not go down to inspect his work. It be more traveled than usual. see I can't be quite sure I'm not? It | was not necessary. The instantaneous | would be horrible if we all made a fashion with which the head of the mistake. May I have till Christmas ambuscader settled forward on its for behind each saddle sagged a sack to make up my mind for all time? [1] face told him all he wanted to know. of grain. Their faces bore no stamp and rode fast to the house of Spicer

South, demanding asylum.

The next day came word that if Tamarack Spicer would surrender and gathered was to the point. stand trial in a court dominated by the Holimans the truce would continue. Otherwise the "war was on." The Souths flung back this message: "Come and git him."

But Hollman and Purvy, hypocritically clamoring for the sanctity of the but grinding grist was his vocation, law, made no effort to come and "git not strategy and tactics. The enemy him." They knew that Spicer South's had such masters of intrigue as Purvy house was now a fortress, prepared for and Judge Hollman. slege. They knew that every trail Then a lean sorrel mare came jogthither was picketed. Also, they knew ging into view, switching her fly bitten a better way. This time they had the tail, and on the mare's back, urging asked for troops and troops came. loaded ends of a corn sack. She was Their tents dotted the river bank be- lithe and slim, and her violet eyes mind. Sally might, when they met on low the Hixon bridge. A detail un- were profoundly serious, and her lips der a white flag went out after Tama- were as resolutely set as Joan of Arc's rack Spicer. The militia captain in might have been, for Sally Miller had command, who feared neither feudist come only ostensibly to have her corn nor death, was courteously received ground to meal. She had really come he had gone to the boss and "called He had brains, and he assured them to speak for the absent chief, and she that he acted under orders which knew that she would be met with dericould not be disobeyed. Unless they surrendered the prisoner, gatling guns but her beauty had increased, though fellow-trainman came along the top would follow. If necessary they would it was now a chastened type, which of the car and sat down at Tamarack's be dragged behind ox teams. Many side. This brakeman had also been militiamen might be killed, but for from another section-over toward the lf Spicer would surrender, the officer would guarantee him personal protection, and, if it seemed necessary. a

change of venue would secure him trial in another circuit. For hours the clan deliberated. For the soldiers they felt no enmity. For the young captain they felt an instinctive liking. He was a man.

Old Spicer South, restored to an scho of his former robustness by the call of action, gave the clan's verdict. "Hit hain't the co'te we're skeered of. Ef this boy goes ter town he won't never git into no co'te. He'll be murdered."

The officer held out his hand.

"As man to man," he said, "I pledge you my word that no one shall take yours, an' they wasn't in no good hu- working for the Hollmans or the Pur-For a space old South looked into nothin' good about ye. I had ter cuss the soldier's eyes and the soldier looked back.

"Fil take yore handshake on .thet bargain," said the mountaineer, grave-"Jim Asberry was thar. He 'lowed ly. "Tam'rack," he added, in a voice

stomach and raised the already cocked alarming. The war was on without sponsorship of George Lescott and the "Wilfred." she said, laying her hand pistol. He steadied it in a two-handed question now, and there must be coun- social sponsorship of Adrienne, he on his arm, "I'm not worth worrying grip against a tree trunk and trained cil. Wile McCager had sent out a sum- found that orders for portraits, from over. Really, I'm not. If Samson it with deliberate care on a point to mons for the family heads to meet those who could pay munificently, South proposed to me today, I know the left of the other man's spine just that afternoon at his mill. It was Saturday-"mill day"-and in accordance the novelty of being lionized.

Those men who came by the wagon

road afforded no unusual spectacle, tell you then, dear, if you care to He slipped back to his horse, mounted of unwonted excitement, but every cheeks are playing wholesomely and man balanced a rifle across his pommel. None the less, their purpose was grim, and their talk when they had

Old McCager, himself sorely perplexed, voiced the sentiment that the course, of the party, and George Lesothers had been too courteous to express. With Spicer South bed-ridden and Samson a renegade, they had no adequate leader. McCager was a solid

color of the law on their side. The him with a long, leafy switch, sat a Adrienne reproved him, as he came sion. The years had sobered the girl, gave her a strange and rather exalted refinement of expression.

Wile McCager came to the mill door as she rode up and lifted the sack from her horse.

"Howdy, Sally?" he greeted. "Tol'able, thank ye," said Sally. "I'm

goin' ter get off." As she entered the great half-lighted room, where the mill stones creaked His sea that his being fulfills? on their cumbersome shafts, the hum So and no otherwise-so and no otherof discussion sank to silence. The girl nodded to the mountaineers gathered in conclave, thep, turning to the

miller, she announced: "I'm going to send for Samson." The statement was at first met with dead silence, then came a rumble of indignant dissent, but for that the girl was prepared, as she was prepared for the contemptuous laughter which

followed. "I reckon if Samson was here," she to them, and my duty." said, dryly, "you all wouldn't think it

was quite so funny." Old Cgleb Wiley spat through his bristling beard, and his voice was a

quavering rumble. "What we wants is a man. We hain't the nest where he was hatched." got no use fer no traitors thet's too al.

the back. He, also, lay flat on his South's cabin was both astounding and a moderate triumph. With the art seemed to seek him. He was tasting

That summer Mrs. Lescott opened her house on Long Island early, and the life there was full of the sort of gayety that comes to pleasant places when young men in flannels and girls in soft summery gowns and tanned singing tunefully and making lovenot too seriously.

Samson, tremendously busy these days in a new studio of his own, had be counted scarlet fever, measles, inrun over for a week. Horton was, of fluenza, whooping cough and diphthecott was doing the honors as host. One evening Adrienne left the danc-

ers for the pergola, where she took refuge under a mass of honeysuckle Samson South followed her. She

contrasting this Samson, loosely clad ditions prevailing in most of the homes in flannels, with the Samson she had first seen fising awkwardly to greet her in the studio.

"You should have stayed inside and made yourself agreeable to the girls," up. "What's the use of making a lion of you, if you won't roar for the visitors?

"I've been roaring," laughed the man. "I've just been explaining to Miss Willoughby that we only eat the people we kill in Kentucky on certain days of solemn observance and sacrifice. I wanted to be agreeable to you, compared with "Jack Tar" of the senio Drennle, for a while. service. "Jack Tar" as a nickname for

"Do you ever find yourself homesick, Samson, these days?"

The man answered with a short laugh. Then his words came softly. and not his own words, but those of the latter half of the seventeenth cen-

"Who hath desired the sea? Her excellent loneliness rather Than the forecourts of kings, and her

Tarpaulin, of course, is canvas tarred to make it waterproof, and the sailors' attermost pits than the streets hat made of that material, something like a sou'-wester, was called a tar-

wise hillmen desire their hills."

sailors have been "honest tars," "jolly tars" and "gallant tars" for 200 years. "And yet," she said, and a trace of There is more steel and oil about a the argumentative stole into her voice, modern battleship than tarry rope. perhaps, but probably Jack will remain 'you haven't gone back."

"No." There was a note of selfreproach in his voice. "But soon I shall go. At least, for a time. I've been thinking a great deal lately about 'my fluttered folk and wild.' I'm just beginning to understand my relation

English language, with its old English type and its quaint account of events. "Your duty is no more to go back in foreign countries, was a pamphlet

there and throw away your life," she found herself instantly contending. Nevves from Italie, Germanie, France, "than it is the duty of the young eagle, | and other places," is as curious as its

who has learned to fly, to go back to contents. For many years it had been supposed that no copy of the Corrant. "Rut, Drennie," he said, gently, "sup | was in existence, but recently a copy mighty damn busy doin' fancy work pose the young eagle is the only one of this interesting document was die that knows how to fly-and suppose he covered.

TAKE DISEASE FROM WHITES Tuberculosis Among Alaskan In-

script. This is what he read:

and grow as set and hard as marble

Samson's eyes were dwelling with

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

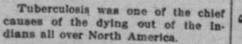
"Then I do thank you."

just as I left the studio."

dians Has Been Laid at the Door of the "Paleface." The great prevalence of all forms

of tuberculosis among the Alaskan Indians, as proved by a report by Dr. Emil Krulish, is explained by the Journal of the American Medical Association as follows:

"Tuberculosis is a comparatively new infection among Indians, bestowed upon them by the benevolent paleface along with firewater and certain other blessings of civilization. Among these blessings must probably ria. Not yet possessing the racial immunity which it takes many generations to acquire, the poor Indian suffers from them in greater degree than does the white, and more frequently dies of them. Then there are the saw him coming, and smiled. She was overcrowding and the unsanitary conof tuberculosis sufferers; while at least this much good arises from their misfortune that after the disease is well developed in them its progress (unless they are well cared for) is rapid, and death removes what would otherwise remain a menacing focus of infection."



Two Famous Names. "Thomas Atkins" is a newcomer

a sailor is first recorded in 1786, but

than a hundred years before that. The

name already appears in literature in

paulin." Sailors were called "tarpau-

lins" early in the seventeenth century.

paulin. However that may be, British

Jack Tar for another hundred years

First English Newspaper.

The first newspaper printed in the

issued in 1621. Its title, "Corrant or

yet .--- Manchester Guardian.

tury.

"Tar" may be short for "tar-

Control States of the Largest Fire and Life only partial comprehension on the insurance Companies THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST No Mutu Before insuring your life see the contract of THE HOME which in case of death between the texth and twentieth years my three all premiums paid in an turns all premiums paid is dition to the face of the polley Monoy to Loss on Firm Mortgage Office to Crider's Stone Budide BELLEFONTE PA Telephone Connection -----MARBLE NO ORANTIE. WILLINE NIS H. G. STROHMEIER CENTRE MALL Manufacturer and Dealer In HIGH GRADE MONUMENTAL WORI sailors were known as "tars" for more In all kinds of Marble Am Granite, Pur my to mit my pri ROALSBURG TAYER AMOS EOCH. PROFETER tor at Oak Rall Stational a OLD FORT HOTEL



DR. SOL. M. NISSLEY.

VETERINARY SUROB

A graduate of the University of F ice at Palace 14 the Pa. Both 's