

The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

Then, again, silence settled on the town, to remain for five minutes unbroken. The sun glared mercilessly on clay streets, now as empty as a cemetery. A single horse incautiously hitched at the side of the courthouse switched its tail against the assaults of the flies. Otherwise, there was no outward sign of life. Then, Callomb's newly organized force of ragamuffin soldiers clattered down the street at double time. For a moment or two after they came into sight only the massed uniforms caught the eyes of the entrenched Hollmans, and an alarmed murmur broke from the courthouse. They had seen no troops de-train, or pitch camp. These men had sprung from the earth as startlingly as Jason's crop of dragon's teeth. But, when the command rounded the shoulder of a protecting wall to await further orders, the ragged stride of their marching and the all-too-obvious bea-ting of the moutaineer proclaimed their native amateurs. The murmur turned to a howl of derision and chal-lenge. They were nothing more nor less than Souths, masquerading in the uniforms of soldiers.

"What orders?" inquired Callomb briefly, joining Samson's store.

"Demand surrender once more—then take the courthouse and jail" was the short reply.

Callomb himself went forward with the flag of truce. He shouted his mes-sage and a bearded man came to the courthouse door.

"Tell 'em," he said without redun-dancy, "that we're all here. Come an' git us."

The officer went back and distrib-uted his forces under such cover as of-fered itself about the four walls. Then a volley was fired over the roof and instantly the two buildings in the public square awoke to a volcanic response of rifle fire.

All day the duel between the streets and county buildings went on with desultory intervals of quiet and wild outbursts of musketry. The troops were firing as sharpshooters, and the courthouse, too, had its sharpshooters. When a head showed itself at a bar-ricaded window a report from the out-side greeted it. Samson was every-where, his rifle smoking and hot-bar-reled. His life seemed protected by a tallisman. Yet most of the firing, after the first hour, was from within. The troops were, except for occasional pot shots, holding their fire. There was neither food nor water inside the build-

ing, and at last night closed and the cordon grew tighter to prevent escape. The Hollmans, like rats in a trap, grimly held on, realizing that it was to be a siege. On the following morning a detachment of "F" company arrived, dragging two gatling guns. The Hol-lmans saw them detouring, from their lookout in the courthouse cupola, and, realizing that the end had come, re-solved upon a desperate sortie. Simul-taneously every door and lower win-dow of the courthouse burst open to discharge a frantically rash of men, firing as they came. They meant to fight their way out and leave as many host-ile dead as possible in their wake. Their one chance now was to scatter before the machine guns came into ac-tion. They came like a flood of hu-man lava and their guns were never silent, as they bore down on the bar-ricades, where the single outnumbered company seemed insufficient to hold them. But the new militiamen, look-ing for reassurance no so much to Callomb as to the granite-like face of Samson South, rallied and rose with a yell to meet them on bayonet and smoking muzzle. The rush wavered, fell back, desperately rallied, then broke in scattered remnants for the shelter of the building.

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

Then a white flag waved at a win-

ing, and as the newly arrived troops halted in the street, the noise died sud-denly to quiet. Samson went out to meet a man who opened the door and said shortly:

"We lays down."

Judge Hollman, who had not parti-cipated, turned from the slit in his shut-tered window, through which he had since the beginning been watching the conflict.

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

CHAPTER XVII.

Before the mountain roads were mined with the coming of the rains, and while the air held its sparkle of autumnal zestfulness, Samson South wrote to Wilford Horton that if he still meant to come to the hills for his inspection of coal and timber the time was ripe. Soon men would appear bearing transit and chain, drawing a line which a railroad was to follow to Misery and across it to the heart of untouched forests and coal-fields. With that wave of innovation would come the speculators. Besides, Samson's fingers were itching to be out in the hills with a palette and sheet of brushes in the society of George Les-cott.

For a while after the battle at Hixon the county had lain in a torpid paral-ysis of dread. Many illiterate feudists on each side remembered the directing and exposed figure of Samson South seen through eddies of gun smoke, and believed him immune from death. With Purvy Cad and Hollman the vic-tim of his own hand, the backbone of the murder syndicate was broken. Its heart had ceased to beat. Those Hol-lman survivors who bore the potentialities for leadership had not only signed pledges of peace, but were afraid to break them; and the triumphant Souths, instead of vaunting their vic-tory, had subscribed to the doctrine of order and declared the war over. Southly who broke the law were as speedily arrested as Hollmans. Their boys were drilling as militiamen and—wonder of wonders!—inviting the sons of the enemy to join them. Of course, these things changed gradu-ally, but the beginnings of them were most noticeable in the first few months, just as a newly painted and renovated house is more conspicuous than one that has long been respect-able.

Hollman's Mammoth Department Store passed into new hands, and traf-ficked only in merchandise, and the town was open to the men and women of Misery as well as those of Cripple-shin.

These things Samson had explained in his letters to the Lescotts and Hor-ton. Men from down below could still find trouble in the wink of an eye, by seeking it, for under all transformation the nature of the individual remained much the same; but, without seeking to give offense, they could ride as se-curely through the hills as through the streets of a policed city—and meet a readier hospitality.

And, when these things were dis-cussed and the two men prepared to cross the Mason-and-Dixon line and visit the Cumberlands, Adrienne promptly and definitely announced that she would accompany her brother. No argument was effective to dissuade her, and after all, Lescott, who had been there, saw no good reason why she should not go with him.

At Hixon, they found that receptive air of serenity which made the history of less than three months ago seem paradoxical and fantastically unreal. Only about the courthouse square where numerous small holes in frame walls told of fusillades, and in the interior of the building itself where the woodwork was scarred and torn, and the plaster freshly patched, did they find grimly reminiscent evidence.

Samson had not met them at the town, because he wished their first im-pressions of his people to reach them un-influenced by his escort. It was a form of the mountain pride—an honest resolve to soften nothing, and make no apologies. But they found arrange-ments made for horses and saddlebags, and the girl discovered that for her had been provided a mount as evenly gaited as any in her own stables.

When she and her two companions came out to the hotel porch to start, they found a guide waiting, who said he was instructed to take them as far as the ridge, where the sheriff himself would be waiting, and the cavalcade struck into the hills. Men at whose horses they passed to ask a dipper of water, or to make an inquiry, gravely advised that they "had better 'light and stay all night." In the coloring for-ests, squirrels scampered and scurried out of sight, and here and there on the tall slopes they saw shy-looking chil-dren regarding them with inquisitive eyes.

The guide led them silently, gazing in frank amazement, though with deferential politeness, at this girl in cor-duroys, who rode cross-saddle, and rode so well. Yet, it was evident that he would have preferred talking had not diffidence restrained him. He was a young man and rather handsome in a shaggy, unkempt way. Across one cheek ran a long scar still red, and the girl, looking into his clear, intelli-gent eyes, wondered what that scar stood for. Adrienne had the power of melting masculine diffidence, and her smile as she rode at his side, and asked, "What is your name?" brought an answering smile to his grim lips.

"Joe Hollman, ma'am," he answered; and the girl gave an involuntary start. The two men who caught the name closed up the gap between the horses, with suddenly piqued interest.

"Hollman!" exclaimed the girl.

"Then, you—" She stopped and flushed. "I beg your pardon," she said, quickly.

"That's all right," reassured the man. "I know what ye're a-thinkin', but I hain't takin' no offense. The high sheriff sent me over. I'm one of his deputies."

"Were you"—she paused, and added rather timidly—"were you in the court-house?"

He nodded, and with a brown fore-finger traced the scar on his cheek.

"Samson South done that thar with his rifle-gun," he enlightened. "He's a funny sort of feller, is Samson South."

"How?" she asked.

"Wall, he licked us, an' licked us so plumb darn hard we was skeered ter fight ag'in, an' then, 'stid of trampin' on us, he turned right 'round, an' made me a deputy. My brother's a corporal in this hyar new-fangled mil-itary. I reckon this time the peace is goin' ter last. Hit's a mighty funny way ter act, but 'pears like it works all right."

Then, at the ridge, the girl's heart gave a sudden bound, for there at the highest point, where the road went up and dipped again, waited the mounted figure of Samson South, and, as they came into sight, he waved his felt hat and rode down to meet them.

"Greetings!" he shouted. Then, as he leaned over and took Adrienne's hand, he added: "The Goops send you their welcome." His smile was un-changed, but the girl noted that his hair had again grown long.

Finally, as the sun was setting, they reached a roadside cabin, and the moutaineer said briefly to the other men:

"You fellows ride on. I want Drennie to stop with me a moment. We'll join you later."

Lescott nodded. He remembered the cabin of the Widow Miller, and Hor-ton rode with him, albeit grudgingly.

Adrienne sprang lightly to the ground, laughingly rejecting Samson's assistance, and came with him to the top of a stile, from which he pointed to the log cabin, set back in its small yard, wherein geese and chickens picked industriously about in the sandy earth.

A huge poplar and a great oak nodded to each other at either side of the door, and over the walls a clam-bering profusion of honeysuckle vine contended with a mass of wild grape, in joint effort to hide the white chink-ing between the dark logs. From the crude milk-benches to the sweep of the well, every note was one of neat-ness and rustic charm. Slowly, he said, looking straight into her eyes:

"This is Sally's cabin, Drennie."

He watched her expression, and her lips curved up in the same sweetness of smile that had first captivated and helped to mold him.

"It's lovely!" she cried, with frank delight. "It's a picture."

"Wait!" he commanded. Then, turn-ing toward the house, he sent out the long, peculiarly mournful call of the whippoorwill, and, at the signal, the door opened, and on the threshold Adrienne saw a slender figure. She had called the cabin with its shaded dooryard a picture, but now she knew she had been wrong. It was only a background. It was the girl herself who stood and completed the picture. She stood there in the wild simplicity that artists seek vainly to reproduce in posed figures. Her red calico dress was patched, but fell in graceful lines to her slim bare ankles, though the first faint frosts had already fallen.

Her red-brown hair hung loose and in masses about the oval of a face in which the half-parted lips were dashes of scarlet, and the eyes large violet pools. She stood with her little chin tilted in a half-wild attitude of recon-noiter, as a fawn might have stood. One brown arm and hand rested on the door frame, and, as she saw the other woman, she colored adorably.

Adrienne thought she had never seen so instinctively and unaffectedly lovely a face or figure. Then the girl came down the steps and ran toward them.

"Drennie," said the man, "this is Sally. I want you two to love each other." For an instant, Adrienne Les-cott stood looking at the mountain girl, and then she opened both her arms.

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

The girl in the calico dress raised her face, and her eyes were glistening.

"I'm obliged ter ye," she faltered. Then, with open and wondering ad-miration she stood gazing at the first "fine lady" upon whom her glance had ever fallen.

Samson went over and took Sally's hand.

"Drennie," he said, softly, "is there anything the matter with her?"

Adrienne Lescott shook her head.

"I understand," she said.

"I sent the others on," he went on quietly, "because I wanted that first we three should meet alone. George and Wilfred are going to stop at my uncle's house, but, unless you'd rather have it otherwise, Sally wants you here."

"Do I stop now?" the girl asked.

But the man shook his head.

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

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

"Drennie," he began, "she waited for me, all those years. What was helped to do by such splendid friends as you and your brother and Wilfred, she was back here trying to do for herself. I told you back there the night before I left that I was afraid to let myself question my feelings toward you. Do you remember?"

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

"You were very complimentary,

Samson," she told him. "I warned you then that it was the moon talk-ing."

"No," he said firmly, "it was not the moon. I have since then met that fear and analyzed it. My feeling for you is the best that a man can have, the honest worship of friendship. And," he added, "I have analyzed your feeling for me, too, and, thank God! I have that same friendship from you. Haven't I?"

For a moment, she only nodded; but her eyes were bent on the road ahead of her. The man waited in tense silence. Then, she raised her face, and it was a face that smiled with the serenity of one who has wakened out of a troubled dream.

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

"Have I enough of it, to ask you to do for her what you did for me? To take her and teach her the things she has the right to know?"

"I'd love it," she cried. And then she smiled, as she added: "She won't be so stupid, and one of the things I shall teach her"—she paused, and added whimsically—"will be to make you cut your hair again."

But, just before they drew up at the house of old Spicer South, she said:

"I might as well make a clean breast of it, Samson, and give my vanity the punishment it deserves. You had me in deep doubt."

"About what?"

"About—well, about us. I wasn't quite sure that I wanted Sally to have you—that I didn't need you myself. I've been a shameful little cat to Wil-fred."

"But now—?" The Kentuckyian broke off.

"Now, I know that my friendship for you and my love for him have both had their acid test—and I am happier than I've ever been before. I'm glad we've been through it. There are no doubts ahead. I've got you both."

"About him," said Samson, thought-fully. "May I tell you something which, although it's a thing in your own heart, you have never quite known?"

She nodded, and he went on.

"The thing which you call fascina-tion in me was really just a proxy

attive pride. "I wanted you first to see my people, not as they are going to be, but as they were. I wanted you to know how proud I am of them—just that way."

That evening, the four of them walked together over to the cabin of the Widow Miller. At the stile, Ad-rienne Lescott turned to the girl and said:

"I suppose this place is pre-empted. I'm going to take Wilfred down there by the creek, and leave you two alone."

Sally protested with mountain hos-pitality, but even under the moon she once more colored adorably.

Adrienne turned up the collar of her sweater around her throat, and, when she and the man who had waited, stood leaning on the rail of the footbridge, she laid a hand on his arm.

"Has the water flowed by my mill, Wilfred?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" His voice trembled.

"Will you have anything to ask me when Christmas comes?"

"If I can wait that long, Drennie," he told her.

"Don't wait, dear," she suddenly ex-claimed, turning toward him, and raising eyes that held his answer. Ask me now!"

But the question which he asked was one that his lips smothered as he pressed them against her own.

Back where the poplar threw its sooty shadow on the road, two figures sat close together on the top of a stile, talking happily in whispers. A girl raised her face, and the moon shone on the deepness of her eyes, as her lips curved in a trembling smile.

"You've come back, Samson," she said in a low voice, "but, if I'd known how lovely she was, I'd have given up hoping. I don't see what made you come."

Her voice dropped again into the tender cadence of dialect.

"I couldn't live without ye, Samson. I jest couldn't do it." Would he remember when she had said that be-fore?"

"I reckon, Sally," he promptly told her. "I couldn't live without you, neither." Then, he added, fervently, "I'm plumb dead shore I couldn't."

THE END.

TAKES ISSUE WITH EDISON

Here is One Man Who Does Not Be-lieve the World Will Give Up Sleep.

Mr. Edison says sleep is a bad habit, and that we shall some day get over it. Like drinking and smoking, it is to be among those things which we shall try in time to give up on the first of the year. He says people called him crazy when he said electricity would supplant all other motive power in transportation, and one therefore hesitates to say that he is crazy about anything. However, we will hazard a guess that if he is off his box any-where, it is with respect to the pleas-ant custom of indulging ourselves in a good sound snooze. How else we are to refresh ourselves from the day's work we cannot imagine. The trouble with this objection, as it applies to Mr. Edison, is that he doesn't think we are wearied by the day's work. He and some of his associates worked at something for a given period of time 21 hours a day, and they all gained weight! He leads us to infer that it is what we do when we are not working that wearies us. Thinking over it briefly, we believe there is something in that. Probably half the things we do in our leisure time is very hard work. The celebrated tired business man is only tired when his wife wants him to go out somewhere after din-ner. It is the opera and the fox trot that wear him out. Still, think of giv-ing up sleep! If it is a habit, it is a nice one. We have got some glimpses of what Mr. Edison means when we have tried to sleep in a chair car, but given a feather bed and a soft pillow, we don't get him at all. Last night, for instance, wasn't the habit deli-cious last night?—St. Louis Post-Dis-patch.

On Tolerance.

At the German-American Chamber of Commerce in New York Dr. Adolph Muller, an agent for the purchase of wolens, said:

"A better spirit, a spirit of toler-ance, is now manifesting itself. On the boat coming over a French shoe buyer and an English cloth buyer shared my table with me and we got on well."

"Gentlemen," I said to those chaps one morning, "we Germans and you English and you French are not all thieves, vandals and murderers. With us it is like the dog riddle."

"Why is a dog like a man?" a boy asked.

"Give it up," said another boy.

"Because it's bow-legged."

"But," said the second boy, "all dogs are not bow-legged."

"Well, neither are all men."

Modern Method.

Appropos of an elderly Chicago bank-er, whose wife had threatened to di-vorce him on account of his affection for a beautiful stenographer of seven-teen years, George Ade said:

"A tragedy, this, of a not uncom-monly kind, a tragedy due to our modern business methods. The grand old merchant prince of the past used to take his pen in hand. Today, it seems, he takes his typewriter on his knee."

Greatest Wind Storm.

Probably the greatest destruction by a wind storm, was that wrought in Galveston, Tex., September 8, 1900, when 9,000 lives were lost and prop-erty valued at \$30,000,000 was suddenly destroyed. If there has ever been a worse storm we have no record of it.

Illustration showing a man and a woman in a field.

"I Want You Two to Love Each Other."

Illustration showing a man and a woman in a field.

"I Want You Two to Love Each Other."

Illustration showing a man and a woman in a field.

"I Want You Two to Love Each Other."

Illustration showing a man and a woman in a field.

"I Want You Two to Love Each Other."

Illustration showing a man and a woman in a field.

"I Want You Two to Love Each Other."

Illustration showing a man and a woman in a field.

"I Want You Two to Love Each Other."

Illustration showing a man and a woman in a field.

"I Want You Two to Love Each Other."

Illustration showing a man and a woman in a field.

"I Want You Two to Love Each Other."

Illustration showing a man and a woman in a field.

"I Want You Two to Love Each Other."

Illustration showing a man and a woman in a field.

"I Want You Two to Love Each Other."

Illustration showing a man and a woman in a field.

ATTORNEYS.

D. S. FORTNEY
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office North of Centre Hall.

W. HARRISON WALKER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
No. 10 W. High Street.

All professional business promptly attended to.
A. B. GIBBS
700 N. Second W. B. GIBBS

LETTIE BOWER & KERRY
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
821 1/2 BLOOM
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Consultation in English and German.

Answers to GUYTON BOWER & GUYTON
Consultation in English and German.

H. B. SPANGLER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Practices in all the courts. Consultation in English and German. Office, Order, & Exchange Building.

CLEMENTS DALLS
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office N. W. corner Diamond, two doors from First National Bank.

Penns Valley Banking Company
Centre Hall, Pa.
DAVID K. KELLER, Cashier
Receives Deposits . . .
& Discounts Notes . . .

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
Advises pending a search and describes any novelty in a plain and understandable manner. Confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Direct agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munns & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsome illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms \$3 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all news-dealers.
MUNN & Co. 351 Broadway, New York
2nd Floor, Washington, D. C.

Jno. F. Gray & Son
(Successors to GRANT HOOPER)
Control Sixteen of the Largest Fire and Life Insurance Companies in the World. . . .
THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST
No Mutual No Assessments
Before insuring your life see the contract of THE HOME which in case of death between the tenth and twentieth years returns all premiums paid in addition to the face of the policy.
Money to Loan on First Mortgage
Office in Crider's Stone Building BELLEFONTE, PA.
Telephone Connection

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.

H. O. STROMMEIER,
CENTRE HALL, . . . PA.
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
HIGH GRADE . . .
MONUMENTAL WORK
in all kinds of
Marble and
Granite. Don't fail to call my office

ROALSBURG TAYLOR
ROALSBURG, PA.
AMOS KOCH, Fabricator
This well-known business is prepared to accept orders all over the State. Best and most durable roofing at Oak Hill Station. Every article made to accommodate the traveling public. See my attached.

OLD PORT HOTEL
EDWARD BOWEN, Proprietor
Location: One mile South of Centre Hall.
A commodious free-room. Parties wishing to enjoy an evening after special attention. Menu of each occasion prepared on short notice. All ways prepared for the transient trade.

DR. SOL. M. NISSLEY,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
A graduate of the University of Penn's Office at Falcon Livery Stable, Bellefonte, Pa. Both 'phones.