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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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Harper's Magazine
IN 1895.
The Simpletons, a new novel by Thomas Hardy, will be begun in the December number, 1894, and continue to November, 1895. Whoever may be one's favorite among English novelists, it will be conceded by all critics that Thomas Hardy stands foremost as a master artist in fiction, and The Simpletons may be expected to arouse enthusiasm not inferior in degree to that which has marked Trilby—the most successful story of the year. Another leading feature will be the Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc, by the Sieur Louis de Conte, Her Page and Secretary, under which guise the most popular of living American magazine writers will present the story of the Maid of Orleans. In the January number will appear a profusely illustrated paper on Charleston and the Carolinas, the first of a series of Southern Papers.
Northern Africa is attracting more attention than at any other time since it was the seat of Empires. The next volume of *Harper's Magazine* will contain four illustrated articles on this region, and three of them will depict the present life there. Julian Ralph will prepare for the *Magazine* a series of eight stories, depicting typical phases of Chinese Life and Manners. Besides the long stories, there will begin in the January number the first chapters of a three-part Novelette by Richard Harding Davis—the longest work yet attempted by this writer. Complete short stories by popular writers will continue to be a feature of the *Magazine*.
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The Volumes of the *Magazine* begin with the numbers of June and December of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the number current at the time of receipt of order. Cloth cases, for binding, 50 cents each—by mail, postpaid. Title-page and Index sent on application.
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Harper's Bazar
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An American Serial, Doctor Warrick's Daughters, by Rebecca Harding Davis, a strong novel of American life, partly laid in Pennsylvania and partly in the far south, will occupy the last half of the year.
My Lady Nobody, an intensely exciting novel, by Maarten Maartens, author of "God's Fool," "The Greater Glory," etc., will begin the year.
Essays and Social Chats. To this department Spectator will contribute her charming papers on "What We are Doing" in New York society.
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Harper's Weekly
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Harper's Weekly is a pictorial history of the times. It presents every important event promptly, accurately and exhaustively in illustration and descriptive text of the highest order.
The manner in which, during 1894, it has treated the Chicago Railway Strikes and the Chino-Japanese War, and the amount of light it was able to throw on Korea the instant attention was directed to that little-known country, are examples of its almost boundless resources. Julian Ralph, the distinguished writer and correspondent, has been sent to the seat of war, and there joined by C. D. Weldon, the well-known American artist now for many years resident in Japan, who has been engaged to co-operate with Mr. Ralph in sending to *Harper's Weekly* exclusive information and illustration.
During 1895 every vital question will be discussed with vigor and without prejudice in the editorial columns, and also in special articles by the highest authorities in each department. Portraits of the men and women who are making history, and powerful and caustic political cartoons, will continue to be characteristic features. This Busy World, with its keen and kindly comment on the lesser doings of the day, will remain a regular department.
Fiction. There will be two powerful serials, both handsomely illustrated—The Red Cockade, a stirring romance of olden days by Stanley J. Wayman, and a novel of New York, entitled The Son of His Father, by Brander Matthews—several novelettes, and many short stories by popular writers.
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A MOUNTAIN HEROINE.

A Faithful Picture of a Moonshiner's Daughter, Drawn From the Life By Louise Pike.

A lonesome cabin perched way up the steep side of the mountain. A cabin not more nor less desolate, poverty-stricken or bleak than many of those that dot the mountains of the Southern States. Cabins in which generations of "poor whites" are born and reared, with no idea of aught outside the fastnesses of the mountain, or that there is anything in life better than what is there afforded them. There tastes and habits are extremely simple, and their hospitality to anyone they have no reason to suspect most cordial and spontaneous. Within the cabin the ground floor was all one room, so was the loft above, access to which was gained by a ladder through a hole in the ceiling. Scant and rude articles of use and furniture stood about the puncheon floor, but of articles of adornment or effort at ornamentation such as would mark the presence and hand of a woman about the house there was not even the rudest sort. Cooking utensils stood about the wide stone hearth, and the limited store of family crockery stood upon a rough deal table pushed against the wall. Saddles and an old spinning wheel, an ox yoke and pair of heavy trace chains hung against the wall in lieu of pictures, while from the ceiling dangled the customary bunches of dried herbs and strings of brilliant red peppers.

Besides the cabin, on the downward slope of the mountain a patch of stunted corn rustled its leaves in the crisp air, while still further down the dusky laurel grew in dense luxuriance, as yet undisturbed by hand or foot of man.

Far below in the cove the rain was falling, and a sad gray mist drifted down the rugged paths or rolled over the steep edges of dangerous cliffs as the wind might will, or lurked in the darkling nooks of laurel when the wind ceased.

Within the living room a flare from the great chimney piece played genially over the humble furnishings of the cabin and the brown logs of the wall, where the gigantic shadow of an aged woman mimicked her every gesture with grotesque exaggeration. The parti-colored yarn on the warping bars, the strings of peppers and herbs, the burnished metallic flash of the guns in the rack on the wall, all served as incidents in the alternate monotony of the yellow flicker and the brown shadow, while deep under the blazing logs the red coals pulsated and in the farthest vistas of the fire quivered a white heat.

Beside the hearth an aged woman basked, enjoying the genial warmth, her head sunk in the depth of a large sunbonnet, her elbows resting on her knees, calmly and contemplatively puffing away at a long-stemmed pipe. All at once the ashes were whisked about the hearth as in a sudden draught then were still. Momentary surprise, the old woman took her pipe from her mouth, hesitated, and then replaced it, calmly puffing away once more. Again there was a whisking of the ashes, a cold draught and the first drops of a threatened rain were pattering on the roof with resonant timbre, then the heavy downpour came, making the cabin sway and rock.

"What be Liz a-doin' of, an' whar be she a-doin' hit, I wonder?" the old woman muttered to herself uneasily.

Hands were fumbling at the cabin door as though in haste and then Liz burst in, bringing with her a dash of sweeping rain, exhaling a cold moisture from her dripping clothing, breathless from her race with the hurrying downpour.

"I war down ter th' still," she observed cheerily, crowding among the dogs and sleepy resisting cats already in possession of the wide stone hearth, "an' I'lowed hit'd hold up long nuff for me ter git home an' milk ol' Blossom, but hit didn't. Whar's Ike?"

"A-huntin'," indifferently from the old woman.

"Wall, I 'low I'd better go anyhow, kase hit mought be day, an' then hit moughtent, befo' he gits back."

The old woman muttered something about the storm, which was lost in the depths of her large bonnet, and the girl, taking a crock from the shelf again slipped out in the rain. Old Blossom was milked, the hunger of the few lean hogs corralled in a pen at the back of the cabin appeased, the chickens all fed and gone to roost in the althe bushes near by, before Liz bethought herself of her own needs. By this time her scant clothing was very wet, and the rain was running in tiny rivulets from the wide old hat she had donned as her only protection against the storm.

"I declar' ter gracious ef hit ain't a pourin'," she exclaimed, standing in the centre of the cabin floor divesting herself of the wet clothing. "Pap an' Jim 'ell be soaked lessen they's got sense 'nuff ter go in outen th' rain an' I 'low the bes't game Ike kin hunt is a shelter ter keep hese'f dry." Her wet frock fell with a little thwack on the bare floor as she spoke, reaching for another one of blue homespun that hung beside the wall. "I 'low," she said, coming forward, "thet I'd better have they grub redy an' waitin' when they uns do come, kase they'll be pow'ful hongry." She drew a long-handled frying-pan forward and set it upon the coals, then put a small Dutch oven with its cover against the logs to heat, punching the fire in a professional manner. Then taking from a gourd some green coffee beans, she spread them upon the smoking pan to parch for the evening draught. "I 'lowed," she said cheerfully to the old woman, "thet I'd make pone, hits a heap mo' satisfyin' when folks is much hongry." She rolled the meal about in the gourd as she spoke, adding little spurts of water and a sprinkling of salt, deftly mixing the whole into an even mass, which she then placed in the oven in neat loaves or pones, ornamented all over with her four light finger prints. The coffee was parched and boiled, the pones done to a light golden brown and several slices of bacon fried and lay swimming about complacently in their own fat before the men of the family made their appearance. "Pap," Jim and Ike, all sturdy bearded mountaineers, entered together, shielding their rifles beneath the folds of their coats to keep the locks from wetting. Each had a cheerful word for the old crone in the chimney corner and an appreciative glance for Liz's culinary efforts simmering upon the hearth, which was soon spread before them. While they ate the girl waited upon them, and when they had finished the old woman was supplied with a portion, Liz carrying it to her seat besides the fire.

The meal over Liz built up the fire anew, the men gathering round the hearth with pipes, while Liz took from some cranny a huge pair of woolen socks, minus the heels. "I never see sich darnin' as granny do," she said in an undertone. "I jest had ter cut them heels swang out, an' now I'm gwyne do hit ail over." She slipped a tiny gourd into the sock and began to draw the threads to an fro across it. The blaze, red and yellow, and with elusive purple gleams, leaped up the chimney; the sap was still in the wood and sang a song of summer, but an autumn wind was blowing shrilly, and one could hear the sibilant rush of the dead leaves on the blast. The window and door rattled as though a hand were on the latch, while the dogs snored beneath the house or bumped a restless head or back against the floor. The men silently ruminated for their tobacco or smoked passively, making no response to the girl's cheerful efforts at conversation. The old woman was dozing, her head in the big flopping sunbonnet bowing from side to side grotesquely or drooping upon her chest in a helpless fashion.

"Granny's about petered out," observed Liz, putting the sock aside and rousing the old creature. Her bunk was in a corner of the living room, and with scant preparations she was soon occupying it, snoring audibly and feebly, after the manner of the very aged.

Liz's couch occupied the loft above and after making her grandmother comfortable for the night, she quickly and with a great deal of agility disappeared up the ladder. Up there she did a curious thing. Removing her soft homespun skirts she crept close to the hole that she had just ascended through and, hidden in the black shadow, peered intently down at the three men sitting below.

The hickory logs were now broke in twain as they burned, and there was only a dull red glow of the embers on their rugged faces, the room was full of brown shadows, motionless now that the flames flared no more. Once when the red glow growing ever dimmer seemed almost submerged beneath the gray ashes Ike leaned over and stirred the coals. They renewed glimmer surprised an eager inquiry in the faces of the three men.

The old man leaned forward, much in the same position his aged mother had assumed, his head drooped forward, and his elbows resting on his knees. "Whilst I was down ter th' station," he announced without preface or introduction to the subject, "word come thet the Busbee still had done bin raided, an' ol' Pap Busbee an' Elnathan had bin cot. They was a bringin' 'em ter Clarksville, some body 'lowed, an' I seed the cyarcass ev one er th' reverauos what had bin hit in ther fight."

The young men nodded comprehensively. "Thar was three o' 'em," Ike said. "Th' one what took th' lead, him that cyarried th' Busbees ter th' station an' another feller. He was done hit, too, Elisha Jenkins seed hit, an' him a streakin hit thoo' th pass up this ser way on his hoss critter."

"Elisha 'lowed he'd lay in hidin' here-a-bouts, an' that we all had better find 'im befo' he gits back ter Clarksville. Th' Jenkinses an' Crimbys 'll be down 'bout th' cove and we-all 'll beat about th' lau'l up here on th' mounting an' ran him down thatter way, whar they uns 'll take keer o' him."

Liz drew back from the hole, and there was a suppressed energy in her noiseless step as she sought her couch. "I knowed hit," she told her triumphantly. "I knowed thar was somethin' when I seed that ar ol' tustle-back Crimby a slopin' 'bout the still. But pap an't gwine ter fool with him, I 'low. He's done had trouble a-plenty-a-ready," and Liz fell into a troubled sleep revolving in her busy mind fruitless schemes whereby she could keep father and brothers from complicity in what she knew to be a meditated crime.

All day three men had been away, leaving home before the white mists had showed signs of lifting from the mountain. Liz had prepared the meals as usual, but still they came not, and then the girl went on a little trip of investigation. Down one side of a mountain, across a rocky stream and up the other side she sped swiftly to a well hidden place in the rock. Parting the laurel she entered the still, but no one was there. The fire had been smothered, but all remained as usual. Skirting the mountain Liz came out on the shores of a deep, silent little lake, but no fisherman's boot ruffled its black bosom. Liz shaded her eyes with her hands, scanning the water as far as she could see, but no trace of them could be seen; they clearly were away on some business she knew nothing about.

Meanwhile the old man and his two sturdy sons were tramping up the miry mountain trail homeward. Down at the station where they had spent the day great excitement prevailed. Three large illicit stills had been raided, one of the owner's captured and sent in irons to Clarksville, one Deputy Marshal killed and other wounded and hiding somewhere in the mountains, while many of the mountaineers, stillers also, but as yet undisturbed, fled at the first intimation of danger. Feeling ran high among those who, thinking themselves secure, had remained at home, and old man Boyd, Liz's father, his two sons and several others had pledged themselves to hunt the hiding deputy and if caught make an example of him such as would appal the heart of any deputy who should ever think of venturing into that region again. These men were not necessarily bloodthirsty nor savage, but they regarded the interference of a revenue officer in their business of making moonshine whisky as unjust and unwarranted. Did they not plant the corn, tend it, make the mash and distil the liquor with their own hands? It was as much the product of their own labor and industry as was the corndodgers they ate, and as such they regarded it.

"What's ourn's ourn," said one of them, "an' the law mought as well stick hit too us fer makin' 'lasses outen our cane or meal outen our corn. Hit's all the same, as fur as I kin see. And this was the view taken by all, consequently the little illicit stills are set up in great numbers in crannies and cracks of the mountains. They thrive and flourish until a United States Marshal gets intimation of their existence; then trouble begins and more often than not many lives are lost in the fight that ensues, for the moonshiner believes himself but doing his duty to himself and neighbors when a revenue spy or Marshal is put out of the way.

The little cabin on the mountain was lost among the clouds. It was not yet day, but the old man and his two sons were already astir, polishing the glittering barrels of their rifles until they shone again, and stowing ammunition about their persons as though making ready for a great hunt.

They had scarcely left the cabin, disappearing in the thick mist, ere Liz descended from her little room in the loft. She had donned a short homespun skirt, and buttoned about her body an outgrown coat belonging to her younger brother, pulling over her head an old slouch hat, its broad flapping brim pinned back out of her eyes with a sourwood thorn. Before leaving the cabin she dressed and uncovered the embers, putting on a few chips that that were spread on the hearth to dry, ever mindful of the old woman dependant on her care; then she slipped from the cabin, softly closing the door.

A big yellow and black hound ran from beneath the house, sniffing about her feet as though he, too, scented a proceeding very much out of the ordinary. The men had taken a trail down the mountain. Liz saw them through a cranny in the gable end of the cabin as she hastily dressed, and she took an opposite direction, remembering the print of a horse's hoofs she had seen the day before, but had taken no particular notice of them at the time. Brushing through the laurel, almost in sight of the cabin and quite within hailing distance, Liz came upon a sight that almost unnerved her, hardy daughter of the mountains though she was.

Down in a little gorge that served for the bed of a stream in rainy weather a man was lying, his face buried in the tender green moss and ferns. The dew lay heavy on his rather long curling hair and on his clothes, the latter spotted and stained with blood. Liz let the bushes fall back in place and stood looking down at him scarcely knowing what to do. Surely he must be dead after a night in such a storm. Lifting him in her strong arms Liz turned him over and began to rub his hands and face with a pungent, pearly liquid taken from the pocket of her coat. Ever and anon she would pause to let a few drops trickle down the man's throat. For many moments she worked until nearly all of the supply of whisky was exhausted and still no signs of life appeared. Then another idea came to Liz. Taking off her old slouch hat she brought it full of ice-cold water from the stream and began to pour it also over his face. The last remedy proved successful, for soon the man began to breathe and presently opened his eyes.

The two people looked at each other curiously for a moment and then Liz asked, a trifle diffidently, "Is you uns hurt bad?"

The stranger tried to raise himself to a sitting posture, but fell back powerless. "I'm afraid I am a little hurt," he admitted, smilingly feebly.

"You is ther reveneo what got away yistiday down at ther station. Whar's yer hoss?"

"I don't know," he answered her last question, ignoring the half scornful assertion. "I fell from him last night in the storm and knew nothing until now.

"Wall, pap an' Ike an' Jim, them Crimbys an' Jenkinses are all a scour' in' ther mounting an' th' cove fer yer, an' I 'low if they gits yer ther gwyne make minchmeat er yer sho nuff. They uns got up befo' day ter do hit, an' I 'low them Crimbys are pow'ful snorters."

The man looked at her in silence and Liz continued: "I don't want pap and ther boys ter git mixed up in them Crimbys' scrapes, so I'm gwine ter hide you uns awhilst an' when they is done a-huntin' yer maybe yer kin slip off an' git home ter whar yer b'long."

"I am very grateful indeed, for I have no desire to figure as the principal ingredient of 'minch' meat."

Liz regarded him doubtfully a moment and then disappeared abruptly through the laurel whence she had come. The old woman, with the characteristic of age for early rising, was already astir when she returned to the cabin. She had already donned her sunbonnet and the timid blaze that began to steal up cast her gigantic shadow half upon the brown and yellow-daubed wall, half upon the black ceiling, making a specious stir amid the strings of seed corn and peltry hanging there. She stared for a moment as if paralyzed at the girl's sudden entrance, and her pipe fell from her mouth scattering the fire and tobacco over the hearth.

"I bin out ter th' barn," Liz explained. "Ol' Topknot kem offen th' nest with a big batch of deedies. Them shells was chipped yistiddy, an' I 'lowed they'd be out soon as day kem." Liz was telling only a part of the truth, and the old granny smoked in silence, watching her granddaughter's deft preparations for an early meal. Not many moments passed before Liz was back at the cranny among the laurel thicket. She carried a thick homemade quilt and a jug of steaming hot liquid, which she explained was a "yarb tea." The officer quickly recognized the foundation of the mixture as a strong "toddy," and swallowed it with confidence. Quickly gathering a quantity of ferns, Liz spread them into a comfortable bed, using the quilt for a covering. "You uns 'll be warm a-plenty out sher lessen hit rains, an' I'll see you git vittles, an' onless th' dawgs find yer yer is safe twel yer kin git away."

For three days the mountaineer and his sons were absent from the cabin, Liz meanwhile tending the wounded officer with what skill she knew. It remained dry and the bracing mountain air did more to heal a slight though inconvenient wound than much medicine would have done. He was soon able to move from his lair in the guilty, sitting about in the sunshine or walking a short distance under cover of darkness, always careful that old pap or the boys were safely out of the way and there was no possible chance of discovery.

One evening after dark Liz came to him with the customary draught and frugal supper. She was much later than usual and much excited. Placing the crock containing the food and the jug of drink near by, she turned to leave without a word. Then, as though changing her purpose, she turned back hastily and crouching near, whispered: "Pap an' the boys kem home jess now an' they uns done foun' yer hoss an' brung, 'im arlong, an' 'low you uns mus' be 'bout som'mers, so yod better jess lay low." The old man and his sons, after beating down the mountain most carefully, had been rewarded by finding the officer's horse quietly browsing among the luxuriant undergrowth. Nothing had been seen of the rider in any of the villages or by any of the mountaineers between, and they decided he must be either dead or in hiding somewhere above them.

"Ef he was done daid," drawled Ike, "th' buzzards ud done tole us by now, an' I ain't seed no oncommon lot er 'em a-sailin' 'bout sher, nohow."

After a night's rest the three set out to scour the upper country, leaving the horse safely stalled at the cabin. Liz watched them go with suppressed excitement, trembling lest the victim should be discovered sheltered and fed so near their own hearthstone through the treachery of one they so relied on. The danger was past; a bend in the tortuous mountain trail hid them from view, and the girl breathed freely. At first Liz had taken no pains to conceal her contempt for the revenue spy, assuring him that her solicitude for his safety was all on her father's account. "I don't want pap ner th' boys nuther ter git inter no mo' scrapes. Pap he done bin took onet when we all was leetle, an' we uns come a-mighty nigh a perishin'. Thar's granny an' me, not ter count tharese'fs," she had explained, but in the last day or two while the men were away she seemed to grow a little nearer to him. Sitting one evening on a bowlder near him she began to talk quite freely. "Thar's some folks we can't hate, no matter what they is," she said, "an' I reckon' you 'lowed you was doin' right; 'tain't fur me to say. Hit come to me all of a suddent what I would do. Pap an' th' boys'll be home to-morrer a leetle a'ter dark, your hoss is down thar at th' stable, an' befo' sundown you kin start off as hard as you kin go down that trail thar. Hit'll take yer ter th' road what goes ter Wilson's sto' an' then you'll know wiar you're at. Hit's outen th' way, but hit's safest. Nobody from here'll follow yer."

The officer seized her hands impulsively.

"Let me do something for you to show my gratitude," he said pleading; "take you away and send you to school. Let me try to repay what you have done for me."

She looked at him intently while he was speaking, but shook her head sadly. "The Lawd done put me whar he wanted me an' I an't fitten for no other place. I'm gwyne ter marry one o' them Watses," with a jerk of her head in the direction of the opposite mountain; "leastwise pap an' Jim 'low I am. They both set on hit, but I a'n't sed what I'd do yet, but I know pap 'll be so all-fired mad if I go agin him he'll be drunk fer the longest."

The officer was aware that Liz was watching him furtively, but he made no reply to her confidence, and with a sudden change of tone Liz continued: "Here's somethin' in case you git in clost quarters som'er's else. I 'low nobody frum here 'll git after yer, but if they was ter you uns mus' promise me not ter use hit on pap er th' boys. I don't feel lak I oughter go back on 'em fer you."

"I promise," he said readily. "You have acted nobly by me, and may God punish me if I betray your confidence." Liz left him alone with his own thoughts until the gray of the next morning, when she stood saddenly before him. The parting of the hands rousing him from a light uneasy slumber. "I bin a thinkin'," she said, "that you uns mought's well start this mornin' as a waitin' twel night. You kin be to Johnson's by that time, an' ater you passes that you is safe. Hit looks like I was a runnin' yer away, but hit's a heap th' best you'd be gwyne."

The officer assented readily. He had but one thought, to escape from his strange position as soon as possible. He shuddered at the thought of another day spent in the dreary solitude like "a wounded fox in his hole," he told himself grimly. He was very weak and still sore from his wound, but thoughts of escape buoyed him up until he scarcely felt the pain. He stood up, walking eagerly backward and forward in his limited space of clearing, peering anxiously through the laurel for Liz's return. She came presently and invited him to follow her, leading him by a devious rough path past the cabin to a tumble-down stable in the rear. "Your hoss is done ready, an' don't furgit ter do jest like I tol' you an' you'll git thoo all right."

She held out her hand and the officer raised it reverently to his lips at which unaccustomed gallantry a burning blush overspread her face and neck. "Good-bye, I shall never forget you and believe one thing," he said "whatever may have been my motive in coming here, I will for your sake keep whatever secrets I might have learned while here."

"I believe you, stranger, with pathetic dignity. "I believe you uns when you say that 'er. Good-bye."

He started hurriedly toward his horse eager to turn his back on the mountain, and the girl stood watching him as he rode away down the dusty road. Then she wiped her eyes on the skirt of her sunbonnet and went slowly back to the house.

It was quite dark when old "pap" and the two "boys" rode up in front of the house and dismounted in silence, Ike leading the horses round to the little stable where the officer's horse had stood the day before. Liz, crouching in the darkness in the corner of the little porch, listened intently. There was intense silence and then a volley of horrid oaths filled the air. Ike had discovered the horse was gone. Slipping into the cabin Liz waited in guilty silence her brother's entrance and his savagely hasty question:

"Whar' that thar hoss?"

"He war thar this mawnin'," she answered truthfully, "but when I went ter th' stable 'long befo' dark he was done gone. I ain't seed no one prowlin' 'bout, so mebbe he's done strayed down th' mounting whar you all found 'im."

She was bending over an oven of bread baking upon the coals as she spoke, and made no answer to Ike's surly remarks that she should look more "peart arter" things left to her care in her brother's absence, and Jim, eager for peace, expressed an opinion that the "critter was browsing som