

The CALL of the CUMBERLANDS BY CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES IN THE PLAY

CHAPTER I.

Close to the serrated backbone of the Cumberland ridge through a sky of mountain clarity, the sun seemed besting before its descent to the horizon. The sugar-loaf cone that towered above a creek called Misery was pointed and edged with emerald tracery where the loftiest timber thrust up its crest plumes into the sun. On the hillside it would be light for more than an hour yet, but below, where the waters tossed themselves along in a chorus of tiny cascades, the light was already thickening into a cathedral gloom.

Then she turned and disappeared in the deep cleft between the gigantic bowlder upon which she had been sitting and another—small only by comparison. There, ten feet down, in a narrow alley littered with ragged stones, lay the crumpled body of a man. It lay with the left arm doubled under it, and from a gash in the forehead trickled a thin stream of blood. Also, it was the body of such a man as she had not seen before.

Although from the man came a low groan mingled with his breathing, it was not such a sound as comes from fully conscious lips, but rather that of a brain dulled into coma. Freed from her fettering excess of shyness by his condition, the girl stepped surely from foothold to foothold until she reached his side. She stood for a moment with one hand on the dripping walls of rock, looking down while her hair fell about her face. Then, drooping to her knees, she shifted the doubled body into a leaning posture, straightened the limbs, and began exploring with efficient fingers for broken bones.

She lifted her skirt and tore a long strip of cotton from her single petticoat. Then she picked her bare-footed way swiftly to the creek bed, where she drenched the cloth for bathing and bandaging the wound. When she had done what she could by way of first aid she sat supporting the man's shoulders and shook her head dubiously.

Finally the man's lids fluttered and his lips moved. Then he opened his eyes. "Hello!" said the stranger, vaguely. "I seem to have—" He broke off, and his lips smiled. It was a friendly, understanding smile, and the girl, fighting hard the shy impulse to drop his shoulders and flee into the kind masking of the bushes, was in a measure reassured.

"You must be well off on the rock," she enlightened. "I think I might have fallen into worse circumstances," replied the unknown. "I reckon you kin set up after a little."

At the far edge lay a pair of saddle-bags, such as form the only practical equipment for mountain travelers. Near them lay a tin box, littered with small and unfamiliar-looking tubes of soft metal, all grotesquely twisted and stained, and beside the box was a strangely shaped plaque of wood smeared with a dozen hues. That this plaque was a painter's sketching palette was a thing which she could not know, since the ways of artists had to do with a world as remote from her own as the life of the moon or stars.

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Sally clambered lightly over the fence and started on the last stage of her journey, the climb across the young corn rows. It was a field stood on end, and the hood ground was uneven; but with no seeming of weariness her red dress flashed steadfastly across the green spears, and her voice was raised to shout: "Hello, Samson!"

"I didn't know whose house it was," he hastened to explain, "until I was benighted and asked for lodging. They were very kind to me. I'd never seen them before. I'm a stranger hereabouts."

"I reckon ye'd better let me help ye up on that old mule," he said; "hit's a-comin' on ter be night."

A half-rapturous and utterly astonished cry broke from her lips. She stared a moment, then dropped to the moss-covered rock, leaning back on her brown hands and gazing intently. "Hit's purty!" she approved, in a low, musical murmur. "Hit's plumb, dead beautiful!"

"That air left arm air busted," announced the young woman, quietly. "Ye've got ter be heedful."

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Of course it was not a finished picture—merely a study of what lay before her—but the hand that had placed these brush strokes on the academy board was the sure, deft hand of a master of landscape, who had caught the splendid spirit of the thing and fixed it immutably in true and glowing appreciation. Who he was; where he had gone; why his work stood there unfinished and abandoned, were details which for the moment this half-savage child-woman forgot to question.

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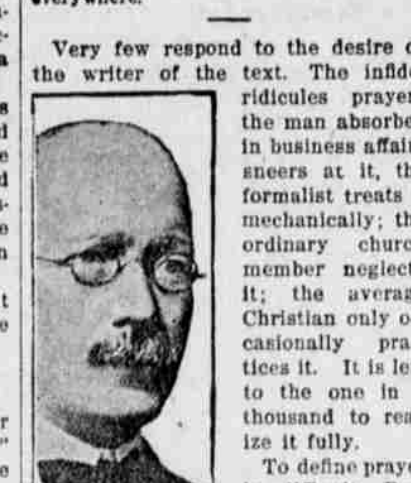
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Let Us Pray By REV. J. H. RALSTON Secretary of Correspondence Department Moody Bible Institute, Chicago



Very few respond to the desire of the writer of the text. The infidel ridicules prayer; the man absorbed in business affairs sneers at it, the formalist treats it mechanically; the ordinary church member neglects it; the average Christian only occasionally practices it.

Prayer does not depend on location, attitude, or other circumstances. If the cathedral is not at hand, the open air will do, even a street corner; men pray lying down, standing up, kneeling or sitting; rapt, social standing, favor or opposition of men has nothing to do with essential prayer.

There is only one prayer that the man who is not right with God is justified in offering, and that is: "God be merciful to me a sinner."

After the Civil War closed the question arose as to how to resume specie payments, and a wise statesman answered by saying "The way to resume is to resume."

So truthfully wrote an old English satirist. That principle applies all through history. When men are prosperous everywhere they do not pray.

People who are nobly happy constitute the power, the beauty and the foundation of the state.—Jean Finot

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON LESSON FOR DECEMBER 13 THE GREAT COMMISSION.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 28:16-20; Luke 24:36-49. GOLDEN TEXT—Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.—Matt. 28:20.

This lesson consists of two paragraphs which constitute what might be termed two commissions or two parts of the Great Commission. There are four distinct accounts of the final commands of our Lord to his disciples, each presenting a different phase of the work he committed to his followers.

1. The Appearance in Jerusalem, Thomas Being Absent. Luke 24:36-49. (1) The Resurrected Lord, vv. 36-49. The Emmaus disciples reported to the disciples, and those gathered with them in Jerusalem, the things they had experienced, especially in the breaking of bread. This occurred late in the evening (see Luke 24:29, 32).

(2) The Ascended Lord, vv. 49-53. This coming of Jesus and his message of peace and assurance brought also a commission that this great fact be told to others. The event recorded in these verses did not occur in Jerusalem but upon Mount Olivet and constitutes the final appearance of Jesus.

II. The Appearance to the Eleven in Galilee, Matt. 28:16-20. This event took place much later than that mentioned in the first part of the previous section. As we carefully read this section it suggests that Jesus was somewhat removed from the disciples, yet their vision was so clear that they worshipped him, though some doubted.

Speed of Electricity. Time hardly enters into the matter of the transmission of a telegraphic message. The click is heard as quickly as a thousand miles, or three thousand, as it is a hundred—provided the line is continuous.

What Sued Him. "I like to see a woman wearing one of those clinging gowns," remarked Mr. Gabb. "I know you do," replied Mrs. Gabb. "The longer a gown clings to me the better pleased you are."



Tamarack Spicer.

and, when he was affirmatively answered, his eyes contracted and bored searchingly into the stranger's face. "Where'd ye put up last night?" "Red Bill Hollman's house, at the mouth of Meeting House fork; do you know the place?"

"I didn't know whose house it was," he hastened to explain, "until I was benighted and asked for lodging. They were very kind to me. I'd never seen them before. I'm a stranger hereabouts."



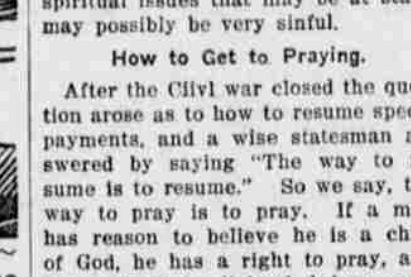
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A recent number of Le Radium contains a paper by Dr. A. H. Pfund of Johns Hopkins university, in which he describes some preliminary tests he has made of a new apparatus for measuring the light of a star.

Old Age. "My son, you want to stop this rickling around nights." "It don't hurt me, father." "Yes, it does. It will make you old before your time."



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