

IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK

Mothers! If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Only will not stop playing...

Ham per bowels, and the result is...

Shoalder... tightly clogged with...

Bacon, Sides... little one becomes...

Potatoes... naturally breath is bad...

Butter... cold, has sore throat...

Eggs... per or diarrhoea. Listen...

Lard... per tongue is coated, then...

Live & ... of "California"

Ch... and in a few hours all...

...e, sour bile and...

...s out of the sys...

...s a well child again.

...thers give "California"

... because it is perfectly...

... children love it, and it nev...

... on the stomach, liver

...e, store for a 50-cent bottle...

...ia Syrup of Figs," which...

...nt directions for babies, children...

... all ages and for grown-ups plainly...

...ted on the bottle. Adv.

What He Wanted.

A man went to order a wedding cake...

"I'm getting married," he said, "and...

"Well, it's the latest thing," said the...

shopgirl, "to have wedding cakes in...

harmony with the bridegroom's calli...

or profession. Thus a journalist has...

a spice cake, a musician a oat cake,

an athlete a cup cake, a man who...

loafs on his friends a sponge cake,

and so forth and so on. What is your...

calling, please?"

"I am a pianist."

"Then, of course," said the girl, "you'll...

want a pound cake."

SALTS IF BACKACHE OR KIDNEYS TROUBLE YOU

Eat Less Meat If Your Kidneys Aren't Acting Right or If Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region...

It generally means you have been eating too much meat...

Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys...

Lescott had sent a box of books, and Samson had taken a team over to Hixon...

He devoured them all from title page to final line...

He wrestled long and gently with his uncle, struggling to win the old man's consent...

But Spicer South's brain was no longer plastic. What had been good enough for the future...

November came in bleakly, with a raw and devastating breath of fatality.

The smile died from horizon to horizon, and for days cold rains beat and lashed the forests...

At the threshold, with the saddlebags over his left forearm and the rifle in his hand...

"Good-by, Uncle Spicer," was all he said. The old man, who had been his second father...

"Ether Wanted, Not Author." A man who did not articulate very clearly was present on the first night...

"What in the world did you yell for the author for?" asked a friend of the man.

"I didn't. You misunderstood. I was yelling for ether."

LOOK YOUR BEST

As to Your Hair and Skin, Cuticura Will Help You. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. These fragrant, soapy emollients preserve the natural purity and beauty of the skin...

Free sample each by mail with Book Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

College Changes.

Bill—What's become of your college coach? Have you lost him?

Jill—Oh, no, indeed.

"Why, I haven't seen him at a football game this season."

"You see, he's teaching the tango and hesitation."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Valuable Ovens. By the use of improved ovens which collected the by-products, the coke industry of the United States saved \$16,070,000 last year...

But for the collar button's habit of rolling under the dresser some men would never get any exercise.

Quitto, Ecuador, recently bought 3,900 school desks from the United States.

The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

(Copyright, 1923, by W. J. Watt & Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

On Misery creek Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious. Spicer South, head of the family, tells Samson South and Sally that Jesse Purpy has been shot and that Samson is suspected of the crime.

Samson denies it. The shooting of Jesse Purpy breaks the trace in the Hollman-South feud. Samson reproves Tamarack Spicer for telling Sally that Jim Hollman is hunting with bloodhounds the man who shot Purpy. 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 jarring crowd of mountaineers. Samson thrashes him and denounces him as the "truce-buster" who shot Purpy. Lescott tries to persuade Samson to go to New York with him and develop his talent. Sally, loyal but heartbroken, furthers Lescott's efforts. At Wile McCogger's dance Samson tells the South clan that he is going to leave the mountain.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Lescott stayed on a week after that simply in deference to Samson's insistence. To leave at once might savor of flight under fire, but when the week was out the painter turned his horse's head toward town, and his train swept him back to the Bluegrasses and the East.

A quiet of unbroken and deadly routine settled down on Misery. The conduct of the Souths in keeping hands off, and acknowledging the justice of Tamarack Spicer's jail sentence, had been their answer to the declaration of the Hollmans in letting Samson ride into and out of Hixon. The truce was established. When, a short time later, Tamarack left the country to become a railroad brakeman, Jesse Purpy passed the word that his men must, until further orders, desist from violence. The word had crept about that Samson, too, was going away, and, if this were true, Jesse felt that his future would be more secure than his past. Purpy believed Samson guilty, despite the exoneration of the hounds.

Lescott had sent a box of books, and Samson had taken a team over to Hixon, and brought them back. He devoured them all from title page to final line, and many of them he went back to, and digested again.

He wrestled long and gently with his uncle, struggling to win the old man's consent to his departure. But Spicer South's brain was no longer plastic. What had been good enough for the future, nevertheless, he arranged affairs so that his nephew should be able to meet financial needs, and to go where he chose in a fashion befitting a South.

November came in bleakly, with a raw and devastating breath of fatality. The smile died from horizon to horizon, and for days cold rains beat and lashed the forests. And, toward the end of the month, came the day which Samson had set for his departure.

At the threshold, with the saddlebags over his left forearm and the rifle in his hand, he paused. His uncle stood at his elbow and the boy put out his hand.

"Good-by, Uncle Spicer," was all he said. The old man, who had been his second father, shook hands. His face, too, was expressionless, but he felt that he was saying farewell to a soldier of genius who was abandoning the field. And he loved the boy with all the centered power of an isolated heart.

A half-mile along the road, Samson halted and dismounted. There, in a small cove, surrounded by a tangle of briars and blackberry bushes, stood a small and dilapidated "meeting house" and churchyard, which he must visit. He made his way through the rough undergrowth to the unkempt half-acre, and halted before the leaning headstones which marked two graves. With a sudden emotion, he swept the back of his hand across his eyes. He did not remove his hat, but he stood in the drizzle of cold rain for a moment of silence, and then he said:

"Pap, I ain't fergot. I don't want ye ter think that I've fergot."

Before he arrived at the Widow Miller's, the rain had stopped and the clouds had broken.

Sally opened the door, and smiled. She had spent the day nerving herself for this farewell, and at least until the moment of leave-taking she would be safe from tears. The Widow Miller and her son soon left them alone, and the boy and girl sat before the blazing logs.

For a time, an awkward silence fell between them. At last, the boy rose, and went over to the corner where he had placed his gun. He took it up and laid it on the hearth between them.

"Sally," he said, "I wanta ter tell ye some things that I ain't never said ter nobody else. In the first place, I wanta ye ter keep this hyar gun ter me."

The girl's eyes widened with surprise.

"Hain't ye a-goin' ter take hit with ye, Samson?"

"No, hain't. Nobody don't use 'em down 'ere. I've got my pistol, an' I reckon that'll be enough."

"I'll take good keer of hit," she promised.

The boy took out of his pockets a box of cartridges and a small package tied in a greasy rag.

"Hit's loaded, Sally, an' hit's cleaned an' hit's greased. Hit's ready fer ye."

Again, she nodded in silent assent, and the boy began speaking in a slow, careful voice, which gradually mounted into tense emotion.

"Sally, that thar gun was my pap's. When he lay a-dyin', he gave hit ter me, an' he gave me a job ter do with hit. When I was a little feller, I used ter set up 'most all day, pollahin' that

gun an' gittin' hit ready. I used ter go out in the woods, an' practice shootin' hit at things, tell I learned how ter handle hit. I reckon thar hain't many fellers round here that kin beat me now." He paused, and the girl hastened to corroborate.

"Thar hain't none, Samson."

"There hain't nothin' in the world, Sally, that I prizes like I does that gun. Hit's got a job ter do. Thar hain't but one person in the world I'd trust hit with. That's you. . . . I wanta ye ter keep hit ter me, an' ter keep hit ready. . . . They thinks round hyar I'm quittin', but I hain't no comin' back, an', when I comes, I'll need this thar gun—'n' I'll need hit bad." He took up the rifle, and ran his hand carelessly along its lock and barrel.

"I don't know when I'm a-comin'," he said, slowly, "but, when I calls fer this, I'm shore a-goin' ter need hit quick. I want hit ter be ready fer me, day or night. Maybe, nobody won't know I'm hyar. . . . Maybe, I won't want nobody ter know. . . . But, when I whistles out thar like a whippoorwill, I wanta ye ter slip out—an' fetch me that gun!"

He stopped, and bent forward. His face was tense, and his eyes were glinting with purpose. His lips were tight set and fanatical.

"Samson," said the girl, reaching out and taking the weapon from his hands, "ef I'm alive when ye comes, I'll do hit. I promise ye. An'," she added, "ef I hain't alive, hit'll be standin' thar in thar corner. I'll grease hit, I'll fotch hit out thar to ye."

The youth nodded. "I mout come any time, but likely as not I'll hev ter come a-fightin' when I comes."

Next, he produced an envelope.

"This here is a letter I've done writ ter myself," he explained. He drew out the sheet, and read:

"Samson, come back." Then he handed the missive to the girl. "Thet there is addressed ter me, in care of Mr. Lescott. . . . Ef anything happens—ef Unc' Spicer needs me—I

"When I whistles like a whippoorwill, fetch me that gun."

He says as how he won't never call me back, but, Sally, I wanta that he shall send for me, ef ye needs me. I hain't a-goin' ter write no letters home. Unc' Spicer can't read, an' you can't read much either. But I'll plumb shore be thinkin' about ye day an' night."

She gulped and nodded.

"Yes, Samson," was all she said.

"I reckon I'd better be gettin' along," he announced.

The girl suddenly reached out both hands, and seized his coat. She held him tight, and rose, facing him. Her upturned face grew very pale, and her lips were tightly closed, but, through the tearless pupils, in the firelight, the boy could read her soul, and her soul was sobbing.

He drew her toward him, and held her very tight.

"Sally," he said, in a voice which threatened to choke, "I wanta ye ter take keer of yoself. Ye hain't like these other gals round here. Ye hain't got big hands an' feet. Ye kaint stand so much as they kin. Don't stay out in the night air too much—an', Sally—fer God's sake take keer of yoself!"

He broke off, and picked up his hat.

"An' thar gun, Sally," he repeated at the door, "that thar's the most precious thing I've got. I loves hit better than anything—take keer of hit."

Again, she caught at his shoulders.

"Does ye love hit better'n ye do me, Samson?" she demanded.

He hesitated.

"I reckon ye knows how much I loves ye, Sally," he said, slowly, "but I've done made a promise, an' that gun's a-goin' ter keep hit ter me."

They went together out to the stile, he still carrying his rifle, as though loath to let it go, and she crossed with him to the road.

As he untied his reins, she threw her arms about his neck, and for a long while they stood there under the clouds and stars, as he held her close. There was no eloquence of leave-taking, no professions of undying love, for these two hearts were inarticulate and dizzy clinging to a wilderness code of self-repression—and they had reached a point where speech would have swept them both away to a breakdown.

CHAPTER VIII.

The boy from Misery rode slowly toward Hixon. At times the moon stroged out and made the shadows black along the way. At other times it was like riding in a huge cauldron of pitch. When he passed into that stretch of country at whose heart Jesse Purpy

dwelt he raised his voice in song. His singing was very bad, and the ballad lacked tune, but it served its purpose of saving him from the suspicion of furtiveness. Though the front of the house was black, behind its heavy shutters he knew that his coming might be noted, and night-riding at this particular spot might be misconstrued in the absence of frank warning.

The correctness of his inference brought a brief smile to his lips when he crossed the creek that skirted the orchard and heard a stable door creak softly behind him. He was to be followed again—and watched, but he did not look back or pause to listen for the hoofbeats of his unsolicited escort. On the soft mud of the road he would hardly have heard them had he bent his ear and drawn rein. He rode at a walk, for his train would not leave until five o'clock in the morning. There was time in plenty.

It was cold and depressing as he trudged the empty streets from the lively stable to the railroad station, carrying his saddlebags over his arm. At last he heard the whistle and saw the blazing headlight, and a minute later he had pushed his way into the smoking car and dropped his saddlebags on the seat beside him. Then, for the first time, he saw and recognized his watchers. Purpy meant to have Samson shadowed as far as Lexington, and his movements from that point definitely reported. Jim Asberry and Aaron Hollis were the chosen spies. He did not speak to the two enemies who took seats across the car, but his face hardened, and his brows came together in a black scowl.

"When I gits back," he promised himself, "you'll be one of the fust folks I'll look fer, Jim Asberry, damn ye! All I hopes is thet nobody else don't git ye fust. Ye b'longs ter me."

The sleeping car to which he was assigned after leaving Lexington was almost empty, but he felt upon him the interested gaze of those few eyes that were turned toward his entrance. He engaged every pair with a pair very clear and steady and unflinching, until somehow each lip that had started to twist in amusement straightened, and the twinkle that rose at first glance sobered at second. Yet, for all his specious seeming of unconcern, Samson was walking to the fact that he was a scarecrow, and his sensitive pride made him cut his meals short in the dining car, where he was kept busy beating down inquisitive eyes with his defiant gaze. He resolved after some thought upon a definite policy. It was a very old policy, but to him new—and a discovery. He would change nothing in himself that involved a surrender of code or conviction. But, wherever it could be done with honor, he would concede to custom.

It was late in the second afternoon when he stepped from the train at Jersey City, to be engulfed in an unimagined roar and congestion. Here it was impossible to hold his own against the unconcealed laughter of the many, and he stood for an instant glaring about like a caged tiger, while three currents of humanity separated and flowed toward the three ferry exits. Then he saw the smiling face of Lescott, and Lescott's extended hand. Even Lescott, immaculately garbed and fur-coated, seemed almost a stranger, and the boy's feeling of intimacy froze to inward constraint and diffidence. But Lescott knew nothing of that. The stole in Samson held true, masking his emotions.

"So you came," said the New Yorker, heartily, grasping the boy's hand. "Where's your luggage? We'll just pick that up and make a dash for the ferry."

"Hyar hit is," replied Samson, who still carried his saddlebags. The painter's eyes twinkled, but the mirth was so frank and friendly that the boy, instead of glaring in defiance, grinned responsively.

"Right, oh!" laughed Lescott. "I thought maybe you'd bring a trunk, but it's the wise man who travels light."

He followed Lescott out to the foot of Twenty-third street, and stepped with him into the tonneau of the painter's waiting car. Lescott lived with his family uptown, for it happened that, had his canvases possessed no value whatever, he would still have been in a position to drive his motor and follow his impulses about the world. If he did not take the boy to his home, it was because he understood that a life which must be not only full of early embarrassment, but positively revolutionary, should be approached by easy stages. Consequently the car turned down Fifth avenue, passed under the arch and drew up before a door just off Washington square, where the landscape painter had a studio suit. There were sleeping rooms and such accessories as seemed to the boy unheard-of luxury, though Lescott regarded the place as a makeshift annex to his home establishment.

"You'd better take your time in selecting permanent quarters," was his careless fashion of explaining to Samson. "It's just as well not to hurry. You are to stay here with me, as long as you will."

"I'm obliged ter ye," replied the boy, to whose training in open-doored hospitality the invitation seemed only natural. The evening meal was brought in from a neighboring hotel, and the two men dined before an open fire, Samson eating in mountain silence, while his host chatted and asked questions.

"Samson," suggested the painter, when the dinner things had been carried out and they were alone, "you are here for two purposes: First, to study painting; second, to educate and equip yoself for coming conditions. It's going to take work, more work, and then some more work."

"I hain't skeered of work."

"I believe that. Also, you must keep out of trouble. You've got to ride your fighting instinct with a strong curb."

"I don't 'low to let nobody run over me." The statement was not argumentative; only an announcement of a principle which was not subject to modification.

"All right, but until you learn the ropes let me advise you."

The boy gazed into the fire for a few moments of silence.

"I gives ye my hand on that," he promised.

At eleven o'clock the painter, having

shown his guest over the premises, said good-night and went uptown to his own house. Samson lay a long while awake, with many disquieting reflections.

Meanwhile Lescott, letting himself into a house overlooking the park, was hailed by a chorus of voices from the dining room. He turned and went in to join a gay group just back from the opera. As he thoughtfully mixed himself a highball, they bombarded him with questions.

"Why didn't you bring your barbarian with you?" demanded a dark-eyed girl, who looked very much as Lescott himself might have looked had he been a girl—and very young and lovely. Now she flashed on him an affectionate smile, and added: "We have been waiting to see him. Must we go to bed disappointed?"

George stood looking down on them, and tinkled the ice in his glass.

"He wasn't brought on for purposes of exhibition, Drennie," he smiled. "I was afraid if he came in here in the fashion of his arrival—carrying his saddlebags—you ultra-civilized folk might have laughed."

A roar of laughter at the picture vindicated Lescott's assumption.

"No! Now, actually with saddlebags!" echoed a young fellow with a likable face which was for the moment incredulously amused. "That goes Dick Whittington one better. You do make some rare discoveries, George. We celebrate you."

"Thanks, Horton," commented the painter, dryly. "When you New Yorkers have learned what these barbarians already know, the control of your oversensitized risibles and a courtesy deeper than your shirt-fronts—maybe I'll let you have a look. Meantime I'm much too fond of all of you to risk letting you laugh at my barbarian."

Several months were spent laboring with charcoal and paper over plaster casts in Lescott's studio, and Lescott himself played instructor. When the skylight darkened with the coming of evening, the boy whose mountain nature cried out for exercise went for long tramps that carried him over many miles of city pavements, and after that, when the gas was lit, he turned, still insatiably hungry, to volumes of history, and algebra, and facts.

A sloop-rigged boat with a crew of two was dancing before a brisk breeze through blue Bermuda water. Off to the right Hamilton rose sheer and colorful from the bay. At the tiller sat the white-clad figure of Adrienne Lescott. Puffs of wind that whipped the tautly belling sheets lashed her dark hair about her face. Her lips, vividly red like poppy petals, were just now curved into an amused smile, which made them even more than ordinarily kissable and tantalizing. Her companion was neglecting his nominal duty of tending the sheet to watch her.

"Wilfred," she teased, "your contrast is quite startling—and, in a way, effective. From head to foot you are spotless white—but your scowl is absolutely the blackest black that our eyes endure." And, she added, in an injured voice, "I'm sure I've been very nice to you."

"I have not yet begun to scowl," he assured her, and proceeded to show what superlatives of sturnine expression he held in reserve. "See here, Drennie, I know perfectly well that I'm a sheer imbecile to reveal the fact that you've made me mad. It pleases you too perfectly. It makes you happier than is good for you, but—"

"It's a terrible thing to make me happy, isn't it?" she inquired, sweetly.

"Drennie, you have held me off since we were children. I believe I first announced my intention of marrying you when you were twelve. That intention remains unaltered. More: it is unalterable and inevitable. My reasons for wanting to needn't be rehearsed. It would take too long. I regard you as possessed of an alert and remarkable mind—one worthy of companionship with my own." Despite the frivolous badinage of his words and the humorous smile of his lips, his eyes hinted at an underlying intensity.

"With no desire to flatter or spoil you, I find your personal aspect pleasing enough to satisfy me. And then, please a man should avoid emotionalism, I am in love with you." He moved over to a place in the sternsheets, and his face became intensely earnest. He dropped his hand over hers as it lay on the tiller shaft. "God knows, dear," he exclaimed, "how much I love you!"

Her eyes, after holding his for a moment, fell to the hand which still imprisoned her own. She shook her head, not in anger, but with a manner of gentle denial, until he released her fingers and stepped back.

PUT END TO FOOTBALL GAME

Polar Bear May Only Have Intended to Witness Contest, but Players Took No Chances.

One day, while the whaleship Narwhal was tied to an ice floe in Bering sea, and the lookouts were at the mast-head scanning the open water southward for the appearance of whales, a party of the forecabinmen made a football of rags and corn, and went over the bow to kick the mishappen object on a smooth stretch of ice a short distance from the vessel.

The fun was at its height and the men were just getting the kinks out of their legs when the harpooner in the crow's nest called softly down to the deck that a polar bear had scented the men on the ice and was excitedly making his way toward them. No warning was given to the football players. Before long the bear appeared close to the edge of the floe, and he seemed to be in a great hurry. He shuffled rapidly along in and out among the hummocks, and every few feet he would pull himself erect to sniff the air and crane his head anxiously. Closer and closer he came, and it was plain that he grew more and more excited.

"You are a dear, Wilfred," she comforted, "and I couldn't manage to get on without you, but you aren't marriageable—at least, not yet."

"Why not?" he asked.

"In the first place, you are one of those men whose fortunes are listed in the top schedule—the swollen fortunes. Socialists would put you in the predatory class."

"Drennie," he groaned, "it's not my fault that I'm rich. It was washed on me. If you are serious, I'm willing to become poor as Job's turkey. Show me the way to strip myself, and I'll stand shortly before you begging alms."

"To what end?" she questioned. "Poverty would be quite inconvenient. I shouldn't care for it. But hasn't it ever occurred to you that the man who wears the strongest and brightest mail, and who by his own confession is possessed of an alert brain, ought occasionally to be seen in the lists?"

"In short, your charge is that I am a shirker—and, since it's the same thing, a coward?"

Adrienne did not at once answer him, but she straightened out for an uninterrupted run before the wind, and by the tiny moss-green flecks, which moments of great seriousness

brought to the depths of her eyes, he knew that she meant to speak the unveiled truth.

"Besides your own holdings in a lot of railroads and things, you handle your mother's and sister's property, don't you?"

"He nodded.

"In a fashion, I do. I sign the necessary papers when the lawyers call me up and ask me to come downtown."

"You are a director in the Metropole Trust company?"

"Guiltily."

"In the Consolidated Seacoast?"

"I believe so."

"With your friends, who are also shareholders, you could assume control of the Morning Intelligence, couldn't you?"

"I guess I could assume control, but what would I do with it?"

"Do you know the reputation of that newspaper?"

"I guess it's all