The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"Dear Samson: The war is on again. Tamarack Spicer killed Jim Asberry, and the Hollmans have killed Tamarack. Uncle Spicer is shot, but he may get well. There is nobody to lead the Souths. I am trying to hold them down until I hear from you. Don't come if you don't want to—but the gun is ready. With love,

"SALLY."

Slowly Samson South came to his feet. His voice was in the dead-level pitch which, when he had not once before heard. His eyes were as clear and hard as transparent flint.

"I'm sorry to be of trouble, George," he said, quietly. "But you must get me to New York at once—by motor. I must take a train south tonight."

"No bad news, I hope," suggested Lescott.

For an instant Samson forgot his four years of veneer. The century of prenatal barbarism broke out fiercely. He was seeing things far away—and forgetting things near by. His eyes blazed and his fingers twitched.

"Hell, no!" he exclaimed. "The war's on, and my hands are freed!"

For an instant, as no one spoke, he stood breathing heavily, then, wheeling, rushed toward the house as though just across its threshold lay the fight into which he was aching to hurl himself.

CHAPTER XIV.

Samson stopped at his studio and threw open an old closet where, from a littered pile of discarded background draperies, canvases and stretchers, he fished out a buried and dust-covered pair of saddlebags. They had long lain there forgotten, but they held the rusty clothes in which he had left Misery.

Samson had caught the fastest westbound express on the schedule. In thirty-six hours he would be at Hixon. There were many things which his brain must attack and digest in these hours. He must arrange his plan of action to its minutest detail, because he would have as little time for reflection, once he had reached his own country, as a wildcat flung into a pack of hounds.

From the railroad station to his home he must make his way—most probably fight his way—through thirty miles of hostile territory, where all the trails were watched. And yet, for the time, all that seemed too remotely unreal to hold his thoughts.

He took out Sally's letter, and read it once more. He read it mechanically and as a piece of news that had brought evil tidings. Then, suddenly, another aspect of it struck him—an aspect to which the shock of its reception had until this tardy moment blinded him. The letter was perfectly grammatical and penned in a hand of copybook roundness and evenness. The address, the body of the missive and the signature were all in one chirography. She would not have intrusted the writing of this letter to anyone else.

Sally had learned to write.

Moreover, at the end were the words, "with love." It was all plain now. Sally had never repudiated him. She was declaring herself true to her mission and her love.

"Good God!" groaned the man, in abject bitter self-contempt. His hand went involuntarily to his cropped head, and dropped with a gesture of self-doubting. He looked down at his tan shoes and silk socks. He rolled back his shirtsleeve and contemplated the forearm that had once been as brown and tough as leather. It was now the arm of a city man, except for the burning of one outdoor week. He was returning at the eleventh hour—stripped of the faith of his kinsmen, half-stripped of his faith in himself. If he were to realize the constructive dreams of which he had last night so confidently prattled to Adrienne, he must lead his people from under the blighting shadow of the feud.

He must reappear before his kinsmen as much as possible the boy who had left them—not the top with sangfled affectations. His eyes fell upon the saddlebags upon the floor of the Pullman and he smiled satirically. He would like to step from the train at Hixon and walk brazenly through the town in those old clothes, challenging every hostile glance. If they shot him down on the streets, as they certainly would do, it would end his questioning and his anguish of dilemma. He would welcome that, but it would, after all, be shirking the issue.

He must get out of Hixon and into his own country unrecognized. The lean boy of four years ago was the somewhat filled-out man now. The one concession that he had made to Paris life was the wearing of a closely cropped mustache. That he still wore—had worn it chiefly because he liked to hear Adrienne's humorous denunciation of it. He knew that, in his present guise and dress, he had an excellent chance of walking through the streets of Hixon as a stranger. And, after leaving Hixon, there was a mile-side to be performed at Jesse Purvy's store. As he thought of that mission a grim glint came to his pupils.

All journeys end, and, as Samson passed through the tawdry cars of the local train near Hixon he saw several faces which he recognized, but they either eyed him in inexpressive silence or gave him the greeting of the "furriner."

As Samson crossed the toll bridge to the town proper he passed two brown-shirted militiamen, lounging on the rail of the middle span. They grinned at him, and, recognizing the outsider from his clothes, one of them commented:

"Ain't this the hell of a town?"

"It's going to be," replied Samson, enigmatically, as he went on.

Still unrecognized, he hired a horse at the livery stable, and for two hours rode in silence, save for the easy creaking of his stirrup leathers, and the soft thud of hoofs.

The silence soothed him. The brooding hills lulled his spirit as a crooning song lulls a fretful child. Mile after mile unrolled forgotten vistas. Something deep in himself murmured:

"Home!"

It was late afternoon when he saw ahead of him the orchard of Purvy's place, and read on the stage hall, a little more weather stained, but otherwise unchanged:

"Jesse Purvy, General Merchandise."

The porch of the store was empty, and as Samson flung himself from his saddle there was no one to greet him. This was surprising, since, ordinarily, two or three of Purvy's personal guardsmen loafed at the front to watch the road. Just now the guard should logically be doubled. Samson still wore his eastern clothes—for he wanted to go through that door unknown. As Samson South he could not cross its threshold either way. But when he stepped up on to the rough porch

"The War's On and My Hands Are Freed!"

flooring no one challenged his advance. The yard and orchard were quiet, from their front fence to the grisly stockade at the rear, and, wondering at these things, the young man stood for a moment looking about at the afternoon peace before he announced himself.

Yet Samson had not come to the stronghold of his enemy for the purpose of assassination. There had been another object in his mind—an utterly mad idea, it is true, yet so bold of conception that it held a ghost of promise. He had meant to go into Jesse Purvy's store and chat artlessly, like some inquisitive "furriner." He would ask questions which by their very impertinence might be forgiven on the score of a stranger's folly. But, most of all, he wanted to drop the casual information, which he should assume to have heard on the train, that Samson South was returning, and, to mark, on the assassin leader, the effect of the news. In his new code it was necessary to give at least the rattler's warning before he struck, and he meant to strike. If he were recognized, well—he shrugged his shoulders.

But as he stood on the outside, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, for the ride had been warm, he heard voices within. They were low and angry voices. It occurred to him that by remaining where he was he might gain more information than by hurrying in.

"I've done been your executioner for twenty years," complained a voice, which Samson at once recognized as that of Andrew Hollis, the most trusted of Purvy's personal guards. "I hain't never laid down on ye yet. Me an' Jim Asberry killed old Henry South. We laid fer his boy, an' would 'a' got him ef you'd only said the word. I went after Hixon an' killed Tam'rack Spicer, with soldiers all 'round me. There hain't no other damn fool in these mountings would 'a' took such a long chance as thet. I'm tired of it. They're a-goin' ter git me, an' I wants ter leave, an' you won't come clean with me. Give me a railroad ticket to Oklahoma. Now, damn you, stingy soul, I gits that ticket or I gits you!"

"Aaron, you can't scare me into doin' nothin' I ain't aimin' to do." The old baron of the vendetta spoke in a cold, stoical voice. "I tell ye I ain't quite through with ye yet. In due an' proper time I'll see that ye get your ticket. Then he added, with conciliating softness: "We've been friends a long while. Let's talk this thing over before we fall out."

"Thar hain't nothin' to talk over," stormed Aaron. "Ye're jest tryin' ter kill time till the boys gits hyar, and then I reckon ye 'lows ter have me kilt like ye've had me kill them others. Hit ain't no use. I've done sent 'em away. When they gits back hyar, either you'll be in hell, or I'll be on my way outen the mountings."

Samson stood rigid. Here was the confession of one murderer, with no denial from the other. The truce was off. Why should he wait? Cataracts seemed to thunder in his brain, and yet he stood there, his hand in his coat pocket, clutching the grip of a magazine pistol. Samson South, the old, and Samson South the new were writhing in the life-and-death grapple of two codes. Then, before decision came, he heard a sharp report inside, and the heavy fall of a body to the floor.

A wildly excited figure came plunging through the door, and Samson's left hand swept out and seized its shoulder in a sudden vise grip.

"Do you know me?" he inquired, as the mountaineer pulled away and crouched back with startled surprise and vicious frenzy.

"No, damn ye! Git outen my road!" Aaron thrust his cocked rifle close against the stranger's face. From its muzzle came the acrid stench of freshly burned powder. "Git outen my road afore I kills ye!"

"My name is Samson South."

Before the astounded finger on the trigger could be crooked, Samson's pistol spoke from the pocket, and, as though in echo, the rifle blazed, a little too late and a shade too high, over his head, as the dead man's arms went up.

Except for those two reports there was no sound. Samson stood still, anticipating an uproar of alarm. Now he should doubtless have to pay with his life for both deaths, which would inevitably and logically be attributed to his agency. But, strangely enough, no clamor arose. The shot inside had been muffled, and those outside, broken by the intervening store, did not arouse the house. Purvy's bodyguard had been sent away by Hollis on a false alarm. Only the "women-folks" and children remained indoors, and they were drowning with a piano any sounds that might have come from without.

Now Samson South stood looking down, uninterrupted, on what had been Aaron Hollis as it lay motionless at his feet. There was a powder-burned hole in the butternut shirt, and only a slender thread of blood trickled into the dirt-grimed cracks between the planks.

Samson turned to the darkened doorway. Inside was emptiness, except for the other body, which had crumpled forward and face down across the counter. A glance showed that Jesse Purvy would no more fight back the coming of death. He was quite unarmed.

Samson paused only for a moment to survey Purvy. His score was clean. He would not again have to agonize over the dilemma of old ethics and new. Tomorrow the word would spread like wildfire along Misery and Cripplesbin that Samson South was back and that his coming had been signalized by two deaths. The fact that he alone was responsible for only one—and that in self-defense—would not matter. They would prefer to believe that he had invaded the store and killed Purvy and that Hollis had fallen in his master's defense at the threshold. Samson went out, still meeting no one, and continued his journey.

Dusk was falling when he pitched his horse in a clump of timber, and, fitting his saddlebags, began climbing to a cabin that sat back in a thicketed cove. He was now well within South territory and the need of masquerade had ended.

The cabin had not for years been occupied. Its roof-tree was leaning askew under rotting shingles. The doorstep was ivy-covered, and the stones of the hearth were broken. But it lay well hidden and would serve his purposes.

Shortly, a candle flickered inside, before a small hand mirror. Scissors and safety razor were for a while busy. The man who entered in impeccable clothes emerged fifteen minutes later—transformed. There appeared under the rising June crescent a smooth-faced native, clad in stained store clothes, with rough woolen socks showing at his brogan tops, and a battered felt hat drawn over his face. No one who had known the Samson South of four years ago would fail to recognize him now. And the strangest part, he told himself, was that he felt the old Samson.

At a point where a hand bridge crossed the skirting creek, the boy dismounted. Ahead of him lay the stile where he had said good-by to Sally.

He was going to her, and nothing else mattered.

He lifted his head and sent out a long, clear whippoorwill call, which quavered on the night much like the plaintive calls in the black hills around him. After a moment he went nearer, in the shadow of a poplar, and repeated the call.

Then the cabin door opened. Its jamb framed a patch of yellow candle light, and, at the center, a slender silhouetted figure, in a fluttering, eager attitude of uncertainty. The figure turned slightly to one side, and, as it did so, the man saw clasped in her right hand the rifle, which had been his mission, bequeathed to her in trust. She hesitated, and the man, invisible in the shadow, once more imitated the bird note, but this time it was so low and soft that it floated the voice of a whispering whippoorwill.

Then, with a sudden glad little cry, she came running, with her old fleet grace down to the road.

Samson had vaulted the stile and stood in the full moonlight. As he saw her coming he stretched out his arms and his voice broke from his throat in a half-hoarse, passionate cry:

"Sally!"

It was the only word he could have spoken just then, but it was all that was necessary. It told her everything.

For a time there was no speech, but to each of them it seemed that their tumultuous heartbeating must sound above the night music, and the telegraphy of heartbeats tells enough.

But they had much to say to each other, and, finally, Samson broke the silence:

"Did ye think I wasn't a-coming back, Sally?" he questioned, softly. At that moment he had no realization that his tongue had ever fashioned smoother phrases. And she, too, who had been making war on crude idioms, forgot, as she answered:

"Ye done said ye was comin'." Then she added a happy lie: "I knowed plumb shore ye'd do hit."

After a while she drew away and said, slowly:

"Samson, I've done kept the old rifle-gun ready fer ye. Ye said ye'd need it bad when ye come back, an' I've took care of it."

She stood there holding it, and her voice dropped almost to a whisper as she added:

"It's been a lot of comfort to me sometimes, because it was your'n. I knew if ye stopped keerin' fer me ye wouldn't let me keep it—an' as long as I had it I—" She broke off, and the fingers of one hand touched the weapon caressingly.

After a long while they found time for the less wonderful things.

"I got your letter," he said, seriously, "and I came at once." As he began to speak of concrete facts he dropped again into ordinary English and did not know that he had changed his manner of speech.

For an instant Sally looked up into his face, then, with a sudden laugh, she informed him:

"I can say 'isn't' instead of 'hain't,' too. How did you like my writing?"

He held her off at arm's length, and looked at her pridefully, but under his gaze her eyes fell and her face flushed with a sudden diffidence and a new shyness of realization. She wore a calico dress, but at her throat was a soft little bow of ribbon. She was no longer the totally unself-conscious wood nymph, though as natural and instinctive as in other days. Suddenly she drew away from him a little, and her hands went slowly to her breast and rested there. She was fronting a great crisis, but, in the first flush of joy she had forgotten it. She had spent lonely nights struggling for rudiments; she had sought and fought to refashion herself, so that, if he came, he need not be ashamed of her. And now he had come and, with a terrible clarity and distinctness, she realized how pitifully little she had been able to accomplish. Would she pass muster? She stood there before him, frightened, self-conscious and palpitating, then her voice came in a whisper:

"Samson, dear, I'm not holdin' you to any promise. Those things we said were a long time back. Maybe we'd better forget 'em now and begin all over again."

But again he crushed her in his arms and his voice rose triumphantly:

"Sally, I have no promises to take back, and you have made none that I'm ever going to let you take back—not while life lasts!"

Her laugh was the delicious music of happiness.

"I don't want to take them back," she said. Then, suddenly, she added, importantly: "I wear shoes and stock-

"I Have No Promises to Take Back."

ings now, and I've been to school a little. I'm awfully—awfully ignorant, Samson, but I've studied, and I reckon you can teach me."

His voice choked. Then her hands strayed up, and clasped themselves about his head.

"Oh, Samson," she cried, as though someone had struck her, "you've cut yore hair!"

"It will grow again," he laughed. But he wished that he had not had to make that excuse. Then, being honest, he told her all about Adrienne Lescott—even about how, after he believed that he had been outcast by his uncle and herself, he had had his moments of doubt. Now that it was all so clear, now that there could never be doubt, he wanted the woman who had been so true a friend to know the girl whom he loved. He loved them both, in quite a new way with only one. He wanted to present to Sally the friend who had made him, and to the friend who had made him the Sally of whom he was proud. He wanted to tell Adrienne that now he could answer her question—that each of them meant to the other exactly the same thing; they were friends of the rarer sort, who had for a little time been in danger of mistaking their comradeship for passion.

As they talked, sitting on the stile, Sally held the rifle across her knees. Except for their own voices and the soft chorus of night sounds, the hills were wrapped in silence—a silence as soft as velvet.

"I learned some things down there at school, Samson," said the girl, slowly, "and I wish—I wish you didn't have to use this."

"Jim Asberry is dead," said the man gravely.

"Yes," she echoed, "Jim Asberry's dead." She stopped there. Yet, her sign completed the sentence as though she had added, "but he was only one of several. Your vow went farther."

After a moment's pause, Samson added:

"Jesse Purvy's dead."

The girl drew back, with a frightened gasp. She knew what this meant, or thought she did.

"Jesse Purvy!" she repeated. "Oh, Samson, did ye—?" She broke off, and covered her face with her hands.

"No, Sally," he told her. "I didn't have to." He recited the day's occurrences, and they sat together on the stile, until the moon had sunk to the ridge top.

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Capt. Sidney Calhomb, who had been dispatched in command of a militia company to quell the trouble in the mountains, should have been a soldier by profession. All his enthusiasms were martial.

The deepest sorrow and mortification he had ever known was that which came to him when Tamarack Spicer, his prideful man at arms and main instruments of the Hollmans, and he had seen enough to distrust the Hollmans. Here, in Hixon, he was seeing things from only one angle. He meant to learn something more impartial.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Man dies after eating plain food for 98 years. An object lesson against overeating.

RISKS OF RED CROSS WORK

Doctors Who Operate on the Field Under Fire Require Nerves That Are Steady.

In the fighting area Red Cross workers are running greater risks than they have ever done in past campaigns. Those who succor the wounded do not now wait until the end of a battle before they commence their humane work, neither do they remain in safety some distance at the rear. The members of the wounded in modern battle are too great for that, and assistance must be given to them on the battlefield itself, with shot and shell whistling around. Surgeons now make their way along the trenches under heavy fire, carrying small surgical cases which contain a number of absolutely necessary medicines. These include pain-killing drugs, such as morphine, antiseptics and syringes. On the wounded soldier himself a first-aid outfit can be found, as every military man carries in his knapsack a little packet of antiseptic gauze and a roll of bandages. The surgeon makes his patient as comfortable as possible and, if he can, drags him to a point where the bursting shells are not likely to injure him. Then, on his hands and knees, the plucky worker makes his way along the rows of dead and wounded, taking as many, if not more, risks than the "Tommies" themselves.

Of course, working under such trying conditions the surgeon cannot do all he would wish for the wounded. By means of injections from his hypodermic syringe he temporarily alleviates their pain, and in serious cases stops bleeding by tightly knotted bandages placed round the injured limb, while broken bones he puts in a "splint," provided, in many instances, by the stricken soldier's bayonet.

An Institute of Agriculture.

More scientific farming resulting in lower food prices in cities is the avowed object of the free institute of agriculture which has been in progress in New York city throughout 20 weeks of the present year. The institution depends upon co-operation between the national department of agriculture, Columbia university and the New York state department of agriculture. It is intended that persons who intend to go into farming shall be better prepared for this purpose, while those who are not fitted for that occupation may be deterred from attempting it. It is also the hope that abandoned farms near the city may be subjected to proper development.

Helpfulness Sometimes Resented.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's "Passing of the Third Floor Back" made a deep and lasting impression on Kansas City. It stimulates a fine desire to be more charitable and kindly. We remember," writes Franklin P. Adams of New York, "the morning after seeing 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back,' we felt more than usually unworthy, and spiritual reform was working into our calloused heart. A young woman, carrying an achingly heavy suitcase was walking up the subway stairs. 'Let me help you,' we said. 'Don't touch that!' she cried, as one about to bite. 'If you don't stop annoying me, I'll have you arrested.' So, fearing the headline, 'Bard Gets Jail Term for Mashing,' we ran away, like the coward we were."—Kansas City Star.

Not a Thanksgiving Proverb.

"Japanese bravery is perhaps due to Japanese pessimism," said the Japanese consul to San Francisco. "The Japanese have a black strain of pessimism in their veins. This is evidenced by their proverbs.

"There is one proverb which, in its disparagement of the human lot, is perhaps the most pessimistic proverb in the world. It runs:

"'To revenge yourself on your enemy, let him live.'"

Development of Heat by Plants.

The development of heat by plants in Dewar flasks has been studied recently by H. Mollisch. The flowers, leaves, and fruits of a large number of plants showed great contrasts in the amount of heat developed. Most leaves and flowers developed considerable heat; mosses, algae, and a number of common fruits, very little. Lichens and fungi showed a wide range in this respect.

Different Now.

"He's sure that the people can't be trusted to act wisely in great public matters."

"That so? Only last week I heard him telling that he believed in the people."

"I know. He was running for office then, and most of them voted for the other fellow."—Detroit Free Press.

Birds Fly From Battle.

One of the war correspondents has noted the complete absence of birds from the battlefields of northern France and the consequent profusion of spiders and other cognate crawling things. Birds always desert scenes of heavy gunfire; and, what is more, they often do not return for many years. All birds left the theater of war in South Africa, and it is only now—14 years later—that they are returning. Meanwhile South Africa has suffered from a vexatious plague of ground insects—"tecks," as they call them over there. It is not supposed that the African birds left the country, but that they merely retired to some remote and peaceful part of the veldt.

Seen and Heard in Michigan

Ann Arbor.—Alderman L. W. Groves, former city engineer, died here of Bright's disease.

Camden.—Camden village voted in favor of installing an electric light plant, 158 to 5.

Madison.—The University of Michigan debating team won a unanimous decision over the University of Wisconsin team here.

Flint.—Reuben A. Carman, eighty-nine years old, the oldest member of the First Baptist church here and for 55 years a deacon, is dead.

Rochester.—Edward Bromley, eighty-seven, wealthy retired farmer, is dead at his home in this place. He had lived in this section for 80 years.

Jackson.—Verne Hurity, twenty-five, committed suicide by severing an artery in his wrist. Despondency is thought to have been a contributing cause.

St. Clair.—The question of purchasing a pulmotor is to be decided by the city council at its next meeting. Two drownings early in the winter started agitation for the apparatus.

Port Huron.—Prosecuting Attorney Stewart has asked that an injunction against John Hintz, a saloonkeeper of Port Huron township, be made permanent.

Jackson.—Dr. E. E. Emmerson, fifty-seven years old, who had practiced medicine in Jackson county for 30 years, shot himself to death at his home in Springport.

Rochester.—The Standard Oil company is erecting here two big tanks, one for kerosene, with a capacity of 25,000 gallons, the other for gasoline, with a capacity of 10,000 gallons.

Muskegon.—Orin P. Rodgers, fifty-three, dropped dead while at work at his factory bench. Death was due to apoplexy. Rodgers was vice-president of the Muskegon Mill Men's union and a charter member of that organization.

Saginaw.—Charles Kimbrough (negro) was convicted on a charge of first degree murder in connection with the death of eight-year-old Rose Farnier Laundry. Kimbrough was immediately sentenced to the Ionia reformatory for life. He showed no emotion when the verdict was rendered or when sentence was announced.

Monroe.—Henry Herbst, defendant in the LaBranch-Herbst breach-of-promise suit, in which the plaintiff was awarded $1,000, pleaded guilty to assault and battery on his brother-in-law, Charles Cornell, and was fined $7 and costs. Herbst will refused to pay the love suit verdict and is in the county jail.

Ann Arbor.—Frank Armstrong, cashier of the Ann Arbor railroad company, and a member of one of the best families in Ann Arbor, is being sought on a charge of embezzling $1,500. Armstrong, who left this city a few days ago, is alleged to have raised several checks.

Marshall.—Superintendent of Schools Clarence Paul of Burlington has been acquitted on a charge of assault and battery on Roy, the 7-year-old son of W. E. Waffle, one of his students, by Justice Cortright. Paul recently came to Burlington from Detroit. A suit for $100 damages brought by Waffle against Paul was withdrawn when Paul paid $40 costs in the criminal suit.

Flint.—Reuben A. Carman, eighty-nine, who lived south of Flint for the last 80 years, died of old age. His father took up the first farm in Flint township and built the first house in the township 80 years ago. Israel Pettit, eighty-two, a pioneer resident of Forest township, died at the home of his son, K. P. Pettit. He had lived in Forest township 55 years.

Ypsilanti.—A coroner's jury decided that Anthony Gallo came to his death on the night of March 16, or early on the morning of March 17, at the hands of a person or persons unknown, and that he was killed somewhere else and dragged to the place where the body was found. Three witnesses who saw two Italians, thought to have been Gallo and Grillo, come out from Detroit on the interurban car the morning of March 16, were unable to identify the body of Gallo as one of them. The Dagle girl, on whom one theory of the motive hangs, swore that she knew Grillo but did not know Gallo.

Jackson.—The will of the late Mrs. Mary S. Rassick leaves $17,709 to public institutions as follows: First Congregational church, Jackson, $1,000; Woman's Missionary society of the First Congregational church, Jackson, $200; Jackson Friendly home, $1,000; Y. W. C. A., Y. M. C. A., free kindergarten, city hospital and Jackson library, $500 each; Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior, Chicago, $2,000; National Home Missionary society, New York, $3,000; Woman's Home Missionary Union of Michigan, $2,000; Olivet college, $5,000; Tank home for missionary children, Oberlin, O., $1,000.

Cadillac.—Rev. Elmer Vaughan, fifty-two, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at McBain, has started suit in the Missaukee county circuit court against Albert Smith, a prosperous farmer, for $5,000. He charges that Smith told a number of persons Vaughan stole 200 bushels of potatoes from him. Mr. Vaughan, who farmed 15 acres of land for Smith last summer, on shares, says he divided the potato crop evenly with Smith, but that Smith accused him of cheating. Pastor Vaughan has preached for 15 years in Arenac, Isabella, Newaygo and Osceola counties.

Kalamazoo.—As the result of what was believed to be a slight injury received months ago, B. T. Sykes, for 40 years a conductor employed on the South Haven line of the Michigan Central, is dead at his home in this city. He was sixty-four years old and was one of the best known employees of the Michigan Central.

Jackson.—Twenty-five Southern Michigan lodges of the order of the Progressive association, I. of the Mystic Workers of the World, were in session here. Several state officers and J. Ross Mickey, supreme master, of Macomb, Ill., were present.

MRS. WILLIAMS' LONG SICKNESS

Yields To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Elkhart, Ind.:—"I suffered for fourteen years from organic inflammation, female weakness, pain and irregularities. The pains in my sides were increased by walking or standing on my feet and I had such awful bearing down feelings, was depressed in spirits and became blue and dull, had dizzy spells with dull, heavy eyes. I had a doctor from whom I received only temporary relief. I decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial and also the Sanative Wash. I have now used the remedies for four months and cannot express my thanks for what they have done for me.

"If these lines will be of any benefit you have my permission to publish them."—Mrs. Jane Williams, 455 James Street, Elkhart, Indiana.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Brent Good

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN

Relieve Feverishness, Constipation, Colic, Headache and Stomach Troubles, Regulate and Correct Disordered Stomach and Bowels. Used by Mothers for over Thirty Years. Sold by druggists 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Sharp Kind.

Man's ingratitude.

"My employers played me a rather heartless trick," remarked the man who plays a violin.

"Why, I thought they had increased your compensation."

"Yes. But they increased it just enough to compel me to keep books and employ an expert accountant to figure out my income tax."

JACKSON MAN EATS A SQUARE MEAL

A. W. Hobbs Ends Stomach Suffering Quickly With Wonderful Remedy.

A. W. Hobbs of 1801 East Main Street, Jackson, Mich., after about fifteen years of suffering from disarrangements of the stomach and digestive tract, took Myer's Wonderful Remedy. He got the surprise of his life—and swift relief.

Mr. Hobbs has told his own story in a letter, partof which is given here:

"After taking three doses of your stomach remedy I am in perfect condition. I have not felt so well for fifteen years.

"I can eat anything now and it does not distress me. I hope those afflicted as I was will proceed to get your remedy at once."

Myer's Wonderful Remedy gives permanent results for stomach, liver and intestinal ailments. Eat as much and whatever you like. No more distress after eating, pressure of gas in stomach, around the heart. Get one bottle of your druggist now and try it on an absolute guarantee—if you satisfactory money will be returned.—Adv.

Her Idea.

"The actress who is playing the role of the laundry maid is entirely too realistic."

"How is she?"

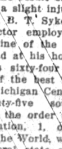
"Don't you see how she mangles her part?"

All things come to the other fellow if you sit down and wait.

Answer the Alarm!

A bad back makes a day's work twice as hard. Backache usually comes from weak kidneys, and if headaches, dizziness or disordered kidney action don't wait—get help before dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease set in. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new life and new strength to thousands of workingmen and women. Used and recommended the world over.

A Michigan Case



Ambrose Hatfield, Brook St., Hixton Rapids, Mich., says: "I had rheumatic pains that kept worse as I grew older. I became weak, nervous and discouraged and the pains were awful. For one year I had to be assisted to get up from a chair. Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to good health. I can't be too grateful."

Get Doan's at Any Store. 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.