The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

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

"What orders?" inquired Callomb briefly, joining Samson at the store.

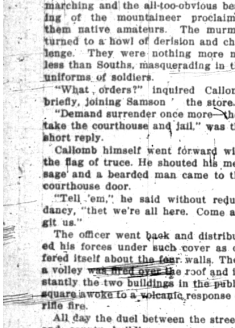
"Demand surrender once more—then take the courthouse and jail," was the short reply.

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

"Tell 'em," he said without redundancy, "thet we're all here. Come an' git us."

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

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



"We Lays Down."

ing, and at last night closed and the cordon grew tighter to prevent escape. The Hollmans, like rats in a trap, grimly held on, realizing that it was to be a siege. On the following morning a detachment of "P" company arrived, dragging two gatling guns. The Hollmans saw them detraining, from their lookout in the courthouse cupola, and, realizing that the end had come, resolved upon a desperate sortie. Simultaneously every door and lower window of the courthouse burst open to discharge a frenzied rush of men, firing as they came. They meant to fight their way out and leave as many hostile dead as possible in their wake. They had one chance now was to scatter before the machine guns came into action. They came like a flood of human lava and their guns were never silent, as they bore down on the barricades, where the single outnumbered company seemed insufficient to hold them. But the new militiamen, looking for reassurance not so much to Callomb as to the granite-like face of Samson South, rallied and rose with a yell to meet them on bayonet and smoking muzzle. The rush wavered, fell back, desperately rallied, then broke in scattered remnants for the shelter of the building.

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

Then a white flag wavered at a window and, as the newly arrived troops halted in the street, the noise died suddenly to quiet. Samson went out to meet a man who opened the door and said shortly:

"We lays down."

Judge Hollman, who had not participated, turned from the slit in his shuttered window, through which he had since the beginning been watching the conflict.

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

CHAPTER XVII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When she and her two companions came out to the hotel porch to start they found a guide waiting, who said he was instructed to take them as far as the ridge, where the sheriff himself would be waiting, and the cavalcade came down the steps and ran toward them.

struck into the hills. Men at whose houses they paused to ask a dipper of water, or to make an inquiry, gravely advised that they "had better light and stay all night." In the coloring forests, squirrels scampered and scurried out of sight, and here and there on the tall slopes they saw shy-looking children regarding them with inquisitive eyes.

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

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

"Hollman?" exclaimed the girl. "Then, you—" She stopped and flushed. "I beg your pardon," she said, quickly.

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

"Were you"—she paused, and added rather timidly—"were you in the courthouse?"

He nodded, and with a brown forefinger traced the scar on his cheek.

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

"How?" she asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"This is Sally's cabin, Drennie."

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

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

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

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

Adrienne thought she had never seen so instinctively and unaffectedly lovely a face or figure. Then the girl

"I Want You Two to Love Each Other."

told you back there the night before I left that I was afraid to let myself question my feelings toward you. Do you remember?"

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

"You were very complimentary, Samson," she told him. "I warned you then that it was the moon talking."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"About what?"

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

"But now—?" The Kentuckian broke off.

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

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

She nodded, and he went on.

"The thing which you call fascination in me was really just a proxy, Drennie. You were liking qualities in me that were really his qualities. Just because you had known him only in gentle guise, his finish blinded you to his courage. Because he could turn to woman the heart of a woman, you failed to see that under it was the 'iron and fire.' You thought you saw those qualities in me, because I wore my bark as shaggy as the scaling hickory over there. When he was getting anonymous threats of death every morning he didn't mention them to you. He talked of teas and dances. I know his danger was real, because they tried to have me kill him—and if I'd been the man they took me for, I reckon I'd have done it. I was mad to my marrow that night—for a minute. I don't hold a brief for Wilfred, but I know that you liked me first for qualities which he has as strongly as I—and more strongly. He's a braver man than I, because, though raised in gentle things, when you ordered him into the fight he was there. He never turned back or flickered. I was raised on raw meat and gunpowder, but he went in without training."

The girl's eyes grew grave and thoughtful, and for the rest of the way she rode in silence.

There were transformations, too, in the house of Spicer South. Windows had been cut, and lamps adopted. It was no longer so crudely a pioneer abode. While they waited for dinner, a girl lightly crossed the stile, and came up to the house. Adrienne met her at the door, while Samson and Horton stood back, waiting. Suddenly, Miss Lescott halted and regarded the newcomer in surprise. It was the same girl she had seen, yet a different girl. Her hair no longer fell in tangled masses. Her feet were no longer bare. Her dress, though simple, was charming, and, when she spoke, her English had dropped its half-illiterate peculiarities, though the voice still held its bird-like melody.

"Oh, Samson," cried Adrienne, "you two have been deceiving me! Sally, you were making up, dressing the part back there, and letting me patronize you."

Sally's laughter broke from her throat in a musical peal, but it still held the note of shyness, and it was Samson who spoke.

"I made the others ride on, and I got Sally to meet them here as she was when I left her to go East." He spoke with a touch of the mountaineer's over-sensitive pride. "I wanted you first to see my people, not as they are going to be, but as they were. I wanted you to know how proud I am of them—just that way."

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

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

Sally protested with mountain hospitality, but even under the moon she knew more colored adorably.

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

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

"What do you mean?" His voice trembled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her voice dropped again into the tender cadence of dialect.

"I couldn't live withouten ye, Samson. I jest couldn't do hit." Would he remember when she had said/that before?

"I reckon, Sally," he promptly told her, "I couldn't live withouten you, neither." Then, he added, fervently, "I'm plumb dead shore I couldn't."

THE END.

Modern Method.

Apropos of an elderly Chicago banker, whose wife had threatened to divorce him on account of his affection for a beautiful stenographer of seventeen years, George Ade said:

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

WORKING IN OCEAN'S DEPTHS

Most Remarkable Divers Are the Pearl Fishers of Torres, Who Work With Simple Equipment.

The greatest depth recorded of work done by a diver in a suit is 182 feet; this depth was reached by the Spanish diver, Angel Erostarbe, who recovered $45,000 in silver ingots from the wreck of the steamship Skyro off Cape Finisterre. The sponge divers of the Mediterranean work at a maximum of 150 feet, and the Australian pearlers at 120 feet. The greatest depths reached by divers without apparatus were by the pearl fishers of Torres, mostly Malayans from the smaller islands. They go down with the aid of a stone and a loop in the rope thereto attached which they clutch with their toes, these organs being far more prehensile than in those normally shod. They seldom venture to descend below 60 feet, a depth at which they can remain for two minutes. The stone enables them to remain at the bottom while they are sweeping the pearl oysters into a basket attached to the stone. When the diver feels that he must come up to breathe he releases his toes from the becket in the rope and at once floats to the surface. Young and healthy Malayan divers working oyster beds below six fathoms make four descents an hour during four hours in the morning and the same during four hours in the afternoon following a four-hour rest. A civilized man at a depth of 42 feet finds such a dive intolerable after a single minute.

Practical Trade School Idea.

London has elaborated the trade school idea to include the work of outfitting women with an equipment to face life's struggle. In the six trade schools of London, four of which are under the direct control of the London county council, and two of which are connected with the polytechnic institutions, aided by grants from the London county council, various trades of the traditional feminine classes, such as dressmaking, ladies' tailoring, corset making, millinery, embroidery, waistcoat making, cooking, laundry work and upholstery, are being taught. In addition to competent teachers these schools have enlisted in their interest advisory committees of employees of the classes of workwomen being developed by the schools, one result of which is that employment at profitable wages awaits the capable students of these schools. The vocational school idea is spreading and extending through the civilized world, with the result that it brightens the prospects of youth and heartens young people with the knowledge that they will enter upon their career with some technical acquaintance with and some manual dexterity in those lines of work in which the world stands constantly in need of workers.

Sense of Fitness.

Some women seem to have no idea of the relative value of adjectives or epithets. A golden-haired, fluffy thing was looking at a picture of the wounded English soldiers in a hospital ward. "Don't they look dinky in their cots?" she exclaimed. "Dinky!" —they might have been prize pons instead of men who had bled for their country.

TRIED TO "BEAN" THE HAWK

New York City Employes Flings Paper Weight Ineffectively at Daring Pigeon-Eater.

There was a hunt for game yesterday atop the municipal building. The game was variously described as a hawk and an eagle. The hunters were a couple of score of city employees, led by Alderman Carstairs and Jack Kennedy, chief clerk of the water department. The "guide," if such he could be called, was Elevator Dispatcher Peter Kearney, whose office is on the roof of the building, and who has been watching the big bird capture and devour pigeons.

"The bird is two feet high at least, and his wings spread four feet," said Kearney. "He's black, but his breast has streaks of white on it. He has a brown bill, with a black spot right on the end of it."

The hunters trooped out on the roof just after Kearney had informed them the bird had settled on a ledge 15 feet below, with a pigeon in its mouth. There was a long discussion, and finally Frank Halliday tied a paper weight to a long string, and tried to "bean" the hawk.

The weight fell pretty close to the hawk's head, and it soared up, taking refuge in the folds of Civic Virtue's bronze skirt.—New York World.

Wanted Quick Settlement.

The humors of that type of lawyer who is known as the "ambulance chaser" are not lost upon Representative Howard of Georgia, who, by the way, has not even sympathy for the type. He recounts the story of an elderly negro who was run over by a wagon. A sympathetic attorney rushed to the hospital and offered to handle the case on a contingent fee.

"Go 'way f'um me, white man," said the old darky, feebly.

"But I want to help you," said the lawyer.

The old man showed a gleam of interest.

"Does you?" he said.

The lawyer nodded.

"Den," said the victim, "you go out an' find de man dat run into me and bus' his bald wide open!"

The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbery and Their Care and Cultivation

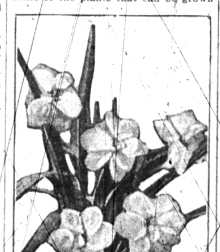
A Beauty Spot on the Home Acre. Bamboo Poles Form the Trellises for the Rambling Roses, White, Pink and Red. Iris is Planted Between the Arches.

FOR SUNLESS WINDOWS

By EBEN E. REXFORD.

It often happens that the woman who loves plants has no sunny window in which to grow them and under the impression that they cannot be successfully grown without sunshine, she does not attempt their cultivation, thus depriving herself of a great deal of pleasure, especially in the winter.

There is no reason why the lover of plants should be without their company in the winter, provided of course that the temperature of the room can be regulated to keep out the frost, and some of the plants that can be grown



A Few Blooms in the House Add a Cheering Note.

in windows that are without sunshine are among our most desirable ones for house culture.

First on the list I would place the Boston fern. Nearly everyone is familiar with this plant. It requires only the ordinary attention. Give it a soil of garden loam with enough coarse, sharp sand worked into it to make it friable, a liberal but not an excessive amount of water and a temperature several degrees above the frost point, and anyone may be reasonably sure of success with it.

It does not do very well, however, in steam-heated, gas-lighted rooms. No plants will flourish under such conditions, though many will live on indefinitely under them.

The aspidistra is about the only plant I would dare to recommend to those living in rooms heated and lighted as mentioned above. This plant has almost an iron constitution, which enables it to withstand influences that would soon kill most plants. It seems to care nothing for the sunshine and therefore is excellently adapted to cultivation in sunless rooms. If not subject to the debilitating effect of steam heat it will make a most luxuriant and

growth and its rich, dark green leaves will afford a vast amount of pleasure. While it is one to withstand unfavorable conditions better than other plants, it is always grateful for good care and the plants that are cared for well are always the ones that give the best satisfaction, keep in mind.

English ivy is my old favorite. Trained up around the window it is a beautiful sight to see. I know of no vine having more attractive foliage.

PLANTS THAT GROW IN SANDY SOIL.

Good plants for sandy soil are verbenas, nasturtiums and phlox. These are all annuals, and do particularly well in this soil. Ixtrix, blazing star or gay feather is a capital plant for sandy soil although it does well in any good soil. It is a hardy perennial with long spikes of purple and rosy purple flowers, blooming from July to September, growing from three to four feet high.

APPLE EPIGRAMS

The apple is the aristocrat of foods and the best medicine.

The climate and condition that are best for apples are best for man.

Apples are an antidote for drink and tobacco.

Apples carry the pure food stamps of the great physician.

The man in the orchard is always a good citizen.

MOST SHOWY POPPY.

The Shirleys are the best as well as the most showy poppies, and show the rich variety in colors. The Iceland poppies have perennial flowering the first year. They are unique among poppies in that they are fragrant, and the blossoms are quite enduring if cut as soon as open. A mixed packet will give some handy surprises at little cost of money or labor. M. L. F.

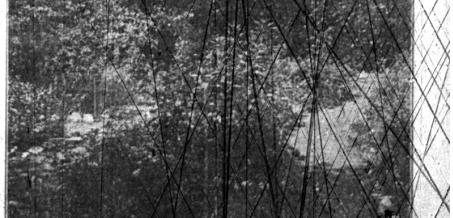
TRY AMARANTHUS

The amaranthus is a much neglected plant. It can be made more effective than the cosmos or Californian. With it colors schemes in red and red and yellow and red, yellow and green can very easily be worked out. Give it a trial.

TRUE BLUE FLOWERS

If you want a flower of a true blue shade, grow the corn flower. The artists say it is the only true blue shade nature has given us and the mother of a blue-eyed baby will tell you that it matches her baby's eyes.

Cyclamen plants should be rested during the summer months; not allowed to dry off entirely, but watered sparingly and kept as dormant as



A Beautiful Garden, Where Luxuriant Vines Over the Trellis and Shrubs Along the Paths Add to the Picture.