The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

Besides being on duty as an officer of militia, Calloub was a Kentuckian, interested in the problems of his commonwealth, and, when he went back, he knew that his cousin, who occupied the executive mansion at Frankfort, would be interested in his suggestions. The governor had asked him to report his impressions, and he meant to, after analyzing them.

So, smarting under his impotency, Captain Calloub came out of his tent one morning, and strolled across the curved bridge to the town proper. He knew that the grand jury was convening, and he meant to sit as a spectator in the courthouse and study proceedings when they were instructed.

But before he reached the courthouse, where for a half-hour yet the cupola bell would not sclang out its summons to veniremen and witnesses, he found fresh grief for his wrath.

He was not a popular man with these clansmen though involuntarily he had been useful in leading their victims to the slaughter. There was a scowl in his eyes that they did not like, and an arrogant high of iron law in the livery he wore, which their instincts distrusted.

Calloub saw without being told that over the town lay a sense of portentous tidings. Faces were more solemn than usual. Men fell into scowling knots and groups. A clerk at a store where he stopped for tobacco inquired as he made change:

"Heerd the news, stranger?"

"What news?"

"This here 'Wildcat' Samson South comes back yistiddy, an' last evenin' towards sundown, Jessie Purvy an' Aaron Hollis was shot dead."

For an instant, the soldier stood looking at the young clerk, his eyes kindling into a wrathful blaze. Then, he cursed under his breath. At the door, he turned on his heel:

"Where can Judge Smithers be found at this time of day?" he demanded.

CHAPTER XV.

The Honorable Abe Smithers was not the regular judge of the circuit which numbered Hixon among its county seats. The elected incumbent was ill, and Smithers had been named as his pro tem. successor. Calloub climbed to the second story of the frame bank building and pounded loudly on a door, which bore the boldly-typed shingle:

"Asa Smithers, Attorney-at-Law."

The temporary judge admitted a visitor in uniform, whose countenance was stormy with indignant protest. The judge himself was placid and smiling. The lawyer, who was for the time being exalted to the bench, hoped to ascend it more permanently by the votes of the Hollman faction, since only Hollman votes were counted. He was a young man of powerful physique with a face ruggedly strong and honest.

Calloub stood for a moment inside the door and when he spoke it was to demand crisply:

"Shall I have him come?" he inquired.

"Why, what are you going to do about it?"

"About what, captain?" inquired the other, mildly.

"Is it possible you haven't heard? Since yesterday noon two murders have been added to the holocaust. You represent the courts of law. I represent the military arm of the state. Are you going to stand by and see this go on?"

The judge shook his head, and his visage was sternly thoughtful and hypocritical. He did not mention that he had just come from conference with the Hollman leaders. He did not explain that the venire he had drawn from the jury drum had borne a singularly solid Hollman complexion.

"Until the grand jury acts I don't see that we can take any steps."

"And," stormed Captain Calloub, "the grand jury will, like former grand juries, lie down in terror and inactivity. Either there are no courageous men in your county, or these panels are selected to avoid including them."

Judge Smithers' face darkened. If he was a moral coward, he was at least a coward crouching behind a seeming of fearlessness.

"Captain," he said, coolly, but with a dangerous hint of warning, "I don't see that your duties include contempt of court."

"No!" Calloub was now thoroughly angered, and his voice rose. "I am sent down here subject to your orders, and it seems you are also subject to orders. Here are two murders in a day, capping a climax of 20 years of bloodshed. You have information as to the arrival of a man known as a desperado with a grudge against the two dead men, yet you know of no steps to take. Give me the word and I'll go out and bring that man, and any others you name, to your bar of justice—if it is a bar of justice! For God's sake, give me something else to do than to bring in prisoners to be shot down in cold blood."

The judge sat balancing a pencil on his extended forefinger as though it were a scale of justice.

"You have been heated in your language, sir," he said, sternly, "but it is a heat arising from an indignation which I shall overlook. Consequently, I pass it over. I cannot instruct you to arrest Samson South before the grand jury has accused him. The law does not contemplate hasty or unadvised action. All men are innocent until proven guilty. If the grand jury wants South, I'll issue the writ for his arrest and get him. Until then, you may leave my part of the work to me."

His honor rose from his chair.

"You can at least give this grand jury such instructions on murder as will point out their duty. You can assure them that the militia will protect them. Through your prosecutor you can bring evidence to their attention, you—"

"If you will excuse me," interrupted his honor, dryly, "I'll judge of how I am to charge my grand jury. I have been in office long enough, my family and Mr. Purvy, and it is not that I wish at the present time to bring this case before the panel."

Calloub laughed ironically.

"No, I could have told you that before you conferred with them. I could have told you that they prefer to be their own courts and executioners, except where they need you. They also preferred to have me get a man they couldn't take themselves, and then to assassinate him in my hands. Who in the hell do you suppose I am, Judge—for the moment Smithers?" he added, holding a job under the state of Kentucky, or under the Hollman faction of this feud? I am instructed to take my orders from you. Will you kindly tell me my master's real name?"

Smithers turned pale with anger, his fighting face grew as truculent as a bulldog's, while Calloub stood glaring back at him like a second bulldog, but the judge knew that he was being honestly and fearlessly accused. He merely pointed to the door. The captain turned on his heel and stalked out of the place, and the judge came down the steps and crossed the street to the courthouse. Five minutes later he turned to the shirt-sleeved man who was leaning on the bench and said in his most judicial voice:

"Mr. Sheriff, open court."

The next day the mail carrier brought in a note for the temporary judge. His honor read it at recess and hastened across to Holiman's Mammoth Department Store. There, in council with his masters, he asked instructions. This was the note:

"The Hon. Asa Smithers.

"Sir: I arrived in this county yesterday and am prepared, if called as a witness, to go to the grand jury full and true particulars of the murder of Jesse Purvy and the killing of Aaron Hollis. I am willing to come under the escort of my own kinsmen, or the militiamen, as the court may advise.

"The requirement of any bodyguard I deplore, but I waive my legal obligations, I do not regard it as necessary or proper to walk into a trap.

"Respectfully,

"SAMSON SOUTH."

Smithers looked perplexedly at Judge Hollman.

"Shall I have him come?" he inquired.

Hollman threw the letter down on his desk with a burst of blasphemy:

"Have him come?" he echoed. "Hell and damnation, no! What do we want him to come here and spill the milk for? When we get ready, we'll indict him. Then, let your damned soldiers go after him—as a criminal, not a witness. After that, we'll continue this case until those outsiders go away, and we can operate to suit ourselves. We don't fall for Samson South's tricks. No, sir; you never got that letter! It miscarried. Do you hear? You never got it."

Smithers nodded grudging acquiescence. Most men would rather be independent officials than collar-wearers.

Out on Misery Samson South had gladdened the soul of his uncle with his return. The old man was mending, and, for a long time, the two had talked. The failing head of the clan looked vainly for signs of degeneration in his nephew, and, failing to find them, was happy.

"Hev ye decided, Samson," he inquired, "thet ye was right in yer notion, 'bout goin' away?"

Samson sat reflectively for a while, then replied:

"We were both right, Uncle Spicer—and both wrong. This is my place, but if I'm to take up the leadership it must be in a different fashion, changes are coming. We can't any longer stand still."

Spicer South lighted his pipe. He, too, in these last years, had seen in the distance the crest of the oncoming wave.

"I reckon there's right smart truth to that," he acknowledged. "I've been studyin' 'bout it consid'rable myself of late. Thar's been several fellers through the country talkin' coal an' timber an' railroads—an' sich like."

Sally went to mill that Saturday, and with her rode Samson. There, besides Wilie McCager, he met Caleb Wiley and several others. At first, they received him skeptically, but they knew of the visit to Purvy's store, and they were willing to admit that in part at least he had erased the blot from his escutcheon. Then, too, except for cropped hair and a white skin, he had come back as he had gone, in homespun and hickory. There was nothing highfalutin in his manners. In short, the impression was good.

"I reckon now that ye're back, Samson," suggested McCager, "an' see in how yere Uncle Spicer is gettin' along all right, I'll jest let the two of ye run things. I've done had enough." It was a fashion of resigning a regency, but effectual.

Old Caleb, however, still insurgent and unconvinced, brought in a minority report.

"We wants fightin' men," he grumbled, with the senile reiteration of his age, as he spat tobacco and beat a rattat on the mill floor with his long hickory staff. "We don't want no deserters."

"Samson ain't a deserter," defended Sally. "There isn't one of you fit to tie his shoe." Sally and old Spicer South along knew of her lover's letter to the circuit judge, and they were pledged to secrecy.

"Never mind, Sally!" It was Samson himself who answered her. "I didn't come back because I care what men-like old Caleb think. I came back because they needed me." The proof of a fighting man is his fighting, I reckon. I'm willing to let 'em judge me by what I'm going to do."

So, Samson slipped back, tentatively, at least, into his place as clan head, though for a time he found it a post without action. After the fierce outburst of bloodshed, quiet had settled, and it was tacitly understood that, unless the Hollman forces had some coup in mind which they were secreting, his peace would last until the soldiers were withdrawn.

"When the worlds a-lookin'," commenced Judge Holiman, "hits a right good idea to crawl under a log—an' lay still."

Purvy had been too famous a feudist to pass unsung. Reporters came as far as Hixon, gathered there such data as Hollmans chose to give them, and went back to write lurid stories and description, from hearsay, of the stockaded seat of tragedy. Nor did they overlook the dramatic coincidence of the return of "Wildcat" Samson South from civilization to savagery. They made no accusation, but they insinuated an indictment and a motive—as they thought. It was a sermon on the triumph of heredity over the advantages of environment. Adrienne read some of these saffron misrepresentations, and they distressed her.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, it came insistently to the ears of Captain Calloub that some plan was on foot, the intricacies of which he could not fathom, to manufacture a case against a number of the Souths, quite apart from their actual guilt, or likelihood of guilt. Once more, he would be called upon to go out and drag in men too well fortified to be taken by the posses and parties of the Hollman civil machinery. At this news, he chafed bitterly, and, still rankling with a sense of shame at the loss of his first prisoner, he formed a plan of his own, which he revealed over his pipe to his first lieutenant.

"There's a nigger in this woodpile, Merriweather," he said. "We are simply being used to do the dirty work up here, and I'm going to do a little probing of my own. I guess I'll turn the company over to you for a day or two."

"What idiocy are you contemplating now?" inquired the second in command.

"I'm going to ride over on Misery, and hear what the other side has to say. I've usually noticed that one side of any story is pretty good until the other's told."

"It's sheer madness. I ought to take you down to this infernal crook of a judge and have you committed to a state asylum."

"If," said Calloub, "you are content to play the catspaw to a bunch of assassins, I'm not. The mail-rider went out this morning and he carried a letter to old Spicer South. I told him that I was coming unescorted and unarmed and that my object was to talk with him. I asked him to give me a safe conduct, at least, until I reached his house, and stated my case. I treated him like an officer and a gentleman, and, unless I'm a poor judge of men, he's going to treat me that way."

The lieutenant sought vainly to dissuade Calloub, but the next day the captain rode forth, unaccompanied. Curious stares followed him and Judge Smithers turned narrowing and unpleasant eyes after him, but at the point where the ridge separated the territory of the Hollmans from that of the Souths he saw waiting in the road a mounted figure, sitting his horse straight, and clad in the rough habiliments of the mountaineer.

As Calloub rode up he saluted and the mounted figure with perfect gravity and correctness returned that salute as one officer to another. The captain was surprised. Where had this mountaineer with the steady eyes and the clean-cut jaw learned the niceties of military etiquette?

"I am Captain Calloub of 'F' company," said the officer. "I'm riding over to Spicer South's house. Did you come to meet me?"

"To meet and guide you," replied a pleasant voice. "My name is Samson South."

The militiaman stared. This man whose countenance was calmly thoughtful scarcely comported with the descriptions he had heard of the "Wildcat of the Mountains;" the man who had come home straight as a storm-petrel at the first note of the tempest and marked his coming with double murder. Calloub had been too busy to read newspapers of late. He had heard only that Samson had "been away."

While he wondered, Samson went on:

"I'm glad you came. If it had been possible, I would have come to you." As he held of the letter he had written the judge, voluntarily to present himself as a witness, the officer's wonder grew.

"They said that you had been away, suggested Calloub. "It's not an important question, what part of the mountains have you been visiting?"

Samson shrugged his shoulders.

"Not any part of the mountains," he said. "I've been living chiefly in New York and for a time in Paris."

Calloub drew his horse to a dead halt.

"In the name of God," he incredulously asked, "what manner of man are you?"

"I hope," came the instant reply, "it may be summed up by saying that I'm exactly the opposite of the man you've had described for you back there at Hixon."

"I knew it," exclaimed the soldier. "I knew that I was being fed on lies! That's why I came. I wanted to get the straight of it, and I felt that the solution lay over here."

They rode the rest of the way in deep conversation. Samson outlined his ambitions for his people. He told, too, of the scene that had been enacted at Purvy's store. Calloub listened with absorption, feeling that the narrative bore axiomatic truth on its face.

At last he inquired:

"Did you succeed up there—as a painter."

"That's a long road," Samson told him, "but I think, I had a fair start. I was getting commissions when I left."

Calloub was understand—the officer met the steady gray eyes and put the question like a cross-examiner bullying a witness—"I am to understand that you deliberately put behind you a career to come down here and herd these fence-jumping sheep?"

Hardly that," deprecated the head of the Souths. "They sent for me—that's all. Of course, I had to come."

"Why?"

"Because they had sent. They are my people."

The officer leaned in his saddle.

"South," he said, "would you mind shaking hands with me? Some day I want to brag about it to my grandchildren."

Calloub spent the night at the house of Spicer South. He met and talked with a number of the kinsmen, and, if he read in the eyes of some of them a smoldering and unforgiving remembrance of his unkept pledge, at least they repressed all expression of censure.

With Spicer South and Samson the captain talked long into the night. He made many jottings in a note book. He with Samson, after calling him, pointed out to the elder and more stubborn man the necessity of a new regime in the mountains, under which the individual could walk in greater personal safety. As for the younger South, the officer felt, when he rode away next morning, that he had discovered the one man who combined with the courage and honesty that many of his clansmen shared the mental equipment and local influence to prove a constructive leader.

When he returned to the Bluegrass he meant of have a long and unofficial talk with his relative, the governor.

The grand jury trooped each day to the courthouse and transacted its business. The petty juries went and came, occupied with several minor homicide cases. The captain, from a chair, which Judge Smithers had ordered placed beside him on the bench, was looking on and intently studying. One morning, Smithers confided to him that in a day or two more the grand jury would bring in a true bill against Samson South, charging him with murder. The officer did not show surprise. He merely nodded.

"I suppose I'll be called on to go and get him?"

"I'm afraid we'll have to ask you to do that."

"May I counsel the change of heart? I thought Purvy's people didn't want it done." It was Calloub's first allusion, except for his apology, to their former altercation.

For an instant only, Smithers was a little confused.

"To be quite frank with you, Captain," he said, "I got to thinking over the matter in the light of your own viewpoint, and, after due deliberation, I came to see that to the state at large it might bear the same appearance. So, I had the grand jury take the matter up. We must stamp out such lawlessness as Samson South stands for. He is the more dangerous because he has brains."

Calloub nodded, but, at noon, he slipped out on a pretense of sightseeing, and rode by a somewhat circuitous route to the ridge. At nightfall, he came to the house of the clan head.

"South," he said to Samson, when he had led him aside, "they didn't want to hear what I had to tell the grand jury, but they are going ahead to indict you on manufactured evidence."

Samson was for a moment thoughtful, then he nodded.

"That's about what I was expecting."

"Now," went on Calloub, "we understand each other. We are working for the same end, and, by God! I've had one experience in making arrests at the order of that court. I don't want it to happen again."

"I suppose," said Samson, "you know that while I am entirely willing to face your court of justice, I don't propose to walk into a packed jury, whose only object is to send me where I can be made away with, Calloub. I hope we won't have to fight each other. What do you suggest?"

"If the court orders the militia to make an arrest, the militia has no option. In the long run, resistance would only alienate the sympathy of the world at large. There is just one thing to be done, South. It's a thing I don't like to suggest." He paused,

"They Are Going to Indict You on Manufactured Evidence."

and then added emphatically: "When my detail arrives here, which will probably be in three or four days, you must not be here. You must not be in any place where we can find you."

For a little while, Samson looked at the other man with a slow smile of amusement, but soon it died, and his face grew hard and determined.

"I'm obliged to you, Calloub," he said, seriously. "It was more than I had the right to expect—this warning. I understand the cost of giving it. But it's no use. I can't cut and run. No, by God, you wouldn't do it! You can't ask me to do it."

"By God, you can and will!" Calloub spoke with determination. "This isn't a time for quibbling. You've got work to do. You both have work to do. You can't stand on a matter of vainglorious pride, and let big issues of humanity go to pot. We haven't the right to spend men's lives in fighting each other, when we are the only two men in this entanglement who are in perfect accord—and honest."

The moonlight went some minutes in silent self-debate. The working of his face under the play of alternating doubt, resolution, hatred and insurgency, told the militiaman what a struggle was progressing. At last, Samson's eyes cleared with an expression of discovered solution.

"All right, Calloub," he said, briefly, "you won't find me!" He smiled, as he added: "Make as thorough a search as your duty demands. It needn't be perfunctory or superficial. Every South cabin will stand open to you. I shall be extremely busy, to ends which you approve. I can't tell you what I shall be doing, because to do that, I should have to tell where I mean to be."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NO WAR TAX ON CANADIAN LANDS

Untruthful Reports Circulated by Interested Parties.

Defaming a neighbor at the expense of the truth does not help those who are guilty of the practice, and it may be said that those spreading false reports about Canadian lands, in the hope that they may secure customers for their own, will certainly fail in their purpose. False statements so maliciously circulated will sooner or later be disproved. And, as in the case of the lands of Western Canada, the fertility of which is now so well known to people of every state in the United States, the folly of this work shows an exceeding short sightedness on the part of those guilty of the practice.

The present war has given some of these people the opportunity to exercise their art. In doing so they are only arousing the curiosity of those who read the statements and a trifling investigation will only reveal their untruthfulness.

A very foolish statement has recently appeared in a number of papers, reading in part as follows:—

"It is believed that as a result of the war tax on land imposed by the Canadian Government a number of former Dakota farmers who went to the British Northwest will be compelled to return to the United States. Information has been received that the tax will amount to about $300 for each farm of 160 acres, which in the case of many of the former residents of the two Dakotas would practically amount to confiscation."

To show that the public has doubted, hundreds of inquiries have been made the Government at Ottawa, Canada, only to bring out the most emphatic denial. A full-fledged lie of this kind has, of course, only a short life, and will fell in the end against those who force it and spread it, but, as a Winnipeg paper points out, it is most complimentary to the agricultural possibilities of Western Canada to find that rival farming propositions need audacious mendacity of this description to help them.

What is the truth? The Saskatchewan Government has authorized a levy of $10 per quarter section on unoccupied lands owned by non-residents. The Alberta Government has imposed a Provincial tax of 10 mills on the assessed value of all uncultivated lands. There are some special applications of these taxes, but the main provisions are as above. Those vacant lands held by non-residents in Western Canada form a grave problem. They are making for poor communities, poor schools and poor social and economic conditions generally. By having them cultivated the owners as well as the districts in which they are located will benefit alike. It is for this reason that the Government has recently asked the co-operation of the non-residents. The high price of grain for some years to come, and the general splendid character of Western Canada land will make the question well worth consideration.—Advertisement.

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"DELICACIES" AT THE FRONT

Hindu Troops Have Partiality for Dainties That Seem Peculiar to Western Senses.

A native Indian writes, a Mr. Mitra, in a letter to an English newspaper, tells of the kind of delicacies that the British Indian troops at the front particularly enjoy. The principal things are ghee, areca nut, betel and Indian tobacco.

The English readers, says the Manchester Guardian, ghee will be the most mysterious of these comestibles. It is a kind of clarified butter, made from curdled milk—in India, usually from buffalo milk. The curdled milk is churned into butter; then the butter spends for a few days until it begins to turn rancid. Then it is boiled, and seasoned with thyme—whatever that is—salt or the leaf of the betel, which is a kind of pepper plant. Indians like it, but Europeans seldom do, because it is so "rich" that it is virtually rancid.

As most people know, the Hindus use the areca nut as a kind of chewing gum. They chew it with betel leaf and a little slaked lime. The nut is astringent and bitter, but it does not seem to have any harmful effect on the user. The betel leaf adds a peppery flavor to the combination.

PROPER CREDIT TO COLUMBUS

See America First Movement, According to Report, Originated With a Great Navigator.

Columbus, the Great Navigator, having been told by his political enemies that he would either have to find what he was looking for or walk home, spent nearly eight years in search for each farm of 160 acres, which in the case of many of the former residents of the two Dakotas would practically amount to confiscation."

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Literary Note.

Scribble—Mirror got ten dollars for "Paradise Lost"!

Dibble—What a crook!

"Two fairs for one fare"

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FIND CAUSE OF SOURNESS

Giant Elephant at New York Zoo Is an Actor and Naturally Temperamental.

At last Doctor Hornaday and Raymond L. Ditmars of the Bronx zoo have found out just why Gunda, in addition to being the largest elephant in captivity, has steadily built up a reputation as the greatest section of elephant hide encasing the largest chunk of temperament in the known world.

The answer is easy. Gunda's temperament is due to the fact that Gunda has become an actor. Temperament simply oozed from every pore when Gunda was called forth at long when to pose for the series of moving pictures that are being taken of the zoo animals for Curator Ditmars.

"Register sweetness and light, there's a good Gunda," called the movie director as Gunda was led out and the camera began to click.

Gunda, missing the cue, instantly cried to register short and sudden wrath. Doctor Ditmars, who had been in the act of stepping up to Gunda and offering the elephant a loaf of bread, changed his mind and went away from there. The last heard of one of the movie men was in the form of a long yell retreating through Yonkers.

But Doctor Ditmars got his pictures of Gunda in the act of being temperamental finally, and they are now being shown by Doctor Ditmars these days at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.—New York Sun.

War Distances.

War, besides being a great leveler, is also a great educator. Places we had never even heard of previously are now becoming as familiar in our mouths as household words. The distances are apt to be somewhat confusing unless understood. It ought, however, to be quite easy to remember that a meter measures about one and one-twelfth yards, or more exactly, 39.37 inches. A decameter is 10 meters, a hectometer is 100 meters, and a kilometer is 1,000 meters, or a little more than three-fifths of a mile. The Russians express the length of their marches or the distance from place to place in versts. A verst is rather more than a kilometer, the exact distance being 0.66288 of a mile, or between three-fifths and four-fifths of that distance.

Big Business Helps Missions.

It has often been said that business in foreign lands has owed much to Christian missions in opening up new territory to trade. It now develops that missions will owe something to big business. It has been the custom for the home offices of the foreign missionary societies to pay their representatives in the field by foreign drafts. The war has made this method impossible. The treasurers of the various missionary boards at a joint meeting voted to appeal to some American mercantile house doing business in every part of the world. They decided to ask the Standard Oil company to become the agent of the mission boards for the transmission of money to their missions in foreign fields, and through its treasurer this arrangement was speedily made. The readiness of the company in doing this without compensation is indicative of the spirit of co-operation for the common good which underlies our great corporations.—Leslie's Weekly.

Carrying the Polish Jewels.

If the archbishop of Cracow, in his flight from the threatened city, has really taken all the sacerdotal treasure with him his load must be a heavy one. For in the cathedral, ancient Poland's Westminster abbey, were gathered rich tribute in gold and jewels from generations of Polish lords and ladies. The kings of Poland—and many of her uncrowned kings—are buried in the cathedral. Here Kosciusko sleeps. Cracow in the days of its metropolitan glory shelter 50 churches within its walls. A third of that number remain, more than enough for the present population.—London Chronicle.

Conforming to the Censorship.

The censors on the other side seem to be as particular about information that a correspondent sends to his wife as about the news that he cables to his paper, evidently having faith in the old tradition that whatever is told to a wife might as well be screamed aloud in the market place. It is related that Irvin S. Cobb writes to Mrs. Cobb: "I am here at a town in Germany. From here I am going to another place. I can't tell you where, because then you wouldn't get the letter."—Kansas City Star.

School Children's Health.

Boston's health authorities have started another vigorous campaign against giving communicable diseases of children a foothold in that city. School physicians are urged to inquire at the homes of children the cause of their absence, and in an open letter to parents the authorities advise that physicians be consulted in every case where the child complains of throat affection.

Spain's Orange Crop.

This year's orange crop in the Seville district, Spain, promises to be smaller than that of last year but better in quality. It is estimated that the yield will be 25,000,000 sweet oranges and 60,000,000 sour oranges.