The Call of the Cumberlands

By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES IN THE PLAY

CHAPTER I.

Close to the serried backbone of the Cumberland ridge through a skyful of mountain clarity, the sun seemed hesitating before its descent to the horizon. The sugar-loaf cone that towered above a creek called Misery was pointed and edged with emerald trees, where the loftiest timber thrust up its crest plumes into the sun. On the hillsides it would be light for more than an hour yet, but below, where the waters loosed themselves along in a chorus of tiny cascades, the light was already thickening into a cathedral gloom. Down there the "furriner" would have seen only the rough course of the creek between mossy velvated and shaded boulders, of titanic proportions. The native would have recognized the country road in these tortuous twistings. A great block of sandstone, to whose summit a man standing in his saddle could scarcely reach, his fingertips lowered over the stream, with a gnarled scrub oak clinging tenaciously to its apex. Loftily on both sides climbed the mountains, cloaked in laurel and timber.

Suddenly the leafage was thrust aside from above by a cautious hand, and a shy, half-wild girl appeared in the opening. For an instant she halted, with her brown fingers holding back the brushwood, and raised her face as though listening. As she stood with the toes of one bare foot twisting in the gratefully cool moss she laughed with the sheer exhilaration of life and youth, and started out on the table top of the huge rock. But then she halted suddenly with a startled exclamation and drew instinctively back. What she saw might well have astonished her, for it was a thing she had never seen before and of which she had never heard. Finally, reassured by the silence, she slipped across the broad face of the flat rock for a distance of twenty-five feet and paused again to listen.

At the far edge lay a pair of saddlebags, such as form the only practical equipment for mountain travelers. Near them lay a tin box, littered with small and unfamiliar-looking tubes of soft metal, all grotesquely twisted and stained, and beside the box was a strangely shaped plaque of wood smeared with a dozen hues. That this plaque was a painter's sketching palette was a thing which she could not know, since the ways of artists had to do with a world as remote from her own as the life of the moon or stars. It was one of those vague mysteries that made up the wonderful life of "down below." Why had these things been left here in such confusion? If there was a man about who owned them he would doubtless return to claim them. She crept over, eyes and ears alert, and slipped around to the front of the queer tripod, with all her muscles poised in readiness for flight.

A half-rapturous and utterly astonished cry broke from her lips. She stared a moment, then dropped to the moss-covered rock, leaning back on her brown hands and gazing intently.

"Hit's purty!" she approved, in a low, musical murmur. "Hit's plumb, dead beautiful!"

Of course it was not a finished picture—merely a study of what lay before her—but the hand that had placed these brush strokes on the academy board was the sure, deft hand of a master of landscape, who had caught the splendid spirit of the thing and fixed it immutably in true and glowing appreciation. Who he was, where he had gone, why his work stood there unfinished and abandoned, were details which for the moment this half-savage child-woman forgot to question. She was conscious only of a sense of revelation and awe. Then she saw other boards, like the one upon the easel, piled near the paint box. These were dry, and represented the work of other days; but they were all pictures of her own mountains, and in each of them, as in this one, was something that made her heart leap.

To her own people these steep hillsides and "coves" and valleys were a matter of course. In their stony soil they labored by day, and in their shadows slept when work was done. Yet someone had discovered that they held a picturesque and rugged beauty; that they were not merely steep fields where the plow was useless and the hoe must be used. She must tell Samson—dear, dear Samson, whom she held in an artless exaltation of hero worship; Samson, who was so "smart" that he thought about things beyond her understanding; Samson, who could not only read and write, but speculate on problematical matters.

Suddenly she came to her feet with a swift darting impulse of alarm. Her ear had caught a sound. She cast searching glances about her, but the tangle was empty of humanity. The water-drift murmured over the rocks undisturbed. There was no sign of human presence, other than herself; that her eyes could discover—and yet to her ears came the sound again, and this time more distinctly. It was the sound of a man's voice, and it was moaning as if in pain. She rose and searched faintly through the bushes of the hillside where the rock ran out from the wood. She lifted her skirts and splashed her feet in the shallow creek water, wading pebbly spits up and down. Her shyness was forgotten. The groan was a groan of a human creature in distress, and she must find and succor the person from whom it came.

Certain sounds are baffling as to direction. A voice from overhead or broken by echoing obstacles does not readily betray its source. Finally she stood up and listened once more intently—her attitude full of tense earnestness.

"I'm shore a fool," she announced, half aloud. "I'm shore a plumb fool."

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

Although from less than came a low groan mingled with his breathing, it was not such a sound as comes from fully conscious lips, but rather that of a brain dulled into coma.

Freed from her fettering excess of shyness by his condition, the girl stepped surely from foothold to foothold until she reached his side. She stood for a moment with one hand on the dripping walls of rock, looking down while her hair fell about her face. Then, dropping to her knees, she shifted the doubled body into a sitting posture, straightened the limbs, and began exploring with efficient fingers for broken bones.

She had found the left arm limp above the wrist, and her fingers had diagnosed a broken bone. But unconsciousness must have come from the blow on the head, where a bruise was already blackening, and a gash still trickled blood.

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

Finally the man's lids fluttered and his lips moved. Then he opened his eyes.

"Hello!" said the stranger, vaguely. "I seem to have—" He broke off, and his lips smiled. It was a friendly, understanding smile, and the girl, fighting hard the shy impulse to drop his shoulders and flee into the kind making of the bushes, was in a measure reassured.

"You must hev fell often the rock," she enlightened.

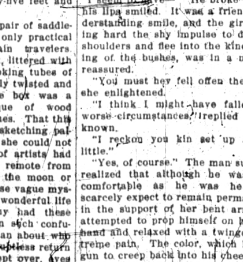
"I think I might have fallen into worse circumstances," replied the unknown.

"I reckon you kin set up after a little."

"Yes, of course." The man suddenly realized that although he was quite comfortable as he was he would scarcely expect to remain permanently in the support of her bent arm. He attempted to prop himself on his hurt hand and relaxed with a twinge of extreme pain. The color, which had begun to creep back into his cheeks, left them again, and his lips compressed themselves tightly to bite off an exclamation of suffering.

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

Had one of her own man hurt himself and behaved stoically it would have been mere matter of course; but her eyes mirrored a pleased surprise



A Low Groan Mingled With His Breathing.

at the stranger's good-natured nod and his quiet refusal to give expression to pain. It relieved her of the necessity for contempt.

"I'm afraid," apologized the painter, "that I've been a great deal of trouble to you."

Her lips and eyes were sober as she replied.

"I reckon that's all right."

"And what's worse, I've got to be more trouble. Did you see anything of a brown mule?"

She shook her head.

"He must have wandered off. May I ask to whom I am indebted for this first aid to the injured?"

"I don't know what ye means."

She had propped him against the rocks and sat near by, looking into his face with almost disconcerting steadiness, her clear-purplish eyes were unblinking, unsmiling.

"Why, I mean who are you?" he laughed.

"I hain't nobody much. I jest lives over yon."

"But," insisted the man, "surely you have a name."

She nodded.

"Hit's Sally."

"Then, Miss Sally, I want to thank you."

Once more she nodded, and, for the first time, let her eyes drop, while she sat nursing her knees. Finally she glanced up and asked with plucked-up courage:

"Stranger, what mout yore name be?"

"Lescott—George Lescott."

"How'd ye git hurt?"

He shook his head.

"I was painting—up there," he said; "and I guess I got too absorbed in the work. I stepped backward to look at the canvas and forgot where the edge was. I stepped too far."

The man rose to his feet, but he tottered and reeled against the wall of ragged stone. The blow on his head had left him faint and dizzy. He sat down again.

"I'm afraid," he ruefully admitted, "that I'm not quite ready for discharge from your hospitality."

"You jest set where yer at." The girl rose and pointed up the mountain side. "I'll light out across the hill and fotch Samson an' his mule."

"Who and where is Samson?" he inquired. He realized that the bottom of the valley would shortly thicken into darkness, and that the way out, unguided, would become impossible. "It sounds like the name of a strong man."

"I means Samson South," she enlightened, as though further description of one so celebrated would be redundant. "He's over thar 'bout three-quarters."

"Three-quarters of a mile?"

She nodded. What else could three-quarters mean?

"How long will it take you?" he asked.

She deliberated. "Samson's hoein' corn in the far hill field. He'll her yer cotch his mule. Hit mout tek a half-hour."

"You can't do it in a half-hour, can you?"

"I'll jest take my foot in my hand, an' light out." She turned, and with a nod was gone.

At last she came to a point where a clearing rose on the mountainsides above her. The forest blanket was stripped off to make way for a fenced-in and crazily tilting field of young corn. High up and beyond, close to the bald shoulders of sandstone which threw themselves against the sky, was the figure of a man. As the girl halted at the foot of the field at last, panting from her exertions, he was sitting on the rail fence, looking absently down on the outspreading panorama below him.

Samson South was not, strictly speaking, a man. His age was perhaps twenty. He sat loose-jointed and indolent on the top rail of the fence, his hands hanging over his knees, his face forgotten. Near by, propped against the rails, rested a repeating rifle, though the people would have told you that the truce in the "South-Hollman war" had been unbroken for two years, and that no clansman need in these fair days go armed afield.

CHAPTER II.

Sally clambered lightly over the fence and started on the last stage of her journey, the climb across the young corn rows. It was a field stood on end, and the hoed ground was uneven; but with no seeming of weariness her red dress flashed steadfastly across the green spears, and her voice was raised to shout: "Hello, Samsest!" The young man looked up and waved a languid greeting. He did not remove his hat or descend from his place of rest, and Sally, who expected no such attention, came smilingly on. Samson was her hero. Slow of utterance and diffident with the stranger, words now came fast and fluently as she told her story of the man who lay hurt at the foot of the rock.

"Hit hain't long now tell sundown," she urged. "Hurry, Samson, an' git yore mule. I've done give him my promise ter fetch ye right straight back."

Samson took off his hat, and tossed the heavy lock upward from his forehead. His brow wrinkled with doubts. "What air he lookin' feller air he?"

While Sally sketched a description, the young man's doubt grew graver.

"This hain't no 'it time ter be takin' in folks what we hain't acquainted with," he objected. In the mountains any time is the time to take in strangers unless there are secrets to be guarded from outside eyes.

"Why hain't it?" demanded the girl. "He's hurt. We kain't leave him layin' thar, kin we?"

Suddenly her eyes caught sight of the rifle leaning near by, and straightway they filled with apprehension. Her militant love would have turned to hate for Samson, should he have proved recreant to the mission of reprisal in which he was biding his time, yet the coming of the day when the truce must end haunted her thoughts. She came close, and her voice sank with her sinking heart.

"What air hit?" she tensely demanded. "What air hit, Samson? What fer her ye fotched yer gun ter the field?"

The boy laughed. "Oh, hit ain't nothin' perticler," he reassured. "Hit hain't nothin' fer a gal ter fret herself erbout, only I kinder suspicions strangers jest now."

"Air the truce busted?" She put the question in a tense, deep-breathed whisper, and the boy replied casually, almost indifferently.

"No, Sally, hit hain't jest ter say busted, but jeans like hit's right shaky, cracked. I reckon, though," he added in half-disgust, "nothin' won't come of hit."

Somewhat reassured, she bethought herself again of her mission.

"This here furriner hain't got no harm in him, Samson," she pleaded. He 'pears ter be more like a gal than a man. He's real puny. He's got white skin and a bow of ribbon on his neck—an' he paints pictchers."

The boy's face had been hardening with contempt as the description advanced, but at the last words a glow came to his eyes, and he demanded almost breathlessly:

"Paints pictchers? How do ye know that?"

"I seen 'em. He was paintin' one when he fell often the rock and busted his arm. Its shore es beautiful es—" she broke off, then added with a sudden peal of laughter—"es er pictcher."

The young man slipped down from the fence, and reached for the rifle. The hoe he left where it stood.

"I'll git the mag," he announced briefly, and swung off without further parley toward the curling spiral of smoke that marked a cabin a quarter of a mile below. Ten minutes later she bare feet swung against the ribs of gray mule and his rider lay balanced across the unsaddled withers. Sally sat mountain fashion, behind him, facing straight to the side.

So they came along the creek bed and into the sight of the man who still sat cropped against the mossy rock. As Lescott looked up he closed the case of his watch and put it back into his pocket with a smile.

"Snappy work, that!" he called out. "Just thirty-three minutes. I didn't believe it could be done."

Samson's face was masklike, but as he surveyed the foreigner, only the ingrained dictates of the country's hospitable code kept out of his eyes a gleam of scorn for this frail member of a sex which should be stalwart.

"Howdy?" he said. Then he added suspiciously: "What mout yer business be in these parts, stranger?"

Lescott gave the Odyssey of his wanderings, since he had rented a mule at Hixon and ridden through the country, sketching where the mood prompted and sleeping wherever he found a hospitable roof at the coming of the evening.

"Ye come from over on Cripple shin?" The boy flashed the question with a sudden hardening of the voice,

Tamarack Spicer.

and, when he was affirmatively answered, his eyes contracted and bored searchingly into the stranger's face.

"Where'd ye put up last night?"

"Red Bill Hollman's house, at the mouth of Meeting House fork; do you know the place?"

Samson's reply was curt:

"I knows hit all right."

There was a moment's pause—rather an awkward pause. Lescott's mind began piecing together fragments of conversation he had heard, until he had assembled a sort of mental jigsaw puzzle.

The South-Hollman feud had been mentioned by the more talkative of his informers, and carefully shooed by others—notably among them his host of last night. It now dawned on him that he was crossing the boundary and coming as the late guest of a Hollman to ask the hospitality of a South.

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

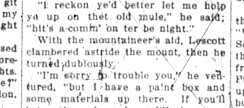
Samson only nodded. If the explanation failed to satisfy him, it at least seemed to do so.

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

With the mountaineer's aid, Lescott clambered astride the mount, then he turned dubiously.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," he ventured, "but I have a paint box and some materials up there. If you'll bring them down here, I'll show you how to pack the easel, and, by the way," he anxiously added, "please to handle that fresh canvas carefully—by the edge—it's not dry yet."

He had anticipated impatient contempt for his artist's impediments, but to his surprise the mountain boy



(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HISTORIC FIND IN PALESTINE

Chicagoan Reports Discovery of Floor of Church Dating From Third or Fourth Century.

Dr. George L. Robinson of the McCormick Theological seminary, who has returned to Chicago after a year's study of ruins in Palestine, reports the finding of an ancient mosaic floor one mile south of St. Nebo.

The floor was discovered by an Arabian farmer who dug into the earth to build a foundation for a barn, he said. "The floor was in a style of the early Christian churches and was built in the third or fourth century.

"Flowers, animals and Greek inscriptions are inlaid in most artistic manner. The mosaic is in a perfect state of preservation and looks as though it might have been laid yesterday."

As a result of his studies Doctor Robinson has come to the conclusion that the true Kadesh of Moses and the Israelites is properly located at Ain Kadees. Doctor Robinson said he believed that the Catholics were correct in their contention that Zion is located on the southwestern hill of Jerusalem and that Calvary is underneath the church of the Holy Sepulchre.

MEASURING LIGHT OF STARS

With Improved Instruments, Johns Hopkins Professor Hopes to Secure Most Important Results.

A recent number of Le Radium contains a paper by Dr. A. H. Pfund, of Johns Hopkins university, in which he describes some preliminary tests he has made of a new apparatus for measuring the light of a star. The work was done at the Allegheny observatory, the Keeler 30-inch reflector being used. In the focus of the telescope, distant of two small blackened disks, which formed the junction of a thermo-circuit, could be placed. The wires used for the thermo-element were alloys of bismuth and tin, and of antimony and bismuth respectively. They were enclosed in an evacuated capsule, closed at one end by a plate of fluorite and substituted for the eyepiece of the telescope. The thermo-current was measured by a moving-coil galvanometer. The sensitiveness of the arrangement was such that a candle at a distance of 5 miles would give a deflection of one millimeter. The deflections obtained from celestial objects were: Vega, 7.5; Jupiter, 3.0; Altair, 2.0 millimeters. The author hopes, by using a more sensitive galvanometer and thermal junction elements, to increase the sensitiveness considerably, and in this way to open up a new field of astro-physical research.

Old Age.

"My son, you want to stop this running around nights."

"It don't hurt me, father."

"Yes, it does. It will make you old before your time."

"Well, that won't lay me up. The world is thousands of years old and it runs around nights, don't it?"

APPLE DESSERTS OF MERIT

Delicious Confections From Fine Fruit That Is a Favorite With Old and Young.

Apple Dumpling Pie.—Fill deep pie pan heaping full of good tart apples, pared and quartered, put in a little water, cover closely, set on range to cook while making crust. Make a crust of one rounded cup flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one dessertspoonful lard, salt, one-half cupful water. Mix lightly with a spoon, roll about one-half inch thick, cutting places for steam to escape. Cover apples with it, pressing dough down around the edges of the tin. Bake in a rather quick oven. Serve with the following:

Dressing for Pie.—One cupful sugar, one tablespoonful butter; add a little cream, season with nutmeg. Stir to a cream. To serve, cut in pieces as pie, turning crust bottom side up. Take apples out with a spoon, cover crust with apples, then cover apples with dressing.

Delicious Way to Bake Apples.—Peel and core apples and put in baking dish, filling each apple with sugar. Cover with hot water and stew gently, laying a few pieces of stick cinnamon and lemon peel on the top. When about half done sprinkle with a heaping tablespoonful of gelatin and place in oven until done. Serve cold with cream.

Old-Time Apple Pie.—Slice tart apples, lay them on a clover crust, cover them with maple sirup and very thin slices of salt pork; add a shake of red pepper. Cover with perforated upper crust and bake until apples are soft and sirupy. The pork melts and disappears.

FOR VARIATION IN THE MENU

There Are Days When Fish Will Be Appreciated, and Baked Cod Can Be Recommended.

Here is a good way of baking cod: Have the fish skinned and backbone removed. Lay on an earthenware platter, open. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip oysters separately in melted butter, then in crumbs and lay on one-half of fish. When covered fold other side over, brush with beaten egg, moisten the crumbs with melted butter. There will be some oyster liquor in the butter from dipping, but use it. Cover the fish with the crumbs so prepared. Do not put any water on the fish. Set pan of water under the platter to keep platter from cracking and have a hot oven. A four-pound fish will require one-half pint oysters, one-half pint crumbs and one-quarter cupful of butter. Bake about forty minutes. Serve on the platter it is baked in. If you wish to bake the fish with the skin and bone on you need only of strips of fat pork over it and baste with the drippings. Never use water for baked fish. Do not bake too long. When the flakes separate it is done. When baked on a platter, without the skin, it requires no basting.

Mock Angel Cake.

An inexpensive cake to cut up into little shapes and ice and decorate with different nuts and little candies is the mock angel cake. Sift together four or five times one cupful of sugar and one cupful of flour with three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; mix with one cupful of hot milk and one teaspoonful of vanilla, and finally add the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs and bake in an ungreased pan for 40 minutes, or divide and bake in two layers. The crust of this will have a flavor like the real angel cake if half a teaspoonful of vanilla and about as much of almond extract is used. This may be iced with a white frosting or is good with chocolate.

Cold Catchup.

Cut four quarts of tomatoes fine, add one cupful of chopped onions, one cupful of nasturtium seeds that have been cut fine, one cupful of freshly grated horse-radish, three large stalks of celery chopped, one cupful of whole mustard seed, one-half cupful of salt, one rounding tablespoonful each of black peper, cloves and cinnamon, a level tablespoonful of mace, one-half cupful of sugar and four quarts of vinegar.

Mix all well together and put into jars or bottle. It needs no cooking but must stand several weeks to ripen.

Little Meat Rolls.

From some cooked meat remove fat and gristle and put through the chopper. Season well and moisten with a little good gravy. Make a good, rich biscuit dough, roll out thin and cut into four or five-inch squares, spread each piece with some of the meat mixture and roll up as tightly as possible. Place close together in a greased pan, brush the tops with milk and bake in a quick oven. Serve with a good gravy.

Boiled Heart With Raisin Sauce.

Clean, wash and skewer an ox heart. Put in a stewpan, cover with cold water, bring quickly to the boiling point and let simmer until tender, by which time the liquor should be reduced to two cupfuls. Remove the hot serving dish, pour raisin sauce around it and garnish with parsley.

Salmon Grab.

One can salmon, one-half cupful milk, two eggs, one-half cupful cracker crumbs, salt and pepper to taste. Drain the can and add the other ingredients, adding the beaten whites last. Bake one-half hour. Slice cold and serve with or without mayonnaise dressing.

Sweetbreads.

Put two or more pounds of sweetbreads in lukewarm water for an hour, then boil them for another hour, drain them well and when cold bake them in a hot oven, basting them with the liquor which comes from them until they are nicely browned all over.

Cleans the Can.

Each time, after the garbage can has been emptied, drop into it a crushed newspaper, light it and let burn out. Place the can on the ground while burning.

SALTS IF BACKACHY OR KIDNEYS TROUBLE YOU

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

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means that you have eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and lazy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink.—Adv.

Going Up.

Church—German naturalists are interested in the fact that the wild rabbits of that country seem to be changing their habits, among other things building their nests above ground instead of in burrows.

Gotham—Everything seems to be going up.

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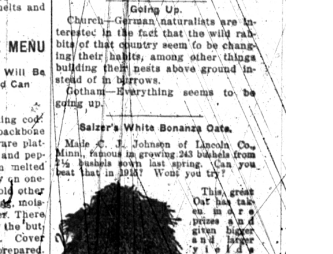

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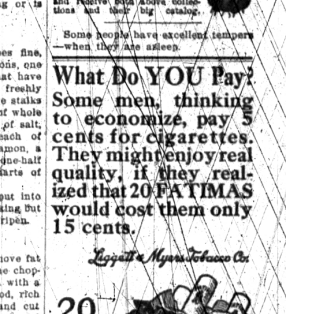

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