The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

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SYNOPSIS.

On Misery creek Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious. Jesse Purvy of the Hollman clan has been shot and Samson is suspected of the crime. Samson denies it. The shooting breaks the truce in the Hollman-South feud. Jim Hollman hunts with bloodhounds the man who shot Purvy. The bloodhounds lose the trail at Spicer South's door. Lescott discovers artistic ability in Samson. While sketching with Lescott on the mountain, Tamarack discovers Samson to a jeering crowd of mountaineers. Samson thrashes him and denounces him as the "truce-buster" who shot Purvy. At Wile McCager's dance Samson tells the South clan that he is going to leave the mountains. Lescott goes home to New York. Samson bids Spicer and Sally farewell and follows. In New York Samson studies art and learns much of city ways. Drennie Lescott persuades Wilfred Horton, her dilettante lover, to do a man's work in the world. Prompted by her love, Sally teaches herself to write. Horton throws himself into the business world and becomes well hated by predatory financiers and politicians. At a Bohemian resort Samson meets William Farbish, sporty social parasite, and Horton's enemy. Farbish sees Samson and Drennie dining together unchaperoned at the Wigwam roadhouse. He conspires with others to make Horton jealous and succeeds.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

Samson did not appear at the Lescott house for two weeks after that. He had begun to think that, if his going there gave embarrassment to the girl who had been kind to him, it were better to remain away.

"I don't belong here," he told himself, bitterly. "I reckon everybody that knows me in New York, except the Lescotts, is laughing at me behind my back."

He worked fiercely, and threw into his work such fire and energy that it came out again converted into boldness of stroke and an almost savage vigor of drawing. The instructor nodded his head over the easel, and passed on to the next student without having left the defacing mark of his relentless crayon. To the next pupil, he said:

"Watch the way that man South draws. He's not clever. He's elementally sincere, and, if he goes on, the first thing you know he will be a portrait painter. He won't merely draw eyes and lips and noses, but character and virtues and vices showing out through them."

And Samson met every gaze with smoldering savagery, searching for some one who might be laughing at him openly, or even covertly, instead of behind his back. The long-suffering fighting lust in him craved opportunity to break out and relieve the pressure on his soul. But no one laughed.

One afternoon late in November, a hint of blizzards swept snarling down the Atlantic seaboard from the polar floes, with wet flurries of snow and rain. Off on the marshes where the Kenmore club had its lodge, the live decoys stretched their clipped wings, and raised their green necks restively into the salt wind, and listened. With dawn, they had heard, faint and far away, the first notes of that wild chorus with which the skies would ring until the southerly migrations ended—the horizon-distant honking of high-flying water fowl.

Then it was that Farbish dropped in with marching orders, and Samson, yearning to be away where there were open skies, packed George Lescott's borrowed paraphernalia, and prepared to leave that same night.

While he was packing, the telephone rang, and Samson heard Adrienne's voice at the other end of the wire.

"Where have you been hiding?" she demanded. "I'll have to send a truant officer after you."

"I've been very busy," said the man, "and I reckon, after all, you can't civilize a wolf. I'm afraid I've been wasting your time."

Possibly, the miserable tone of the voice told the girl more than the words.

"You are having a season with the blue devils," she announced. "You've ben cooped up too much. This wind ought to bring the ducks, and—"

"I'm leaving tonight," Samson told her.

"It would have been very nice of you to have run up to say good-by," she reproved. "But I'll forgive you, if you call me up by long distance. You will get there early in the morning. Tomorrow, I'm going to Philadelphia over night. The next night, I shall be at the theater. Call me up after the theater, and tell me how you like it."

It was the same old frankness and friendliness of voice, and the same old note like the music of a reed instrument. Samson felt so comforted and reassured that he laughed through the telephone.

"I've been keeping away from you," he volunteered, "because I've had a lapse into savagery, and haven't been fit to talk to you. When I get back, I'm coming up to explain. And, in the meantime, I'll telephone."

On the train Samson was surprised to discover that, after all, he had Mr. William Farbish for a traveling companion. That gentleman explained that he had found an opportunity to play truant from business for a day or two, and wished to see Samson comfortably ensconced and introduced.

The first day Farbish and Samson had the place to themselves, but the next morning would bring others.

The next day, while the mountaineer was out on the flats, the party of men at the club had been swelled to a total of six, for in pursuance of the carefully arranged plans of Mr. Farbish, Mr. Bradburn had succeeded in inducing Wilfred Horton to run down for a day or two of the sport he loved. When Horton arrived that afternoon, he found his usually even temper ruffled by bits of maliciously broached gossip, until his resentment against Samson South had been fanned into danger heat. He did not know that South also was at the club, and he did not that afternoon go out to the blinds, but so far departed from his usual custom as to permit himself to sit for several hours in the club grill.

And yet, as is often the case in carefully designed affairs, the one element that made most powerfully for the success of Farbish's scheme was pure accident. The carefully arranged meeting between the two men, the adroitly incited passions of each, would still have brought no clash, had not Wilfred Horton been affected by the flushing effect of alcohol. Since his college days, he had been invariably abstemious. Tonight marked an exception.

He was rather surprised at the cordiality of the welcome accorded him, for, as chance would have it, except for Samson South, whom he had not yet seen, all the other sportsmen were men closely allied to the political and financial elements upon which he had been making war. Still, since they seemed willing to forget for the time that there had been a breach, he was equally so. Just now, he was feeling such bitterness for the Kentuckian that the foes of a less personal sort seemed unimportant.

In point of fact, Wilfred Horton had spent a very bad day. The final straw had broken the back of his usually unruffled temper, when he had found in his room on reaching the Kenmore a copy of a certain New York weekly

"Don't You See That This Thing Is a Frame-Up?"

paper, and had read a page, which chanced to be lying face up (a chance carefully prearranged). It was an item of which Farbish had known, in advance of publication, but Wilfred would never have seen that sheet, had it not been so carefully brought to his attention. There were hints of the strange infatuation which a certain young woman seemed to entertain for a partially civilized stranger who had made his entree to New York via the police court, and who wore his hair long in imitation of a biblical character of the same name. The supper at the Wigwam inn was mentioned, and the character of the place intimated. Horton felt this objectionable innuendo was directly traceable to Adrienne's ill-judged friendship for the mountaineer, and he bitterly blamed the mountaineer. And, while he had been brooding on these matters, a man acting as Farbish's ambassador had dropped into his room, since Farbish himself knew that Horton would not listen to his confidences. The delegated spokesman warned Wilfred that Samson South had spoken pointedly of him, and advised cautious conduct, in a fashion calculated to inflame.

Samson, it was falsely alleged, had accused him of saying derogatory things in his absence, which he would hardly venture to repeat in his presence. In short, it was put to Horton to announce his opinion openly, or eat the crow of cowardice.

That evening, when Samson went to his room, Farbish joined him.

"I've been greatly annoyed to find," he said, seating himself on Samson's bed, "that Horton arrived today."

"I reckon that's all right," said Samson. "He's a member, isn't he?"

Farbish appeared dubious.

"I don't want to appear in the guise of a prophet of trouble," he said, "but you are my guest here, and I must warn you. Horton thinks of you as a 'gun-fighter' and a dangerous man. He won't takes chances with you. If there is a clash, it will be serious. He doesn't often drink, but today he's doing it, and may be ugly. Avoid an altercation if you can, but if it comes—" He broke off and added seriously: "You will have to get him, or he will get you. Are you armed?"

The Kentuckian laughed.

"I reckon I don't need to be armed amongst gentlemen."

Farbish drew from his pocket a magazine pistol.

"It won't hurt you to slip that into your clothes," he insisted.

For an instant, the mountaineer stood looking at his host and with eyes that bored deep, but whatever was in his mind as he made that scrutiny he kept to himself. At last, he took the magazine pistol, turned it over in his hand, and put it into his pocket.

"Mr. Farbish," he said, "I've been in places before now where men were drinking who had made threats against me. I think you are excited about this thing. If anything starts, he will start it."

At the dinner table, Samson South and Wilfred Horton were introduced, and acknowledged their introductions with the briefest and most formal nods. During the course of the meal, though seated side by side, each ignored the presence of the other. Samson was, perhaps, no more silent than usual. Always, he was the listener except when a question was put to him direct, but the silence which sat upon Wilfred Horton was a departure from his ordinary custom.

He had discovered in his college days that liquor, instead of exhilarating him, was an influence under which he grew morose and sullen, and that discovery had made him almost a total abstainer. Tonight, his glass was constantly filled and emptied, and, as he ate, he gazed ahead, and thought resentfully of the man at his side.

When the coffee had been brought, and the cigars lighted, and the servants had withdrawn, Horton with the manner of one who had been awaiting an opportunity, turned slightly in his chair, and gazed insolently at the Kentuckian.

Samson South still semed entirely unconscious of the other's existence, though in reality no detail of the brewing storm had escaped him. He was studying the other faces around the table, and what he saw in them appeared to occupy him. Wilfred Horton's cheeks were burning with a dull flush, and his eyes were narrowing with an unveiled dislike. Suddenly, a silence fell on the party, and, as the men sat puffing their cigars, Horton turned toward the Kentuckian. For a moment, he glared in silence, then with an impetuous exclamation of disgust he announced:

"See here, South, I want you to know that if I'd understood you were to be here, I wouldn't have come. It has pleased me to express my opinion of you to a number of people, and now I mean to express it to you in person."

Samson looked around, and his features indicated neither surprise nor interest. He caught Farbish's eye at the same instant, and, though the plotter said nothing, the glance was subtle and expressive. It seemed to prompt and goad him on, as though the man had said:

"You mustn't stand that. Go after him."

"I reckon"—Samson's voice was a pleasant drawl—"it doesn't make any particular difference, Mr. Horton."

"Even if what I said didn't happen to be particularly commendatory?" inquired Horton, his eyes narrowing.

"So long," replied the Kentuckian, "as what you said was your own opinion, I don't reckon it would interest me much."

"In point of fact"—Horton was gazing with steady hostility into Samson's eyes—"I prefer to tell you. I have rather generally expressed the belief that you are a damned savage, unfit for decent society."

Samson's face grew rigid and a trifle pale. His mouth set itself in a straight line, but, as Wilfred Horton came to his feet with the last words, the mountaineer remained seated.

"And," went on the New Yorker, flushing with suddenly augmenting passion, "what I said I still believe to be true and repeat in your presence. At another time and place, I shall be even more explicit. I shall ask you to explain—certain things."

"Mr. Horton," suggested Samson in an ominously quiet voice, "I reckon you're a little drunk. If I were you, I'd sit down."

Wilfred's face went from red to white, and his shoulders stiffened. He leaned forward, and for the instant no one moved. The tick of the clock was plainly audible.

"South," he said, his breath coming in labored excitement, "defend yourself!"

Samson still sat motionless.

"Against what?" he inquired.

"Against that!" Horton struck the mountain man across the face with his open hand. Instantly, there was a commotion of scraping chairs and shuffling feet mingled with a chorus of inarticulate protest. Samson had risen, and, for a second, his face had become a thing of unspeakable passion. His hand instinctively swept toward his pocket—and stopped halfway. He stood by his overturned

"I'm Ready Either to Fight or Shake Hands."

chair, gazing into the eyes of his assailant, with an effort at self-mastery which gave his chest and arms the appearance of a man writhing and stiffening under electrocution. Then, he forced both hands to his back and gripped them there. For a moment, the tableau was held, then the man from the mountains began speaking, slowly and in a tone of dead-level monotony. Each syllable was portentously distinct and clear clipped.

"Maybe you know why I don't kill you. . . . Maybe you don't. . . . I don't give a damn whether you do or not. . . . That's the first blow I've ever passed. . . . I ain't going to hit back. . . . You need a friend pretty bad just now. . . . For certain reasons, I'm going to be that friend. . . Don't you see that this thing is a damned frame-up? . . . Don't you see that I was brought here to murder you?" He turned suddenly to Farbish.

"Why did you insist on my putting that in my pocket"—Samson took out the pistol, and threw it down on the table-cloth in front of Wilfred, where it struck and shivered a half-filled wine-glass—"and why did you warn me that this man meant to kill me? I was meant to be your catspaw to put Wilfred Horton out of your way. I may be a barbarian and a savage, but I can smell a rat—if it's dead enough."

For an instant there was absolute and hushed calm. Wilfred Horton picked up the discarded weapon and looked at it in bewildered stupefaction, then slowly his face flamed with distressing mortification.

"Any time you want to fight me"—Samson had turned again to face him, and was still talking in his deadly quiet voice—"except tonight, you can find me. I've never been hit before without hitting back. That blow has got to be paid for—but the man that's really responsible has got to pay first. When I fight you, I'll fight for myself, not for a bunch of damned murderers. . . . Just now, I've got other business. That man framed this up!" He pointed a lean finger across the table into the startled countenance of Mr. Farbish. "He knew! He has been working on this job for a month. I'm going to attend to his case now."

As Samson started toward Farbish, the conspirator rose, and, with an excellent counterfeit of insulted virtue, pushed back his chair.

"By God," he indignantly exclaimed, "you mustn't try to embroil me in your quarrels. You must apologize. You are talking wildly, South."

"Am I?" questioned the Kentuckian, quietly; "I'm going to act wildly in a minute."

He halted a short distance from Farbish, and drew from his pocket a crumpled scrap of the offending magazine page: the item that had offended Horton.

"I may not have good manners, Mister Farbish, but where I come from we know how to handle varmints." He dropped his voice and added for the plotter's ear only: "Here's a little matter on the side that concerns only us. It wouldn't interest these other gentlemen." He opened his hand, and added: "Here, eat that!"

Farbish with a frightened glance at the set face of the man who was advancing upon him, leaped back, and drew from his pocket a pistol—it was an exact counterpart of the one with which he had supplied Samson.

With a panther-like swiftness, the Kentuckian leaped forward, and struck up the weapon, which spat one ineffective bullet into the rafters. There was a momentary scuffle of swaying bodies and a crash under which the table groaned amid the shattering of glass and china. Then, slowly, the conspirator's body bent back at the waist, until its shoulders were stretched on the disarranged cloth, and the white face, with purple veins swelling on the forehead, stared up between two brown hands that gripped its throat.

"Swallow that!" ordered the mountaineer.

For just an instant, the company stood dumfounded, then a strained, unnatural voice broke the silence.

"Stop him, he's going to kill the man!"

The odds were four to two, and with a sudden rally to the support of their chief plotter, the other conspirators rushed the figure that stood throttling his victim. But Samson South was in his element. The dammed-up wrath that had been smoldering during these last days was having a tempestuous outlet. He had found men who, in a gentlemen's club to which he had come as a guest, sought to use him as a catspaw and murderer.

As they assaulted him, en masse, he seized a chair, and swung it flail-like about his head. For a few moments, there was a crashing of glass and china, and a clatter of furniture and a chaos of struggle.

Samson South stood for a moment panting in a scene of wreckage and disorder. The table was littered with shivered glasses and decanters and chinaware. The furniture was scattered and overturned. Farbish was weakly leaning to one side in the seat to which he had made his way. The men who had gone down under the heavy blows of the chair lay quietly where they had fallen.

Wilfred Horton stood waiting. The whole affair had transpired with such celerity and speed that he had hardly understood it, and had taken no part. But, as he met the gaze of the disordered figure across the wreckage of a dinner-table, he realized that now, with the preliminaries settled, he who had struck Samson in the face must give satisfaction for the blow. Horton was sober, as cold sober as though he had jumped into ice-water, and though he was not in the least afraid, he was mortified, and, had apology at such a time been possible, would have made it. He knew that he had misjudged his man; he saw the outlines of the plot as plainly as Samson had seen them, though more tardily.

Samson's toe touched the pistol which had dropped from Farbish's hand and he contemptuously kicked it to one side. He came back to his place.

"Now, Mr. Horton," he said to the man who stood looking about with a dazed expression, "if you're still of the same mind, I can accomodate you. You lied when you said I was a savage—though just now it sort of looks like I was, and"—he paused, then added—"and I'm ready either to fight or shake hands. Either way suits me."

For the moment, Horton did not speak, and Samson slowly went on:

"But, whether we fight or not, you've got to shake hands with me when we're finished. You and me ain't going to start no feud. This is the first time I've ever refused to let a man be my enemy if he wanted to. I've got my reasons. I'm going to make you shake hands with me whether you like it or not, but if you want to fight first it's satisfactory. You said awhile ago you would be glad to be more explicit with me when we were alone—" He paused and looked about the room. "Shall I throw these damned murderers out of here, or will you go into another room and talk?"

"Leave them where they are," said Horton, quietly. "We'll go into the reading-room. Have you killed any of them?"

"I don't know," said the other, curtly, "and I don't care."

When they were alone, Samson went on:

"I know what you want to ask me about, and I don't mean to answer you. You want to question me about Miss Lescott. Whatever she and I have done doesn't concern you. I will say this much—if I've been ignorant of New York ways and my ignorance has embarrassed her, I'm sorry.

"I supposed you know that she's too damned good for you—just like she's too good for me. But she thinks more of you than she does of me—and she's yours. As for me, I have nothing to apologize to you for. Maybe, I have something to ask her pardon about, but she hasn't asked it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Whale a Victim of War.

An enormous whale drifted ashore near Margate, England, the other day. It had been killed by a mine in the North sea.

ECONOMICAL FEEDING OF THE FARM STOCK

Superior Type of Farm Horse.

(By J. T. GRANGER.)

The farmer, like any other business man, should study the most important question of economy

Much of the farmer's capital is invested in work and breeding stock. If he feeds them economically, at the same time keeping them in good working and salable condition, he is following out business principles.

If, on the other hand, he either stints them or allows them to waste provender and grain, he loses money.

The writer, in traveling among farmers, sees many methods of feeding employed. One friend gives his horses and mules hay and corn in abundance, but is very careless about watering and cleaning out the stalls.

Old and young stock are treated alike. The colt three months old gets his corn and hay ration, less in proportion, but still just the same feed, irrespective of cost or age of the animal. No attention is given to details of stable management.

By the time winter is past the stock on the farm (old and young) have eaten tons of hay and quantities of corn, but with the advent of spring they are not in salable condition.

Another farmer friend feeds liberal grain rations to his horses and mules, but sells off his good hay and feeds only refuse forage.

Here we have a misplaced idea of economical feeding on the farm, for this man's stock will be rough and in poor condition when spring comes.

Another instance of poor judgment in feeding. The writer saw a farmer

Two-Year-Old Mule Colt.

this winter who was selling off both grain and hay and putting the money in his pocket and feeding reduced rations to his work and breeding stock.

Here was the very worst example of mismanagement, entailing a loss hard to make good.

Make these resolutions: Don't give all your best feed to your work teams or breeding stock, at the same time neglecting all sanitary arrangements; don't think that liberal grain rations with common forage will fill the bill.

Don't sell the grain and hay to such an extent that you may have to buy from your neighbor next spring.

Corn stover with grain will do from now until the first of April, but brood mares and weanlings, also one and two-year-olds, will require some bran along with corn ration, or they will not be thrifty after the winter season is gone.

All stock should be well housed, well bedded and well watered. No amount of food will give good results unless the stock is taken care of in every respect.

With regular work horses and mules on the farm during the winter period a good feed of corn morning and night, with plenty of cut corn stover, will do. With brood mares and colts some hay and bran should be added.

Take a brood mare, for instance. Give her six ears or two quarts of shelled corn, with two quarts of bran, morning and night. Give a feed of hay, clover preferred, for the morning meal, and the same grain ration, with plenty of stover, at night.

For the young stock a little less corn, but plenty of hay and stover, and probably a little less bran.

No matter how well bred the colt may be, if not treated generously in his first year he will seldom pay his way; and if not cared for properly, even until his childhood days are over, he cannot be expected to make a high figure.

There is no objection to weaning in fairly good time, but it is absolutely essential to give some good substitute for milk.

By way of grain, good crushed oats may be served as generously as they are cleaned up. Carrots are good and sweet hay may be given whenever eaten with a relish.

The oats should be old and the hay not of the present year's crop. Too many foals should not run together, else the weaker go to the wall.

Economical feeding means good, solid feed, fed regularly, no waste, yet no stinting. Good warm quarters, good bedding, fresh water in liberal supply at least twice a day.

Follow these simple rules and the appearance of your stock next spring will justify the extra trouble.

BEST LOCATION OF HOUSE FOR SWINE

Structure Should Be on High Ground, Well Drained—Ventilation Is Important.

(By A. B. WILLIAMS.)

Locate the house for the hogs on high ground. That is the first and one of the most important things to consider. The location must be well drained, and if the soil is light and sandy, or porous, so as to afford good soil-drainage, so much the better.

The house should have direct access to the pasture if that is possible, even if it is a short walk from the barn. In fact, the farther away from the barn and the dairy house the better.

If it can be located near a stream of running water it will be a decided advantage, because hogs like to cool themselves in clean water or clean mud; and running water affords this, as well as pure drinking water, which is absolutely necessary.

It is all well enough to say that hogs do not like to wallow in mud, and do so only from necessity, but that is not so. They like mud because it is cooling, and it is an effectual lice killer.

It is not good for hogs to be compelled to lie in mud, and keep constantly covered with it, but a good wallow, occasionally, seems to agree with them.

Of course hogs may do without mud, provided they are able to reach clean water, and are kept free from lice by spraying.

There are many styles of hog houses, and every man must decide for himself which is best under his conditions. The best house is one that has perfect ventilation, plenty of light.

For farrowing purposes or for individuals, the movable house is excellent. This kind of house is easily set up and taken down, and it also may be placed on runners by which it can be easily moved from one pasture to another.

The roof should be sloping enough to allow the rain to run off quickly, and there should be enough windows to let in the sunlight and air.

Foundation of Hog Herd.

On no account start the beginning of your future herd with anything but a pure strain of thoroughbred hog. Buy registered stock; one knows then what he is getting.

Horse Appreciates Blanket.

If you do not think horse blankets would be appreciated by the horses these cold evenings or mornings, try sleeping without any covers yourself.

Keeping Disease Away.

The first step in keeping diseases away from hogs is to keep filth away from them.

No Place for Scrub.

The scrub hen has no more place on the farm than the scrub anything else.

SNAKES WERE ALL DROWNED

But Animals, Liberated From Their Cages Just in Time, Swim Ashore From Wrecked Scow.

Tied to tall trees on the banks of the Skagit river is one of the strangest collection of animals ever harbored in this neck of the woods, as the result of the wreck of a scow towed by the gasoline launch Tango, carrying the 50 members and full properties, exhibition tents, and cages full of the Sound Amusement company of Seattle, bound for this city.

The launch dragged itself across a snag on the North Fork, but in pulling the scow over, a plank was ripped from the bottom and it sank.

The men on the Tango sprang on the scow and tore open the cages to free the animals, which leaped into the water and swam ashore. There they scattered in the woods and kept the showmen busy all day rounding them up.

The scow sank before the snakes could be liberated, and locked in the cages, the wriggling, writhing reptiles went to their death. One big snake cost its owner $500.

Bert Mansfield, who owns the dog and pony part of the show, remained on the scow with his pet dog Chester, despite the entreaties of his companions, until he barely escaped with his own life.

Another valuable animal still at large is the trick mule, High School Jack. There were six horses and 20 trained dogs. Several trained raccoons were lost.—Mount Vernon (Wash.) Dispatch to Seattle Times.

Teaching Art to Children.

The Children's Hour held under the auspices of the department of fine arts, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, was inaugurated for the season of 1914-1915 a short time ago. J. Taylor, illustrator, member of the faculty of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, gave a chalk talk on illustrations of interest to children. He was assisted by Norman Kennedy and J. W. Thompson, both of Pittsburgh. Many interesting subjects have been selected for demonstration to the children during the year. There will be exhibitions of modeling, plaster casting, and vase craft, as well as talks, illustrated by lantern slides, on various periods of painting and architecture. The permanent collections and special exhibitions in the department of fine arts will be utilized for the benefit of the children.

Interesting If True.

A resident of Westville, Conn., says that last year he took a pumpkin seed before it had dried and cut his name and the year on it. He planted the seed last spring and when a pumpkin formed the name and date were on it in small letters. As the pumpkin grew the date and letters enlarged in proportion. The pumpkin weighs 63 pounds and the letters and date are raised on it.—Boston Globe.

Manufactures in New York.

The manufacturing establishments in the borough of Manhattan number 19,769; in Brooklyn, 55,218; in Queens, 771. These plants employ the following numbers of wage-earners: Manhattan, 399,791; Brooklyn, 123,883; Queens, 23,891.

BECAUSE HIS DOG LIKED HIM

Why the Southern Mountaineer Was Willing to Pay to Check a Mongrel.

The pedigree of a dog makes no difference if you love him. This was the opinion expressed by a citizen of Pioneerville, at Boise, Idaho, when he found that he would have to pay $7.50 to check a mongrel as far as St. Louis, about two-thirds of the journey.

He and his brother, two southern mountaineers, who still dress in the Tennessee mountaineer style, appeared at the Boise station with tickets to Nashville. He remarked that he wanted to check his dog through and asked whether or not he could get off at certain stations to feed and pet the animal.

"That dog is powerful fond of me," he remarked in explanation.

His face fell somewhat when he was told that it would cost him something like $10 to check the dog.

"Why can't he go on our tickets?" he said.

When told that he would have to pay $7.50 to St. Louis and another fee from then on, he said:

"Well, that cur thinks so powerful much of me I reckon I'll have to pay it. It makes no difference about the kind of dog, if you love him, you know," and he slowly counted out the money from an old miner's wallet and put the dog in the baggage car with a final love pat on his head.

Gifts From Rich and Poor.

An admiral's daughter has sent to the church army war fund a 200-year-old veil and handkerchief of Buckinghamshire lace, which have been in her family's possession for 100 years. A West Country resident has sent some old jewelry, a baby's lace bonnet and some old flask cups.—London Chronicle.

Light Has Lasted Long.

In the sheriff's vault in Vancouver, Wash., there is an incandescent light which has been in use for 21 years, and is still good. It is burned only when the vault is opened, but at times has been going for a day or two at a time.

Dairy Wisdom.

Clean the stalls every morning.

Avoid direct drafts on the herd.

Balanced rations balance the dairy profit—in your favor.

Clean hands, clean teats and clean milk pails—clean milk, clean cream and clean butter.

Good Fertilizer.

Wood ashes make a good fertilizer for the strawberry bed or orchard. Apply about twenty bushels to the acre.

Keep Stock Growing.

It doesn't pay to half feed the stock just because grain is high. Keep the animals growing, and get them ready for market as quickly as possible.

Colt Better Than Mare.

With a high-grade mare and a pure-bred sire, it is pretty safe to say that the colt will be better than the mare.

More Whitewash.

A good application of whitewash would freshen up many barns.