"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

For sick headache, bad breath, Sour Stomach and constipation.

Get a 10-cent box now.

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"Oh, no. He's been keeping six motor cars and has had to dispose of one. The man who's consoling him gets a salary of $2,000 a year."

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His Wife—According to the good book, there will be no marriages in heaven.

Her Husband—And according to my belief there is no heaven in marriage.

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Just put a few drops of Sloan's on the painful spot and the pain stops. It is really wonderful how quickly Sloan's acts. No need to rub it in—laid on lightly it penetrates to the bone and brings relief at once. Kills rheumatic pain instantly.

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SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

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TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Will reduce Inflamed, Strained, Swollen Tendons, Ligaments, Muscles or Bruises. Stops the lameness and pain from a Splint, Side Bone or Bone Spavin. No blister, no hair gone. Horse can be used. $2 a bottle delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book 2 S Free.

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CANCER

Tumors, Lupus cured without knife or pain. All work guaranteed. Write for free book. DR. WILLIAMS' HOME, Indianapolis, Ind.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 12-1915.

The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

(Copyright, 1913, by W. J. Watt & Co.)

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. Lescott discovers artistic ability in Samson. Samson thrashes Tamarack Spicer and denounces him as the "truce-bidder" who shot Purvy. 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 conspires with others to make Horton jealous, and succeeds. Farbish brings Horton and Samson together at the Kenmore club's shooting lodge, and forces an open rupture, expecting Samson to kill Horton and so rid the political and financial thugs of the crusader. Samson foresees the plot and thrashes the conspirators.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"George Lescott brought me up here and befriended me. Until a year ago I had never known any life except that of the Cumberland mountains. Until I met Miss Lescott, I had never known a woman of your world. She was good to me. She saw that in spite of my roughness and ignorance I wanted to learn, and she taught me. You chose to misunderstand, and disliked me. These men saw that, and believed that, if they could make you insult me, they could make me kill you. As to your part, they succeeded. I didn't see fit to oblige them, but, now that I've settled with them, I'm willing to give you satisfaction. Do we fight now and shake hands afterward, or do we shake hands without fighting?"

Horton stood silently studying the mountaineer.

"Good God!" he exclaimed at last. "And you are the man I undertook to criticize!"

"You ain't answered my question," suggested Samson South.

"South, if you are willing to shake hands with me I shall be grateful. I may as well admit that, if you had thrashed me before that crowd, you could hardly have succeeded in making me feel smaller. I have played into their hands. I have been a damned fool. I have riddled my own self-respect—and if you can afford to accept my apologies and my hand I am offering you both."

"I'm right glad to hear that," said the mountain boy, gravely. "I told you I'd just as lief shake hands as fight. . . . But just now I've got to go to the telephone."

The booth was in the same room, and as Horton waited, he recognized the number for which Samson was calling. Wilfred's face once more flushed with the old prejudice. Could it be that Samson meant to tell Adrienne Lescott what had transpired? Was he, after all, the braggart who boasted of his fights? And, if not, was it Samson's custom to call her up every evening for a good-night message? He turned and went into the hall, but, after a few minutes, returned.

"I'm glad you liked the show . . ." the mountaineer was saying. "No, nothing special is happening here—except that the ducks are plentiful. . . . Yes, I like it fine. . . . Mr. Horton's here. Wait a minute—I guess maybe he'd like to talk to you."

The Kentuckian beckoned to Horton, and, as he surrendered the receiver, left the room. He was thinking with a smile of the unconscious humor with which the girl's voice had just come across the wire:

"I knew that if you two met each other you would become friends."

"I reckon," said Samson, ruefully, when Horton joined him, "we'd better look around and see how bad those fellows are hurt in there. They may need a doctor." And the two went back to find several startled servants assisting to their beds the disabled combatants, and the next morning their inquiries elicited the information that the gentlemen were all "able to be about, but were breakfasting in their rooms."

Such as looked from their windows that morning saw an unexpected climax, when the car of Mr. Wilfred Horton drove away from the club, carrying the man whom they had hoped to see killed and the man they had hoped to see kill him. The two appeared to be in excellent spirits and thoroughly sociable as the car rolled out of sight, and the gentlemen who were left behind decided that, in view of the circumstances, the "extraordinary spree" of last night had best go unadvertised into ancient history.

CHAPTER XII.

The second year of new order brings fewer radical changes than the first. Samson's work began to forge out of the ranks of the ordinary and to show symptoms of a quality which would some day give it distinction. Heretofore his instructors had held him rigidly to the limitations of black and white, but slow they took off the bonds and permitted him the colorful delight of attempting to express himself from the palette. It was like permitting a natural poet to leave prose and play with prosody.

One day Adrienne looked up from a sheaf of his very creditable landscape studies to inquire suddenly:

"Samson, are you a rich man or a poor one?"

He laughed. "So rich," he told her, "that unless I can turn some of this stuff into money within a year or two I shall have to go back to hoeing corn."

She nodded gravely.

"Hasn't it occurred to you," she demanded, "that in a way you are wasting your gifts? They were talking about you the other evening—several painters. They all said that you should be doing portraits."

The Kentuckian smiled. His masters had been telling him the same thing. He had fallen in love with art through the appeal of the skies and hills. He had followed its call at the proselyting of George Lescott, who painted only landscape. Portraiture seemed a less artistic form of expression. He said so.

"That would all be very true," she conceded, "but you can go on with your landscapes and let your portraits pay the way. And," she added, "since I am very vain and moderately rich, I hereby commission you to paint me, just as soon as you learn how."

Farbish had simply dropped out. Bit by bit the truth of the conspiracy had leaked, and he knew that his usefulness was ended and that well-lined pocketbooks would no longer open to his profligate demands.

* * * * * * *

Sally had started to school. She had not announced that she meant to do so, but each day the people of Misery saw her old sorrel mare making its way to and from the general direction of Starbone college, and that swiftly. No one knew how Sally's cheeks flamed as she sat alone on Saturdays and Sundays on the rock at the backbone's ritt. She was taking her place, morbidly sensitive and a woman of eighteen, among little spindle-shanked girls in short skirts, and the little girls were more advanced than she. But she, too, meant to have "larnin'"—as much of it as was necessary to satisfy the lover who might never come. And yet, the "fotched-on" teachers at the "college" thought her the most voraciously ambitious pupil they had ever had, so unflaggingly did she toil, and the quickness of her acquisitive, so fast did she learn. But her studies had again been interrupted, and Miss Grover, her teacher, riding over one day to find out why her prize scholar had deserted, met in the road an empty "jolt wagon," followed by a ragged cortege of mounted men and women, whose faces were still lugubrious with the effort of recent mourning. Her question elicited the information that they were returning from the "buryin'" of the Widow Miller.

* * * * * * *

Towards the end of that year Samson undertook his portrait of Adrienne Lescott. The work was nearing completion, but it had been agreed that the girl herself was not to have a peep at the canvas until the painter was ready to unveil it in a finished condition. Often, as she posed, Wilfred Horton idled in the studio with them, and often George Lescott came to criticize, and left without criticizing. The girl was impatient for the day when she, too, was to see the picture, concerning which the three men maintained such profound a secrecy. She knew that Samson was a painter who analyzed with his brush, and that his picture would show her not only features and expression, but the man's estimate of herself.

"Do you know," he said one day, combining with a frown behind his easel and studying her, through half-closed eyes, "I never really began to know you until now? Analyzing you—studying you in this fashion, not by your words, but by your expression, your pose, the very unconscious essence of your personality—these things are illuminating."

"Although I am not painting you," she said with a smile, "I have been studying you, too. As you stand there before your canvas your own personality is revealed—and I have not been entirely unobservant myself."

And under the X-ray scrutiny of this profound analysis," he said with a laugh, "do you like me?"

"Wait and see," she retorted.

"At all events"—he spoke gravely—"you must try to like me a little, because I am not what I was. The person that I am is largely the creature of your own fashioning. Of course you had very raw material to work with, and you don't make a silk purse of"—he broke off and smiled—"well, of me, but in time you may at least get me mercerized a little."

For no visible reason she flushed, and her next question came a trifle eagerly:

"Do you mean I have influenced you?"

"Influenced me, Drennie?" he repeated. "You have done more than that. You have painted me out and painted me over."

She shook her head, and in her eyes danced a light of subtle coquetry.

"There are things I have tried to do, and failed," she told him.

His eyes showed surprise.

"Perhaps," he apologized, "I am dense, and you may have to tell me bluntly what I am to do. But you have already done only to tell me."

For a moment she said nothing, then shook her head again.

"Issue your orders," he insisted. "I am waiting to obey."

She hesitated again, then said, slowly:

"Have your hair cut. It's the one uncivilized thing about you."

For an instant Samson's face hardened.

"No," he said; "I don't care to do that."

"Oh, very well!" she laughed lightly. "In that event, of course, you shouldn't do it." But her smile faded, and after a hills. He had followed its call at the

"You see, it wouldn't do."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I've got to keep something as it was to remind me of a prior claim on my life."

For an instant the girl's face clouded and grew deeply troubled.

"You don't mean," she asked, with an outburst of interest more vehement than she had meant to show, or realized she was showing—"you don't mean that you still adhere to ideas of the vendetta?" Then she broke off with a laugh, a rather nervous laugh. "Of course not," she answered herself. "That would be too absurd!"

"Would it?" asked Samson, simply. He glanced at his watch. "Two minutes up," he announced. "The model will please resume the pose. By the way, may I drive with you tomorrow afternoon?"

The next afternoon Samson ran up the street steps of the Lescott house and rang the bell, and a few moments later Adrienne appeared. The car was waiting outside, and, as the girl came down the stairs in motor coat and veil, she paused and her fingers on the banister tightened in surprise as she looked at the man who stood below holding his hat in his hand, with his face upturned. The well-shaped head was no longer marred by the mane which it had formerly worn, but was close cropped, and under the trans forming influence of the change the forehead seemed bolder and higher, and to her thinking the strength of the purposeful features was enhanced, and yet, had she known it, the man felt that he had for the first time surrendered a point which meant an abandonment of something akin to principle.

She said nothing, but as she took his hand in greeting her fingers pressed his own in handclasp more lingering than usual.

Late that evening, when Samson returned to the studio, he found a missive in his letter box, and, as he took it out, his eyes fell on the postmark. It was dated from Hixon, Kentucky, and, as the man slowly climbed the stairs, he turned the envelope over in his hand with a strange sense of misgiving and premonition.

The letter was written in the cramped hand of Brother Spencer. Through its faulty diction ran a plainly discernible undernote of disapproval for Samson, though there was no word of reproof or criticism. It was plain that it was sent as a matter of courtesy to one who, having proved an apostate, scarcely merited such consideration. It informed him that old Spicer South had been "mighty poorly," but was now better, barring the breaking of age. Everyone was "tolerable." Then came the announcement which the letter had been written to convey.

The term of the South-Hollman truce had ended, and it had been renewed for an indefinite period.

"Some of your folks thought they ought to let you know because they promised to give you a say," wrote the informant. "But they decided that it couldn't hardly make no difference to you, since you have left the mountains, and if you cared anything about it, you knew the time, and could of been here. Hoping this finds you well."

Samson's face clouded. He threw the soiled and scribbled missive down on the table and sat with unseeing eyes fixed on the studio wall. So, they had cast him out of their councils! They already thought of him as one who had been.

In that passionate rush of feeling everything that had happened since he had left Misery seemed artificial and dreamlike. He longed for the realities that were forfeited. He wanted to press himself close to the great, gray shoulders of rock that broke through the greenery like giants tearing off soft raiment. Those were his people back there. He should be running with the wolf pack, not coursing with beagles.

He had been telling himself that he was loyal and now he realized that he was drifting like the lotus eaters.

He rose and paced the floor, with teeth and hands clenched and the sweat standing out on his forehead. His advisers had of late been urging him to go to Paris. He had refused, and his unconfessed reason had been that in Paris he could not answer a sudden call. He would go back to them now and compel them to admit his leadership.

Then his eyes fell on the unfinished portrait of Adrienne. The face gazed at him with its serene sweetness, the fragrant subtlety and its fine-grained delicacy. Her pictured lips were silently arguing for the life he had found among strangers, and her victory would have been an easy one, but for the fact that just now his conscience seemed to be on the other side. Samson's civilization was two years old—a thin veneer over a century of feudalism—and now the century was thundering its call of blood bondage. But, as the man struggled over the dilemma, the pendulum swung back. The hundred years had left, also, a heritage of quickness and bitterness to resent injury and injustice. His own people had cast him out. They had branded him as the deserter; they felt no need of him or his counsel. Very well, let them have it so. His problem had been settled for him. His Gordian knot was cut.

His Eyes Fell on the Postmark.

Sally and his uncle alone had his address. This letter, casting him out, must have been authorized by them. Brother Spencer acting merely as amanuensis. They, too, had repudiated him—and, if that were true, except for the graves of his parents, the hills had no tie to hold him.

"Sally, Sally!" he groaned, dropping his face with his crossed arms, while his shoulders heaved in an agony of heartbreak, and his words came in the old, crude syllables: "I'd loved you'd believe in me ef hell froze!" He rose after that, and made a fierce gesture with his clenched fists. "All right," he said, bitterly. "I'm shet of the lot of ye. I'm done!"

But it was easier to say the words of repudiation than to cut the ties that were knotted about his heart.

With a rankling soul, the mountaineer left New York. He wrote Sally a brief note, telling her that he was going to cross the ocean, and that his pride forbade his pleading for her confidence, or adding, "I love you." He plunged into the art life of the "other side of the Seine," and worked voraciously. He was trying to learn much—and to forget much.

One sunny afternoon when Samson had been in the Quartier Latin for eight or nine months the concierge of his lodgings handed him, as he passed through the cour, an envelope addressed in the hand of Adrienne Lescott. As he read it he felt a glow of pleasurable surprise, and, reaching his room, he tore open the envelope with trembling fingers and read:

"Drennie," pleaded Wilfred Horton, as the two leaned on the rail of the Mauretania, returning from Europe, "are you going to hold me off indefinitely? I've served my seven years for Rachel, and thrown in some extra time. Am I no nearer the goal?"

The girl looked at the oily heave of the leaden and cheerless Atlantic, and its somber tones found reflection in her eyes. She shook her head.

"I wish I knew," she said, wearily. Then she added with a laugh: "I'm not worth it, Wilfred. Let me go. Chuck me out of your life as a little pig who can't read her own heart; who is too utterly selfish to decide upon her own life."

"Is it"—he put the question with forebodingness—"that, after all, I was a prophet? Have you—and South—wiped your feet on the doormat marked 'Platonic friendship?' Have you done that, Drennie?"

She looked up into his eyes. Her own were wide and honest and very full of pain.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Victim.

A gentlemen's agreement usually means that the third gentleman is going to get stung.—Atchison Globe.

Pure, splendid tobacco—an inspiration in blending. This is what is giving FATIMA Turkish-blend Cigarettes the lead with intelligent smokers.

"Distinctively Individual"

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Theatrical Manager—His there! What are you going to do with that pistol?

Disconsolate Lover—Going to kill myself.

Theatrical Manager—Hold on a minute. If you're bound to do it, won't you be good enough to leave a note saying you did it for love of Miss Starr, our leading lady? It's a dull season, and every little helps.

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Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XX, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Wonder How Paw Knew?

Little Lemuel—Say, paw, what is a promoter?

Paw—A promoter, son, is a man who sells something he hasn't got to another man who doesn't want it.

We Bond More People than any other company in the world. Maintain a special department for bonding public officers—agents everywhere. Write for rates to Official Bond Department, NATIONAL SURETY COMPANY, 30 West Street, New York. "America's Leading Surety Co."—Adv.

Easily Explained.

"That man seems to be making a great deal of money."

"Yes, he runs to farming one of his business, he is always up against it."

"How is that?"

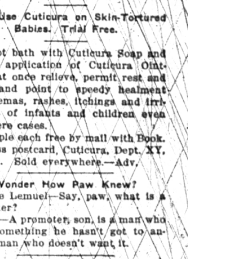
"He is a wall decorator."

Beautiful, clear, white clothes delight the laundress who uses Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers' Adv.

Contrary Commendation.

"My dear, I wanted to please you, so here is some very rare steak."

"Well done!"



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MUCH SOUND; LITTLE EFFECT

Protest of Champ Clark Reminded Alabama Statesman of Humorous Story.

The most dramatic day of the Sixty-third congress was when Champ Clark, the speaker of the house, took the floor for his famous speech explaining why he opposed President Wilson's policy of repealing the Panama canal tolls exemption law. Clark was on the losing side, and everybody knew that the vote would certainly uphold the president.

While the speaker was delivering his remarks in his vibrant, booming voice, Tom Heflin of Alabama walked through the Democratic cloakroom. Even there the thunder of Clark's voice was audible.

Heflin stopped, laughed and said:

"That reminds me of an old colored man down in my state. He was working out in the middle of a field on a hot summer day. It was quite hot that the heat seemed to be shimmering visibly wherever you looked. After a while the midday train rushed by about half a mile away, whistling for a crossing and roaring and thundering as it went.

"The old man watched it go by, took hold of his hoe and stooped over his work once more. Then he said, talking to himself:

"'Boom! Bang! Bum! Ham! But I's gwine to ride you nex' Sadday night!'"—Popular Magazine.

A Spendthrift.

A man and his best girl walked into a North Illinois street drug store. The man bought a one-cent picture postcard and a one-cent postage stamp. As he started to place the stamp on the postcard the woman walked toward the front door.

"Wait a minute, Susie," said the man. "I'm not near through." The man turned to the clerk and bought a package of chewing gum. As the couple walked out of the drug store the man was heard to remark: "There's no limit to me, Susie, when I'm out with you."—Indianapolis News.

Let it content thee that thou art a man.

BANQUETS THAT ARE FAMOUS

Old Romans Would Send to the Ends of the Earth for Delicacies That Appealed to Them.

At the famous banquet of Trimalchio which, I should be remembered, was not merely a banquet, but a burlesque, and was given by a multi-millionaire, as should call him today, the gustus would have served the most of men for a dinner. A donkey of Corinthian bronze held two baskets of olives, white on one side, black on the other. Then there were dormice covered with honey and poppy seed, hot sausage on a silver grill and beneath them damsons and pomegranate seeds. But a Roman dined with Trimalchio as rarely as with Lucullus, and the freedman's fancy was separate and his own.

After the rustus came the regular courses (fercula they are called), which might be three, or even seven, in the houses of epicures. The satirists and historians, as we know, condemn the extravagance, which vastly increased under the empire, and which bade the wealthy Romans send for their priceless delicacies to the ends of the earth. Satire had no more effect than sumptuary laws, and the banquets of the rich patricians and wealthy freedmen are legendary. First came the fish, for poor as for rich a necessity of the dinner. Sea barbel and the turbot of Ravenna were the favorites, and the haddock was not disdained.

Nathan Bedford Forrest.

It is not true that General Forrest was "an ignorant man, never to his dying day able to read or write," as has been said. On the other hand, he was a man of extraordinary natural ability and the possessor of a great deal of solid wisdom. The poverty of his parents prevented him from obtaining any collegiate education, but in mature life he learned to read and write. The best life of Forrest is that of Dr. John A. Wyeth.

There is a love which can find its one expression in sympathy and all its happiness in understanding.—John Oliver Hobbes.

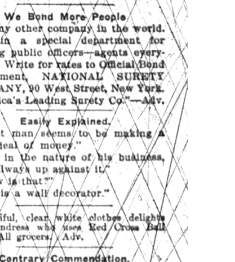
Sneezing as a Diagnosis.

A sneeze is responsible for the discovery by City Clerk Newton that she had three broken ribs and a dislocated shoulder, says a Hanford (Cal.) dispatch to the Los Angeles Times. Several days ago Newton and a number of friends were returning from an automobile ride when the machine turned over. He was slightly injured but thought nothing of it.

Later he sneezed vigorously and the pain increased; he sneezed again and then hastened to see a doctor. The physician, after an examination informed him that he had three broken ribs and a shoulder out of joint. Since then Newton has been too ill to work. His friends are now wondering whether he would have felt the injuries if he had not sneezed twice.

And No Delerizing?

Insurance authorities find that in the last 50 years the average man has increased his length of life by seven years. At this rate, as may easily be determined, the man of 2914 will live 140 years longer than the man of today, in spite of the war.



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