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, landscape painter, unconscious. Jesse Furvy of the Holliman clan has been shot and Samson is suspected of the crime. Samson denies it. The shooting breaks the truce in the Holliman-South feud. Lescott discovers artistic ability in Samson. Samson thrashes Tamarack Spicer and denounces him as the "truce-buster" who shot Furvy. 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. Dremlie 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 vitiated 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 notorious and successful. Farbish brings Horton and Samson together at the latter's 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 exposes the plot and thrashes the conspirators. Samson is advised by his teachers to turn to portrait painting. Dremlie commissions him to paint her portrait. Sally goes to school. Samson goes to Paris to study.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"No," she said, "we haven't done that, yet. I guess we won't. . . . I think he'd rather ride outside, Wilfred. If-I was sure I loved him, and that he loved me, I'd feel like a cheat —there in the other girl to think of. . . . And, besides, I'm not sure what I want myself. . . . But I'm horribly afraid I'm going to end by losing you both."

Horton stood silent. It was tea time, and from below came the strains of the ship's orchestra. A few ulster-muffled passengers gloomily paced the deck.

"You won't lose us both, Drennie," he said, steadily. "You may lose your choice—but, if you find yourself able to fall back on substitutes, I'll be there, waiting."

For once he did not meet her scrutiny, or know of it. His own eyes were fixed on the slow swing of heavy, gray-green waters. He was smiling, but it is as a man smiles when he confronts despair and pretends that everything is quite all right. The girl looked at him with a choke in her throat.

"Wilfred," she said, laying her hand on his arm, "I'm not worth worrying over. Really, I'm not. If Samson South proposed to me today, I know that I should refuse him. I am sure at all sure that I am the least little bit in love with him. Only, don't you see I can't be quite sure I'm not? It would be horrible if we all made a mistake. May I have till Christmas to make up my mind for all time? I'll tell you then, dear, if you care to wait."

CHAPTER XIII.

Tamarack Spicer sat on the top of a box car, swinging his legs over the side. He was clad in overalls, and in the pockets of his breeches reposed a bulging flask of red liquor, and an unbulging pay envelope. Tamarack had been "railroading" for several months this time. He had made a new record for sustained effort and industry, but now June was beckoning him to the mountains with vague, bond yearnings for freedom and leisure. Many things had invited his soul. Almost four years had passed since Samson had left the mountains, and in four years a woman can change her mind. Sally might, when they met on the road, greet him once more as a friend and agree to forget his faulty method of courtship. This time he would be more diplomatic. Yesterday he had gone to the boss and "called for his time." Today he was paid off, and a free lance.

As he reflected on these matters a fellow-trainman came along the top of the car and sat down at Tamarack's side. This brakeman had also been recruited from the mountains, though from another section—over toward the Virginia line.

"So yer quittin'?" observed the newcomer.

Spicer nodded.

"Goin' back thar on Misery?"

Again Tamarack answered with a jerk of his head.

"I've been layin' off ter tell ye something, Tam'rack."

"Cut her loose."

"I laid over in Hixon last week, an' some fellers that used ter know my mother's folks took me down in the cellar of Holliman's store, an' give me some licker."

"What of hit?"

"They was talkin' 'bout you."

"What did they say?"

"I seen that they was enemies of yours, an' they wasn't in no good humor, so, when they axed me of I knowed ye, I 'lowed I didn't know nothin' good about ye. I had ter cuss ye out, or git in trouble myself."

Tamarack cursed the whole Holliman tribe, and his companion went on:

"Jim Asberry was thar. He 'lowed they'd found out that you'd done shot Furvy thet time, an' he said"—the brakeman paused to add emphasis to his conclusion—"thet the next time ye come home, he 'lowed ter git ye plumb shore."

Tamarack scowled.

"Much obleeged," he replied.

As Hixon Tamarack Spicer strolled along the street toward the courthouse. He wished to be seen. So long as it was broad daylight and he displayed no hostility, he knew he was safe—and he had plans.

Standing before the Holliman store were Jim Asberry and several companions. Tamarack recognized Asberry affably and he paused to talk.

"Ridin' over ter Misery?" inquired Asberry.

"'Lowed I 'mout as well."

"Mind of I rides with ye es fur es Jessie's place?"

"Plum glad ter have company," drawled Tamarack.

They chatted of many things, and traveled slowly, but when they came to those narrows where they could not ride stirrup to stirrup each jockeyed for the rear position, and the man who found himself forced into the lead turned in his saddle and talked back over his shoulder, with wary, though seemingly careless, eyes. Each knew the other was bent on his murder.

At Furvy's gate Asberry waved farewell and turned in. Tamarack rode on, but shortly he pitched his horse into the concealment of a hollow, rattled with huge rocks, and disappeared into the laurel.

He began climbing, in a crouched position, bringing each foot down noiselessly and pausing often to listen. Jim Asberry had not been outwardly armed when he left Spicer. But, soon, the brakeman's delicately attuned ears caught a sound that made him lie flat in the lee of a great log, where he was masked in clumps of flowering rhododendron. Presently Asberry passed him, also walking cautiously, but hurriedly, and cradling a Winchester rifle in the hollow of his arm. Then Tamarack knew that Asberry was taking this cut to head him off and waylay him in the gorge a mile away by road but a short distance only over the hill. Spicer held his heavy revolver cocked in his hand, but it was too near the Furvy house to risk a shot. He waited a moment, and then, rising, went on noiselessly with a snarling grin, stalking the man who was stalking him.

Asberry found a place at the foot of a huge pine where the undergrowth would cloak him. Twenty yards below ran the creek-bed road, returning from its long horseshoe deviation. When he had taken his position his faded butternut clothing matched the earth as inconspicuously as a quail matches dead leaves, and he settled himself to wait. Slowly and with infinite caution his intended victim stole down, guarding each step, until he was in short and certain range, but, instead of being at the front, he came from the back. He, also, lay flat on his stomach and raised the already cocked pistol. He steadied it in a two-handed grip against a tree trunk and trained it with deliberate care on a point to the left of the other man's spine just below the shoulder blades.

Then he pulled the trigger! He did not go down to inspect his work. It was not necessary. The instantaneous fashion with which the head of the ambuscader settled forward on its face told him all he wanted to know. With a slight sob back to his horse, mounted and rode fast to the house of Spicer South, demanding asylum.

The next day came word that if Tamarack Spicer would surrender and stand trial in a court dominated by the Hollmans the truce would continue. Otherwise the "war was on."

The Souths flung back this message: "Come and git him."

But Holliman and Furvy, hypocritically clamoring for the sanctity of the law, made no effort to come and get him. They knew that Spicer South's house was now a fortress, prepared for siege. They knew that every trail thither was picketed. Also, they knew a better way. This time they had the color of the law on their side. The circuit judge, through the sheriff, asked for troops and troops came. Their tents dotted the river bank below the Hixon bridge. A detail under a little flag went out after Tamarack Spicer. The militia captain in command, who feared neither feudist nor death, was courteously received. He had brains, and he assured them that he acted under orders which could not be disobeyed. Unless they surrendered the prisoner, sailing guns and Judge Holliman

"Tam'rack, Ye've Got to Go."

a woman buying a card of buttons and a fair-haired clerk waiting on her, they found the building empty.

Back beyond, the hills were impenetrable, and answered no questions.

Old Spicer South would ten years ago have put a bandage on his mouth and gone about his business, but now he tossed under his patchwork quilt, and Brother Spencer expressed grave doubts for his recovery. With his counsel unavailable Wile McCager, by common consent, assumed something like the powers of a regent and took upon himself the duties to which Samson should have succeeded.

That a Holliman should have been able to elude the pickets and penetrate the heart of South territory to Spicer South's cabin was both astounding and alarming. The war was on without question now, and there must by council. Wile McCager had sent out a summons for the family heads to meet that afternoon at his mill. It was Saturday—"mill day"—and in accordance with ancient custom the lanes would be more traveled than usual.

Those men who came by the wagon road afforded no unusual spectacle, for behind each saddle sagged a sack of grain. Their faces bore no stamp of unwonted excitement, but every man balanced a rifle across his pommel. None the less, their purpose was grim, and their talk when they had gathered was to the point.

Old McCager, himself sorely perplexed, voiced the sentiment that the others had been too courteous to express. With Spicer South bed-ridden and Samson a renegade, they had no adequate leader. McCager was a solid man of intrepid courage and honesty, but grinding grist was his vocation, not strategy and tactics. The enemy had such masters of intrigue as Furvy and Judge Holliman.

Then a lean sorrel mare came jogging into view, switching her fly-bitten tail, and on the mare's back, urging him with a long, leafy switch, sat a woman. Behind her sagged the two loaded ends of a corn sack. She was lithe and slim, and her violet eyes were profoundly serious, and her lips were as resolutely set as Joan of Arc's might have been, for Sally Miller had come only estensibly to have her corn ground to meal. She had really come to speak for the absent chief, and she knew that she would be met with derision. The years had sobered the girl, but her beauty had increased, though it was now a chastened type, which gave her strange and rather exalted refinement of expression.

Wile McCager came to the mill door as she rode up and lifted the sack from her horse.

"Howdy, Sally?" he greeted.

"Tol'able, thank ye," said Sally. "I'm goin' ter git orange and rather exalted

As she entered the great half-lighted room, where the mill stones creaked on their cumbersome shafts, the hum of discussion sank to silence. The girl nodded to the mountaineers gathered in corners, then, turning to the miller, she announced:

"I'm going to send for Samson."

The statement was at first met with dead silence, then came a rumble of indignant dissent, but for that the girl was prepared, as she was prepared for the contemptuous laughter which followed.

"I reckon if Samson was here," she said, dryly, "you all wouldn't think it was quite so funny."

Old Caleb Wiley spat through his bristling beard, and his voice was a quavering rumble.

"What we wants is a man. We hain't got no use fer no traitors thet's too almighty damn busy doin' fancy work ter stand by their kith an' kin."

"That's a lie!" said the girl, scornfully. "There's just one man living that's smart enough to match Jesse Furvy—an' that man is Samson South. Samson's got the right to lead the Souths, and he's going to do it—if he wants to."

"Sally," Wile McCager spoke, soothingly, "don't go gittin' mad. Caleb talks hasty. We knows he used ter be Samson's pet, an' we hain't admirin' ter hurt yore feelin's. But Samson's done left the mountings. I reckon ef he wanted ter come back, he'd a-come afore now. Let him stay whar he's at."

"What is he at?" demanded old Caleb Wiley, in a truculent voice.

"That's his business," Sally flashed back, "but I know. All I want to tell you is this. Don't you make a move till I have time to get word to him. I tell you, he's got to have his say."

"I reckon we hain't ergoin' ter wait," sneered Caleb, "for a feller thet won't let hit be known whar he's a-sojournin' at. Ef ye air so shore of him, why won't yet tell us whar he is now?"

"That's my business, too." Sally's voice was resolute. "I've got a letter here—it'll take two days to get to Samson. It'll take him two or three days more to get here. You've got to wait a week."

"Sally," the temporary chieftain spoke still in a patient, humoring sort of voice, as to a tempestuous child, "thar hain't no place ter mail a letter nigher then Hixon. No South can't ride inter Hixon, an' ride out again The mail carrier won't be down this way fer two days yit."

"I'm not askin' any South to ride into Hixon. I recollect another time when Samson was the only one that would do that," she answered, still scornfully. "I didn't come here to ask favors. I come to give orders—for him. A train leaves soon in the morning. My letter's goin' on that train."

"Who's goin' ter take hit ter town for ye?"

"I'm goin' to take it for myself." Her reply was given as a matter of course.

"That wouldn't hardly be safe, Sally," the miller demurred; "this hain't no time fer a gal ter be galavantin' around by herself in the night time. Hit's a-comin up ter storm, an' ye've got thirty miles ter ride, an' thirty-five back ter yore home."

"I'm not scared," she replied. "I'm goin' an' I'm warnin' you now, if you do anything that Samson don't like, you'll have to answer to him, when he comes." She turned, walking very erect and dauntless to her sorrel mare, and disappeared in a gallop.

"I reckon," said Wile McCager, breaking silence at last, "hit don't make no great difference. He won't hardly come, nohow." Then, he added: "But thet boy is smart."

* * * * * * *

Samson's return from Europe, after a year's study, was in the nature of a modest triumph. With the art sponsorship of George Lescott and the social sponsorship of Adrienne, he found that orders for portraits, from those who could pay munificently, seemed to seek him. He was tasting the novelty of being lionized.

That summer Mrs. Lescott opened her house on Long Island early, and the life there was full of the sort of gayety that comes to pleasant places when young men in flannels and girls in soft summery gowns and tanned cheeks are playing wholesomely and singing tunefully and making love not too seriously.

Samson, tremendously busy these days in a new studio of his own, had run over for a week. Horton was, of course, of the party, and George Lescott was doing the honors as host.

One evening Adrienne left the dancers for the pergola, where she took refuge under a mass of honeysuckle.

Samson found her there. She saw him coming, and smiled. She was contrasting this Samson, loosely clad in flannels, with the Samson she had first seen rising awkwardly to greet her in the studio.

"You should have stayed inside and made yourself agreeable to the girls," Adrienne reproved him, as he came up. "What's the use of making a lion of you, if you won't roar for the visitors?"

"I've been roaring," laughed he man. "I've just been explaining to Miss Willoughby that we only eat the people we kill in Kentucky on certain days of solemn observance and sacrifice. I wanted to be agreeable to you, Drennie, for a while.

"Do you ever find yourself homesick, Samson, these days?"

The man answered with a short laugh. Then his words came softly, and not his own words, but those of one more eloquent:

"Who hath desired the sea? Her exhilarant loneliness rather
Than the forecourts of kings, and her uttermost pits than the streets where men gather. . . .
His sea that his being fulfills?
So and no otherwise—no and no otherwise billimen desire their hills."

"And yet," she said, and a trace of the argumentative stole into her voice, "you haven't gone back."

"No." There was a note of self-reproach in his voice. "But soon I shall go. At least, for a time. I've been thinking a great deal lately about my fluttered folk and wild.' I'm just beginning to understand my relation to them, and my duty."

"Your duty is no more to go back there and throw away your life," she found herself instantly contending, "than it is the duty of the young eagle, who has learned to fly, to go back to the nest where he was hatched."

"But, Drennie," he said, gently, "suppose the young eagle is the only one that knows how to fly—and suppose he could teach the others? Don't you see? I've only seen it myself for a little while."

"What is it that—that you see now?"

"I must go back, not to relapse, but to come to be a constructive force. I must carry some of the outside world to Misery. I must take to them, because I am one of them, gifts that they would reject from other hands."

From the house came the strains of an alluring waltz. For a little time they listened without speech, then the girl said very gravely:

"You won't—you won't still feel bound to kill your enemies, will you, Samson?"

The man's face hardened.

"I believe I'd rather not talk about that. I shall have to win back the confidence I have lost. I shall have to take a place at the head of my clan by proving myself a man—and a man by their own standards. It is only at their head that I can lead them. If the lives of a few assassins have to be forfeited I shan't hesitate at that. I shall stake my own against them fairly. The end is worth it."

The girl breathed deeply, then she heard Samson's voice again:

"Drennie, I want you to understand that if I succeed it is your success You took me raw and unfashioned, and you have made me. There is no way of thanking you."

"There is a way," she contradicted. "You can thank me by feeling just that way about it."

"Then I do thank you."

The next afternoon Adrienne and Samson were sitting with a gayly chattering group at the side lines of the tennis courts.

"When you go back to the mountains, Samson," Wilfred was suggesting, "we might form a partnership, South, Horton & Co., Development of Coal and Timber.' There are millions in it."

"Five years ago I should have met you with a Winchester rifle," laughed the Kentuckian. "Now I shall not."

"I'll go with you, Horton, and make a sketch or two," volunteered George Lescott, who had just then arrived from town. "And, by the way, Samson, here's a letter that came for you just as I left the studio."

The mountaineer took the envelope with a Hixon postmark, and for an instant a deep flush dyed his dark complexion. It was addressed in a feminine hand, which he did not recognize. It was careful, but perfect, writing, such as one sees in a school copybook With an apology he tore the covering and read the letter. Adrienne, glancing at his face, saw it suddenly pale and grow as set and hard as marble.

Samson's eyes were dwelling with only partial comprehension on the script. This is what he read:

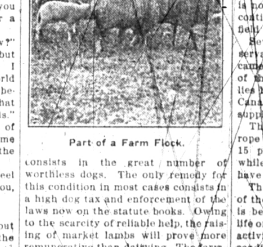
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIVE STOCK

MAKING MONEY WITH SHEEP

Cost of Raising Is Small Compared With High Prices They Bring—Increase Fertility of Soil.

The cost of raising sheep is small compared with the high prices they command or with the cost of production of any other farm animal. The Lincoln, Cotswold and Leicester are probably the three largest breeds of sheep—if any favor in size the Lincoln probably has it. A practical breeder says: "If I want a large growing lamb to put on the market at six or eight weeks old, I will use a large breed than the Southdown, which might use if I was after a mutton chop. For such lambs I am partial to the Oxford, but the Hampshire might give as good satisfaction." Sheep are a good medium for increasing the fertility of the farm of the man of limited means. A dozen ewes, properly cared for, will soon raise lambs enough to stock your farm with sheep. The estimate is that five sheep can be kept on what one cow will consume. With good, bright, wheat straw and half a pound of corn daily, breeding ewes and store sheep will winter nicely. One of the difficulties in raising sheep



Part of a Farm Flock.

consists in the great number of worthless dogs. The only remedy for this condition in most cases consists in a high dog tax and enforcement of the laws now on the statute books. Owing to the scarcity of reliable help, the raising of market lambs will prove more remunerative than dairying. The farmer and one hand can easily feed and care for a small flock. Have a dog-proof exercise yard and a roomy pen with a hard earth floor. Commence with a small flock. Gradually increase as the business is found profitable.

PROPER TIME TO WEAN COLT

Youngster Should Be Accustomed to Eat Hay and Grain Before Removal—Put Mare on Dry Feed.

The colt should be allowed to remain with the mare until it has become accustomed to eat grain and hay before it is weaned. In nearly all cases it will be best to feed the mare for at least several weeks before the colt is removed with ground oats and wheat bran.

Give the mare a roomy, well-bedded box stall, so the colt can eat beside her. This is one of the easiest and quickest ways of teaching the colt to eat.

Give the colt good blue grass and white clover pasture, but put the mare on dry feed. This will help to dry up her milk without causing a swollen udder.

While it is not necessary to particularly push the growth of the colt, it is very essential that a steady growth be maintained and generally it will pay to feed a little grain, unless the pasture is unusually good. Ground oats and wheat bran, say one to two pints per day, fed dry will promote growth of bone and muscle and a well developed healthy animal.

Corn is not a suitable food for a young growing animal.

FEEDING ALFALFA TO SWINE

No Better or More Practicable Method Known Than That of Giving Hay to Animals in Rack.

There does not appear to be anymore practicable method of grinding hay for hogs than by feeding the hay via a good rack.

A few years ago some enthusiast wrote a story about alfalfa tea, which he said was the finest thing on earth. All the tea extracted all the animal food in the alfalfa and at the same time left the plant food for the soil. By giving the tea to the hogs they would gain their weight, and then you could scatter the stewed alfalfa back on the land. The story found its way into one of the eastern publications and the western experiment stations have been flooded with inquiries ever since.

Stock Respond to Good Feeding.

The calves, pigs, and all the young stock on the farm will pay splendid dividends on a good liberal growing ration during the cold weather. Feed for young stock is always feed properly invested if the young stock is of the right kind.

Fine Food for Hogs.

Barley makes a fine feed for the hogs. Grow some next year. The cheapest lot of pigs the writer has ever brought up to 120 pounds had barley as their main ration.

INDICATIONS OF AN EARLY SPRING

Great Prosperity Ahead for Western Canada.

The most recent advices from all points in Western Canada report that conditions are apparent for an early spring. Farmers are going over the implements, getting their seeders ready for operation, the plows in shape for extended breaking, and there is a general optimism. A great many new settlers have already arrived, and the reports from Canadian Government agents in the United States point to the fact that in a few days there will begin the usual emigration from various of the Central and Western states. From the Eastern states the number of farmers going to Canada will be greater than in any past year.

There has been a fairly large snowfall during the winter, which will greatly help the precipitation of last fall, which in the opinion of old-timers was in itself sufficient to insure a good crop during the present year.

There will be very little idle land that will be without a crop this year. The authorities, though are pleading with the farmers to seed fully such land as has had careful preparation for rich as is the soil of Western Canada, it is no more fitted to produce good crops uncultivated than is that of any other land anywhere else. There have been amounts of failures in some portions of the eastern districts, but in Western Canada, and also reports of small yields in some districts. A good deal of this is accounted for from the fact that notwithstanding the advice of men of experience, there are farmers who will persist in seeding land not properly prepared. This may be done this year, but those who cultivate on reasonable and logical methods will be certain of a paying crop. There is every reason to believe that the high prices of all kinds of grain will continue.

With thousands and thousands of acres of land waiting for the husbandman to bring it forth with a crop, it is no wonder that Western Canada is continuing to prove such an inviting field for the agriculturist.

Seventy million dollars is a conservative estimate of values which came to Canada as the direct result of the war. Governments of the allies have been placing large orders in Canada and buying huge quantities of supplies for cash.

The total value of exports to Europe from Canada has jumped about 15 per cent since the war started, while in certain lines the increases have been enormous.

Therefore the results of the demand of the allies for war and other material is beginning to be felt in the financial life of the Dominion. There is a marked activity in many commercial lines, and conditions are becoming normal.

Western Canada is receiving a relative benefit to the East.—Advertisement.

More Like It.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself," said Mrs. Trubble, coming home in the condition you did last night—when I had callers, too?"

"Madam," replied her husband, "you do me an injustice. I was as sober as an owl."

"Yes, as a bolted owl, you mean."

FACE BATHING WITH

Cuticura Soap Most Soothing to Sensitive Skins. Trial Free.

Especially when preceded by little touches of Cuticura Ointment to red, rough, itching and pimply surfaces. Nothing better for the skin, scalp, hair and hands than these supercreamy emollients. Why not look your best as to your hair and skin?

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

Stung.

"It's wonderful what some insects can do. A grasshopper can jump 100 times its length."

"Nothing to that; I once saw a bee raise a 200-pound man three feet off the ground."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Quite So.

He—If I were rich do you think you could love me?

She—I don't know about that, but I should have no objection to marrying you.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Always use Red Cross Ball Blue. Delights the laundress. At all good grocers.—Adv.

The real nice girl who knows too much does not give herself a good recommendation by publishing the fact.

VISIT

California's Expositions

Low Round Trip Fares

via

Northern Pacific Ry

Great Northern Pacific S. S. Co.

and

GARDINER GATEWAY

Original and Northern Entrance to

Yellowstone National Park

A. M. CLELAND, General Passenger Agent Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

WHAT THE HORSES CARRY

French, German and Austrian Animals Are Taxed More Than English and Russian.

Cavalry are playing an unexpectedly large part in the war, and the weight carried by cavalry horses in the various armies is of interest. The British cavalry is armed with the short Lee-Enfield rifle, the magazine of which holds ten rounds; the sword, which is carried by all ranks except signalers; and the revolver, carried by warrant officers, staff sergeants, sergeants, trumpeters and drivers. Each trooper carries 100 rounds of ammunition in a bandolier over the left shoulder. Lancer regiments carry the lance. Each cavalryman (like the infantryman) carries an emergency and the "iron" ration and a ration for his horse. Then there is the kit. Altogether the British troop-horse carries about two hundred and eighty pounds.

The regular Russian cavalry are armed with sword, rifle and bayonet, and each man carries 40 rounds of ammunition. There are the two days' oats and hay ration, a cloak, and an entrenching tool. The cavalryman's kit, two days' rations, spare horse-shoes, horse blanket, canvas bucket, and a mess-tin go to form the complete equipment, and weigh altogether about one hundred and nineteen pounds. The average weight carried by the Indian troop horse when ready for war is about two hundred and sixty-six pounds. The Austrian troopers carry a weight between two hundred and eighty and two hundred and eighty-six pounds, and the average in the French and German armies is about the same.—Manchester Guardian.

Application of Paint.

Paint should be applied only to a clean and dry surface. Moisture under a paint causes it to blister when exposed to the sun; also moisture between coats has the same effect.

A stitch in time beats two in the side.

SAVED TRAIN BY SAFETY PIN

New-Fangled Gown Caused Something of a Confusion at New York Dance.

One of those new-fangled trains became unswitched at a recent dance at the Claridge, according to the New York Times, and when the owner discovered her loss she and the man at the hotel desk had a lot of trouble. It seems that the new train is made so that it can be worn or not worn, just as the owner of the freak to which it belongs fancies. When her friends expressed their admiration of Mrs. Camille Roelx new frock, all went merry as a marriage bell until one of these friends became so enthusiastic over the way Mrs. Roe managed her new train that the latter drew out of the dance to explain.

"You see, it is like this," she began, clutching at her skirt. She caught in vain There was nothing but the skirt. The train had left the station. After a hurried search about the room, Mrs. Roe went out to see if the train had arrived at the desk.

"I've lost my train," she announced, somewhat breathlessly.

The clerk immediately got out his train guide. He thought she was a commuter who had overstayed her time limit in town, and that she wished to catch a later train.

"New Haven or New York Central, ma'am?" he inquired, sympathetically, as he hurriedly turned over the leaves.

The lady explained. The clerk rummaged among the things under the counter. "Nothing like a train here, ma'am," he reported. "The only thing we have is a girdle that the assistant manager picked up and turned in here a little while ago." He held it up. It was the train Mrs. Roe had missed. Pretty soon it was flying through a one-step, but its ordinary couplings had been re-enforced with small safety pins.

Stimulating Better Farming.

The average production of corn per acre is still under twenty-three bushels despite the fact that in nearly every locality yields of 100 bushels per acre have been reported. The department will issue a bulletin which will contain 12 lessons. The department thinks rural school teachers, especially in the great corn growing states, will find this a valuable aid in the work of stimulating in their charges a healthy interest in sound agriculture.

Scenario.

"Scenario" is a grandiose foreign-born word that we accept grudgingly from the "movies." It fills its niche, although we would prefer to see the place less completely occupied by "plot" or "story." Nevertheless, we accept "scenario," and possibly we may become entirely habituated to it in the passage of time. But may we not protest against expressing the ability to write scenarios" by the barbaric short cut "scenariorship."

Busily Engaged.

"That boy of mine is mighty resourceful," said the proud father.

"He makes a terrible racket," replied the man next door.

"Yes. He has the whooping cough."

"But he couldn't cough all the time."

"No. That's why I had to give him