

Cal Hoskins Capitulates

Taming of a Son-in-law by an Old Mountain Woman.

By FRANKLIN P. HARRY

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"Aw, Mis' Myers—Mis' Myers!" a shrill, anxious feminine voice called. "Be th' kians up er down?"

Mrs. Myers looked up from the pan of apples she was paring and inclined her head sidewise to escape the vines on the porch in an endeavor to see who called.

"Why, howdy, Mis' Miracle! They jus' went up about quatter an hour ago. Light from your saddle an' stay awhile," she invited cordially.

"No'm, I can't. I'm jes' so worried in my mind! Lowsey's man ain't been home for two days. He's aroun' town someers chock full of whisky, an' Lowsey's got no wood cut, an' the garden needs diggin', an' she's as mad as hops, an' the baby's sick, an' she can't git down attar him," she clattered in a breath.

The visitor seemed torn between a desire to hasten away and to stay and unbunden her troubled soul. Clad in a faded calico wrapper, tied in place by a gingham apron, her thin, sharp features half concealed by a flapping sunbonnet, she sat resolutely upon a flea bitten, lanky old mule, who seemed suffering from the last stages of ennui.

"Yes," she resumed, "Cal's been gone two days—he's that triffin'—an' one of the Simpson boys back up the road a piece told me he was shootin' his lip off about Buck Haney. Him and Buck's had no good blood for each other ever sence Cal married my Lowsey. One of these days he'll git drunk an' run into Buck, an' there'll be trouble, sure 'nuf."

"Oh, Mis' Miracle! Mrs. Myers cried, aghast. "I seen Buck Haney go past hyer this mawnin', an' he'd been drinkin'—sure's you're born. You'd better come in," she begged.

"Giddap, Jonah!"

Mrs. Miracle addressed the languid mule excitedly.

"Mebbe I kin find him before Buck lays sight on him," she called over her shoulder. "Men are allus sich fools when they're drunk—shootin' each other to pieces. Yuh said th' kians went up, didn't yuh?"

"Yes!" Mrs. Myers screamed. "Be awful careful!"

With many tugs at the long suffering bridle and many high voiced ejaculations of disgust at the mule's slowness, the pair finally got across and disappeared in a rising cloud of dust.



MECHANICALLY HIS HANDS WENT UP.

The first house of the straggling little village belonged to Buck Haney. It sat some distance back from the main road, a crooked, gully washed lane leading up to it.

As Mrs. Miracle and the mule approached from one side a thick set, disheveled man lurched toward it from the other.

"Howdy, ole woman!" he cried, as he completed his circuitous course and landed unsteadily in front of her, treating her incidentally to a genial, bleary eyed grin. "Where ye started at?"

"I'm fur's as I'm goin'. You git right ready to go back with me, Cal Hoskins," she said aggressively. "You know Lowsey needs you home, an' the garden's runnin' wild, an'—"

"Wait tel I'm through with Buck Haney fust!" he cried in thick tongued anger, fumbling in his pockets meanwhile.

At last he found his gun and, pointing it waveringly above his head, fired a shot or two, accompanied by numerous blatant, rancorous invitations to Buck to "come out hyer. I kin lick th' hide offen yuh!"

"You shet your mouth, right now!" Mrs. Miracle hissed.

She leaned over as she spoke and dexterously snatched the pistol from

his wabbling grasp. She tucked it somewhere amid the voluminous calico and turned to him once more, unfastening as she did so a businesslike looking leather whip from beneath her apron.

"You shet your mouth," she repeated, "an' go 'long home!"

Each seemed to be measuring the strength of the other. For a full half minute they stood thus. Then a belting voice from behind them broke the tension:

"Yow! Who's a-callin' Buck Haney, I'd like t' know!"

A second unsteady figure was approaching, this time by the rain gullied lane.

"Where'd y' throw that gun?" Cal whispered hoarsely to his mother-in-law, who was doing her best to hide the whip.

"Shet up!" she admonished tersely. "Who's a-goin' a lick th' hide offen me? You—yuh pizen faced varmint!"

Buck asked, casting a withering, leering look of contempt at Hoskins. "Stand out thar tel I put a 44 in yer hide!" he ordered.

"That's enough outen you!"

Mrs. Miracle's voice had an unpleasant, acidulous rasp in it when she became thoroughly angry. She sprang from the mule and advanced upon him, Cal's nasty looking revolver in her hand.

He was too astonished as the barrel of it neared him to reach for his own gun at first, and when he thought of it she anticipated the movement.

"No, y' don't, nuther! Stiek your paws up, an' don't go grabbin' for your gun. I'll do hit!"

"Mechanically his hands went up. 'Turn aroun', I say!"

Slowly he turned, still keeping his hands up, and when his back was opposite her she deftly drew his gun from his hip pocket. The mule stood still, an interested spectator, and, going back to him, she led him to the fence and climbed upon his back.

"Now, you all calkilate on chawin' each other up, don't yuh?" she asked coolly, forcing the mule over toward the two.

They looked sheepish and amiable and drunk, but not a thing like fighting.

Scorn leaped into her eyes and colored her weather beaten features. She advanced upon them as swiftly as she could make the mule go, the upraised whip writhing in snaky circles above her head.

"Air ye goin' to fight?" she demanded. The culprits looked decidedly aggrieved. How could they possibly be so misunderstood? And fight—without a gun? What business had a woman mixing in with a man's business anyway?

Mrs. Miracle was running things, and she didn't hesitate to let them see it either. Her next words were to the point.

"You all's been a shootin' your mouths off about each other long 'nuf," she told them. "Now's your chance to claw an' scratch to your hearts' content. You all mix right in now, an' I'll see thet yuh play fair!"

The whip whistled and sung about them, its crackling occasionally with a tantalizing nip.

Finding there seemed to be no alternative, Cal advanced upon Buck and tapped him playfully upon the shoulder. Buck after a clumsy pass returned in kind. Then they backed away and regarded each other fondly.

"Keep on!" she encouraged. "Cal says he kin lick th' hide offen yuh. A body dassent say thet to me and me take hit!" she said scornfully.

Turning to her son-in-law, she reminded him: "Buck called you a pizen face. Air ye afraid of him?" she asked wrathfully.

"Keep on! Keep on!" and the whip swished an echo.

Thus stimulated, once more they exchanged blows, and, owing to a rolling stone beneath his foot, Buck slipped, and his fist landed squarely and with considerable force in the middle of Lowsey's man's countenance.

That injected the required ginger into Cal, who rewarded it with a terrific old time "open hander" beside the other one's head that cracked with the delivery. Then, of their own accord, they went to it. Mrs. Miracle nodded approval.

There was much language used—torrid, descriptive, noncomplimentary—but that was only to be expected. Their stern monitor sat above them on the mule, the varying stages of the battle successively written upon her sharp, sun yellowed features.

Now stern disapproval as the action lagged or a whisky clouded brain directed an unusually clumsy blow. Now a quick flashing smile of approbation as a toil hardened paw of a hand landed a good one upon the other's face or body.

Cal succeeded in planting one in Buck's ribs that called forth a ponderous grunt, and the next instant tried dizzily to dodge a like one coming in his direction. He was partly successful, but the blow, sliding beneath his arm, threw the two men together, whereupon they immediately forgot their mutual grievances, threw their arms about each other's necks and became as loving brothers.

Swish, swish! The whip hissed through the air above their heads and alighted in stinging semicircles across their backs and shoulders.

Both men were in their shirt sleeves, and the rawhide bit through the cotton. It did not require many such applications to break the fraternal embrace.

"Stop thet!" she screamed angrily. "This ain't no love feast."

Again the whip sang and cracked above them.

"Hit him, Buck. He says there ain't no man hereabout kin lick him!"

Then to Cal: "Ef you don't whup

him I'll—I'll tell Lowsey. That'll be sunpen else fer you to answer to her fer!"

The sobbing ceased with a gulp, and once more they went to it.

Once the patient, long suffering mule supported the pair until they regained their equilibrium. Sometimes they fell one upon another, but there was always ready watchful sympathy for the under dog, and when it fell the top one was usually anxious to get off.

She would not let them rest for a minute, not believing or perhaps never having heard of fighting by rounds. She liked a continuous performance and held them strictly to it.

Their faces became unrecognizable with sweat and dust, and occasionally a redder streak showed when the skin became broken. It was a pummeling, a grand scratch, a wrestling match and a bombardment of choice profanity all rolled into one.

At last the struggle began to show upon them. As they weakened and



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as the whisky wore off they began to develop a certain watchfulness. It was skill—clumsy perhaps—but skill nevertheless, and when headwork got the better of brute strength the lone spectator's interest heightened.

It may have been partly skill or accident or luck, but in one of these felts Buck got through Cal's guard with a blow that, catching him on the point of the chin, landed him, half dreaming, upon his back by the roadside. Buck immediately prepared to jump upon him with both feet.

"You let him be!" the mother-in-law cried fiercely. "You give him a chance to git up. You'll be thar yourself afore you know hit!"

Grimly she stood guard until the stricken man squirmed up on his elbow, and then she administered a tongue lashing until he staggered dizzily to his feet.

When his vision became clear it was of his own volition he went back into the mill.

Except to see that they met her ideas of fair play, Mrs. Miracle let them fight, once they were in earnest, until they had fought their grudge out, and long after that until they felt they had licked each other to their complete satisfaction.

Even then it was much harder to terminate the fight than to start it; but here, again, the whip came into play, and reluctantly they separated.

"Now, Buck Haney," she said, and her tone was menacing, "you git up to that house fas' as yuh kin go! Don't give me none of your sass nuther," she interrupted him as he seemed about to speak.

Thoroughly sobered, though somewhat bewildered, he passed through the gate and up the rocky, uneven lane. She assured herself that he was really gone before she turned to Cal.

"Now you hoof it for home," she hissed. He merely glared at her stubbornly and turned in the opposite direction.

Was she to lose out, after all? Was she to go back to Lowsey with the humiliating knowledge that she had failed?

Heretofore their quarrels had not been her quarrels, but now that she was into it her mountain blood urged her to win or die.

The mule seemed to be in sympathy with her for once, for he spurred along until she overtook him, and, though he had begun to run, the lash descended and struck squarely.

Whatever opposition was in his mind faded with that one blow. Before she could administer another he was headed homeward and outdoing the mule.

"You'll fin' th' rake an' hoe side o' th' stable door," she called after him, "an' th' ax's at th' wood pile!"

He made no sign save perhaps to accelerate his speed. Mrs. Myers was still on the porch when he passed. She noted his bruised countenance and the sleeve torn from his shirt.

Then a voice, timid, anxious, hailed her from beyond the railroad track, and she turned to see.

It was only an angular, sharp featured old mountain woman upon a somnolent mule.

"Mis' Myers," she called, "Mis' Myers, be th' kians up er down?"

COVENTRY

Mrs. Clayton Brooks has been quite ill.

Mrs. A. J. Hancock has been ill with asthma.

Miss Lou Hancock has returned to Hanover, N. H.

Mrs. Nora Brown visited at E. A. Corrow's over Sunday.

Earl Metcalf has been spending several days in Lisbon, N. H.

Mrs. Eugene Greenwood has returned to her home in Enosburg Falls.

Walter Fairbrother has sold his building lot to the town for \$250.

David Drake of West Derby visited his brother, G. M. Drake, last week.

The new reservoir is done and quite a lot of pipe laid for the fire protection system.

Mrs. Clara Worboys and children have returned to their home in West Charleston.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Ide and daughter of New Hampshire are visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. Lucretia Frost and Mrs. George Gorham of Barton visited relatives in town last week.

Asa Hancock of Newport Center has moved his family into Mrs. Esther Hancock's house.

The contract for building the new town hall has been given to W. B. Freer & company of Richford.

William Parker, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. C. T. Chapman, has returned to his home in Lisbon, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph West [are] the happy parents of a nine-pound son born Monday morning. Congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Noyes and little son, Alton of Sherbrooke, P. Q., are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Ware.

The meetings held here during the past week have been very helpful. Rev. Thomas Hall and daughter have gone to Lyndon to hold meetings.

The Congregational parsonage is being repaired, repapered and painted, a new bathroom is being installed and other improvements are being made.

The following was taken from the Canadian Congregationalist: "After the evening services on Sunday, August 1st, Rev. C. C. Clark has tendered his resignation as pastor of Brooklyn and Beach Meadow churches, N. S., resignation to take effect Sept. 12th. His next field of labor will be Coventry, Vt. Our faithful pastor and wife, who have proved themselves all things to all men, have been with us five years, and we felt we had the right people in the right place, and it is with genuine regret that it is not possible for them to remain with us for many more years. During their sojourn with us we have been blessed, and we have proved him to be a faithful, pastor, brother and friend, a man who have proved themselves all things to all men, endowed with the very essence of Christian courtesy in all walks of life. Never was the love for a pastor and wife any stronger than

for them. Little self denials, passing words of sympathy and an unselfish desire to labor for others have made the ties that bound us together all the harder to sever. If there is one thing that stands out more prominently than another as a lasting monument it is the interest they both have shown in the Sabbath school. The hospitality and conversation in their home was always high, pure and sweet, full of inspiration to noble thought and action, pushing aside all that approached the border line of what is not best, introducing instead something pleasant and profitable, never coming in contact with the dark and noisome life. They may leave us but the good seed sown will surely continue to bear fruit, and while we deeply regret the severing of their connection with us we can assure them we have their interest at heart, and the prayers and good wishes follow them to their new field. The church at Brooklyn recently held a most successful garden party taking in about \$108."

How to Satisfactorily Clean Genuine Pewter Ware.

A shop which makes a specialty of genuine pewter ware says that in cleaning pewter whiting or any good silver powder can be used. The polish should, however, first be mixed with olive oil, machine oil or vaseline, or even kerosene, and then rubbed all over the object. Then wipe it off and polish with the dry powder applied with a soft cloth.

METHOD.

The absence of method, which characterizes the uneducated, is occasioned by a habitual submission to mere events and images as such and independent of any power in the mind to classify or appropriate them. The general accomplishments of time and place are the only relations which persons of this class appear to regard in their statements. As this constitutes their leading feature, the contrary excellence, as distinguishing the well educated man, must be referred to the contrary habit. Method, therefore, becomes natural to the mind which has been accustomed to contemplate not things only, or for their own sake alone, but likewise and chiefly the relations of things, either their relations to each other or to the observer or to the state and apprehensions of the hearers.—Coleridge.

Out-of-Town Depositors

A person at a distance can open an account with the Orleans Trust Company just as easily as one close at hand by making the United States Mail his confidential agent, and at any time the whole or part of the amount can be withdrawn without any previous notice.

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NEWPORT, VERMONT

Vermont Local Option League

All Vermonters who believe in the retention of the present Local Option Law and the principles of self government—personal, political and municipal—are invited to join in the movement represented by this League. The membership fee is one dollar. Contributions of larger amounts will be welcome. Every dollar received will be used to set forth before the residents of the State the facts in relation to the workings of the present law to prove that under local option the State has better temperance regulations than it ever had under prohibition.

CUT OUT AND MAIL TODAY

Raymond Trainor, Sec.,
Vermont Local Option League,
White River Junction, Vt.

Dear Sir:
Believing the Vermont local option law has been instrumental in promoting temperance, sobriety and a cleaner civic life, and desiring that it remain a part of the law of the State, I herewith enclose One Dollar and request to be enrolled as a member of the Vermont Local Option League.

Signed,

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