Borneo Pirates.

Brunei, Borneo, is one of the strangest cities in the world. Once the headquarters of the Borneo pirates, it is a kind of eastern Venice, being built entirely over the water. This remarkable city is the capital of the state of Brunei, Borneo. All the houses are built over the River Limbang, constructed on slender piles made from the Nibong palm, a wood that resists the action of water for many years. The inhabitants of Brunei are Malays, Kadayans, Orang-Buskits, and a few Maruts. They earn their living mostly by trading with other tribes in the interior of Sarawak and British North Borneo. Some of them are very skillful brass workers, and the Brunei women make beautiful cloth, interwoven and embroidered with gold thread. Sago is grown in the valleys nearby, and a small quantity of rice is also raised. In the early part of the nineteenth century Brunei was the rendezvous of the dread Borneo pirates, and a market for the slave trade.—Wide World Magazine.

SUCCESSFUL YOUNG AUTHOR

Remarkable Sale of "The Call of the Cumberlands," Written by Charles Neville Buck.

Although only thirty years old, Charles Neville Buck, author of "The Call of the Cumberlands," has traveled far and done much. Although a lawyer by profession, it was newspaper work that brought him into connection with the lawless feudists of the Kentucky mountains and that is to a certain extent responsible for the plot of his story.

Charles Neville Buck.

It is rare for a man of Mr. Buck's youth to be the author of a hundred thousand seller, but "The Call of the Cumberlands" has already passed that amount.

The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—On Misery creek, at the foot of a rock from which he has fallen, Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious, and after reviving him, goes for assistance.

CHAPTER II—Samson South and Sally, taking Lescott to Samson's home, are met by Spicer South, head of the family, who tells them that Jesse Purvy has been shot, and that Samson is suspected of the crime. Samson denies it.

CHAPTER III—The shooting of Jesse Purvy breaks the truce in the Hollman-South feud.

CHAPTER IV—Samson reproves Tamarack Spicer for telling Sally that Jim Hollman is on the trail with bloodhounds hunting the man who shot Purvy.

CHAPTER V—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-breaker who shot Purvy."

CHAPTER VI.

Lescott had come to the mountains anticipating a visit of two weeks. His accident had resolved him to shorten it to the nearest day upon which he felt capable of making the trip out to the railroad. Yet June had ended; July had burned the slopes from emerald to russet-green; August had brought purple tops to the ironweed and still he found himself lingering. And this was true although he recognized a growing sentiment of disapproval for himself. In Samson he thought he recognized twin gifts; a spark of a genius too rare to be allowed to flicker out, and a potentiality for constructive work among his own people, which needed for its perfecting only education and experience.

"Samson," he suggested one day when they were alone, "I want you to come East. You say that gun is your tool, and that each man must stick to his own. You are in part right, in part wrong. A man uses any tool better for understanding other tools. You have the right to use your brains and talents to the full."

The boy's face was somber in the intensity of his mental struggle, and his answer had that sullen ring which was not really sullenness at all, but self-repression.

"I reckon a feller's biggest right is to stand by his kinfolks. Unc' Spicer's gittin' old. He's done been good ter me. He needs me here."

"I appreciate that. He will be older later. You can go now, and come back to him when he needs you more. If what I urged meant disloyalty to your people, I could cut out my tongue before I argued for it. You must believe me in that. I want you to be in the fullest sense your people's leader. I want you to be not only their Samson—but their Moses."

The boy looked up and nodded.

"I reckon ye aims ter be friendly, all right," was his conservative response.

The painter went on earnestly:

"I realize that I am urging things of which your people disapprove, but it is only because they misunderstand that they do disapprove. They are too close, Samson, to see the purple that mountains have when they are far away. I want you to go where you can see the purple. If you are the sort of man I think, you won't be beguiled. You won't lose your loyalty. You won't be ashamed of your people."

"I reckon I wouldn't be ashamed," said the youth. "I reckon there hain't no better folks nowhar."

"I'm sure of it. There are going to be sweeping changes in these mountains. Conditions here have stood as immutably changeless as the hills themselves for a hundred years. That day is at its twilight. I tell you, I know what I'm talking about. The state of Kentucky is looking this way. The state must develop, and it is here alone that it can develop. Here are virgin forests and almost inexhaustible coal veins. Capital is turning from an orange squeezed dry, and casting about for fresher food. Capital has seen your hills. Capital is inevitable, relentless, omnipotent. Where it comes, it makes its laws. Conditions that have existed undisturbed will vanish. The law of the feud, which militia and courts have not been able to abate, will vanish before capital's breath like the mists when the sun strikes them. Unless you learn to ride the waves which will presently sweep over your country, you and your people will go under. You may not realize it, but that is true. It is written."

The boy had listened intently, but at the end he smiled, and in his expression was something of the soldier who scents battle, not without welcome.

"I reckon if these here fellers air a-comin' up here ter run things, an' drowned out my folks, hit's a right good reason fer me ter stay here—an' help my folks."

"By staying here, you can't help them. It won't be work for guns, but for brains. By going away and coming back armed with knowledge, you can save them. You will know how to play the game."

"I reckon they won't git our land, ner our timber, ner our coal, without we wants ter sell hit. I reckon ef they tries thet, guns will come in handy. Things has stood here like they is now fer a hundred years. I reckon we kin keep 'em that-away fer a spell longer." But it was evident that Samson was arguing against his own belief; that he was trying to bolster up his resolution and impeached loyalty, and that at heart he was sick to be up and going to a world which did not despise "eddication." After a little, he waved his hand vaguely toward "down below."

"Ef I went down thar," he questioned suddenly and irrelevantly, "would I hev' ter cut my ha'r?"

"My dear boy," laughed Lescott, "I can introduce you in New York studios to many distinguished gentlemen who would feel that their heads had been shorn if they let their locks get as short as yours. In New York, you might stroll along Broadway garbed in turban and a burnouse without greatly exciting anybody. I think my own hair is as long as yours."

"Because," doggedly declared the mountaineer, "I wouldn't allow nobody ter make me cut my ha'r."

"Why?" questioned Lescott, amused at the stubborn inflection.

"I don't hardly know why—" He paused, then admitted with a glare as though defying criticism: "Sally likes hit that-away—an' I won't let nobody dictate ter me, that's all."

The leaven was working, and one night Samson announced to his uncle from the doorstep that he was "studyin' erbout goin' away fer a spell, an' seein' the world."

The old man laid down his pipe. He cast a reproachful glance at the painter, which said clearly, though without words:

"I have opened my home to you and offered you what I had, yet in my old age you take away my mainstay."

"I 'lowed you was a studyin' erbout that, Samson," he said, at last. "I've done ther best fer ye I knowed. I kinder 'lowed thet from now on ye'd do the same fer me. I'm gittin' along in years right smart. . . ."

"Uncle Spicer," interrupted the boy, "I reckon ye knows thet any time ye needed me I'd come back."

The old man's face hardened.

"Ef ye goes," he said, almost sharply, "I won't never send fer ye. Any time ye ever wants ter come back, ye knows ther way. Thar'll be room an' victuals fer ye hyar."

"I reckon I mout be a heap more useful ef I knowed more."

"I've heard fellers say that afore. Hit hain't never turned out jest way with them what has left the mountains. Mebby they gits more usefuller, but they don't git useful fer us. Either they don't come back at all, or mebby they comes back full of new-fangled notions—an' ashamed of ther own folks. That's the way, I've noticed, hit gen'ally turns out."

Samson scorned to deny that such might be the case with him, and was silent. After a time, the old man went on again in a weary voice, as he bent down to loosen his brogans and kick them noisily off on to the floor:

"The Souths hev done looked to ye a good deal, Samson. They 'lowed they could depend on ye. Ye hain't quite twenty-one yet, an' I reckon I could refuse ter let ye sell yer prop'ty. But thar hain't no use tryin' ter hold a feller when he wants ter quit. Ye don't 'low ter go right away, do ye?"

"I hain't plumb made up my mind ter go at all," said the boy, shamefacedly. "But, ef I does go, I hain't a-goin yit. I hain't spoke ter nobody but you about hit yit."

Lescott felt reluctant to meet his host's eyes at breakfast the next morning, dreading their reproach, but, if Spicer South harbored resentment, he meant to conceal it, after the stoic's code. There was no hint of constraint in his cordiality. Lescott felt, however, that in Samson's mind was working the leaven of that unspoken accusation of disloyalty. He resolved to make a final play, and seek to enlist Sally in his cause. If Sally's hero-worship could be made to take the form of ambition for Samson, she might be brought to relinquish him for a time, and urge his going that he might return strengthened. He went down to the creek at the hour when he knew Sally would be making her way thither with her milk pail, and intercepted her coming.

As she approached, she was singing, and the man watched her from the distance. He was a landscape painter and not a master of genre or portrait. Yet, he wished that he might, before going, paint Sally.

"Miss Sally," he began, "I've discovered something about Samson."

Her blue eyes flashed ominously.

"Ye can't tell me nothin' 'bout Samson," she declared, "withouten hit's somethin' nice."

"It's something very nice," the man reassured her.

"Then, ye needn't tell me, because I already knows hit," came her prompt and confident announcement.

Lescott shook his head, dubiously.

"Samson is a genius," he said.

"What's thet?"

"He has great gifts—great abilities to become a figure in the world."

She nodded her head, in prompt and full corroboration.

"I reckon Samson'll be the biggest man in the mountings some day."

"He ought to be more than that."

Suspicion at once cast a cloud across the violet serenity of her eyes.

"What does ye mean?" she demanded.

"I mean"—the painter paused a moment, and then said bluntly—"I mean that I want to take him back with me to New York."

The girl sprang to her feet with her chin defiantly high and her brown hands clenched into tight little fists.

"I Have Opened My Home to You and Offered You What I Had, Yet in My Old Age, You Take Away My Mainstay."

Her bosom heaved convulsively, and her eyes blazed through tears of anger. Her face was pale.

"Ye hain't!" she cried, in a paroxysm of fear and wrath. "Ye hain't a-goin' ter do no sich—no sich of a damn thing!" She stamped her foot, and her whole girlish body, drawn into rigid uprightness, was a-quiver with the incarnate spirit of the woman defending her home and institutions. For a moment after that, she could not speak, but her determined eyes blazed a declaration of war. It was as though he had posed her as the Spirit of the Cumberlands.

He waited until she should be calmer.

"You don't understand me, Miss Sally. I'm not trying to take Samson away from you. If a man should lose a girl like you, he couldn't gain enough in the world to make up for it. All I want is that he shall have the chance to make the best of his life."

"I reckon Samson don't need no fotched-on help ter make folks knowledge him."

"Every man needs his chance. He can be a great painter—but that's the least part of it. He can come back equipped for anything that life offers. Here, he is wasted."

"Ye mean"—she put the question with a hurt quaver in her voice—"ye mean we all hain't good enough for Samson?"

"No. I only mean that Samson wants to grow—and he needs space and new scenes in which to grow. I want to take him where he can see more of the world—not only a little section of it. Surely, you are not distrustful of Samson's loyalty? I want him to go with me for a while, and see life."

"Don't ye say hit!" The defiance in her voice was being pathetically bedraggled up with the tears. She was speaking in a transport of grief. "Don't ye say hit. Take anybody else—take 'em all down thar, but leave us have Samson. We needs him hyar. We've got ter have Samson hyar."

She faced him still with quivering lips, but in another moment, with a sudden sob, she dropped to the table and buried her face in her crossed arms. He went over and softly laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Miss Sally—" he began.

She suddenly turned on him a tear-stained, infuriated face, stormy eyes blazing eyes and wet cheeks and trembling lips.

"Don't touch me," she cried; "don't ye dare ter touch me! I hain't nothin' but a gal—but I reckon I could claw and tear ye ter pieces. Ye're jest a pizen snake, anyhow!" Then, she pointed a tremulous finger off up the road. "Git away from hyar," she commanded. "I don't never want ter see ye again. Ye're tryin' ter steal everything I loves. Git away, I tells ye!—git away—begone!"

"Think it over," urged Lescott, gently. "See if your heart doesn't say I am Samson's friend—and yours." He turned, and began making his way over the rocks; but, before he had gone far, he sat down to reflect upon the situation. Certainly, he was not augmenting his popularity. An hour later, he heard a rustle, and turning, saw Sally standing not far away. She was hesitating at the edge of the underbrush, and Lescott read in her eyes the effort it was costing her to come forward and apologize.

"I reckon—I reckon I've got ter ask yore pardon," she said, slowly and with labored utterance. He looked up and saw her standing with her head drooping and her fingers nervously pulling a flower to pieces.

"I reckon I hain't a plumb fool. I knows thet Samson's got a right smart eddication. Anyhow, I knows he wants ter git hit."

"Education," said the man, "isn't going to change Samson, except to make him finer than he is—and more capable."

She shook her head. "I hain't got no eddication," she answered. "Hit's a-goin' ter make him too good for me. I reckon hit's a-goin' ter jest about kill me. . . ." Her lips tried to themselves into a pathetic smile, and her chin came stiffly up. "Hit's—she added, determinedly, "thet hit'll make no diff'rence, nohow."

Yet, when Samson that evening gave his whippoorwill call at the Widow Miller's cabin, he found a dejected and miserable girl sitting on the stile, with her chin propped in her two hands and her eyes full of somberness and foreboding.

"What's the matter, Sally?" questioned he, anxiously. "Hes that feller down Tamarack Spicer been round here tellin' ye some more stories to pester ye?"

She shook her head in silence. Usually, she bore the brunt of their conversations, Samson merely augmenting with, or overruling, her in his brevities. The boy climbed up and sat beside her.

"Thar's a-goin' ter be a dance party over ter Wile McCager's house come Saturday," he insinuatingly suggested. "I reckon ye'll go over there with me, won't ye, Sally?"

He waited for her usual delighted assent, but Sally only told him absently and without enthusiasm that she would "study about it." At last, however, her restraint broke, and, looking up, she abruptly demanded:

"Air ye a-goin' away, Samson?"

"Who's been a-talkin' ter ye?" demanded the boy, angrily.

For a moment, the girl sat silent. Finally, she spoke in a grave voice.

"Hit hain't nothin' ter git mad about, Samson, The artist man 'lowed as how ye had a right ter go down thar and git an eddication." She made a weary gesture toward the great beyond.

"He hadn't ought to of told me, Sally. If I'd been plumb sartin in my mind, I'd a-told ye myself—not what I knows," he hastily amended, "thet he meant hit friendly."

"Air ye a-goin'?"

"I'm studyin' about hit."

He awaited objection, but it came. Then, with a piquing of masculine vanity, he demanded:

"Hain't ye a-keerin', Sally, whether I goes, or not?"

The girl grew rigid. Her fingers on the crumbling plank of the stile's top tightened and gripped hard. Her face did not betray her, nor her voice, though she had to gulp down a rising lump in her throat before she could answer calmly.

"I think ye had ought to go, Samson."

The boy was astonished. He had avoided the subject for fear of her opposition—and tears.

Then, slowly, she went on:

"There hain't nothin' in these