

HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging
Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave
Up in Despair. Husband
Came to Rescue.

Catron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good.

I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without its firing me, and am doing all my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. 1-64

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 brings the trace in the Holliman-South feud.

CHAPTER IV—Samson reproves Tamarack Spicer for telling Sally that Jim Holliman 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, and a jeering crowd of mountaineers. Samson thrashes him and denounces him as the "truce-buster" who shot Purvy.

CHAPTER VI—Lescott tries to persuade Samson to go to New York with him and develop his talent. Sally, loyal but heartbroken, furthers Lescott's efforts. The dance at Wile McCager's threatens trouble to Samson and Lescott.

CHAPTER VII—At the dance Samson tells the South clan he is going to leave the mountains. Lescott goes home to New York. Samson bids Spicer and Sally farewell.

CHAPTER VIII—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.

CHAPTER IX—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, a party social parasite, and Horton's enemy.

CHAPTER X—Farbish sees Samson and Drennie dining together unchaperoned at the Wigwam restaurant. He conspires with others to make Horton jealous and succeeds.

CHAPTER XI—Farbish brings Norton and Samson together at the Kenners 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.

CHAPTER XII—Samson is advised by his teachers to turn to portrait painting. Drennie commissions him to paint her portrait. Sally goes to school. Samson goes to Paris to study. Drennie finds in his studio pictured evidence of his loyalty to Sally.

CHAPTER XIII—Tamarack kills Jim Ashberry, is surrendered to the militia and shot from ambush by a Holliman. The feud is on again and the law helps in the face of murder. Sally sends for Samson.

CHAPTER XIV—Samson goes home, catches Aaron Hollis in the act of murdering Jesse Purvy and kills him. He goes to Sally. Captain Callomb hears of the killings.

"Good God!" groaned the man, in abjectly bitter self-contempt. His hand went involuntarily to his cropped head, and dropped with a gesture of self-doubting. He looked down at his tan shoes and silk socks. He rolled back his shirt-sleeve and contemplated the forearm that had once been as brown and tough as leather. It was now the arm of a city man, except for the burning of one outdoor week. He was returning at the eleventh hour—stripped of the faith of his kinsmen, half-stripped of his faith in himself. If he were to realize the constructive dreams of which he had last night so confidently prattled to Adrienne, he must lead his people from under the blighting shadow of the feud.

Yet, if he was to lead them at all, he must first regain their shaken confidence, and to do that he must go, at their head, through this mire of war to vindication. Only a fighting South could hope to be heard in behalf of peace. His eventual regeneration belonged to some tomorrow. Today held the need of such work as that of the first Samson—to slay.

He must reappear before his kinsmen as much as possible the boy who had left them—not the fop with new-fangled affectations. His eyes fell upon the saddlebags upon the floor of the Pullman and he smiled satirically. He would like to step from the train at Hixon and walk brazenly through the town in those old clothes, challenging every hostile glance. If they shot him down on the streets, as they certainly would do, it would end his questioning and his anguish of dilemma. He would welcome that, but it would, after all, be shirking the issue. He must get out of Hixon and into his own country unrecognized. The lean boy of four years ago was the somewhat filled-out man now. The one concession that he had made to Paris life was the wearing of a closely cropped mustache. That he still wore—had worn it chiefly because he liked to hear Adrienne's humorous denunciation of it. He knew that, in his present guise and dress, he had an excellent chance of walking through the streets of Hixon as a stranger. And, after leaving Hixon, there was a mission to be performed at Jesse Purvy's store. As he thought of that mission a grim glint came to his pupils.

All journeys end, and as Samson passed through the tawdry cars of the

local train near Hixon he saw several faces which he recognized, but they either eyed him in inexpressive silence or gave him the greeting of the "furriner."

Then the whistle shrieked from the trestle over the Middle fork, and at only a short distance rose the cupola of the brick courthouse and the scattered roofs of the town. Scattered over the green slopes by the river bank lay the white spread of a tented company street, and, as he looked out, he saw uniformed figures moving to and fro and caught the ring of a bugle call. So the militia was on deck; things must be bad, he reflected. He stood on the platform and looked down as the engine roared along the trestle. There were two galling whistles. One pointed its muzzle toward the town, and the other scowled up at the face of the mountain. Sentries paced their beats. Men in undershirts lay dozing outside tent flaps. It was all a picture of disciplined readiness, and yet Samson knew that soldiers made of painted tin would be equally effective. These military forces must remain subservient to local civil authorities, and the local civil authorities obeyed the nod of Judge Holliman and Jesse Purvy.

As Samson crossed the toll bridge to the town proper he passed two brown-shirted militiamen, lounging on the rail of the middle span. They grinned at him, and recognizing the outsider from his clothes, one of them commented:

"Ain't this the hell of a town?"

"It's going to be," replied Samson, enigmatically, as he went on.

Still unrecognized, he hired a horse at the livery stable, and for two hours rode in silence, save for the easy creaking of his stirrup leathers and the soft thud of hoofs.

The silence soothed him. The brooding hills lulled his spirit as a crooning song lulls a fretful child. Mile after mile unrolled forgotten vistas. Something deep in himself murmured:

"Home!"

It was late afternoon when he saw ahead of him the orchard of Purvy's place, and read on the store wall, a little more weather stained, but otherwise unchanged:

"Jesse Purvy, General Merchandise."

The porch of the store was empty, and as Samson flung himself from his saddle there was no one to greet him. This was surprising, since, ordinarily, two or three of Purvy's personal guardsmen loafed at the front to watch the road. Just now the guard should logically be doubled. Samson still wore his eastern clothes—for he wanted to go through that door unknown. As Samson South he could not cross its threshold either way. But when he stepped up on to the rough porch flooring no one challenged his advance. The yard and orchard were quiet from their front fence to the grisly stockade at the rear, and, wondering at these things, the young man stood for a moment looking about at the afternoon peace before he announced himself.

Yet Samson had not come to the stronghold of his enemy for the purpose of assassination. There had been another object in his mind—an utterly mad idea, it is true, yet so bold of conception that it held a ghost of promise. He had meant to go into Jesse Purvy's store and chat artlessly, like some inquisitive "furriner." He would ask questions which by their very impertinence might be forgiven on the score of a stranger's folly. But, most of all, he wanted to drop the casual information, which he should assume to have heard on the train, that Samson South was returning, and to mark, on the assassin leader, the effect of the news. In his new code it was necessary to give at least the rattle's warning before he struck, and he meant to strike. If he were recognized, well—he shrugged his shoulders.

But as he stood on the outside, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, for the ride had been warm, he heard voices within. They were loud and angry voices. It occurred to him that by remaining where he was he might gain more information than by hurrying in.

"I've done been your executioner for twenty years," complained a voice, which Samson at once recognized as that of Aaron Hollis, the most trusted of Purvy's personal guards. "I hain't never laid down on ye yet. Me an' Jim Asberry killed old Henry South. We laid fer his boy, an' would 'a' got him ef you'd only said ther word. I went inter Hixon an' killed Tam'rack Spicer, with soldiers all round me. There hain't no other damn fool in these mountings would 'a' took such a long chance es ther. I'm tired of it. They're a-goin' ter git me, an' I wants ter leave, an' you won't come clean with the price of a railroad ticket to Oklahoma. Now damn yore stingy soul, I gits that ticket or I gits you!"

"Aaron, you can't scare me into doin' nothin' I ain't aimin' to do." The old baron of the vendetta spoke in a cold, stolid voice. "I tell ye I ain't quite through with ye yet. In due an' proper time I'll see that ye get yer ticket." Then he added, with conciliating softness: "We've been friends a long while. Let's talk this thing over before we fall out."

"Thar hain't nothin' to talk over," stormed Aaron. "Ye're jest tryin' ter kill time till the boys gits hyar, and then I reckon ye 'lows ter have me kill like ye've had me kill them others. Hit ain't no use. I've done sent 'em away. When they gits back hyar, either you'll be in hell, or I'll be on my way outen the mountings."

Samson stood rigid. Here was the confession of one murderer, with no denial from the other. The truce was off. Why should he wait? Catastrophe

seemed to thunder in his brain, and yet he stood there, his hand in his coat pocket, clutching the grip of a magazine pistol. Samson South the old, and Samson South the new were writhing in the life-and-death grapple of two codes. Then, before decision came, he heard a sharp report inside, and the heavy fall of a body to the floor.

A wildly excited figure came plunging through the door, and Samson's left hand swept out and seized its shoulder in a sudden vise grip.

"Do you know me?" he inquired, as the mountaineer pulled away and crouched back with startled surprise and vicious frenzy.

"No, damn ye! Git outen my road!" Aaron thrust his cocked rifle close against the stranger's face. From its muzzle came the acrid stench of freshly burned powder. "Git outen my road afore I kills ye!"

"My name is Samson South."

Before the astounded finger on the trigger could be crooked, Samson's pistol spoke from the pocket, and as though in echo, the rifle blazed, a little too late and a shade too high, over his head, as the dead man's arms went up.

Except for those two reports there was no sound. Samson stood still, anticipating an uproar of alarm. Now he should doubtless have to pay with his life for both the deaths, which would inevitably and logically be attributed to his agency. But, strangely enough, no clamor arose. The shot inside had been muffled, and those outside, broken by the intervening store, did not arouse the house. Purvy's bodyguard had been sent away by Hollis on a false alarm. Only the "women-folks" and children remained indoors, and they were drowning with a piano any sounds that might have come from without. That piano was the chief emblem of Purvy's wealth. It represented the acme of "having things hung up;" that ancient and expressive phrase, which had come down from days when the pioneers' worldly condition was gauged by the hams hanging in the smokehouse and the peppers, tobacco and herbs strung high against the rafters.

Now Samson South stood looking down, uninterrupted, on what had been Aaron Hollis as it lay motionless at his feet. There was a powder-burned hole in the butternut shirt, and only a slender thread of blood trickled into the dirt-grimed cracks between the planks. The body was twisted sideways, in one of those grotesque attitudes with which a sudden summons so frequently robs the greatest phenomenon of all its rightful dignity. The sun was gilding the roadside clouds and burnishing the greens of the treetops. The breeze was harping sleepily among the branches, and several geese stalked pompously along the creek's edge. On the top of the stockade a gray squirrel, sole witness to the tragedy, rose on his haunches, flitted his brush, and then, in a sudden leap of alarm, disappeared.

Samson turned to the darkened doorway. Inside was emptiness, except for the other body, which had crumpled forward and face down across the counter. A glance showed that Jesse Purvy would no more fight back the coming of death. He was quite unarmed. Behind his spent body ranged shelves of general merchandise. Boxes of sardines and cans of peaches were lined in homely array above him. His lifeless hand rested as though flung out in an oratorical gesture on a bolt of blue calico.

Samson paused only for a momentary survey. His score was clean. He would not again have to agonize over the dilemma of old ethics and new. Tomorrow the word would spread like wildfire along Misery and Crippleshin that Samson South was back and that his coming had been signalized by these two deaths. The fact that he was responsible for only one—and that in self-defense—would not matter. They would prefer to believe that he had invaded the store and killed Purvy and that Hollis had fallen in his master's defense at the threshold. Samson went out, still meeting no one, and continued his journey.

Dusk was falling when he hitched his horse in a clump of timber, and, lifting his saddlebags, began climbing to a cabin that sat back in a thicketed cove. He was now well within South territory and the need of masquerade had ended.

The cabin had not for years been occupied. Its roof-tree was leaning askew under rotting shingles. The doorstep was ivy-covered, and the stones of the hearth were broken. But it lay well hidden and would serve his purposes.

Shortly, a candle flickered inside, before a small hand mirror. Scissors and safety razor were for a while busy. The man who entered in impenetrable clothes emerged fifteen minutes later—transformed. There appeared under the rising June crescent a smooth-faced native, clad in stained store clothes, with rough woolen socks showing at his brogan tops, and a battered felt hat drawn over his face. No one who had known the Samson South of four years ago would fail to recognize him now. And the strangest part, he told himself, was that he felt the old Samson. He no longer doubted his courage. He had come home, and his conscience was once more clear.

The mountain roads and the mountain sides themselves were sweetly silent. Moon mist engulfed the flats in a lake of dreams, and, as the livery-stable horse halted to pant at the top of the final ridge, he could see below him his destination.

The smaller knobs rose like little islands out of the vapor, and yonder, catching the moonlight like screens of

his uncle's...

widow Miller. At a point where a brook crossed the skirt creek, he dismounted. Ahead of him he stilled where he had said good-bye to Sally. The place was dark, chimney smokeless, but, as he neared, holding the shadows of trees, he saw one sliver of light bottom of a solid shutter; the light of Sally's room. Yet, for a while, she stopped there, looking and ing no sound. He stood at the con—and behind him lay all the ter and culture of that other world that had been good to him.

That was to Samson South those pregnant and portentous moments with which life so punctuates its turning points, times all the set and solidified that go into the building of a nature may be upstaged and ranged. So the layers of a chain and a continent that centuries remained steadfast break and alter under the earthquake or volcano, heights under water and new ranges above the sea.

There was passing before as he stood there, pausing, rama much vaster than any been able to conceive when stood there. He was seeing of the old life and the new, in contrasts, and, as the things thousands of miles before his eyes as clearly as a ried backbone of the ridge, comparing and settling for the actual values and proportions the things in his life.

He saw the streets of New York, brilliant under strings of opalescent light. Champs Elysees ran its trimmed parquetry from the Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe, the chatter and music of its in his ears. The ivory spaces from the Pincian hill, where he saw almond trees in bloom, Piazza Venezia, spread their story before his imagination, 'buses and hansoms string the mud and fog of London, endless pot-pourri of Manhattan, the things that the outside to offer; all that had ever pulses to a worship of the harmonious, the excellent, exact value. Then he saw sunrise as it would be tomorrow over these rugged hills, the mists rise and grow wispy, the disk of the sun gain color, the miracles of cannoning and caressing palm—and, had come back to fight, a peace settled over him, for that, if he must choose these five hills, or all the rest, he forego all the rest. And Would she be changed? He was hammering wildly not had remained loyal. It was acle, but it was the one counted. He was going to nothing else mattered.

He lifted his head and a long, clear whippoorwill of quavered on the night music, other calls in the black him. After a moment he was in the shadow of a poplar peated the call.

Then the cabin door opened, framed a patch of yellow light, and, at the center, a silhouetted figure, in a fluttering attitude of uncertainty, turned slightly to one side. He did so, the man saw clasped right hand the rifle, which his mission, bequeathed to her. She hesitated, and the man in the shadow, once more a bird note, but this time it was soft and that it seemed the whispering whippoorwill.

Then, with a sudden glad she came running with her grace down to the road.

Samson had vaulted the stood in the full moonlight saw her coming he stretched arms and his voice broke throat in a half-hoarse, passing "Sally!"

It was the only word he spoken just then, but it was necessary. It told her it was an outburst from a full of emotion to grope and the cry of a man for the One who alone can call forth an more eloquent than phrasery. And, as she came stretched arms as straight as a homing pigeon, they clung her in a convulsive grip that straining to him, almost crying in the tempest of his emotion.

For a time there was no to each of them it seemed tumultuous heartbeating above the night music, and raphy of heartbeats told Later they would talk, but a gloriously wild sense of gether, with a mutual inter joy because all that they had was true, and all that they was untrue, they stood that the skies clasping each of the rifle between their breast as he held her close, he that a shadow of doubt have existed. He wondered in some nightmare of hallo had ever existed.

The flutter of her heart that of a rapturous bird, and fragrance of the elder bloom. These were their stars overhead. These were their their moon was smiling on He had gone and seen that had him, he had

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