

## The Call of the Cumberlands

BY CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK  
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES IN THE PLAY

Close to the serrated backbone of the Cumberlands ridge through a sky of mountain clarity, the sun seemed hesitating before its descent to the horizon. The sugar-loaf cone that towered above a creek called Misery was pointed and edged with emerald tracery where the loftiest timber thrust up its crest plumes into the sun. On the hillside it would be light for more than an hour yet, but below, where the waters tossed themselves along in a chorus of tiny cascades, the light was already thickening into a cathedral gloom. Down there the "furnace" would have seen only the rough course of the creek between moss-veined and shaded bowlders of titanic proportions. The native would have recognized the country road as these tortuous twistings. A great block of sandstone, to whom summit a man standing in his saddle could scarcely reach his fingertips, towered above the reach his fingertips, towered above the twisting in the gratefully cool mist. Laughing with the shrewd exhilaration of the table top of the huge rock. But there she halted suddenly with a startled exclamation and drew instinctively back. What she saw might well have astonished her, for it was a thing she had never seen before and of which she had never heard. Finally, reassured by the silence, she slipped across the broad face of the flat rock for a distance of twenty-five feet and paused again to listen.

At the far edge lay a pair of saddlebags, such as a firm practical equipment for mountain travelers. Near them lay a tin box, littered with small and unfamiliar-looking tubes of soft metal, all grotesquely twisted and stained, and beside the box was a strangely shaped plaque of wood smeared with a dozen hues. That this plaque was a painter's sketching palette was a thing which she could not know, since the ways of artists had done with a world as remote from her own as the life of the moon or the stars. It was one of those vague mysticisms of "down below." Why had these things been left here in such confusion? If there was a man about who owned them he would doubtless return to claim them. She crept over, eyes and ears alert, and slipped around to the front of the queer tripod, with all her muscles poised in readiness for flight.

A half-rapturous and utterly astonished cry broke from her lips. She stared a moment, then dropped to the moss-covered rock, looking back over her brown hands and gazing intently. "It's surry!" she approved, in a low, musical murmur. "Hit's plumb dead beautiful!"

Of course it was not a finished picture—merely a study of what lay before her—but the hand that had placed these brush strokes on the academy board was the sure, deft hand of a master of landscape, who had caught the splendid spirit of the thing and fixed it immutably in true and glowing perspective. Who are you, where he had gone; why his work stood there unfinished and abandoned, were details which for the moment this half-savage child-woman forgot to question. She was conscious of a sense of revelation and awe. Then she saw other boards, like the one upon the easel, piled near the paint box. These were dry, and represented the work of other days; but they were all pictures of her own mountains, and in each of them, as when she was something that made her heart leap.

To her own people these steep hillsides and "coves" and valleys were a matter of course. In their stony soil they labored by day, and in their shadows slept when work was done. Yet someone had discovered that they had a picturesque and rugged beauty; that they were not merely steep fields where the plow was useless and the hoe must be used. She must tell Samson—Samson, whom she held in an artless exaltation of awe and worship. "I don't know what ye means?" "That I've been a great deal of trouble to you."

Her lips and eyes were sober as she replied. "I reckon that's all right." "And what's worse, I've got to be more trouble. Did you see anything of a brown mule?" She shook her head. "He must have wandered off. May I ask to whom I am indebted for this first aid to the injured?" "I don't know what ye means?" She had propped him against the rocks and sat near by, looking into his face with almost disconcerting steadiness; her solemn-pupiled eyes were unblinking and unsmiling. "Why, I mean who are you?" he laughed. "I hain't nobody much. I jest lives over you."



A Low Groan Mingled With His Breathing.

## FOOTSTEPS OF THE FATHERS

As Traced in Early Files of The Yorkville Enquirer

NEWS AND VIEWS OF YESTERDAY

Bringing Up Records of the Past and Giving the Younger Readers of Today a Pretty Comprehensive Knowledge of the Things that Most Concerned Generations that Have Gone Before.

The first installment of the notes appearing under this heading was published in our issue of November 1913. The notes are being prepared by the editor as time and opportunity permit. Their purpose is to bring into review the events of the past for the pleasure and satisfaction of the older people and for the entertainment and instruction of the present generation.

### 106TH INSTALLMENT

(Thursday Morning, Jan. 6, 1862.)  
The vigilance committee of this place, a few days since, arrested E. E. McCaffrey, (a northern man) who was heretofore in the employ of Mr. E. M. Kirkpatrick, jeweler and silversmith. It appears from what we could understand, McCaffrey has been in the habit of using language which was not compatible with southern interests. He was accordingly lodged in jail for safe keeping.

Editorial Correspondence.  
From the 12th Regiment.  
"Camp Pemberton," near Pocoltaligo, S. C., Dec. 29, 1861.  
Dear Enquirer:—Many of your readers have doubtless come to the conclusion that my letters are "few and far between." The want of matter proper to be published is the excuse we offer for our apparent desertion of duty. Rumors abound in our camp nearly every day, stating enough to satisfy the most inveterate news-monger, but on investigation, the mountain generally found to have been in labor, and the product a mouse.

Our regiment left Pocoltaligo, on the 18th, instant, at 8:30 o'clock p. m., pursuant to an order from General Lee, who had received dispatches advising him that the Yankees were landing in force near Port Royal ferry. We left our encampment with light baggage, accompanied by a detachment of the North Carolina flying artillery, under command of Lieut. McElhenny, and proceeded to Gardner's Corner, a distance of seven miles. Col. Donovan after conferring with Col. Jones, who was stationed at that place, faced his regiment about and marched it back about two miles above Pocoltaligo, and bivouaced among the bushes for the night. Our company, accompanied by the artillery, was, however, detailed for picket duty, and ordered to a position two miles distant, on a road leading to Pages' Point. On the appearance of daylight, it was ascertained that the Yankees had landed, or attempted to do so.

On Monday morning the company on picket duty returned to the regiment, and all the camp equipment was brought down from Pocoltaligo. On Tuesday the "long roll" was beaten, the regiment formed and marched to Gardner's Corner—the report having reached us of another landing. This, however, turned out to be story No. two. On Thursday, another alarm, another march and wolf story No. three.

Everything remained quiet until Wednesday morning, the 18th, when the firing of artillery was heard in the direction of Port Royal ferry. All were on the qui vive for the "long roll," and preparations were made for moving on a moment's warning. About sundown a courier arrived from the ferry, stating that the North Carolina artillery had fired on one of the enemy's gunboats, disabling her seriously—that she was aground—and could easily be captured. The command was immediately put in motion and marched to within two miles of the ferry, where we were informed that the boat had fired into their flats loaded with men, who had come to her assistance—sunk one flat, and done much other damage to the Yankees. There being nothing for us to do, we "marched down the hill."

There are matters about which we could write, calculated to interest and satisfy your readers, but prudence dictates silence. In regard to our forces, suffice it to say that a sufficient number of men can be concentrated at any point where our enemies can harm us, to drive them back to the cover of their guns. We have no fear that they will accomplish much towards subjugation in South Carolina.

Since my last letter, the "Palmer Guards" have received many articles of comfort from good friends at home, and in their behalf we hereby tender thanks. To Col. A. B. Springs for a contribution of \$25.00; to the ladies of Yorkville, Bethel and Bethesda Relief societies for clothing, blankets, shoes, etc.; to Rev. E. E. Boyce, Maj. J. B. Lowry and Wm. McGee for clothing; to Mrs. Samuel Blair; they are under obligations for similar favors.

The postoffice address of the regiment is Pocoltaligo, S. C.  
L. M. G.  
(To be Continued.)

### HAPPENINGS IN THE STATE.

News Items from All Sections of South Carolina.  
Dr. W. W. Wolfe was elected mayor of St. Matthews last week.  
Rev. A. T. Cornwell has resigned the rectorship of St. Paul's church, in Charleston.  
A. S. Salley, Jr., was on Friday, elected secretary of the South Carolina historical association.  
Fire at Furman University, Greenville, last week, did damage amounting to less than \$100.  
Sheriff John W. Davis of Oconee county, was seriously injured in a run-away accident, last Friday.  
Senator Vermer has introduced a bill in the state senate which would allow motion pictures to be shown in the public schools of the state.  
A warehouse belonging to R. H. Laney of Cheraw, was destroyed by

## ATTACKING THE WAREHOUSE

Would Kill Promising System in the Boring.

COLUMBIA INTERESTS MAKE ASSAULT

Unable to Advance Argument of Facts, Newspaper Organ Makes Resort to Effort to Discredit the Warehouse Commissioner and Create Prejudice Generally.

Editorial.  
Columbia Record, Friday, January 22. "There's Nothing in It."  
We have before us the report of State Warehouse Commissioner John L. McLaurin to the general assembly. The report is a pamphlet of some eleven pages of printed matter, principally devoted to a disquisition on the handling, financing and exporting of cotton, and setting forth the munificent results the commissioner could achieve if he were granted all the money and power necessary to carry out the details of the system, but in the most general terms to the operations of the warehouse system with which he is charged and which it is presumed the general assembly would particularly desire to know about in this connection.

The commissioner says he will file a supplemental report in which he "will include," as directed by the act a list of the warehouses, locations, names of managers, amount of cotton on storage and such other details as may be necessary for your (the general assembly's) full information, but when he will do so is not specified. He does inform the body that "we have twenty-eight warehouses, with an aggregate capacity of 45,000 bales," but as to whether the storage capacity has been utilized and to what extent we are not told.

But these are apparently minor and disconsidered details in Commissioner McLaurin's scheme of things. He dreams of bigger things. He is fascinated with his calculations of the potentialities that inhere in the simple title of "sales agent" for South Carolina's her cotton crops. Think of it! The factor for an entire state—for one and a half million people! The proposer and disposer of one million and a half bales of cotton each year.

It is a dream worthy of the dreamer. Aladdin's wonderful lamp never disclosed such heaps of hoarded yellow gold, rubbed he it ever so industriously. He would build compresses; he would do away with middlemen of every description; he would float ships; he would deal directly with Germany where 25 cents is being quoted for cotton and "bring home the bacon"—that is to say, some trifling hundreds of thousands of dollars for each cargo, being the difference between 8 cents and 25 cents on the other side.

Harken to our South Carolina Colony Mulberry Sellers:  
"If the state had one plant, as a beginning, located in Columbia, with a compress, just at this time, the sale of a single cargo of cotton in Europe at 25 cents a pound, which is being paid there, would have a tremendous effect in advancing the price of cotton."

He gives an illustration of a Savannah pool that "floated bonds for a half million dollars to purchase several vessels, in which cargoes of cotton were shipped to Germany" and "sold there, those gentlemen stated to my informant, at a net profit of thirteen cents a pound.

"If any argument were needed, this mere statement should be enough. Here is one man producing a bale of cotton at a loss of \$20; here is another making \$70 clear for finding a market."

The trifling circumstance of floating a half million dollars to buy ships to take the risk of finding a market by navigating seas sewed with floating mines and searched by belligerent war ships looking for contraband and all the chances by flood and field of the "Strumpet Fortune," cuts no figure in the calculations of Mulberry Sellers McLaurin. The difference between 8 and 20 or 25 cent cotton safely landed in Germany is all that profits.

D. W. Kemper of the Galveston cotton exchange, was quoted in an Associated Press dispatch printed in this newspaper yesterday, as saying that "it costs \$12.50 per bale to secure an American vessel to carry a bale of cotton from Galveston to Rotterdam, which is but two days' journey from Liverpool."

"What excuse has a government for existence which cannot correct such gross inequities in the distribution of wealth," exclaims Mr. McLaurin, and our Mulberry Seller would at a mere wave of the wand of his imagination sweep out of our path all the obstacles and difficulties that lie between 8 cents cotton in South Carolina and 25 cents cotton in Germany, which have engaged and taxed the powers of logic of the virile and acute mentality of a Woodrow Wilson—which have given rise to an international issue between Great Britain and the United States that had not had its equal in gravity since the eagle and the lion clashed and clashed with each other one hundred and more years ago over the pernicious interference of the latter with our sailors and merchant ships on the high seas, even now straining to the breaking point of friendly, blood relationship and identity of interests of the two powers to bridge over amicably—which have caused the Democratic president to bring in the most extraordinary measure providing for the purchase of a government-owned merchant marine and precipitated an apparently drawn battle between the two great national parties in the halls of congress.

What excuse, indeed, has a government for existence when a McLaurin can obviate all these difficulties with a breath from his wonder-compelling lungs?  
But, alas, just as like as not, when our new work of Arabian wonders should have transported his fleecy staple to Germanic shores by means of magic carpets, or the other hand, Jason, having overcome all the crops of armed men and other obstacles, he

## GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Items of Interest Gathered From All Around the World.  
It is estimated in London that England will have fully 1,000,000 fighting men in France by the first of March.

There are more than 10,000 earthquake victims being cared for in the regular and temporary hospitals of Rome, Italy.  
Eight iron furnaces of the Thomson Steel Works at Braddock, Pa., were put in operation last week, giving employment to 1,000 men.

The Grafton state bank at Grafton, W. Va., was closed last week following a run, caused, it is said, by the failure of a big bank at Uniontown, Pa.  
The rail mill of the Illinois Steel company at Gary, Ind., is to resume operations February 8, adding 1,500 men to the force of 3,000 now employed by the company.

Major Devile, of the French army medical service, has received not less than 97 wounds since the war began. Most of his wounds have been slight, but several have been quite serious.  
After a strike lasting five months, in which a demand for an increase of wages was the issue, 1,600 glove cutters of Greenville and Johnston, N. Y., have returned to work. The demands were not granted.

A dispatch from Athens, Greece, says: "The decision of Roumania to enter the arena as a belligerent is confirmed from various sources. All agree that the time is to be the first week in February."  
During the year 1914, there were 190 fatal grade crossing accidents in New York state. In 1913, the total of such deaths were 184. Automobiles on grade crossings were responsible for 35 deaths last year.

The steamship Maryland of the Baltimore Chesapeake and Atlantic railway, was destroyed by fire in Chesapeake bay, Friday. Twelve of the 108 passengers and crew are unaccounted for.  
A story sent out from Paris is to the effect that the ministers of finance of England, France and Russia, at a recent joint meeting in Paris, arranged to float a war loan of \$3,500,000,000, to bear 3 1/2 per cent interest.

A correspondent writing from Rome, says: "It is again instantly rumored that Emperor Francis Joseph, while fully realizing the danger of the cessation of the sovereignty of Hungary at the present time, has decided to abdicate."  
The Efficiency Board of the National Bakers' association, in Chicago, last week, recommended that the bankers of the country make loans to weigh 50 cents to sell at 10 cents, putting the increased price on the higher cost of wheat.

Two million dollars will be distributed among farmers in various states, as compensation for the destruction of their cattle and property in the crusade against the foot and mouth disease, if the promises of congressional leaders are carried through.  
Twenty-two of the special deputy sheriffs charged with firing on striking employes of the American Agricultural Chemical company at Roosevelt, N. J., last Wednesday, in which one man was killed, are being held for trial under bail bonds of \$2,000 each.

As the result of the failure of the First National Bank at Uniontown, Pa., last week, following the acquisition of the banking laws, and the first failure under the reserve banking laws, the Federal Reserve board is considering the idea of having the national banks submit weekly statements of condition.

Peter S. Tully, known by his comrades as "Silce Bar," of Vallejo, Cal., was the first of the veteran sailors of the battleship Oregon on her dash around South America in 1898, to take advantage of the voyage-enlistment of the Spanish war crew of the Oregon, for the ceremonies incident to the official opening of the Panama canal.

Judge Worschauser at White Plains, N. Y., last week, following the acquittal of a defendant charged with shooting Chas. H. Wilson, before discharging the jury, said to that body: "I cannot agree with your verdict, but I must accept it. There is but one conclusion in my mind, and that is that this is a clear case of blackmail. The verdict indicates a miscarriage of justice."

The military committee of the lower house of congress, has favorably reported the McGellar bill, providing for the establishment in each state of a military training school, which must receive at thorough academic education and such military instruction from army officers, as will fit them for the duties of reserve or volunteer officers in time of war.

Dr. E. Lester Jones, public commissioner of fisheries, in a report to President Wilson, after an investigation of charges of wholesale and continual violations of liquor laws in regulations in Alaska, says: "Wherever the white man has settled the saloon prevails and that has had more to do with the ruination of the Indian and the Aleut than all other causes. I am advised by reliable authority that up to this year there had not been a single conviction by a jury in Alaska."

Jos. J. Ettor, leader of Industrial Workers of the World, is in jail at St. Clairsville, O., charged with treason last week. He is commander-in-chief of the 11th day of January, 1915, known as general order No. 2, is hereby declared void and of no effect. All rights, duties, privileges and obligations, whether civil or military, of the National Guard and of the volunteer militia, in whole or in part, and of the officers and men thereof, are not affected by said illegal order, but have continued and do now continue as though said order had never been issued. This order is to take effect immediately.

The following is the substance of Order No. 4, issued by Governor Manning last Friday, as commander-in-chief of the militia: The purported order of the 11th day of January, 1915, known as general order No. 2, is hereby declared void and of no effect. All rights, duties, privileges and obligations, whether civil or military, of the National Guard and of the volunteer militia, in whole or in part, and of the officers and men thereof, are not affected by said illegal order, but have continued and do now continue as though said order had never been issued. This order is to take effect immediately.