The Call of the **Cumberlands**

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

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On Misery creek Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious. Jesse Purvy of the Hollman clan has been shot and Samson is suspected of the crime. Samson denies it The shooting breaks the truce in the Hollman-South feud. Samson.

Lescott discovers artistic ability in thrashes Tamarack Spicer and denounces him as the "truce-buster" who shot Purvy Samson tells the South clan that he i 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. Drennie 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 business world and becomes well hated by predatory financiers and politi a Bohemian resort Samsor meets William Farbish, sporty social parasite, and Horton's enemy. Farbish conspires with others to make Horton jealous, and succeeds. Farbish brings Forton and Samson together at the Kermore 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. Drennie 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 stay outside. Wil-

I want myself. . . . But I'm horribly | Spicer held his heavy revolver cocked

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

"You won't lose us both, Drennie," he said, steadily. "You may lose your to fall back on substitutes, I'll be there, waiting."

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 every-

over. Really, I'm not. If Samson South proposed to me today, I know that I should refuse him. I am not 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 vagabond 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 kinsman 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

Spicer nodded.

"Goin' back thar on Misery?" Again Tamarack answered with a jerk of his head.

"I've been layin' off ter tell ye some-

thin', 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 Hollman'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 him except by process of law. I'm not fours, an' they wasn't in no good humor, so, when they axed me ef 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 Hollman

tribe, and his companion went on:

Purvy 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. along the street toward the courtas it was broad daylight and he displayed no hostility, he knew he was safe—and he had plans.

fably and he paused to talk.

Asberry. "'Lowed I mout as well."

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

"Plumb 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 killed Tamarack was fired. Except for over his shoulder, with wary, though seemingly careless, eyes. Each knew the other was bent on his murder.

At Purvy's gate Asberry waved farewell and turned in. Tamarack rode on, but shortly he hitched his horse in the concealment of a hollow, walled 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 Tamafred. If I was sure I loved him, and rack knew that Asberry was taking that he loved me. I'd feel like a cheat this cut to head him off and waylay -there is the other girl to think of. him in the gorge a mile away by road . . And, besides, I'm not sure what but a short distance only over the hill. afraid I'm going to end by losing you in his hand, but it was too near the a woman buying a card of buttons an 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 choice-but, if you find yourself able its long horseshoe deviation. When butternut clothing matched the earth For once he did not meet her scru- as inconspicuously as a quail matches tiny, or know of it. His own eyes were | 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 thing is quite all right. The girl of being at the front, he came from looked at him with a choke in her the back. He, also, lay flat on his stomach and raised the already cocked "Wilfred," she said, laying her hand pistol. He steadied it in a two-handed on his arm, "I'm not worth worrying 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. He slipped 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 Hollman and Purvy, hypocritically clamoring for the sanctity of the law, made no effort to come and "git 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 white 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, gatling guns would follow. If necessary they would be dragged behind ox teams. Many militiamen might be killed, but for each of them the state had another. from another section—over toward the If Spicer would surrender, the officer would guarantee him personal protection her horse. "So yer quittin'?" observed the new- tion, and, if it seemed necessary, a "Howdy, Sally?" he greeted. change of venue would secure him trial in another circuit. For hours the clan deliberated. For the soldiers they felt no enmity. For the young captain they felt an instinctive liking. He was a man.

Old Spicer South, restored to an echo of his former robustness by the call of action, gave the clan's verdict.

"Hit hain't the co'te we're skeered of. Ef this boy goes ter town he won't never git into no co'te. He'll be murdered."

The officer held out his hand. "As man to man," he said, "I pledge you my word that no one shall take

working for the Hollmans or the Purvys. I know their breed." For a space old South looked into

the soldier's eyes and the soldier looked back. "I'll take yore handshake on thet

bargain," said the mountaineer, grave-"Jim Asberry was thar. He 'lowed ly. "Tam'rack," he added, in a voice they'd found out that you'd done shot of finality, "ye've got ter go."

The officer had meant what he said. He marched his prisoner into Hixon at the center of a hollow square, with with a soldier rubbing elbows on each side, a cleanly aimed shot sounded At Hixon Tamarack Spicer strolled | from somewhere. The smokeless powder told no tale, and with blue shirts house. He wished to be seen. So long and army hats circling him, Tamarack talks hasty. We knows ye used ter fell and died.

henchmen was found lying in the road | done left the mountings. I reckon Standing before the Hollman store with his lifeless face in the water of ef he wanted ter come back, he'd were Jim Asberry and several com- the creek. The next day, as old Spicer a-come afore now. Let him stay whar panions. They greeted Tamarack af- South stood at the door of his cabin, he's at." a rifle barked from the hillside, and he "Ridin' over ter Misery?" inquired | fell, shot through the left shoulder by a bullet intended for his heart All this while the troops were helplessly camped at Hixon. They had power and inclination to go out and get men, but there was no man to get.

The Hollmans had used the soldiers as far as they wished; they had made them pull the chestnuts out of the fire and Tamarack Spicer out of his stronghold. They now refused to swear out additional warrants.

A detail had rushed into Hollman's store an instant after the shot which



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

Purvy house to risk a shot. He waited a fair-haired clerk waiting on her, they found the building empty.

Back beyond, the hills were impene-

trable, and answered no questions. Old Spicer South would ten years ago have put a bandage on his wound and gone about his business, but now he tossed under his patchwork quilt, and Brother Spencer expressed grave he had taken his position his faded 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 Hollman should have been able to elude the pickets and penetrate the heart of South territory to Spicer a year's study, was in the nature of South's cabin was both astounding and alarming. The war was on without sponsorship of George Lescott and the question now, and there must be coun- social sponsorship of Adrienne, he cil. Wile McCager had sent out a sum- found that orders for portraits, from mons for the family heads to meet that afternoon at his mill. It was Saturday-"mill day"-and in accordance the novelty of being lionized. with ancient custom the lanes would be more traveled than usual.

road afforded no unusual spectacle, gayety that comes to pleasant places 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 not too seriously. 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 Purvy and Judge Hollman.

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 ostensibly 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 a strange and rather exalted refinement of expression.

Wile McCager came to the mill door as she rode up and lifted the sack

"Tol'able, thank ye," said Sally. "I'm | Than the forecourts of kings, and her goin' ter get off."

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 conclave, 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 reproach in his voice. "But soon I yet.-Manchester Guardian. 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 to them, and my duty." 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 al-

that's smart enough to match Jesse little while." muskets at the ready. And yet, as the Purvy-an' that one man is Samboy passed into the courthouse yard, son. Samson's got the right to lead he wants to."

"Sally," Wile McCager spoke, soothingly, "don't go gittin' mad. Caleb be Samson's gal, an' we hain't aimin' That afternoon one of Hollman's ter hurt yore feelin's. But Samson's

"Whar 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. tell you, he's got to have his say."

"I reckon we hain't a-goin' ter wait," sneered Caleb, "fer 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?"

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 fer ye?"

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

"That wouldn't hardly be safe, Saly," 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 house."

"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 at a gallop.

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

. . . Samson's return from Europe, after moderate triumph. With the art those who could pay munificently. seemed to seek him. He was tasting

That summer Mrs. Lescott opened her house on Long Island early, and Those men who came by the wagon the life there was full of the sort of when young men in flannels and girls in soft summery gowns and tanned cheeks are playing wholesomely and singing tunefully and making love-

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 South followed her. 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 vis-

"I've been roaring," laughed the 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 excellent loneliness rather

uttermost pits than the streets where men gather. . . . His sea that his being fulfills? So and no otherwise so and no other-

wise hillmen desire their hills.' "And yet," she said, and a trace of

"you haven't gone back." 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

"Your duty is no more to go back there and throw away your life," she "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, "supthat knows how to fly-and suppose he covered.

"That's a lie!" said the girl, scorn-| could teach the others? Don't you fully. "There's just one man living see? I've caly seen it myself for a

"What is it that—that you see now?" "I must go back, not to relapse, but the Souths, and he's going to do it-ef to come to be a constructive force. 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 "That's my business, too." Sally's 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

"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 gazed at it with a puzzled expression. 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.)

TAKE DISEASE FROM WHITES Tuberculosis Among Alaskan Indians Has Been Laid at the Door of the "Paleface."

The great prevalence of all forms of tuberculosis among the Alaskan Indians, as proved by a report by Dr. Emil Krulish, is explained by the Journal of the American Medical Association as follows:

"Tuberculosis is a comparatively new infection among Indians, bestowed upon them by the benevolent paleface along with firewater and cer tain other blessings of civilization. Among these blessings must probably be counted scarlet fever, measles, in fluenza, whooping cough and diphtheria. Not yet possessing the racial immunity which it takes many generations to acquire, the poor Indian suffers from them in greater degree than does the white, and more frequently dies of them. Then there are the overcrowding and the unsanitary conditions prevailing in most of the homes of tuberculosis sufferers; while at least this much good arises from their misfortune that after the disease is well developed in them its progress (unless they are well cared for) is rapid, and death removes what would otherwise remain a menacing focus

of infection." Tuberculosis was one of the chief causes of the dying out of the Indians all over North America.

Two Famous Names.

"Thomas Atkins" is a newcomer compared with "Jack Tar" of the senior service. "Jack Tar" as a nickname for a sailor is first recorded in 1786, but sailors were known as "tars" for more than a hundred years before that. The name already appears in literature in the latter half of the seventeenth century. "Tar" may be short for "tarpaulin." Sailors were called "tarpaulins" early in the seventeenth century. Tarpaulin, of course, is canvas tarred to make it waterproof, and the sailors' hat made of that material, something like a sou'-wester, was called a turpaulin. However that may be, British sailors have been "honest tars," "jolly tars" and "gallant tars" for 200 years. There is more steel and oil about a the argumentative stole into her voice, modern battleship than tarry rope, perhaps, but probably Jack will remain "No." There was a note of self- Jack Tar for another hundred years

First English Newspaper. The first newspaper printed in the English language, with its old English type and its quaint account of events in foreign countries, was a pamphlet issued in 1621. Its title, "Corrant or found herself instantly contending. Nevves from Italie, Germanie, France, and other places," is as curious as its contents. For many years it had been supposed that no copy of the Corrant mighty damn busy doin' fancy work pose the young eagle is the only one of this interesting document was diswas in existence, but recently a copy

BROUGHT BACK NATURAL HEALT

The Facts About an Interesting (a Of Serious Female Trouble Bens fited By The Use of Cardui,

Walnut Cove, N. C-Mrs. E. Rothrock, of this town, had a "Ah two years ago I was in very bad heal for three or four months. At this time I had a serious feme trouble, which lasted severely for his weeks. I got awfully weak and en scarcely go, and my doctor said ought to be in bed.

My two sisters, who had used Cards with good results and who how use as a tonic, recommended it highly me, saying it is a fine medicine I felt if I lived I must have so thing to help me, and as other med cines had failed to relieve me

thought I would try Cardui, the Won an's tonic. At this time I was almost skin and bones. I seemed to improve after the the of the second bottle of Cardui. The trouble stopped. I suffered less par and began to get back my streng and health. I took five more bottle and got back my natural state

health, also my flesh, and could do m work easily. This spring I was run down health; had over-worked myself. took nearly three bottles of Cardui,

a tonic, and it brought me back to my natural state of health. Last week I put up 78 jars of fruit which I could not have done before taking Cardui. I am glad I heard w

it, and I hope other women will too." Your case may not be as bad as the above, but even if only a mild case, we suggest that you begin today to try Cardui, the woman's tonic.-Adv.

His Turn Next

Diner-See here, where are those oysters I ordered on the half shell! Waiter-Don't get impatient, sa We're dreffle short on shells; | you're next, sah.—Boston Eveni Transcript.

DHJUANEIJ **ON LIVER**; BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box. Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil of Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep-never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach of

He Certainly Did.

Constipation. Adv.

"Smithers," said the lawyer to his clerk, "what is Mr. Jarley's telephone

"Do you wish his exact number?" asked the busy clerk, absent-mindedly.

IF HAIR IS TURNING GRAY, USE SAGE TEA Don't Look Old! Try Grandmother's Recipe to Darken and Beautify

Gray, Faded, Lifeless Hair. Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and abundant with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Whenever her hair fell out or took on that dull, faded or streaked appear ance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe, ready to use, for about 50 cents. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dan-

druff, dry, itchy scalp and falling hair. A well-known druggist says every body uses Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied-it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and abundant. Adv.

Diagnosed. "How did you know your patient had appendicitis, doctor?" "I operated on him."

NEVER HAD A CHILL
After Taking ELIXIR BABEK
"My little daughter, 10 years old, suffered acarly a year with chills and fever, most of the time under the doctor's care. I was discouraged and a friend advised me to try Elixif Babek. I gave it to her and she has never had a chill since. It completely cured her." Mrs. Cyrus Helms, 302 E St., N. E., Washington, D. G. Elixir Habek 50 cents, all druggists or hy Parcels Post prepaid from Kloczewski & Os. Washington, D. C.

So-called friends are plentiful long as your money holds out