

Tallyrand and Firefly

By J. MacNEILL JOHNSON

CHAPTER XI.

Another week passed and Juda Magruder began to sit at the table with the family at meals, and naturally the topics of conversation often turned on the subject of riding and breaking young mules. Gramper had been lavish with his praise of Juda as a rider, but Juda himself would not confirm the wonderful stories, but would say, "Gramper used to be the best rider in Kentucky."

One day when Juda could go out to the barn with the other boys, and had gained back most of his wasted strength, he walked among the mules and horses and asked if there were any they could not ride? Tallyrand pointed out a young black mule named Mike, and said that he had never been ridden. He said Bill and Ned tried to ride him, but that he had thrown them off before they could say Jack Robinson. Juda asked, "What did they want to say Jack Robinson for?" to which Tallyrand replied, quite innocently, "O, they didn't; I mean Mike won't be ridden." "Won't he?" said Juda, and before you could begin to say Jack Robinson, Juda was astride of Mike, bare-backed, and without any bridle. Mike was so astonished he was seen to squat, and then to tremble like a turkey gobbler when he thumps while he is strutting.

But Mike did not tremble long. His sacred back had never been profaned by the presence of man for one minute, and he gave one great leap and stamped with all his feet together, and whirled around with his heels in the air. Juda, when the boys looked for him to slide down Mike's back, quietly reached back and got hold of Mike's tail, and called out, "Whoa there pestle-tail," and then the mule reared in front, and stood almost straight on his feet; but Juda reached up and caught him by the ears and lay down on his neck and said, "Hey there pestle-tail, let me whisper in your ear," and he pretended to be whispering into Mike's ear.

By this time Mike was scared within an inch of his life, and seeing the pasture gate open, made a bolt for it. By the time he passed through the gate Juda Magruder fetched a flounce and lit on top of Mike's back standing on his feet. Mike nearly lay down running, and Juda began to dance, and to sing Captain Jenks. Then he took a match out of his pocket, held up one leg and scratched the match on the seat of his pants, and pretended to be lighting his pipe; but it was only pretense, for he never smoked in his life. Tallyrand and Firefly looked at each other with bulging eyes, and they both said together, "Gramper never told no lie."

Just then Mr. Studebolt came loping his chestnut saddle horse named Selim through the lower end of the pasture coming from the bottom fields, and Mike, not knowing what else to do, made straight for Selim. Mr. Studebolt seeing Mike coming like his head was afire, with Juda standing on his back, thought the safest thing for him and the boy both would be to lope off slowly, and he believed Mike would do the same thing; but

Mike could not stop, he was running so fast, and passed by Selim in a jiffy. Then Mike attempted to turn back, apparently thinking that Selim was his only friend. But he turned too quick and fell sprawling on the ground right there twenty yards from where Mr. Studebolt sat on Selim. Juda Magruder hit the ground running, but he was running in a circle, and in less time than it takes to tell it, he was sitting on Mike's head and holding him down to the ground as helpless as a new born baby.

Mr. Studebolt was too much astonished to speak a word, but sat on Selim looking at the wonderful boy, and the first word he said was not spoken to Juda Magruder, but to himself: "When can I ever forgive myself for believing that old man a liar?" All this time Juda Magruder sat on Mike's head and gently stroked his nose and ears, and pretty soon Mike ceased to struggle, and lay as still as a pig when you scratch him with a chip.

Mr. Studebolt thought Mike had broken his back and was dead, but Juda said, "He is not hurt. This is the way Gramper and I break young mules." Then he got up quietly and as Mike arose from the ground, Juda lightly bounded astride his back, and Mike and Selim walked quietly back to the barn where Tallyrand and Firefly had climbed up on a straw-stack so they could see what was happening at the lower end of the pasture field half a mile away. Juda Magruder came up riding sidewise, and the first word he said was, "Jack Robinson."

At the dinner table that day, Juda told in simple childish manner that did not at all appear offensive or vindictive, that from his sick bed he had heard Gramper praising his Juda's riding; and could easily see from their manner that they did not altogether believe that Gramper was telling the truth. That he only did this riding today to vindicate Gramper's good name: that they had all been good and kind to him, and actually saved his life, and he was sure they would not take it unkindly in him to say that Gramper would suffer his hand cut off rather than tell a lie.

Mr. Studebolt was first to speak: "Son, you have given us a deserved rebuke, and you have done it like a gentleman. Now give me your hand and accept my apologies. Your grandfather is the finest gentleman in Kentucky, and that is as good as if I said the world." Juda answered simply enough, "La, I ain't hurt about it; I feel proud."

That was all; but after the boys were gone from the table Mr. Studebolt said to his wife, "Sally, you have seen Kentucky's heart today. Leader of the United States Senate, or Leader of a feud, depending partly on the education and training, but depending largely on accident. God bless the boy! He is worthy of Kentucky's very best, but if started wrong he is capable of Kentucky at her bloodiest. Treated well, he is safe, and I believe his danger point is passed. Tallyrand tells me he has never heard him use a profane word.

Your evenly flowing scottish blood inherited from the Covenantors, makes it natural for you to sweetly talk with the Lord—aye, and to lead me too; and my lightly tripping French blood makes it easy for me to be a philanthropist, and especially since I have the necessary means. But neither you nor I can know anything of the terrible tension these people live under from the cradle to the grave, guarding their honor as if it were a carbuncle. Their honor is really of high order, even though it sometimes leads to murder. These people have enriched the pulpit, the bar and the forum in the halls of Congress; but a slight sidestep may engender a feud that will last for generations and cause the murder of whole families, father, sons and grandsons."

Mrs. Studebolt replied after serious reflection, "I have always said I would trust Tallyrand with any boy that does not swear; but I must insist that his visit be short at Icolmkil," to which Mr. Studebolt replied: "The boy is safe. These are good people."

The next week was given over by the boys to learning the art of riding. Juda was an untiring teacher, and Tallyrand and Firefly were eager to learn, and apt to improve, so before the week was ended they found themselves wishing they had another Mike. After this all attention was turned to the coming day when Juda Magruder was to go home accompanied by his new friends, and not the least prized among Juda's possessions was a new Damascus steel double barrel shotgun Mr. Studebolt had given him; and he was so happy he was ready enough to forgive even

the Choctaw Indians who had stolen him.

It was Firefly's first ride on a steamboat, and the experience made a deep impression on him. As they passed the Shaws of Shawandossa, Tallyrand told Juda Magruder all about the family of Old Horseshoe and the wolf hunt, and then and there they made up for another wolf drive to take place after their return from Icolmkil.

As they turned up the Ohio River, Juda Magruder, so reserved till now, began to take on the air of host; and Tallyrand found that the easy-going but more elegant manners of his Southern home were outdone by the more attentive hospitality of Kentucky. He was made still more sensible of this difference when Gramper received them with open arms, and welcomed them to his great old mansion-home. Elegance was no part of this home, for many as were the evidences of money values, the air of comfort was wanting to Tallyrand's clean-cut mind. No grace was said at the table, but the board fairly groaned under its burden of the weight of chinquepin hams and great rounds of smoking beef. The evening was spent in general rejoicing at the return of Juda, and they had to tell the Indian story over and over again.

(To be continued)

Ouch!

Lovers in a hammock
Attempted to kiss;
In less than a jiffy

They landed like this.

Dogs and cats have a place in Conan Doyle's heaven. Won't that be hell for the cats!—Life.

Everybody Wants

Good Merchandise
at Low Prices

HERE is your Opportunity

OUR NEW SPRING GOODS ARE

unusually beautiful in color combination, and are of better quality, too. The prices are in line with public demand, quality considered.

SPRING OXFORDS

OXFORDS that fit your feet and are easy on your purse are hard to find, but We Have Them.

Special Prices in DRESS SHIRTS this week

Gunter's Store

VASS, NORTH CAROLINA

Seaboard

INFO

NIAGARA FALLS,
Sale June 21, 29, J
Limited eighteen da
ERN PINES, \$29.15
ATLANTIC CITY,
Sale June 28, July 6
eighteen days. ROU
\$19.30
PORTSMOUTH-NO
Week-End Rates fro
Southern Pines, \$5.5

Proportionately lo
and reservation

F. H. WILLIS
Traveling Passenger
Raleigh, N. C.

SEABOARD

"Th

STATE NOW, PRODUC
QUALITY CHEE

Few persons realize
made in Western North
equal in quality to that m
cousin or other states, a
dairy workers of the N. C.
al Extension Service.

More than 400,000 pound
is produced annually in
counties and most of it
out of the state, while th
and coastal plains secti
upon cheese imported fro
and other states. Lack
shipping facilities is part
ble for this condition, but
rangements have been m
cheese by parcel post so th
cer can get North Caro
through brokers and job
will demand it.

The mountain factorie
putting up cheese in any
form, including swiss che
said to be of as high a qu
produced in any other
United States.

The N. C. Division of
Raleigh can assist person
ing cheese made in Nor
and invites correspondenc
cers and others intereste

THE "GREEN" DR

The motoring season i
blast—and so are the acc
all over the country this
being asked daily: "Who
it?" In this connection i
ing to note that a very
centage of accidents are
the "green" driver. On th
they can almost always b
door of the man who ha
long enough to know ho
be operated. The new d
more careful than the exp
because he is afraid of h
himself and his car. So
long way ahead, keeps
side of the road and tak
The "wise guy," who fee
more about a motor car t
who build them, invites c
on the seat with him, and
through unscathed actual
was due to his skill. Ou
Vass auto drivers when o
is to watch the "wise"
there is not a stunt they
tempt. Don't worry so