

# ON THE LONG ROAD

## By RAYMOND S. SPEARS

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IT WAS pretty weather in northern Alabama. The Tennessee river was in tide, owing to long rains in central Tennessee, and the water was pouring over the banks into the swamps along the south side. But the sun was warm, the ducks were shooting northward, and coons and possums were basking on the tops of hollow pecanor limbs.

Coming down the river were people "going West." Some were in shanty boats, some in skiffs and a few were on log rafts on which had been built little lean-to camps. They were farmers out of Clinch, French Broad, Little Tennessee, Hiwassee and other streams, bound for Texas by way of the Ohio, Mississippi and Atchafalaya.

They had heard from friends who went before that down in Texas one could get two-hale cotton land for the price of hog wallows on the banks of the Cumberlands. So they had sold out their holdings, built little craft of some sort, and were most of them destined to become happy shanty-boaters on the lower Mississippi.

Among the rest were Gene Dundon and his wife. This was their honeymoon as well as their home-seeking. They had slipped away from Tazewell county after a secret marriage before a kindly old parson, Hathaway Blake. Old Hathaway loved the young people. He liked to see the stalwart young mountaineer "steal his girl," in spite of opposition, and "run her" to some new home.

He knew Gene Dundon and Hattie Brown. Why shouldn't he? Hattie was a pretty girl, who sang at revivals, and Gene could shoot the head off a squirrel at sixty yards. What Hathaway did not know was the existence of Lottie Kempel, up Neumann's Ridge way, where Dundon had been a frequent visitor.

She had sent word down to Dundon that he must come to see her, and the next night but one Dundon "started west" with Hattie Brown. Dundon did not quite understand Lottie. He thought she would forget. Even if she did not, she would

not know what had become of him until he was well on his way to Texas.

It was a week after he had started, when Lottie Kempel rode down to Clinch and heard the truth from the parson's own lips. She wept for an hour, while the white-haired old man patted her head, tried to comfort her, and assured her that he would be her best friend. She dried her eyes at last, smiled faintly, and, after a bit to eat, asked the parson's wife for a "snack" to last her on her way. Finally she rode away on her pony into the coming night.

"I shore must be goin'!" she cried. "I shore must. Hit's a long road, an' time's sho't—yassuh!"

She galloped up the trail till she was out of sight of the parson's house. Then she reined her pony into the woods, up the ridge back to the hill path. Turning her face southward, she started down the river.

All night she rode, but not at a gallop, because it was a long race, and she must save her horse. She knew the way—she had read the stars many a night by Dundon's side, from some point of rock above the valleys. She laughed mirthlessly as she rode. She had been happy once.

It was a wild country, and the bridge path lay through a mountain forest. She could look down nearly 1000 feet upon narrow, level bottoms, where she detected an occasional reddish glow, the reflection of fire or smoke above a stick-and-mud chimney. Once, stopping to rest her horse, she heard a rabbit running away in the brush.

Dawn found her with tired eyes staring at the path ahead. A few miles farther on, and she turned down from the glide road and arrived at Campbell's store house. Campbell's wife was a first cousin.

"I'm travelin'," Lottie laughed glibly. "I'm on the long road. Sho, I be'n goin' all night—yassuh!"

"Shoo!" Mrs. Campbell exclaimed. "Some man stole yo', Lottie?"

"Nossuh! I'm goin' to steal a man—hit!" Lottie answered.

Mrs. Campbell laughed at that, and Lottie remained with her over the

next night. Then she rode on down the valley, where there was a second cousin, beyond whose home she had neither friends nor relatives.

Three days later she rode through Knoxville at noon, sunbonneted, rosy-cheeked, with her rifle across her lap. She had heard of Dundon on the river side just above the Holston-French Broad fork. He had gone by the week before in a little red shanty boat, and the girl with him had been all smiles. Dundon was good to her.

Lottie was in a strange country now, and the people she met along the road stared at her. She did not smile now; her Kempel lips were set and a little drooping.

When night came she stopped at some riverside farmhouse. She was going, she told the people, to see relatives, to visit her brother, to find her sister—any excuse served her. Her only concern was to remember in the morning the story she had told the night before.

Once she let slip the truth. It was at the Stone Shoals. She had forded them, and on the far side she found a white man mending hoopnets. He was talkative, and when she asked if shanty boaters went down the river, he answered:

"Right smart, yassuh. Ho! Ho! They was a mountain man dropped down three days ago. Hit was right windy, and that man got blowed out the channel—hit's on'y two foot deep, anyhow. An' him's bo't got stuck onto the buffalo bar, right yonder, yassuh. An', say, he was jes' the tomfoolnest man! He an' his woman was all scart up."

"A little red shanty boat—a woman with black hair?"

"Yassuh! He had a scar onto his cheek."

"O'n'y three days!" Lottie cried. "I'll get that man! Yassuh!"

"Sho!" the fisherman exclaimed. "Yo' goin' to kill that man?"

But Lottie leaped into the saddle again and galloped away, while the old fisherman rose stiffly to his feet and stared after her, his net-needle in his hand.

At Loudon Gene Dundon and his wife heard bad news. Gene had left his address with his brother Jim, and now, at the end of two weeks, Jim had sent a letter in order that Gene might know whether Hattie Brown's folks were following him or not.

The letter read:

"Dear Gene—The folks is all well and paw kill another hawk las nite an we got the uper lot plowd las eving and I saw delp Brown after yo got away an he was mad but sad he wud kill yo when yo got back so I think he ant mad enuf to get yo by that time but lottie kempel is gon an her poney an she past Grate ford two das later an has her skurel gon an nobuddy nos is she alive or ded or war she is wel I reckon that at much to tel for it is lat candel lite an we air gon to plow the corn tomor an maw plant the garding good by jim."

When Gene read that Lottie had left home, he remembered many things about Lottie Kempel which he had forgotten under the spell of Hattie Brown's pretty eyes and gentle voice. Lottie had said once that the man who tried to "get shet" of her would surely "dread it," and now he had done that. He wondered what he had to dread? After the letter's arrival, he began to hurry down the river.

He started early in the morning, and floated till almost dark, but as he floated it seemed as though he was the chosen companion of misfortune. He had lost hours of good floating by going around on Stone Shoals. Day after day he had been held back by dry gales out of the south. Storms held him, and when the drift was running his wife tormented his heart with the fear that some of the flats would crush the thin sides of his shanty boat.

While Dundon lost time, Lottie gained. She sold her pony at Walnut and bought a canoe—a long, light plank canoe—and she drove it down stream, hugging the banks when the winds blew and seeking the swiftest current when the day was calm. Her journeys down the Holston on rafts and in small boats, visiting her rela-

tives, had prepared her for the long race.

She stopped on shanty boats, and at Vulture island she heard that she was only a day behind the little red shanty boat. But now she had a chance to travel with an old farmer's family. It was threatening weather—the spring crop rains seemed to be at hand—and for a week she floated no more than a few miles a day, hoping for clear weather.

The next time she heard of the little red shanty boat it was only three days ahead. Then, one murky morning, she abandoned her friends, took to her canoe again, and started on. As she paddled, the clouds broke away, the sun came out, and the girl knew that she had done well to follow in the canoe.

The river was full to the bank. Orioles were singing in the elms, and bluejays were screaming in flocks. At night the mocking birds were dreaming in the willows.

Lottie paddled all day long, and when night came she did not go ashore. The river, she knew, was safe for the 100 miles to Mussel Shoals. Tired out at last, the vengeance seeker curled down on the straw in the bottom of the canoe and went to sleep. The sun awakened her.

It was a glorious spring day. Birds sang, the scent of countless blossoms filled the air, the pale green of new-born leaves colored the landscape, and the river itself was the color of liquid gold. In her heart the girl felt that the chase was nearing an end. She was weary and sad, and she thought pleased her.

She scanned the shores carefully, watching the inlets lest the little red shanty boat be tied up in one. At Decatur she studied the shanty-boat town till she had seen every boat in it. A few miles below she saw the big floating sawmill, and one of the deckhands warned her that the shoals were not far below.

Just before sundown she spied a shanty boat making toward the south bank in the bend below her. She ran her canoe into the shadow of the trees and floated slowly toward the

craft. The man at the sweeps was Gene Dundon, and the woman by his side was the one who had been Hattie Brown. Catching a branch, Lottie Kempel waited for the night to fall. She dropped down to within 100 yards of the boat, and then tied fast.

She could hear the sound of voices; she heard Hattie begin to sing. The sound cut the deserted girl to the heart. The shadow on the window curtain was that of Gene; she saw that he was at the table, about to eat supper. After a time, Hattie came and sat down at the same side of the table with him. The sight of the silhouette wounded the other woman cruelly, but she held her breath.

The minutes dragged along. After a time the light was blown out and Lottie watched the stars to make sure that she did not think an age had passed when only minutes had gone by. Slowly, the roar of the great Mussel Shoals became more and more audible as the night grew older. It was only a little way to the canal wing dam, and below that was the water—tumbling over ledges of rocks, splitting on the points of islands, jumping up and down in the wild abandon of a mile wide river, torn by jagged stone and whipped into foam by sawyer snags.

At last, when a pale star had passed through the breadth of a tree, Lottie let go her hold and floated down the slack water to the little cabin boat. She was in the shadow, and all was quiet within. The sucking of the water along the bank helped to conceal her movements.

The boat was tied to the bank by two long ropes, one from each gunwale. They hung slack most of the time, but occasionally the current tugged at the silent craft, straightening out the lines. Lottie slipped the lines from their stakes, and when next the current tugged, the shanty boat came away.

Lottie watched the craft clear the brush and saw it drawn steadily into the main current. Then she drove her canoe into the wake and, sitting,

with her chin on her fists, and her elbows on her knees, she floated with the shanty boat, a few yards behind, toward the leaping waters.

Ahead of her, a mile away, was the light marking the entrance to the canal. Below that, a gray haze hung above the gloomy river, and out of the haze came the roar, heaving and rolling as the water pounded upon the rocks.

The boat floated along steadily and quietly. There were no waves on the water, no wind in the air. The huge, dark masses of the bank seemed to be marching past the stars above the tree tops. On the water, a few gleams of light flickered and darted. The light at the entrance to the canal grew plainer as it became nearer.

The canoe and the shanty boat floated on down, turning from side to side as the eddies in the current caught them. The shanty boat came between the canoe and the light, and the girl saw a little halo of light along the roof of the boat, showing that there was a faint shadow cast by the light, it was so near.

Ahead the gray mist became whiter, and to right and left, two banks of trees on islands marked the way to the wing dam. Down the center of the way lay the shanty boat. Now the roar became furious and tumultuous. The light had been passed. The girl in the canoe made no motion and uttered no sound.

Suddenly a light flashed in the shanty boat—it flickered a moment, and then burned steadily. The front door opened and a beam of light—yellow lamp light—shot out into the night. It struck against the gray fogbank above the leaping water. Then the shadow of a human form was thrown against the gray mist, with the arms raised in astonishment.

The next instant a far-ward scream—a man's scream—cut through the roar of the waters. Then the shanty boat pitched over, down and out of sight. A moment later the canoe dipped at the fall and the girl, her eyes shut, but her position unchanged, followed her faithless sweetheart.

### BRITISH BLACKLIST STARTS SOMETHING

Is Looked Upon As First Move In Allies In Starting Trade War

San Francisco, July 21.—The aid of our coast ports is being enlisted today by the chamber of commerce, which is making representations to have the state department fully investigate the British blacklisting of American firms, and to have strong retaliatory measures prepared if the robe shows these justified.

Telegrams have been sent to California's congressional delegation, to the state department, and to organiza-

tions in other Pacific coast ports. The local organization feels that the blacklisting cannot be justified as a necessity of war, but is really the beginning of an international trade war, which, by discriminating against American goods in all British possessions, is a matter of serious importance to the nation.

May Cause Reprisals.

Washington, July 21.—Denouncing the British blacklist as an "outrageous assault on citizens of this country," Senator Thomas of Colorado, today advocated reprisals of a severe nature.

"The need for a strong navy is emphasized by this boycott which Great Britain announces against some of our citizens," he said in discussing the naval bill. "I cannot understand the widespread sympathy for the allied cause in this country when England continually repeats its bullying attacks on our commerce. I do not believe in hostilities, but I do believe in any means of reprisal and I believe this administration will use every means or force with which we furnish it to rectify the situation."

### President Appeals to Rulers for Poles

Washington, July 21.—President Wilson has signed a personal letter urging a quick solution of the Polish relief problem and it was dispatched immediately to the rulers of England, France, Russia, Germany, and Austria-Hungary.

Following the cabinet meeting today the White House made public this statement:

"The president has sent personal letters to the king of England, the emperor of Germany, the czar of Russia, the emperor of Austria, and the president of France, suggesting the taking up entirely afresh of the matter of the relief of the overwhelming suffering in Poland, and the offering of kindly offices of this government in method of such relief and any plan proposed to be of such character as to be adapted to the accomplishment of no other result than that of the relief of the distressed inhabitants of Poland."

What Did He Mean?

A girl and a man sat under a palm in a rose garden.

"Is your love true?" the girl asked.

"As true," the man answered, in soft, passionate tones, "as the delicate flush on your cheek."

"Oh—ah," the girl stammered, hurriedly, "isn't that—er—don't that rose smell sweet?"

### Fruit Market Agencies Will Improve Service

The new fruit marketing agency developed by the United States department of agriculture will give the northwest fruit growers such a service for their marketing products as they have never had before, said Professor C. I. Lewis upon his return from a conference with Captain Paul Weyrauch, president of the Fruit Growing Agency, Inc., E. Moore, of the office of Markets and Rural Organization of the United States department of agriculture, and G. A. Nahat, of the Federal bureau with headquarters at North Yakima.

Professor Lewis, representing the O. A. C. extension service, was called into conference with these marketing specialists to consider the best means of putting into effect the uniform contract marketing plan and to devise the best methods of physical handling so that the fruit products will meet the standardization requirements. The conference agreed to recommend activities by members of the fruit marketing agency along four distinct lines as follows:

Securing and distributing accurate reports of crop conditions; securing a uniform system of harvesting; improve the storage and packing services; and secure standardization of account sales system.

"Heretofore," says Professor Lewis, "no exact or complete information has been obtainable of the amount and conditions of horticultural crops. Growers and distributors of the northwest have been compelled to rely upon guesses for this information and consequently have made many mistakes. Other and larger agencies in other parts of the country have been able to get a good deal more complete and exact information than the local men and they have capitalized the mistakes of the northwest growers and handlers. It is hoped that we can now develop a system of collecting and reporting the exact conditions, thus giving us a tremendous advantage that we have not before enjoyed."

"The uniform harvesting system should supply large quantities of fruit of like kind and like degree of maturity. Too often in the past the fruit has dribbled in in small quantities, too small to attract the attention of large dealers, and it has been of varying degree of maturity, some over-ripe, some just ripe enough and some over-ripe. These conditions must be improved if the best markets are to be made accessible."

"This is a critical time for the horticultural industries of the northwest and a great deal of the future success of the industry depends upon the present improvement of packing and storage services. The Fruit Growers' agency will make a systematic study of the relative merits of the packs of the small individual growers and of the community packs. By community pack we mean the pack put up by a number of growers, three or more acting together."

"Packs put up in this way will be of necessity more nearly uniform than those put up by individuals acting independently. The system will permit a specialization in the division of labor or the employment of more expert as-

sistants in the work of packing and will increase the rapidity of handling. Another big advantage of the cooperative plan is the economy. Now look here. Suppose five men invest two thousand dollars each in a packing house and packing equipment for handling their own individual fruit. Suppose five other men go together and erect one packing house and buy one set of equipment. The cost of the five growers under the former plan is \$10,000. To the five growers under the second plan it is \$2000. Of course the larger growers may own their own individual warehouse and packing plant but it is a charge on the industries that the business of the small grower will not stand.

"The adoption of a uniform sales account system will enable the investigator to see at a glance the condition of the business. Heretofore, the radically different systems of recording the account sales made it difficult, if not impossible, to arrive at an understanding of the condition. This information is necessary to the success of uniform marketing plans and it is hoped that the uniform account sales plan will be accepted by a large majority of growers and distributors.

"A careful study will be made of the fruit from the time it leaves the tree until it reaches the consumer, and every effort will be made to fit it properly to go into the best and most profitable market."

### Watson Millions Go To Make Little Crippled Girls Happy

Pittsburg, July 22.—David T. Watson's millions will go to make little crippled girls happy. The noted lawyer, who died here in February, left his fortune to his wife, Mrs. Margaret H. W. Watson, with the request that at her death the money should go to found a home for crippled female children between the ages of three and sixteen.

A few days ago Mrs. Watson died at "Sunny Hill" the summer home at Leetsdale. Her will showed that she faithfully carried out her husband's wishes. The estate is valued at \$5,000,000. According to the directions the home is to be founded and well endowed. A special clinic will restore to normal those crippled children who may be treated that way.

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### Mystery Increases In Boston Tragedy

Boston, July 21.—Police activity in the three cornered mystery in which Dr. Celia Adams is dead, Dr. Wilfrid Harris is in sea city hospital, and Dr. Eldridge Atwood held for attempted murder, is expected to be diverted into new channels today. Following the discovery of mercury as the instrument that caused the death of Dr. Adams, medical Examiner McTeark and Detective Sergeant Rutherford made an examination of the dead woman's office. It is their findings that are expected to be given the police today and which it is believed may make the case far more sensational than it already has proven.

"Bloodless" surgery is expected to play an important part when the mystery is unraveled. Signs of extreme suffering and indications that in the agonies that later caused her death, the young woman attempted to summon help over the telephone were found in Dr. Adams' office.

### Aged Indian Fighters March In San Francisco's Preparedness Parade

San Francisco, July 22.—Veterans of the Civil War, Spanish War Veterans, aged men who participated in the Indian campaigns in the early days in California were the most prominent figures in San Francisco's preparedness parade here today.

It was estimated when the parade began that between 15,000 and 20,000 men would have marched past the reviewing stand before the demonstration was finished.

All the fraternal organizations of the city were represented, each marching as an individual unit.

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### WORLD'S NOTE ANSWERED

Washington, July 22.—The state department has sent both England and France a request for an answer to this government's last note of protest against allied mail seizures, the state department announced today.

The American note was dispatched about two months ago.

### STAND BY YOUR TOWN

I like the man who likes his town and tells the people so. Who's never heard to run it down and loves to see it grow. The fellow who will advertise and take a little chance. I think the man is doubly wise who makes his town advance. He is the man who paves the way and causes things to hum; The fellow who will never say, "The town is on the bum."

I like the man who loves to walk along the sunny side, And every time you hear him talk he speaks of home with pride. He tells the city's virtues out to her and far and near. And says to people all about, "We'll build a city here."

I like the man who wears a grin when everything seems wrong. Rolls up his sleeves and pitches in and sings a merry song; The fellow who will do his best whatever may betide. And always tries to lead the rest in making home his pride. The man who lends a helping hand to someone falling-down, And makes you plainly understand he's here to help the town.

But from the "crank" and "crank" and "crab" great God deliver me, His tablet be a punchon slab, his hier some hollow tree. Or in some cavern damp and lone, go deeply put him down. The fellow who will chew the bone and stab his own home town.

I like to see the unburned face and manly enlashed hand, Which instruments of toil have graced the fellow with the sand, Who marches forth in each good deed, free handed, without fear. And makes his brother townsmen feel "We'll build a city here."—Ex.

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