For a moment his voice got away

"I don't give a damn for your work!"

in. That's the sort of friend I am."

to be. I've got to hold back the

from him and he rose fiercely:

ly enough now:

heart.

SYNOPSIS.

Juanita Holland, on her journey into the heart of the Cumberlands to become a teacher of the mountain children, faints at the door of Fletch McNash's cabin. at the door of Fletch McNash's cabin. She overhears a talk between Bad Anse Havey and one of his henchmen that acquaints her with the Havey-McBriar feud. Cal Douglas of the Havey clan is on trial in Peril, for the murder of a McBriar Juanita and Dawn McNash become friends. Cal Douglas is acquitted. Nash Wyatt is killed by the Haveys. Milt McBriar and Bad Anse declare a truce, under pressure from Good Anse Talbott. Juanita thinks she finds that Bad Anse is opposing her efforts to buy land and build a school. Milt McBriar breaks the truce by having Fletch McNash murdered. Jeb McNash begs Bad Anse to tell him who killed his father, but is not told. Juanita and Bad Anse further misunderstand each other. Bad Anse telis Juanita he does not fight women and Juanita gets Juanita and Bad Anse further misunderstand each other. Bad Anse tells Juanita he does not fight women and Juanita gets her land and cabin. Jeb refrains from killing Young Milt McBriar, as he is not sure Young Milt is the murderer. Young Milt and Dawn meet several times, resulting in a demand from Bad Anse that Dawn leave Juanita's cabin. Juanita and Good Anse go to see Bad Anse, who again says that the school has been started by Juanita in the wrong way. She begins to understand Bad Anse's dream of regeneration for his people. Young Milt and Bad Anse lay aside the feud for the time to prevent the burning of the new school-house. Dawn remains with Juanita. Bad Anse finds himself drifting dangerously near Juanita. Roger Malcolm of Philadelphia comes to woo Juanita and to investigate the mineral possibilities of the district. Bad Anse gives him veiled warning. Young Milt comes openly to see Dawn while she is at Jeb's cabin. The two men set a new precedent by fighting with fists and then shaking hands on a personal truce. Milt McBriar plots to have Bad Anse killed. Juanita's school prospers. Bad Anse agrees to friendship with her though he knows that on his part it is hopeless love. CHAPTER XIX.

Once, when Anse Havey had been tramping all afternoon through the wintry woods with Juanita, he had pointed out a squirrel that sat erect on a branch high above them with its tail curled up behind it. He had stopped her with a touch on the arm; then, with a smile of amusement, he handed her his rifle with much the same manner that she might have handed him a banteringly: "See what you can do with that.'

But to his surprise she took the gun and leveled it as one accustomed to its use. Bad Anse Havey forgot the squirrel and saw only the slim figure in its loose sweater; only the stray wisps of curling hair and the softness of the cheek that snuggled against the riflestock. Then, at the report, the squirrel dropped.

She turned with a matter-of-fact nod and handed back the gun.

"I'm rather sorry I killed it," she said, 'but you looked so full of scorn that I had to show you. You know, they do have a few rifles outside the panion, as he bolted his food. Cumberland mountains."

"Where did you learn to shoot?" he

He took the gun back, and unconsciously his hand caressed the spot where her cheek had laid against its lock. He had fallen into a reverie out of which her voice called him. They had crossed the ridge itself and were overlooking his place.

"Why are they clearing that space put it in corn?"

"No." he laughed shortly. would be just about as bad as laurel." He was instantly sorry he had said that. He had not meant to tell her of the plans he was making-plans of defense and, if need be, of offense. He had not intended to mention his precautions to prevent assassination at his own door or window.

But the girl understood, and her voice was heavy with anxiety as she danger. Anse?"

"There's never a day I'm not in danger," he replied casually. "I've got pretty well used to it." "But some day," she broke out,

"they'll get you." He shrugged his shoulders. "May-

be," he said.

As Juanita's influence grew with Bad Anse Havey, so it was growing at the school. She had to turn away pupils who had come across the mountains on wearisome journeys because as yet she had only limited room and no teachers save herself and Dawn to care | court had to do with this exigency. for the youngest.

At the front of the hall which led rack with notches for rifles and pegs | cessoryfor pistols. She told all who entered that she made only one stipulation, and threshold must leave his armament at drag Old Milt ter cote in Peril?" the door. At first some men turned away

acquiesced, and at last, with a sense of great victory, she persuaded three shaggy fathers, who were coming reghome unarmed.

great solution, and when Bad Anse last he hazarded a remonstrance. came over-and he came every night now-she led him with almost breathless eagerness to the rack and sel. Ye're the head of the Haveys, but showed him two modern rifles and one next to you I'm the man they harkens

antiquated squirrel gun. his skeptical smile. He found it very willin'ly from me." difficult to listen always to talk about the school in which he felt no inter- in' to listen to your counsel.

Students at Wellesley have decided

in life. One of them concerns the wis-

dom of splitting a pair for the pur-

ning season is over.

pose of drawing a flush.

lest and to regard his yow of silence as to herself whom he dumbly wor-

"Look around you, Anse," she commanded. "Do you see any dirt or dust anywhere? No: we are teaching cleanliness and sanitation, but there is just one place here where the spiders are welcome to come and spin their webs unmolested. It's that rack of guns. Did you ever hear of the shrine at Lourdes?

"I reckon not." he confessed uneasily. Of late he had become a little ashamed of the things he did not know

"Well, this is going to be like it, Anse. It is told that when the lame and halt and blind came to Lourdes to pray they went away straight and strong and clear of vision. There hang at the shrine there numberless crutches and canes, discarded because the men who were carried there went away needing them no more. Some day your old order of crippled things here in the mountains is going to become straight and strong, and these guns will be the discarded crutches."

He looked at her, and if no response was elicited to her prophecy, at least he could not contemplate without a stirring of enthusiasm the flushed face and glowing eve with which she spoke. It was all worth while if it could bring that sparkle of delight to her counte-

"It's right pretty, but it won't hardly work," he said. "These men will leave them guns just so long as they don't need 'em. I'm glad to see ye pleased -but I don't want to see ye disappointed.'

A little before Christmas old Milt McBriar went to Lexington, and there he met a heavily bearded man in rough clothes who had arrived that morning from the West. They conferred in a novel in Russian, and his eyes said cheap eating house which bears a ragged and unwholesome appearance and is kept by an exile from the moun-

"Now tell me, Milt," suggested Luke Thixton briefly, "what air this thing ye wants me ter do. I'm done with these hyar old flat lands thet they talks so much erbout."

But Milt McBriar's eyes had been vacantly watching the door. It was a derer is back?" glass door, with its lower portion painted red and bearing in black letters the name of the proprietor. "Damn!" he exclaimed violently, but

under his breath.

"What's bitin' ye?" asked his com-

"I jest seed Breck Havey pass by that door," explained the chief. "But demanded, and she answered casually: I reckon he couldn't hardly recognize ing him so close that he felt her breath that. I reckon I hain't skeered of it." they made ready to obey. "I used to shoot a rifle and pistol, too, you this fur back. I don't want no on his face. She broke out in a low, word of vore comin' ter go ahead of

"What is it I'm a-goin' back ter do?" insisted the exile doggedly. "Oh," commented Milt McBriar,

"we've got ter talk thet over at some length. Ye're a-goin' back ter git Anse Havey, but ye hain't a-goin' jist yit." One morning as he sat over his behind your house? Are you going to breakfast at the kitchen table, Anse's cousin, Breck Havey, rode up in hot haste to rouse him out of apathy and remind him that he must not shirk his role as leader of the clan.

The Havey from Peril came quickly to the point while the Havey of the backwoods listened.

"I was down ter Lexin'ton yesterday, an' as I was passin' Jim Freeman's deadfall I happened ter look in. Thar war old Milt McBriar an' Luke Thixton, thar heads as close tergether as a demanded: "Do you think you're in pair of thieves. Luke hes come back from the West, an' I reckon ye kin figger out what thet means.'

Anse grew suddenly rigid and his face blackened. So his destiny was crowding him!

"What air ye goin' ter do?" demanded Breck with a tone of anxious and impotent pleading. Anse shook his head.

"I don't know-quite yet," he said. "Let's see, is the high cote in session? Breck Havey nodded his head in per-

plexed assent. He wondered what the "All right. Tell Sidering to have the grand jury indict Luke for the Mc-

into the main school building was a Nash murder an' Milt McBriar as ac-"Good God, Anse!" burst out the

other Havey. "Does ye realize what that was that whoever crossed the hell ye turns loose when ye tries ter

"Yes, I know that." The answer was calm. "I'll give ye a list of witnesses. again, taking their children with them, Tell Sidering to keep these true bills but as time went on they grudgingly secret. I'll ride over and testify myself, an' I'll 'tend to keepin' the witnesses quiet. I don't know whether we'll ever try these cases, but it's just ularly with their children, to ride back as well to be ready along every line.' Breck Havey stood gazing down at Disarmament was her idea for the the hearth with a troubled face. At

"Anse," he said, "I hain't never questioned ye. I've always took yore counto most. If any man has got ter dis-What's the idea?" he asked with pute yer, I reckon ye'd take it most

"What is it, Breck? I'm plumb will-

Every married woman has a plan SNAPSHOTS PELLETS OF TRUTH to take a roomer and save half the rent. When a rural community doesn't

Mrs Laban Cain, who has been marto eliminate slang from their converried six years, still is responding to sation. They say it gets them in bad encores from her husband's family. with people who are not hep to it. This is particularly noteworthy for A woman should start on her vacathe reason that a woman rarely suction trip before the peaches ripen, and ceeds in gaining the applause of her relatives. she should stay away until the canhusband's family.-Jay E. House in There are a lot of knotty problems

Pittsburgh Dispatch. Another objection to marriage is that the guilty parties get no time for the leader of the band believes you good behavior.

convict these men in cote means to me?" tako a desperate chance. Ye can't hardly succeed, an' if ye fails ye've is all that's biggest and best in me. lost yore hold on the Haveys-ye're You understand, don't you?" plumb, eternally done for."

"I don't aim to fail." "No; but ye mought. Anse, no man hain't never questioned yore loyalty till now. I mought as well tell ye

straight what talkin's goin' round." demanded.

"Some folks 'low that ther Haveys don't mean as much ter ye now as ther furrin' schoolteacher does. Them folks'll be pretty apt ter think ye ain't tryin' ter please them so much as her -if yer attempts this."

Anse stood for a long minute silent, and his bronzed features grew taut. At last he inqu. I coolly:

"What do you think, Breck?" "I'd trust ye till hell froze."

"All right. Then do as I tells ye, an' if I fails I reckons you'll be head of the Haveys in my place." Down at the school there was going

to be a Christmas tree that year. Never before had the children of the "branch-water folks" heard of a Christmas tree. The season of Christ's birth had always been celebrated with moonshine jug and revolver. It was dreaded in advance and mourned over in retrospect.

dreams were brewing. Eager antici- battle there. Jeb had been reading pations awaited the marvels. The hon- law that winter; reading by the light ored young fir tree which was to bear of a log fire through long and lonely a fruitage of gifts and lights had been singled out and marked to the ax. Anse Havey and Juanita had explored the woods together, bent on its selection. much excited as the children, but to cheer! Dawn it meant more than to anyone else. She was to accompany Juanita to Lexington to buy gifts and decorations and would have her first wondrous glimpse of the lights and crowds of a city.

Milt was there at college and would of her coming. And even facing so not come back before Christmas.

afraid ye'll have to start despisin' me duty. all over again."

She looked up in astonishment. "Why?" she asked. "I've got to kill a man."

She rose from her chair, her face pallid. "Kill a man?" she echoed. "God knows I hate to do it." He

Jeb. "Do you mean-" she broke off and finished brokenly, "that Fletch's mur- embers.

"He's comin'. He's comin' to kill omebody else. Most likely me. It's a which was the crux of his plea. question of settlin' scores with a murderer that kilt Fletch for a ticket West and a hundred dollars-or lettin' young Jeb McNash go crazy an' startin' the feud all over again. I reckon room of his cabin. ve sees that I ain't no choice"

She came nearer and stood confronttense voice: "Suppose he kills you?" him down from ambush.

The girl leaned forward and clutched his hands in both her own. Under the tight pressure of her fingers he felt



There is Just One Place Here Where the Spiders Are Welcome."

every nerve in his body tingle and leap into a hot ecstasy of emotion, while his face became white and drawn.

"Don't risk your life," she pleaded. Your people can't spare you; I can't spare you. Not now, Anse; I need you too much. The man's voice came in a hoarse

whisper. "Ye needs me?"

"Yes, yes," she swept on, and for an instant he was on the verge of withdrawing his hands and crushing her to and an angry retort rose to his lips. him, but something in his face had But the charge was true. warned her. She dropped the hands she had been holding and said in an altered tone: "It's not just me; it's bigger than that. It's my work. We've come to be such good friends that I cote has acted." couldn't go on without you. My work would fail."

For a while he was silent then he said very slowly and very bitterly: | Anse Havey's voice broke out of its

know and can't find out the detectives

The rule is that when the members

of a family are not quarreling with

each other they are making fun of

The fact that a band serenades you

is not prima facie evidence that you

are a great man. More likely, it means

might as well give up.

will set up the cigars.

It is possible to be a tireless worker and have nothing to show for it. A man never is as fierce as he tries

to lead his family to believe. The fact that the parsnip is considered a food problem entitles the radish to the same distinction.

Naturally So. "Did you see where a ship was held up in our ports because it had a cargo of false teeth for Germany?" consignors look down in the mouth?" | teacher.

that was convincing. "But, Anse," she argued, "my work

"By heavens, I aims ter have him do it! I ain't askin' leave of Milt Mc- way out, burdened with parcels. Briar." I'm through?"

She looked up at his gleaming eyes, he said: "Hit ain't a-goin' ter satisfy be right now what ye prophesied for got ter die."

me twenty years hence-the leader of "He's goin' to die. If I fail, thenthe wolf-pack that goes down an' gets | the clansman raised his hands in a gestrod on. I ain't never put no such ture of concession-"then he's yours. strain on my influence as this is goin' | Will you wait?"

"I don't hardly believe," said Jeb ing sternness. Haveys an' the McBriars whilst this McNash with conviction, "any man livcourt foolishness dawdles along, an' if in' kin keep Milt's hired assassin in no I falls down Jeb is goin' to kill Luke jail house long enough ter try an' hang anyway. I'm doin' this because ye him. But I'm willing ter see. I'll hold asks it; an' now I'll say good night to my hand thet long, Anse, but-"

Once more a spasmodic tautening of muscles convulsed the boy's frame and door he had closed behind him, a wild his voice took on its excited note of sense of tumult and uneasiness in her shrillness: "But I warns ye, I'm goin'

"I've Got to Kill a Man!"

penitentiaries him-I'm goin' ter kill

Loyal in their stubborn adherence to

accessory to the crime of murder

"against the peace and dignity of the

message traveled up the watercourses

Anse Havey rode with them across

Phoenix hotel, in Lexington, a tall

ently. He came forward with his hat

breathed rather than asked: "Isn't the

Two days followed through which

Dawn passed in transports of delight.

There were the undreamed sights of

shop-windows decked for the holiday

season, and the crowds on the streets,

and the gayety and merriment of

heard so much laughter before, and

she found it infectious, and laughed,

At last she found herself again in a

faded plush car beside Juanita, with

Young Milt sitting opposite. Old Milt

was on that train, too, but he paused

where he had business to discuss. A

While the Christmas shoppers

laughed in the day coach, Luke Thix-

He was to pass as swiftly and un-

He and Milt would leave the train

without conversation or anything to

mark them as companions. After that

Luke knew what he was to do, and no

It was noon when the train rumbled

further conference would be necessary.

again over the trestle near the town,

snow had been falling, veiling the

sights from the windows and wrapping

the mountains in a cloak of swan's-

At last the trucks screamed, the old

down

only to nod before disappearing into

world wonderful, Milt?"

CHAPTER XX.

she repeated to herself.

"That's the sort of friend I am,"

Juanita Holland stood looking at the

There still remained the task of winning young Jeb's assent to his plan, Now in many childish hearts large and Anse Havey foresaw a stubborn

evenings in a smoke-darkened cabin. When Anse Havey called from the stile one night, the boy laid a battered Blackstone on his thin knee and called Perhaps Juanita and Dawn were as out: "Come in, Anse, and pull up a

> Anse had been rehearsing his arguments as he rode through the sleetlashed hills, and he was deeply troubled

The man and the boy sat on either side of the fireplace. Penetrating gusts swent in at the broken chinking be returning about the same time, so and up through the warped floor until the mountain girl secretly wrote him old Beardog, lying at their feet, shivered as he slept with his forepaws grave a crisis. Anse Havey thought of stretched on the hearth and the two that tree and hoped that Luke would men hitched their chairs nearer to the blaze. By the bed still stood the rifle That night, while he was sitting that had been Fletch's; the rifle upon with Juanita and the fire was flashing which the boy's eyes always fell and on her cheeks, he said moodily: "I'm which to him was the symbol of his

As Bad Anse Havey talked of the fu-ter be settin' in ther high cote. ture with all the instinctive forceful- hain't never a-goin' ter leave hit, an' ness that he could command, the boy's ef that jury clars him-or ef they jest set face relaxed, and into his eyes came a glint of eagerness, because he him as he sets thar in his cheer-so himself was to play no small part in help me God!" these affairs.

Into his heart crept the first burning rose, too, and stood before the hearth of ambition, the first reaching out "But I reckon it had better be me than after a career. He saw a future opening before him, and his grave eyes principal and Milton McBriar, Sr., as were drinking in pictures in the live Then, when ambition had been kin-

> dled, the older man broached the topic "The man that can do things for the mountains must be willin' to make a | ment. heap of sacrifices, Jeb," he said.

Jeb laughed, looking about the bare "Mek sacrifices?" he repeated. "I Anse bade his men be ready to rise

"I didn't mean that way, Jeb." Anse One day Juanita Holland and Dawn spoke slowly, holding the boy with his set out for Lexington to do their "He'll have his chance," said Anse eyes, and something of his meaning Christmas shopping. Havey shortly. "I ain't 'lowin' to shoot sank in so that the lad's lean face again hardened.

what I've got ter do, Anse," he said rickety passenger coach. It was a very slowly. He did not speak now with shabby car of worn and faded plush, wild passion, but calm finality. "I've but to Dawn it seemed a fairy chariot. done took ther cath."

For a while Anse Havey did not reply. At last he said quietly: "I reckon | youth rose from a chair and came forye've got rid of the idea that I was ward. If the boy was cruder and darkaimin' to deceive ye, Jeb. I told ye er and less trim in appearance than that when Fletch's assassin came back his Blue-Grass brethren, he carried his to the mountains I'd let ye know. I'm head as high and walked as independgoin' to keep my word."

Jeb rose suddenly from his chair in his hand and said: "I'm mighty glad and stood with the fire lighting up his ter see ye, Dawn." ragged trousers and the fraved sleeves of his coat

"Air he back now?" he demanded. Anse shook his head.

"Not yet, Jeb; but he's coming." He saw the twitch that went across the tight-closed lips which made no comment

"Jeb," he continued, "I want ye to help me. I want ye to be big enough Christmas everywhere. She had never to put by things that it's hard to put

The boy shook his head. "Anse," he replied slowly, "ask me ter do anything else in God Almighty's world, but don't ask me thet, 'cause if ve does I've got ter deny ve. "I ain't askin' ye to let the man go

unpunished. I'm only askin' you to let the shabbier smoking compartment, me punish him with the law."

Astonishment was writ large in man was waiting for him in there every feature of Jeb's face. He stood whom old acquaintances might have in the wavering circle of light while passed by without recognition. It was the shadows swallowed the corners of the hope of Milt McBriar that when the cabin, and wondered if he had they left the train at Peril, any acheard rightly. At last his voice carried quaintances who might be about would a note of deep disappointment, and he do just this. spoke as though unwilling to utter such treasonable words.

"I reckon, Anse," he suggested, "ye ton received final instructions in the wouldn't hardly hev asked a thing like empty smoker. thet afore"-there was a hesitating halt before he went on-"afore a fur- obtrusively as possible through Peril rin woman changed yore fashion of and go direct across the ridge. lookin' at things."

Anse Havey felt his face redden, He went on as though Jeb had not

spoken. "All I ask is that when that man comes ye'll hold your hand until the and all morning a steady, feathery "Does ye reckon Milt McBriar aims ter let Sidering try kin of his?" was

the next incredulous question.

COUNTRY TOWN SAYINGS

Some salesmen are so anxious to sell as to cause customers to suspect that it is dangerous to buy. Every woman is a little touchy about it if her husband likes bakers' bread as well as he likes hers.

You can get mighty little done unless you do it yourself; and usually you can't do it yourself very well. Practically every scholar has been, "Now, mustn't that have made the or has thought of being, a school-

"Then I'll calk outspoken. Ter try ter "Oh, it's just your work that needs quiet tones and his eyes woke to a fire engine came puffing and wheezing to a tired halt, and the two girls, with Young Milt at their heels, made their

Then he added: "I aims to On the cinder platform Juanita hang the man that kilt your daddy in looked about for Anse Havey, and she the jail house yard at Peril, an' if the saw him standing in a group with Jeb McBriars get him they've got to kill and several other men whom she did he blazed out. "It's you I'm interested me first. Will you hold your hand till not know-but Anse's face was not turned toward her, and it did not wear The boy stood there, his fingers the look of expectancy that the thought Anse stiffened. "What is it?" he a little amazed, and he went on, quiet- slowly clenching and opening. Finally of her usually brought there. Jeb's Keeping daily watch on countenance, too, was white and set, "If I fails to hang Luke Thixton I'll me ter penitentiary that feller. He's and a breathless tensity seemed to hold the whole group in fixed tautness.

There were several clumps of men standing about, all armed, and every face wore the same expression of wait-

A gasp of premonition rose to Juanita's lips as she caught the sinister spirit of suspense in the atmosphere. Then Milt McBriar stepped down from the smoker vestibule, followed by another man. As the two turned in opposite direc-

tions on the snow-covered platform, with Bad Anse Havey laid a hand on the shoulder of the clean-shaven arrival and said in a clear voice: "Luke Thixton, I want ye fer ther murder of Fletch McNash." Old Milt McBriar, for once startled out of his case-hardened self-control,

wheeled and demanded angrily: "What hell's trick is this?" His eyes were blazing and his face worked with passionate fury. A deputy answered him: "An' Milt

McBriar, I wants you, too, on an indictment fer accessory ter murder." Juanita felt Dawn's spasmodic fingers clutch her arm and her own knees grow suddenly weak. She heard a clatter of parcels as Young Milt dropped them in the snow and leaped forward. his eyes kindling and his right hand frantically clawing at the buttons of overcoat and coat. But before he could draw. Jeb McNash had wheeled to face him, bending forward to a half crouch. The younger McBriar halted

his face. Haveys, armed and grim of visage, now began drawing close about the captives.

and bent back under the glint of the

revolver which Jeb was thrusting into

Dawn clung with bloodless lips and white cheeks to Juanita as she watched Jeb holding his weapon in the face of the boy whom she suddenly realized she loved more than her brother. Then the sheriff spoke again.

"Thar hain't no use in makin' no trouble, Milt. Ther grand jury hes done acted, an' I reckon ye'd better let the law take its course." feud obedience, the judge and grand "Why don't ye take me, too?" dejury secretly returned two indictments

manded Young Milt in a tense, passionbearing the names of Luke Thixton as at voice. "I'm a McBriar. That's all ye've got against any of these men.' "The grand jury didn't indict ye, son," responded the sheriff calmly.

commonwealth of Kentucky, and con-Then the elder McBriar became sudtrary to the statute in such case made denly quiet again and self-possessed. and provided." Also, they withheld He turned to his son. their action from public announce-"Milt," he said, sternly, "you keep outen this. Ride over home an' tell Surreptitiously and guardedly a

every man that calls hisself a Mc-Briar"-his voice suddenly rose in the to the remotest Havey cabin. Bad defiant crescendo of a trapped lionhain't never knowed nothin' else but in instant response to his call, and McBriar thet ther Haveys hev got me "tell every man that calls hisself a in ther damned jailhouse-an' ask 'em ef they aims ter let me lay thar." Young Milt turned and went at a run toward the livery stable. Over his shoulder as he went he flung back at

to Peril and waved his hat in farewell Jeb, who stood looking after him with "Nothin' kain't stand between me an' as they stood in the vestibule of the lowered pistol: "I'm goin' now, but I'll be back ter reckon with you!" And Jeb shouted, too: "Ye kain't come back none too soon, Milt. I'll be

As they entered the lobby of the hyar when ye comes." Then the group started on their tramp toward the courthouse and the

little jail that lay at its side. Juanita suddenly realized that she and Dawn were standing as if rooted to the spot. The older girl heard an inarticulate moan break from the lips of the younger, and then, as though waking out of sleep, she looked ab-The girl looked about the place, and sently down at a litter of beribboned parcels which lay about her feet. That message which Old Milt had flung back to his people on the lips of his son would send tumbling to arms every

man who could carry a rifle! And the Haveys were grimly waiting for them. The Haveys were already there. The two girls could not ride across the ridge now. They could only sit in their room at the wretched hotel and wait too.

Juanita was glad Dawn could cry. She couldn't. She could only look ahead and see a procession of hideous possibilities.

It had been a few minutes after noon when Young Milt had rushed into the livery stable and ordered his horse. In that one instant all his college influences had dropped away from him, and he was following the flerce single star of clan loyalty.

His father, who had never been any man's captive, was back there in the ermin-infested little jailhouse, a prisoner to the Haveys. And when Young Save Your Hogs Milt came back, the one Havey he had marked for his own was the Havey under whose pistol muzzle he had been forced to give back-young Jeb Mc-Nash

The stroke had taken the McBriars completely by surprise. The boy must reach his own territory and rally them to their fullest numbers, even from the remotest coves. This battle was to be fought in the enemy's own stronghold and against a force which was ready to the last note of preparedness So nothing could happen until to-

morrow. Nothing would happen, in all likelihood, until the day after that, and meanwhile the two girls in the hotel must sit there thinking. (TO BE CONTINUED

She Couldn't Stand That. Why did she throw over that young

"Seems he was an efficiency expert." "And he tried to tell her she didn't know how to kiss."

New Use for Electricity. A theory has been advanced by a French scientist that electric currents can be made to take the place of food in sustaining life to a considerable de-

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