

THE BATTLE-CRY
By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK
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ILLUSTRATIONS by C. D. RHODES

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

Jim Fletcher, a mountain man who had for years drifted between Tribulation and Winchester trading in cattle and timber, made a journey through the hills that spring, and was everywhere received as "home folks."

Anse Havey and his associates knew that Jim Fletcher had been subsidized; that the money he spent so lavishly was not his own money; and that he came as a stalking-horse, but they did not know that he had been to Louisville and had conferred there with Mr. Trevor.

Jim had a bland tongue and a persuasive manner, and he talked to the mountain men in their own speech, but he was none the less the advance agent of the new enemy from down below: the personal fulfillment of Juanita's prophecy to Roger Malcolm.

Anse Havey, how she depended on him for counsel and encouragement, which he gave not in behalf of the school, but because he was the school teacher's slave. She saw the little hospital rise on the hill and thought of what it would do, and she believed that Anse Havey must be, in his heart, converted, even though his mountain obstinacy would not let him say so.

Then, while the hillsides were joyous with spring, came a squad of lads with transit and chain, who began running a tentative line through the land that Jim Fletcher had bought. Anse Havey watched them grimly with folded arms, but said no word until they reached the boundary of his own place.

There he met them at the border. "Boys," he said, "ye musn't cross that fence. This is my land, an' I forbid ye." Their foreman argued. "We only want to take the measurements necessary to complete our line, Mr. Havey. We won't work any injury."

Anse shook his head. "Come in, boys, an' eat with me an' make yourselves at home," he told them, "but leave your tools outside." Men from the house patrolled the boundary with rifles and the young men were forced to turn back.

But later they drew near the house of old Bob McGreggor, and he, stealing down to the place in the thicket of rhododendron, saw them perilously near the trickling stream which even then bore on its surface little kernels of yellow corn. Deeply and violently old Bob swore as he drank from his little blue keg, and when one day he saw them again he asked counsel of no man. He went down and crept close through the laurel, and when his old rifle spoke a schoolboy from the Blue Grass fell dead among the rocks of the water course.

After that death, the first murder of an innocent outsider, the war which Anse Havey had so long foreseen broke furiously and brought the orders of upland and lowland to the grip of bitter animosity. Old McGreggor's victim had been young Roy Calvin, the son of Judge Calvin of Lexington, and the name of Calvin in central Kentucky was one associated with the state's best traditions.

It had run in a strong, bright thread through the pattern of Kentucky's achievements, and when news of the wanton assassination came home, the state awoke to a shock of horror. The infamy of the hills was screamed in echo to the mourning, and the name of Bad Anse Havey was once more printed in large type.

The men whose capital sought to wrest profit from the hills, and whose employee had been slain, were quick to take advantage of this hue and cry of calamity. They hurled themselves into the fight for gaining possession of coveted land and were not particular as to methods.

Jim Fletcher came and went constantly between the lowlands and highlands. He was all things to all men, and in the hills he cursed the lowlander, but in the lowland he cursed the hills. Milt and Job, and Anse rode constantly from cabin to cabin in their efforts to circumvent the adroit schemes of the mountain Judas who had sold his soul to the lowland syndicate.

Fletcher sought a foothold for capital to pierce fields acquired at the price of undeveloped land and then to take the profit of development. Anse sought to hold title until the sales could be on a fairer basis, and so the issue was made up. Capitalists, like Malcolm, who sat in directors' rooms launching a legitimate enterprise, had no actual knowl-

edge of the instrumentalities being employed on the real battlefield. Lawyers tried condemnation suits with indifferent success, and then reached out their hands for a new weapon.

Back in the old days, when Kentucky was not a state but a county, land patents had been granted by Virginia to men who had never claimed their property. For two hundred years other men who settled as pioneers had held undisturbed possession, and their children's children. Now into the courts piled multitudinous suits of eviction in the names of plaintiffs whose eyes had never seen the broken skyline of the Cumberland. Their purpose was deceit, since it sought to drag through long and costly litigation pauper landholders and to impose such a galling burden upon their property as should drive them to terms of surrender.

Men and women who owned, or thought they owned, a log shack and a tilting cornfield found themselves facing a new and bewildering crisis. Their untaught minds brooded and they talked violently of holding by title of rifle what their fathers had wrested from nature, what they had tended with sweat and endless toil.

But Anse Havey and Milt McBriar knew that the day was at hand when the rifle would no longer serve. They employed lawyers fitted to meet those of other lawyers and give them battle in the courts, and these lawyers were paid by Anse Havey and Milt McBriar.

The two stood stanchly together as a buffer between their almost helpless people and the encroaching tentacles of the new octopus, while Juanita, looking on at the forming of the battalions, was torn with anxiety.

In Bad Anse Havey the combination of interests recognized its really most formidable foe. In the mountain phrase, he must be "man-powered outen their way." And there were still men in the hills who, if other means failed, would sell the service of their "rifle-guns" for money.

With such as these it became the care of certain supernumeraries to establish an understanding. In the last election a thing had happened which had not for many years before happened in Kentucky—a change of parties had swept from power in Frankfort the administration which owed loyalty to Havey influences.

Bad Anse Havey was indicted as an accessory to the murder of young Calvin and he would be tried, not in Peril, but in the Blue Grass. The prosecution would be able to show that he had warned the surveyors of his own place and had picketed his fence line with riflemen. They would be able to show that he was the forefront of the fight against innovation and that lesser mountain men followed his counsel blindly and regarded his word as law. But, more than that, the jurors who passed on his question of life and death would be drawn from a community which knew him only by his newspaper-made reputation.

So it was not long before Anse Havey lay in a cell in the Winchester jail. He had been denied bond and fronted a dreary prospect. When the trial of Anse Havey began there was one spirit in the land. Here was an exponent of the unjustifiable system of murder from ambush. In the cemetery at Lexington, where sleep the founders of the western empire, lay a boy whose life had just begun in all the blossom and sunshine of promise—and who had done no wrong.

The special term of the court had brought to Winchester a throng of farmer folk and onlookers. Their horses stood hitched at the racks about the square when the sheriff led Anse Havey from the jail to the old building where he was to face his accusers and the judges who sat on the bench and in the jury box.

He took his seat with his counsel at his elbow and listened to the preliminary formalities of impaneling a jury. His face told nothing, but as man after man was excused because he had formed an opinion, he read little that was hopeful in the outlook. He calmly heard perjured witnesses from his own country testify that he had approached them, offering bribes for the killing of young Calvin which they had righteously refused. He knew that these men had been bought by Jim Fletcher and that they swore by the hire of syndicate money, but he only waited patiently for the defense to open. He saw the scowl on the faces in the jury box deepen into conviction as witness after witness took the stand against him, and he saw the faces in the body of the room mirror that scowl.

Then the prosecution rested, and as a few of its perjurers were punctured, the faces in the box lightened their scowl a little—but very little. The tide had set against him, and he knew it. Unless one of those strangely psychological things should occur which sweep juries suddenly from their moods of fixed opinion, he must be the sacrifice to Blue Grass wrath, and on the list of witnesses under the hand of his attorney there were only a few names left—pitifully few.

The Worst of It. "The worst of coaxing people to sing," said Gaunt N. Grimm, "is that they usually yield to the earnest solicitation of their friends and accept the nomination."—Judge.

Some Men's Greatness. The superiority of some men is merely local; they are great because their associates are little.

When Human Growth Stops. Human beings generally stop growing at the age of eighteen.

Then Anse Havey saw his chief counsel set his jaw, as he had a trick of setting it when he faced a forlorn hope, and throw the list of names aside as something worthless. As the lawyer spoke Anse Havey's face for the first time lost its immobility and showed amazement. He bent forward, wondering if his ears had not tricked him. His attorneys had not consulted him as to this step. "Mr. Sheriff," commanded the lawyer for the defense, "call Miss Juanita Holland to the stand."

CHAPTER XXIII.

If in the mountains there was one person of whom the Blue Grass knew with favor, it was Juanita Holland. She had worked quietly and without any blare of trumpets. Her efforts had never been advertised, but the thing she was trying to do was too unusual a thing to have escaped public notice and public laudation. That she was spending her life and her own large fortune in a manner of self-sacrifice and hardship was a thing of which the state had been duly apprised.

She, at least, would stand acquitted of feudal passion. She stood as a lone fighter for the spirit of all that was best and most unselfish in Kentucky ideals and the ideals of civilization. If she chose to come now as a witness for Anse Havey, she should have a respectful hearing. The prisoner bent forward and fixed eyes blazing with excitement on the door of the witness room. He saw it open and saw her pause there, pale and rather perplexed, then she came steadily to the witness stand and asked: "Do I sit here?"

The man had known her always in the calico and gingham of the mountains. This seemed a different woman who took her seat and raised her hand to be sworn. She was infinitely more beautiful he thought, in the habiliments of her own world. She seemed a queen who had waived her regal prerogatives and come into this mean courtroom in his behalf. His heart leaped into tumult. He would not have asked her to come; would not have permitted her to submit to the heckling of the prosecutor, whose face was already drawing into

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The question he had never dared to ask she had answered—answered under oath, and liberty seemed now a very barren gift. When he had been acquitted and was going out he saw a figure in consultation with the prosecutor—a figure which had not been inside the doors during the trial. It was Mr. Trevor of Louisville and he was testily saying: "Oh, well, there are more ways of killing a cat than by choking it with butter."

Anse Havey did not require the interpretation of an oracle for that cryptic comment. He knew that the effort to dispose of him would not end with his acquittal. Juanita was going away to enlist her staff of teachers and arrange for the equipment of the little hospital, and Anse did not tell her of his insecurity. "You'll promise to be very careful, while I'm gone, won't you?" she demanded, as they sat together the night before she left.

"I'll try to last till you get back," he smiled. He was sitting with a pipe in his hand—a pipe which had gone out and been forgotten. In the darkness of the porch everything was vague but herself. She seemed to him to be luminous by some light of her own. She was a very wonderful and desirable star shining far out of reach of his world. Suddenly she laughed, and he asked: "What is it?"

"I was just thinking what a fool I was when I came here," she answered. "Did you know that I brought a piano with me as far as Peril? It's been there over a year." "A piano!" he echoed, then they both laughed. "I might as well have tried to bring along the Philadelphia city hall," she admitted. "Just the same, there have been times when it would have meant a lot to me, an awful lot, if I could have had that piano. I don't know whether music means so much to you, but to me—"

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But when she entered the building which had been the first schoolhouse the man drew back a step or two and watched as surreptitiously as a boy who has in due secrecy planned a surprise. She went in and then suddenly halted and stood near the threshold in amazement. Her eyes began to dance and she gave a little gasp of delight. There against one wall stood her piano.

She turned to him, deeply moved, and after the first flush of delight her eyes were misty. "I wonder how I am ever going to

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Quebec. The fortifications of Quebec are obsolete as fortifications, but remain as picturesque additions to the beauty and interest of "The Gibraltar of America." The fortifications standing consist of walls and a citadel built in 1823-1832 at a cost of over seven million pounds. Between 1865 and 1871 three forts were built on the Levis side of the river, but were not armed or manned. The citadel occupies more than forty acres. No trace of the old French fortifications remains.

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His features were wizened and his eyes shifty. He was a coward and an intriguer by nature and inclination. It was logical enough that when the verdict of the director's table that tared down the line the persons seeking native methods for abating the nuisance should come to Clayheel Hackley. One day in August this attorney at law, together with Jim Fletcher and a tricky youth who enjoyed the distinction of holding office as telegraph operator at the Peril station, caucused together in Hackley's dingy room. In the death of Bad Anse Havey this trio saw a joint advantage, since the abating of such a nuisance would not go unrewarded.

"Gentlemen," said the attorney, "his wizened face working nervously, "this business has need to be expeditious. Gentlemen—it requires, in its nature, to be expeditious. A few more failures and we are done for." "Well, tell us how ye aims ter do hit," growled the telegraph operator. "Jim Fletcher has the idea," replied the lawyer impressively. "Quite the right idea. How many men can you trust on a job like this, Jim?" "As many as ye needs," was the confident response. "A dozen or a score if they're wanted."

"Enough to make it sure, but not too many," urged Hackley. "We should set a day precisely as the court would set a day for—an execution. The force you send out should simply stay on the job until it's done. If Anse Havey can be got alone, so much the better. But above all—" The lawyer paused and spoke with his most forceful emphasis: "Don't just wound this man. See that the thing is finally and definitely settled."

"It'll be there myself," Jim Fletcher assured him. "Now when is this day goin' ter be?" "This is Monday?" reflected the attorney. "There is no advantage in delay. It will take a day or two to get ready. Let the case be docketed, as I might say—for Thursday."

Anse Havey had gone to Lexington. Never again did he mean to hold against himself the accusation of the unlit lamp and the ungrit loin." He knew that she loved him. In Lexington he had bought a ring and at Peril he had got a marriage license. His camp-following days were over. He had one youth, and he knew that if his enemies succeeded in their designs that might at any moment be snapped short with sudden death. It did not seem to him that one of its golden hours should be wasted.

As he came out of the courthouse with the invaluable piece of paper in his pocket two men, seemingly unarmed, rose from the doorway of the store across the street and drifted toward their hitched horses. Young Milt McBriar had ridden over to Peril that day with several companions, and Anse Havey went back with them. So it happened that quite accidentally he made this journey under escort. The men who rode a little way in his rear cursed their luck—and waited. And, though they lurked in hiding all that afternoon near Anse Havey's house, they saw nothing more of their intended victim.

Anse was keenly alive to each day's impending threat, and when he recognized the face of Jim Fletcher in Peril, as he came through, he had read mischief in the eyes and recognized that the menace had drawn closer. So, when he was ready to cross the ridge to the school, he obeyed an old sense of caution and left his horse saddled at the front fence that it might seem as if he were going out—but had not yet gone. He had sent a messenger for Good Anse Talbot, and the preacher arrived while he was at his supper.

"Brother Anse," he said, "I'm goin' to need ye some time betwixt now and midnight. I want ye to tarry here till I come back." "What's the nature of business ye needs me fer, Anse?" demanded the missionary. "I hadn't hardly ought ter wait. Thar's a child ailin' up the top fork of little fork of Turkey-Foot creek."

"But Bad Anse only shook his head. "It's the best business ye ever did," he confidently assured the preacher. "But I can't tell ye yet. Is the child in any danger?" "I reckon not; hit's jest aillin' but—" The brown-faced man sat dubiously shaking his head, and Anse's features suddenly set and hardened. "I needs ye," he said. "Ain't that enough? I'm goin' to need ye bad."

"That's a right strong reason, Anse, but—" For an instant the old dominating will which had not yet learned to brook mutiny leaped into Anse Havey's eyes. His words came in a harsher voice: "Will you stay of your own free will because I'm goin' to need ye, Brother Anse?" he demanded. "Because, by God, ye're goin' to stay—one way or another."

"Does ye mean ye aims ter hold me hyar by force?" "Not unless ye make me. I wouldn't hardly like to do that." For a moment the missionary debated. He did not resent the threat of coercion. He believed in Anse Havey, and the form of request convinced him of its urgency. So he nodded his head. "I'll be hyar when ye comes," he said.

Anse left his house that night neither by front nor back, but in the dark shadows at one side, and his tall, man of luck led his noiseless feet safely between the scattered sentinels who were watching his dwelling to kill him. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Not Quite. "How is the baby getting along in trying to talk?" "Well, I must say his efforts have not as yet met with pronounced success." Worth While Quotation. Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.—Selected. The bachelor believes Haman was the god of marriage.

Blind Swimmer Saves Chum. Frank W. Forester, a blind student at the University of California, rescued a blind freshman from drowning in the college swimming pool. The two had been darning each other to plunge from the high diving board. Forester's companion dived and hit the water in such a manner that he was stunned. Forester, diving that something was wrong, jumped in and succeeded in getting his friend ashore, where he administered first aid with success.

Quebec. The fortifications of Quebec are obsolete as fortifications, but remain as picturesque additions to the beauty and interest of "The Gibraltar of America." The fortifications standing consist of walls and a citadel built in 1823-1832 at a cost of over seven million pounds. Between 1865 and 1871 three forts were built on the Levis side of the river, but were not armed or manned. The citadel occupies more than forty acres. No trace of the old French fortifications remains.

VICTORY
A sense of freedom from all annoying after-eating distress can only be experienced when the digestive system is strong and working harmoniously. Such a condition can be promoted by careful diet and the assistance of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

NO PLACE FOR LITTLE MAN
He Evidently Had His Opinion as to What His Companions Would Do in an Accident.

All hands had been telling long stories of what they had done or would do in the event of a smashup on the railway, with the exception of one little man, who had listened attentively to the narratives and taken them all in without a word. "Ever been in an accident?" asked the patriarch of the party, noticing the little man's silence.

"No," replied the little man quietly. "Then you have no idea of what you would do in the case?" continued the patriarch. "No, I haven't," replied the little man sadly. "With all you big heroes blocking up the doors and windows in your hurry to get out, I don't exactly know what show a man of my size would have!"

And then there was a deep silence, so deep you might have heard a cough drop, and the little man was troubled no more about the possibility of accidents. AT THE FIRST SIGNS
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Touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment, and follow next morning with a hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. This at once arrests falling hair and promotes hair growth. You may rely on these supereminent emollients for all skin troubles. Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

County Leads in Mining. In metal Shasta county has long been in a class by itself, leading all other counties in California for the past eighteen years. The official statistics from 1897—the year when her great sulphide ore bodies were first exploited—to 1914 (last year estimated) credit the county with a total output of \$99,144,777, or an average of over \$5,508,000 per year.

For a really fine coffee at a moderate price, drink Denison's Seminole Brand, 35c the lb., in sealed cans. Only one merchant in each town sells Seminole. If your grocer isn't the one, write the Denison Coffee Co., Chicago, for a souvenir and the name of your Seminole dealer. Buy the 3 lb. Canister Can for \$1.00.—Adv.

Nothing Rude. "I suppose your daughter will start her scholastic career with some special rudimentary studies?" "No, indeed. There ain't going to be nothin' rude about it. She's goin' to take only polite literature!"

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Druggists refund money if PAIN OINTMENT fails to cure itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles. First application gives relief. 50c.

The Flery Year. The Plymouth Rock—Terrible times. The Leghorn—Yes; I didn't lay my egg to be an omelet. The trouble with too many children is that the education of their parents has been neglected. The ring once too often; but a bore has never been knocked out.

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