

THE BATTLE-CRY  
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SYNOPSIS.  
Juanita Holland, a Philadelphia young woman of wealth, on her journey with her guide, Good Anse Talbot, into the heart of the Cumberland mountains to become a teacher of the mountain children, faints at the door of Fletch McNaah's cabin. While resting there she overhears a talk between Bad Anse Havey, chief of his clan, and one of his lieutenants, Bad Anse and they become antagonists. Cal Douglas of the Havey clan in a trial is convicted for the murder of Noah Wyatt, a McNaah. In the night Juanita hears friends, Cal Douglas is acquitted. Juanita and Dawn McNaah become friends. Cal Douglas is acquitted. Juanita attempts to kill him but is herself killed by the Haveys. Juanita goes to live with the widow Everson, whose boys are outside the fence. Milt McBriar, head of his clan, meets Bad Anse there and discusses responsibility for Wyatt's attempt to kill Douglas. They decide a trial, under pressure from Good Anse Talbot. Juanita thinks she finds that Bad Anse is opposing her efforts to buy land and build a school. Milt McBriar breaks the treaty by having Fletch McNaah murdered. Job McNaah begs Bad Anse to tell him who killed his father. But is not told. Juanita and Bad Anse further misunderstand each other. Bad Anse is bitter.

CHAPTER X—Continued.  
"I'm grateful for this teacher's course," said Juanita hotly, "and I'm not going home."  
Anse Havey went on:  
"But I know that boy. I know that if I'd talked thataway he'd just about have gone out in the la'rel an' got somebody. Hit might not 'a' been the right feller, but he might have found that out later. I reckon ye never had a feller murdered, did ye?"  
"Hardly," answered the girl with a scornful toss of her head. "Ye see, I wasn't reared among gun-fighters."  
"Well, I have," responded the man. "I was in the legislature down at Frankfort when it happened, a-helpin' to make the laws that govern this state. I was for them laws in theory—but when that word came I paired off with a Republican, so's not to lose my vote on the floor, an' I come back here to these hills an' got that feller. I reckon I ought to be ashamed to tell ye that, but I'm so plumb ignorant that I can't feel it. I know how Job felt an' so I held him off with a promise to help. Of course ye couldn't accept the help of a man like that."  
He turned and withdrew his hands from his pockets.  
"I'm through," he added, "an' I'm obliged to ye for harkenin' to me."  
"There is something in your point of view, Mr. Havey," she acknowledged. "But it is all based on twisted and distorted principle."  
"I don't think myself a saint. I guess I'm pretty weak. My first appeal to you was pure weakness. But I stand for ideas that the world has acknowledged to be right, and for that reason I am going to win. That is why, although I'm a girl, with none of your physical power, and no gun-fighters at my back, you are secretly afraid of me. That is why you are making unfair war on me. I stand for the implacable force of civilization that must sooner or later sweep you away and utterly destroy your dominance."  
For the first time Bad Anse Havey's face lost its impassiveness. His eyes clouded and became puzzled, surprised.  
"I reckon I don't hardly follow ye," he said. "If ye wants it to be enemies all right, but I ain't never made no war on ye. I don't make war on women-folks, an' besides I wouldn't make a needless war nowh. All I've got to do is to give ye enough rope an' watch ye hang yourself."  
"If you think that," she demanded, with a quick upleaping of anger in her pupils, "why did you feel it necessary to prevent my buying land? Why do you coerce your vassals, under fear of death, to decline my offers? Why, if my school means no menace, do you refuse it standing room to start its fight?"  
The man's pose stiffened.  
"Who told ye I hindered anybody from sellin' ye land?"  
"Wherever I inquire it is the same thing. They must ask permission of Bad Anse Havey before they can do as they wish with their own."  
"By heavens, that's another lie," he said shortly. "But I reckon ye believe that, too. I did advise folks hereabouts against sellin' to strangers, but that was after ye come."  
He paced the length of the room a while, then halted before her.  
"Some of that property," he went on, and this time his voice was passionate in its earnestness, "has enough coal an' timber on it to make its owners rich some day. Have ye seen any of the coal-minin' sections of these hills? Well, go an' have a look. Ye won't find any mountaineer richer fer the developments. Ye'll find 'em plundered an' cheated an' robbed of their homes by your civilized furriners. I've done aimed ter protect my folks against bein' looted. I aims to go on protectin' 'em."  
"Ignorance won't protect them," she insisted.  
"I told ye we was distrustful of furriners," went on Havey. "Some day there'll be a bigger war here than the Havey-McBriar war. Ye've seen somethin' of that. That other war will be with your people, an' when it comes

the girl, and with that he took it down again and set it to his lips and blew. A mellow sound, not loud, but far carrying, like the fox-hunter's tally-ho, floated over the valley.  
"Our house hasn't more than a whoop an' a holler away," he said awkwardly, "but when ye're livin' over hyar by yoreself, if ye ever wants anythin' in their night-time, jest blow that horn."  
After she had almost burst her cheeks with effort, he added: "Don't never blow this signal unless ye wants ter raise merry hell."  
Then he imitated very low, through pursed lips, three long blasts and three short ones.  
"What's that signal?" she demanded.  
"Ye've heered the McBriar yell," he told her. "That horn calls their Havey rallyin' signal. When that goes out every Havey that kin tote a gun's got ter git up an' come. Hit means war."  
"Thank you, Jerry. I won't call the Haveys to battle."  
The night after she had flung her challenge down to Bad Anse Havey Juanita stayed at the McNaah cabin to be with Dawn and the widow. The next day she went with them to the mountainside "buryin'-ground," where Good Anse performed the last rites for the dead.  
After it was all over, and it had been decided that the widow was to take the younger children up Meeting-house fork to live with a brother, the missionary and the teacher started back. Job was to stay here alone to run the farm, and when Juanita returned to the ridge Dawn went with her.  
They were passing a tumbling waterfall, shrunken now to a trickling rill, when Dawn broke the long silence.  
"Wunst, when I was a leetle gal," she said, "Unc' Perry w-a-hid-din up up ter branch from the reverensers. I used ter fetch his leetle up ther ter him."  
Juanita turned suddenly with a shocked expression. It was as if her little songbird friend had suddenly and violently reverted; as if the flower had turned to poison weed. And as Juanita looked Dawn's eyes were blazing and her black hair—dark with the same expression which brooded on her brother's brow.  
"What is it, dear?" Juanita asked, and in tense and fiery voice the younger girl exclaimed:  
"I wishes I war a man. I wouldn't wait and set still like Job's doin'. By heaven, I'd git that murderer. I'd cut his heart outen his body."  
"I tote ye," quietly commented Brother Anse, "thet their instinct's in their blood. Anse Havey went down ter Frankfort an' set in their legislator—but he come back ther same man ther went down. Somethin' called him. Somethin' calls ter every mountain man ther goes away, an' he harken ter ther call."  
"Anse come back," repeated Dawn triumphantly. "An' Anse is hyar. Ef Job sets thar an' don't do nothin', I

reckon Anse Havey won't hardly let hit go by without doin' nothin'. Thank heaven, thar's some men left in their hills like Anse Havey—but ef Job don't do nothin' I'll do hit my-self."  
Again Juanita shuddered, but it was not the time for argument, and so she went on, bitterly accusing Havey in her heart for his wizard hold on these people—a hold which incited them to bloodshed as the fanatical priests of the desert urge on their wild tribesmen.  
She did not know that Bad Anse Havey went every few days over to the desolated cabin and often persuaded the boy to ride home with him and spend a part of the time in his larger brick house. She did not know that Bad Anse was coming nearer to lynching than he had ever before come in withholding his strong suspicions from the boy because of his unwillingness to incite another tragedy.  
So when one day a McBriar henchman by the name of Luke Thixton had left the mountains and gone west, Anse hoped that this man would stay away for a long while, and he refrained from mentioning to Job that now, when the bird had flown, he knew definitely of his guilt.  
While Dawn, under the guidance of her preceptors, was making the acquaintance of a new and sweeter life, whose influences fed her imagination and fired her quick ambition, her

brother was more solemnly being moulded by the Havey chief.  
The water-mill of old Bob McGreogor was the nearest spot to the dwelling of Bad Anse Havey where grit could be ground to meal, and sometimes when Job came over to the brick house he would volunteer to throw upon his shoulders the sack of corn and plod with it up across the ridges. He would sit there in the dusty old mill while the slow wheel groaned and creaked and the cumbersome millstones did their slow stent of work.  
So one day, toward the end of August, Juanita, who had climbed up the path to the poplar to look over her battlefield and renew her vows, saw Job sturdily plodding his way in long, resolute strides through the woods toward the mill, a heavy sack upon his shoulders and a rifle swinging at his side.  
That day chance had it that no one else had come to mill and Bob McGreogor had persuaded the boy to drink from the "leetle blue bag" while his mind was ripe for mischief. Until the mill slowly ground out his meal Job McNaah sat on a pile of rubbish in the gloomy shack, nursing his knees in interlocked fingers. Old Bob drank and stormed and cursed the inertia of the present generation. The lad's lean fingers tightened and gripped themselves more tensely and his eyes began to smolder and blaze with a wicked light as he listened.  
"Ye looks like a right stand-up sort of a boy, Job," growled the old fire-eater who had set more than a few couples at each other's throats. "An' I reckon hit's all right, too, for a feller ter bid his time, but hit' pears ter me like ther men of these days don't do nothin' but bid ther time."  
"I won't bid mine no longer than what I has ter," snapped the boy. "Anse lous ter tell me when he finds out who hit wars ther ter got my pap. Ther's all I needs ter know."  
Old Bob shook his head knowingly and laughed in his tangled beard.  
"I reckon Anse Havey'll take his leetle. He's got ther fish to fry. He's a-thinkin' 'bout bigger things than yore grievance, son."  
The boy rose, and his voice came very quietly and ominously from suddenly whitened lips. "What does ye mean by ther, Uncle Bob?"  
"Mebby I don't mean nothin' much. Ther ergin mebbe I could give ye a pretty good idee who kill yore pap. Mebbe I could tell ye 'bout a feller—a feller ther hadn't yer removed from Old Milt himself—that went snoopin' ter ther ridge ther same day yore pap died with a rifle-gun 'cross his elbow and his pockets struty with cartridges."  
"Who war he?" came the tense demand with the sudden snap of rifle-rifle. "Who war ther feller?"  
Old Bob filled and lighted his pipe with fingers that had grown unsteady from the ministrations of the "leetle blue bag." He laughed again in a drunken fashion.  
"Ef Bad Anse Havey don't low ter tel ye, son," he artfully demurred, "I reckon hit wouldn't hardly be becomin' fer me ter name his name."  
The boy picked up his battered hat. "Give me my grist," he said shortly. He stood by, breathing heavily but silently while the sack was being tied, then, putting it down by the door, he wheeled and faced the older man.  
"Now ye're agoin' ter tell me what I needs ter know," he said quietly, "or I'm agoin' ter kill ye whar ye stands."  
Uncle Bob laughed. He had meant all the while to impart that succulent bit of information, which was no information at all, but mischief-making suspicion. He had held off only to infuriate and envenom the boy with the cumulative force of climax.  
"Hit warn't nobody but—!" After a pause he went on, "but old Milt McBriar's own son, Young Milt."  
"That's all," said Job soberly; "I'm obliged ter ye."  
He went out with the sack on his shoulders and the rifle under his arm, but when he had reached a place in the woods where a blind trail struck back he deposited his sack carefully under a ledge of overhanging rock, for the clouds were mounting and banking now in a threat of rain and it was not his own meal, so he must be careful of its safety.  
Then he crossed the ridge until he came to a point where the thickest grew down close and tangled to the road. He had seen Young Milt going west along that road this morning and by nightfall he would be riding back. The gods of chance were playing into his hands.  
So he lay down, closely hugging the earth, and cocked his rifle. For hours he crouched there with unpeaking patience, while his muscles cramped and his feet and hands grew cold under the pelting of a rain which was strangely raw and chilling for the season. The sun sank in an angry band of thunder-heads and the west grew lurid. The drenching downpour blinds him and trickled down his spine under his clothes, but at last he saw the figure he awaited riding a horse he knew. It was the same roan mare that Bad Anse had restored to Milt McBriar.  
When Young Milt rode slowly by, fifty yards away, with his mount at a walk and his reins hanging, he was untroubled by any anxiety, because he was in his own territory and was at heart fearless. The older boy from Tribulation felt his temples throb and the rifle came slowly up and the one eye which was not closed looked point-blank across immovable sights and along a steady barrel into the placid face of his intended victim.  
He could see the white of Milt's eyes and the ragged lock of hair under the hat-brim which looked like a smudge of soot across his brow. Then slowly

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beaten on the train for eight hours at a small station the conductor entered with a telegram, asking if anyone of his name was on board. On opening the telegram the officer found that it ordered him to detached duty.  
Exactness of detail could not be carried much further. The war department knew the whereabouts of a second lieutenant, even when he was traveling on leave of absence.  
The albatross is the largest of sea birds.

Jeb McNaah shook his head. A spasm of battle went through him and shook him like a convulsion to the soles of his feet. He had but to crook his finger to appease his blood-lust—and break his pledge.  
"I done give Anse my hand ter bid me my time 'twell I war dead sartin," he told himself. "I hadn't quite dead sartin," he told himself. "I hadn't quite dead sartin yit. I reckon I've got ter wait a spell."  
He uncocked the rifle and the other boy rode on, but young Job folded his arms on the wet earth and buried his face in them and sobbed, and it was an hour later that he stumbled to his feet and went groggily back, drunk with bitterness and emotion, toward the house of Anse Havey. Yet when he arrived after nightfall his tongue told nothing and his features told less.



The Rifle Came Slowly Up.

weeks to years, and she awoke each new day braced to hear the news of some fresh outbreak, and wondered why she did not. A few neighborhood children were already learning their rudiments, and plans for more buildings were going forward.  
Sometimes Jeb came over from the brick house to see his sister, and on the boy's face was always a dark cloud of settled resolve. If Juanita never questioned him on the topic that she knew was nearest his heart it was because she realized that to do so would be the surest way to estrange his friendship and confidence.  
In one thing she had gained a point. She had bought as much property as she should need. Back somewhere behind the veil of mysteries Anse Havey had pressed a button or spoken a word, and all the hindrance that had lain across her path straightway evaporated. Men had come to her, with no further solicitation on her part, and now it seemed that many were animated by a desire to turn an honest penny by the sale of land. In every conveyance that was drawn—dozens of ninety-nine-year lease instead of sales—she read a thrifty and careful knowledge of land laws and reservation of mineral and timber rights which she traced to the head of the clan.  
As summer spent itself there was opportunity for felling timber, and the little sawmill down in the valley sent up its drone and whine in proclamation that her trees were being turned into squared timbers for her buildings.  
Once, when Milt McBriar rode up to the sawmill, he found the girl sitting there, her hands clasped on her knees, gazing dreamily across the sawdust and confusion of the place.  
"Ye're right smart interested in thet thar woodpile, ain't ye, ma'am?" he inquired with a slow, benevolent smile.  
His kindness of guise invited confidence, and there was no one else within earshot, so the girl looked up, her eyes a little misty and her voice impulsive.  
"Mr. McBriar," she said, "every one of those timbers means part of a dream to me, and with every one of them that is set in place will go a hope and a prayer."  
He nodded sympathetically. "I reckon," he said, "ye kin do right smart good, too."  
"Mr. McBriar," she flashed at him in point-blank questioning, "since I came here I have tried to be of use in a very simple and ineffective fashion. I have done what little I could for the sick and distressed, yet I am constantly being warned that I'm not allowed to carry on my work. Do you know of any reason why I shouldn't go ahead?"  
He gazed at her for a moment, quizzically, then shook his head.  
"Oh, pahaw!" he exclaimed, "I wouldn't let no sich talk es thet fret me none. Folks round hyar ain't got much ter do except ter gossip 'round. Nobody ain't agoin' ter hinder ye. We hasn't such bad people, after all."  
After that she felt that from the McBriars she had gained official sanction, and her resentment against Anse Havey grew because of his scornful ungraciousness.  
The last weeks of the summer were weeks of drought and plague. Ordinarily, in the hills storms brew swiftly and frequently and spend themselves in violent outpourings and cannonad-

ing of thunder, but that year the clouds seemed to have dried up, and down in the tablelands of the Blue Grass the crops were burned to worthless stalk and shrunken ear. Even up here, in the birthplace of waters, the corn was brown and sapless, so that when a breeze strayed over the hills, the fields they sent up a thirsty, dry-rasp of rattling whisper.  
It was not only in the famished forests and seared fields that the hot breath of the plague breathed, carrying death in its fetid nostrils. Back in the cabins of the "branch-water folks," where little springs diminished and became polluted, all those who were not strong enough to throw off the touch of the specter's finger sickened and died, and typhoid went in and out of Havey shack and McBriar cabin whispering, "a pest on both your houses."  
The widow McNaah had not been herself since the death of Fletch. She who had once been so strong over her drudgery, sat day long on the doorstep of her brother's hovel and, in the language of her people, "jest sickened an' pined away."  
So, as Juanita Holland and Good Anse Talbot rode sweating mules toward the hills, receiving calls for help faster than they could answer them, they were not astonished to hear that the widow was among the stricken. Though they fought for her life, she refused to fight herself, and once again the Eastern girl stood with Dawn in the brier-choked "buryin'-ground," and once more across an open grave she met the eyes of the man who stood for the old order.  
But now she had learned to set a lock on her lips and hold her counsel. So, when she met Anse and Jeb after that, she asked without rancor: "May I take little Jesse back with me, too? He's too young," she added, with just a heartick trace of her old defiance, "to be useful to you, Mr. Havey, and I'd like to teach him what I can."  
Anse and Jeb conferred, and the older man came back and nodded his head.  
"Jesse can go back with ye," he said. "I'm still aimin' to give ye all the rope you want. When ye've had enough an' quits, let me know, an' I'll take care of Fletch's children."  
And on her farm, as folks called Juanita's place, that September saw many changes. Near the original cabin was springing up a new structure, larger than any other house in that neighborhood, except, possibly, the strongholds of the chiefs, and as it grew and began to take form it imparted an air of ordered trimness to the countryside about it. It was fashioned in such style as should be in keeping with its surroundings and not give too emphatic a note of alien strangeness.  
Juanita wished that her cabin could house more occupants, for the plague had left many motherless families, and many children might have come into her fold. As it was, she had several besides the McNaahs as her nucleus, and while the weather held good she was rushing her work of timber-felling and building which the winter would halt.

CHAPTER XII.

One day in early October young Milt McBriar happened upon Dawn and Juanita walking in the woods.  
The gallant colors and the smoky mists of autumn wrapped the forests and brooded in the sky. An elixir went into the blood with each deep-drawn breath and set to stirring forgotten or hitherto unawakened emotions. And in this heady atmosphere of quickened pulses the McBriar boy halted and gazed at the Havey girl.  
Juanita saw Young Milt's eyes flash with an awakened spirit. She saw a look in his face which she was woman enough to interpret even before he himself dreamed what its meaning might be.  
Dawn was standing with her head up and her lids half closed looking across the valley to the Indian summer haze that slept in smoky purple on the ridges. She wore a dress of red calico, and she had thrust in her belt a few crimson leaves from a gum tree and a few yellow ones from a poplar.  
Juanita Holland did not marvel at the fascinated, almost rapt look that came into Young Milt's eyes, and Young Milt, too, as he stood there in the autumn woods, was himself beyond mean figure. His lean body was quick of movement and strong, and his bronzed face wore the straight-looking eyes that carried an assurance of fearless honesty. He had been away to Lexington to college and was going back. The keen intelligence of his face was marred by no note of meanness, and now, as he looked at the girl of the enemy, his shoulders came unconsciously erect with something of the pride that shows in men of wild blood when they feel in their veins the strain of the chieftains.  
But Dawn, after her first blush, dropped her lids a little and tilted her chin, and without a word subdued him with the air of a Havey looking down on a McBriar.  
Milt met that gaze with a steady one of his own and banteringly said: "Dawn, pears like ye mought 'a' got tangled up with a rainbow."  
Her voice was cool as she retorted: "I reckon that's better than getting mixed up with some other thing."  
"I was jest a-thinkin', es I looked at 'er," went on the boy graverly, "thet hit's better than gettin' mixed up with anythin' else."  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Laugh and Grow Well.

Gloom is not a virtue, any more than filth. The "odor of sanctity" does not necessarily involve a long face and a long black frock coat and infrequent baths. Laughter is good medicine, both for the body and the mind. The man who laughs is likely to be a healthy man, and a happy man, and he is rarely a villain.

Ers of Pure Food.

"Shall I serve the dish sir?" asked the waiter.  
"Yes, you may serve it."  
"And how about the chemical analysis, sir? Shall I make it, or will you, sir?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Unable to Appreciate Silence.

Some people never learn to appreciate the beauty of silence. Perhaps it is an appreciation that cannot be acquired. Perhaps it comes by nature. Perhaps it is not there. Often they are tormented with personal curiosity. They ask searching questions, and if they do not receive spontaneous and 'all' replies they become suspicious or hurt.

Star is Lost.

In a recent communication to "The Astronomer," M. Raymond of Antioch reports that he was no longer able to see the companion of Alpha Centauri, which he had previously observed, and asked to have his observation verified at institutions equipped with large telescopes. The object has since been sought in vain with the 31.5 reflector of the observatory of Marsettes. It will be interesting to learn whether still more powerful telescopes can detect it. The companion in question has heretofore been described as a star of the eleventh or twelfth magnitude, distant about eleven seconds from the primary. M. Raymond also notes an apparent change of color between the time the binary was first observed by Herschel in 1820 and his own observations of 1909 and 1910.—Scientific American.

China Awakening.

The Chinese business men of Hangchow, in the Shanghai district, have organized the United Association for Advising the Nation to Use Native Goods. At the initial meeting six means of advancing the usefulness of the association were pointed out: Enlist the sympathies of all schools and colleges throughout the country, print short notices in the daily press, employ men to go around and give public addresses to the people, distribute handbills giving names and short descriptions of native goods, keep in touch by letter and otherwise with the chamber of commerce and dealers in foreign goods, and call upon the nation to use native goods.

Italian Lemon Gardens.

The Italian lemon gardens vary in area, being commonly extremely small in comparison with California's groves. About Palermo, however, there are gardens having as many as 2,000 acres. Fertilizers are used, but there is little or no system. Nor is there agreement as to the proper intervals between trees. Irrigation is employed. In the Sorrentine region, where the water supply is short, a tree averages not over 400 lemons, but well-handled Sicilian groves may produce 1,200 or more per tree. The most northern gardens produce less than those of Sorrento.

East was once with a small scouting party in Arizona. After two weeks in the desert his squad came to the railway near a small station. Within ten minutes a telegram from Washington was brought to him by the station agent. It asked if the officer wished to be transferred to one of the new artillery regiments then forming. He answered by telegraph that he would be glad to enter either of them. Then with his squad he set off again across the desert.  
It was six days later when they

again struck the railway, this time 80 miles from the point at which they had previously crossed it, but the officer's reply from the war department was awaiting him. It had been telegraphed to every station within two hundred miles.  
A more striking instance of accuracy occurred after the same officer's transfer to the East. He was traveling home on leave and, as the regulations require, had notified the department of the day, hour and probable route of his journey. After he had

beaten on the train for eight hours at a small station the conductor entered with a telegram, asking if anyone of his name was on board. On opening the telegram the officer found that it ordered him to detached duty.  
Exactness of detail could not be carried much further. The war department knew the whereabouts of a second lieutenant, even when he was traveling on leave of absence.  
The albatross is the largest of sea birds.

ANCIENT SERBIAN CITY

SEMENDRIA HAS LONG BEEN KNOWN IN HISTORY.

Its Trade, Chiefly With Vienna and Budapest, Has Specialties That Have Made It Noted—At One Time Strongly Fortified.

"Semendria, where the shells from Austro-German batteries fell in preparation for the Teutonic drive toward the Golden Horn, is one of the first commercial towns of Serbia," says a war primer issued by the National Geographic society. "Serbia is an agricultural country. Pigs and grains are its ranking exports, and the greater part of the Serbian export in pigs, and almost all of its export in cereals, passed through Semendria in peace times. Its trade has been done chiefly with Vienna and Budapest. Among its exports are a superior white grape and a delicious wine."  
"There is an interesting tradition connected with the grapes of Semendria. It is told that the Serbian Prince George Brankovich brought cuttings of the grape vines of Semendria and planted them upon his sunny estates in Hungary, when he became the lord of Tokay there. This transplanting of the Serbian grape took place in the fifteenth century, and it is from these imported vines that Hungary's famous, spicy white wine, Tokay, came. This, the little Serbian city is the great ancestor of the Magyars' best-known product, the fiery, aromatic glass from Hungary which is prized by connoisseurs the world around.

Semendria lies upon the Danube, between Belgrade and the Iron Gates. It is distant about 30 miles southeast from the Serbian capital. It is said to stand upon the site of the Roman town Mons Aureus, and legend has it that its famous grape vines were planted by the Roman Emperor Probus. Therefore, it may be seen that the royal wine had an imperial beginning, and the perfect product of today can boast a long and glorious past.  
"At one time a powerful fortress guarded the approach to the city. It was a thick-walled, triangular structure, said to have been built in 1430, and for a long time it was the distinguishing feature of the small place and the river crossing which it guarded. Semendria has been under attack several times in the course of its history, and one battle of great importance took place here in 1411, when the Turks forced a passage into Hungary through a Danube choked with the bodies of the heroic Magyar defenders.

Semendria has often been a favored residence of the Serbian ruler and from 1430 to 1459 it was the capital of the state. The town has a picturesque setting upon the broad river, here narrowing for its passage of the Iron Gates just below it. The country around it is broken and wooded. The population is about 7,500, and, despite a thriving wine production and an expanding commerce, this population has remained about the same through the last score of years. The port has a branch line connecting it with the Belgrade-Nish railway, the main products' artery in the country. Its rugged old triangular fortress still stands, the most interesting architectural feature in the city, and its 24 square towers are sentinels of Semendria today as in the days of George Brankovich, father of Tokay wine, who builded them. The fortress was built on the model of the Constantinople walls."

Star is Lost.  
In a recent communication to "The Astronomer," M. Raymond of Antioch reports that he was no longer able to see the companion of Alpha Centauri, which he had previously observed, and asked to have his observation verified at institutions equipped with large telescopes. The object has since been sought in vain with the 31.5 reflector of the observatory of Marsettes. It will be interesting to learn whether still more powerful telescopes can detect it. The companion in question has heretofore been described as a star of the eleventh or twelfth magnitude, distant about eleven seconds from the primary. M. Raymond also notes an apparent change of color between the time the binary was first observed by Herschel in 1820 and his own observations of 1909 and 1910.—Scientific American.

China Awakening.  
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Ers of Pure Food.  
"Shall I serve the dish sir?" asked the waiter.  
"Yes, you may serve it."  
"And how about the chemical analysis, sir? Shall I make it, or will you, sir?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.