

THE BATTLE-CRY

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SYNOPSIS.

Juanita Holland, a Philadelphia young woman of wealth, on her journey with her guide, Good Anne Talbot, into the heart of the Cumberland mountains...

guest that Anse Havey broke his resolve and for the first time came through the gate of the school...

A moment later the mountaineer was standing on the steps and shaking hands with Roger Malcolm...

"I was down at Peril with a couple of tons," he said, turning to Juanita, "and I found a lot of boxes at the station for ye. I loved ye didn't hardly have any teams hand, so I fetched 'em back to my house. I'll send them in the morning, but I thought I'd ride over tonight an' tell ye."

She had been wondering how, at a time of mixed roads, she was to have those books, which she would soon need, brought across the ridge...

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

The girl from Philadelphia had for some days been watching the road which led in tortuous twists from Peril to the gap. She herself hardly realized how expectantly she had watched it.

She was thinking of the man she had sent away and wondering what their meeting would be like. And the girl of the hill sitting near by would look on her fingers gripping their nerves tightly together and an ache in her own heart...

"This country's mighty pore," said the head of the Haveys slowly. "About all it can raise is a little corn an' a heap of holl, but down underneath the rocks there's wealth."

"Then the man who can unlock the hills and get it out ought to be welcome as a benefactor, ought he not?" inquired the Easterner with a smile.

"Do you expect me to believe that, Mr. Havey?" queried Malcolm, still smiling.

"I don't neither ask ye to believe it nor to disbelieve it," was the cool rejoinder. "I'm just tellin' it to ye, that's all."

Malcolm refilled his pipe and offered the tobacco pouch to Havey. Anse shook his head with a curt "Much obliged," and the visitor said casually: "Well, we needn't have any argument on that score yet, Mr. Havey. My activities, if they eventuate, belong to the future, and when that time comes perhaps we shall be able to agree, after all."

"I reckon we won't hardly agree on no proposition for despollin' my people, Mr. Malcolm."

"Then we can disagree, when the time comes," remarked the other man with a trace of tartness in his voice.

"Then ye don't aim to develop us just now?"

Malcolm shook his head, the glow of his pipe bowl for a moment lighting up a face upon which lingered an amused smile.

"Not this time. Another time, perhaps."

"All right, then," Havey's voice carried a very masked and courteous but very unmistakable warning. "Whenever ye get good an' ready—we'll argue that."

He bowed to the girl and turned into the path which led down to the gate.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was one of those nights under whose brooding wings vague things and influences are astr and in the making. Dawn had gone back for a few days to her brother's lonely cabin on Tribulation to set his house in order and to do his simple mending...

In her heart vague things were stirring, too, and in another heart. The fact that she had not been allowed to see young Milt McBriar had given him an augmented importance which had kept the boy in her mind despite her denunciations. Once she had met him on the road and he had stopped her to

say: "Dawn, do ye know why I don't come over thar no more?"

The girl had only nodded and the boy went on: "Well, some day when ye're at Jeb's cabin, I'm a-comin' thar. I ain't a-goin' ter come slippin', but I'm comin' open an' upstandin', an' I'm a-goin' ter talk about this business."

"No! No!" she had exclaimed, genuinely frightened and in a voice full of quick dissent. "Ye mustn't do it, Milt; ye musn't. Ef ye does, I won't see ye."

"We'll settle that when I gits thar. I just 'lowed I'd tell ye," persisted the boy stubbornly. "I reckon I musn't talk ter ye now—I'm pledged," and without another word he shook up in the reins on his horse's neck and rode away.

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So tonight, while the moon was weaving its spell over several hearts, the son of the McBriar leader was riding with a set face over into the heart of the Havey country, openly to visit the daughter of Fletch McNash.

Jeb was sitting before the fire with a pipe between his teeth and Dawn plunked on a banjo—not the old folk tune that had once been her repertoire, but a newer and sweeter thing that she had learned from Juanita Holland.

"Then, as a confident voice snarled out from the darkness, 'I'm Milt McBriar."

"I ain't got no gun on me. I ain't even got a jackknife. I loved that ye might be right smart in case of my comin' hyar an' I come without no weapon on purpose. Ef ye ain't skeered of me when I'm unarmed, I reckon ye kin put your own gun back in the holster."

Jeb McNash slowly followed the suggestion, and then coming forward until the two boys stood eye to eye, he said in deliberate accents: "I reckon ye don't 'low I'm skeered of ye."

"I reckon not," young Milt's tone was almost cheerful. "I reckon ye ain't skeered of me when I'm unarmed, I reckon ye kin put your own gun back in the holster."

"I wants first to tell ye—an' I ain't never lied ter no feller yet—but I don't know nothin' more about who kills Fletch than ye does. If I did, I'd help me God Almighty, I'd tell ye. I ain't tryin' ter shield no murderers."

"There was a ring of sincerity in the lad's voice that carried weight even into the bitter skepticism of Jeb's heart—a skepticism which had refused to believe that honor or truth dwelt east of the ridge."

"I reckon, of that's true," sneered the older boy, "thar's them in yore house that does know."

"At that insult it was young Milt whose face went first red and then very white."

"That calls for a fight, Jeb," he said with forced calm. "I can't harken ter things like that. But first I wants ter say this: I come over hyar ter tell ye that I knowed how ye felt, an' that I didn't see no reason why you an' me had ter quarrel. I come over hyar ter see Dawn, because I promised I wouldn't try ter see her whilst she stayed down at the school—an' 'cause I wants ter see her—an' 'cause I don't like ye."

"The two boys stripped off their coats in guaranty that neither had hidden a weapon. Then, while the girl, who was really no longer a girl, turned back into the firelit cabin and threw herself face downward on her feather bed, they silently crossed the stile into the road and Milt turned to repeat: 'Jeb, that war a lie ye spoke, an' I wants ye ter fight me fair, fist an' skull, an' when we gits through, ef ye feels like hit, we'll shake hands. You an' me ain't got no cause ter quarrel.'

And so the boy in each of them, which was the manlier part of each, came to the surface, and into a bitter and long-fought battle of fists and wrestling, in which both of them rolled in the dust, and each of them obstinately refused to say "enough," they submitted their long-fostered hostility to one fierce debate. At last, as the two lay panting and bloodied there in the road, it was Jeb who rose and held out his hand.

"So fur es the two of us goes, Milt," he said, "unless ther war busts loose ergin, I reckon we kin be friendly."

Together they rose and recrossed the stile and washed their grimed faces. Dawn looked from one to the other, and Jeb said: "Milt, set yoreself a cheer. I reckon ye'd better stay all night. It's too too far ter ride back."

And so, though they did not realize it, the two youths who were to stand some day near the heads of the two factions, had set a new precedent and had fought without guns, as men had fought before the feud began.

Jeb kicked off his shoes and lay down, and before the flaming logs at the Havey girl and the McBriar boy talking.

CHAPTER XVIII.

When winter has come and settled down for its long siege in the Cumberland lands human life shrinks and shrivels into a shivering wretchedness, and a spirit of dreariness steals into the human breast.

The house of old Milt McBriar was not so dark and cheerless a hovel as the houses of his lesser neighbors, but as that winter closed in his heart was bitter and his thoughts were bleak. In a roundabout way he had learned of young Milt's visit to the McNash cabin. His son was the apple of his eye, and now he was seeing him form em-

not only parents who brought their children, but those who came impelled by that curiosity which lurks in lonely lives. There were men in jeans and hickory shirts; women in gay shawls and linsey-woolsey and calico; people from "back of beyond," and Juanita felt her heart beat faster with the hope of success.

"I hear ye've got a right plentiful gatherin' of young barbarians over thar at the college these days," said Anse Havey one afternoon, when they met up on the ridge.

Her chin came up proudly and her eyes sparkled.

bryonic abillitions with the people of his enemy.

Young Milt had visited Dawn; he had watched with Anse Havey. The father had always taken a natural pride in the honesty that gleamed from his son's alert eyes, and the one person from whom he had concealed his own ways of guile and deceit most studiously was the lad who would some day be leader in his stead. There were few things that this old intriguer feared, but one there was, and now it was tracing lines of care and anxiety in the visage that had always been so masklike and imperturbable. If his son should ever look past his outward self and catch a glimpse of the inner man, the father knew that he would not be able to sustain the scorn of those younger eyes. So, while the lad, who had gone back to college in Lexington, conned his books, his father sat before the blaze of his hearth, his pipe tight clamped between his teeth, his hip festering in his breast, and his mind dangerously active.

The beginnings of all the things which he deplored, and meant to punish, went back to the establishment of a school with a "fatchobson" teacher. Had young McNash not come there, his boy's feet would not have gone wandering westward over the ridge, straying out of partizan paths. The slowness of her body, the lure of her violet eyes, and the dusky meshes of her dark hair had led his own son to guard the roof that sheltered her against the hand of arson the father had hired.

But most of all, Anse Havey was responsible: Anse Havey who had persuaded his son to make common cause with the enemy. For that Anse Havey must die.

Heretofore Old Milt had struck only at lesser men, fearing the retribution of too audacious a crime, but now his venom was acute, and even such grave considerations as the danger of a holocaust must not halt its appeasement.

Still the mind of Milt McBriar, the elder, had worked long in intrigue, and even now it could not follow a direct line. Bad Anse must not be shot down in the road. His taking off must be accomplished by a shrewd method, and one not directly traceable to so palpable a motive as his own hatred.

Such a plan his brain was working out, but for its execution he needed a hand of craft and force—such a hand as only Luke Thibout could supply—and Luke was out West.

It was not his intention to rush hastily into action. Some day he would go down to Lexington and Luke should come East to meet him. There, a hundred and thirty miles from the hills, the two of them would arrange matters to his own satisfaction.

Roger Malcolm had gone back, and he had not, after all, gone back with a conqueror's triumph. He was now discussing in directors' meetings plans looking to a titanic grouping of interests which were to focalize on these hills and later to bring developments. The girl's school was gradually making itself felt, and each day saw small classes at the desk and blackboard—small classes that were growing larger.

Now that Milt had laid the groundwork of his plans, he was making the field fallow by a seeming of general benevolence. His word had gone out along the creeks and branches and into the remote coves of his territory that it "wouldn't hurt folks none ter give their children a little larnin'."

In response to that hint they trooped in from the east, wherever the roads could be traveled. Among those who "hitched an' lighted" at the fence were

Some of the most fashionable London physicians had been badly hit by the war. This is mainly caused by the shrinkage in the number of imaginary ailments. Those people who used to swell the fashionable physicians' bank balance prodigiously with their fancied maladies have now simply no time to imagine themselves ill, or rather the war has distracted their attention. One never seems to meet a hypochondriac or neurotic in these days. The war has also been the cause of the termination of many family feuds.

Roosevelt's Idea. A man who is good enough to shed his blood for his country is good enough to be given a square deal. More than that no man is entitled to and less than that no man shall have—Theodore Roosevelt.

CONDENSATIONS. Italy consumes less tobacco per capita than any other civilized nation. In ancient times it was the custom for disputants in philosophy, and for priests and scribes when rendering oracles, to be seated on three-legged seats.

German furniture makers impart colors to several native woods by burying them, when freshly cut, for several months in earth mixed with lime and other materials.

Postscripts. A fairly accurate sundial has been invented that can be held in the hand and adjusted to tell the time in any latitude.

Rubber tubing can be kept from deteriorating when not in use by storing it in water to which a little salt has been added.

Canon loaded with sand have been found effective in breaking up swarms of locusts that frequently appear in Costa Rica.

The total value of the world's fishery products has been estimated at \$493,474,891.

The man who goes to extremes may be either his own worst enemy or his own best friend.

A pickpocket alarm has been invented that rings a bell when anything of value is taken from a pocket by an unauthorized person.

Operated by a treadle, a combination grindstone and emery wheel has been patented, the stone serving as a flywheel for the other.

He shook his head and gazed away. Into his eyes came that troubled look which nowadays they sometimes wore.

"I reckon it wouldn't hardly be honest for me to come. I've told ye I don't think the thing will do no good."

He was looking at her and his hands slowly clenched. Her beauty, with the enthusiasm lighting her eyes, made him feel like a man whose throat was killing him, and who gazed at a clear spring beyond his reach—or, like the caravan driver whose sight is tortured by a mirage. He drew a long breath, then added:

"I've got another reason an' a stronger one for not comin' over these very often. Any time ye wants me for anything I reckon ye knows I'll come."

"What is your reason?" she demanded.

"I ain't never been much interested in any woman." He held her eyes so directly that a warm color suddenly flooded her cheeks, then he went on with naked honesty and an un concealed bitterness of heart: "When I puts myself in the way of havin' to love one, I'll pick a woman that won't have to be ashamed of me—some mountain woman."

For an instant she stared at him in astonishment, then she exclaimed: "Ashamed of you! I don't think any woman would be ashamed of you, Mr. Havey," but recognizing that her voice had been overbearing, she laughed, and once more her eyes danced with gay mischief.

"Don't be afraid of me, I'll promise not to make love to you."

"I'm obliged," he said slowly. "That ain't what I'm skeered of. I'm afraid ye couldn't hardly stop me from makin' love to you."

He paused, and the badinage left her eyes.

"Mr. Havey," she said with great seriousness. "I'm glad you said that. It gives us a chance to start honestly as all true friendship should start. In some things any woman is wiser than any man. You won't fall in love with me. You thought you were going to hate me, but you don't."

"God knows I don't," he fiercely interrupted her.

"Neither will you fall in love with me. You told me once of your superior age and wisdom, but in some things you are still a boy. You are a very lonely boy, too—a boy with a heart hungry for companionship. You have had friends only in books—comradship only in dreams. You have lived down there in that old prison of a house with a sword of Damocles hanging always over your head. Because we have been in a way congenial, you are mistaking our friendship for danger of love."

"Danger of love! He knew that it had gone past a mere danger, and his eyes for a moment must have shown that he realized its hopelessness, but Juanita shook her head and went on: "Don't do it. It would be a pity. I'm rather hungry, too, for a friend; I don't mean for a friend in my work, but a friend in my life. Can't we be friends like that?"

She stood looking into his eyes, and slowly the drawn look of gravity left his face.

He had always thought quickly and dared to face realities. He was now facing his hardest reality. He loved her with utter hopelessness. Her eyes told him that it must always be just that way, and yet she had appealed to him—she had said she needed his friendship. To call it love would make it necessary for her to decline it. Henceforth life for Anse Havey was to mean a heartache, but if she wanted his allegiance she might call it what she would. It was hers.

Swiftly he vowed in his heart to set a seal on his lips and play the part she had assigned to him.

"I'm right glad ye said that," he answered her. "I reckon ye're right. I reckon we can go on fightin' and bein' friends. Ye see, as I said, I didn't know much about womenfolks, an' because I liked ye I was worried."

She nodded understandingly. Suddenly he bent forward and his words broke impetuously from his lips.

"Do ye 'low to marry that man Malcolm?" He came a step toward her, then raising his hand swiftly, he added: "No—don't answer that question! That's your business. I didn't have no license to ask. Besides, I don't want ye to answer it."

"It's a bargain, isn't it?" she smiled. "Whenever you get lonely over there by yourself and find that Hamlet isn't as lively a companion as you want, or that Alexander the Great is a little too fond of himself, or Napoleon is overmoody, come over here and we'll try to cheer each other up."

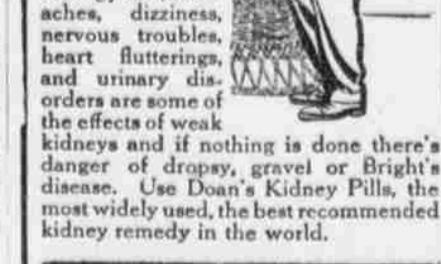
"I reckon," he said with an answering smile, "I'm liable to feel that way tonight, but I ain't comin' to learn civilization. I'm just comin' to see you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Achy Joints Give Warning

A creaky joint often predicts pain. It also foretells inward trouble. It may mean that the kidneys are not filtering the blood and are allowing poisonous acids to clog the blood and cause trouble.

Bad backs, rheumatic pains, sore, aching joints, headaches, dizziness, nervous troubles, heart flutterings, and urinary disorders are some of the effects of weak kidneys and if nothing is done there's danger of dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the most widely used, the best recommended kidney remedy in the world.



DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS 50¢ at all Stores Foster-Milburn Co. Prop., Buffalo, N.Y.

How to Heal Skin Diseases

A Baltimore doctor suggests this simple, but reliable and inexpensive, home treatment for people suffering with eczema, ringworm, rashes and similar itching, burning skin troubles.

At any reliable drugstore get a jar of resinol ointment and a cake of resinol soap. These are not at all expensive. With the resinol soap and warm water bathe the affected parts thoroughly, until they are free from crusts and the skin is softened. Dry very gently, spread on a thin layer of the resinol ointment, and cover with a light bandage—if necessary to protect the clothing. This should be done twice a day. Usually the distressing itching and burning stop with the first treatment, and the skin soon becomes clear and healthy again.

Briefly defined, faith is a fixed belief that the impossible is going to happen.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach—Adv.

An old bachelor says that most fashionable young women are engaging works of art.

The parents of a baby are the only successful conversational opponents of the man who wishes to talk about himself.

Some Show. "This play is supposed to appeal especially to the tired business man." "The idea being that if he isn't tired when he comes in he will be before the show is over, I presume."

Chase the Unpropitious Mood. In the presence of manifest duty it is our privilege to treat an unpropitious mood with scant courtesy. We may have to sweep it out of our path, without so much as an "if you please."

His Size. The Judge: You say your wife assaulted you with a dangerous and deadly weapon? What was it? Mr. Peewee: It was a fly swatter, your honor.—Judge.

Out for Show. "Police spends hours every day in a beauty parlor." "How does she spend the rest of the time?" "Realizing on the beauty doctor's work."

Reasons for Eating Fruit. 1. Because it is appetizing and palatable. 2. Because it is refreshing and thirst quenching. 3. Because of its nutritive properties. 4. On account of its salts and acids. 5. On account of its action on the kidneys. 6. Its laxative properties.

CHANGE Quit Coffee and Got Well.

A woman's coffee experience is interesting. "For two weeks at a time I have taken no food but skim milk, for solid food would ferment and cause such distress that I could hardly breathe at times, also excruciating pain and heart palpitation and all the time I was so nervous and restless."

"From childhood up I had been a coffee and tea drinker and for the past 20 years I had been trying different physicians but could get only temporary relief. Then I read an article telling how some one had been helped by leaving off coffee and drinking Postum and it seemed so pleasant just to read about good health I decided to try Postum.

"I made this change from coffee to Postum and there is such a difference in me that I don't feel like the same person. We all found Postum delicious and like it better than coffee. My health now is wonderfully good."

"As soon as I made the shift to Postum I got better and now my troubles are gone. I am fleshy, my food assimilates, the pressure in the chest and palpitation are all gone, my bowels are regular, have no more stomach trouble and my headaches are gone. Remember I did not use medicines at all—just left off coffee and used Postum steadily." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled, 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup. "There's a Reason" for Postum. —sold by Grocers.

SNAP SHOTS

Shiftlessness is variously construed. If a woman makes a cherry pie and leaves the seeds in, that is shiftlessness.

A German scientist has demonstrated that radium has a marked effect on woody plants even forcing them to bud in dormant seasons.

There is little sympathy for the Iowa man whose seventh wife has sued for divorce. Five wives are enough for any man.

Generally speaking, the breakfast table is the dustiest place.

Meanwhile, the decision of a Kansas judge to the effect that a farmer is not necessarily an authority as to the mental condition of others, seems to be sound, if somewhat daring.

A prominent politician believes every family should keep a cow. Sim Heikle is even further advanced along the line of progressive ideas. Sim believes that every family should also keep a bee.—Jay E. House in the Pittsburg Dispatch.

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