

THE BATTLE-CRY
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SYNOPSIS.

Juanita Holland, on her journey to the heart of the Cumberland mountains...

eat and to regard his vow of silence as to herself whom he dumbly worshipped.

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.

"It's right pretty, but it won't hardly work," he said. "These men will leave you just as long as they don't need 'em."

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 airy wisps of curling hair and the softness of the cheek that snuggled against the rifle-stock.

"Now tell me, Milt," suggested Luke Thixton briefly, "what air this thing ye wants me ter do, I'm done with these year old flat hands that they talks so much about."

"Why are they clearing that space behind your house? Are you going to put it in corn?"

"No," he laughed shortly. "Corn would be just about as bad as laurel."

"Then I'll talk outspoken. Ter try ter convict these men in cote means to take a desperate chance. Ye can't hardly succeed, an' if ye fails ye've lost yore hold on the Haveys—ye're 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."

Anse stiffened. "What is it?" he 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 inquired 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.

Now in many childish hearts large dreams were brewing. Eager anticipations awaited the marvel. The honored young fir tree which was to bear 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.

Perhaps Juanita and Dawn were as much excited as the children, but to 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 be returning about the same time, so the mountain girl secretly wrote him of her coming. And even facing so grave a crisis, Anse Havey thought of that tree and hoped that Luke would not come back before Christmas.

That night, while he was sitting with Juanita and the fire was flashing on her cheeks, he said moodily: "I'm afraid ye'll have to start despisin' me all over again."

She looked up in astonishment. "Why?" she asked.

"I've got to kill a man."

"Oh, it's just your work that needs me!"

"But, Anse," she argued, "my work is all that's biggest and best in me. You understand, don't you?"

"For a moment his voice got away from him and he rose fiercely: "I don't give a damn for your work!" he blazed out. "It's you I'm interested in. That's the sort of friend I am."

She looked up at his gleaming eyes, a little amazed, and he went on, quietly enough now:

"If I falls to bang Luke Thixton I'll be right now what ye prophesied for me twenty years hence—the leader of the wolf-pack that goes down an' gets trod on. I ain't never put no such strain on my influence as this is going to be. I've got to hold back the Haveys an' the McBriars whilst this cote foolshness dawdles along, an' if I falls down Jeb is goin' to kill Luke anyway. I'm doin' this because yer asks it; an' now I'll say good night to ye."

Juanita Holland stood looking at the door he had closed behind him, a wild sense of tumult and uneasiness in her heart.

"That's the sort of friend I am," she repeated to herself.

CHAPTER XX.

There still remained the task of winning young Job's assent to his plan, and Anse Havey foresaw a stubborn battle there. Job had been reading law that winter; reading by the light of a log fire through long and lonely 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 out: "Come in, Anse, and pull up a cheer!"

Anse had been rehearsing his arguments as he rode through the sleek-shaded hills, and he was deeply troubled.

The man and the boy sat on either side of the fireplace. Penetrating gusts swept in at the broken chinking and up through the warped floor until old Beardog, lying at their feet, shivered as he slept with his forepaws stretched on the hearth and the two men hunched their chairs nearer to the blaze. By the bed still stood the rifle that had been Fletch's; the rifle upon which the boy's eyes always fell and which to him was the symbol of his duty.

As Bad Anse Havey talked of the future with all the instinctive forcefulness that he could command, the boy's set face relaxed, and into his eyes came a glint of eagerness, because he himself was to play no small part in these affairs.

Into his heart crept the first burning of ambition, the first reaching out after a career. He saw a future opening before him, and his grave eyes were drinking in pictures in the live embers.

Then, when ambition had been kindled, the older man broached the topic which was the crux of his plea.

"The man that can do things for the mountains must be willin' to make a heap of sacrifices, Jeb," he said.

Jeb laughed, looking about the bare room of his cabin.

"Mek sacrifices?" he repeated. "I hain't never knowed nothin' else but that I reckon I hain't skeered of it."

quiet tones and his eyes woke to a fire that was convincing.

"By heavens, I aims ter have him do it! I ain't a-skin' leave of Milt McBriar!" Then he added: "I aims to bang the man that kilt yer daddy in the jail house yard at Peril, an' if the McBriars get hold they've got to kill me first. Will you hold your hand till I'm through?"

The boy stood there, his fingers slowly clenching and opening. Finally he said: "Hit ain't a-goin' ter satisfy me ter penitentiary that feller. He's got ter die."

"He's goin' to die. If I fall, then—the clansman raised his hands in a gesture of concession—"then he's yours. Will you wait?"

"I don't hardly believe," said Job McNash with conviction, "any man livin' in kin keep Milt's hired assassin in no jail house long enough ter try an' hang him. But I'm willing ter see. I'll hold my hand ter long, Anse, but—"

Once more a spasmodic tautening of muscles convulsed the boy's frame and his voice took on its excited note of shrillness: "But I warns ye, I'm goin' ter die."



"I've Got to Kill a Man!"

ter be settin' in ther high cote. I hain't never a-goin' ter leave hit, an' of that yer clars him—or ef yer jest penitentiaries him—I'm goin' ter kill him as he sets that in his cheer—so help me God!"

Loyal in their stubborn adherence to feud obedience, the judge and grand jury secretly returned two indictments bearing the names of Luke Thixton as principal and Milton McBriar, Sr., as accessory to the crime of murder "against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth of Kentucky, and contrary to the statute in such case made and provided." Also, they withheld their action from public announcement.

Supremely and guardedly a message traveled up the watercourses to the remotest Havey cabin. Bad Anse bade his men be ready to rise in instant response to his call, and they made ready to obey.

One day Juanita Holland and Dawn set out for Lexington to do their Christmas shopping.

Anse Havey rode with them across to Peril and waved his hat in farewell as they stood in the vestibule of the rickety passenger coach. It was a very shabby car of worn and faded plush, but to Dawn it seemed a fairy chariot.

As they entered the lobby of the Phoenix hotel, in Lexington, a tall young man from a chair and came forward. If the boy was cruder and darker and less trim in appearance than his Blue-Grass brethren, he carried his head as high and walked as independently. He came forward with his hat in his hand and said: "I'm mighty glad ter see ye, Dawn."

The girl looked about the place, and breathed rather than asked: "Isn't the world wonderful, Milt?"

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 Christmas everywhere. She had never heard so much laughter before, and she found it infectious, and laughed, too.

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 passed only to nod before disappearing into the shabby smoking compartment, where he had business to discuss. A man was waiting for him in there whom old acquaintances might have passed by without recognition. It was the hope of Milt McBriar that when they left the train at Peril, any acquaintances who might be about would do just this.

While the Christmas shoppers laughed in the day coach, Luke Thixton received final instructions in the empty smoker.

He was to pass as swiftly and unobtrusively as possible through Peril and go direct across the ridge.

engine came puffing and wheezing to a tired halt, and the two girls, with Young Milt at their heels, made their way out, burdened with parcels.

On the cinder platform Juanita looked about for Anse Havey, and she saw him standing in a group with Jeb and several other men whom she did not know—but Anse's face was not turned toward her, and it did not wear the look of expectancy that the thought of her usually brought there. Jeb's countenance, too, was white and set, and a breathless tenseness 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 waiting sternness.

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 directions on the snow-covered platform, one of the men who had been standing 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 to 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 and bent back under the glint of the revolver which Jeb was thrusting into his face.

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

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."

"Why don't ye take me, too?" demanded Young Milt in a tense, passionate 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.

Then the elder McBriar became suddenly quieter again and self-possessed. He turned to his son.

"Milt," he said, sternly, "you keep outen this. Ride over home an' let every man that calls hisself a McBriar—his voice suddenly rose in the defiant crescendo of a trapped lion—"tell every man that calls hisself a McBriar that ther Haveys hev got me 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 Jeb, who stood looking after him with lowered pistol: "I'm goin' now, but I'll be back ter reckon with you!"

And Jeb shouted, too: "Ye kaint come back none too soon, Milt. I'll be 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 sitting as if rooted to the spot. The older girl heard an articulate moan break from the lips of the younger, and then, as though waking out of sleep, she looked absently 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!

HOME TOWN HELPS

PLANNING THE NEW HOUSE

Interior Arrangements Should Have as Much Care as the Outside of the Home.

Things one should not do in planning a home have been enumerated from week to week on the Home Builders' page of the Sunday Herald during the past few months. But in addition to the things that should not be done there are many little things that should be done, some of which, seemingly unimportant, are in reality very important. Following are a few of the "Do's" combined with "Don'ts":

"Don't treat the piazza as an architectural excrescence; make it a real out-of-door living room. It should command a good view, have a western exposure and be so located as to afford privacy and rest to those occupying it."

"Don't plan for other than wide openings between the hall, living room and dining room. These wide openings give an air of spaciousness and gracious hospitality."

"Don't buy a building site without first having the architect visit the site with you. You may in this way avail yourself of many valuable and helpful hints."

"Don't plan your house until you have selected your building site. To do so is about as difficult and will result more disastrously than buying a hat without first trying it on."

"Don't forget that a cheery entrance hall affords to the casual visitor agreeable anticipations that a further acquaintance with the house will be equally cheery."

"Don't fail to locate the kitchen range out of reach of cross drafts. Much time and fuel are wasted, often with disastrous results to the cooking, by not obtaining this condition."

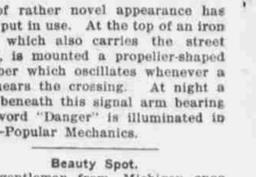
"Don't omit the shower from the bathroom. You will be more than repaid in health and comfort for the extra outlay."

"Don't fail to conceal, if possible, the hot-water boiler in some convenient closet in the kitchen. The boiler is not a decorative feature, even with much time expended in polishing it. This time can be spent to better advantage in numerous other ways. The water keeps hot longer if the tank is concealed, which is an advantage economically.—Boston Herald."

TELLS OF APPROACHING CARS

Electric Signal Warns Motorists and Pedestrians to Watch Out for Possible Danger.

In order to warn motorists and others of the approach of traction cars at an intersection of two narrow streets where the view is obstructed by buildings, fences, and trees, an electric sig-



nal of rather novel appearance has been put in use. At the top of an iron post, which also carries the street signs, is mounted a propeller-shaped member which oscillates whenever a car nears the crossing. At night a sign beneath this signal arm bearing the word "Danger" is illuminated in red.—Popular Mechanics.

Beauty Spot.

A gentleman from Michigan once visiting in California, says that in one town he visited there was a deep ravine running through the town, into which, seemingly, all the rubbish of the town was thrown.

A young schoolteacher devised a plan by which this might be remedied. Her pupils were all requested to bring all the nasturtium seeds they could get, and when the rainy season commenced they went down into the ravine and all up and down its sides they planted their nasturtium seeds. The gentleman said they were in bloom when he was there and that it was the prettiest sight he saw in all California.

Its Merit.

"Why have they dispensed with the use of the rod in making pupils smart?"

SNAPSHOTS

Students at Wellesley have decided to eliminate slang from their conversation. They say it gets them in bad with people who are not hep to it.

A woman should start on her vacation trip before the peaches ripen, and she should stay away until the canning season is over.

PELLETS OF TRUTH

When a rural community doesn't know and can't find out the detectives might as well give up.

The rule is that when the members of a family are not quarreling with each other they are making fun of relatives.

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.

She Couldn't Stand That.

"Why did she throw over that young man?"

"Seems he was an efficiency expert."

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 degree.

Pa. does money talk?

"Pa. does money talk?" asked little Tommy Flubud.

"I can't say, my son," answered Mr. Flubud. "I've never been able to stop any of it long enough to engage it in conversation."