

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 see '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 lands that they talks so much about."

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

"What's the 'air' ye?" asked his companion, as he bolted his food.

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

"What air ye goin' back ter do?" insisted the exile doggedly.

"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."

Now in many childish hearts large dreams were brewing. Eager anticipations awaited the marvels. The honored young fir tree which was to bear a fruitage of gifts and lights had been singled out and marked to the ax.

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

"He's comin'. He's comin' to kill somebody else. Most likely me. It's a question of settlin' scores with a murderer that kill Fletch for a ticket West and a hundred dollars—or lettin' young Jeb McNash go crazy an' start in the feud all over again. I reckon ye sees that I ain't no choice."

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

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

"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?"

CHAPTER XX.

There still remained the task of winning young Jeb's assent to his plan, and Anse Havey foresaw a stubborn battle there. Jeb had been reading law that winter; reading by the light of a log fire through long and lonely evenings in a smoke-darkened cabin.

"I've got to kill a man!"

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

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

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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.

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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.

Don't plan for other than wide openings between the hall, living room and dining room.

Don't fail to locate the kitchen range out of reach of cross drafts.

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 signal...

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.

SNAPSHOTS. Students at Wellesley have decided to eliminate slang from their conversation.

Every married woman has a plan to take a roomer and save half the rent.

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

COUNTRY TOWN SAYINGS. Some salesmen are so anxious to sell as to cause customers to suspect that it is dangerous to buy.

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

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

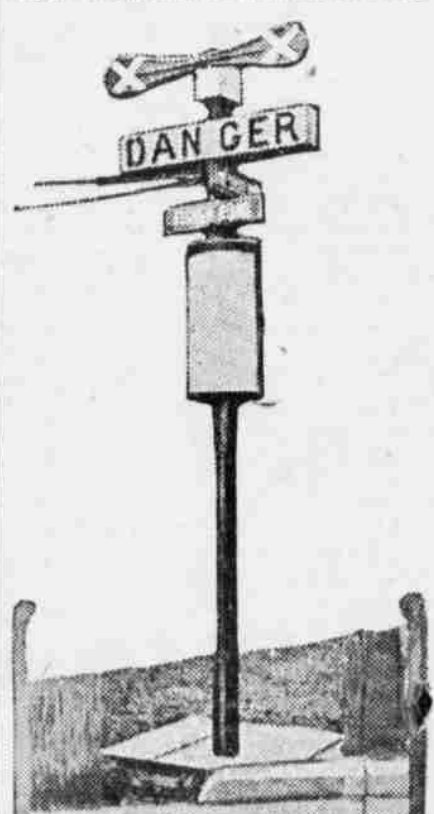
A Transient Visitor. "Pa, does money talk?" asked little Tommy Flubud.



"I've Got to Kill a Man!"



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DANGER