

## SYNOPSIS.

Juanita Holland, a Philadelphia young woman of wealth, on her journey with her guide, Good Anse Talbott, into the heart of the Cumberlands to become a teacher of the mountain children, faints at the door of Fletch McNash's cabin. teacher of the combination children, faints at the door of Fletch McNash's cabin. While resting there she overhears a talk between Bad Anse Havey. Chief of his clan, and one of his henchmen that ac-quaints her with the Havey-McBriar feud Juanita has an unprofitable talk with Bad Anse and they become antagonists. Cal Douglas of the Havey clan is on trial Juanita and Dawn McNash become friends. Cal Douglas is acquitted. Nash fuedlists ride past the McNash cabin Juanita and Dawn McNash become friends. Cal Douglas is acquitted. Nash fuedlists ride past the McNash cabin Juanita and Dawn McNash become friends. Cal Douglas is acquitted. Nash fuedlists ride past the McNash cabin Juanita the might Juanita hears for lits clain, meets Bad Anse there and disclaims responsibility for Wyatt's attempt to kill Douglas. They declare a truce, under pressure from Good Anse Tabott. Juanita thinks she finds this fand and build a school. Milt McBriar, head an build a school. Milt McBriar, hut 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 make war on ye?" he suddenly de- used ter fotch his victuals up thar ter if I'd talked thataway he'd just about manded. "Does a man fight children? him." have gone out in the la'rel an' got somebody. Hit might not 'a' been the right feller, and he might have found that out later. I reckon ye never had a father murdered, did ye?"

"Hardly," answered the girl with a scornful toss of her head. "You see, I wasn't reared among gun-fighters."

"Well, I have," responded the man. "I was in the legislature down at Why, heaven knows, ma'am, I pity ye. Frankfort when it happened, a-helpin' Can't ye see what odds ye're contend-to make the laws that govern this in' against? Can't ye see that ye're state. I was fer them laws in theorybut when that word came I paired off winds an' thunder? Can't ye see ye're with a Republican, so's not to lose my tryin' ter take out of men's veins the vote on the floor, an' I come back here fire in their blood-the fire that's been to these hills an' got that feller. I reckon I ought to be ashamed to tell like a little child tryin' ter pull down ye that, but I'm so plumb ign'rant that I can't feel it. I knew how Jeb felt songs to the thunder. Yes, I feel right an' so I held him off with a promise to sorry fer ye, but I ain't a-fightin' ye." wait. 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 obleeged to ye fer harkenin' to me." "There is something in your point

of view, Mr. Havey," she acknowl- mountain men. I think that free men triumphantly. "An' Anse is hyar. Ef edged. "But it is all based on twisted will listen to that argument." and distorted principle. "I don't think myself a saint. I

guess I'm pretty weak. My first ap garding the slur of her last speech. peal to you was pure weakness. But "Why, if ye don't give it up and go I stand for ideas that the world has back to your birds that pick at berries. acknowledged to be right, and for that do you know what will happen to ye?

there won't be any Mc-Briars or Haveys. We'll all be mountaineers

standin' together an' holdin' what God gave us. God knows I hate Milt Mc-Briar an' his tribe-hate 'em with all the power of hatin' that's in me-an'

forget that, an' I reckon we'll fight toher. gether like all damnation against the

rest. Thet's why I'm counselin' folks not to sell heedless." "Then you did not forbid your people to sell to me?" inquired the girl.

We don't fight the helpless up here in the hills." "Possibly," she suggested with a

trace of irony, "when you learn that violently reverted; as if the flower had I'm not so helpless you won't be so merciful.'

"We'll wait till that time comes," said the man shortly. He paused for a moment, then went on: "Helpless! fightin' God's hills and sandstone an' burnin' there for two centuries? Ye're a jail-house. Ye're singin' lullaby "I'm doing none of those things," she answered with a defiant blaze in her eyes. "I'm only trying to show these people that their ignorance is him. Somethin' calls ter every mounscheme to keep them vassals. You

talk about the wild, free spirit of the Anse laughed.

"Change 'em!" he repeated, disre-

the girl, and with that he took it down | brother was more solemnly being | Jeb McNash shook his head. A spasm | ing of thunder, but that year the again and set it to his lips and blew. molded by the Havey chief. A mellow sound, not loud, but far-The water-mill of old Bob McGreegor

carrying, like the fox-hunter's tally-ho, floated over the valley. "Our house hain't more than awkwardly, "but when ye're livin' over would volunteer to throw upon his hyar by yoreself, ef ye ever wants any-

horn. After she had almost burst her the slow wheel groaned and creaked cheeks with effort, he added: "Don't and the cumbersome millstones did never blow this signal onless ye wants ter raise merry hell." Then he imitated very low, through

pursed lips, three long blasts and path to the poplar to look over her three short ones. "What's that signal?" she demand

"Ye've heered the McBriar yell," he told her. "Thet horn calls ther Havey rallyin' signal. When thet goes out side. every Havey thet kin tote a gun's got

ter git up an' come. Hit means war." Haveys to battle." The night after she had flung her challenge down to Bad Anse Havey Juanita stayed at the McNash cabin to be with Dawn and the widow. The next day she went with them to the knees in interlocked fingers. Old Bob

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 ing there. She thought of nothing to the younger children up Meeting-

house fork to live with a brother, the missionary and the teacher started back. Jeb was to stay here alone to for nothin' and fatten on our starva run the farm, and when Juanita retion, we men of the mountains will turned to the ridge Dawn went with

They were passing a tumbling waterfall, shrunken now to a trickling rill, when Dawn broke the long silence "Wunst, when I war a leetle gal,' she said, "Unc' Perry war a-hiding out "Why, in heaven's name, should I up thet branch from ther revenuers. I

Juanita turned suddenly with a shocked expression. It was as if her little songbird friend had suddenly and

turned to poison weed. And as Juanita looked Dawn's eyes were blazing and Dawn's face was as dark as her black hair-dark with the same expression which brooded on her broth-

er'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 Jeb's doin'. By his heart outen his body."

"I tole ye," quietly commented Brother Anse, "thet ther instinct's in ther blood. Anse Havey went down ter Frankfort an' set in ther legislater fire. "Who war thet feller?" -but he come back ther same man thet went down. Somethin' called not necessary; that it's only part of a tain man thet goes away, an' he harkens ter ther call."

> "Anse come back," repeated Dawn Jeb sets thar an' don't do nothin', I



was the nearest spot to the dwelling of Bad Anse Havey where grist could be ground to meal, and sometimes when break his pledge whoop an' a holler away," he said Jeb came over to the brick house he

shoulders the sack of corn and plod thing in ther nighttime, jest blow thet with it up across the ridges. He would tain," he told himself. "I hain't quite sit there in the dusty old mill while dead sartain yit. I reckon I've got ter

their slow stint of work. So one day, toward the end of Au-

gust, Juanita, who had climbed up the battlefield and renew her vows, saw

Jeb sturdily plodding his way in long. resolute strides through the woods toward the mill, a heavy sack upon his he arrived after nightfall his tongue shoulders and a rifle swinging at his

That day chance had it that no one else had come to mill and Bob Mc-"Thank you, Jerry. I won't call the Greegor had persuaded the boy to drink from the "leetle blue kag" until his mind was ripe for mischief. While the mill slowly ground out his meal Jeb McNash sat on a pile of rubbish in the gloomy shack, nursing his

drank and stormed and cursed the inertia of the present generation. The lad's lean fingers tautened 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, Jeb," growled the old fireeater who had set more than a few couples at each other's throats. "An' I reckon hit's all right, too, fer a feller ter bide his time, but hit 'pears ter me like ther men of these days don't do nothin' but bide thar time."

"I won't bide mine no longer than what I has ter," snapped the boy. "Anse 'lows ter tell me when he finds out who hit war thet got my pap. Thet'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 leisure. He's got other 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 thet, Uncle Bob?"

"Mebby I don't mean nothin' much. Then ergin mebby I could give ye a pretty good idee who kilt yore pap. Mebby I could tell ye 'bout a fellera feller thet hain't fur removed from

Old Milt hisself-thet went snoopin' crost ther ridge ther same day yore heaven, I'd git thet murderer. I'd cut pap died with a rifle-gun 'crost his some fresh outbreak, and wondered elbow and his pockets strutty with ca'tridges."

"Who war he?" came the tense de mand with the sudden snap of rifle-

Old Bob filled and lighted his pipe with fingers that had grown unsteady from the ministration of the "leetle blue kag." He laughed again in a drunken fashion.

"Ef Bad Anse Havey don't 'low ter tell 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.

cumulative force of climax.

"Give me my grist," he said shortly. she should need. Back somewhere be-He stood by, breathing heavily but hind the veil of mysteries Anse Havey silently while the sack was being tied, had pressed a button or spoken a word,

of battle went through him and shook clouds seemed to have dried up, and him like a convulsion to the soles of down in the tablelands of the Blue his feet. He had but to crook his fin- Grass the crops were burned to worthger to appease his blood-lust-and less stalk and shrunken ear. Even up here, in the birthplace of waters, the "I done give Anse my hand ter bide corn was brown and sapless, so that my time 'twell I war dead sartain," he when a breeze strayed over the hill-

told himself. "I hain't quite dead sarside fields they sent up a thirsty, dying rasp of rattling whisper. It was not only in the famished forests and seared fields that the hot

He uncocked the rifle and the other breath of the plague breathed, carrying death in its fetid nostrils. Back in boy rode on, but young Jeb folded his the cabins of the "branch-water folks," arms on the wet earth and buried his

face in them and sobbed, and it was where little springs diminished and bean hour later that he stumbled to his came polluted, all those who were not strong enough to throw off the touch feet and went groggily back, drunk with bitterness and emotion, toward of the specter's finger sickened and the house of Anse Havey. Yet when died, and typhoid went in and out of Havey shack and McBriar cabin whis-

told nothing and his features told less. pering, "a pest on both your houses." The widow McNash had not been Juanita, living in the cabin she had herself since the death of Fletch. She

built with the girl who had become her who had once been so strong over her drudgery, sat day long on the doorstep companion and satellite, making frequent hard journeys to some house of her brother's hovel and, in the lanwhich the shadow of illness had inguage of her people, "jest sickened an' vaded, found it hard to believe that pined away."

this life had been hers only a few So, as Juanita Holland and Good months. Suspense seemed to stretch

wait a spell."

Anse Talbott rode sweating mules about 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 afterward, she asked without rancor: "May take little Jesse back with me, too? He's too young," she added, with just a heartsick 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 elder 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 ye wants. 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 im-

keeping with its surroundings and not give too emphatic a note of alien strangeness. Juanita wished that her cabin could

had left many motherless families, and many children might have come into her fold. As it was, she had several besides the McNashes as her nucleus, and while the weather held good she was rushing her work of timber-felling and building which the

CHAPTER XII.

One day in early October young then, putting it down by the door, he and all the hindrance that had lain

AND **RENEWED VIGOR** when you decide to help Nature overcome that stomach weakness and bowel irregularity with the aid of HOSTETTER'S **Stomach Bitters** Scares 'Em "How did you get rid of that life

YOU MAKE

A MOVE

TOWARD

HEALTH,

STRENGTH

insurance agent so quickly?" "Oh, I'm always prepared for those fellows. I keep a large bottle of cod-

liver oil in plain sight on my desk, and when an agent calls I greet him with a hollow cough."

## Appropriate Gift.

"How could old man Smith afford to give his daughter so many stocks for a wedding present?"

"I guess they came from his 'war brides' speculations."

A boy thinks when he reaches the age of twenty-one he'll have his own way, but he usually gets married.

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## An Iowa Case

Mrs. A. J. Lam-bert, 811 Cook St., Sioux City, Iowa, says: "My bladder was badly in-flamed and I was faceling miscropha flamed and I was feeling miserable when I began us-ing Doan's Kidney Pills. They gave me prompt relief. Some time later when I was again suffering from weak and disou-dered kidneys. weak and disor-lered kidneys, Doan's Kidney Phils fixed me

Since then I haven't suffered right.



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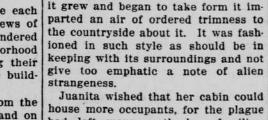
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winter would halt.

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

The Rifle Came Slowly Up. weeks to years, and she awoke each new day braced to hear the news of 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 be cause she realized that to do so would

reason I am going to win. That is I'll tell ye. Thar will be a change, but why, although I'm a girl, with none of it won't be in us. It'll be in you. your physical power, and no gun- You'll be mountainized.

"Why?"

fighters at my back, you are secretly afraid of me. That is why you are 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 ye hang yourself."

with a quick upleaping of anger in her it. Now just go as fur as ye feels inpupils, "why did you feel it necessary to prevent my buying land? Why do death, to decline my offers? Why, hind him. 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'd hindered anybody from sellin' ve 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 heaven, that's another lie," he said shortly. "But I reckon ye believe that, too. I did advise folks hereabouts was afore 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 had known upon whom to call, even hills? Well, go an' have a look. Ye won't find any mountaineer richer fer random. the development. Ye'll find 'em plundered an' cheated an' robbed of their homes by your civilized furriner. I've done aimed ter pertect my folks against bein' looted. I aims to go on admire it. pertectin' 'em."

"Ignorance won't protect them," she insisted

"I told ye we was distrustful of furriners," went on Havey. "Some day like a giant powder-horn. He had 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

KNOW WHERE TO FIND THEM

War Authorities Keep Effective Track

of All the Soldiers Under

It is doubtful whether any foreign

war office follows with an accuracy

greater than that displayed by the

United States war department the

movements of its officers. The follow-

A young army officer who had seen

service in this country and in the

ing is an interesting case in point:

Their Control.

"Ye can't live where the storms come from an' where the rivers are making unfair war on me. I stand for born an' not have their spirit get into your blood. Ye may think ye're in partners with God, but I reckon ye'll find the hills are bigger than you be. How much land do ye need?"

"Because I aim to see ye get it. Ye say I'm scaired of ye. I aim to show ye how much I'm scaired. I aim to let ye go your own fool way an' flounder in your own quicksand. An' if war on ye. I don't make war on wom- nobody won't sell ye what ye want enfolks, an' besides I wouldn't make let me know an', by Almighty God, I'll a needless war nohow. All I've got to make ye a free gift of a farm an' I'll do is to give ye enough rope an' watch | build your school myself. Thet's how | much I'm scaired of ye. I've tried to "If you think that," she demanded, be friends with ye, an' ye won't have

clined an' see how much I mind ye." He turned abruptly on his heel and you coerce your vassals, under fear of went out, quietly closing the door be-

CHAPTER XI.

reckon Anse Havey won't hardly let hit go by without doin' nothin'. Thank That summer Juanita's cabin rose heaven, thar's some men left in ther on the small patch of ground bought from the Widow, Everson, for in these hills like Anse Havey-but ef Jeb don't hills the raising of a house is a simple do nothin' I'll do hit myself." thing which goes forward subject to no delays of striking workmen or balking contractors. The usual type, with its single room, may be reared in a few days by volunteers who turn people-a hold which incited them to their labor into a frolic. She had owed against sellin' to strangers, but that much to Jerry Everson and to Good the desert urge on their wild tribes- strangely raw and chilling for the sea-Anse Talbott, for had her building men. force been solidly of Havey or Mc-Briar complexion the school would vey went every few days over to the henceforth have stood branded, in native eves, a feud institution.

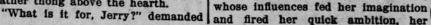
But Good Anse and Jerry, who were spend a part of the time in his larger tolerated by both factions, and were brick house. She did not know that gifted with a rough-hewn diplomacy, Bad Anse was coming nearer to lying Bad Anse had restored to Milt Mcthan he had ever before come in withwhile they had seemed to select at holding his strong suspicions from the

The cabin had been finished just be- incite another tragedy. fore the news came of the death of So when one day a McBriar hench-Fletch McNash, and Jerry Everson man by the name of Luke Thixton had had gone over with her to survey and left the mountains and gone west, Anse hoped that this man would stay away As he stood under the newly laid

for a long while, and he refrained from roof, sniffing the fresh, woody fra- mentioning to Jeb that now, when grance of the green timbers, he produced from under his coat what looked of his guilt. While Dawn, under the guidance o scraped and polished it until it shone her preceptress, was making the aclike varnish, and he hung it by its quaintance of a new and sweeter life, leather thong above the hearth.

artillery regiments then forming.

across the desert.



East was once with a small scouting | again struck the railway, this time | been on the train for eight hours at party in Arizona. After two weeks in 80 miles from the point at which they a small station the conductor entered 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 graphed to every station within two ordered him to detached duty. agent. It asked if the officer wished hundred miles to be transferred to one of the new A more striking instance of accu racy occurred after the same officer's He answered by telegraph that he transfer to the East. He was travelwould be glad to enter either of them. ing home on leave and, as the regula-Then with his squad he set off again. tions require, had notified the depart-

ment of the day, hour and probable It was six days later when they route of his journey. After he had birds.

had previously crossed it, but the of- with a telegram, asking if anyone of ficer's reply from the war department his name was on board. On opening was awaiting him. It had been tele- the telegram the officer found that it

Exactness of detail could not be car ried 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

wheeled and faced the older man. across her path straightway evaporat-"Now ye're a-goin' ter tell me what ed. Men had come to her, with no I needs ter know," he said quietly, "or further solicitation on her part, and now it seemed that many were animat-I'm a-goin' ter kill ye whar ye stands.' Uncle Bob laughed. He had meant | ed by a desire to turn an honest penny all the while to impart that succulent by the sale of land. In every conveyance that was drawn-deeds of ninetybit of information, which was no infornine-year lease instead of sale-she mation at all, but mischief-making suspicion. He had held off only to infuread a thrifty and careful knowledge of land laws and reservation of minriate and envenom the boy with the eral and timber rights which she traced to the head of the clan.

"Hit warn't nobody but-" After pause he went on, "but old Milt Mc-As summer spent itself there was opportunity for felling timber, and the Briar's own son. Young Milt." "Thet's all," said Jeb soberly; "I'm little sawmill down in the valley sent up its drone and whine in proclamaobleeged 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 and confusion of the place. the clouds were mounting and hanking now in a threat of rain and it was not thar woodpile, hain't ve, ma'am?" he his own meal, so he must be careful of its safety. inquired with a slow, benevolent smile

Then he crossed the ridge until he came to a point where the thicket 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 and a prayer." He nodded sympathetically. "I reckhe crouched there with unspeakable natience, while his muscles cramped good, too." and his feet and hands grew cold unbloodshed as the fanatical priests of der the pelting of a rain which was

son. The sun sank in an angry bank of thunder-heads and the west grew lurid. The drenching downpour blind ed him and trickled down his spine unthe boy to ride home with him and der his clothes, but at last he saw the figure he awaited riding a horse he knew. It was the same roan mare that

> zically, then shook his head. When young Milt rode slowly by,

pulsive.

boy because of his unwillingness to 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-

the bird had flown, he knew definitely 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 eve and the ragged lock of hair under the hat-brim which looked like a smudge and fired her quick ambition, her of soot across his brow. Then slowly in violent outpourings and cannonad-

A man may deliver a convincing

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 deepdrawn 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 tion that her trees were being turned up and her lids half closed looking into squared timbers for her buildings across the valley to the Indian sum Once, when Milt McBriar rode up to mer haze that slept in smoky purple the sawmill, he found the girl sitting on the ridges. She wore a dress of there, her hands clasped on her knees, red calico, and she had thrust in her gazing dreamily across the sawdust belt a few crimson leaves from a gum tree and a few yellow ones from a pop "Ye're right smart interested in thet

lar. Juanita Holland did not marvel at the fascinated, almost rapt look that His kindliness of guise invited conficame into Young Milt's eyes, and dence, and there was no one else with-Young Milt, too, as he stood there in THE SANITARY in earshot, so the girl looked up, her the autumn woods, was himself nc CROWN PIPE eyes a little misty and her voice immean figure. His lean body was quick of movement and strong, and "Mr. McBriar," she said, "every one his bronzed face wore the straight of those timbers means part of a looking eyes that carried an assurance dream to me, and with every one of of fearless honesty. He had been them that is set in place will go a hope away to Lexington to college and was going back. The keen intelligence of

his face was marred by no note of on," he said, "ye kin do right smart meanness, and now, as he looked at the girl of the enemy, his shoulders "Mr. McBriar," she flashed at him in came unconsciously erect with some point-blank questioning, "since I came thing of the pride that shows in men here I have tried to be of use in a of wild blood when they feel in their very simple and ineffective fashion. I

veins the strain of the chieftains. have done what little I could for the But Dawn, after her first blush sick and distressed, yet I am constantdropped her lids a little and tilted her ly being warned that I'm not allowed chin, and without a word snubbed him to carry on my work. Do you know of with the air of a Havey looking down any reason why I shouldn't go ahead?" on a McBriar.

> Milt met that gaze with a steady one of his own and banteringly said: "Dawn, 'pears like ye mought 'a' got

ye," went on the boy gravely, "thet hit's better then gittin' mixed up with anything else." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

barroom oration concerning a free country, and then be required to put his money on the counter before being served!

> they do not receive spontaneous and full replies they become suspicious or

> > Laugh and Grow Well.

Gloom is not a virtue, any more than filth. The "odor of sanctity" does not necessarily involve a long face



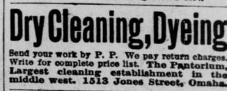
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SEND 500 P. O. order or shamps to the

Briar, Aluminur Crown Ploe Mig. Co. 1012 Fgraum, Omaha, smoke. Tr turn if not Will pay com the ruturn mail will bring the pipe.

> Joseph Bliss & Son Co. Live Stock Commission Satisfactory sales. Prompt returns. SOUTH QMAHA. ESTABLISHED 1894.





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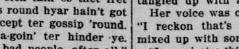


**Joliet Corn Shellers** 

"Standard of the Corn Belt"

Full line of 2-4-6 hole spring shellers

tangled up with a rainbow." Her voice was cool as she retorted: 'I reckon that's better than gitting mixed up with some other things." "I was jest a-thinkin', es I looked at



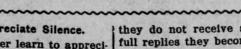
He gazed at her for a moment, quiz-"Oh, pshaw!" he exclaimed. "I wouldn't let no sich talk es thet fret

me none. Folks round hyar hain't got much ter do except ter gossip 'round.

Nobody hain't a-goin' ter hinder ye. We hain't such bad people, after all."

After that she felt that from the Mc-Briars she had gained official sanction, and her resentment against Anse Havey grew because of his scornful un-

graciousness. The last weeks of the summer were weeks of drought and plague. Ordinarily, in the hills storms brew swiftly and frequently and spend themselves



hurt.

and a long black frock coat and infre-

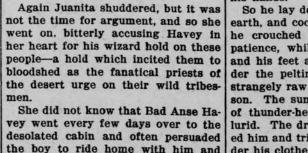
quent baths. Laughter is good medicine, both for the body and the mind The man who laughs is likely to be a tormented with personal curiosity healthy man, and a happy man, and They ask searching questions, and if he is rarely a villain.

Unable to Appreciate Silence. Some people never learn to appreciate the beauty of silence. Perhaps it

is an appreciation that cannot be ac-

quired. Perhaps it comes by nature. Such people seem to believe that all apparently human relations must ex-

press themselves in speech. They keep up an incessant chatter and they try to make others chatter in return. They are among the most fatiguing influences in the world. Often they are



Briar.

