

THE BATTLE=CRY

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SYNOPSIS.

Juanita Holland, a Philadelphia young woman of wealth, on her journey with her guide, Good Anse Talbott, into the heart of the Cumberland mountains, becomes teacher of the mountain children, falls in love with Fletch McNash, chief of his clan, and one of his henchmen that acquaints her with the Havesy-McBriar feud, Juanita has an unprofitable talk with Bad Anse and they become antagonists.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"It's Havesy," he said slowly, "but hereabouts I've got another name that's better known." He paused, then added with a hardened timbre of voice, as though bent on making defiant what would otherwise sound like confession: "It's Bad Anse."

The girl recoiled, as though under a physical shock. It seemed to her that every way she turned she was to meet staggering disappointments. She had spoken almost pleadingly to the man with whom she could make no terms—the man whose arrogant power and lawless influence she must break and paralyze before her own regime could find standing-room in these hills.

Yet, as she looked at him standing there, and stiffened resolutely, she could say nothing except "Oh!"

Into the moonless crept many things: repulsion, defiance and chagrin for her mistake, and in recognition of them all the bronzed features of the man hardened a little and into the cool eyes snapped a sparkle of the sleeping fires she had divined.

"I made my suggestion to the wrong man," she said steadily. "I misunderstood you. I thought you said you wanted peace."

He swung himself to the saddle again; then, as he gathered up his reins, he turned, and in his utterance was immovable steadiness and glacial coldness, together with a ring of contempt and restrained anger.

"I did say that, and by God Almighty, I meant just what I said. I do want peace in these mountains—but I ain't never found no way yet to get peace without fightin' for it."

She saw him ride away into the moonlight, with his shoulders very straight and the battered felt hat very high, and she looked neither to right nor left as he went until the mists had swallowed him.

For a long time while she sat there on the stile gazing across the steep banks between which the waters of 'Tribulation slipped along in a tide of tarnished quicksilver and beyond which rose the near ridges of blue and the far, dim ridges of gray.

At her back she knew that the family and the missionary were sitting in talk.

She sat there with her hands clasped about her updrawn knees as she used to sit when some childhood grief had weighed upon her.

She could not shake out of her mind the humiliation of having shown her weakest side to Bad Anse Havesy. It was some satisfaction to remember the offended stiffening of his shoulders and the smoldering fire in his eyes. She had heard much of the strong, easily hurt pride of these mountain men—a pride which made them walk in strange surroundings with upright heads and eyes, challenging criticism of their uncouthness.

She had first appealed to this man, but at least she had also stung him with her scorn. Now they would be open enemies.

She knew that this young man, in a country where every man was poor and no man a pauper, owned great tracts of land that yielded only sparse crops with the most arduous coaxing. She knew that under his rocky acres slept a great wealth of coal, and that above them grew noble and virgin forests of hardwood. The coming of railroads and development would make him a rich man. Yet he stood there, seemingly prizing above all those magnificent certainties the empty boast of feudal chieftainship.

Yet he was a man. With that thought came an unwelcome comparison. She thought of someone whom she had loved—and sent away—and of their leave-taking. That man had had every gentle attribute which this man lacked. All that universities, travel and ancestry can give had shown out in his bearing, his manners, his voice and the expression of his eyes.

There had been a time when she had wavered in her determination to devote herself to the mission for which she had been educated. She thought that this man might be more important than any mission; that a life with him might be full enough. Then had come the discovery, which at first she had rebelliously denied, but which forced itself hatefully upon her realization. Despite his unchallengeable charm and gentility, he was, after all, not quite a man. When she had admitted that beyond dispute, she had turned, alienated, from the life which she could not contemplate without him. The man whom she thought she loved was "empty and fine, like a swordless sheath." Very well, she would turn to the work of putting an edge on the sturdier metal of raw humanity.

Her grandfather's fortune, or fortune, since the plural rather than the singular fitted the dimensions, had come to her with his wish that part of them should go to advance education in the Alleghenies. She was to be his stewardess in overseeing the work, but that she should go in person and permanently to that crude environment had not been anticipated. Those who had known her in her life of normal luxury, of dancing and playing, and of deliciously rhythmic personality, would have laughed at the idea as absurdly incongruous. Of this fact the young man had heatedly reminded her on the night when she gave back his engagement ring and announced her determination.

"Juanita," he had expostulated, "with a suffering of hopelessness in his eyes which she ached to comfort—"Juanita, dearest, courts and juries and the bayonets of militiamen have struggled to civilize those savage people, and for a hundred years they have utterly failed. Their one god is Implacable Hatred."

"I shan't go with juries or bayonets," she had retorted.

"You will go without knowing them, their ways, their point of view."

"I don't know them now, but I will know them."

"You haven't even a letter of introduction."

"I never heard"—her voice rang with a note against which he knew the futility of argument—"that the Savior needed letters of introduction."

And so an imagined heartbreak and a crumbling world of illusions—as she fancied—had driven her suddenly into self-appointed exile—and a mission.

Her education had been pointed to fitting her to oversee such work—done by the hands of others. Even then, had not he and all the rest goaded her with their insistent refrain, "You can't do it!" Now she was here.

She drew herself up straight as she sat on the stile and impatiently dashed away the moisture from her eyes. If that other man had only had in him the iron waster of this desperado, Anse Havesy! She rose at last and went unwillingly back to the cabin.

The host sat barefooted before the fire and talked with the missionary. The girl heard their conversation through the dullness of fatigue, wondering how she was to sleep in this pigsty, yet restrained from asking permission to retire only by her embarrassment and unfamiliarity with the native code.

At last she heard Brother Talbott suggest: "Hit's gittin' ter be late an' we've got a to'able long way ter journey tomorrow. I reckon we'd better lay down."

Juanita began counting heads. There were six in the room, and the boy Jeb was yet to return from the dance, and while she was still trying to work out the problem the woman pointed to a corner bed and suggested: "I reckon you'd better bundle in with Dawn."

She saw the girl crawl into bed just as she was and the mission-

ary kick off his brogans and shed his coat. Taking off her own boots and jacket, she slipped between the faded "comforters" of the sheathless couch.

In five minutes the taper was out and the place was silent save for the crackling of the logs. The little girl at her side lay quiet, and her regular breathing proclaimed her already asleep. In another five minutes Juanita, with closed eyes and burning lids and aching muscles, heard the nasal chorus of snoring sleepers. She alone was awake in the house.

CHAPTER III.

It is related in the history of the Hatfield-McCoy feud, which burst out between neighbors over a stray pig,

and claimed its toll of lives through half a century, that one of the Hatfield girls wrote on a white pillar at the front of her often bereaved house: "There is no place like home." The sequel tells that a cynical traveler passing that way reflected on the anomalies of that dwelling and added in postscript: "Leastways not this side of hell."

The story of the Hatfield-McCoy feud is in many ways that of other "wars" which have made of the roof-tops of the eastern divide a land beleaguered and unique.

In the war between the Havesys and the McBriars there was more than the forgotten episode of a stray razorback which was not surrendered to its lawful owners. They had for decades hated and killed each other with a fidelity of bitterness that made all their truces and intermarriages fall of permanent peace.

Between the territories where they had originally settled stretched a barrier of hills broken by only one gap. The McBriars had made their first habitations east of that ridge and gap where the waters ran toward the sea. The Havesys had set up their power to the west, where the creeks and springs fed the rivers that went down to the Blue-Grass and to Tennessee.

Had the two clans been content to remain respectively on the sunrise and sunset slopes of the backbone, they might never have clashed, but there were bright-eyed women to the west and east. Famine-line Havesy eyes lured McBriar suitors, and McBriar girls seemed to the Havesy men worth any dare that fate might set. So it has been since young Montagues and Capulets ignored deadlines—and long before. Smoke went up from cabins on both sides that housed men and women of both clans. Hatred scattered and set up new points of infection all along Tribulation and beyond its headwaters.

In Civil war and subsequent politics a line of fierce cleavage had yawned between them—and each faction had been a power.

It was to the leadership of such a clan that Bad Anse had succeeded when hardly twenty-one by the death of a father whose end had not come upon a bed of illness.

It was to the herding of such a flock that he had ridden away from the cabin of Fletch McNash on the night when the girl's scornful taunt followed him.

It was an unfortunate thing that Cal Douglas should, on a February afternoon, have shot to death his brother-in-law, Noah Watt, even if, as Cal earnestly assured the jury, "he was just obliged an' beholden ter do it." All the circumstances of the affair were inopportune for his kinsman and the kinsmen of the man who died with a bullet through his vitals.

Cal bore a name for surly character, and even in a land where grudge-bearing is a religion he was deemed ultra-fanatical in fanning the flame of hatred. Noah Watt himself was little loved by either the Havesys, into whose family he had married, or the McBriars, from whom he sprang. Neighbors told of frequent and violent bickerings between the man and his shrewish wife, who was the twin sister of Cal Douglas.

"Cal Douglas an' Noey Watt's woman air as much alike as two peas in a pod," went neighborhood pronouncement. "They air both soured on mankind an' they glories in human misery."

Had the fight on that winter evening ended in the death of both participants, McBriars and Havesys would alike have called it a gentle riddance and dropped the matter where it stood. But since a Havesy had slain a McBriar and the Havesy still lived it could not, in honor, be so dropped. It left an uneven score.

Since the mountaineer has little to do in the winter and spring save gossip, the affair grew in importance and to each telling was added new features. It was significantly pointed out east of the ridge that Noah had incurred the displeasure of Bad Anse Havesy by the suspicion of tale-bearing to old Milt McBriar. It was argued that the particular wife-beating which led to the tragedy might have passed as uneventful as several similar episodes heretofore, had not the heads of the Havesys made it a pretext for eliminating a McBriar who dwelt in their midst and carried news across the ridge to his own people.

For several years the feud had slept, not the complete sleep of death, but the fitful, simmering sleep of cautious animosity. But neither clan felt so overwhelmingly strong as to court an issue just yet and, realizing the desperate quality of any outbreak both Milt McBriar "over you" and Anse Havesy over here had guarded the more belligerent kinsmen with jealous eyes. They had until now held their checked and leashed, though growling.

For these reasons the trial of Cal Douglas had been awaited with a sense of crisis in the town of Perill.

Historic attitude and gravely announced: "My lord, the motor waits with out." The weary owner replied languidly. "WILLOW WHAT?" The reply came quick and decisive: "Without gasoline. The weary owner doled deep in his pocket and once more paid the toll of a mileage rate far beyond the jurisdiction of the interstate commerce commission, while without waited the motor." "Affairs at Washington," by Joe Mitchell Chappie, in National Magazine.

where it might mean a pitched battle. So it had been awaited, too, up and down the creeks and branches that cropt from the ragged hills, where men were leading morbid lives of isolation and nursing grudges.

During the three days that the suspense continued each recess of court found the long-limbed frame of Milt McBriar tilted back in a split-bottom chair on the flagstones at the front of the hotel. His dark face and piercing eyes gazed always thoughtfully and very calmly of across the dusky twilight to the reposing languor of the plied-up, purple skyline. Likewise, each recess found seated at the other end of the same house-front the shorter, heavier figure of a fair-haired man with ruddy face and sandy mustache. Never did he appear there without two companions, who remained at his right and left. Never did the dark giant speak to the forlorn man, yet never did either fail to keep a glance directed toward the other.

The man of the sandy hair was Breck Havesy, next to Bad Anse the most influential leader of the clan. His influence here in Perill made or unmade the officers of the law.

When these two men came together as opposing witnesses in a homicide case the air was fraught with elements of storm.

"That's war a-brewin'," commented a native, glancing at the quietly seated figures one noon. "An' them feelers air in their billin'."

CHAPTER IV.

Physical exhaustion will finally tell, even over such handicaps as a mountain feather bed and the fumes of a backwoods cabin.

If Juanita Holland did not at last actually fall asleep, she drifted into a sort of nightmare coma from which she awoke with a start.

Finally she fell again into that half sleep which dreams of wakefulness. It may have lasted minutes or hours, but suddenly she roused again with a start from a new nightmare and lay trembling under the oppression of a poignant foreboding. What was it that she had subconsciously heard or imagined? She was painfully wide awake in the slumbering cabin. At last she was sure of a sound, low but instinct with warning.

Beardog was growling just outside the door.

Then, violently and without the preface of gradual approach—precisely as though horsemen had sprung from the earth—there clattered and beat past the front of the cabin a staccato thunder of wildly galloping hoofs and a rattle of scattered rocks. She felt an uncanny freezing of her marrow. Horses travel perilous and broken roads in that fashion only when their riders are in wild haste.

As abruptly as the drumbeat had come it died again into silence, and there was no diminuendo of hoofbeats receding into distance. The thing was weird and ghostly. She had not noticed in the weariness of her arrival at the cabin that the road ran deep in sand to the corner of the fence and that after fifty yards of rough and broken rock it fell away again into an angry sound-muffling stretch. She knew only that she was thoroughly frightened, and that whatever the noise was, it proclaimed hot and desperate haste.

Yet even in her terror she had moved only to turn her head and had opened her eyes cautiously and narrowly.

There was no sound in the cabin now; not even the stertorous breath of a snore. The fire flickered faintly and occasionally sent up from its white bed of ashes a dying spurt, before which the darkness fell back a little for the moment.

She could see that Fletch McNash had half risen in his bed. His head was partly turned in an attitude of intent listening, and his pose was as rigid as that of a bird-dog frozen on a point. It had all been momentary, and as Juanita gazed she saw other figures stir uneasily, though no one spoke. The missionary lay still, but the woman's figure moved restlessly beneath the heaped-up comforter.

So, for a few moments, the strange and tense tableau held, and the girl, watching the household's alert yet motionless pose, remembered him as he had hunched drunkenly over his plate a few hours ago. The two pictures were hard to reconcile.

Then, at some warning which her less acute ears failed to register, she saw Fletch McNash's right hand sweep outward toward the wall and come up gripping the rifle.

Still there was no word, but the eldest boy's head had risen from the pallet.

Keved now to concert pitch, the girl held her body rigid, and through half-closed lids looked across the dim room. While she was so staring and pretending to sleep, there drifted from a long way off an insistent, animal-like wail with a peculiar quaver in its final note. She did not know that it was the famous McBriar rallying cry, and that trouble inevitably followed.

The Nation's Backbone. Once again the American farmer has proved himself the backbone of the nation, for while business leaders had been afraid to take steps toward opening wide the channels of commerce, the farmer soaked his lands and is now harvesting the greatest bread crop ever known. Through the activities of American farmers, more than 400,000,000 bushels of wheat will be sent to foreign countries this season. This is based on the assumption that we shall seed about 625,300,

000 bushels for domestic consumption and about 80,000,000 bushels reserved for seeding. Although these figures are almost too large for comprehension, they go to show what a mighty factor the American farmer is in the world today.

Nearly Got the King. The Tribune states that the king of Italy, who is an excellent soldier, was present recently at the bombardment of an Austrian fort. Having noticed that the Austrians

pleading with his God for his unrepentant people. Outside a single whippoorwill wailed plaintively, "These poor hills! These poor hills!"

CHAPTER V.

In the lowlands morning announces itself with the rosy glow of dawn and upflung shafts of light, but here in the hills of Appalachia even the sun comes stealing with surreptitious caution and veiled face, as if fearful of ambush.

When Juanita opened her eyes, to find the tumbled beds empty save for herself, she told herself with a dismal heart that a day of rain and sodden skies lay ahead of her.

The dim room reeked with wet mists, and an inquisitive young rooster stalked jauntily over the puncheon floor, where his footfalls sounded in tiny clicks. It was a few minutes after five o'clock, and Juanita shivered a little with the clammy chill as she went over to the door and looked out.

Bending over a rushing spring at one corner of the yard in the unconsociate grace of perfect naturalness, her sleeves rolled back and her dark hair tumbling, knelt the girl Dawn.

Juanita crossed the yard, and as she came near the younger girl raised a face still glistening with the cold water still which it had been plunged and glowing with shyness.

The older woman nodded with a smile that had captivated less simple subjects than Dawn and said: "Good morning. I think you and I are going to be great friends. I know we are if you will try to like me as much as I do you."

Then the girl from Philadelphia plunged her face, too, into the cold, living water, and raised it again, smiling through wet lashes.

"What makes ye like me?" Dawn suddenly demanded in a half-challenging voice.

"You make me like you," laughed Juanita.

The mountain girl held her eyes still in the unwavering steadiness of her race, then she said in a voice that carried an undertone of defiance: "Ye ain't never seen me afore, an'—"

"an' besides, I don't know nuthin'." "I mean to see you often after this," announced the woman from down below, "and the things you don't know can be learned."

A sudden eagerness came to the younger face and a sudden torrent of questioning seemed to hover on her lips, but it did not find utterance. She only turned and fled the way silently back toward the house. When they were almost at the door Dawn hesitated, and Juanita halted with an encouraging smile. It was clear that the mountain girl found whatever she meant to say difficult, for she stood indecisive and her cheeks were hotly suffused with color, so that at last Juanita smilingly prompted: "What is it, dear?"

"Ye said—" began Dawn hastily and awkwardly, "ye said suthin' 'bout me a tryin' ter like ye. I—I don't bafter try—I does hit." Then, having made a confession as difficult for her shy tactfulness as a callow boy's first declaration of love, she fled abruptly around the corner of the house.

Juanita stood looking after her with a puzzled brow. This hard mountain reserve which is so strong that friends rarely shake hands, that fathers seldom embrace their children, and that the kiss is known only to courtship, was new to her.

At breakfast she did not see Dawn—the dryad had vanished!

During the meal no allusion was made to the happenings of last night, but the girl noticed that inside the door leaned the household's "rifle gun" and under young Job's armpit bulged the masked shape of a pistol-butt.

Young Job's face yesterday had been that of a boy, this morning it was the sullen face of a man confronting grim realities. Had Juanita been more familiar with the contemporary affairs of the community, she might have known that on many faces along Tribulation that morning brooded the same scowl from the same cause. The McBriar yell had been raised last night in the heart of the Havesy country, and this morning brought the shame of a land invaded and dishonored.

Dawn did not reappear until Juanita had mounted and turned her mule's head forward. Then, as she was passing the dilapidated barn, the slim, calico-clad figure slipped from its door and intercepted her in the road, holding up a handful of queer-shaped roots.

"I loved ye mought need these hyar," said the girl diffidently.

Juanita smiled as she bent in her saddle to take the gift.

"Thank you, dear; what are they?" "Hit's ginseng," Dawn assured her. "Hit grows back ther in ther woods an' hit's got a powerful heap of virtue. Hit frisks ther sperit an' drives away torment. Ef yer starts ter swoon agin, jest chew hit."

Juanita repressed her amusement. "You see, dear," she declared, "there's one very wonderful thing you know that I didn't know. And don't forget, when we meet again we are old friends."

Then, when she had mounted her mule, looking back over her shoulder, Juanita saw the figures of both Fletch and Job cross the fence at the far side of the yard and turn into the mountain thicket. Each carried a rifle cradled in his bent elbow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cannibal God. Fijian cannibals worship a god named Mata Waloo, who has eight stomachs, and is always eating.

were firing from a house, the king advised the lieutenant in charge of a gun to fire at the building. The lieutenant aimed and fired, the house being shattered. The king congratulated the officer and went away.

Later he related the incident to a general, who asked the lieutenant's name, which was told him. The general smiled and said: "The lieutenant and three soldiers were killed half an hour ago. If your majesty had stayed later—" He was unable to finish the sentence.

HIS OWN GUARD ON WAY TO JAIL

David Esacson Hopes in Prison to Invent Something for Government.

MAN OF MANY PARTS

Had Premonition of Fate and Feels He Will Still Be of Some Use—Believes in Upholding Law.

Atlanta, Ga.—David Esacson, bowed by age and troubles, poor as a church mouse, inventor, alchemist, dreamer, swindler, on his way to the federal prison here, boarded the steamship City of Columbus at her pier in New York city. Searching out Captain Diehl of the steamer, Esacson announced himself as a United States officer, charged with taking a prisoner to Atlanta.

"And where is the prisoner?" asked Captain Diehl.

"I am the prisoner," Esacson replied to the astonished captain. "I am at once prisoner on parole and my own guard, for I have given my word that I will deliver myself."

Esacson, sixty years old, was convicted in the federal court in New York city of having used the United States mails to swindle many persons through a manufacturing company, of which he was president. Esacson was sentenced to imprisonment of a year and a day in the federal prison here and to pay a fine of \$200.

Not knowing who he was, Esacson's fellow passengers were delighted with him; his conversation proved him a man of the world; the seasick he painted delighted the other voyagers. Landing at Savannah, Esacson dined there a day or two, then came here and relieved himself of his duty as a deputy United States marshal; he delivered himself to the warden of the jail. Esacson said:

"Marshal McCarthy is one of the best of God's noblemen. He said to me: 'Esacson, I am going to let you take yourself to Atlanta, not because I am partial to you—for I would do this for any man in whom I had confidence—but because your case has appealed very strongly to me.' Such kindness from a man accustomed to handling prisoners penetrated the very core of my being."

Esacson claims to have rediscovered an art which the ancient Egyptians practiced—that of enameling a



"I Am the Prisoner."

pebble so that it resembles exactly a precious stone; only an expert can detect a false stone. He has not completed his experiments in this direction. He added to the correspondent:

"It was the saddest moment of my whole life the day I left New York. I never felt so crushed in spirit, but I am going to bear it philosophically. For, believe it or not, this series of experiences was preordained. Years ago I had a premonition that certain events would occur in my life; I could almost see the future and discern their nature."

Esacson denied the accusation that he had bled his dupes for \$500,000.

"A few thousand, a few thousand," he said, "of which I have not a centime now."

"Old as I am, I have not completed my work, my honest work, by a great deal," he concluded. "While in Atlanta I shall continue that work, pursue my discoveries, and together with my painting, I shall keep busy. Some day—and I can see it as clearly as I see the light now—I shall invent something that will be of use to the United States government, in the enforcement of whose laws I believe thoroughly. My experience will be one that in years to come will bring some benefit, and if I can devote myself while in Atlanta toward the invention of something that will be of service to Uncle Sam, I shall not count my time as having been spent in vain."

FED HENS NEIGHBOR'S CORN

Pastor and Secretary Charged With Purloining Grain for Chickens in New Jersey.

Somerville, N. J.—Rev. Holden B. Sampson and Miss Pauline E. Ballantine, president and secretary, respectively, of Ecclesia, a religious institution at Millstone, were arraigned in court here, charged with having stolen a bushel of corn from the Albert I. Voorhes estate.

Sampson, formerly an Episcopal minister in Brooklyn, appeared in court in clerical attire. He and Miss Ballantine, plainly a woman of refinement, said they had not meant to steal the corn.

It was taken a few at a time from an abandoned mill to feed to their chickens. They had seen neighbors do likewise. The corn had been in the mill for years.

RECORDS NEW AUTO JOKE

Joe Mitchell Chappie Tells of One Which is Ascribed to Uncle Cannon.

Summertime brings with it a glow of peculiar types of humor. There is always someone who is ready to tell you the latest story about the Ford automobile. These stories are produced about as rapidly as the Ford automobiles, which recently reached the astonishing record of one machine

every five seconds. There is danger in telling the latest Ford story for fear of that wretched expression on the face of the reader or hearer which signifies, "I have heard it!" It is said that about a thousand new Ford stories are received by the advertising department at Detroit every week. One was wretchedly related by Uncle Joe Cannon on his return to Washington that will apply to any automobile or a Ford.

"The man," said Uncle Joe, "appeared at the door in a striking and

historic attitude and gravely announced: "My lord, the motor waits with out." The weary owner replied languidly. "WILLOW WHAT?" The reply came quick and decisive: "Without gasoline. The weary owner doled deep in his pocket and once more paid the toll of a mileage rate far beyond the jurisdiction of the interstate commerce commission, while without waited the motor." "Affairs at Washington," by Joe Mitchell Chappie, in National Magazine.

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