THE BATTLE-CRY

By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

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ILLUSTRATIONS by C. D. RHODES

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CHAPTER XII.

One day in early October young Milt McBriar happened upon Dawn 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 deep-drawn 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 up and her lids half closed looking across the valley to the Indian summer haze that slept in smoky purple on the ridges. She wore a dress of red calico, and she had thrust in her belt a few crimson leaves from a gum tree and a few yellow ones from a poplar.

Juanita Holland did not marvel at the fascinated, almost rapt look that came into Young Milt's eyes, and Young Milt, too, as he stood there in the autumn woods, was himself no mean figure. His lean body was quick of movement and strong, and his bronzed face wore the straight-looking eyes that carried an assurance of fearless honesty. He had been away to Lexington to college and was going back. The keen intelligence of his face was marred by no note of meanness, and now, as he looked at the girl of the enemy, his shoulders came unconsciously erect with something of the pride that shows in men of wild blood when they feel in their veins the strain of the chieftains.

But Dawn, after her first blush, dropped her lids a little and tilted her chin, and without a word snubbed him with the air of a Havey looking down on a McBriar.

Milt met that gaze with a steady one of his own and banteringly said: "Dawn, 'pears like ye mought 'a' got 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 ye," went on the boy gravely, "thet hit's better then gittin' mixed up with anything else."

Dawn turned away and went stalking along the woodland path without a backward glance, and Milt followed at her heels, with Juanita, much amused, bringing up the rear. The easterner thought that these two young folks made a splendid pair, specimens of the best of the mountains, as yet unbroken by heavy harness. Then, as the younger girl passed under a swinging rope of wild grapevine, stooping low, a tendril caught in her hair.

Without a word Young Milt bent forward and was freeing it, tingling through his pulses as his fingers touched the heavy black mass, but as soon as she was loose the girl sprang away and wheeled, her eyes blazing.

"How dast ye tech me?" she demanded, panting with wrath. "How dast ye?"

The boy laughed easily. "I dast do anything I wants," he told her.

For a moment they stood looking at each other, then the girl dropped her eyes, but the anger had died out of them, and Juanita saw that, despite her condescending air, she was not displeased.

Juanita, of course, knew nothing of Jeb's suspicions that had led him into the laurel, but even without that information, when Young Milt met them more often than could be attributed to chance on their walks and fell into the habit of strolling back with them, strong forebodings began to trouble her.

And one morning these forebodings were verified in crisis for, while the youthful McBriar lounged near the porch of Juanita's cabin talking with Dawn, another shadow fell across the sunlight: the shadow of Jeb McNash. He had come silently, and it was only as Young Milt, whose back had been turned, shifted his position, that the two boys recognized each other.

Juanita saw the start with which Jeb's figure stiffened and grew taut. She saw his hands clench themselves and his face turn white as chalk; saw his chest rise, and fall under heavy breathing that hissed through clenched teeth, and her own heart pounded with wild anxiety.

But Milt McBriar's face showed nothing. His father's masklike calmness of feature had come down to him, and as he read the meaning of the other boy's attitude he merely nodded and said casually: "Howdy, Jeb."

Jeb did not answer. He could not answer. He was training and punishing every fiber cruelly simply in standing where he was and keeping his hands at his sides. For a time he remained stiff and white, breathing spasmodically; then, without a word, he turned and stalked away.

That moon a horseman brought a note across the ridge, and as Juanita Holland read it she felt that all her dreams were crumbling—that the soul of them was paralyzed.

It was a brief note, written in a copybook hand, and it ran:

I'll have to ask you to send the McNash children over to my house. Jeb doesn't want them to be consorting with the McBriars, and I can't blame him. He is the head of his family.

Respectfully,
ANSE HAVEY.

A stranger thing to Juanita Holland than the personal disappointment which had driven her to this work was now her eager, fiery interest in the undertaking itself. In these months she had disabused herself of many prejudices. There remained that lingering one against the man with whom she had not made friends.

The thing she had set out to do was a hundredfold more vital now than it had been when it stood for carrying out a dead grandfather's wish. She had been with these people in childbirth and death, in sickness and want; she had seen summer go from its tender beginning to a vagabond end with its tattered banners of ripened corn; autumn had blazed and flared into high carnival.

As young Jeb had turned on his heel and stalked away, even before the coming of the note she knew what would happen, and what would happen not only in this instance, but in others like it. This would not be just losing Dawn, bad as that was. It would be paralysis and death to the school; it would mean the leaving of every Havey boy and girl.

So she stood there, and afterward said quietly: "Milt, I guess you'd better go," and Milt had gone gravely and unquestioningly, but with that in his eye which did not argue brightly for restoration of peace between his house and that of his enemy.

When the two girls had gone together into the cabin Dawn stood with a face that blanched as she began to realize what it all meant, then slowly she stiffened and her hands, too, clenched and her eyes kindled.

She came across to the chair into which the older girl had dropped listlessly and, falling to her knees, seized both Juanita's hands. She seized them tightly and fiercely, and her eyes were blazing and her voice broke from her lips in turgid vehemence.

"I hain't a-goin' ter leave ye!" cried Dawn. "I hain't a-goin' ter do it."

No word had been spoken of her leaving, but in this life they both knew that certain things bring certain results, and they were expecting a note from Bad Anse.

"I hope not, dear," said Juanita, but without conviction.

Then the mountain girl sprang up and became transformed. With her rigid figure and blazing eyes she seemed a torch burning with all the pent-up heritage of her past.

"I tells ye I ain't a-goin' ter leave ye!" she protested, and her utterance swelled to fiery determination. "Es fer Milt McBriar, I wouldn't spit on him. I hates him. I hates his murderin' breed. I hates 'em like—" she paused a moment, then finished tumultuously "—like all hell. I reckon I'm es good a Havey as Jeb. I hain't seen Jeb do nothin' yit."

Again she paused, panting with passionate rage, then swept on while Juanita looked at her sudden metamorphosis into a fury and shuddered.

"When I wasn't nothin' but a baby I fotched victuals ter my kinfolks a hidin' out from revenuers. I passed right through men thet war a-trailin' 'em. I've done served my kinfolks afore, an' I'd do hit ergin, but I reckon I hain't a-goin' ter let 'em take me away from ye."

Juanita could think of only one step to take, so she sent Jerry Everson for Brother Talbott, whom she had seen riding toward the shack hamlet in the valley.

"Thar hain't but one thing thet ye kin do," said Good Anse slowly when he and Juanita sat alone over the problem with the note of Havey command lying between them. "An' I hain't noways sartain thet hit'll come ter nothin'. Ye've got ter go over thar an' have speech with Anse."

Juanita drew back with a start of distaste and repulsion. Yet she had known this all along.

"Ye see," she heard the missionary saying, "thar's jest one way Anse kin handle Jeb, an' nobody else kain't handle him at all. He thinks he's right. I reckon ef ye kin persuade Anse ter reason with him ye'll hev ter promise that Young Milt hain't a-goin' ter hang round hyar."

"I'd promise almost anything. I can't give them up—I can't—I can't!"

"Ef Anse didn't pertect little Dawn from the McBriars, Jeb would, ter a God's certainty, kill Young Milt," went on the preacher, and the girl nodded miserably.

"I don't 'low ter blame ye none," he said slowly, almost apologetically, "but I've got ter say hit. Hit's a pity ye've seen fit ter say so many bitter things ter Anse. Mountain folks air mighty easy hurt in their pride, an' no one hain't nuver dared ter cross him afore."

"No," she cried bitterly, "he will welcome the chance to humiliate and to refuse my plea. He has been waiting for this; to see me come to him a suppliant on bended knee, and then to laugh at me and turn me away." She paused and added brokenly: "And yet I've got to go to him in surrender—to be refused—but I'll go."

"Listen," said the preacher, and his words carried that soft quality of pacification which she had once or twice heard before. "Thar's a heap worse fellers than Bad Anse Havey. Ef ye could jest hev seed yore way ter treat him a leetle diff'rent—"

"How could I?" demanded Juanita hotly. "How could I be friends with a murderer and keep my self-respect?"

The brown-faced man looked up at her and spoke simply.

"I've done kept mine," he said.

The girl rose.

"Will you go with me?" she asked a little weakly. "I don't feel quite strong enough to go over there alone. While they are humbling me I would like to have a friend at hand. I think it would help a little."

"I'm ready now," and so, with the man who had guided her on other missions, she set out to make what terms she could with the enemy she had so stubbornly defied.

It seemed an interminable journey, though they took the short cut of the foot-trail over the hills.

The house that had come down to Anse Havey had been built almost a century before. It was originally placed in a section so large that elsewhere it would have been a domain—a tract held under the original Virginia grant. Since those days much of it had been parceled out as marriage portions to younger generations.

"Will You Go With Me?" She Asked a Little Weakly.

Cabins that had once housed slaves, barns, a smoke-house, an icehouse, and a small hamlet of dependent shacks clustered about a clearing which had been put there rather to avoid surprise than to give space for gardening. The Havey of two generations ago had been something of a hermit scholar, and in his son had lurked a diminishing craze for books and an increasing passion for leadership.

The feud had blazed to its fiercest heat in his day, and the father of Bad Anse Havey had been the first Bad Anse. His son had succeeded to the title as a right of heritage, and had been trained to wear it like a fighting man. Though he might be a whelp of the wolf breed, the boy was a strong whelp and one in whom slept latent possibilities and anomalous qualities, for in him broke out afresh the love of books.

It might have surprised his newspaper biographers to know how deeply he had conned the few volumes on the rotting shelves of the brick house, or how deeply he had thought along some lines. It might have amazed them had they heard the fire and romance with which he quoted the wise counsel of the foolish Polonius. "Beware of entering a quarrel, but being in, so bear thee that the opposer may beware of thee."

As to entering a quarrel, it sufficed his logic that he had been born into it; that he had "heired" his hatreds.

And because in these parts his father had held almost dictatorial powers, it had pleased him to send his son, just come to his majority, down to the state capital as a member of the legislature, and the son had gone to sit for a while among lawmakers.

(To Be Continued.)

ANOTHER GOOD LOOKING SUIT FASHIONED ON AUTUMN'S NEW LINES

BROADCLOTH AND BRAID

A Russian air has this suit of navy broadcloth. It is trimmed with different widths of black silk braid and a wide silk girdle and pendant tassel. The three marks of individuality are the bell shaped sleeves, the dipping tunic and the high "crush" collar. The black buttons are novelty barrel shaped.

Malpractice.

About one thousand years ago Sadi wrote: "A man had sore eyes. He went to a horse doctor, who applied to his eyes what he used for his horses. The man became blind. He took the case before the judge, who said: 'No damages; if this fellow were not an ass he would not have gone to a farrier.'"

The Days of Real Sport - - - By BRIGGS

If You Do Not Sleep Well.

Should you be a restless sleeper should sleep come to you only at fits and starts, try simple remedies, and do not plunge into narcotics or stimulants—at least not until the others have failed. A famous English physician is quoted as saying, "I can cure the worst case of insomnia in this manner: When the patient has retired, give her a heaping bowl of bread and milk, with just a dash of salt to season it. This will draw the blood from the head to the stomach, it will quiet the nerves and put the entire body in a healthy glow, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the patient falls into a healthy, restful sleep." Another tasty dose to take which will induce sleep is a cold orange just before retiring. There are certain sedative as well as stimulating qualities in an orange, and it is probably one of the most efficacious fruits that can be taken for this purpose.

Neglected Duty.

There is one duty that human beings conspicuously neglect. It is a tremendously important duty. And it is also, for most human beings, the most attractive duty in the world. Nevertheless, in spite of its attractiveness and its importance, it is seldom spoken of. There are millions of people who don't recognize it as a duty. So they neglect to strive for it. Then they wonder why they have not achieved the duty. Sometimes they complain, bitterly. Occasionally, by a chance, they do achieve the duty without recognizing it as a duty. Then they neglect it, and they suffer for the rest of their lives. Surely you know what the duty is. It is simply the duty of being happy.—New York Telegram.

Lesson of Modern Sport.

To the young athlete the lesson modern sport teaches is: Attend as well to the cultivation of the mind as to the training of the body and its muscles, if you would enjoy competitive athletics to the full. The first is as necessary as the last to become superexcellent at any sport, to get the greatest enjoyment from sport and to cope with its emergencies.

Turkey's Prime.

The Turkish empire reached its greatest glory in the reign of Solyman the Magnificent, who held the throne from 1520 until 1566. Besides his North African possessions his territories extended from near what is now the border of Germany to Persia. There was at that time no other state that approached the Turkish in extent or wealth.

Oregon Isolated by Indians.

For fully three months communication with the East by way of the plains has been wholly cut off except in cases where parties who sought to cross have been provided with an escort, says the Portland Oregonian in "Fifty Years Ago." The Indians have collected for battle and so far remain masters of the situation. The telegraph line for a long distance is in their possession, the mail route is menaced by them so that the mails either do not come through at all or are compelled to submit to the delay of being accompanied by an armed force, while the Indians are apparently further than ever from any intention to retire from the field or to cease their savage warfare.

How We Read.

Oliver Wendell Holmes owned up to his preference for reading in books to reading through them. "When I set out to read through a book," the autocrat wrote, "I always felt that I had a task before me, but when I read in a book it was the page or the paragraph that I wanted, and which left its impression and became a part of my intellectual furniture." If we were only franker, most of us would confess to being like Holmes in this matter of our reading.

The Spiritual Life.

"Spiritual music can only come from discords set in unison," said Carlyle. It would be worth the time and space of a whole sermon to dilate upon that wonderful truth. Good comes not from an easy, languishing life, where virtue meets no opposition and where courage encounters no defiance. All discords are created by divine love to make spiritual music out of. Those who do not meet with such discords will not hear such music. Such experience is left for sacrifice to turn into harmony. Do you meet a friend who may seem to turn against you, don't leave him till the harmony is restored, not by appeal or instruction, but by the union of your own life. This may seem sentiment, but remember the spiritual life is as harsh and exacting as the material life. These are days that need so much of this fine philosophy, not to say religion, that there is a sweeping tendency toward the dalliance of life that would escape all discords and therefore never hear any spiritual music.—Ohio State Journal.

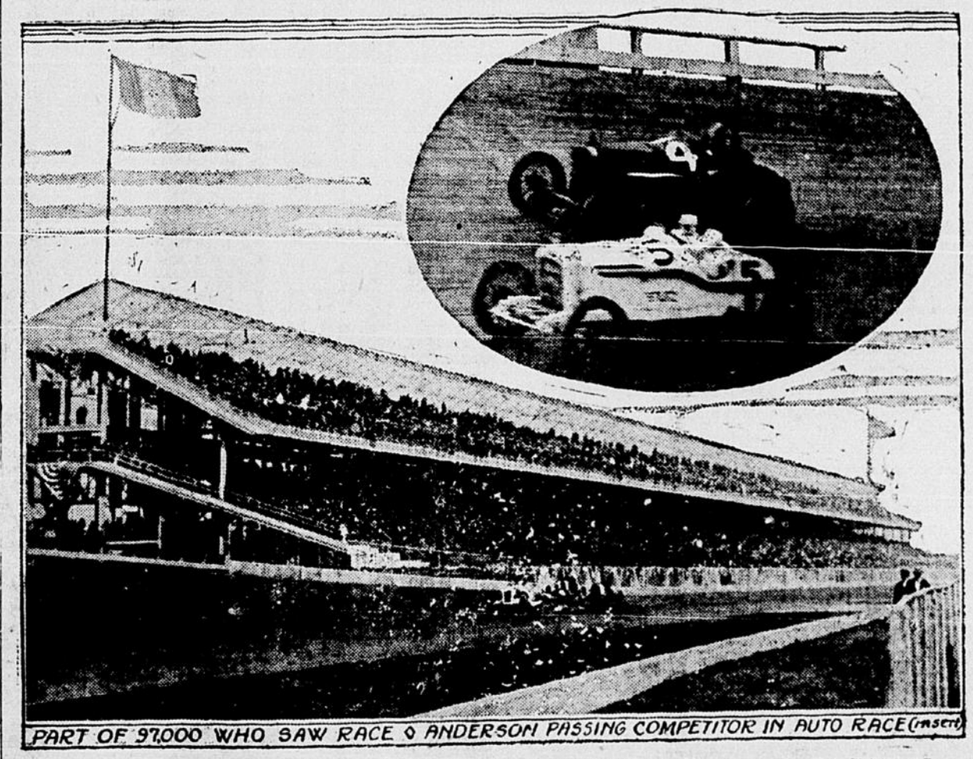
Combining Decoration and Utility.

"You're doin' what you can to improve this institution," said the inmate of the penitentiary, "but there's one thing you ought to do at the start." "What's that?" asked the warden. "When you bring a man here, you ought to rig up handcuffs as wrist watches."

"JUST THE THING."

A tailor's work is sedentary. That is why most tailors suffer from constipation. G. W. Roberson, Wichita Falls, Tex., says: "I find Foley Cathartic Tablets the most delightful, cleansing cathartic I have ever taken. They are just the thing." They keep the stomach sweet and the liver active, drive away headache, dullness, tired feeling, biliousness, bloat and other results of clogged bowels. Prompt and effective, without gripe or pain. Stout people praise them for the light, free feeling they give. McBride & Will Drug Co.

WINNING ASTOR CUP RACE PUTS "O. K." ON GIL ANDERSON AS AN AUTO RACER



PART OF 97,000 WHO SAW RACE ◊ ANDERSON PASSING COMPETITOR IN AUTO RACE (insert)

From his place as a twinkler in the firmament of motorcar drivers, Gil Anderson became a fixed star when he won the first of the series of five races for the Astor challenge cup over the new Sheepshead Bay speedway. He drove his white Stutz car the 350 miles in 3:24:42, equivalent to a speed of 102.60 miles an hour, and faster by 74-100 of a mile—practically three-quarters of a mile—than the world's best competitive record, that made by a Peugot car in the Chicago Century challenge race of only 100 miles. Anderson's effort netted him the first money prize, $20,000 and several hundred more in accessory prizes.

Matter of Speech.

As a rule the native of a country will naturally speak his own language better than a foreigner of equal standing. Of course, very few of us speak our own language perfectly, but still fewer speak perfectly any language besides their own. It is true that our characteristically careless habits of speech make the English of an educated foreigner more careful than that of the average American, if not more perfect.

Real Definition.

An applicant for a teacher's certificate in Kentucky answered an examination question by defining "blunderbuss" as "kissing the wrong girl." Dictionary or no dictionary, we would have given that girl a first-class certificate.—Houston Post.

Grand Prize, Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915

Grand Prize, Panama-California Exposition San Diego, 1915

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RAILROAD TIME TABLE

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN.
"Corn Belt Route"

GOING SOUTH.

No. 1—St. Joe and K. C. limited	5:10 a. m.
No. 3—K. C. Mail & Express	9:18 p. m.
No. 5—Kansas City and St. Joseph	10:04 a. m.
No. 83—Way Freight	10:35 a. m.
No. 55 Des Moines Mail	6:15 p. m.

GOING NORTH.

No. 2—Twin Cities Limited	11:30 p. m.
No. 4—Chicago and St. Paul Express	9:37 a. m.
No. 54	7:50 p. m.
*No. 80—Way Freight	7:45 a. m.
No. 6—Chicago Flier	10:35 p. m.

*Except Sunday.

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN.
Effective 12:01 a. m., May 21.

GOING WEST.

No. 11—Denver Special	1:35 a. m.
No. 7—Los Angeles Limited	5:08 a. m.
No. 3—China and Japan Express	8:18 a. m.
No. 29—Ames Passenger	11:25 a. m.
No. 5—Des Moines Passenger	5:20 p. m.
No. 13—Hawkeye Express	6:09 p. m.
No. 17—Oregon and Washington Special	4:43 a. m.
No. 42—Local Freight	11:20 a. m.

GOING EAST.

No. 4—Des Mornes Passenger	9:32 a. m.
No. 12—Denver Special	1:10 p. m.
No. 18—Oregon and Washington Special	2:30 a. m.
No. 30—Clinton Passenger	3:17 p. m.
No. 8—Atlantic Express	8:15 p. m.
No. 22—Chicago Special	11:58 p. m.
No. 10—Eastern Express	6:38 a. m.
No. 42—Local Freight	1:50 p. m.

Nos. 4, 5, 29, 30, 42, and 43 daily except Sunday.

MINNEAPOLIS & ST. LOUIS.

NORTH BOUND.	Leave.
Twin Cities Mail (daily)	9:15 a. m.
Mason City Mail (ex. Sun.)	6:10 p. m.
Twin City Limited (daily)	2:10 a. m.
Local Freight (ex. Sun.)	6:40 a. m.

SOUTH BOUND.	
St. Louis and Kansas City Mail (daily)	5:30 p. m.
Oskaloosa Express (ex. Sun.)	10:15 a. m.
St. Louis and Peoria Limited (daily)	4:01 a. m.
Local Freight (ex. Sun.)	7:00 a. m.

STORY CITY BRANCH.

Leave.	Arrive.
10:15 a. m. Stock Express (ex. Sun.)	9:05 a. m.
6:15 p. m. Mixed (ex. Sun.)	5:05 p. m.