

cries and further demands for a surreader from the winners.

Bill Dale, ever a lover of fair combat, threw down his repeter to grapple with a big North Cardinian whose
clubbed weapon had been knocked
from his hands. The two fell and
rolled down the mountaisted, locked
in each other's arms.

And then one of the Balls struck
Bill Dale across the head with the butt
of his empty gun, and Bill Dale slaceened his arms and lay as one dead.

He was lydog under covet in a handcarved black' whout followers, and
it was night, who he opened his eres
across the Ben littleford and John
Moreland, and they locked hagand
and annous in the Bil famp's sellow
light. Suddenly Moreland spoke;

"Dead—outhin!" jublishill, "Look;
Ben; he's done come to! Ye couldn't
gut him in a chanon and shoot him
og'inst a clift sind kill him, Ben! I
hope ye're afelin!" all right, Elist
hore."

Dale realized everything quite clear

Dale realized everything quite clear



nas git' fo' you." He pointed a dirty orefinger toward the bundle in his ap, "But you ain't a goin' to git it

w."
"Why?" Dale asked smilingly.

lap. "But you ain't a-goin' to git it now."

"Why?" Dale asked smilingly.

"Why?" Dale asked smilingly.

"Why?" Shoes —a's why. H.—II, did I ever have nay shoes afore? Barefooted as a rabibit. That's me. Barefooted as a rabibit. That's me. Barefooted as a d—ir rabibit!"

"Son." protested Bill Dale, "you're entirely too small to swear. You mustn't do it. y'know."

"Yes," quickly, "I'm small. I'm small to my age. I'm done tyrety year old. I've been measured fo' the go-backs."

"Measured for the go-backs."

"Measured for the go-backs."

"Measured for the go-backs."

"Mensured for the go-backs."

"Why." soberty, "when ye grow lite's tid o' bigger, ye've got the go-backs. May, she measured me with a yarn string out o' a stocking which had been wore by a woman seventy-seven-year old, and 'en she wrapped the yarn string around the door-hinge. Fil 'gin to grow higher, or die, one or torher, afore the string wears out on the kinge. Bound to."

Again Daie laughed. Mentain superstitions always amused him. Ber Littleford came into the room, and Daie arose and faced him.

"Do you know this boy. Ber!"

"The coll know this boy. Ber!"

"The coll Christmas present you could git from a Ball would be a bull-tie." frowned Ben Littleford.

He stepped to the rocker agd took the bundle from the hop's larp; he took away the crumpiled brown paper—and there in his hands was a londed and cycked revolver!

"By Georgei" exclaimed Bill Daie.

"What'd I tell ye?" smiled Ben Littleford.

An hour liter Dale and a score of Littleford and Morelands entered the

CHAPTER XIX.

A Perfect Cross.
On the floot: of the richly-furnished library of the Dale home, near a west window, Miss-Ellzabeth Littleford sat reading by the fast fading light of an enrily March afterneon. Somehow she liked to sit on the floor; and always she liked to send; for one thing, books, helped her to forget that she was lonely.

There were footsteps behind her, soft footsteps hecause of the thick velvet carpet; then a low voice inquired: "Arent' you afraid you will injure your eyes, Elizabeth? Better have a light, hadn't you, dear?" The old coal king turned toward the switch on the wall.

"No!" she innswered quickly. "I'm through reading for today, and I like this twilight."

Her improvement in speech and in

through reading for today, and I like this twillight."

Her improvement in speech and in manner had gone on at a surprisingly rapid rate. She rarely spoke with any but the simplest words, but she never fell into anything more than bare semblance of the old drawling bill idialect unless it was while she was under the stress of some strong emotion. She closed the book and looked up with eyes that were like the first stars in a summer sky. Her beauty was wonderful; it was finer and sweeter than it had ever been before.

Old Dale stood looking thoughtfully into her uptruned face. He was a little the pate, and he seemed troubled and uneasy.

Elizabeth shook her head. "You're worrying again!"

ment, after which he said suddenly: "I want to see my son; there is something I must tell him. Will you go with me, Elizabeth?"

Busic telt min. Will you own the Elizabeth?

"Of course, I'll go with you."

She thought she knew, what it was that stirred him. By intuition, supplemented by Bill Date's occasional cryptic utterances, and pieced out by hill tradition, Elizabeth Littleford gradually had come into possession of the old coal man's grim secret.

Neither of them knew that, John Moreland was then visiting his eloved old hills for the sake of some siloting.

old hills for the sake of some sliboting.

The following day John K. Drie und Elizabeth Littleford alighted from a northbound passenger train at the Halfway switch. The mountains were covered with three luches of snow, and the hemiock and pines bore heavy burdens of the beautiful white stuff; but the air was still, and it wasn't very cold.

"You'd get your clothing all black on the coal train," Dair, said to his companion, "so you'd rait ar waik over, wouldn't you? Anyway, the train lish't here. I'm good for six i lies, I think."

wouldn't you? Abyway, Lie train isn't here. I'm good for six i' lles, I think."
"Yes," smiled Ben; Littleford's daughter, "I'd rather wik—If you're, sure that six miles won't be too much for you."
Together, with the girl leadin, the way, they set out across David Moreland's mountain. The old trail showed



A Great Gladness Fill & Elizabeth's THE BEST MAN GOD

not one footprint aheat of them; it was not so much used not. They said little. Each thought their own thoughts, and neither cared to speak them to

little. Each thought their dwn thoughts, and neither cared to 5; keik them to the other. Just before they reached the mountain's crest, they passed a group of snow-laden pines that conceiled a big, brown-bearded man who had been stealthly following the trail of a lone wild turkey. He wore khaki hunting-tothes and high laced boots, and there was a certain English fineness about him. In his bare hands he carried a repeating rille, which marked him as one born in the hillis; a lowlander would have had a choke-bored shotgun. When he saw John, K. Dale he stopped suddenly, it a right have been intuition, or it might if Ne been sheer curiosity, the average. Ilmann being a stranger to neither—h Tollowed and watched the two, mass-a by them had been to the stopped close at her side, and he, too, looked at that which lay around and below them, and to his guid also there came memories crowding. The soung woman hysshed back

bosed at thir which my around and below them; and to his mind also there came memories crowding. The young woman brushed back a wayward wisp of brown hair and turned to the man besloh her.

"The Moreland part;" the settlement looks lonesome, but it?" she said. "See, there's no "moke comin' from their cohin chimn's.... She went on absents," But 'no Littlebords are there yet, But 'no Littlebords are there yet.

Old Dale caught the menning that was in the latter sentent. It was not a shallow menning.

"We are soing to the's care of the Littlefords, Elizabeth," It assured her. "The thought much over it, and just now I've decided. Whelj I decide, it's for, all time! you know that, don't you?"

A great gladness filled Elizabeth's

And then one of the Balls stracks below with the bait of his empty grn, and Bill Dale slaces here and with the bait of his empty grn, and Bill Dale slaces here and the strains had gave a lone dead.

He was lying under coret in a handle and the surprise proper than the same that had a surprise proper than the same that had a lone dead.

He was lying under coret in a handle and the surprise proper than the same that had a surprise proper than the same that had were been before.

Then he book had looked and couldn't utter a summer sky, Her beauty was wonderful; it was nothing the surprise proper than it had ever been before.

The had done come to! I'w couldn't gallet (legs) and the surprised proper than the first hards a summer sky, Her beauty was wonderful; it was nothing the summer sky, Her beauty was wonderful; it was nothing the summer sky, Her beauty was wonderful; it was nothing the summer sky. Her beauty was wonderful; it was nothing the summer sky, Her beauty was wonderful; it was nothing the summer sky, Her beauty was wonderful; it was nothing the summer sky, Her beauty was wonderful; it was nothing the summer sky, Her beauty was wonderful; it was nothing the summer sky, Her beauty was wonderful; it was nothing the summer sky, Her beauty was wonderful; it was nothing the summer sky, Her beauty was wonderful; it was nothing the summer was weeten than the summer sky, Her beauty was wonderful; it was nothing the summer was weeten than the summer sky, Her beauty was weeten the summer was weeten than the summer sky, Her beauty was weeten the summer was weeten than the summer sky, Her beauty was weeten than the summer sky, Her beauty was weeten that

mountaineer's code of honor demands that the mountaineer husself collect that which is due bim.

"Tell me," he said in tones so frow that Elizabeth barely bearl, "where is David Moreland burled?"
He had turned, and stood facing her. She pointed to the southward.
"They burled him out the creat of the mountain as little ways, on the highest place, by the side of his virie. That was always a touching the control of the mountain as little ways, on the highest place, by the side of his virie. That was always a touching the control of the mountain. You know who don't you? David Moreland believed it God and a hereafter, and he believed that heaven was up. He wanted to got even his wife sakes as close to heaven as he could."

"I—I'd like to go out there," John Dale said, his voice atmost a whaper. "I'd while the see the place."
"I' wouldn't," replied Ben Littleford's daughter. For she knaw—on, she know.
"Yes, yes, my dear—I must see, the place," declared John K. Dale, hoarsely whispering—"let's go out there."
There was never any disobelying him when he was determined, and he was determined now. It is stronge, that dread human thing that drew him—Elizabeth turned and started sut the snowy creat of the mountain, wend-ling her way here and there between clumps of snow-heavy hard. After a quarter of an hour of this somewhat difficult trareling, the two drew up her man the went of the mountain of the manual mounts and the way have and there between clumps of snow-heavy insel. After a quarter of an hour of this somewhat difficult trareling, the two drew up her for a manual shoulders, all of which were gray and waterbenders. Elizabeth knew the spot well, shawing the grateling, the two dwitcherheires. Elizabeth knew the spot well, shawing the grate stilly open on its wood-or hinges and stepped inside, Old Dale, trembling in every fiber, followed her. His face was very, very pale.

Before them were two snow-covered mounds bordered with the dead stalks of flowers of another year—marigidide, pretty-by-nights, zinnias. Near it the

HEAR LAYS DAVID MORELAND

EVVER MAID

KILLED

BY JOHN K CARLILE MAY GOD

DAM HIS SOLE

It was a living curse, a breathing curse—a terrible anathoma. I doed David Morahaud himself had arrises from the tomb and untered it, it would not have struck John X. Dale with greater force. He grew weak, at though with a fatal sackness. He sank to his kness in the snow, and his irongray head fell forward to lee breast Elizabeth Littleford knoil in the snow beside him. She tried to lind omforting words, for she loved him and was sorry for him, but no words would come.

There was a slight sound, the must have been a single should the man. Elizabeth Littleford head of them. Elizabeth Littleford and whose oyes were filled with the fire of John Moreland, whose face was white and whose eyes were filled with the fire of hat and anger, who held a rifle in his cold, bare hands. The rifles hammer came back, and the fine this plainers.

Moreland took another step forward and leveled the weapon across the painings.

The it was any use to ye to pray.

and leveled the weapon across the table in the palings.

"Et it was any use fo' ye to pray Cartyle," he said, and his voice was shaking and hoarse and kpoked, "I'v give ye time. But it ain't to use at all Look up. Face it. Try to be a man fe one second in yore low-down life."

Old Dale rulsed his head, saw Davit Moreland's brother, and realized all there was to realize. His grees widened a little; then a look of relief fiftes across his heavy countenince.

"Shoot and even up the score," he said bravely, and his head was high "According to your code, it is just And Filb ea het to forget at last, at last, & shoot and settle the account."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Childish sports may satisfy the children, but annoy the neighbors.

