## THE BATTLE-CRY

-By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK-

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CHAPTER I.

The leaves of poplar and oak hung still and line; no ghost of breeze found its way down there to eith them into movement or whisper. Banks of rhododeadron, breaking into a foam of holom, gave the seeming of green and white capped waves arrested and so-flidded by some sudden paralysis of nature. Sound itself appeared dead, awe for husbed minors that only accomitated the stillness of the Cumberland forcet.

save for hushed minors that only accentuated the stillness of the Cumberland foreat.

Mow las evening sent her warning
with gathering abadows that began to
lurk in the vallers, two mounted figures made no sound either, save when
a hoof spitashed on a slippery surface
or: saddle-leather creaked under the
patient's cranbling of their animals.
In front rode a battered mountaincer astride a rusty, brown mule.

The-second figure came some yards
behind, carefully following in the
other's wake on a mile which limped.
This second mula bore a woman, riding satride. She was a young woman,
and it/just now her slender; shoulders
also drooped a little, still even in
their droop they hinted at a gallant
grace of carriage.

The girl drab mission
stride a lame mount and accoutered
with jaddlebags and blanket-roll, her
clothes were not of mountain calleo,
but of good fabric, skillfully tailored,
and she carried her head erect.

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Industride to the one man who knew
things herashout; who made it a point
to know-things herashout; who made it a point
to know-things and whose name stood
as 'a challenge to innovation in the
mountains.

When at morning esh had started
out 'from the shack town at the end

mountains.

When at morning she had started out from the shack town at the end of the rails, "Bad Ange" Havey's informers had ridden not far behind her. Later they had pushed ahead and relayed their message to their chief.

Later they had pushed ahead and relayed their message to their chief.

She had often heard the name of Bed Anse Havey. The yellow press of the state, and even of the nation, was fond of using it. Whenever to these mountains came a brief was left, it was customer to the care the control of the care the care the control of the care the car

squalld and unlighted cabin of logs. At sight of its desolation the sirif's a heart sank. A square hovel, window to less and obviously of one room, held if any of the same of

terbacey."

"I don't chaw, ner drink, ner smoke,"
an swered the horseman quietly, in the
manner of one who teaches by precept. "I'm a preacher of ther Gawspel.
Air ye Fletch's boy?"
"Hub.huh. Hain't thet woman got
no terbacey nuther?"

no terbaccy nuther?"
Evidently, whatever other characteristics went into this youth's nature, he was admirably gitted with tenacity and singleness of purpose.



replied his wife morosely. "He's jest an ornery-lockin' old man."

"Whither did he sot out ter go when he left hyar?"

The woman shook her head, then a grim fliash of latent wrath broke in he events. It ye hav the 'guth. Theyes Some triffin' feliers done statered past hyar with a jug of licker, an' thet fool Fletch hes' jest one follered 'em off. The's all than is to hit, an' he hain' got no license have with a jug of licker, an' thet fool Fletch hes' jest one whars."

For a moment there was stience, by now be's alayin' drunk some whars."

For a moment there was stience, how the creating which drifted the distant tinkle of cowbeils down the creating which was the brown, coloriess man astride through which drifted the distant tinkle of cowbeils down the creating which was the brown, coloriess man astrode that the brown, coloriess man astrode that the brown, coloriess woman across the still. The waiting girl heard the preacher inquiring which way the master of the house had gone and surnising that "mebby he'd better set out in search of him;" the words seemed to come from a great distance, and her head swam giddly. Then, overcome with disgust and wariness at he end of the first day's march.

The young woman who had come to conquer the mountains and carry and then to her saddle, and allpped limply to the ground.

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The young woman who had come to conquer the mountains and carry and the tone of the diffic the my state of the come way. The state of the first day's march.

The year interest to the situation, and the order as a feet the curring of a warm and the other as gould disperse to the situation, and the other as gould disperse to the situation, and the other as gould disperse to the situation of the distant is dependent and the other as gould disperse to the situation of the distant is dispersed an unfamiliar rawetish taste, while through her yellow the situation of the distant is dispersed

"Wall, now..." drawled the missionray. "I ben't skeereely as well acquantated hyarabouts as further up
quantated hyarabouts as further up
Tributation. What manner o'lookin
"He don't look lite nothin, much..."
"He ser up..."
Left, alone, the girl from Philadey—
oversit which seemed to smother her
under a weight of squalor and forethe woman shook her head, then
a grim finah of latent wrath broke in
he reyes.

out from the stillo:

"I'm Jim White, an' I'm a-comin
in."

A thick welcome from Fletch McNash followed, and then again silence
settled.

After a white, as she sat there on
the rock, with her chin disconsolately
in her hand and her olbows on her
knees, Juanita became conscious of
footsteps and knew that someone was
coming toward her. Then she caught
the calm voice which had already impressed her—the voice of the stranger
who had brought home the half-helpless householder.

"I reckon we're out of carshot now,
I reckon we kin he w speech here; but
heed your voice an' talk low."

In the face of such a preface the girl
silrank back in fresh panic. She had
no wish to vertear private conversail tions.

She haddled back against the rock
and cast an anxious glance about her
for a way to escape. Seland lay thes
growth, where her feet would sound
an alarm of rustling branches and distivhed deadwood. But the mea were
stroiling near her, and to try to reach
the honse would require crossing ther
path.

Then the second shadow spoke, and

Then the second shadow spoke, and its voice carried beside the naad its voice carried beside the nast shrillness so common to the hills the tenseness of suppressed excitement. "Thar's liable ter be hell ternight." The 'girl thought that the quist stranger laughed, though of that she could not be certain. "I reckow ye mean concernin' Cal Douglast" "The's hit; when I rid outen Perli this atternoon ther jury hed done took ther case, an 'everybody lowed they'd find a verdict afore sundown." "I reckow"—the tallier of the two

Talk out. What are ye aimin' to tell me?

"I' met up with a feller in Job-Heath's blind tiger jest outside Peril. He'd druit a lot of licker-ran' he get the declared advocate of pence. He'd armin a lot of licker-ran' he get ter talking mighty loose-tongued from the free."

The girl sickened a little as the felt hat her fears were being realized, and one hand went involuntarily up to her branch and went involuntarily up to he he'd with the her. They young man with the shrill viole there."

"Ever sone oo dold Milt Mchriser hand breek Harvy's been stoppin' at her same hotel in Peril, and yet Milt hairt' peared ter be a bearin' no gradge wintstoever. When they jury was med up Milt didn't seek ter chair grang vege that no evas apt to register in the branch was declared. He was a few to her man, be sood a heat taller, tell into a her gradge wintstoever. When they jury was med up Milt didn't seek ter chair gray eyes that now was apt to regist a less and carry away only a time of the dark wints and the was a proposed the Milt didn't keer of Cal came olds."

The listening man once more an aways to encounter upon her the stranger.

The listening man once more answered with a quiet laugh. "Do ye When they rose from the table the

This feller what I talked ter 'lowed that Milt didn't keer of Cal came clar."
The 'listening man once more an swered with a quiet laugh. "Do ya frow that that old rattlessans, Milt Mo-Briar, aims to schandlary kin of mile talked to class the content of the cont



"Treckon ye mean concernin' Cal
Douglat"

"Ther's lit; when I rid outen Peril
this statemoon ther jury hed done took
ther case, an everybody lowed they'd
find a verdict afore sundown."

"I reckon'—the talker of the two
men answered slowly, and into the
soulty modulated violes crept something of finity finality—'I reckon I can
coll "ye what that verdict's son't to
be. Cal will come clear."

"Ther is not the puril urged its
messenger excliedly. "Thet hair what
"Yea "rid over the purity of the state of the shed, addition which
messenger excliedly. "Thet hair what
read jointy as kitches and disting which
messenger excliedly. "Thet hair what
read in the purity of the same of the state of the shed, addition which
messenger excliedly. "Thet hair what
read when there was now to want to be and the purity of the shed and law there, rapidly thinking. It
see lit ha
was solvined that a passent said of about it
to be. Cal will come clear."

"The six in the public with the rid was
well as the same of the public with the rid the
same to be a come to
see the stall stranger
your hoas hitched, out that in the
road, so I till an come in I reckon
you knows, that cote an' thet jury.
Their's yore business, but thet hain'
that."

"Well. "what's the 'balance of 'tir' bringing home the legisless; then as

steady, appraising gaze of the dark stranger. When they rose from the table the stranger drew Fletch, now somewhat sobered by his meal, aside, and the other men retired to the chairs in the doorward. Then the girl from the East

Keeping Cheese.

To keep cheese from molding in a wet season spread the cut surface thinls with butter.