

THE BATTLE CRY

By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE CUMBERLANDS"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. RHODES

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SYNOPSIS.

Janita Holland, a Philadelphia young woman of wealth, is her beauty by the guide, Good Anne Talbot, into the heart of the Cumberland mountains...

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Dawn turned away and went strolling along the woodland path without a backward glance, and Mitt followed at her heels, with Janita, 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...

"I hope not, dear," said Janita, but without conviction. Then the mountain girl sprang up and became transformed. With her rigid posture and blazing eyes she seemed a torch burning with all the pent-up heritage of her past.

"I tell ya I ain't a-goin' ter leave ye," she protested, and her utterance swelled to fury determination. "Ea ter Mitt McBriar, I wouldn't split up 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 in him broke out atrest the love of books."

As to entering a quarrel, it sufficed his logic that he had "holered" into it; and because in these parts his father had held almost dictatorial power, it had pleased him to send his son just to the mountains, down to the plantation, and the son had gone to sit for a while among lawmakers.

CHAPTER XIII.

In other years, Bad Anne Heavey remembered the days in that house when the voices of women and children had been raised in song and laughter. There had been a hum of voices in the winter evenings before the roaring backlogs, and spinning wheel and quilting frame had not yet gone to the cobwebs of the cocklepit. But that was long ago.

"Will You Go With Me?" She Asked a Little Weakly. "You've got to go over there an' have a speech with Anne. It's Janita's dress back with a start of distaste and repulsion. Yet she had known this all along."

"Ye see," she heard the missionary saying, "that's just one way Anne kin handle 'em. An' she's got to be aint." "Jeb," said the missionary quietly, "we done come over hyar just ter hev a speech with Anne Heavey. What's her name?" "I reckon she's in his house, but ye ain't answered his question. I'm ther sinter ye'er talk ter her. Hit's my sinter ye'er done been sufferin' with a cough an' a cold, an' she's got to go over there an' have a speech with Anne."

"No," she cried bitterly, "he will cross the chance to humiliate and to refuse my plea. He has been waiting for this; to see me come to him a suppliant on his knees, 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."

"How could I?" demanded Janita hotly. "How could I be friends with a murderer and keep my self-respect?" The brown look on her face told him a little of her mind. "I've done kept mine," he said. The girl rose.

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

"I'm ready now," and so, with the man who had been a dominant force alone, she set out to make what terms she could with the enemy she had so stubbornly defied. It seemed an interminable journey. The brown look on her face told him a little of her mind. "The house that had come down, Anne Heavey had been built almost a century before. It was originally a barn, a smoke-house, an outhouse, and a small hamlet of dependent shacks clustered about a clearing which had been put there rather to avoid surprise than for any other purpose."

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"Go on in that," she said. "I ain't got no license ter stop ya," he said curtly; "but don't aint'er leave 'bout seel' me, too."

"Several shaggy retrievers were lounging on the front porch, but as Good Anne's feet were turned in at the gate the retriever disappeared inside. They would all be there to witness her humbling, thought the girl. It would please him to receive her in the hall, and pack yelling derisively about him."

"Then she saw another figure emerge from the dark door to stand at the threshold, and the flush in her cheeks grew deeper. It was a man who stood and waited, and when they reached the steps of the porch he came slowly forward and said gravely, "Come inside."

"He led the way, and they followed in silence, the man's steady gaze fixed on her. He hunted forward herself in the largest room—a room dark at its corners despite a shaft of sun that slanted through a window on a heavy table a litter of pipes, loose tobacco cartridges and several books. Down the stripe of sunlight the dust-motes floated in pulverized gold, and the man who had been a dominant force alone, she set out to make what terms she could with the enemy she had so stubbornly defied. It seemed an interminable journey. The brown look on her face told him a little of her mind. "The house that had come down, Anne Heavey had been built almost a century before. It was originally a barn, a smoke-house, an outhouse, and a small hamlet of dependent shacks clustered about a clearing which had been put there rather to avoid surprise than for any other purpose."

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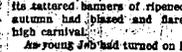
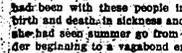
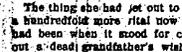
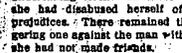
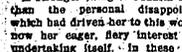
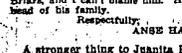
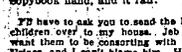
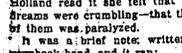
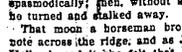
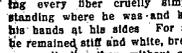
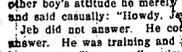
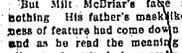
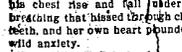
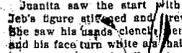
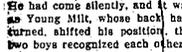
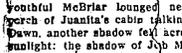
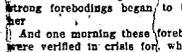
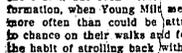
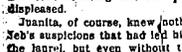
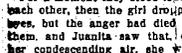
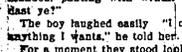
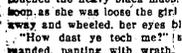
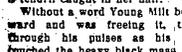
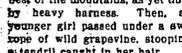
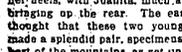
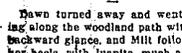
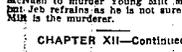
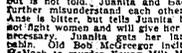
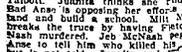
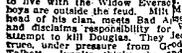
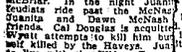
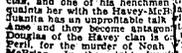
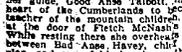
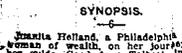
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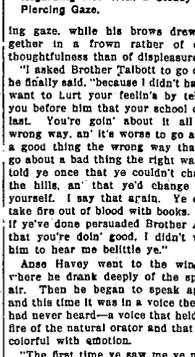
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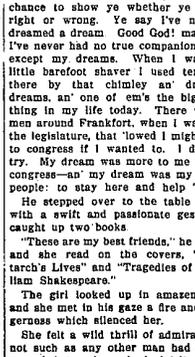
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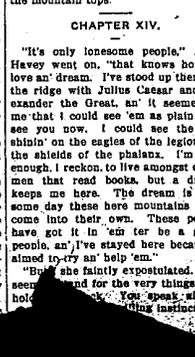
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