THE BATTLE=CRY



knew only that it fitted in with her childhood's conception of the Indian's warwhoop. But she did know that in an instant after it had been borne along the wind she had seen a thing happen which she would have disbe-lieved had she heard it from the lips of a narrator.

fast in the wake of its sounding. She pleading with his God for his unrepearance where only that it fitted in with her tant people.

Childhood's conception of the Indian's Outside a single whippoorwill walled

Outside a single whippoorwill wailed plaintively, "These poor hills! These poor hills!"

CHAPTER V.

In the lowlands morning amounces 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 coution and veiled face, as if fearful of ambuscade. When Juanita opened her eyes, to find the tumbled beds empty save herself, she told herself with a diazal heart that a day of rain and sodden skies lay shead of her.

The dim room expectative young rooster stalked multip over the puncheon that the state of the state

"I lowed ye mought need these byan," said the girl diffidently. Juanits amiled as she bent in her saddie to take the girl. "Thank you, dear; what are they?" "Hit's ginseng," Dawn assured her. "Hit grows back thar in ther wood an' hit's got a powerful bent and 'dives away tormen' swoon self rest and 'dives away tormen' swoon self rest and the swoon self rest and swoon self rest and swoon self-rest and swoon