CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK AUTHOR of "The CALL of the CUMBERLANDS ILLUSTRATIONS 64 C.D. PHODES

SYNOPSIS.

a Holland: a Philadelphia young of wealth, on her journey kill? e. Good Anse Talbutt, into the the Cumberlands to become a of the mountain children, Idanat door of Fletch McNash's cabin ug'as of the Havey cash is on 'frien' W 'Filtar. In the night Jonath' Filtar. In the night Jonath and Daw's McCosh and Daw's McCosh and Daw's McCosh and Daw's McCosh and the and Daw's McCosh and the Haveys. Jean I've with the Widow Extraon Daw's McCosh and the Widow Extraon of the Cosh McCosh and the Widow Extraon of the Cosh McCosh and disclaims reasonability for the first manual man meet several times, resulting d from Bad Anse that Dawn

CHAPTER XIV-Continued.

Again Jeb's face had become ashen and his muscles were twitching. Anso laid a hand on his shoulder, but the boy ferked away and again confronted his elder, while his voice broke from his lips in an excess of passion. "Tell me his name. By God, he b'longs ter "me!"

me his name. By God, he blongs ter
"No. I sair goin't otell yo his name
just yet, Jeb." Anse calmly amounced,
"He ain't in these parts now. He's identified you won't rob her of her
Just yet, Jeb." Anse calmly amounced,
"He ain't in these parts now. He's identified you won't rob her of her
Just yet he was to he was the consent of the consent in the school.
Dawn's heart's set on it, an 't wouldn't try ter hinder ye, but ye must let the
Children stay over there at the school.
Dawn's heart's set on it, an 't wouldn't try ter hinder ye, but ye must let the
Children stay over there at the school.
Dawn's heart's set on it, an 't wouldn't with the consent. I had to promise the dot his family. I can't keep the without his consent. I had to promise of this heavy boot in the dust and application of the part of the party boot in the dust and application.

For a moment the heir to the Meand once before the tee soon es ye knowed yed tell me—n' ye lied ten."

For a moment the heir to the Meand once before the tes soon es ye knowed yed tell me—n' ye lied ten."

knowed ye'd tell me—an' ye lled ter me."

Anse Havey shook his head with unruffled patience.

"No. I didn't liet to ye, son. I wasn't sure till after he left. I ain't never lied to no man."

A long silence fell on the room. Through the open window came the silvery call of a quali in some distant silvery call of a quali in some distant bead and nodded. "I'll give ye my hand," he said.

"When he left the room Juanita rose from her chair.

"There is no way to thank you. Mr. Havey," she said with a touch of diff.

"There is no way to thank you. Mr. Havey," she said with a touch of diffidence. "I don't believe that two wrongs ever made one right. I don't believe that you can win out to law by law-lessness. But I do believe you are sincere, and I know that you're a man."

lessness. But I do bellowe you are sincere, and I know that you're a man."

"And, for my part," he answered slowly, "I think ye're just tryin' to grow an oak tree in a flower pot, and it can't be done. I think that al- ye can do is to breed discontent—an' in these hills discontent is dangerous. But I ain't hinderin' your achool an' I don't low to. Yo'll find out for yourself that it's a failure an quit at your own behest."
"I shan't quit," she assured him, but this time she smiled as she said; it. "I am going to undermine the regimi of feud and lillteracy; that is, I and others like me. But can't we fight the thing out as if it were a clean gaine? Can't we be triendly adversaries? You've been a bigoted little fool, but can't you forgive me and he triends!"

He straightened and his face hard-ned again, and slowly he shook his head. His volce was very grave and uncompromising, though without discourtesy. "I'm afraid it's a little too late for that."

Juanta slowly draw back the hand athe had outsneded and her cheeks

parently contemplating the little rings it stamped out. Then he raised his eyes and contemplatively studied the crosts of ridges softening with the coming of sunset.

At last he inquired, "What hes Dawn got ter say?"

got ter say?"
"Dawn hasn't said much," Juanita faitered, remembering the girl's tirade, then she confessed: "You see, Milt,



wrathfully. "Because if ye does, i don't."

Anse Havey laughed. "Well, no," be repiled; "I didn't alm to do that."

Suddenly he rose. "What I did alm to do, Milt, was this: I aimed to go down there tonight with enough fellers to handle either the fire or whoover starts it. I aimed to see who was doin' a trick like that. Will you go with me?"

"Me?" choed Milt in astonishment. This idea of the two factions acting in consort was a decided innovation. It

The enosed Mit in astonishment. This idea of the two factions acting in consort was a decided innovation. It might be a trap. Suddenly the boy demanded: "Why don't ye ask pap?" "I don't ask your pap nothing." In Havey's reply was a quick and truculent samp that rarely came into his voice. "I'm askin' you, an' you can take my proposition or leave it. That house-burner is goin't of de. If he's one of my people I want to know It if he's one of your people you ought to feel the same way. Will you go with me?" The boy considered the proposal for time in silence. Dawn would be in danger! At last he said gravely: "Hit sounds like a fair proposition."

"Hit sounds like a fair proposition I'll go along with ye, an' meantime I'll keep my own counsel."

Anse Havey had been looking ahead Anse Havey had been looking ahead. When old Milt McBriar had said "Them Haveys 'lows thet I'd cross hell on a rotten plank ter do 'em Injury' he had shot close to the mark. Bad Anse knew that the quiet-visaged old murder lord could no more free himself from guile and decelt than the rattler can separate itself from the notices. an separate itself from the poisor hich impregnates its fangs and na

failed. He had been to the Mediterranean and the East. His letter concluded:

Can you not find it in your heart to be
touched by my devotion Not only happiness, but peace dwells, where you are,

Do not forbid me, for I am coming anyway. I am coming because I must; bocause I low you.

Do not forbid me, for I am coming anyway. I am coming because I must; bocause I lows you.

She sat for a long time gazing off at
the distances and shivered a little in
the bite of the raw air. Then she
looked up and saw a figure at her side.
It was Bad Ant at stipped off his coat,
which, without asking permission, he
threw around her shivering shoulders.

"I didn't aim to intrude on ye," he
said slowly, "I didn't know ye was up
hare. Do ye come often?"
"Very often," is he answered, folding
the letter and putting it back into its
envelope. "When I first came to the
Wildow Everson's I discovered this
tree, and it seemed to becken to me to
come up. Look!" She rose and pointed off with a guntleted hand. "I can
stand here and see the fortifications of
my two enemies. There is your place
and there is Mitt Medriar's."

She smiled with unconsacious archness. "But I'm not going to let you be
my riend, whether you want to be or
not—and what I decide upon must be."

Bad Anse Havey stood looking intoher eyes with the disconcerting stead;
difficult to sustain, but this only
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difficult to sustain, but his only response was a sober "I'm obleeged to ye."

Perhaps that letter, with its old reminders had brought back a little of the old selfer innocent country. See stood with her gloved hands in the deep peckets of her sweater facket with his cost hanging from her was and the selfer of the selfer o



an mighty provided if some grayhaired followed to be associated to some grayhaired followed to be college all right, but
the truther thand by edignified to go to
helmod. If you want to get 'em ye must
needs call it a college."

The girl looked at him again and
said in a soft voice: "You are always
teaching me things I ought to know.
Thank you."

Juanta stood as he left her and
watched bim striding down the slope.
On his part he went back to his house
and found it suddenly dark and cheer
less and unsatisfying.

Into the soul of Bad Anse Havey had

these his although the was been street in the present that it a failure an quit at your own behalf.

To dry twe to Fryll find out for your the savend thus, the

the best field of all is as yet visual and untouched."

"Why did you drop the enterprise yourselt?" inquired his visitor.

"I didn't have the capital to swing it. Of course, if it interests you and your associates it can be put through."