

The Battle-Cry
 BY CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK
 Author of "The Call of the Conscience"
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"What is it, Brock? I'm plumb willin' to listen to your counsel."
 "Then I'll talk outspoken. You try ter convict these men in cote means to take a desperate chance. You can't hardly succeed, an' if ye fails ye've made yore hold on the Haveys—y're plumb, certainly done for."
 "I don't aim to fail."
 "But ye might. Anse, no man never questioned yore loyalty an' I know. I thought as well tell ye what I think's goin' round."
 Anse stiffened. "What is it?" he demanded.
 "Some folks 'low that ther Haveys done mean as much for ye now as ther done yore ancestor does. Them folks be pretty apt ter think ye ain't tryin' ter please them so much as her—y're attemptin' this."
 Anse stood for a long minute silent, and his broad features grew taut. At last he inquired coolly:
 "What do you think, Brock?"
 "I trust ye till hell freezes."
 "All right. Then do as I tell ye, an' if I fails I reckon ye'll be head of the Haveys in my place."
 Down at the school there was going to be a Christmas tree that year. Never before had the children of the "mountain folks" heard of a Christmas tree. The season of Christ's birth had always been celebrated with moonshine jug and revolver. It was grandiose in advance and mourned over in retrospect.
 Now in many childish hearts large dreams were brewing. Bigger ambitions awaited the marvels. The hoped-for young fir tree which was to bear a load of gifts and lights had been sketched out and marked to the ex. Anse Havey and Juanita had explored the woods together, bent on its selection. Perhaps Juanita and Dawn were as much excited as the children, but to Dawn it meant more than to anyone else. She was to accompany Juanita to Lexington to buy gifts and decorations and would have her first wondrous glimpse of the lights and crowds of a city.
 It was there at college and would be returning about the same time, so the mountain girl secretly wrote him of her coming. And even though she gave a cry, Anse Havey thought of that tree and hoped that Luke would not come back before Christmas.
 That night, while he was sitting with Juanita and the fire was flashing on her cheeks, he said moodily: "I'm afraid ye'll have to start despisin' me all over again."
 She looked up at astonishment.
 "Why?" she asked.
 "I've got to kill a man."
 She rose from her chair, her face pale.
 "Kill a man?" she asked.
 "God knows I hate to do it." He rose, too, and stood before the hearth.
 "But I reckon it'd better be me than Jeb."
 "Do you mean—" she broke off and finished brokenly, "that Fletch's murder in back?"
 "He's comin'. He's comin' to kill somebody else. Most likely me. It's a question of settlin' scores with a murderer that kilt Fletch for a ticket West and a hundred dollars—or lettin' young Jeb McNash go easy an' start in the feud all over again. I reckon ye sees that I ain't no choice."
 She came nearer and stood confronting him so close that he felt her breath on his face. She broke out in a low, tense voice: "Suppose he kills you?"
 "He'll have his chance," said Anse Havey shortly. "I ain't lowin' to shoot him down from ambush."
 The girl leaned forward and clutched his hands in both her own. Under the tight pressure of her fingers he felt every nerve in his body tingle and leap into a hot ecstasy of emotion, while his face became white and drawn.
 "Don't risk your life," she pleaded.
 "Your people can't spare you; I can't spare you. Not now, Anse; I need you too much."
 The man's voice came in a hoarse whisper.
 "Ye needs me?"
 "Yes, yes," she swept on, and for an instant he was on the verge of withdrawing his hands and crushing her to him, but something in his face had warned her. She dropped the hands she had been holding and said in an altered tone: "It's not just me; it's bigger than that. It's my work. We've got to be such good friends that I ain't go on without you. My work would fail."
 For a while he was silent, then he said very slowly and very bitterly: "Oh, it's just your work that needs me!"
 "But, Anse," she argued, "my work is all that's biggest and best in me. You understand, don't you?"
 For a moment his voice got away from him and he rose fiercely:
 "I don't give a damn for your work!" he blazed out. "It's you I'm interested in. That's the sort of friend I am."
 She looked up at his gleaming eyes, a little amazed, and he went on, quietly enough now:

"If I fails to hang Luke Thixton I'll be right now what ye prophesied for me twenty years hence—the leader of the wolf-pack that goes down an' gets trod on. I ain't never put no such strain on my influence as this is goin' to be. I've got to hold back the Haveys an' the McBriars whilst this court foolishness dawdles along, an' if I falls down Jeb is goin' to kill Luke anyway. I'm doin' this because ye asks it; an' now I'll say good night to ye."
 Juanita Holland stood looking at the door he had closed behind him, a wild sense of tumult and uneasiness in her heart.
 "That's the sort of friend I am," she repeated to herself.

CHAPTER XX.

There still remained the task of winning young Jeb's assent to his plan, and Anse Havey foresaw a stubborn battle there. Job had been reading law that winter; reading by the light of a log fire through long and lonely evenings in a smoke-darkened cabin. When Anse Havey called from the stilt one night, the boy laid a battered



"I've Got to Kill a Man!"

Blackstone on his thin knee and called out: "Come in, Anse, and pull up a cheer!"
 Anse had been rehearsing his arguments as he rode through the sleet-lashed hills, and he was deeply troubled.
 The man and the boy sat on either side of the fireplace. Penetrating gusts swept in at the broken chimney and up through the warped floor until old Beardog, lying at their feet, shivered as he slept with his forepaws stretched on the hearth and the two men hitched their chairs nearer to the blaze. By the bed still stood the rifle that had been Fletch's; the rifle upon which the boy's eyes always fell and which to him was the symbol of his duty.
 As Bad Anse Havey talked of the future with all the instinctive forcefulness that he could command, the boy's set face relaxed, and into his eyes came a glint of eagerness, because he himself was to play no small part in these affairs.
 Into his heart crept the first burning of ambition, the first reaching out after a career. He saw a future opening before him, and his grave eyes were drinking in pictures in the live embers.
 Then, when ambition had been kindled, the older man broached the topic which was the crux of his plea.
 "The man that can do things for the mountains must be willin' to make a heap of sacrifices, Jeb," he said.
 Jeb laughed, looking about the bare room of his cabin.
 "Mek sacrifices?" he repeated. "I hain't never knowed nothin' else but that. I reckon I hain't skeered of it."
 "I didn't mean that way, Jeb," Anse spoke slowly, holding the boy with his eyes, and something of his meaning sank in so that the lad's lean face again hardened.
 "Nothin' kaint stand between me an' what I've got ter do, Anse," he said slowly. He did not speak now with wild passion, but calm finality. "I've done took ther oath."
 For a while Anse Havey did not reply. At last he said quietly: "I reckon ye've got rid of the idea that I was aimin' to deceive ye, Jeb. I told ye that when Fletch's assassin came back to the mountains I'd let ye know. I'm goin' to keep my word."
 Jeb rose suddenly from his chair and stood with the fire lighting up his ragged trousers and the frayed sleeves of his coat.
 "Air he back now?" he demanded.
 Anse shook his head.
 "Not yet, Jeb; but he's comin'." He saw the twitch that went across the tight-closed lips which made no comment.
 "Jeb," he continued, "I want ye to help me. I want ye to be big enough to put by things that it's hard to put by."
 The boy shook his head.
 "Anse," he replied slowly, "ask me ter do anything else in God Almighty's world, but don't ask me that, 'cause if ye does I've got ter deny ye."
 "I ain't askin' ye to let the man go unpunished. I'm only askin' you to let me punish him with the law."
 Astonishment was writ large in every feature of Jeb's face. He stood in the wavering circle of light while the shadows swallowed the corners of the cabin, and wondered if he had heard rightly. At last his voice carried a note of deep disappointment, and he

spoke as though unwilling to utter such treasonable words.
 "I reckon, Anse," he suggested, "ye wouldn't hardly hev asked a thing like that afore"—there was a hesitating halt before he went on—"afore a fur-rin woman chang'd yore fashion of lookin' at things."
 Anse Havey felt his face redden, and an angry retort rose to his lips. But the charge was true.
 He went on as though Jeb had not spoken.
 "All I ask is that when that man comes ye'll hold your hand until the cote has acted."
 "Does ye reckon Milt McBriar aims ter let Sidering try kin of his?" was the next incredulous question.
 Anse Havey's voice broke out of its quiet tones and his eyes woke to a fire that was convincing.
 "By heavens, I aims ter have him do it! I ain't askin' leave of Milt McBriar." Then he added: "I aims to hang the man that kilt your daddy in the jail house yard at Peril, an' if the McBriars get him they've got to kill me first. Will you hold your hand till I'm through?"
 The boy stood there, his fingers slowly clenching and opening. Finally he said: "Hit ain't a-goin' ter satisfy me ter penitentiary that feller. He's got ter die."
 "He's goin' to die. If I fail, then—" the clansman raised his hands in a gesture of concession—"then he's yours. Will you wait?"
 "I don't hardly believe," said Jeb McNash with conviction, "any man livin' kin keep Milt's hired assassin in no jail house long enough ter try an' hang him. But I'm willing ter see. I'll hold my hand that long, Anse, but—"
 Once more a spasmodic tautening of muscles convulsed the boy's frame and his voice took on its excited note of shrillness: "But I warns ye, I'm goin' ter be settin' in ther high cote. I hain't never a-goin' ter leave hit, an' if that jury clars him—or if they jest penitentiaries him—I'm goin' ter kill him as he sets thar in his cheer—so help me God!"
 Loyal in their stubborn adherence to feud obedience, the judge and grand jury secretly returned two indictments bearing the names of Luke Thixton as principal and Milton McBriar, Sr., as accessory to the crime of murder "against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth of Kentucky, and contrary to the statute in such case made and provided." Also, they withheld their action from public announcement.
 Surreptitiously and guardedly a message traveled up the watercourses to the remotest Havey cabin. Bad Anse bade his men be ready to rise in instant response to his call, and they made ready to obey.
 One day Juanita Holland and Dawn set out for Lexington to do their Christmas shopping.
 Anse Havey rode with them across to Peril and waved his hat in farewell as they stood in the vestibule of the rickety passenger coach. It was a very shabby car of worn and faded plush, but to Dawn it seemed a fairy chariot.
 As they entered the lobby of the Phoenix hotel, in Lexington, a tall youth rose from a chair and came forward. If the boy was older and darker and less trim in appearance than his Blue-Grass brethren, he carried his head as high and walked as independently. He came forward with his hat in his hand and said: "I'm mighty glad ter see ye, Dawn."
 The girl looked about the place, and breathed rather than asked: "Isn't the world wonderful, Milt?"
 Two days followed through which Dawn passed in transports of delight. There were the undreamed sights of shop-windows decked for the holiday season, and the crowds on the streets, and the gayety and merriment of Christmas everywhere. She had never heard so much laughter before, and she found it infectious, and laughed, too.
 At last she found herself again in a faded plush car beside Juanita, with Young Milt sitting opposite. Old Milt was on that train, too, but he paused only to nod before disappearing into the shabby smoking compartment, where he had business to discuss. A man was waiting for him in there whom old acquaintances might have passed by without recognition. It was the hope of Milt McBriar that when they left the train at Peril, any acquaintances who might be about would do just this.
 While the Christmas shoppers laughed in the day coach, Luke Thixton received final instructions in the empty smoker.
 He was to pass as swiftly and unobtrusively as possible through Peril and go direct across the ridge.
 He and Milt would leave the train without conversation or anything to mark them as companions. After that Luke knew what he was to do, and no further conference would be necessary.
 It was noon when the train rumbled again over the trestle near the town, and all morning a steady, feathery snow had been falling, veiling the sights from the windows and wrapping the mountains in a cloak of swan's-down.
 At last the trucks screamed, the old engine came puffing and wheezing to a tired halt, and the two girls, with Young Milt at their heels, made their way out, burdened with parcels.
 On the clatter platform Juanita looked about for Anse Havey, and she saw him standing in a group with Jeb and several other men whom she did not know—but Anse's face was not turned toward her, and it did not wear the look of expectancy that the thought of her usually brought there. Jeb's countenance, too, was white and set and a breathless tenseness seemed to hold the whole group in fixed tautness.

There were several clumps of men standing about, all armed, and every face wore the same expression of waiting sternness.
 A gasp of premonition rose to Juanita's lips as she caught the sinister spirit of suspense in the atmosphere. Then Milt McBriar stepped down from the smoker vestibule, followed by another man.
 As the two turned in opposite directions on the snow-covered platform, one of the men who had been standing with Bad Anse Havey laid a hand on the shoulder of the clean-shaven arrival and said in a clear voice: "Luke Thixton, I want ye fer ther murder of Fletch McNash."
 Old Milt McBriar, for once startled out of his case-hardened self-control, wheeled and demanded angrily: "What hell's trick is this?" His eyes were blazing and his face worked with passionate fury.
 A deputy answered him: "An' Milt McBriar, I wants you, too, on an indictment fer accessory ter murder."
 Juanita felt Dawn's spasmodic fingers clutch her arm and her own knees grow suddenly weak. She heard a clatter of parcels as Young Milt dropped them in the snow and leaped forward, his eyes kindling and his right hand frantically clawing at the buttons of overcoat and coat. But before he could draw, Jeb McNash had wheeled to face him, bending forward to a half crouch. The younger McBriar halted and bent back under the glint of the revolver which Jeb was thrusting into his face.
 Haveys, armed and grim of visage, now began drawing close about the captives.
 Dawn clung with bloodless lips and white cheeks to Juanita as she watched Jeb holding his weapon in the face of the boy whom she suddenly realized she loved more than her brother.
 Then the sheriff spoke again.
 "Thar hain't no use in makin' no trouble, Milt. Ther grand jury hes done acted, an' I reckon ye'd better let the law take its course."
 "Why don't ye take me, too?" demanded Young Milt in a tense, passionate voice. "I'm a McBriar. That's all ye've got against any of these men."
 "The grand jury didn't indict ye, son," responded the sheriff calmly.
 Then the elder McBriar became suddenly quiet again and self-possessed. He turned to his son.
 "Milt," he said, sternly, "you keep outen this. Ride over home an' tell every man that calls hisself a McBriar—his voice suddenly rose in the defiant crescendo of a trapped lion—"tell every man that calls hisself a McBriar ther ther Haveys hev got me in ther damned jailhouse—an' ask em of they aims ter let me lay thar."
 Young Milt turned and went at a run toward the livery stable. Over his shoulder as he went he flung back at Jeb, who stood looking after him with lowered pistol: "I'm goin' now, but I'll be back ter reckon with you!"
 And Jeb shouted, too: "Ye kaint come back none too soon, Milt. I'll be hyar when ye comes."
 Then the group started on their tramp toward the courthouse and the little jail that lay at its side.
 Juanita suddenly realized that she and Dawn were standing as if rooted to the spot. The older girl heard an inarticulate moan break from the lips of the younger, and then, as though waking-out of sleep, she looked absently down at a litter of beribboned parcels which lay about her feet. That message which Old Milt had flung back to his people on the lips of his son would send tumbling to arms every man who could carry a rifle!
 And the Haveys were grimly waiting for them. The Haveys were already there. The two girls could not ride across the ridge now. They could only sit in their room at the wretched hotel and wait, too.
 Juanita was glad Dawn could cry. She couldn't. She could only look ahead and see a procession of hideous possibilities.
 It had been a few minutes after noon when Young Milt had rushed into the livery stable and ordered his horse. In that one instant all his college influences had dropped away from him, and he was following the fierce single star of clan loyalty.
 His father, who had never been any man's captive, was back there in the vermin-infested little jailhouse, a prisoner to the Haveys. And when Young Milt came back, the one Havey he had marked for his own was the Havey under whose pistol muzzle he had been forced to give back—young Jeb McNash.
 The stroke had taken the McBriars completely by surprise. The boy must reach his own territory and rally them to their fullest numbers, even from the remotest coves. This battle was to be fought in the enemy's own stronghold and against a force which was ready to the last note of preparedness.
 So nothing could happen until tomorrow. Nothing would happen, in all likelihood, until the day after that, and meanwhile the two girls in the hotel must sit there thinking.
 The little town itself lay dismal and helpless, with its shacks scattered over its broken and uneven levels.
 Dawn, perhaps, found it hardest; for in this one day Dawn had grown up, and tomorrow would bring the boy whom she now confessed to loving, though she confessed it with self-contentment, leading a force to meet that of her own people, fighting to avenge her father. Juanita, whose eyes could not escape ironical reminders when she glanced down at the Christmas packages, seemed to hear over and over the voice of Anse Havey saying: "I'm doin' it because ye asks it."
 She had sought to avert an assassination, and it seemed that the effort would precipitate a holocaust.

Anse was very busy, but he found time to come to her that afternoon. In the bare little hotel lobby the firelight glinted on many rifles as their owners lounged about the hearth.
 And in Anse she saw once more the stern side. His face was unsmiling, and in his eyes was that expression which made her realize how inflexibly he would set about the accomplishment of the thing he had undertaken. Then, as he spoke to her, a sudden softness came into his eyes.
 "God knows I'm sorry," he said, "that this thing broke just now. I didn't aim that ye should be no eyewitness."
 Juanita smiled rather wanly. Old Milt, he told her, would soon be released. "We ain't even goin' to keep him in the jailhouse no longer than mornin'." We couldn't convict him, an' it would only bring on more trouble.
 "Why was he arrested?" she asked blankly.
 (TO BE CONTINUED.)
 NO CLUE TO ROBBERS.
 Men Made Safe Getaway After Robbing Bank at Smoaks of \$1,975.86.
 Walterboro, Jan. 28.—Careful investigation by several officers today in charge of Deputy Sheriff Lucas C. Padgett has failed to reveal any clue as to the identity of the robbers who in open daylight yesterday succeeded in getting away with a large sum of money from the Smoak's Banking company. The two robbers were not seen to enter the town of Smoak during the day at all and they made their exit from the bank through a rear window and from there to a nearby swamp, where it is thought they had an automobile concealed.
 Taking advantage of a rainy day, when very few people would be using the streets of the small town of Smoak, the two robbers entered the bank as the cashier was in the act of counting \$1,000 to be sent here today. After drawing a gun on the cashier, one of the robbers grappled with him while the other struck him with some instrument causing unconsciousness. He was then sprayed with some kind of drug and a handkerchief, the only property left by the robbers, saturated with the drug, was fastened over the mouth and nose of Mr. Thomas.
 He owes his life to the fact that the robbers failed to turn on the combination to the vault lock. Had this been done, searchers would in all probability have thought that Mr. Thomas had closed for the day and left the bank. At any rate the only other person in possession of the combination was the president, Mr. Smoak, who was at the time in Bamberg.
 Mr. Thomas is at work again today, little the worse for his nerve racking experience. A careful checking of the bank's books reveals the exact amount of money secured to be \$1,975.86. The bank carried burglary insurance in such an amount as to be protected.
 Mr. Thomas is positive in his identification of one of the robbers as the man who asked him to cash a \$400 check from the Southern railway about a week ago and it appears that these were somewhere in the community of Smoak, waiting for a rainy day as a cloak for their operations. The officers are still hopeful of securing some results.
 No one has been found who will definitely identify the automobile as a runabout or a touring car, and very little of a definite nature can be secured as to the route taken by the car.
 CHARGED WITH MURDER.
 Manning, Jan. 30.—Jim Smith was lodged in jail here last night charged with the murder of a woman a few hours previously. The tragedy took place near Jordan and the deceased woman's name is given as Sarah White. It is said that Smith went to the house where the woman lived while she was engaged in cooking supper, aimed a gun through a crack and shot her through the heart, killing her instantly. One report is that he then went to the home of Mr. Graham, told him what he had done and asked advice as to what he should do. Another report is that after shooting the woman the negro went to his home and went to bed. Sheriff Gamble was notified and he at once went down and arrested Smith and brought him to jail. No statement is made as to there having been any enmity or ill-feeling between the man and woman, and, it is said, the man alleges that he only intended to scare the woman when he poked the gun in the crack, and that she grabbed the gun and caused it to go off.
 From far off Oregon, clear across the continent, Booth and McLeod Supply Company has received a car load of red cedar shingles, which they are retailing here. Some of the shingles are fourteen inches in width, the widest shingles which have ever been seen here. These red cedar shingles, it is stated, will last as long as the old deacon's "one-horse chaise," so familiar to every school boy and girl.

JEWISH RELIEF FUND.
 What Was Done at Other Places for War Stricken People—Charleston Raised \$2,204.00.
 News and Courier, Jan. 28.
 Charleston responded yesterday in characteristic fashion to the appeal of President Wilson in behalf of the suffering Jews in the war zone. It was officially announced last night that two thousand two hundred and four dollars and fifty three cents (\$2,204.53) had been subscribed. The committee in charge has yet to hear from several outlying booths and from volunteer committees. Undoubtedly the mails today will bring either to Mrs. J. M. Visanska, chairman of the local ladies' committee, or to Mr. Montague Triest, chairman of the South Carolina branch of American Jewish Relief Society, many additional checks.
 More than twenty-five committees of seven ladies each had charge of twenty-five booths located at strategic points in and around the city. No cause has ever enlisted a more enthusiastic or a more efficient group of workers than this. Women representing every prominent woman's organization in the city vied with each other in devoted service and took an evident delight in devoting themselves to this most deserving cause. Among the most active workers were noted representatives of every denomination in the city.
 Response at Florence.
 Florence Times, Jan. 28.
 Florence responded yesterday in characteristic fashion to the appeal of President Wilson in behalf of the suffering Jews in the war zone. It was officially announced last night that over two hundred dollars had been subscribed. The committee in charge has yet to hear from several sources from which help is expected.
 Columbia Gives \$1,000 for Cause.
 Columbia State, Jan. 29.
 Members of the House of Peace, the orthodox Jewish congregation, have been very successful in their canvass for funds to be used in relieving the distress of war-stricken coreligionists. They raised \$600 on the streets Thursday, \$350 more was subscribed by the congregation Thursday night and more than \$50 was obtained through public solicitation yesterday.
 Resolutions of thanks to President Wilson, Gov. Manning and the general assembly for interest and sympathy manifested, to the press for aid in the canvass and to the public for contributions, were adopted by the House of Peace, of which Ben Green is president.
 Greenville Aims at \$1,000.
 Greenville Piedmont, Jan. 28.
 Demonstrating again the traditional charity of the Jewish people, and furnishing another chapter in the record of generosity being written by the Jews of America to alleviate the greatest calamity that has ever befallen their race, the movement to raise millions of dollars for the relief of destitute Jews in the Russo-German war theatre has achieved a brilliant success, as shown by reports from the American Relief committee in New York.
 In Greenville voluntary contributions have flowed liberally to H. Endel, treasurer of the local committee, and he hopes, by the end of the week, he will have the pleasure of notifying the committee in New York that Greenville has done her part with a subscription of \$1,000. Today, at noon, a total of \$894.27 had been reported, which will be substantially increased by contributions yet to be received.
 Treasurer Endel has received contributions from all parts of Greenville and contiguous territory.
 NO LOOKING BACK IN SUMMER.
 New Evidence Constantly Being Published.
 Since the long succession of Sumter reports were first published in the local press there has been no looking back. Sumter evidence continues to pour in, and—better still—those whose reports were first published many years ago, verify all they said in a most hearty and unmistakable way. Read the experience of Mr. W. Yeadon, 27 Haynsworth St. He says:
 "I suffered from 'dull, nagging backaches, and my kidneys acted too freely. I used Doan's Kidney Pills for these ailments, and they relieved me, toning up my entire system." (Statement given Jan. 9, 1911.)
 Over four years later, Mr. Yeadon said: "The benefit Doan's Kidney Pills gave me has been permanent."
 Price 50c., at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Yeadon has twice publicly recommended. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.