

EDUCATION

By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

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SYNOPSIS.

Junia Holland, a Philadelphia young woman of wealth, on her way to the mountains of the Cumberland region, is met by a teacher of the mountain children, faints at the door of Fletcher McNaish, who is waiting there and she awakens a talk between him and her. She is attracted to him, and one of her nephews that she had seen at the University of Pennsylvania, Junia had an unforgettable talk with him, and she became acquainted with him. He is the son of the mountain people, and she is the daughter of the city. They are attracted to each other, and she is attracted to him. She is attracted to him, and she is attracted to him. She is attracted to him, and she is attracted to him.

CHAPTER VI.

When, just before sunset yesterday afternoon, a verdict of acquittal for Cal Douglas had come from the jury room, the town of Peril had once more held its breath and doors had closed and the streets had been cleared of such as wished to remain onlookers. But with no comment or criticism Milt McNaish carried his horse and rode out of town, shaping his course over the hills toward his own home, leaving his example with equal quiet. His kinmen mounted, too, and disappeared.

As for Cal Douglas, he reserved any enthusiasm his vindication may have brought to his heart until he was back again in the depths of the hills. He and his kinmen turned their horses by a shorter and steeper trail to the house where the dance was going forward with shuffling and fiddling and passing of the tin.

When Milt McNaish and his fellows started home an informer or two from the Haverly rang kept them in view, themselves unseen, until they passed through the gap and started down the other side of the ridge into their own domain. That they were being so watched was either known to the McNaish or assumed by them. But a picked squad on fresh mounts was waiting over there in a place where the road ran deep through the forest and laurel, and this squad was equipped with repeating rifles. Milt McNaish himself did not go with them. He had made all his arrangements in advance, and it was not so much that the chief should take a personal part in an execution which he had decreed.

"Let me hear the news, boys," Old Milt had said with a wave of his hand, and then he had ridden on stolidly toward his own domain. The house where the dance was being held stood between the knees of two hills.

At midnight a half-dozen men who had not been invited rode carefully over an almost obliterated trail that led into the McNaish country.

It had seemed to Haverly wiser to withhold his warning from all save those who he trusted to count on. To all the rest the affair had come without notice, and the hue and cry which followed the rifleshoots was genuine in excitement.

But it was a very few moments the pandemonium fell away and solemnity supplanted the shouting. The mountains behind the dancing down were stealthily seeking escape and many others were attacking them, lay silent in the moonlight.

"Hit her Nash Watt!" exclaimed a surprised voice, using the diminutive which had been the name of the place of juniper and stays with a man well on in life. The victim who had been designated to answer the death blow was Cal Douglas, the youngest brother.

They ever got back, a narrative of frustrated effort. They were bitterly angry and profoundly desperate. So, as they clattered along the empty road, meeting no enemy whom they could shoot down in a moment's space, they satisfied themselves with raising their war cry for the benefit of the sleeping cabins.

It was almost too early. It seemed to have a shade to much full and fed re-venge with such scant effort. "Then, as the foremost figure, crouching in easy range of a window, backed forward with a volley at random for good measure.

The doors vomited men. There was a rattling and raged around a rifle and arms, and many dark figures plunged there and there across the silvery spaces where the shadows did not rest.

"Of the six men who had fired, only two had lain within one hundred yards of the house when the shots came from their rear. The other three were off at the side, ready to strike.

"It was into this newly charged atmosphere that Junia Holland and the missionary guide rode in the morning mist.

Good Anse Talbot was in many ways an inadequate ally. He was both narrow and illiterate, but he was earnest.

At last the girl rode resolutely up her escort's saddle-skirts and asked: "What do you mean by that letter told me what it all means?"

The missionary lifted a face that was almost haggard.

"It was," he said, with no idea of irreverence, "that Satan's got this underhand—an' God help this country."

Then he sketched for her the history of the feud and deduced conclusions from what they had both seen and heard.

She listened with a sickening heart until he changed the subject and told her that the Widow Everson, with whom she was to stop, had a sizable place where she could stay.

At last the girl saw, still a long way off, a fertile little valley, where the corn seemed taller and richer than in the scattered fields of the mountain.

It was almost sundown when they reached the house of the Widow Everson, and at sight of the woman standing at the fence to meet them Junia's heart took strength. This house was his home, his life, his hope.

He was tall and under his faded coat his rather lean figure fell into an attitude of well-muscled strength despite his advanced years.

"Erebin, ma'am," said the newcomer. "No, I ain't a brother ter light, I just heard that Brother Talbot was comin' over ter yer, an' I wanted speak with him."

The missionary nodded.

"All right, Mr.," he said, and the girl looked at him with a suspicious eye, that there was a second of her kin.

"I reckon ye all knows what has happened ter yer brother, an' I'm sorry ter hear it. Hit war a pity, an' it bookworm to call on the ant and take a few lessons in doing things, and the busy little insect was frequently written in the newspapers as an insect.

It was the picture of the man she had seen at the University of Pennsylvania, Junia had an unforgettable talk with him, and she became acquainted with him.

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On either side of the little porch stood a group of solemn men, mostly bearded, mostly coatless, and all unsmiling. In front of them, at the right of the Anse Talbot, his eyes still the dominant feature of the picture.

Over across from him was the taller and older chieftain of the other side, the cowboy, who had bowed with a courtesy that choked their hatred. Out in the road was the "Jolt wagon," and in its deep bed the girl could see the canvas of the wagon.

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Advertisement for Corns, featuring an illustration of a foot and text describing the product's benefits for corn treatment.

Advertisement for Educator Shoe, featuring an illustration of a shoe and text describing its quality and availability.

Advertisement for Blacks Opticians, featuring an illustration of an eye and text describing their services and location.

Advertisement for Hard To Drop, featuring an illustration of a person and text describing the product's effectiveness for weight loss.

MAKING WAR ON THE ANT Little Creatures Are Looked Upon as Enemies Are Being Treated Accordingly. Merely examining the ant is not enough. In this they have secured the agricultural experiment station of the University of Arizona; you've got to prevent him being too industrious. The ant has been a pest in the market in this time, issuing standing advice to young men afflicted with the bookworm to call on the ant and take a few lessons in doing things, and the busy little insect was frequently written in the newspapers as an insect.

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