THE BATTLE CRY

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ILLUSTRATIONS by C. D. RHODES

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SYNOPSIS.

Juanita Holland, a Philadelphia young woman of wealth, on her journey with her guide, Good Anse Talbott, into the heart of the Cumberlands to become a teacher of the mountain children, faints at the door of Fletch McNash's cabin. While resting there she overhears a talk between Bad Anse Havey, chief of his clan, and one of his henchmen that acquaints her with the Havey-McBriar feud. Juanita has an unprofitable talk with Bad Anse and they become antagonists. Cal Douglas of the Three Forks is on trial for peril, for the murder of Noah Wyatt, a McBriar. In the night Juanita hears feudists ride past the McNash cabin. Juanita and Dawn McNash become friends. Cal Douglas is acquitted. Noah Wyatt attempts to kill him but is himself killed by the Havey. Juanita goes to live with the Widow Everson, whose boys are outside the feud. Milt McBriar, head of his clan, resents Bad Anse there and disclaims responsibility for Wyatt's attempt to kill Douglas. They declare a truce, under pressure from Good Anse Talbott. Juanita thinks she finds that Bad Anse is opposing her efforts to buy land and build a school.

CHAPTER VIII.

As days grew into weeks Bad Anse Havey heard nothing of the establishing of a school at the head of Tribulation, though all the gossip of the countryside which might interest a dictator filtered through the valleys to his house.

He smiled a little over the copy of Plutarch's "Lives," which was the companion of his leisure moments, and held his counsel. While he thought of Juanita herself with a resentment which sprang from hurt pride, he felt for her, as a menace to his power, only contempt.

But Juanita's resolve had in no wise weakened. She had seen that her original ideas had all been chaotic and born of ignorance, so she occupied herself, like a good and patient general, in pulling all the pins out of her little war map and drafting a completely new plan of campaign.

With Good Anse Talbott she rode up dwindling watercourses to the hovels of the "branch-water folks" and across hills wheresoever the cry of sickness or distress called him, and since his introduction was an open sesame, she found welcomes where she went.

And soon this figure, that walked with an almost lyric grace, yet with a boyish strength and litheness, became familiar along the roads and trails.

Instead of asking, "Who mought thet be?" mountaineers nodded 'and said: "Thet's her," and some women added: "God bless thet child."

She had been into many gloomy cabins that repelled the brightness of the summer sun, and she had been more like sunlight than anything that had ever come through their narrow doors before.

She sometimes rode over to the cabin of Fletch McNash and brought little Dawn back with her to spend a day or two. The "furrin" girl and the mountain girl wandered together in the woods, and Dawn's diffidence gave way and her adoration grew. Twice Juanita found another visitor at the McNash cabin—Bad Anse Havey. He recognized her only with a haughty nod, like that of an Indian chief, and she gave him in return a slight inclination of her head, accompanied by a glance of starry contempt in her violet eyes. Yet, in the attitude of the mountaineers to the man, she saw such hero-worship as might have been accorded to some democratic young monarch walking freely among his subjects.

Once Fletch said: "Ma'am, how's yore school a-comin' on? Air ye gittin' things started ter suit ye?"

Juanita flushed.

"Not yet," she answered. "I'm trying to get acquainted first. When I do start, I hope to make up for lost time."

"I reckon thet school will be a right good thing over thar; don't ye 'low so, Anse?" Fletch's good-natured density had not recognized the hostility between his two guests.

Anse laughed quietly.

"I reckon," he said, "so long as the lady just keeps on sayin' 'not yet' thar won't be no harm done. I don't quarrel with dreams."

The lady flushed, and a hot retort rose to her lips, but she only smiled.

"I'm biding my time, Fletch," she assured him. "My dream will come true."

But for this dream's fulfillment she must have land. There must be dormitories for boys and girls, and playgrounds where muscles and brains, grown slow from heavy harness, could be quickened. She fancied herself listening to the laughter of children who had not before learned to laugh.

But as she made inquiries of landholders whom a price might tempt to sell, she was met everywhere with a reserve which puzzled her until a barefooted and slouching farmer gave her a cue to its cause.

This man rubbed his brown toe in the dust and spoke in a lowered voice.

"I don't mind tellin' ye thet I'd be plumb willin' ter sell out an' move." His eyes shone greedily as he added: "Fer a fair figger, but I moughtn't live ter move ef I sold out."

"What do you mean?" she asked, much puzzled.

"Well, I wouldn't hardly like ter hev this travel back ter Bad Anse, but I've done run ther thing down."

"I hain't nuver astonished," retorted McBriar. "Who war he?"

Very cautiously the second man looked around and then bent over and whispered a name. There was a short pause, after which the chief commented: "Wall, I reckon I don't need ter tell yer what ter do now."

"I reckon I knows," confessed Luke with a somewhat surly expression.

But Milt McBriar was paying no attention. His face was darkening.

"I wish I could afford ter git the real man!" he exclaimed abruptly. "I wish I durst hev Anse Havey kilt."

"Wall"—this time it was the underling who spoke casually—"I reckon I mought as well die fer a sheep as a lamb. Shell I kill Anse Havey fer ye?"

The chieftain looked at him during a long pause, then slowly shook his head.

"No, Luke," he said quietly. "I hain't quite ready ter die myself yit. I reckon if I had ye ter kill Bad Anse ther's 'bout what'd happen. Jest git ther lamb this trip an' let ther old ram live a spell."

So, one unspeakably sultry morning, a few days after that informal session, Good Anse Talbott arrived at the Widow Everson's house. Juanita Holland appeared at the door to greet him he came at once to the point.

"Fletch McNash hes done been kilt," he said. "'Bout twilight last night, es he was a-comin' in from ther barn somebody shot one shoot from ther laurel. He reckon hit'd be right smart comfort ter his woman an' little Dawn ef ye could ride over thar an' help 'tend ter ther buryin'. Kin ye start now?"

Go! Juanita would go if it were necessary to run a gantlet of all the combined forces of the Haveys and McBriars. Her heart ached for the widow and the boys, but for Dawn the ache was as deeply poignant as it could have been for a little sister of her own. So with set face and hot indignation Juanita mounted for the journey.

At last they reached the McNash cabin and found gathered about it a score of figures with sullen and scowling faces.

From the barn came the screech of saw and rat-tat of hammer, where those whose knack ran into carpentry were fashioning the box which was to serve in lieu of a casket.

There was no fire now, and the cabin was very dark. In a deeply shadowed corner lay Fletch McNash, made visible by the white sheet that covered him.

Juanita had come in silently, and for a moment thought that no one else was there. The younger children had been sent away, and the neighbors remained outside with rough sense of consideration.

There, in a squat chair near the cold hearth, sat Mrs. McNash, her back turned to the room. She was leaning forward and gazing ahead with unseeing eyes. Dawn was kneeling at her side with both arms about her mother's drooping shoulders.

Juanita bent and impulsively kissed the withered face, but the woman only stirred a little, like a half-wakened sleeper, and looked stolidly up. After a while she spoke in the lifeless, far-away tone of utter lethargy.

"Ef ye'd like ter see him, jest lift up ther sheet. He's a-layin' thar." Then once more she sank back into the coma of her staring at the hearth with its dead ashes.

Then the door opened, letting in two men, and in them Juanita recognized Jeb McNash and Bad Anse Havey.

At their coming Dawn looked up, drawing away from the embrace of the older girl, and retreated silently to a corner, as though ashamed of having been discovered in tears. For a few moments there was silence in the room, complete except for the rap of Jeb's pipe when he knocked out its ashes against the chimney.

Bad Anse stood with folded arms in the dim light and gave no sign that he had recognized the presence of the "furrin" woman.

The boy jerked his head toward the hearth and said in a strained, hard voice: "Set ye a cheer, Anse," and after that no one spoke. Jeb's thin but muscular chest rose and fell to the swell of heavy breathing and his face was wrapped black in a scowl that made his eyes smolder and his lips snarl. Juanita had dropped back to one of the beds with Dawn's face buried in her lap.

Then, as if rousing from a long dream, Mrs. McNash looked up, and for the first time appeared to realize that her son and his companion had entered the place.

The dead blankness left her pupils, and into them leaped a hateful fire. Her voice came in shrill and high pitched questioning: "Wall, Jeb, hev ye got him yit?"

The boy only shook his head and glowered at the wall, while his mother's voice rose almost to a scream.

"Hain't ye a goin' ter do nothin'? Thar lays yore pap what never harmed no man, shot down cold-blooded. Hain't ye hear him a-callin' on yer ter settle his blood score? Air ye skeered? Thet spirit of him thet fathered ye's a-pleadin' with ye—an' ye sets still in yore cheer!"

Juanita felt the slender figure in her embrace shudder at the lashing invective that fell from the mother's lips. She saw the boy's face whiten; saw him rise and turn to Bad Anse Havey, half in ferocity, half in pleading.

"Maw's right, Anse," he doggedly declared. "I kain't hardly bear no longer. He b'longs ter me. I've got ter go out an' kill him. Thar hain't but one thing a-stoppin' me now," he added helplessly. "I don't know who did it; I hain't got no notion."

He stood before the clan chief, and the latter rose and laid one hand on the shoulder which had begun to tremble. Man and boy looked at each other, eye to eye, then the elder of the two began to speak.

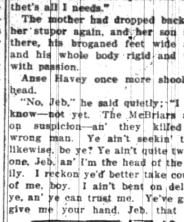
"Jeb, I don't want ye to think I don't feel for ye, but ye don't know who the feller is, an' ye can't hardly go shootin' permiscuous. Ye've got to bide your time."

But, interrupted the boy tensely, "I know. You knows everything hyarabouts. In heaven's name, Anse, I hain't askin' nothin' out of ye but jest one word. Jest speak one name, thet's all I needs."

The mother had dropped back into her stupor again, and her son stood there, his broganed feet wide apart, and his whole body rigid and tense with passion.

Anse Havey once more shook his head.

"No, Jeb," he said quietly; "I don't know—not yet. The McBriars acted on suspicion—an' they killed the wrong man. Ye ain't seekin' to do likewise, be ye? Ye ain't quite twenty-one, Jeb, an' I'm the head of the family. I reckon ye'd better take counsel of me, boy. I ain't bent on deludin' ye, an' ye can trust me. I've got to give me your hand, Jeb, that until



"Fletch McNash Hes Done Been Kilt."

I've done found out who kilt Nash Watt."

Old Milt never showed surprise. It was his pride that his features had banished all register of emotion. Now

"Are You a Bondsman to Bad Anse Havey?"

he merely leaned over and knocked the ash from his pipe against the railing.

"Wall," he commanded curtly, "let's hev yore tale."

"They picked out a man fer ther job thet hain't been mixed up in no feud fightin' heretofore," pursued the other with unruffled calmness. "He's a feller thet nobody wouldn't suspect; him bein' peaceable an' mostly sober. But he, shoots his squirrels through the head every time he throws up his gun. Thet war ther kind of man they wanted."

Milt McBriar shifted his position a little. He seemed bored.

"Who war this feller?"

The bearer of tidings was reserving his climax and refused to be hurried.

"I reckon ye'll be right smart astonished when I names his name, but thar hain't no chanst of bein' mistook. I've done run ther thing down."

"I do liken you to Milt McBriar. What in heaven's name is the difference between you? He kills your vassals and you kill his. Both of you do it by the proxy of hirelings and from ambuscade. In this house a man lies dead—dead for no quarrel of his own, but because of your quarrel with Milt McBriar. But it seems that's not enough. You must enlist the son of the dead man into a life that will have the same end for him. You bind him in reverence to your merciless code of murder."

Her hands were clenched and her eyes burning with her tempest of rage. When she stopped speaking the man inquired once again "Are ye through now?" But Juanita threw both her hands out and continued:

"You have taken the boy—very well. I mean to take the girl. I shall try to undo in her and in her children the evil you will do her brother. I shall try to give the family an unblighted branch. Unless you kill me, I shall stay here and fight. I'll fight you and your enemy Milt McBriar alike, because you are only two sides of the same coin. I'll try to take the ground out from under your feet and leave you no standing room outside a felon's prison. Dawn shall learn the things that will, some day, set this country free."

Mrs. McNash was looking up vaguely, but her thoughts were still far away, and this outpouring of speech near at hand meant little to her.

Juanita, as she finished her wild peroration, fell suddenly to trembling. Her strength seemed to have gone out of her words. Her knees seemed too weak to support her, and for the first time in her life, as she looked into the face of Anse Havey, ominously blanched in rage, she was physically afraid of a man.

His eyes seemed to pierce her with the stabs of rapiers, and in his quiet self-repression was something ominous. For a moment he did not permit himself to speak, then he thrust a chair forward and said in a level, toneless sort of voice: "If ye'll set through now, mebby ye'd better sit down. Such eloquence as that's liable ter tire ye out right smartly."

The girl made no move to take the chair, and Anse Havey took one step forward and pointed to it. This time his voice came gritted sharp, like the crack of a mule-whip.

"Sit down, I tell ye! I've got just a few words ter say my own self."

CHAPTER X.

For a few moments Bad Anse Havey did not speak, and Juanita dropped almost limply into the chair he had pushed forward. Havey paced the narrow length of the room, pausing once to gaze down at the rigid body of the dead man. At last he came and took his place squarely before her by the hearth, both hands thrust deep into his coat-pockets. A long black lock fell over his forehead and he impatiently shook it back.

"In the first place," he began in his deliberate voice, "ye've said some things thet I doubt ye believe to be true, but they're most all of 'em lies."

He flung back his head and looked squarely down at her, his eyes narrow and snapping, but with his voice perfectly under control. "Ye've said things that, since ye're a woman, I ain't got any way of answerin'. The only thing I asks is thet ye harken to what I want to say."

"Go on; I'm listening with humble attention."

"Ye've called me a murderer an' a hirer of murderers. That's a lie. I've never killed no man that didn't have his face to'rds me, nor one that wasn't armed. I've never hired any man killed.

"Ye've likened me to Milt McBriar. Thet was a lie, too. Ye've said some right bitter things, an' I can't answer ye. If ye was a man I could."

"And if I were a man, what would you say to me?" she inquired.

"I reckon"—his words came with an icy coldness—"I'd be pretty liable to tell ye to eternally go to hell."

"And if I were a man," she promptly retorted, "I'd endeavor with every ounce of manhood I had in me to see that you and the others like you did go there. I'd try to see that you went the appropriate way—through the trap of the gallows."

She saw his attitude stiffen and his face flush brick-red to the cheek-bones. But after a few seconds she heard him speak with a fair counterfeit of amusement.

"Wall, it 'pears like we've both got to be right smart disappointed—on account of your bein' a woman."

And this time it was she who flushed.

"I don't hardly know why I'm takin' the trouble to make any statement to ye," Havey went on. "It ain't hardly worth while. Ye came up here with your mind fixed. Ye've read a lot of hearsay stuff in newspapers, an' facts ain't hardly apt to count for much. I reckon afore ye decides to hang me ye'll let me have my day in court, won't ye?"

"Before your own judge and your own jury?" she naively asked him. "That's the way you usually have your day in court, isn't it, Mr. Havey?"

"It's you thet's settin' as the court just now, fer me," he went on slowly. "I think ye're plumb honest in all the notions ye fotched up hege, despite the fact that most of 'em are wrong. Ye've done come with a heap of money to teach folks what you 'low they'd ought to know. Ye didn't know that they'd rather have ignorance than charity. Ye think that you an' Almighty God have gone in partners for the regeneration of these mountains, where no woman has ever been insulted an' no man has to bar his door against thieverry; where all we ask is to be left alone. I reckon every day ye're wondern' 'bout my halo bein' straight." It's nat'ral enough that ye should be right scornful of a man that some newspaper reporter has called a murderer."

His voice fell away, and Juanita heard again the bleating of the lambmers out in the barn.

"Is that all?" she asked, but the man shook his head and stood there looking down on her until under the spell of his unusual eyes she felt like screaming out: "Talk if you want to, but for heaven's sake don't look at me. I can't stand it!"

"Mebby ef ye'd stopped to think about things," he resumed, "ye'd have seen that I didn't have no quarrel with your plans. Mebby I mought even have been able ter help ye. I could have told ye for one thing that whether the ways here be right or wrong, they've done stood fer two hundred years. Ye've got to go slow changin' 'em. Ye can't hardly pull up a poplar saplin with one jerk. Thar's a tap-root underneath it that runs down half-way to hell.

"If people hyarabouts is distrustful of furrin teachers an' ways, it's because of the samples they've had. A feller came here once from the settlements to teach school. He was a stuart, upstandin' feller an' well liked. A man by the name of Trevor.

"When folks found out that he was locatin' coal an' buyin' their land fer next to nothin'—robbin' them of their birthright—it looked right smart like somebody might kill him. I warned him away to save his life. Ye've got to make folks forget about Trevor afore ye makes 'em trust you."

"Thank you," said Juanita coldly. "I'll try to show them that I'm not another Trevor. Are you warning me away to save my life?"

"I'm tol'able ignorant," went on the man, "but I've read a few books, an' one of 'em told the story of the Trojan hoss. I wanted ter see what kind of a critter you was a ridin' into these parts. I come to this cabin the night ye got here to find out."

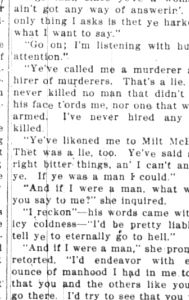
"I thought so," she quietly answered. "I was to be inspected like an immigrant, and the lord of the land was to decide whether or not I should be sent back."

"I'll put it that way if ye've a mind to," he answered. "Ye was comin' to be a schoolteacher here. Well, I'd done been a schoolteacher here. I've your suite—ye're wondern' what I could teach. Maybe, after all, it's a right good idea to teach A B C's before ye starts in with algebra an' rhetoric. Ye wouldn't have me as a friend, an' I reckon that won't break my heart."

"Then," said the girl, looking up and meeting his eyes with a flash of challenge, "I shall endeavor to get along without your favor. We could hardly have met on common ground at best. I shall teach the ten commandments, including 'Thou shalt not kill.' I shall teach that to lie hidden behind a bush and shoot an unsuspecting enemy is cowardly and despicable. I would not be willing to tell them that they must live and die vassals to feudal tyranny."

"No," he agreed, "ye couldn't hardly outrage your holy conscience by tryin' to teach 'em things in a way they could understand, could ye? If Jeb had come to ye, like he came to me, askin' the name of the man he sought to kill, ye would have said fer him. 'It was so-and-so, but ye mustn't harm him, because somebody writ in a book two thousand years ago that killin' is a sin.' An' the hell of it is ye'd 'low such talk would satisfy him.

"Ye couldn't do such a wicked thing as to stop an' reflect that he's a mountain boy, an' that for two hundred years the blood in his veins has been a comin' down to him full of



"You Have Taken the Boy—Very Well, I Mean to Take the Girl."

grudge-nursin' an' hate. Ye couldn't make allowances for the fact that he wasn't hatched in a barnyard to peck at corncobs an' bemoan, but in an eagle's nest—that he's a bird of prey. Ye couldn't consider the fact that the killin' instinct runs in the current of his blood an' was drunk in at his mother's breast. Ye'd just teach barnyard lessons to young eagles, an' that's why ye might as well go home."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WESTERN CANADA'S WONDERFUL YIELD

Wheat Yields Reports Extraordinarily Heavy.

Where one hears of individual wheat yields of thirty-five to forty bushels per acre there is considerable incredulity, but when yields in whole townships extending into districts covering three and four and five hundred square miles in area, of upwards of fifty and some as high as sixty-five bushels per acre are reported, one is led to put his ear to the ground to listen for further rumblings. The writer having heard of these wonderful yields made a trip through the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, to ascertain first hand their truthfulness. It was remarkable to discover that Dame Rumor was no rumorer after all, that modesty was her mantle, that all that had been said of these fields was true, and that yields of over seventy bushels per acre were told of. These were so high that the truthfulness of the story was doubtful and very little was said of them. But such there were, and not in one instance, but in several, not in one locality, but scattered by pluces hundreds of miles apart, and these were not put altogether, there were large areas in which the average was over fifty bushels per acre, which in all common sense ought to satisfy most people. One hundred and thirty thousers in Alberta have made their returns to the local government as required by an act of the Legislature, and the average of the wheat threshed was fifty-three bushels to the acre. So immense was the yield that official verification was required before giving it out to the public. Sitting in the smoking compartment of a day coach, where on passing through a farming community, there may be gathered the gossipy yarns of the neighborhood, one hears also a lot of news. Just now, the stale topic is that of the crops, but with more or less of a hirsute appendage, smock, clothes and hands giving the appearance of one working in the field, was asked as to the crops. He had got on at Warner, Alberta. Taking out his pipe, lighting it and then crossing his knees, holding his chin in his hands, professing an air of supreme contentment, and with an intelligent face, he looked the man who could give some information. And he was just the man. He was a thresher and on his way to Milk River to secure some more help. He was requisitioned for information. "Yes a good season. I've made a lot of money. As for yields, let's see," and then he began to string them off. "Peterson had 63 bushels of wheat per acre on his five hundred acre section and Bowland 65 bushels per acre, Richard got 65 bushels per acre, Bangler had one hundred and ten acres that went 63 bushels, Carr had 65 bushels per acre off an eight hundred acre field." And he gave others running from 55 to 66 bushels per acre. All this brought five and one-half cents per bushel terminal. Looking out of the window and seeing immense fields, still covered with stooks he was asked why they were not threshed, he replied that there were not enough "rigs" in the district, and that they would not get through before Christmas.

An American writing of a trip he made through Western Canada says: "I went as far west as Saskatoon, back to Regina, Moose Jaw, and down on the Soo line, and I must say that I never saw such crops, or ever heard of anything to compare with it in any country on earth. The country is over the hill, and certainly the farmers have a lot to be thankful for. There are very few of them that have done their work and done it properly but what have their debts paid and have bank accounts left."

And he only traveled the short end of the country. The same story could be written of any part of any of the three Provinces.—Advertisement.

Should Have Been Enough.

Mrs. Morgan had a colored maid named Sarah. One Sunday afternoon the mistress saw Sarah's lover leaving the house clad in a suit of white flannel. A little later, when the maid appeared, Mrs. Morgan said:

"Sarah, that beau of yours should never wear white. He is so very black that white clothes make him appear all the blacker. Why don't you give him a hint?"

"Why, Mis' Morgan," said Sarah, with animation, "I done give him er lot oh hints, but he jes' natterly ain't got no sense an' didn't take 'em."

"Probably you didn't make the hints strong enough," suggested Mrs. Morgan.

"Well, ma'am, dat's jes' what I think myself," agreed Sarah, reflectively; "I don't believe I did. I jest looks at him right hard an' I says, 'Isham, yo' sho' do look like a black snake crawlin' out oh cream, you do!' Then I say all we says is, 'Mis' Morgan'—Everybody's Magazine.

Big Chance Both Ways.

The famous physician and the eminent clergyman were deep in a discussion which threatened to become acrimonious.

"You see," said the minister sarcastically, "you medical men know so much about the uncertainties of this world that I would think you would not want to live."

"Oh, I don't know," responded the physician caustically. "You clergymen tell us so much about the uncertainties of the next world that we don't want to die."—Ladies' Home Journal.

No Occasion for Roasting.

"I hear Mamie frowned you down."

"Yaw, she needn't brag. I been frowned down by better girls dan Mamie."—Life.

Not Entirely.

"Is your papa asleep, Dorothy?"

"His eyes is, auntie, but not his nose."—Boston Transcript.

REASON CANNOT BE GUIDE

Product of the Mind, and Is Subject to the Will but Never Superior.

Reason cannot select correct premises she can only prove the premises you give her. "Oh, what a wonderful creature is man," exclaimed Ben Franklin, "he can find reasons for anything he wishes to do. That is the trouble with reason as a guide. Reason is an idiot. Reason is always guided by something else behind it, which supplies the premises from which reason takes its calculations and records. Reason is a calculating machine. Give it correct premises and it will compute and record the right answer every time. But reason has no power of choice in the matter of premises. Like any well regulated calculating machine it automatically accepts the premises fed into it. You have but to watch your own thoughts carefully to prove this.

Who, or what, then, is responsible for the choice of premises that you feed into your calculator? It is life itself which uses reason. It is life itself which creates reason, the calculator. And why does life need reason? Life needs reason to weigh, compute, compare and record life's institutions and experiences. Without the calculator and recorder, reason, life would endlessly duplicate its experiences and intuitions without learning anything from them. Life is the creator, reason the creature.

Life is the actor, reason is acted upon. Life is positive and reason negative. To depend upon reason as a guide is to exalt the machine above the mind that made it.

Clever Borrowing.

The college stadium is but another instance of the modern adaptation of ancient devices to twentieth century needs. In many things the so-called civilized nations of our day have excelled the ancients of Greece and Rome, and in many other things they hate not improved much on what had been accomplished some two thousand years ago. In science, discovery and invention, especially in regard to things material and utilitarian, we have undoubtedly outstripped them, but in poetry, philosophy, painting, sculpture, architecture—in short, in the realm of the arts—we have made but little progress, and that not on particularly original lines. Their works are still serving as our models, although occasionally we do succeed in expanding their ideas to fit our own larger needs and the modern stadium is a case directly in point. In this instance we have borrowed both the idea and the name.

True.

Someone has found out that widows remarry more often than widows with big latter, this is regarded as a misfortune and not a fault.—Washington Post.

Whatever the mind enjoins on itself as an object, it attains.