

# Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN  
Author of "WHISPERING SMITH"

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## SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I**—On Frontier day at Sleepy Cat, Henry De Spain, gunman and trainmaster at Medicine Bend, is beaten at target shooting by Nan Morgan of Music Mountain. Jeffries, division superintendent, asks De Spain to take charge of the Thiel River stage line, but he refuses.

**CHAPTER II**—De Spain sees Nan dancing with Gale Morgan, is later derisively pointed out to Nan on the street by Gale, and is moved to change his mind and accept the stage line job.

**CHAPTER III**—De Spain and Lefever ride to Calabasas and there meet Gale Morgan with Deaf Sandusky and Sasso, gunman and retainers of the Morgan clan. Morgan demands the discharge of a stage driver and De Spain refuses. De Spain meets Nan but fails to overcome her aversion to him.

**CHAPTER IV**—Sasso knives Elpaso, the stage driver, and escapes to Morgan's camp, the stronghold of the Morgans. De Spain, Lefever and Scott go in after him, and De Spain brings out Sasso alone.

**CHAPTER V**—He meets Nan, who delays him until nearly overtaken by the Morgans, but lands his captive in jail.

**CHAPTER VI**—Sasso breaks jail. De Spain hears the Morgans in a saloon and is shot at through the window. He meets Nan again.

**CHAPTER VII**—He prevents her going into a gambling hall to find her Uncle Duke and inside faces Sandusky and Logan, who prudently decline to fight at the time.

**CHAPTER VIII**—De Spain, anxious to make peace with Nan, arranges a little plan with McAlpin, the barn man, to drive her out to Morgan's gap, and while waiting for her goes down to the inn to get a cup of coffee.

**CHAPTER IX**—In the deserted barroom he is trapped. He kills Sandusky and Logan, wounds Gale and Sasso, and escapes, badly wounded.

**CHAPTER X**—Bewildered and weak, he wanders into Morgan's gap and is discovered on Music Mountain by Nan.

**CHAPTER XI**—Nan, to prevent further fighting, does not tell, but finds out from McAlpin that De Spain had really been trapped and had his cartridge belt behind when he went into the fight at the inn.

**CHAPTER XII**—While De Spain is unable to travel Nan brings food to him. He tells her that he became a gunman to find and deal with his father's unknown murderer. He gives Nan his last cartridge.

**CHAPTER XIII**—Gale almost stumbles on De Spain's hiding place. Nan draws him away and to stop Gale's rough wooing De Spain bluffs him out with an empty gun. Nan plans De Spain's escape.

**CHAPTER XIV**—De Spain crawls out of the gap over the face of El Capitan at night. Nan meets him with a horse and his cartridge belt, which she had sneaked from McAlpin, and De Spain rides into Calabasas.

**CHAPTER XV**—De Spain hires old Bull Page and gains a valuable aid. After two nightly visits to the gap, De Spain gets a word with Nan. She tells him to forget her and he asks her to shoot him.

**CHAPTER XVI**—Nan attends her Uncle Duke in the hospital at Sleepy Cat, and De Spain goes and visits her.

**CHAPTER XVII**—Lefever manifests an interest in De Spain's cartridge belt and expresses surprise at his unpreparedness to get Sasso. Sasso almost discovers the lovers at their trysting place.

**CHAPTER XVIII**—In Morgan's gap Gale tells Duke of Nan's meetings with De Spain and Duke warns Nan that he will kill De Spain if she tries to marry him.

**CHAPTER XIX**—De Spain arranges a meeting with Duke and tries to make friends with him without success.

**CHAPTER XX**—Gale persists in his wooing of Nan.

**CHAPTER XXI**—De Spain enlists a spy. He hears that Nan is kept in the house and that her uncle is trying to force her to marry Gale.

**CHAPTER XXII**—A mysterious message comes from Nan to take her away.

**CHAPTER XXIII**—De Spain, Lefever and Scott invade the Morgan stronghold. De Spain alone walks into Duke's house and, preventing a forced marriage, takes Nan away.

gether. Under the circumstances either of the Morgans alone would have whipped a gun on De Spain at sight. Together, and knowing that to do so meant death to the one that took the first shot from the archway, each waited for the other; that fraction of a second unsettled their purpose. Instead of bullets, each launched curses at the intruder, and every second that passed led away from a fight.

De Spain took their oaths, demands and abuse without batting an eye. "I'm here for the second witness," was all he repeated, covering both men with short glances. Druel, his face muddily white as the whiskey blot deserted it, shrunk inside his shabby clothes. De Spain with each epithet hurled at him took a dreaded step toward Gale, and Druel, in the line of fire, brought his knees up and his head down till he curled like a porcupine.

Gale, game as he undoubtedly was, cornered, felt perhaps recollections of Calabasas and close quarters with the brown eyes and the burning face. What they might mean in this little room, which De Spain was crossing step by step, was food for thought. Nor did De Spain break his obstinate silence until their burst of rage had blown. "You've arranged your marriage," he said at length. "Now pull it."

"My cousin's ready to marry me, and she's goin' to do it tonight," cried Gale violently.

Duke, towering with rage, looked at De Spain and pointed to the hall door. "You hear that! Get out of my house!" he cried, launching a vicious epithet with the words.

"This isn't your house," retorted De Spain angrily. "This house is Nan's, not yours. When she orders me out, I'll go. Bring her down," he thundered, raising his voice to shout off Duke, who had redoubled his abuse. "Bring her into this room," he repeated. "We'll see whether she wants to get married. If she does, I'll marry her. If she doesn't, and you've been putting this up to force her into marrying, so help me God, you'll be carried out of this room tonight, or I will." He whirled on her uncle with an accusing finger. "You used to be a man, Duke. I've taken from you here to-night what I would take from no man on earth but for the sake of Nan Morgan. She asked me never to touch you. But if you've gone into this thing to trap your own flesh and blood, your dead brother's girl, living under your own protection, you don't deserve mercy, and tonight you shall have what's coming to you. I've fought you both fair, too fair. Now—before I leave—it's my girl or both of you."

He was standing near Druel. Without taking his eyes off the other man, he caught Druel with his left hand by the coat collar, and threw him half-way across the room. "Get upstairs, you old carrion, and tell Nan Morgan Henry De Spain is here to talk to her."

Druel, frightened to death, scrambled into the hall. He turned on De Spain. "I'm an officer of the law. I arrest you for trespass and assault," he shouted, shaking with fear.

"Arrest me?" echoed De Spain contemptuously. "You scoundrel, if you don't climb those stairs, I'll send you to the penitentiary the day I get back to town. Upstairs with your message!"

"It isn't necessary," said a low voice in the hall, and with the words Nan appeared in the open doorway. Her face was white, but there was no sign of haste or panic in it; De Spain choked back a breath; to him she had never looked in her silence so awe-inspiring.

He addressed her, holding his left hand out with his plea. "Nan," he said, controlling his voice, "these men were getting ready to marry you to Gale Morgan. No matter how you feel toward me, you know me well enough to know that all I want is the truth: Was this with your consent?"

She stepped into the line of fire between her cousin and De Spain as she answered: "No. You know I shall never marry any man but you. This vile bully—she turned a little to look at her angry cousin—has influenced Uncle Duke—who never before tried to persecute or betray me—into joining him in this thing. They never could have dragged me into it alive. And they've kept me locked up for three days in a room upstairs, hoping to break me down."

"Stand back, Nan." If De Spain's words of warning struck her with terror of a situation, she could not control, she did not reveal it. "No," she said resolutely. "If anybody here is to be shot, I'll be first. Uncle Duke, you have always protected me from Gale Morgan; now you join hands with him. You drive me from this roof because I don't know how I can protect myself under it."

Gale looked steadily at her. "You promised to marry me," he muttered truculently. "I'll find a way to make you keep your word."

A loud knocking interrupted him, and, without waiting to be admitted, Pardaloe, the cowboy, opened the front door and stalked boldly in from the hall.

If the situation in the room surprised him, he gave no evidence of it. And as he walked in Nan disappeared. Pardaloe was drenched with rain, and, taking off his hat as he crossed the room to the fire, he shook it hard into the blazing wood.

"What do you want, Pardaloe?" snapped Duke.

Pardaloe shook his hat once more and turned a few steps so that he stood between the uncurtained window and the light. "The creek's up," he said to Duke in his peculiarly slow, steady tone. "Some of Satt's boys are trying to get the cattle out of the lower corral." He fingered his hat, looked first at Duke, then at Gale, then at De Spain. "Guess they'll need a little help, so I asked Sasso to come over—" Pardaloe jerked his head indelicately toward the front. "He's outside with some of the boys now."

"Tell Sasso to come in here!" thundered Gale.

De Spain's left arm shot out. "Hold on, Pardaloe; pull down that curtain behind you!"

"Don't touch that curtain, Pardaloe!" shouted Gale Morgan.

"Pardaloe," said De Spain, his left arm pointing menacingly and walking instantly toward him, "pull that curtain or pull your gun, quick." At that moment Nan, in hat and coat, reappeared in the archway behind De Spain. Pardaloe jerked down the curtain and started for the door. De Spain had backed up again. "Stop, Pardaloe," he called. "My men are outside that door. Stand where you are," he ordered, still enforcing his commands with his right hand covering the holster at his hip. "I leave this room first. Nan, are you ready?" he asked without looking at her.

"Yes."

Her uncle's face whitened. "Don't leave this house tonight, Nan," he said menacingly.

"You've forced me to, Uncle Duke." "Don't leave this house tonight." "I can't protect myself in it." "Don't leave this house—most of all, with that man!" He pointed at De Spain with a frenzy of hatred. Without answering, the two were retreating into the semi-darkness of the dining



"This," He Cried, Beside Himself With Fury, "Is Your Work."

room. "Nan," came her uncle's voice, hoarse with feeling, "you're saying goodbye to me forever."

"No, uncle," she cried. "I am only doing what I have to do."

"I tell you I don't want to drive you from this roof, girl."

A rush of wind from an opening door was the only answer from the dark dining room. The two Morgans started forward together. The sudden gust sucked the flame of the living-room lamp up into the chimney and after a brief, sharp struggle extinguished it. In the confusion it was a moment before a match could be found. When the lamp was relighted, the Morgans ran into the dining room. The wind and rain poured in through the open north door. But the room was empty.

Duke turned on his nephew with a choking course. "This," he cried, beside himself with fury, "is your work!"

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### Flight.

De Spain, catching Nan's arm, spoke hurriedly, and they hastened outside toward the kitchen. "We must get away quick," he said as she buttoned her coat. And, knowing how she suffered in what she was doing, he drew her into the shelter of the porch and caught her close to him. I'll take you straight to Mrs. Jeffries. When you are ready, you'll marry me; we'll make our peace with your Uncle Duke together. Great God! What a night! This way, dearie."

"No, to the stable, Henry! Where's your horse?"

"Under the pine, and yours, too. I found the pony, but I couldn't find our saddle, Nan."

"I know where it's hidden. Let's get the horses."

"Just a minute. I stuck my rifle under this porch." He stooped and felt below the stringer. Rising in a moment with the weapon on his arm, the two hurried around the end of the house toward the pine tree. They had almost reached this when a murmur unlike the sounds of the storm made De Spain halt his companion.

"What is it?" she whispered. He listened intently. Without speaking, he took Nan and retreated to the corner of the house. "There is somebody in that pine," he whispered, "waiting for me to come after the horses. Sasso may have found them. I'll try it out, anyway, before I take a chance. Stand back here, Nan."

He put her behind the corner of the house, threw his rifle to his shoulder, and fired as nearly as he could in the darkness toward and just above the pine. Without an instant's hesitation a pistol shot answered from the direction in which he had fired, and in another moment a small fusillade followed. "By the Almighty," muttered De Spain, "we must have our horses, Nan. Stay right here. I'll try driving those fellows off their perch."

She caught his arm. "What are you going to do?"

"Run in on them from cover, wherever I can find it, Nan, and push them back. We've got to have those horses."

"If we could only get away without a fight!"

"This is Sasso and his gang, Nan. You heard Pardaloe. These are not your people. I've got to drive 'em, or we're gone, Nan."

"Then I go with you."

"Nan, you can't do it," whispered De Spain energetically. "A chance bullet—"

She spoke with decision: "I go with you. I can use a rifle. Better both of us be killed than one. Help me up on this roof. I've climbed it a hundred times. My rifle is in my room. Quick, Henry."

Overruling his continued objections, she lifted her foot to his hand, put her second foot on De Spain's shoulder, gained the sloping roof, and scrambled on her hands and knees up to the window of her room. A far-off peal of thunder echoed from the mountains. Luckily, no flash had preceded it, and Nan, rifle in hand, slid safely down to the end of the lean-to, where De Spain helped her to the ground. He directed her how to make a zigzag advance toward the pine, and, above all, to throw herself flat and sideways after every shot—and not to fire often.

In this way they advanced slowly but safely to the disputed point and then understood—the horses were gone. A fresh discharge of shots came

(continued next week)

## BOOKS MUTILATED.

Spellers Are Torn to Destroy Eulogy of Kaiser.

Scores of citizens who visited the supply house of the board of education at Chicago to witness the tearing out of spellers of a page eulogizing the German emperor, found that the operation was being conducted privately. A squad of policemen, under orders from the city hall, was present.

Anthony Czarnecki, a trustee of the school board, was indignant.

"These people are taxpayers, and have a right to witness this scene," said Mr. Czarnecki. "They are Poles, Bohemians—Europeans, in short, who have good reasons to hate the Kaiser."

Mr. Czarnecki had arranged to make the occasion one of patriotic celebration, but his protests were unavailing. Pages were being torn from 70,000 spellers as yet undistributed among pupils. The board declined to authorize students to tear the page from 130,000 spellers previously distributed among them. Many are doing so, however, without the authorization.

## AIRSHIP RAID.

Germans Again Drop Death on English Soil.

About twenty German airplanes raided the southeast coast of England Sunday evening. An official statement says that some bombs were dropped in the neighborhood of South End, forty miles east of London, and on the seashore resort of Margate, eighty miles southeast of the capital.

Twenty-three persons, including nine women and six children, were killed and fifty persons were injured at South End by bombs dropped by the German raiders, says the official statement.

Considerable damage to property was caused at South End by the nearly forty bombs dropped upon the town.

Two men were injured at Rochford, but four bombs dropped on Margate, in Kent, did little damage.

## LEFT TO CHANCE.

Caught in Draft, Twins Toss Coin to See Which Goes.

Harry E. Crosby and Claud Crosby, twins, came before the Tulsa county, Oklahoma, exemption board. Both were found physically fit and both were anxious to go to war, but as they had an aged mother dependent upon them, one had to stay behind.

Drawing a coin from his pocket, Claud exclaimed: "Heads or tails, Harry?"

"Tails," came the response.

The coin fell tails and Claud filed exemption claim.

## U. S. REFUGEES

Arrive in Switzerland in Most Pitiful Condition.

Two train loads of American citizens, all in pitiful conditions, have arrived in Switzerland from Jerusalem and other points within the Turkish empire.

They were eight weeks on their way with little food and no opportunity to change their clothes or wash during the entire journey through Turkey. Most of the refugees are old men, women and children. All report food conditions in Turkey terrible.

## RUSS PART IN VICTORY.

General Scott Sees Success If They Will Hold Lines.

"It is not necessary for the Russian armies to move forward a foot to make victory for the Allies certain," declared Major General Hugh L. Scott, chief of staff and member of the Root mission to Russia.

"If the soldiers of the newest republic merely hold their lines and keep the great number of Teutons now facing them, the Allies cannot fail to win."

## PEACE PACT.

Kaiser Promises This With Russia in Three Months.

The correspondent of the Novoye Vremya, telegraphing from the Riga front, said that on the recent visit of the Kaiser to that front he addressed the soldiers, telling them that a peace pact would be signed within three months.

It is believed that the visit was the prelude to naval operations in the Gulf of Riga and along the Finnish coast.

## LIBERIA JOINS WAR.

Liberia, the negro republic on the coast of Africa, has declared war on Germany. Some time ago Liberia broke off diplomatic relations. The declaration of war now gives opportunity to intern German merchandise and others who have been accused of unusual activities. The United States was advised of the little republic's action.

## \$96,000,000 Check Pays Canadian Loan.

In paying Canada the new loan by a syndicate of American bankers, J. P. Morgan and Company's check for \$96,111,111.11, the largest check ever passed through the New York clearing house, has been honored by the Liberty National bank.

Germany Urged to Fight On. Seventy-eight professors of Bonn university have signed a petition urging the German government never to make another peace offer, "since Germany's recent offer has been answered by the British challenge to retire behind the Rhine."

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SHELL KILLS FOUR.

Deplorable Accident at Target Practice Near Marietta, Ga.

Four spectators, one a white woman, were killed, and a fifth injured, in Cobb county, at the base of Kenesaw mountain, where a percussion shell fired in target practice from a battery of the student officers' training camp battalion of artillery ricocheted a mile out of its course, struck oak tree and exploded at their feet.

A fragment of the shell pierced the left breast of Mrs. Seth Harris, a resident of the vicinity, and tore a gaping hole completely through her body. She was killed instantly, toppling from the buggy in which she had driven up to the spot.

Bits of the shell penetrated the chest and abdomen of Charlie Martin, a negro laborer, aged 48 years, while a fragment tore out a part of his skull, killing him instantaneously.

James Holloman, Sr., another negro laborer, aged 40 years, was knocked unconscious, while his right leg was blown off above the ankle. He died from loss of blood.

James Holloman, Jr., aged 17, a son of the elder Holloman, died shortly after the explosion from a severance of the femoral artery in the groin. His left foot was also blown off. He was dead when the first ambulance reached the scene.

No "criminal responsibility" was found by the coroner in Marietta, which investigated the accident.

The inquest was held in the Cobb county courthouse by Coroner J. W. Booth. Witnesses were military officials who had investigated the misfortune, the list including Major Lytle Brown and Major Charles Duncan.

## THE DRAFT ARMY.

200,000 to Be Called and Sent Into Camp.

Governors of the various states received notice from Provost Marshal General Crowder that the first one-third of the quota of 687,000 men drafted for service in the national army will be called to the colors September 1 and sent to training cantonments before September 5.

More than 200,000 will be called into service in the first increment, bringing the country's total military forces up to 1,000,000 men. The provost marshal's instructions to governors urged that they make certain that the first quota be ready on time.

Exemption boards were instructed to deny immunity to registrants in cases where the parents or other relatives of the wife volunteer to assume her support during his absence.

Regulations governing the actual mobilization of the national army are ready for release. It is hoped by draft officials that every contingency arising in assembling America's fighting men will be provided for in these directions.

## LARGE LIBERTY LOAN.

Salary Only \$10 a Month, Man Subscribes \$100,000.

The largest subscription made by any government employe to the Liberty Loan, thus far disclosed, was \$100,000, made by E. M. Norfleet, who receives \$10 a month for tending a lighthouse in Mississippi. Mr. Nor-

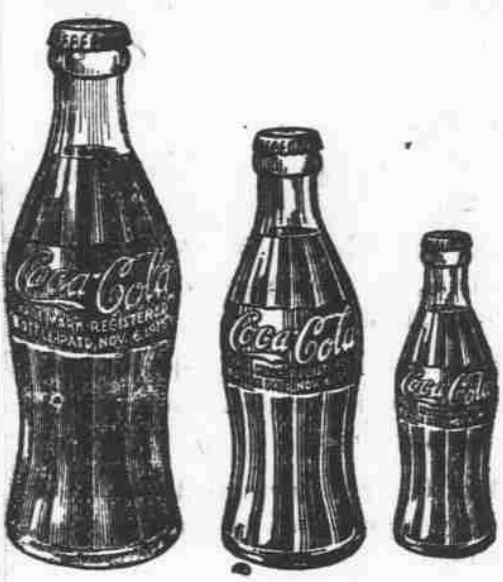
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