

# **GENA OF THE APPALACHIANS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649480746

Gena of the Appalachians by Clarence Monroe Wallin

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**CLARENCE MONROE WALLIN**

**GENA OF THE  
APPALACHIANS**



GENA  
of the  
APPALACHIANS

By  
CLARENCE MONROE WALLIN



Cochrane Publishing Company  
Tribune Building  
New York  
1910

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
498682  
ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.  
R 1912 L

Copyright, 1910, by  
CLARENCE MONROE WALLIN

*To Alma, my wife, and the thousands of other noble  
daughters of the great Appalachian country.*

*Wm. L. ... ..*





#### AUTHOR'S NOTE

If, in the lines of this humble narrative, the reader should find anything of truth; anything of uplift; anything of human life, then the author shall have been fully repaid for the time employed in writing it.

CLARENCE MONROE WALLIN.



# Gena of the Appalachians

## CHAPTER I

### THE BURIAL OF LUCKY JOE

It was late in the afternoon of a cold winter's day when they sent for him to go and perform the last sad rites at the burial of Lucky Joe.

Lucky Joe had outstripped the law in his crimes for more than forty years—hence the people had well dubbed him "Lucky." For more than three decades his name had been the synonym of dread and fear among the people of the hills. He had at length whipped them into granting him whatever he exacted of them, whether the thing in itself was right or wrong. But one memorable day, the tardy finger of the law apprehended him, and he stood up before the bar of Justice and heard the court pronounce, "Joseph Filson, guilty!" Quickly he was ushered away to the penitentiary—down to a Southern jail and to hard and endless toil for the remainder of his life. The gates of the prison closed and locked their iron jaws behind him: his keeper admonished him to be obedient, and he immediately chose to work at the blacksmith's forge. Day after day, he swung the sledge in silence. Then the days crowded into months and into years, but he pounded away at the anvil unmindful of the end. Finally death came and knocked at the door of his narrow cell and took him away.

The news of the great outlaw's death flashed back to the hills, and horse and rider took up the message and