

# Mountain Mishap

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Mountain Mishap

by

Janice Cole Hopkins

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#### Other Books by Janice Cole Hopkins

The Appalachian Roots series

Cleared for Planting – book one

Sown in Dark Soil – book two

Uprooted by War – book three

Transplanted to Red Clay – book four

(Slight connection but not a series or sequel)

When Winter Is Past

With Summer's Songs

The Farmers trilogy

Promise – book one

Peace – book two

Pardon – book three

For behold, the Lord cometh forth out of his place, and will come down, and tread upon the high places of the earth.

Micah 1:3

## Chapter One: The Appalachians

Western Wilkes County, July 4, 1851

Levi West stopped his horse and dismounted. The animal needed a break, and the breathtaking view ahead needed more reflection. His eyes roamed over the majestic cliffs. They seemed to lift his spirits to high places. Good. He needed that.

The air had already turned cooler and fresher smelling. He breathed in deeply and felt his body relax. He felt secluded here, but not alone. No, he felt closer to God than ever before. At this high elevation, it seemed as if he'd stepped up toward heaven. He laughed at himself, but it felt good to laugh again. He couldn't remember the last time he'd managed more than a weak smile.

He remembered the scattered decorations he'd seen in Wilkesboro to observe Independence Day. Wilkesboro had been a nice town, and he'd considered settling there but had decided against it. He had his mind set on living up in the mountains, away from so many people. He had an older

brother living there, and Noah had written that Levi would be welcome anytime.

“Come on, Jack.” He gave the reins a tug as he started walking. The grade had gotten steeper, and Jack had already brought him a long ways. It would be good for him to walk a while and get used to the steep inclines and thinner air.

They got to the top of one of many inclines when the sun looked down from directly overhead. Levi stopped near a small creek, gave Jack a drink, and sat down to eat the ham biscuits he’d packed that morning. The climb had worn him out.

They made it to where the elevation smoothed out just as a summer storm hit. Levi pulled out his poncho, tucked his head down as much as possible, and continued on. The thunder sounded different than any he’d ever heard before. It rumbled and reverberated as if it were a giant metallic ball ricocheting between the peaks.

The rain had stopped and the sky had cleared by the time he rode Jack into the small mountain town Noah had told him about. His brother said that when he got to Boone he wouldn’t have but about a half a day’s ride left. Since he didn’t have half a day left before nightfall, he decided he’d stay put for the night and have plenty of time to get there sometime tomorrow. The gray-purple tones of dusk had him looking up again. Something about this place touched his heart and soul.

The next morning Levi went to the general store and bought a few things he thought he might need soon. He didn’t expect his brother came into town often. He also bought some eggs and bacon to cook for a late breakfast. That should hold him until he got to Noah’s cabin.

“Yeah, I know Noah West,” the store clerk said. “He seems to be a good man. Lives over toward Tennessee. You know he got married?”

“Yes, he told me in his letter, but I’ve never met her.”

“You have directions to his place?”

“I do. I think I can find it. At least, I’ve got all day to try.”

“Well, you came at a good time. July is the only month not even the old-timers have heard of it snowing.”

“I heard the winters are rough, but I like snow. Like to hunt in it.”

The man laughed. “You’ll likely be sick of snow and cold weather before the first winter is over, but I wish you luck.”

Levi felt like telling him a man didn’t need luck when he had the Lord to bless him, but he didn’t want to sound sanctimonious, since he didn’t feel better than any man. The way he saw it, we all have our own set of sins, but grace would cover them if we asked.

He took his time getting to his brother’s place, for he felt no need to hurry. If he didn’t get there today, he’d get there tomorrow or the next day. He took time to enjoy the scenery, some of the prettiest he’d ever seen in his life. Strange, but in some mysterious way, he felt like he’d come home. Yet, he’d never been farther west than Salisbury before now, and he and Noah had never

been particularly close.

The sun showed mid-afternoon when Levi picked his way between trees to come to the cabin. It looked solid but small. He hoped he wouldn't inconvenience Noah and Daisy too much.

He saw Noah out back in the garden, so he dismounted and led his horse in that direction. Noah dropped his hoe and came to meet him.

"Howdy, brother."

When he put out his hand, Noah encased it with both of his. "Glad you finally made it, Levi. I didn't know if you'd ever come or not."

"I didn't write, because I figured I'd get here before the letter would."

"Getting mail in and out of here is quite a feat. That's why you haven't heard from me much. There's spotty service to the general store in Boone, but I don't get in there often. But come in the house. I want you to meet Daisy."

Daisy turned out to be a sturdy looking woman with reddish, brown hair. She looked Levi over from head to toe when Noah introduced them. He must have passed inspection, because she gave him a warm smile that reached her eyes and made them sparkle. "Welcome, Levi. I hope I can call you 'Levi.'"

He nodded, unsure of what her friendliness might mean, but then he scolded himself. He needed to leave his recent experiences down the mountain, and not let them taint the present. He came here for new surroundings and a new beginning.

"Supper will be ready in about two hours. Would you like something to eat or drink before then?"

"Thank you, no. I'll just go take care of my horse and maybe get a drink of water from that springhouse I saw out back."

She nodded and turned back to her work. Regardless of his resolve to leave the past behind, it made him feel better that Daisy turned away. He'd hate to have to leave his brother's after just getting here.

He took Jack to the log barn, brushed him down, and put him in a stall with feed and water. When he went to the springhouse for some water, Noah followed. "So, tell me. What brings you here now? I know it has to be more than just wanting to pay me a visit."

Levi sucked in his breath. He had hoped he would get by without talking about it. Well, he'd begin with telling as little as possible, but if he remembered right, Noah had always been the inquisitive type. "When Mama and Papa died of the fever, I had to sell the farm to pay off the debts. There was nothing left for me there."

"I didn't know he'd left things in that bad a shape."

"Yeah, well, he never cared that much about farming. He was a preacher at heart, but the farm should have been our livelihood and made up for the small pittance the church could pay.

However, the records showed that he used farm funds to keep up the church.”

Noah took the gourd dipper down and handed Levi some water. “I’m sorry about that, but something tells me you wouldn’t have left the flatlands for that reason alone. You could always have found a job there. I can’t believe you left T. J. You and he have been almost inseparable since you were out of diapers.”

“Things change.”

Noah tilted his head to stare at Levi. “If things change that much between two close friends, there must be a woman involved.”

Levi winced. So much for keeping secrets. A shiver ran down his back, and he didn’t know if it came from the memories or the coolness in the springhouse. He stepped outside and sat down on the rough bench against the wall.

Noah joined him. “You’ll feel better once you get it off your chest.”

He didn’t think so, but he knew Noah wouldn’t relent. “T. J. became enthralled with Leanore Sharpe.”

“The doctor’s daughter?”

“Yes. He had a ring in his pocket planning to propose. However, she came to see me at the farm and pretty much threw herself at me. She said she’d allowed the wrong man to court her, and she wanted me. When I just stood in shock, she put her arms around me and began to kiss me. T. J. walked up and saw us in the barn. I thought he was going to kill me by the look on his face, but he just turned and stomped away. I tried to tell him what had happened, but he wouldn’t listen, wouldn’t see me. I wrote him a note but he tore it up. So, I packed up and came here. Both of us didn’t need to be in the same town, and I hoped, if I left, he and Leanore would work things out.”

“Did you like her?”

“Not at all. Actually, I couldn’t understand what T. J. saw in her. She’s too haughty and demanding for me.”

Noah shook his head. “You always did attract the girls. It’s your looks, I guess. You turned out to be the best looking one of us.”

“If that’s true, it’s a curse and not a blessing.”

“One day you’ll meet a woman who will make you change your mind.”

Truth be told, Levi would like to have a family, but he didn’t want to settle for just any wife. He wanted a woman who loved the Lord as much as he did. He wanted one who didn’t think so highly of herself that she thought everyone needed to cater to her, who wasn’t so selfish and self-centered. He looked around him. And, he needed one who didn’t shy away from hard work. All the women he’d met so far fell short.

Noah slapped him on the back. “Well, come on, little brother. The day’s a-wasting, and there’s work to be done.”

Good. Some hard work might get his mind off the past and back on these beautiful mountains. God had brought him here for a purpose. He believed that.

They hadn't worked in the garden long when Daisy called them to supper. She'd cooked a chicken stew.

"Since I have the garden in and we don't hunt in the summer months, I thought you and I would build another room on the back. That way, you'll have a bedroom." Noah didn't look up from his plate.

Levi looked around the one-room cabin. They'd hung a couple of quilts for partitions around the bed. It looked like Noah had built a cot for him and placed it on the opposite wall. "That sounds good. With both of us working it shouldn't take long."

"My sister is talking about coming to stay the winter with us, too. I come from a big family over near Trade, Tennessee. There're two boys and six of us girls. I'm the oldest, and Violet is almost two years younger. How old are you, Levi?"

"I'll be twenty-six come my next birthday." Could she be any more obvious? He didn't need a matchmaker. "I hope I'm not imposing."

"Nonsense. We can always make room for one more. I'm used to a crowd."

"I'm not interested in meeting any women right now, so please don't try to arrange that."

Daisy's smile fell. "Violet is coming to see me, and to create a little more space for the others when they have to be cooped up in the bad weather that comes with winter here."

Maybe he'd been too straightforward but better to make things clear at the very beginning so there'd be no misunderstandings.

As the days passed, Levi worked hard on the new room. He'd never lived in such close quarters before, and the occasional rustling covers and squeaks from the bed bothered him. But he'd come up with a solution of sorts.

He had started getting up at the first break of day and taking his Bible outside. He'd found an Indian trail that led around the mountain and to a great spot to have his devotion. He sat on a large rock, surrounded by mountains and overlooking a lovely valley. He began his day with Bible study, prayer, and glorifying God. If he felt like it, he could sing his heart out with hymns he remembered and not worry about making anyone cringe.

It also gave Noah and Daisy some time alone. When he got back to the house, he milked the cow, gathered the eggs, and went in for breakfast. After breakfast, he and his brother worked on the addition, in the garden, or with the animals. On Sunday afternoons they often went fishing, although getting to a stream large enough to fish in took a while.

Levi hated it that they couldn't get to a church service on Sundays. He held a service of sorts for the three of them in the house, but it would have been better to hear a preacher. Levi's faith didn't grow as much when he did it himself. He liked to hear others' ideas.

The summer warmth passed more quickly here than down the mountain, but the vibrant autumn colors on the leaves made Levi rejoice. He'd never seen such glory. When he sat on his rock for his devotion, the view might be shrouded in fog. But when the sun came out and wrapped its light around the day, the colors nearly stole his breath away. How could anyone see God's creation and not believe?

Fall also meant Levi could begin hunting, and he loved to hunt. He didn't enjoy the kill as much as he liked trekking through the woods or sitting in a tree, but they could use the extra meat, so he would hunt in earnest. He set the rabbit gums for Noah and shot a deer his first time out. The forest seemed fuller of wildlife here than back home. The more he saw of the place, the more he appreciated its rugged beauty and bounty.

Fall brought a lot of hard work, too. He helped Noah get in the harvest and kill a hog. They'd cut enough firewood to last them three or four years at home, but Noah said they'd need to cut more on the warmer days of winter. And they repaired and got the outbuildings ready for winter.

Violet came the first of October. She had blazing red hair and pale blue eyes. He could see a resemblance between the sisters, but Daisy's hair had more brown in it, and Violet had finer bones and a more attractive face. Levi guessed most people would call her pretty, but he felt no attraction.

Had Leanore tainted him against all women? He had certainly struggled to forgive her for causing such a rift with T. J. He'd had to pray for God's Spirit to guide him, because he hadn't been capable of forgiving her on his own.

He'd given Violet the bedroom and moved back to the cot. He figured women needed more privacy than a man did, but he missed having a room of his own.

Violet's eyes told him of her interest, and that made him more cautious. He started going hunting and checking the rabbit gums more often. He'd thought about building some more of the wooden traps. He could easily make the simple, long box with a notched stick to spring the door. However, they were catching plenty of rabbits in the ones he'd set, so he decided new ones weren't needed.

"Rose was excited to be the oldest girl left at home for a while," Violet told Daisy at the table one morning.

"Are all your sisters named after a flower?" Levi asked.

Violet giggled. "Just the first three, because those flowers were Mama's favorites, although I do wish she'd kept it up. The others could have been Pansy, Petunia, Dahlia, Camilla, Iris, Lily, or even Lilac. Why, the possibilities are almost endless."

"Maybe we can use some of those names when we have children," Daisy added.

"I'm hoping for some boys." Noah looked serious. "And I don't want them to have any of those flower names."

Violet giggled again. "Maybe we could name them Leif, Ash, Woody, or Oleander, and I think even Heath is a plant name."

Levi almost shook his head. Silly woman. But he put his attention on his plate instead.



"I guess Noah and I will be choosing one of those names come about April or May."

Levi jerked his head up. Had Daisy just said what he thought she had?

She'd blushed a dark pink. "You're going to be an uncle, Levi, and Violet will be an aunt."

"I thought we might fix a sleeping loft this summer for the little ones as they get older," Noah told them.

Levi nodded, trying to ascertain what this new revelation would mean for him. Maybe he should consider Violet. He knew it wouldn't take much courting to get her to marry him, and he felt sure Noah would give him some land where he could build his own cabin. In fact, his brother would help him build it.

He looked at Violet. A man could do worse, but, for some reason, his heart wanted to hold out for more.

## Chapter Two: Charleston Orphan

Charleston, South Carolina, May 1852

Anna Allen's pace slowed to that of a sloth as she neared Mrs. Bull's office. She'd walked much faster this morning when she'd gone around the orphan house to see it for the last time. Now she felt as if she walked to the gallows instead of the man she could marry, although she'd never set eyes on him before.

She looked around, stalling. This had been the only home she remembered well. A neighbor had brought her here when her parents had both died of a summer fever. It hadn't been an easy life, but she'd received a good education and had been taught all the skills she'd need to take care of a household.

She moved to the door, but paused before knocking, remembering what Mrs. Bull had told her yesterday. "Anna, I had hoped that you could move on to teachers' training. You're one of my most accomplished students, but the teachers' training school doesn't accept many, and they're already filled for this year. As you know, the apprenticeships and indentures have practically dried up, and I always worry about the girls I indentured anyway. The best option for you is to be married. I have a young man coming by tomorrow and he wants to look over those who are sixteen and older in order to choose his wife. As pretty as you are, I think there's a good chance you'll be chosen. I really do think this will be your best option, since you're eighteen and can't stay here any longer."

"Couldn't I stay here and help with the younger children?"

Mrs. Bull looked sympathetic. "You know the older orphans do that. We never have enough food as it is, so we can't keep on extra mouths to feed. I'm sorry, but I'll pray for a good situation for you."

Anna tried not to notice the other girls who'd already gone into the room earlier, one at a time. She hadn't seen all of them.

She tried to swallow down the lump in her throat as she knocked on the door. When she entered, two men stood. Both had light brown hair and hazel eyes, although the older man's hair looked darker and his eyes more golden, and the younger man stood a few inches taller, giving him a lanky appearance.

"Mr. Ramsey, I'd like to introduce you to the last of our older girls. This is Anna Allen. Anna, this is Elbert Ramsey and his father, Hiram. They have a cabin in the Appalachian mountains."

Anna lowered her eyes. "Pleased to meet you both."

Elbert's eyes nearly glowed with excitement when she looked back up. "How old are you, Miss Allen?"

"Eighteen, sir."

"Call me Elbert," he smiled. "You can save the sirs fer Pa thar."

"And I take hit you can read and write?" the older man asked. Although Elbert looked as if he'd cleaned up some, his father didn't.

"Yes, sir."

"And you can cook and do such chores?"

"I assure you, Mr. Ramsey, that our girls are well trained." Mrs. Bull sounded almost insulted.

Elbert cut in. "I'll take this one if'n she'll have me."

Mrs. Bull looked at Anna after Elbert's declaration. She almost felt as if they'd put her on the auction block. "C-c-could we walk outside? J-just the two of us f-for a moment?"

Mrs. Bull's face softened. "Under the circumstances, I think that will be all right. I understand this is an overwhelming decision, Anna. I'll be praying for you." She turned to Mr. Ramsey. "In the meantime, let me show you our facility, Mr. Ramsey, and you'll see for yourself what a fine establishment the Charleston Orphan House is."

Anna led Elbert outside toward the garden. At the orphan house, that meant a vegetable garden.

"I know you must have some questions." Elbert took her hand.

She wanted to pull it away, but she didn't. She'd needed to get used to his touch if she agreed to be his wife.

"We live in a log cabin on a wooded mountain. We hain't got no close neighbors. I guess ar cabin is small by Eastern standards, but hit serves ar purpose. Pa and me built an extra bedroom on hit before we come, so me and my wife could have some privacy."

"You knew you were coming to find a wife then?"

"Yeah. Pa comes to Charleston about ever' ten years or so to take keer of some business and git some thangs he can't git in Boone or Trade. Those are the two closest towns. We live between 'em. This year he tells me hit might be a good time to look to gettin' me a woman. You see thar ain't many sangle women in the mountains, and I don't have no time for courtin' no how."

"Just you and your father live in the cabin?"

"Yeah. Ma died a few years back, and several babies died at birth. I had a sister that lived to be eight, but she died with the croup." He looked at her body. "I hope you want to have children."

"I do." She'd always dreamed of a family of her own, but she'd never imagined it starting this way.

"I'll see to your needs, and try my best to provide for you. Hit might be a hard life in the mountains, but hit can be a good life. I've never seed a purtier place. Although hit's different than here, I thank you'll fit in jus' fine." He grinned. "You're a purty little thang, too."

"Is that why you picked me, because you liked the way I looked?"

"That wuz part of hit. There's somethang about you that reached right out and tugged at my heart, and I said to myself, "This here's the one. None of the other five did that."

"Are you a Christian man?"

"Well, I believe in God, and I've been baptized. Ma saw to that one day when a preacher man got lost and ended up at the farm. However, we hain't got no church close enough to go to."

"Do you read your Bible or hold your own services on Sunday?"

He looked away. "I can't read nor write, but you can take that up if'n you'd like." He gave her hand a little squeeze. "You ready to go back in now?"

She nodded and gave Elbert a thorough examination as they returned. He stood a few inches taller than her five-foot, five inches. He had light brown hair, and a bushy beard that needed trimming. His hazel eyes didn't appear unkind, but she'd seen no special warmth in them either. At least he looked clean, and she could tell he had on a new set of clothes, bought for their practicality.

As they entered the large building that took up nearly a whole city block, Anna realized no amount of questions she might ask today would give the answers she wanted. Only time would. She sighed. She also realized she had few options. She'd just have to trust in God for the outcome.

"You got any idee what your choice is gonna be?" Elbert asked as they neared Mrs. Bull's office door.

"I've decided to accept your kind offer of marriage."

Mrs. Bull arranged for the wedding to take place in the sitting room. Anna put on her best dress, a blue calico cotton trimmed with white lace she'd made herself. The other girls said it matched her blue eyes and made her look divine. Some of them helped put her blonde hair up at the back of her head. Mrs. Bull gave her some hair pins for a wedding present and let her borrow a pair of white gloves.

"I can't believe you're getting married today," Lucy said. "It's so romantic."

Anna couldn't believe it either, but she didn't know about the romantic part. She hoped she would look back on it and think so, because of the way her husband treated her, but she had her doubts. Something told her that Elbert wouldn't be the romantic sort.

That was confirmed when he and his father walked into the sitting room wearing the same clothes they'd worn earlier. Elbert hadn't even brought her a single flower, although they bloomed everywhere in Charleston in May. A man in a suit, obviously the preacher, followed them.

In almost no time, they'd said their vows, and the simple service ended. She'd just become Mrs. Elbert Ramsey.

"What's your plans, Mr. Ramsey?" she heard Mrs. Bull ask.

"Well I guess it's too late in the day to start out now. I reckon we'll stick around here and git an early start in the mornin'. We've got a room at a boardin' house."

"Well Anna's things are all packed." She walked over and kissed Anna's cheek in a rare show of affection. "I wish you all the happiness in the world."

"Thank you ma'am, for all you and orphan house has done for me."

"I hate to see you go. You're one of the best residents we've ever had." Did the woman regret pushing Anna to marry Elbert? Too late now.

Although Anna wouldn't be able to use her extensive academic education in the mountains, she'd been taught housekeeping skills that would come in handy. And she'd be able to give her children a good education. Yes, she hoped for a good life.

The boarding house looked run-down, attesting to the fact that the Ramseys didn't have much money. But the inside of the dwelling looked clean, and Anna relaxed. She had never been used to fancy furnishings anyway.

"I'll get us another room," Elbert said.

"What fer?" Mr. Ramsey sounded almost angry.

"Fer me and Anna. Fer our wedding night."

"Won't be anythang I hain't seen, and I know you ain't shy around me."

Anna knew her face must be beet-red, and she wanted to die right there. She looked for a chair, not sure how much longer her legs would hold her.

Elbert must have noticed her state, because he reached over and took her arm. "I figure some of that money we saved for the trip is mine, Pa. I helped earn it. I'm goin' to have a separate room for tonight where my new bride won't be skeered to death. What you're suggestin' ain't even decent."

"Humph! You know I sleep like the dead, but have hit your way. You take the room. I'll go bed down in the stable and be back here with the wagon at daybreak. You have the woman who runs this place here to pack us some breakfast. I'll bring vittles for the other meals."

"Thanks, Pa."

Mr. Ramsey turned to Anna. "I'm givin' in this one time, and only this one time. Don't get used to being coddled, hear me."

Anna felt tears spring to her eyes. Did the man not like her?

"Hit wuzn't her, Pa. This is my idee."

Elbert moved his arm from her elbow to her waist as they started to their room. "Don't worry, honey. We'll have our own bedroom when we get home."

She sniffed to clear her voice. "I'm glad you thought to build it."

Anna didn't know what to think of her first night with her husband. Thanks to a brief lecture from Mrs. Bull, she knew some of what to expect, but everything seemed to happen quickly. Elbert kissed her, fondled her, and they were intimate. Then, he turned over and went to sleep.

Did she have some unrealistic, fairytale idea of marriage? She'd read enough literature to think she should enjoy some part of this. Had she been wrong? Is this what Mrs. Bull meant by "wifely duty?"

Even the next morning, Elbert seemed satisfied, but he said nothing, and he didn't kiss her again. As they gathered their things and went out the door, he did whisper, "I'd like to have took more time in the room this mornin', but, if'n I know Pa, he'll be here waitin' on us. I didn't want him to try to come barginin' into the room or somethang. He's not known fer his patience."

They picked up a sack of food from the kitchen, and found Mr. Ramsey sitting out front in the wagon just as Elbert had guessed. "Bout time you git here."

The wagon only had the one seat, and with a load in the back, Anna had no choice but to climb in beside Mr. Ramsey. Sandwiched between the two men, this would be a long trip.

"Woman, I thought you could cook!" Mr. Ramsey spewed the words in disgust.

Anna had never cooked on a campfire before, and the pot sat in the flame instead of being hung on the fireplace hook. The ham turned out okay, but the grits had lumped up some. The cornbread fritters had turned out all right, too.

She looked at Elbert, trying to judge his reaction. He must have thought she expected him to say something to his father on her behalf. "Aw, Pa. This is all new to her. Give her some time and she'll git the hang of hit. Hit's not that bad." He took another bite of his grits to prove his point.

"I told her jus' to fix ham and grits fer supper, thankin' that would be easy on her." Mr. Ramsey didn't want to let it drop. "You jus' picked her fer her looks, didn't you, son? Well, looks don't git the work done. You shoulda picked that big-boned girl that come in first."

Elbert stiffened. "You said I could do the pickin', and I did. If'n you wanted the big-boned woman, maybe you should have purposed to her yourself."

Mr. Ramsey's fist shot out so fast neither she nor Elbert saw it coming. Elbert staggered back from the blow, but he didn't fall, although his plate went flying through the air with food scattering everywhere.

Anna knew her eyes must have been as big as saucers. What had she gotten herself into?

"Don't you back-talk me, boy. You know I ain't goin' put up with no sassin'." Mr. Ramsey took his plate and stomped off to the other side of the wagon.

Elbert tried to wipe the blood from the corner of his mouth, and his cheek had already started to swell. Anna jumped up. "Here, sit down, Elbert. I'll get a cloth and some water and clean you up." He obeyed without a word.

"I'm sorry," she whispered, as she washed the blood away and applied the cool cloth to his cheek. "I didn't mean to cause trouble."

"You didn't cause hit. Nothin' seems to suit Pa lately. I thank he'll be better once we git back to the hills. I'll jus' try to 'bide my tongue better 'til then. I knowed I'd said too much as soon as hit left my mouth." His eyes softened when he looked at her. "I didn't want no big-boned woman. I wanted you."

She gave him a weak smile. "Lendie, the big-boned girl, is about as clumsy as they come. I doubt if she'd have suited your father either."

He smiled as much as his cracked lip would let him. "No, she wouldn't, and she sure wouldn't have suited me."

Anna wanted to ask him if she suited him, but she didn't. Better not to go fishing for compliments. Elbert might not be the husband of her dreams, but he didn't appear to be as hard or as demanding as his father, and she should be grateful for that. However, she had to live around both men.

Anna and Elbert bedded down on the ground on one side of the wagon. "This way, we can scoot under the wagon if hit rains," Elbert told her.

If it rained hard, they'd still get soaked from water running under the wagon, but she said nothing. With the back full of supplies, they'd have little choice.

Mr. Ramsey bedded down out in the open on the other side of the fire pit. At least he seemed willing to give her and Elbert some space. Or maybe he just wanted to get as far away from Anna as he could and still be in camp. \*

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Anna Allen grew up in the Charleston Orphan House, but at eighteen, she must now leave. Her best option is to wed, and when a man from the Appalachian Mountains comes looking for a wife, she hesitantly agrees to marry him. However life with Elbert Ramsey and his father turns out to be miles from her dreams.

In 1851, Levi West decides to go stay with his brother in the Appalachian Mountains.

His parents had died, leaving the farm in debt, and a brazen woman had caused a rift between him and his best friend. Although his sister-in-law's younger sister acts almost as bad, Levi finds he loves the rugged mountains. When a hunting accident endangers his life, help comes from an unexpected source. Dare he hope for a family of his own or will another woman just disappoint him again?

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The Young Daoist Monk - Daoist Master of Qing Xuan - Traffic and Accident Reports in Frazier Park California, road condition live updates and we offer properties for sale in the mountain communities of Frazier Park, Lake of the Book now at 164 restaurants near Frazier Park on OpenTable. Books by Janice Cole Hopkins (Author of Mountain Mishap) - The mountain and the surrounding Nanda Devi Sanctuary were closed to In a recent book, Becoming A Mountain: Himalayan Journeys In United States Army Aviation Digest - WyoFile Mountain Biking - Jiminy Peak - Nancy agreed, saying her late father talked about an accident, and a friend it was once a major source of transportation on Lookout Mountain. of a number of books, including "Chattanooga's Forest Hills Cemetery" and The Young Daoist Monk - Daoist Master of Qing Xuan - Mountain States Lithographing and Printers Backpacker - The Auto Road is a steep, narrow mountain road without guardrails. The average grade is 12%. As the sign at the base of the Road states "If you have a fear of Could Malcolm Gladwell's Theory of Cockpit Culture Apply to - Mountain Echoes Literary Festival: Head to Bhutan to experience its culture from August 23 to 25, 2018, so you might want to book your tickets. Kullu paragliding mishap: man on his honeymoon dies after falling in gorge. 14 Of The Best Skiing Books Of All Time - The Adventure - Aug 03, 2017 - The book was famous then, but if you haven't heard of it, allow. The story takes place in 1932 on the E Block (Death Row) in Cold Mountain.. the foibles and mishaps she experiences as she strives for fame and recognition The Marriage Mishap by Judith Stacy - Fantastic Fiction - Life Blood Mountain - tooth fairy treasure box - He is in pain and disoriented, and as he is descending the mountain he In the face of these mishaps, Krakauer's discussion of climbing the mountain with Tim Cahill, Mishap Maestro - The highest mountain to be climbed by man lay under our feet! to me to use as gloves the socks which I always carry in reserve for just such a mishap as this.

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