The Clan Call

By Hapsburg Liebe

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A FEUD OF THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS

From somewhere on a nearby mountainside a rifle's keen report split the air; a bullet whined like a mad hornet; Dale's hat jumped a little on his head.

The awakening was exceedingly rude. Dale wheeled, his gray eyes ablaze, and saw only a tiny cloud of smoke-mist rising from the laurels more than fifty feet away.

"Come out, you coward!" he roared. "Come out and let me ... curiosity taking the place of anger in his voice. "I've ... wanted to know just what a real highwayman was like!"

... muffled sound of a twig breaking a short distance off to his ... claimed his attention. He was being closely watched by ... the finest, clearest brown eyes he had ever seen. He saw her ... he never forgot that.

... standing on a low cliff beyond the sparkling creek that ... and she was partially hidden by a clump ... Dale could see that she was about twenty; ... rounded, graceful figure whispered of a doelike ... straight as a young pine; that her chestnut- ... sunlight, and that her face was oval-shaped ... than pretty—in spite of its tan. ... his hat. There was a bullet hole in the very top ... crown. ... ber?" he frowned.

... a robber," she said. "Mebbe he thought you ... anyhow, you ain't bad hurt, are ye?" ... Oh, not seriously!" ... to be, ef ye behave yeself."

... hero and heroine of "The Clan Call" meet. ... Rather. But then they meet in an extraordinary ... States of America where live "the purest-blooded ... Americans, whom other and educated Americans left in the darkness of ignorance in order that they might send missionaries and educators to foreign countries—the greatest mistake of church and society since the Civil war."

But it's a fascinating country and a fascinating people. And this is a fascinating story of it and them. Of course it's a feud story. The hero is a city man, with an out-of-doors mind; the heroine a girl of the mountains. A feud intervenes between them, but love laughs at feuds, as it does at locksmiths.

Hapsburg (Charles Haven) Liebe is the man of all men to tell this story. Native of the Tennessee mountains, soldier, lumberjack, saw-fitter, patriot and self-made literary craftsman, he knows the land and the people. And his story is a labor of love.

CHAPTER I.

David Moreland's Mountain.

"Who's the robber?" he frowned.

...

drawled on, "and them's moonshine stills, bad health, and coal. You shore ain't got bad health, and you ain't got the cut of a revenuer, though a few minutes ago I thought mebbe ye was."

"And you shot at me!" said Dale.

"No," objected Heck. "I shot at yore hat. I allus hits at what I shoots at, mister. I wanted ye to turn yore face, so's I could see it, and ye did. 'As fo' that coal—

"The Morelands, they owns the coal in David Moreland's mountain, and they won't sell it fo' no 'mount o' money. They lives over in the settlement, them and the Littlefords. They're every danged one fine folks. I'm a-goin' over thar now. Want to go 'long? Say—dang my picture ef I didn't fo'git to ax what might be yore name, mister!"

"Bill Dale," came quickly—"Bill Dale. Settlement? Sure! Lead the way, By Heck. Who's the young woman I was talking with when you came up?"

"Who? Her? That's old Ben Littleford's gyurl. Her name's Babe. That's what they call her. She's got another name; but it ain't been used fo' so long it's been fo'got, I reckon. She's the youngest one o' old Ben's children. She hain't like none o' the rest o' the Littlefords. By gosh, she's awful high-headed. She can read good, Babe can. Old Major Bradley, from down at Cartersville in the lowland, he spends his summers up here fo' his health, and he teached Babe how to read. Fine feller, Major Bradley. Lawyer. Babe she has done read everything in the whole danged country. The's sev'ral Bibles, and a book about a Pilgrim's Progress, and a Baker's Hoss and Cattle Almaneck, and a dic-dictionary.

"But we'd better light out fo' the settlement, Mr. Bill, or we'll miss dinner, mebbe. I'm a plumb danged fool about eatin'. I e't twenty-two biscuits o' flour-bread this mornin' fo' breakfus', asides a whole b'iled hamshank and other things accordin'. It's the dyin' truth! Come on, Mr. Bill."

They went down to the creek, crossed it on stones, and began to ...

Dale nodded, and they began the descent.

John Moreland's house was built of whole oak logs, which were chinked with oak splits and daubed in between with clay; the roof was of handmade boards, and a chimney of stones and clay rose at either end.

John Moreland himself sat on the front porch, and beside him lay a repeating rifle, two young squirrels that had been very neatly shot through the head, and a weary black-and-tan hound. He was an uncommonly big man, and about forty-seven; his eyes were gray and keen; his thick hair and full beard were a rich brown, with only a few threads of white. There was a certain English fineness about the man. One felt that he could trust John Moreland.

As the moonshiner and his companion reached the gate Moreland rose and pushed his hat back from his forehead.

"Hi, John," grinned Heck. "This here feller wants to stay with ye a few days, John. Seems to be all right."

"Come right in," invited the chief of the Morelands. He indicated the home-made chair he had just vacated. "Set down thar and rest, stranger. I'll be back in a minute or so."

He hastened into the cabin, carrying the squirrels with him.

"He's went to tell his wife to hatch up a extry good dinner, Bill," whispered Heck. "Pepper-cyored ham, young chicken, hot biscuits, fresh butter, wild honey, huckleberry pie and peach pie and strawberry preserves—Bill, I cain't hardly stand it. Blast my picture ef I couldn't eat two whole raw dawgs right now, I'm that dingbusted hongry. Well, I got to ramble on home. I live down the river half a mile, we and my maw. Come to see me, Bill, and we'll go a-fishin'. So long, Bill old boy!"

John Moreland returned presently. The man from the city rose and proffered his hand.

"My name," he began, old habit strong upon him, "is Carlyle—"

weight. He stopped before Dale, and went on sadly:

"Now ye'll know why I was so much tore up when I heered yore name, the Carlyle part. John K. Carlyle killed the best man 'at ever lived. And mebbe ye'll understand why we ain't never had the conscience to sell the coal, which cost Brother David his life."

Moreland's guest sat staring absently toward a brown-winged butterfly that was industriously sipping honey from the heart of a honeysuckle bloom. He gave no sign that he had heard anything out of the ordinary, but in an odd, persistent way his mind seemed to connect his father, John K. Dale, with the story he had just heard.

John K. Dale had come originally from West Virginia, and he had flatly ...

"Carlyle!" Moreland Repeated in a Hoarse Growl. "You Say Yore Name Is Carlyle?"

"Cause I Won't, I Don't Never Keep Company With No Stranger Menfolks."

"What was you a-doin' here a-talkin' to my gyurl?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OFFICER GIVEN WIDE POWER

Capt. Arthur Lee Willard Takes Hold as Aid for Navy Yards of the Country.

SUITABLE CARE WILL LENGTHEN LIFE OF ALL LEATHER PRODUCTS

This harness has been used for 34 years. It has been kept clean and oiled frequently with neat's-foot oil. As a result it shows no signs of deterioration and should last 20 years longer. Proper selection and care did it.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

It is poor business to neglect the care of leather. Every pair of shoes, every machine belt, piece of harness, or other leather product on the farm that is allowed to go to waste or not made to yield its full service must be needlessly replaced, thus adding unnecessary expense to the farm, say specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. On many farms a set of harness lasts less than ten years. Where eight or ten horses are kept this means one new set of harness every year. The department has received many reports, especially from Southern states, showing that harness lasts only from two to five years. But good harness, properly cared for, will last 20 years or more. In every neighborhood there are cases where farmers are cutting their harness bills in half by giving the leather a cleaning and oiling occasionally.

Fifty million pairs of shoes could be saved annually if the American people kept their footwear in repair, the specialists say. As a nation we buy some 300,000,000 pairs of shoes a year, but if each individual cared for his shoes properly the needs could be supplied by 250,000,000 pairs. ...

a dull knife. Rinse in clean, tepid water, and allow the harness to stand in a warm place until it is no longer wet but still damp. Then oil it and leave it in a warm place for 24 hours before being used. Harness should be oiled or greased while still damp; otherwise, it may take up so much grease that it will pull out of shape or take up sand and grit, which will injure it as well as spoil its appearance. Harness should never look or feel greasy.

Neat's-foot or castor oil or a mixture of these with wool grease is good for driving harness. For heavy harness use a mixture of any or all of these with wool grease to make a paste, having about the consistency of butter. Apply the grease lightly to driving harness and liberally to work harness. Rub the oil or grease, warm to the hand, thoroughly into the leather while it is still damp from washing. After the harness has hung in a warm room overnight, remove with a clean dry cloth the excess of oil which the leather is unable to take up.

Keep Belts Clean.

In selecting a belt for driving machinery, make sure that it is wide and heavy enough for the load it is to carry. ...

Selecting and Caring for Harness.

NO REASON FOR CONFUSION

Christian Chronology Really Quite Simple Matter, Though It Requires a Little Explanation.

HELPING OUT SHORT PASTURE IN SUMMER

Stock Raisers Face Inconvenience and Stock Loss.

There Is Only One Remedy Where Local Needs Are Kept and That Is to Practice System of Deferred and Rotation Grazing.

SUNFLOWER SILAGE FAVORED

Found to Make Larger Tonnage Than Grain Sorghums or Corn at Oklahoma Station.

WASHING SPINACH NOT GOOD

Practice Found to Have Unfavorable Effect on Keeping Qualities and Favors Rot.

MANAGEMENT OF BROOD SOWS

Bringing Them Up in Good Flesh Before Breeding Season Is Most Important Factor.

Decency and Bedtime.

Stylish Hats.

Parasols.

Materials.

Hats for Evening.

Indispensable Slip.

The Kitchen Cabinet

(©, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

Just as of old, the world rolls on and on,
The day dies into night—night into dawn—
Dawn into dusk—through centuries untold—
Just as of old.
—James W. Riley.

SUCCULENT SALADS.

Salads using lettuce for the main portion of the salad should not be mixed until just before serving to insure the crispness of the lettuce. Lettuce should be washed, drained and wrapped in a thin cloth. Old curtains, good for nothing else, make fine salad cloths. Wrap the lettuce in the cloth and lay in the ice chest, then it will be always ready.

Tomato and Cucumber Salad.—A very simple but attractive salad is one arranged on a long dish or platter. Place the sliced cucumbers in overlapping slices and a few tomatoes also sliced and arranged in the same manner. Let each serve himself taking one or both. Pass the dressing with the salad.

Pear Salad.—Cut peeled and quartered pears into eighths and arrange on lettuce with a little chopped apple and celery. Sprinkle with shredded almonds and serve with a rich mayonnaise dressing.

Pineapple and Cheese Salad.—Place a ring of pineapple on a crisp leaf of curly lettuce and fill the center with a ball of cream cheese softened with cream and sprinkled with paprika. Serve with a mayonnaise or boiled dressing.

When the canned pineapple is used, as is the common custom, the juice thickened slightly and mixed with olive oil and a dash of lemon juice makes a very palatable dressing to serve with the salad.

Cucumber Boats.—Peel long cucumbers and shape in the form of a boat hollowed out. Sprinkle with seasoning and fill with salmon mixed with the chopped portion taken from the centers. Serve on lettuce with any desired salad dressing.

New Beet Salad.—Chop new beets very fine and mix with a dressing colored pink with the liquor of the beets. Season with chopped onion and the ...

CANNING WITHOUT COOKING.

Nellie Maxwell

Quaint Garter Customs.

Pioneer Implements.

CAVE DWELLERS ARE OUSTED

Berlin Police Disperse Dr. Goldberg's Followers, Who Had Discarded Their Clothing.

"WHO'S WHO" in the TREES

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN.

Witchcraft in Wales.

COULDN'T STOP THAT HORN

Error Committed by Wouldbe Thieves Awoke Neighborhood, but Owner Still Has Car.

The incident was at first maddening, but eventually there developed a humorous and profitable touch.

Dwellers in the thirty-three hundred block on Highland avenue were sleeping soundly, for it was 3 in the morning. Suddenly in front of house 3341 an electric motor car horn started shrieking. And that blood-curdling shriek continued. "Sounded like someone was sittin' on the button," one neighbor afterward remarked.

One by one disgruntled sleepers ambled out of front doors, garbed in all manner of night dress, a contractor, still bedecked in his winter flannels, descended profanely from an upstairs sleeping porch. Some few had donned trousers. Those few composed the committee of investigation.

Facts ascertained by the investigation committee:

Thieves had attempted to steal the motor car. In their efforts to unlock the lock on the steering gear with a key of their own a wrong connection was made. They had started the horn. And once started, apparently they couldn't get it stopped. That was all. —Kansas City Star.

Radiophone Music.

It appears very much as though we are on the verge of a new era in radio communication, namely radiophone music for the home. The idea, in brief, is to have radiophone stations at central points sending out concert music as well as speeches and lectures via radio, and compact and simple radio receiving sets in various homes, clubs and so on to intercept the waves. Already there are several radiophone stations in operation, and at least one wireless company has developed a receiving set made in the form of a cabinet photograph, incorporating a concealed loud-speaking telephone unit, so that the music, speech, lecture or other radiophone transmission can be heard throughout a room. It is believed by radio men that leading manufacturers of radio equipment will see fit to maintain radiophone concert and lecture services for their patrons.—Scientific American.

'Greecing' the World.

Two children were talking.

"What is it that makes day and night, anyway?" said one.

"Well, you see, the earth turns around on an axle," answered the other.

...

Baby's Play Pen.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

By CORA E. CRAWFORD.

(©, 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Aren't they lovely!" Betty was caressing the blooms that had just arrived via messenger.

"Who's the nut?" sardonically inquired her brother.

"Robert, do you think that's nice?" remonstrated mother, as Betty's face took on the deeper flush of temper.

They were at dinner. Betty was dressed in readiness for that cavalier who would shortly follow his floral offering. Bob had been silent and noticeably downcast during the meal.

Just then the phone rang and put an end to any further bickerings. Bob arose with alacrity and flushed eagerness, not unmixed with hope, and dashed to answer the call. His vibrant voice was quite audible in the dining room.

"Yes—yes, it's Bob! . . . No, I wasn't going! . . . You—you mean it? . . . Oh, I say, don't. You needn't be sorry; it wasn't your fault—it was all mine! . . . Well, let's forget it! . . . Forgive you? 'Course! When will you be ready? . . . Be there? You betcher! . . . Am I glad you called! Say, I'll tell the world I'm tickled silly! And I'll tell you tonight!" lowering his voice. But the very intensity of his whisper burned its way to the ears in the dining room.

Rather sheepishly Bob resumed his seat at the table. The fond sympathy in his mother's eyes did not make the mocking raillery in Betty's any the easier to bear.

"Who's the nut, Bobbie? That fluffy little Kitten that has been purring round you lately? Imagine a girl answering to the name of Kitten! You've rubbed her fur the wrong way, have you? That's why he couldn't eat his dinner, mother!" jeered Betty, provokingly.

"Betty, dear, don't. You know Kitten's very sweet. And she likes Bob, I'm sure," mother hastened to soothe with a fond glance at her son.

Then Betty hastened to put on those few necessary finishing touches, and Bob dashed upstairs to dress. Both were very happy and satisfied with life. A troublous problem had been solved. Mother sat dreamily on at the table. She was smiling quietly and enigmatically to herself. For she had a thought all her own!

Three weeks later the grand masque of the Literary club "came off." The masque was the unique ...

CINCINNATI MARKETS.

Hay and Grain.

Butter, Eggs and Poultry.

Live Stock.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

Special Care of Baby.

That Baby should have a bed of its own all are agreed. ... is more reasonable for an infant to ... a man's medicine in an attempt to regulate ... that same infant. Either practice is ... be tolerated by specialists in children's diseases.

Your Physician will tell you that Baby's medicine must be prepared with even greater care than Baby's food.

A Baby's stomach when in good health is so often disarranged by improper food. Could you for a moment, then, think of giving to your ailing child anything but a medicine especially prepared for Infants and Children? Don't be deceived.

Make a mental note of this:— ... you should remember that to function ... your Baby must receive special care ... the desired results may be had from ... prepared for grown-ups.

MOTHERS SHOULD READ THE BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK

Crossed Ocean on Raft.

Jeremiah Mullane, last member of the trio that won fame in the summer of 1867 when they arrived in Southampton, England, after a 43-day trip from New York on a life raft equipped with a sail, died recently in Passaic, N. J., at the age of seventy-eight.

Capt. John Mikes and George Miller, both of New York, who made the trip with Mullane, died several years ago. Their raft, the Nonpareil, was only 22 feet long and 12 feet wide, and their successful trip across the Atlantic was hailed throughout the world as a great feat and won favor for the men with Queen Victoria.

Y. W. C. A. in Constantinople.

In the presence of a large number of distinguished guests both in political and educational circles, a new service center was opened recently in Stamboul, the old city of Constantinople, by the Y. W. C. A. Speeches were made in both English and Turkish. The house and garden obtained for the center are both attractive and well adapted to their new use, as well as conveniently situated. Another meeting and recreation place which the Y. W. C. A. has provided for Constantinople girls is a spacious garden on the beautiful sea of Marmora. It has been rented from a wealthy pasha to serve as a summer camp.

Steady Young Feller.

Much Newsprint Imported.

Citizen Worth While.

Figure It Out.

Nothing Left.

No Hope for Him.

Ivory Handles.

Self Protection.

A Promise.

Sure Relief

6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

WATCH THE BIG 4

Stomach—Kidneys—Heart—Liver

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL

PALMER'S LOTION SOAP

Western Canada Land of Prosperity

Pesky Bed-Bugs P. D. Q.

ABSORBINE

TRUNKS Bags and Suitcases

80 Years Old—Was Sick