The Clan Call

By Hapsburg Liebe

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CHAPTER XV.

—13—

Tried.

Two days before Bill Dale was tried in court at Cartersville, the new Elizabeth Littleford alighted from an afternoon train at the Halfway switch. She was dressed in a smart and neatly-fitting suit of dark blue, with lacey white at her throat and at her wrists; she wore a hat of dark blue relieved by a touch of white. In one of her strong and well-shaped, gloved hands she carried a traveling bag of black leather.

A big and sunburned young man in boots and corduroys hastened to her. He raised his broad-rimmed hat, smiled, took the bag, and pressed her hand as though he was very glad to see her.

"Bill Dale!" she cried joyously above the roar of the passing train. "Bill Dale, it's you!"

"Sure, it's me!" laughed Dale. "How good you look! I can hardly believe it's you."

"But it is," she smiled. "Tell me: what do you think the outcome o' your trial is going to be?"

Dale noted that her English had improved, and it was gratifying to him. As for the trial—

"I don't know," he said. "But Major Bradley thinks I'll come clear. He believes that somebody that was hidden on the mountainside above us shot Ball to save me. By Heck hinted that he knew that this was the case; and he intimated that I would stand a better chance of acquittal than anybody else would stand, and that if I received a sentence the right man would come forward with a confession. I have an idea that By Heck himself killed Adam Ball—that is, if I didn't do it."

"And Cale Moreland—wasn't it fine for him to do what he done for you, Bill Dale? How are you gettin' along with the mine?"

"First rate," Dale answered, brightening at once. "We're shipping now. And we're getting a smashing price for every ounce of it."

"Will You Always Think of Me as the Finest and Most Beautiful Woman in the World?" She Asked.

...but I am primitive, too. And you weren't calling yourself 'Ma-a-am-mah' to a d—d poodle. . . .

"Major Bradley," he went on, "feels sure that I will be acquitted. If it turns out like that, I want you to marry me at once. Tell me—will you, Babe?"

How boyishly impatient he was. Was he afraid he would lose her by waiting?

"You love me, don't you, Babe?" he pursued.

She faced him with the sudden, queer light of a tragedy in her eyes. But she didn't speak. He pressed her hand until it hurt and demanded:

"You do, don't you, Babe?"

"Yes," she told him, in a voice that he barely heard.

"Then why won't you marry me?"

She didn't answer. She wouldn't answer.

* * * * * * *

The day of the trial dawned clear, with the snap of autumn in the air. The courthouse was filled to its capacity within fifteen minutes after...

—" he began, when Elizabeth interrupted:

"We're ridin' too fast. We're too much ahead o' the others. One o' them Balls might try to pick you off with his rifle gun."

"Not much danger of that," Dale replied. "The Balls have already been warned about sniping; your father told them that their very name would be scoured off the earth if there was any sniping. Besides, By Heck is acting as advance guard somewhere ahead of us."

He continued, "As soon as I can build and furnish a little house out near the mine, I want you to marry me, Babe. Will you?"

Elizabeth Littleford seemed not to have heard.

"Will you, Babe?"

She faced him sadly. He saw in her hazel eyes the same queer light of tragedy that he had seen there a day or two before; and now, as then, he wondered what it could mean.

"Tell me, Babe!"

Her head fell forward. The sunlight found glints of gold in her thick chestnut-brown hair. She was silent for a moment; then her voice came dully:

"I'd better not marry you, Bill Dale."

Dale sat up straight and rigid in his saddle and stared hard at her solemnly beautiful profile. He could hardly believe that he had heard correctly. He knew she loved him. She had told him that she loved him. Then why wouldn't she marry him? He tried to reason it out, and the attempt made his brain ache; he was unable to reason. He knew only that she was all of the future to him, all of the world to him, and—that she had refused to marry him.

When they were within two miles of home, Dale went suddenly white and caught her almost rudely by a wrist.

"Is it Jimmy Fayne?" he demanded hotly.

She gave him a reproachful glance and said nothing. He flung her hand from him angrily.

Dale did not speak again until they...

"But he's the biggest liar in the state," muttered Dale, turning back to his desk.

He closed his desk, and he didn't work any more that day. Babe Littleford had gone without even bothering to tell him good-bye!

CHAPTER XVI.

Confession.

If the impulsive, fighting Bill Dale could have heard across the intervening miles the conversation that took place in his old home the next evening, he would probably have followed Ben Littleford's daughter by the next train if he had had to hold it up at the point of an honest blue gun in order to get aboard it.

John K. Dale and his wife had gone into the library with Elizabeth at her request. The three sat down facing each other. The younger woman was ill at ease; she was glad that the lights were subdued and soft. When the silence had become heavy, she straightened in her chair and blurted out falteringly:

"Bill asked me to m-marry him, and I wouldn't do it. I—I thought maybe I—I ought to tell you."

The Dales exchanged glances; then they looked back at Elizabeth Littleford. Dale smiled a fatherly smile. Mrs. Dale's eyes narrowed. The old stiffness rose within her and began to make stubborn war against her more recently acquired common sense.

"Have you quarreled?" she asked.

"No."

"Well," old Dale said bluntly, "what's wrong?"

"It isn't his fault," Elizabeth told them. "I'm a savage," she went on desperately—"and he isn't my kind."

John K. Dale retired very early that night. When the sound of his footsteps had died away, his wife bent toward Elizabeth and said curiously:

"Why did you call yourself a savage?"

Elizabeth told of her early life in the hills, of the feud between her people and the Morelands and of how she...

"Then," Said Mrs. Dale, "Why Did You Refuse to Marry—"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE FIRST OCEAN CABLE

The Kitchen Cabinet

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Plenty of room for shops and stores,
plenty of room for art;
Plenty of room for teas and balls,
platform, stage and mart.
Proud is the city—she finds a place
for many a fad today,
But she's more than blind, if she fails
to find a place for the boys to play.

Give them a chance for innocent sport;
give them a chance for fun—
Better a playground plot than a court,
and a jail when the harm is done!
Give them a chance—if you stint them
now, tomorrow you'll have to pay
A larger bill for a darker ill; so give
them a place to play.
—Dennis McCarthy.

SOME COMPANY DISHES.

Though chicken is almost universally liked we tire of having it served in so few ways. The following will be a slight change:

Chicken Stew.—Cut up a chicken as usual, add a clove of garlic and two small onions; cook until half done, then add the following sauce: Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan, add a tablespoonful of flour and a generous sprinkling of cayenne. When well cooked add salt and a cupful of tomatoes; stir and cook, add sage and salt, if liked.

Drop Nut Cakes.—Take a cupful of shortening and sugar, four tablespoonfuls of sour milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, two eggs, cinnamon and cloves to taste; add one cupful each of nuts and raisins and flour to make a drop batter. Drop on baking sheets and bake in a moderate oven.

EVERYDAY IDEAS.

WRIGLEY'S

"After Every Meal"

Next time you want to concentrate on a piece of work just slip a stick of WRIGLEY'S between your teeth.

It's a wonderful help in daily tasks—and sports as well.

Hazards disappear and hard places come easy, for WRIGLEY'S gives you comfort and poise—it adds the zest that means success.

A great deal for 5c

SEALED TIGHT KEPT RIGHT

The Flavor Lasts

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM

EXPERT CATCHING OF TURTLE

Cuban Natives Rely Upon Instinct of Species to Bring Them a Profitable Haul.

DECLARE QUOITS OLD GAME

HERE'S END OF OLD H. C. OF L.

PUT MUCH FAITH IN ACORN

SAPOLIO

SELDOM SEE

ABSORBINE

Why should you follow a crooked path?

Postum for Health "There's a Reason"

THE TIMID ONE

By MILDRED WHITE.

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"It is so foolish," said Honora, "to be afraid. You should try to grow out of it, Nell! All your young life you have been dreading a possible burglar that never came, and now because we happen to spend a night in a lonely small town hotel, you are certain the burglar's hour has arrived, and that he will appear the moment I leave you alone to annex your belongings. Is it the new diamond ring that you are specially fearful of losing?"

"It's not what he might take that disturbs me," Nell told her friend. "It's what the shock of seeing him would be for me. I'd probably keel over, unable to cry for help, and expire before his eyes. For, you must admit, Honora the brave, that this town is a desolate hole and the best location in the world for thieving."

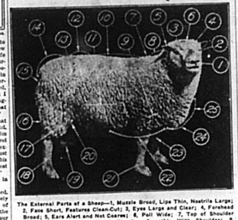
Honora threw out her hands in despair.

"You are the limit!" she exclaimed. "If you feel that your night is likely to be made miserable by the sight of your own shadow, I will persuade the manager to put a cot for me in your room. As an instructor in physical training, I think I'd be able to hold my own and yours, too, against an intruder. You might at least be able to screech while I kept busy."

Nell laughed. "Oh, I will promise to go to sleep and be a good child," she promised sweetly.

But when Nell was alone in the silent room with its long windows opening on the veranda roof, she peeked covertly out into the darkness and then securely fastened her door. A second window near her own opened out from the end of the dimly lighted...

SHEEP, OF ALL FARM STOCK, ARE THE MOST DIFFICULT TO JUDGE



The External Parts of a Sheep—1, Muzzle Broad, Lips Thin, Nostrils Large; 2, Face Short, Features Clean-Cut; 3, Eyes Large and Clear; 4, Forehead Broad; 5, Ears Alert and Not Coarse; 6, Poll Wide; 7, Top of Shoulder Compact; 8, Neck Short, Thick, Blending Smoothly With Shoulder; 9, Shoulder Thickly Covered With Flesh; 10, Back Broad, Straight, Thickly and Evenly Covered; 11, Ribs Long, Well Sprung, and Thickly Covered; 12, Loins Broad, Thick, and Well Covered; 13, Hips Wide and Smooth; 14, Rump Long, Level and Wide to Dock; 15, Dock Thick; 16, Twist Deep and Firm; 17, Thighs Full, Deep and Wide; 18, Legs Straight, Short, and Bone Smooth; 19, Cod or Purse in Wether, Scrotum in Ram, Udder in Ewe; 20, Flank Full and Deep; 21, Forelegs Straight, Short, and Strong; 22, Chest Deep, Wide, and Full; 23, Forelegs Wide Apart and Forearm Strong; 24, Brisket Full and Rounding in Outline; 25, Breast Wall Extended.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Can you judge sheep? If you can, you are somewhat above the ordinary run of stock raiser, because of all...

...firm flesh covering, with fullness in shoulder and brisket, thick covering over top of shoulders, back, rib, and thick dock.

Points Noted in Judging.

YEAST NOT GOOD FOR LAYING HENS

Preliminary Tests by Government Not Satisfactory.

WATER SPREADS CORN DISEASE

PRODUCING MILK FOR PROFIT

Magazine Department

Interesting Features for Home Reading

"What's in a Name?"

Facts about your name: its history meaning, whence it was derived, significance, your lucky day and lucky jewel

By MILDRED MARSHALL

FELICIA.

FELICIA has the augury of happiness, since that is the significance of her name. She is the feminine of Felix, which seems to have been an agnomen assumed by any individual at will when he considered himself unusually fortunate. It appears first in the reign of Herod Agrippa. It means "happy" and has given rise to all manner of words and names signifying good fortune in modern languages.

There are eleven masculine saints by that name in the Roman calendar, and Felice, the feminine, first appears in Italy, Spain and the south of France. From Felice have come Felicia in England and Felise in France. There was a Felicia who was queen of Navarre in 1067. The old Romans had a Goddess of Happiness whom they called Felicitas. The slave-martyr of Carthage who suffered with St. Perpetua was so-called, and there was another Felicitas under Antonius Pius, ...

...was much used among the Puritans and still prevails in religious communities.

The pearl is Felicia's talismanic stone. It insures her charm, affability and sincere friendships. Monday is her lucky day and 3 her lucky number. The daisy, signifying simplicity, is her flower. (Copyright.)

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

AT THE CHRISTENING.

No rule is so general, which admits not some exception.—Burton.

THERE was a time when babies were dressed elaborately when they were christened, whether...

Patricia Crawford

Why?

DO WE SNEEZE?

Peanut Pietro

By KAYEM GRIER

The Sandman Story

THE WIDEAWAKE STAR

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

American Sapphire Fields

DARLING BABY BRIGHTENS HOME

Children's Laughter a Pleasing Sound

Altoona, Pa.—"I am writing to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. We had six children die almost at birth. From one hour to nineteen days is all they have lived. Before my next one was born I took a dozen bottles of your Vegetable Compound, and I can say that it is the greatest medicine on earth, for this baby is now four months old, and a healthier baby you would not want. I am sending you a picture of her. Everybody says 'That is a very healthy looking baby.' You have my consent to show these few lines to anybody."—Mrs. C. W. Benz, 131 3rd Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

Mrs. Janssen's experience of interest to childless wives.

Milliston, Wis.—"I want to give you a word of praise for your wonderful medicine. We are fond of children, and for a considerable time after we were married I feared I would not have any. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it strengthened me so I now have a nice, strong, healthy baby girl. I suffered very little at childbirth, and I give all the credit to your medicine, and shall always recommend it highly."—Mrs. H. H. Janssen, Milliston, Wis.

Mrs. Held of Marinette, Wis., adds her testimonial for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She says:

Marinette, Wis.—"I was in a nervous condition and very irregular. My doctor advised an operation. My husband brought me one of your booklets and asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It overcame my weakness so that I now have a healthy baby girl after having been married nine years. I am glad to recommend your medicine, and you may use my letter as a testimonial."—Mrs. H. B. Held, 330 Jefferson St., Marinette, Wis.

There are many, many such homes that were once childless, and are now blessed with healthy, happy children because Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable...

A Feeling of Security

MOTHER, QUICK! GIVE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP FOR CHILD'S BOWELS

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

Western Canada Offers Health and Wealth