The Clan Call

By Hapsburg Liebe

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"I'LL STICK."

Synopsis—Young Carlyle Wilburton Dale, or "Bill Dale," as he elects to be known, son of a wealthy coal operator, John K. Dale, arrives at the Halfway Switch, in eastern Tennessee, abandoning a life of idle ease—and incidentally a bride, Patricia Clavering, at the altar—determined to make his own way in life. He meets "Babe" Littleford, typical mountaineer girl. "Ry" Heck, a character of the hills, takes him to John Moreland's home. Moreland is chief of his "clan," which has an old feud with the Littlefords. He tells Dale of the killing of his brother, David Moreland, years ago, owner of rich coal deposits, by a man named Carlyle. Moreland's description of "Carlyle" causes Dale to believe the man was his father. Dale arranges to make his home with the Moreland family, for whom he entertains a deep respect. Talking with "Babe" Littleford next day, Dale is ordered by "Black Adam" Ball, bully of the district, to leave "his girl" alone. Dale replies spiritedly, and they fight. Dale whips the bully, though badly used up.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

When Dale came back to a state of consciousness, he was lying under covers in the carved black walnut bed. Beside him stood John Moreland, who held in one hand a bowl containing a hot herb brew that his wife had prepared. Granny Heck, her son Ry, and Mrs. Moreland stood not far away.

"This here'll be good fo' ye, I think," said Moreland, nodding toward the bowl in his hand. He went over and put an arm around Dale's shoulders and helped him to sit up.

Dale drank the stuff with difficulty.

"Much obliged," he muttered thickly. "I—let's see, did I whip—how did it end? He didn't lick me, did he—that fellow Ball?"

"He shore didn't," smiled Moreland. "Not by a big sight. He fell out fust. His own pap won't hardly know him, Bill!"

. . . .

News travels rapidly in the big hills. The Morelands began to gather at the home of their chief to see the man who had whipped Black Adam Ball; every Moreland able to walk came to see Bill Dale. For three hours he was [illegible]

"Maybe it's not very much in my favor, John Moreland," he began. "I never could get along with my parents, or with the set I was born into. Somehow, I was different. Father and mother wanted me to be a dandy; they even wanted me to let a servant dress me. The climax came when they tried to marry me to a young woman who didn't want me any more than I wanted her."

He opened his eyes, looked straight at Moreland, and went on:

"You see, they wanted to marry us in order to unite old Clavering's fortune and my dad's; Patricia, like me, was an only child. It had been all cut and dried for us, for years. They put it up to me like this; they said I owed it to them, that it was my duty; that I had always been a severe trial to them, that my savagery had put gray into my mother's hair, and a lot of things of that kind. I fell for it at last; it was sort of a matter of self-defense. With Patricia, it was a case of—well, a case of simple obedience. Pat is a good girl. . . ."

A minute of silence; then:

"I'll hurry along with it, John Moreland. I had one fine friend back there. It was Robert McLaurin, a reporter on the city's leading newspaper. My parents didn't take to him because he was a worker, and not a fop. Mother wanted Pat's cousin, 'poor dear Harry' Clavering, for my best man. 'Poor dear Harry' and I had a fight, [illegible]

"You See, They Wanted to Marry Us in Order to Unite Old Clavering's Fortune and My Dad's."

[illegible]

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SUMMER IS EXCELLENT TIME TO EXTERMINATE MANY HOG PESTS

Medicated Hog Wallows Are Much Liked by Animals.

[illegible]

Hogs Like to Wallow.

[illegible]

YOUNG GIRL FINDS RELIEF

Wants to Tell Other Girls All About It

[illegible]

DOES NOT BELONG IN CITY

[illegible]

SOWING TURNIPS TO FOLLOW VEGETABLES

[illegible]

CANDLE AND GRADE ALL EGGS

[illegible]

GOOD AND POOR PRODUCERS

[illegible]

IDEAL CONDITIONS FOR HENS

[illegible]

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ROYAL SALUTE TO HERRING

[illegible]

Lower California Cattle.

[illegible]

An Apt Illustration.

[illegible]

"Leaflets Three, Let It Be!"

POISON IVY

POISON SUMAC

[illegible]

POISON IVY AND SUMAC.

[illegible]

JANE'S SHARK

By MARY A. MURDOCK.

[illegible]

The Kitchen Cabinet

SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT.

[illegible]

SUMMERY GOOD THINGS.

[illegible]

Nellie Maxwell

American Sapphire Fields

[illegible]

AND HE MEANT SO WELL.

[illegible]

The Old Trade Dollar.

[illegible]

UNCLE SAM GOES "SEALING"

[illegible]

Making History.

INFANT MORTALITY in past ages has been something frightful, something almost beyond belief, and even today it occupies the time and the mind of leading physicians in all countries. The death rate among infants is being gradually reduced through new methods of hygiene, new preventatives and new remedies for infants. This reduction in the death rate has NOT been accomplished by adapting the precautions taken and remedies used by adults. Rather has it been to keep clear of the old methods, and choose after long research the precautions and remedies specifically applicable to infants.

This being so, is it necessary for us to caution mothers against trying to give her baby relief with a remedy that she would use for herself? Will she remember that Fletcher's Castoria is strictly a remedy for Infants and Children?

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[illegible]

ALL PAID TRIBUTE TO GUEST

[illegible]

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