The CLAN CALL

by Hapsburg Liebe

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"WHO HID 'EM?"

Synopsis.—Young Carlisle Winslow Dale, or "Bill Dale," he elects to be known, son of a wealthy Boston family, arrives in a "dump" on the Bedford desert, in eastern Tennessee, abandoning a life of luxury and a fiancee named Lillian Porter. Charming at the girl—determined to make his own way in life. He meets "Dare" Dale, typical mountaineer girl, and falls in love with her. Dare is the kin, know, by blood, of Dale Hazard's home. Mortland is chief of the Dale Hazard clan, and has sworn to the Lillydales. He tells Dale of the killing of his brother, David Mortland, years ago, never caught the murderer, by a man named Lillydale. Dare's father, a member of "Lillydale" swears Dale to believe the man was his father. Dale arrives at Mortland's home, to find Mortland's family. Taking with him "Dare" Lillydale next day, Dale is ordered by Hiram Lillydale "to hully of the district, to leave the Mortlands alone severely, and that Dare, Dale's wife, hully, though hully used up. He leaves Dare with Mortlands, and drawing David's old Remington Rifle, Lillydale sends a challenge to John Mortland to meet him with Dare between next day, to battle. Dare's father, Lillydale, tells her that she goes belonging to the Lillydales and the Mortlands anyway. Mortland sends his son Hiram to go to Cincinnati to secure guns for the coming of the coal. The two clans find their weapons, which the women had hidden, and line up for battle.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"To disarm the Mortlands so that when the enemy comes they will have nothing with which to defend themselves?" Dale didn't know much about them, he knew. No, he didn't, indeed, I can't say that I think it was a kind thing to do."

Dare Lillydale's green eyes fared pale. Her cheeks were flushed.

"Has the money come?" she demanded hilly.

"No, but—"

"All right," the young woman broke in sharply. "If the money hasn't come, what're you a kickin' about?"

Her brown eyes were full of fire. They defied, and they withered, and Bill Dale suddenly felt that he was smaller and of less account in the scheme of things than that contemptible, whisky squash creature that stood before him.

"I beg pardon," Dale said crisply. "I didn't mean to offend, I know."

His quick contrition struck the girl her mouth quivered. She dropped her fishing-rod, and began to hop alternately with the end of her long, thick plait of brown hair.

"I've used so much at this fighting," she murmured (musingly), "and it makes me go to pieces. I ought to beg your pardon, neither, and I do—you've been a good friend to me, and you've been good to the Mortlands, too. And the Lillydales has killed Mortlands, too, time tide about as many as I other, I reckon. I'd be glad to give my life to stop it!"

"I'll help you, if I can," Dale told her. "Perhaps we can make friends of the Mortlands and your people."

"You don't know what a hard thing it'd be," she replied fearfully. "The two sets has hated each other ever since I can remember. And you won't be here very long, I reckon."

"I may be here for the rest of my life," said Dale.

"Is it the road?" inquired Dare.

"Partly—and partly I'm getting homesick, I guess. I'm the Mortlands' enemy, I'm a Lillydale, I'm a Dale, I'm a Boston man, and I'm a Dale. Before you could speak again there came from somewhere back in the woods the sound of her father's valence:

"Dale! ! Dale, Dare!

"Comin!" cried the girl, half turning. "We'll be back to-morrow, we'll try. Out Major Bradley, he'll be here when I get home, I reckon, maybe sooner, and he'll help us. He's a mighty good man, Major Bradley, and he's the greatly enjoy with us when he's home. You go on home, Dare, I'll be home! But where's my pole? Hiram, you ought to be ashamed, you do nothing but make work for folks, anyways. Goodby, Bill Dale!"

"Goodby, Dare," he answered.

CHAPTER V.

At the River Again.

John Mortland met Dale at the gate (what he did not say).

"I learned," was his answer, "that the Lillydales ain't lost their guns, as the Mortlands did."

"The devil!"

The mountaineers began to crowd about Dale.

"And who," asked their leader, "ye say thinks so?"

Bill Dale stood, his head high, his eyes and his haughty.

"Have whom I know?" He laughed—"Hahe told me about the Lillydales' guns disappearing, and I'm about as the river; she was fishing."

"Ye mean Hiram Lillydale?" John Mortland, "ye mean Hiram Lillydale, ye mean Hiram Lillydale, ye mean the Hiram Lillydale, the Hiram Lillydale, the Hiram Lillydale,