The Clan Call

By Hapsburg Liebe

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CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

Moreland wowed perceptibly. The big, croaked facer came give from the hair-fine trigon. He had door syspected to hear the name whood to knew is John K. Carlyle say that which he had plust said. It find more noted his animal that John K. Carlyle say that we should be sorry.

mind that John K, dark's equid history.
Then the great and litter delife for revenue rushed hare his borish again, and his head went doyn, and it's keen right eye booked along the such as mid to the Kneeling man's broast. His trigger finger began slowly to cross—
Until this instant Elizabeth Little ford had been as one frozen, had been as a figure curved in stone. Now site sprang to her feet and went between Moreland and his ancheat enemy.

"Put' at gun down—wait ontil I tell

sprang to her feet and went jetween Moreland and his ancient neural 1 tell programmer. The transfer ment of the programmer of the programm

hand?"

She eaught her breath agtin and continued tearfully: "Oh, he don't desarve to be killed, and of he didyou're too good a man to kill hin. He's done paled-you drot know, like I do, how he's paid. You mustar' fogere that And yon mustar' fogere Bill Dale, his soo. Put down that gun, John Morchand! Yore people is saved, as David wanted 'em saved od-don't go and se-spoil it all, fo' God's sake!"

The big mountaineer's eyes were wide with amazement, for Elizabeth Littleford's every word had befre the ring of truth. He was too drazed to understand her allusion to Bill Dale as his old enemy's soo. The rifes came back from across the pulines, and its steel-shod butt found a place in the snow beside John Marchand's foot. Slowly' John K. Dale arcse and draw close to him, land then from John K, Dale's soul came pouling the pentual anguish of remores that had seared lit through the years. The torrent of words flowed on, while the mountaineer stood rigidly regarding him with a strange light in his pleroling eyes.
"I can't ask you to forgite me."
"I can't ask you to forgite me." caught her breath again and

mountaineer stood rigidly regarding him with a strange light in his plercing eyes.

"I can't ask you to forgive me." Dale finished brokenly. "I don't expect forgiveness; my crime was too great. But can't you, for the sake of the boy, let me keep on trying to atone for my sin?"

John Moreland looked long and searchingly into the face of the pleading man before him? The bitter struggle that was going on within him was mirrored on his rugged contenance. But swap soing on within him was mirrored on his rugged contenance. But swap with the put a hand slowly down on the other's subject that was going on within him. The best was not strugged contenance. But we will be put a hand slowly down on the other's subject within the put a hand slowly down on the other's subject within the put a hand slowly down on the other's subject within the put a hand slowly down on the other's subject within the put a hand slowly down on the sac Carlyle is an old family hane. My faither was at the head (a blig conloncers; he seat me down here the concert; he seat me down here the concert is east me down here the control of the control

blushed in spite of herself as she blin anything in advance. So be went faced him.

To Joide her confusion, Elizabeth turned to the tall and laple, By Heel, who had come in behind 1810 hale.

"How are you, By?" she greeted to "Levis there, and thank God!"

Live hard some any transfer both.

when had come in weiner 2011 Index.

"They are you, By?" she greeted him.
"Howers," grained By Hoel, taking her hand awkwardly. "I never c'i norbin' but a couple o' helder Jossama und a peck or two o' sweet 'laters fo' dinner, and 'I've heen a's hay as the dex—as thunder arbin' in mildi' ever sence. Doin nothing shore dees make me hourry, McM-MMss Babe."

Supper was announced, and they went into a long, lopswhiled woon that served as both kitchen und, dishaction.

Bill Dale sat beside his father and talked of nothing but coal velns—big and little coal velns, tone and short, broad and marrow, deep and shallow, blue and black coal velns. Bab Little and little coal velns, tone and short, broad and marrow, deep and shallow, blue and black coal velns. Bab Little and come back to the hills to rorture him with a beauty that he had never helleved possible. In any woman, shouldn't know that he was even thinking of her!

He talked coal with his father until bedlime, and he was wiser in the ways of the black diamond when nine o'clock came. After Ben Littleford had haltingly conducted family prayers—and in this he mentioned even the Balls, Turners and Torreys—Bill Dale bade them all good night and started for his office to sleep, rolled in a blanket on the floor. There was a lack of beds at Ben Littleford's that night.

A little later, John Moreland drew

a blanket on the Boor. There was a lack of beds at Den Littleford's that night.

A little later, John Moreland drew old Ben out to the cabla yard. The skites were clear, and the moon was shining brightly; everywhere there was beauty and pencefulness.

"Ben." softly, "I've got to bother ye a minute, as jate as it is. I wanted ye to find me a hammer and a chisel and a lantern."

"I've got 'em all three right that in the house," replied Littleford. "But what'n the nature o' Torment and thunderation do ye want with a hammer and a chisel and a lantern, John, old friend?"

The answer came straightforwardly, it was the Moreland way.

"Tm a-goln' up that it whar pore David he's burled at, and cut off some them letters offen the stone, Ben. I cain't sleep ontel it's done. You can guess what part I'm a-goln' to cut off, cain't ye?"

"Yes," said Littleford. "Babe told me about what happened up that said Littleford, "Babe told

me about what happened up



swamermenten multiurs. Elizabeth pointed and staft;

- Look there, and thank God?;

- Look there, and thank God?;

- It has been to save the color left, this face, then mane back. He shaft file-syres, stanger a little on the foet, operated bis eyes, looked and saw manta. He turned to the young woman with a great ley shifting on his face.

- I haven't been so gloth, he told her, "for twenty-they speak," he look her, "for twenty-they speak," in the object of the property of the shaft not only obliterated the curse; it had been and hot offer the curse; that been so glother the curse; that left an abback perfect cross. Then John Morsband's bare, cod and theless hands had gone to work and made it, in every respect, a perfect cross.

CHAPTER XX

CHAPTER XX

The End of it All.

The sun shone very brightly that day, and the snow began to melt on the places, that were not shufed. When he returned with Ellzaheth from the crest of fluxid Moreiand's memitals, John K. Dale took a rocker before the fire and set there thinking, thinking, until the midday meal was cannounced. When the midday meal was over, he re-simed his chair and set there thinking, thinking, until the afternoon was half gone.

Then he called Ellzabeth to him. "Will you go to my son and tell him I wish to see thm?" he said. And he added under his breath: "I think it is best that they shauld know."

acided under his breath; "I think it is best that they should know." I think it is best that they should know." Ellzabeth heard, that which he had said to himself as well as she heard that which he had said to her. Should know! Know what? She had a sudden wide. Carl that Mrs. Dale had broken her pronise never to breathe a word of their protice never to be a word of their protice office. The said went to Bill Dale's office. Dale sat with his elbows on his desk and with his head in his hands. To all appearances, he was unaware of the presence of the girl in the doorways.

"Never!" cried Elizabeth, exasperated.
"Goodness!" laughed Dale. "You're dramatic, or vehement, or both. May I walk home with you. Babe?"
"Yes, sir," promptly, "if you want to."

ground, from everywhere. You see, a see, a see rearized that har from wash can be discussed as the second of the law, and all the second of shavings, whittings. Some man days. Then I thought of the law, and all the second of shavings, whittings. Some man can be seen as the second of the law, and a pocket knifer—I must have been a man, for who ever heard of a woman tends of the law in the second of the law in the second of the law in the



"Well, Babe, Kitten Must I Drag You to the Altar, or WI.I You Go With Me of Your Own Free Will?"

without that I, too, were dead...

That great and allent wildormess memory and the product of th

chesidion. fore him, and he halted. He knew in it. She does in. Date went on and sat down on a stone the size of a small be rrel that the stone the size of a small be rrel that the stone the size of a small be rrel that the stone the size of a small be rrel that the stone the size of a small be rrel that the stone that whittles—that is, most of the true if is nobody but liders, that whittles—that is, most of the true if is nobody but liders, that whittles—that is, most of the true if is nobody but liders, that whittles—that is, most of the true if is nobody but liders, that whittles—that is, most of the true if is nobody but liders, that whittles—that is, most of the true if is nobody but liders, that whittles—that whittles—that whittles—that whittles—that is not the stone standard in the standard problem. The standard is not standard in the standard is not standard in the s

He answered her unbestiatingly; "Because I like to be here. This plate is a shrine to me. It was here that I first loved you, lisbe. Now you tell me this; Why did you come to this particular spot to sit down in the snow! There's snow in your dad dy's cabin yard!"
Safe Elizabeth, in a voice that sounded snothered: "Because I like to be here—this place is a shife to me.

ed snothered: "Because I iske to be here—this place is a strine to me too—It was here that I first loved you, Elli Dale!"
"Then why," he demanded, "won't you marry me?"
"Because it was me that shot—Ad-am Ball."

She went on, and though emotion

and with his nearall appearances, he was unanthe presence of the girl in the door
way.

Sits spoke, "Bill!"

He sat up straight and faced her,
the evened surprised.

"Well-attive wants you," in a low
voice. "He's pot something to tell
ward the present of the property of the property

"Never P pursued Date.
"Year P pursued Date. last inch of the end of the world," sha said.

Early the next morning, there came atrolling lastly up the river's lank a fall and lanky mountainer who work, among other things, a Magnar Faila mustache and cowinde boots that seemed ridiculously short because of the great tength of his slender legs. He carried a rifle in the boilow of ons arm; he was looking for rabbit-tracks in the snow. Noar the pool above the blown-down sycamore, he canne upon tracks that had not been made by any four-footed animals. There were the properties that had not been made by any four-footed animals. These were the animal country of the standard direction, and the footprints of a woman coming from another direction) and the footprints of the man went away toward len Littleden's cabin. Bill." he frowned, "ann over here comes Babe. And thar, as plain as day, goes Bill; but when hecome of Babe? Whar in the name o' the devil's pet ridial-bass did she so to? Noi straight up, shorely?"

He secutioned the siens with the understanding eye of the born woods man. Then he grimned roadly and said to himself:

"Well, dang my forrant and blast my eyes! The danged o'd Injun, ht jest picked her up bottly and carried her off home, and I know what that means, thank God. I can't pern, but I shore can sing—

"Oh, when I die, don't burn me deep: pit a tombefore at my how and feet."

On my way to the Promised Landard Chill Cannel of the carried on my to the Promised Landard Chill Cannel or the Carrier of the one way to the Promised Landard Chill Cannel of the Carrier of the one way to the Promised Landard Chill Cannel of the Carrier of the one way to the Promised Landard Chill Cannel of the Carrier of the one way to the Promised Landard Chill Cannel of the Carrier of the carri

CHILD'S BOWELS WITH

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Tour little one will love the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup" even it constituted, billions, Irritable, foresist, or full of cold. A teaspondial never falls to cleanse the liver and bowels, in a few bours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the sour bile, and undigested food out of the bowels as you have a well, playful child gastia. Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" bandly. They know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child to morrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for bathes and children of all uges printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an industrous in Syrup—Advertise.

AND THE SENATOR SUBSIDED

Edison's Rejoinder to Statesman Who Had Corrected His Pronuncia-tion Was Crushing.

Had Gorrected His Pronunciation Was Crashing.

Thomas A. Edison, whose questionnaire to college graduates excited a
good deal of wrath in college circles,
can hold his own with anyhody.
Once at a dinner in New York a
learned senator from Harvard took
Mr. Edison to task for pronouncing
the word "curator" in the Scottish
way—the inventor is of Scottish Presbyterian descent—with the accent on
the first ylabibe.
"Mr. Edison," the senator said, "it
is the usual custom to pronounce this
word cura-A-tor, following the unalogy
of the Latin, in which tongue, as
you're doubtless aware, the penultimate sylable is long."
"Thank You," said, by you know, howeven that, it such so Scottish easten to
follow the analogy of the English, and
to accent the word on its first rather
than its second sylable; but of course
I how to the authority of so learned
a sen-A-tor and so elequent an or-Ator as yourself." a sen-A-tor and so eloquent an or-A-tor as yourself."

tor as yourself."

Summer Birds of Missouri.

Very few people realize the number of different kinds of birds that make thelp home here during the summer. Some time ago the Columbia Missourian published a list of about a dozen species, but one of their subscribers took exception to the small list, and seut in the following, which he had personally seen: Blackbird, red-winged blackbird, bluebird, bluedy, indigo bounting, buzzard, cardinal, catbird, clukadee, owbird, crow, cucko, dow, field lark, ficker, gold-finch, rose-breasted grosbeak, hawk, humming bird, martin, mocking bird, nuthatch, avil, Baitimore ordole, ordrad ordole, powee, phoche, pigcon, quali, robin, sparrow, snipe, swallow, scend timager, summer tanager, summer tanager summer tanager and weather, whippoorwill, down woodpecker and wren.—Centralla Courier.

Miss Alice Robertson, the only woman member of congress as the records put it, was in conversation with a group of male member's including Representative Towner of Howa and several others. Something made Miss Alice peevish at the way part of the bouse was acting. "I'm not-the only old woman in this house," she said as she looked around the group deflantly. Now the question that is agitating those present is exactly who Miss Alice looked at at the moment. There are as many different versions as there were members present.

Gerrect.
The teacher had been talking to her class about the elements. Now she was asking questions.
"Darkness itself is not an element," she said. "Now, Tommy, define dark-

"Darkness!" said the boy, rather in-dignantly, "darkness is what's there when light isn't."

Weak and Worn?

Has summer left you dull, tired; all worm out? Do you have constant bask-ache, with headaches, dizzy spells, sharp, shooting pains, or annoying control of the control of t

A Michigan Case



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