

THE CLAN CALL

By HAPSBURG LIEBE

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BLACK ADAM.

Synopsis—Young Carlie Wilburton Dale, or "Bill Dale," as he is called by his friends, is a wealthy coal operator, John K. Dale, arrives at the Halfway Switch, in eastern Tennessee, abandoning a life of ease and incidentally a life of idleness. He meets "Babe" Littleford, a character of the hills, takes him to John Moreland's home. Moreland is chief of the killing of his brother, David Moreland, years ago, owner of rich coal deposits, by a man named Carlie. Moreland's description of "Carlie" causes Dale to believe the man was his father.

CHAPTER II

In the Cup.

Dale found the humble home of his mountaineer host a home in the fullest sense of the word.

At the noonday meal, he met Mrs. Moreland and the sons of the household, and they were exactly as he had pictured them. Mrs. Moreland, a quiet, motherly, always smiling, straight and real as her husband. The sons, Caleb and Luke, were as much as the fingers on your hands; they were tall and broad-shouldered, grey-eyed and brown-haired.

Before sundown Dale had become acquainted with the rest of the Morelands; and he liked them, every one. He was at the cabin of his host's gray old father and mother for a long time. When supper was over John Moreland lighted the big glass lamp in the best room, and the family and their guest gathered there to spend the evening. Then the lanky moonshiner and his mother came in.

Granny Heck had the sharp features and the stooped, thin figure of a witch. She wore a faded blue bandana about her white head, and she carried a long bickery staff. There was a red-stemmed apple pipe in her mouth, and her dark calico skirt had a tobacco pocket in it.

Her son preceded her into the room. He walked to the center table, faced about, and said with a low and airy sweep of his right hand:

"Bill, old son, here's maw. Maw, she tells fortunes."

"So this here," creaked Granny Heck, looking over the brass rim of her spectacles, "is Mr. Bill. Well, well! I just thought to myself 'I'd come up and see ye, Mr. Bill, and tell you fortune.'"

She dropped into the rocker that "Aldie," she said to the smiling Mrs. Moreland, "will ye bring me a cup half full of coffee goodness?"

When the cup came, the fortune-teller took it and shook it and patted it, all the while muttering mysterious words that she had learned from the old Indian, Cherokee Joe—which served her purpose very well.

"I see," she mumbled more or less reproachfully, "a poor fat good-looking girl in a calico dress, with her hair a-hangin' down her back. A barefooted girl, with big, purty eyes. She's a standin' on a low cliff, a-peepin' at you through the laurels, Mr. Bill. This is in the past."

"In the future," she went on slowly, "I see this here as plain as daylight through a knothole; a awful big man, with a black hair and curly black beard, and with eyes like a cliff hawk; and I see you, too, Mr. Bill; and I see a fight, a master fight—Lord! maw, what a fight! But you'll marry the kyari after all, Mr. Bill."

Dale laughed. The old woman had described Babe Littleford. "Who was the 'big, dark man'?" Some fellow who had lost his heart to the mountain girl, perhaps.

When the Heckes had gone, John Moreland leaned forward and touched his guest on the knee.

"That thar big man mentioned in tellin' you fortune," he said, "might he be Black Adam Ball. Black Adam, he lives with his gap and mother a few mile up the river. As big as a skinned horse, he is, and plumb on-golly strong. He's been a beggin' Babe Littleford to marry him for a year or two, and she won't listen to him."

"Ef ever ye do haf to fight Black Adam," John Moreland went on, "ye want to fight him with a two-eyed shotgun and buckshot. Ef he's the meanest man on earth; snake-broth and pizen wine is religious addin' o'-him. But onef ye begin a-makin' love to Babe Littleford, I reckon the love no danger o' ye a-havin' trouble with Black Adam; and you ain't likely, I tell ye, to make love to Babe."

"But Babe's the best one o' the Littlefords," declared Luke.

John Moreland reached for the leather-bound old family Bible. He opened the Book at random.

"It's about time we was agoin' to our rest, and we'll go on as soon as we've had prayers, Mr. Dale."

Moreland's bedtime prayer was very simple, and very earnest, and it had in it more of thanksgiving than of supplication. And a part of it certainly was uncommon—

"Bless the stranger with us here to-night, and all o' our friends, and all o' our friends, and our friends, and the Littlefords—specially the Littlefords, Amen!"

Dale was deeply impressed. He heard Mrs. Moreland dimly when she told him to let her know—she would hear him if he called—it there wasn't enough cover for his bed. Then he found himself alone with the stalwart chief of the Morelands.

He stepped forward and put his hand on the mountaineer's shoulder.

"How a man can go down on his knees and pray for his enemies," smiled Dale, "is entirely beyond me. Do you really mean it?"

"I try hard to," Moreland said quickly. "In a-doin' that," he went on, "I go Ben Littleford one better. Ben Littleford's the bell sheep o' the people who lives across the river from us. People we've hated for years and years. Ben, he holds family prayers, too, every night. He'd ax the blessin' o' the Lord on the stranger under his roof, but not on his inmates, the Morelands. Yes, I try hard to mean it, Bill Dale."

"And that other enemy," murmured Dale—and he wondered why that should bother him so much, why he should feel that vague responsibility about it—the man who killed your brother, David—

"I don't never pray for him," interrupted the mountaineer, going a little pale. "I hain't that high juteef. A don't git so good 'at he axes the Almighty to bless the enemy. He's fatter in the laurels, or the copperhead 'at waits under a bush for the posion' o' some bare-legged child."

Dale winced, but Moreland didn't notice it. Dale let his hand fall from the other's shoulder. Moreland began to speak again:

"I didn't tell ye afore, Bill Dale. My brother David, he was the hope o' his people. He was better'n the rest of us. The one big aim he had was to educate us all, the benighted. Yes, we're benighted, and we know it. He meant to do it with the coal he'd found. As I've done told ye, we ain't never had the heart to sell the coal. I hope you'll have a fine rest, Bill Dale. I ain't agoin' to call ye 'Mister' no more, Bill Dale."

"Don't," smilingly said the younger man. "Bill Dale is right, y'know. Good-night, John Moreland!"

Dale removed his shoes and outer clothing, blew out the light, and went to bed in the best room's hand-carved bed without fourposter.

For a long time he lay there awake, and stared through a little window toward a bright star that burned like a beacon fire about the pine-fringed crest of David Moreland's mountain. He wondered he understood now why his father had turned a greenish gray when this coal property was mentioned to him. He believed he understood why his father had flatly refused to sell it at a price that would account for the use of his own given name instead of Dale.

Looking toward the mountain again, he spoke as though he were talking to David Moreland himself:

"I'll see it through, ye old man. This shall be my country."

CHAPTER III

Goliath on the Hills.

Dale awoke a little after daybreak arose and dressed himself, and went out by way of the door beside the huge stone and alr chimney.

The mountain air was bracing. Dale threw out his chest and started eagerly for a walk.

The road led past the cabin of Grandpa Moreland. When Dale was directly in front of the log house, he saw the aged mountaineer standing on a rocky sawhorse perch; Grandpa Moreland was holding a gray cat down from the roof.

"Mornin'!" he said, leaning back on his cane. "Ef I was a-doin' any more work, I'd be a-doin' it as a matter of fact, for three years or more. Ef it wasn't bad luck to kill a cat, I 'bout him, mebbe."

After breakfasting with John Moreland, Bill Dale borrowed fishing tackle from his host, and set out alone for the little river.

There were many shoals and rapids, and he went almost half a mile before he found a place to his liking. It was a beautiful spot. Above, the water poured between two great boulders with a gentle roar; below, it shallowed out over round stones.

Not until he had put a minnow on the hook and cast it out did he see that he was not alone at the pool. On the other side, less than sixty feet away, Babe Littleford stood on a stone the size of a small barrel; and a came fishing-rod in her hands, and her bare feet were in the water to her ankles. She was looking squarely toward Dale, and there was something

skiff to reproachful anger in her long brown eyes.

"Good mornin'," called Dale, lifting his hat.

There was no reply. There was not even a change of countenance. Again Dale called his friendly greeting, and again there was no reply. It piqued Dale.

A few yards down the stream the white body of a sycamore lay from one bank to the other; it had been blown there by a recent storm. Dale went his line, went down and crossed by means of the prostrate tree.

She didn't even look up when he walked up to her and spoke again. It struck him as being decidedly odd.

"I say," he told her, "you're as change as the wind out o' stencils. You mustn't talk so much, y'know."

Her eyes smiled at the river, but Dale couldn't see her eyes.

"Do you like violets, Miss Littleford?" he asked next.

In the black, mist-strewn soil at his feet grew a carpet of the most violets he had ever seen. Babe let the tip of her cane run fall into the water and looked around.

"It sounds funny to hear a man talk o' sech little blue 'as as 'violet,' she declared. "Most 'as men don't think o' nothin' but workin', huntin', fightin' and eatin'. I'm a little mad at you! I went home yester-day—and I think I run into 'em the whole shep, ye face-trimmed pink mollycod!"

Half-way would be the middle of the river, and no place for a fight, surely. But Dale was not. His temper, the temper that he had never been able to keep wholly under control, was rising fast. He threw off his coat and hat and rolled the sleeves of his soft shirt to his elbows. Then he waded into the pool. The slowly moving water went up to his waist at the half-way point, and the bottom was of hard-packed sand.

The Goliath stared unbelievingly. He was not accustomed to having his challenges thus accepted. He thrust off his hat and went to meet the little young stranger.

Bill Dale squared himself and put up his guard. Adam Ball came on, and he was swinging wickedly.

Bill rushed, the clear water swirling in his wake, and let off with a powerful right. It was a blow to crush an ordinary man's chest in; but, to Ball's surprise, it failed to land. Dale evaded it cleverly; and at the same time sent a swift left uppercut to the other's out-lie jaw. Adam Ball muttered two wicked words and steadied himself; he had caught a tartar. A moment, and he was swinging again.

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man. He had the height and breadth, almost, of a Goliath. He was black-eyed and black-haired, and his hair, short beard was cut like the hair between a bull's horns. In one hand he carried a repeating rifle as lightly as though it was a mere straw.

One of his great arms suddenly straightened toward Dale, and a voice as gruff as the growl of a bear said hotly:

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

Babe Littleford looked angry. Dale flushed, then went pale.

"I have a habit o' talkin' with whom I please," he said evenly.

"Spok' like a man!" growled the lanky Goliath in a very low tone.

Goliath of the hills stared unbelieveably. Dale said, in an undertone to John Moreland: "Is it that Ball fellow?"

"Yes," answered the hillman; "it's Black Adam Ball."

Ball dropped his rifle to the violets, slowly clenched his huge and hairy hands, and thrust his bearded jaw out aggressively.

"I dare ye over here, ye pink coward!" he challenged.

"If you have any business with me, come over here and transact it," Dale retorted. "I won't run."

"That's Moreland territory," Ball objected. "But I'll take ye half way, and I dare ye to take me up, ye face-trimmed pink mollycod!"

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ing Dale slowly backward and downward more by reason of weight than of strength; another moment, and Ball was about to sink the brown head under the surface!

Babe Littleford gave a smothered cry. John Moreland stepped toward the water and shouted hoarsely:

"Don't ye drowned him Adam! Ef ye do, ye'll answer to me!"

Dale had gathered himself for a last move. He slipped downward suddenly, immersing himself completely, and shot one arm around Ball's thigh; then, by a great effort, he rose with the giant and overthrew him, and staggered free!

Ball's hairy face came to the surface first. Dale fought back the pain of the water in his lungs, and the pain as of sharp and jagged slivers of steel in his hands, and struck madly, half blindly, at the hateful face. He kept it down, but it wouldn't go under the water completely.

Adam Ball began to drift as though lifeless down the stream. Bill Dale followed, still fighting weakly, choking as he breathed. But soon he ceased to strike. He lay, instead of the beautiful face, flashes of distant summer lightning, and red blotches against a thick blackness. The blotches faded, and all became dark to him; he pitched forward, gasping, and began to drift down the stream with the vanquished Ball.

Babe Littleford was standing in the water to her knees. When Dale succumbed to utter exhaustion, she started toward him, to save him from drowning. She felt strange, drawn toward the big, white, clean man who

had whipped the Goliath she had always dreaded. But she had gone only a few yards toward the center of the river when John Moreland and Sam Heck reached the unconscious figure.

Heck dragged Ball to the Littleford bank and left him lying there, face downward on the sand. Moreland half carried, half dragged Bill Dale to the other bank. Babe Littleford waded out. She paid absolutely no attention to the worried bully. She stood looking at the limp form of Dale.

"If he dead, John Moreland?" she called tremulously.

"No, Babe," Moreland answered, his voice not unkind; "he ain't agoin' no more."

"And Dale?" on a mighty blow that rebounded only from the giant's chest and elicited only a harsh laugh of contempt. There was little to be gained by striking at a man like Adam Ball on the chest; Dale knew now that he must reach a more vulnerable spot.

Then he feinted with his left and drove his right to Ball's mouth, bringing blood. Ball roared in his blind rage and dashed toward his antagonist, resolved to get a clinch. But Dale eluded the terrible arms, although in so doing he received a blow on the temple that made him dizzy for a few seconds.

While Ball was again engaged in trying to gain the advantage of a clinch, Granny Heck made her appearance on the Moreland bank. She promptly launched her sympathies in a manner that pleased both her gaping son and the watchful and silent John Moreland.

"Hit him in the stomach, Mr. Bill!" she cried over and over. "Hit him whar he lives at!"

The combat grew hotter and hotter. Both landed frequently now. The faces of both were bleeding, and each spat red now and then. Their clothes had been torn away to the belt, and their magnificent wet bodies glistened in the morning sunlight. Dale had seriously damaged his soft hands; they felt as though they were filled with silvers of steel. But still he fought on doggedly, determinedly, desperately, minute after minute.

Those on the two banks watched, it all with suppressed excitement. Babe Littleford stood in the edge of the water, with her hands clasped below her throat, her face was pale. John Moreland, who had witnessed among other great things, himself a fighting man, had never before beheld such a contest of strength and endurance as this; Bill Dale had won John Moreland's heart for all time to come.

But the blows of the fighters were growing weaker now. The sound of their labored breathing rose distinctly over the gentle roar of the sparkling waters above.

Then the watchers saw Adam Ball lunge at his man, and Dale stumble out of sheer weakness. Saw Ball's mighty blood-red, almost black, hands close to the beautiful, white body and hug it close to his groin and hairy chest. A moment, and Dale was bend-

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