# The Clan Call

### BABE, IS SHOT.

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Symopia.—Young Carlyle Willburger

On Dale, or "Bill Dale," as he sleets to be known, bon of a weather

ond operator, John K. Dale, "as he sleets to be known, bon of a weather

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life of tide case—and indedentally a bride, Farther Carlonessee, abandoning a life of the case—and indedentally a bride, Farther Carlonessee, and the case of the land's home. Moreland is chief of the land is chief of the land in the land in

CHAPTER V-CAtinued.

Then came a pur of white smoke and a report from one of the Moreland riles, then shous from both sides — and the hattle was on. Black heard the nasty whine of a bullet in full light; he heard the coarse "usil" of a half-spent ricechet. He knew that he was in some danger now, and he was

sight; he heard the coerse "azz" of a half-spent recoche; list ance that he was in some danger how, and he was surprised to find that he was no his successful to find that he was not frightened.

When he halted again it was on his knees behind the big white sycamore that shiteredwohn Moreland.

"Back, are ye?" frowned the mountaineer. And with the grimmest humor, "I reckon ye had a fine, large time in Clinchnaty. Yore friend Harris was well, I hope. Git that money from him?"

"Out that out," said Bill Dais. "It doesn't get us anywhere."

A builet threw particles of sycamore bark to his face, inlerrupting. John Moreland pointed to a green furrow in Moreland pointed to a green furrow in West and the work of the work of



land—Hurry!"

Idd all they knew how to do to bring her back to consciousness, but, except for her beating pulse and her breathing, she remained as one deed. Hours pussed, leaden hours, and her condition was unchanged.

What he chome to the condition was unchanged and her breathing seen Adam Bell cought, slavarmed, and imprisoned in an old tobacco hern. Moreland hastened to Dale, the new master.

"When does the next south-bound train pass the Halfway switch?" Dale wanted to know.

Moreland looked toward the sun. "We could make it, all right, but it's a fast train, and it don't never stop at the switch." Bold it up." declared the new here we'll be dold it up." "Celared the new the switch."

The conductor of the fast train was very unlike the conductor of the porthbound. When he had learned something of the (cruentances, he insinuated that Lale had done exactly the right thing. He would see whether there was a doctor aboard. Within five more minutes he returned to company with an elderly man wearing a pointed beard and nose glasses.

"Doctor McKenzie," he said politic



Hapsburg Liebe

e for their boys; while she indu't bees quite so dear to him as he night have to been—
"And I she wents to see me, Bobby e let me Inow."

McLaurin smiled a somewhat wor i ried smile, and went up to the froat door. A moment later he was shown in. Yet another momentigand John K [Dale, his fortif face beaming with gladens, hastened out to the gateway Young Dale was instantly thuched by finis father's new attitude toward him: then he remembered the hear inght of David Moreland's people, and he stiff fends all till end dew healt a pace.

"You've come home to stay, haven you, Carlyle?" said the older man, and in voice was filler with pleading "word, Carlyle?" said the older man, and in you was a filler with pleading "word, carlyle, my hoy?" "You was never the son, a trife cold or ly in spite of himself. "The spent af the idle, useless years I'll wer spend I'm getting ready to develop the coal in David Moreland's mountain."

"havid—Moreland's—mountain."
The reflect coal magnets breather the three words in a busky tone. He put forth a hand and rested it agains one of the huge stone gateposts, as though to steady himsely, and some

one of the huge stone gateposts, as though to steady himself, and some of the color went from his face.
"You say David Moreland's mountain, Carlyle?" jerkily.

thin, Carlyser Penny, "Yes."

"And you—you learned about Davis Moreland?

"Yes." Bill Dale folded his arms and stood there looking at his father than the command.

and stood there looking at his father with ores that accused.
"You know who killed him?" old Dale muttered.
"I do, and it was a shame—a black shame."
"Yes, it was a shame. Nobody knows that hif so well as I know it," said John K. Dale. His mouth quivered he looked downward, looked up again "Soo, you can never say or think worse kniegs about me than I have said and thought about myself—because of that."

that."

Dale the younger gianced toward the house. Robert McLaurin was compa story down the verands steps Mrs. Dale was nowhere in sight. She didn't want to see her son; she didn't want to see her son; she didn't even want aim in tags house. Bill Dale read it sail in his friend's downcast countenance, and it was somehow a great disappointment. "You'll need modey if you're going to develop that coal property." Dale the elder was saying. "You haven't any money, and those mountain foll haven't any. I'll give you all that's needed. I'll send you mining machinery, and expert mining man; I'll—"

## WOMAN AVOIDS AN OPERATION

Hope Nearly Gone, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her

Compound Saved Her

Star, N. C.—"My monthly spells gave me so much trouble, sometimes the control of the contro



Out in the Philippines,
First Marine—Why does Mac look
so glum over that letter he jutg from
the Marine—He wrote and told
her that she didn't seem to miss him
much, and he was going to put in to
stay in the Philippines for the rest
of his cruise.
First Marine—What did the wife
say?

By adding pulverized mica, concrete can be made closely to resemble granite.



one sack of GENUINE DURHAM

## TOBACCO TOO

Death only a matter of short time. Don't wait until pains and aches become incurable diseases. Avoid



