The Clan Call

By Hapsburg Liebe

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CHAPTER XVII.

CHAFTER WILL

Bill Date Luights

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Bill Date the Luights

Bill Date and the Luights

ing the satchel to the floor at Dale's feet, he turned to the glowing wood

stove. "I'm dang night friz, Bill." he chat-tered. "My gosh, I couldn't be no cold-er'n what I em ef I'd ha clim' the nawth pole neck-ed. Sny, Bill, why n't ye burn coal 'stid o' wood' I god, it's hotter."
"Coal is worth money. Wood isn't."

nawth pole neck-ed. Sny, [Bill, why n't ye burn coal 'stild o' wood' I god, it's hotter."

"Coal is worth money. Wood isn't."
Dale ran through the inail hastly. He threw skide a letter from the Alexander Craynield Coal comporation, which took the entire output of the mine at an extraordinary figure, add picked up a letter which bore the postmark of his home city.

It was from Bale Littleford. Since he paid so little artention to the letteres of his parents, they had requested her to write to him-they waited him to come home for Christmas dinner. Wouldn't he come for Christmas dinner. Wouldn't he come for the store and the store and paced the office floor for two or three reindies, then he sat down at his desk and disable off a letter that contained pay two sentences. Wouldn't he come home are held to be store and her the store a

"Well?"

"Do ye wint me to tell ye a funny tale?" drawled Heck. He barely heard

"Do yo want me to tell be a funny inter? drawled Bleck. He harely heard the answer:

"I guess I doint mind. Br."

"Heek's sympthy made him gulp. But he swallowed the lump that came pin his throat and began bravely;

"One time the 'was a feller-named Smith, Odd nome, Bill, alin't !? Hoss-fly' Smith, they called bith, 'cause it was said 'at he could easy shoot a hossify offen a hossis ear and never break libte on the admille. He was a helliod, too. One time Hossity, he was actryin' to git applied the chairman o' some sort o' politics doin's, and on that same day he was a-drinkin' sort o' to 'able heavy. They agreed to make him the templrary chirman, but Hossify, he didn't want that. So he hops eight up in the middle) the meetic, and he holiers dut and saye:

"Feller Cittiens, he say, 'I want to be the permanent chairman I tain't agolin' to act in the capacity of 'a durmed temp'rary chairman, but and the hossify was liberated to the hops eight up in the middle) the meetic, and the holiers dut and saye:

"Feller Cittiens, he say, 'I want to be the permanent chairman I tain't agolin' to act in the capacity of 'a durmed temp'rary chairman, 'I'meller 'He will he will be a supplied to the meeting, and the head of the mind of the meeting and the head of the holiers during the holiers during the work of the holiers during the head of the holiers and the head of the Hossify, as a begin and the difference at ween temp'rary and permanent. "Feller Cittiens, he say he, 'Eb Wright is a poke-bosed dith. That's permanent at has a find wearily, 'has been do and page as fulpolitions, it has become a part of the history of this state."

"Well, my roshi' moaned By Heck. He housed teleply for a moment, de-

the story of Tom Jones pig—which had drank all of a gallon-pail of but-termilic and then gone to sleep in the self-same pail—and went on:

"Here's one, by Jake, "at a lin't been told on dozens' o politics men. And every worl of it is the solemn, dyn' death-bed truth, too.

"One time I was out in the mountains a-buntin, a-goin' along slow and asolokin' for a squirre, when all of a suddent I hears a skeery noise right abead o' me in the laurels—Ze-ze-ze i Jest like that. I stopa a load still, I looks keen. That stands as high advance is the standard of the standard in the standard of the standard in the standard of the standard in t

keen. That was seven rull-grown wildcats, and all of 'em had been bit by a
med dawg! Some fix to be in? Yesh;
some fix!

"Well, I thinks to myself. Et. I
shoust the ratiters, I thinks to myself,
the bear and the panther and the wildcats!ll git me. And ef! I shoots the
bear, the panther and the wildcats
and the ratiters' git me. And ef! I
shoots the panther, the wildcats and
the ratiters and the bear! git me.
And ef! I shoots the wildcats, the ratiters and the bear and the 'panther!'
git me. And ef! don't shoot none of
'em, they'l all git me! Some ongody
the wasa't it, Bill? Now, how do ye
for me. And of I don't shoot none of
'em, they'l all git me! Some ongody
the wasa't it, Bill? Now, how do ye
for my some it. Bill? Now, how do ye
for my some it. Bill? Now, how do ye
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for my some it. Bill? Now, how do ye
for my some it. Bill? Now, how do ye
for my some it.

"I can't magine, neither," grinned
Heck. "But anyhow. I'm alive today.
Well. now that ye're in a good humor
form Turner's Laurel is a-visitin' their
kinfolks, the Bills, and they'll every
dadjatated one of 'em git drunk on
white lighttin' leter for Christmas,
and—they'll shore think o' Black
Adam. The Morelunds ain't with ye
for my some in the my some in the wind
that, yknow. I've got of chan chief,
woildn't 12' he asked. Without waiting (or an answer: "wouldn't mind
that, yknow. I've got a letter here.
By, that I want you to put abourd the
hout southbound train that passes the
Illalifews with. Now ye got about an
hour, can you make! 1'."
"Et the world was made in sk days,
by Go



He sat down bea'de her and began thougantfully to file! the toe of one of his shining boots; thin the tip of his quitr. She knew wint he had come to say before he suight: he had come to say the had come to he had been a had come to he had been a fittle mire time to think about it. Things life this oughtn't to be decided in a hurr. "You've already i and months! Or were they years—o' ages? My do you keep putting me off like this, Elizabeth?"
"As I told you, Jitjuy, I don't—"

were they years—o' ages? Why do you keep putting ma'off like this, Elizabeth?

"As I told you, Jitjmy, I don'.—"
He interrupted aduest sharply: "I know you don't love ine. But you'll learn to—atter you've seen how much! I shall adon't you."
He mide a move is though to take her lato his arms, and she shrank from him; he had done that same thing, and she had done that same thing, and she had done that same thing, alone of the control of th

rickobect what John Moreland told you oncet about them Balls? He told you cannot all the sease that he you should be the shore them and the balls! Outnown ber us more'n two do one. Ves, the shore them and the Balls!! outnown ber us more'n two do one. Ves, the shore them and the Balls!! outnown ber us more'n two do one. Ves, the shore them and the Balls!! outnown ber us more'n them and they don't was waiting for the arrival of company of militia from a city miles distant waiting for them. He will have hit was three sticks of dynamite tale together and capped and fitted wither a fuse. It has sees them coming this vay in anything like a force, he will are off the dynamite as a signal to us. Our men will gather here in the upstates of the building, and bar the doors."

"Oh, Bill," meaned the old fighter, "Oh, Bill," meaned the old fighter, "you shorely don't in they we'e ver let us to the doors."

"At he mine," said Littleord. "you shorely don't in they we'e ver let us to the doors."

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"At the mine," said Littleord. "you shorely don't not would find they we'e heen a lookin' for the company of the company of the said supplied to the little state."

At John Moreland's old cabin they see Bill, we've heen a lookin' for the company of the offer and supplied, and the company of the company of the company of the said waits and the said waits and the said waits and the doors. The said waits and the said waits and



a red-stafned blue bandans, opened the door for them.

"Who else is hurt?" panted Dale.

"Little Ton," answered Littleford,
"and Saul. Little Ton, he get a bullet onder the shoulder. Saul, he got a bullet onder the shoulder. Saul, he got the shoulder in the same place. The bullet of the house to splitters. They're actility for you."

"They'll get all they want of me," Dale growled.

He turned and ran up the rough side of the house to splitters. They're actility for all they want of me," Dale growled.

He turned and ran up the rough shorteness followed close upon his heels. At the front and side windows, behind anything they had been hable to find that would stop a builet, shell Littlefords with rifles in their hands, pattently watching for a buman tirget to appear on the monitanide allower. Saul and Little Tom lay in a corner, where they were fairly safe from the work of the war fairly safe from the war fairly safe from the material at hand. They war should be the same the same

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and limited diet.

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Gone for Good.

"Now," said the great magician, rolling up list sleeves to show that he had no concealed mechanism to decive the eyes, "I shall attempt my never-falling experiment."

Taking from his pocket a half dollar he said: "I shall cause this coin to disappear utterly,"

SD-saying he loaned it to a friend,

Popular Guy. First Farmer—How's your son get-ting along in the city? Second Farmer—Oh, just fine. He's already on the pool committee of his

