

The CLAN CALL

by Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Dale told Major Bradley and John Moreland of that which Goff had said to him at the gate. The major suggested forthwith that he go to meet the man; it couldn't possibly do any harm, and there was a chance that he would learn something of Goff's intentions.

So Dale went. Goff was already there, waiting. He was sitting on a log on the Moreland side of the river, whittling idly. When he saw Dale approaching, he smiled and nodded, rose and pocketed his knife.

"I want to make you an offer for that coal," he said at once. "All right," Dale replied. "If your offer is big enough, it will be considered. But no shyster price is going to get that coal, Goff."

Goff frowned uneasily. "You don't know coal, Mr. Dale. You don't know the business of mining—or I've got you sized up wrong. Thousands of men have gone bust trying to do things they weren't used to doing. There's a big chance, too, that the coal isn't what it looks to be on the surface. You'd better take a sure thing, and avoid a possibility of loss. I'll give you five thousand, spot cash, for that coal."

Dale shook his head. "You'll have to come heavier than that, y'know, if you get the Moreland coal." "And an extra thousand for yourself!"

Dale laughed a low, queer laugh. "You amuse me, Goff," said he. "Seems to me you've missed your calling in life. What a peach of a king-willain you'd make in melodrama! You wouldn't have to act, either; you'd have to be just your natural self. And you make me mad, too, Goff. Because I'm on the square with the Morelands and everybody else—now, get that!"

The corners of the shyster coal man's mouth came down. "Oh, bosh—don't pass me that virtue stuff. Every man has his price, high or low. You've got yours, and I've got mine. I'll give you five thousand, spot cash, if you'll persuade John Moreland to sell to me for five thousand, and nobody'll ever know you got a rakedown from me. It's all the coal is worth, that ten thousand. Well, yes?"

Dale was of the type that goes pale with anger, and he was pale now. He clenched his hands. "You can't insult me like that and get away with it, Goff," he clipped. "We're going to fight, Goff, and I'm going to put a flecking on you that fifteen horses can't pull off. Get me?"

He threw aside his coat and rolled his sleeves to his elbows. Henderson Goff ran his right hand quickly to a rear trouser pocket and brought back a stub-nosed automatic pistol, which he turned threateningly toward Bill Dale.

"Go easy, friend," Goff said very complacently. "There's no use in getting sore. I want the coal, that's all. If I can't get it by fair means I'll get it in another way. Oh, I don't mind telling you; one man's oath is as good in court as another man's. If you don't take me up at ten thousand I'll give you so much trouble that you'll be glad to sell to me later, for half that amount. The Balls think they own a big interest in that coal! There's a lot of them, too, and they can keep you from working the mine. Well, I can't waste time in dickering with you. What do you say?"

"I say," and Dale smiled an odd little smile, "that your plan appears to be perfect, except that you've overlooked one or two important details. For instance, there's the law, y'know." "The law—now don't go and fool yourself!" exclaimed Goff. "The state couldn't afford to keep a hundred men here, month in and month out, just to protect your little mine. My patience is about gone, Dale—for the last time, what do you say?"

"I say that I'll beat you at any game you put up against me," very quietly. "Furthermore, I say that you are a coward and a scoundrel, and that you haven't got the insides in you to fight me a fair man's fight. If you'll only pocket that thing you've got in your hand, I'll mow down half an acre of meadow bush with your body."

The other turned red, then white, then red again. Bill Dale's words had lashed him keenly. His eyes became like hard black beads, and he began to raise the wicked-looking pistol as though he meant to fire.

Then there was the sound of a breaking twig behind him, and a voice drawled out: "Drop it, Mister—drop the funny little gun, or the middle o' Tarrant is yore poison right now!"

It was the moonshiner. By Heck, and his rifle was leveled. Goff dropped the pistol. Heck grinned, advanced slowly, took up the weapon that the hillfolk call a "coward's gun" and tossed it into the river.

"Now git—cut the mustard—light a rag away from here," he ordered, "fore I let Bill Dale loose on ye!" Goff went away rapidly. "I wonder if you heard him say



And He Began to Raise the Wicked-Looking Pistol As Though He Meant to Fire.

anything that would make you valuable as a witness," muttered Dale, "in the event we want to have him arrested?"

"I heard you tell him 'at he was afraid to fight ye a fair man's fight, and 'at of he'd pocket that thing he held in his hand ye'd mow down twenty acres o' meadow bush with his low-down body—that'd be valuable in co'te wouldn't it?"

Dale smiled. Then he frowned.

CHAPTER IX.

A Signal Victory.

The mining man Hayes, the major and John Moreland were waiting at the gate when Dale, accompanied by the moonshiner, returned to the cabin. Dale was the first to speak. He told briefly of that which had taken place at the blown-down scyamore, and at the last of it by Heck straightened proudly.

"I be dajlinned ef I hadn't ha' pumped him so full o' lead 'at he couldn't enough o' men got around him to tote off his corpse, ef he hadn't ha' dropped the coward's gun." By Heck declared as fiercely as he could. "Cause may she seed in the cup 'at Bill Dale was a goin' to be a right packtler friend o' mine, I god, and I has a habit o' takin' keer o' my friends. Now that was my Uncle Bill, him want could jump a sixteen-rail fence—"

"It was a nine-rail fence, By," impatiently cut in John Moreland. "You've done told that so much 'at it's dang high wore out. S'posen ye go back thar to the orchard behind o' the house and see what Cale and Luke's a-doin'; hey, By?"

Heck nodded and went toward the orchard. He knew they didn't want him to overhear what they were going to say, but it didn't offend him. It wasn't easy to offend the good-natured Heck.

Moreland turned to Dale. "Well?" Dale turned to Hayes. "We're going to begin the building of the little railroad at the earliest possible moment. And because I don't know anything about the work, I'm going to ask you to take the lead. Now, there may be some fighting. I don't want you to go into this thing blindly, you see. If you're going to with draw at all, do it now."

"I'm not a stranger to fighting," Hayes replied snidingly. "I've been through half a dozen coal strikes. I think you may count on me, Mr. Dale." "Then lay out a plan for immediate action."

"I'd suggest," acquiesced Hayes, "that we send to the little town in the lowland for a supply of picks and shovels, axes and saws, hammers, drills, and explosives. In the mean time, you and I can stake out the way for the track."

It sounded businesslike, Dale thought. Within the hour John Moreland and his son Caleb started for Cartersville on foot, and in the older man's pocket was money sufficient to buy the things that were needed.

Dale and Hayes set out for the north end of Moreland's mountain, and each of them carried a hand-ax for making stakes.

It was not often that the quiet Hayes permitted himself to go into raptures over anything; however, he went into raptures over the Moreland coal. It was, he declared, one of the best propositions he had ever seen. It was no wonder that Henderson Goff was determined to get possession of it, he said.

Then they went to work. By sundown two days later they had

chosen the route for the narrow-gauge railroad and set stakes accordingly. Hayes told his general manager that with a good force of men the last rail could be put down within two months. During those two days they had several times seen Henderson Goff in company with Black Adam Ball and some of his relatives. Once they had come upon Goff talking earnestly with Saul Littleford, the big, bearded, gaunt brother of the Littleford chief. Hayes reminded Dale of this, and said to him further:

"Goff will have the Littlefords on his side the first thing you know! Maybe some of the Littlefords, as well as some of the Balls, knew about this coal before David Moreland got his mountain by state's grant at a few cents per acre. If you'll take my advice, Mr. Dale, you'll make friends of these two sets just as quick as you can."

Dale thrust his hand-ax inside his belt and turned to the mining expert. "D'you know, I was thinking of that same thing when you spoke," he replied. "And I believe I can manage it, now that Miss Littleford's accidental wounding has given the old feud such a big blow. I'm fairly sure I can manage it so far as Ben Littleford is concerned; it's John that's going to be hard to bring to law. He should be home this evening, if he's had good luck, and I'll tackle him as soon as he comes."

Together they started across David Moreland's mountain, walking rapidly, with Dale leading.

Darkness came down on them when they had covered half the distance. The great hemlocks and poplars loomed spectral and gaunt in the early starlight. The almost impenetrable thickets of laurel and ivy whispered uncanny things, and their seas of pink and snowy bloom looked somehow ghostly. Now and then there was the pattering of some little animal's feet on the dry, hard leaves of bygone years. A solitary brown owl poured out its heart in weird and melancholy cries to the night it loved. There was the faint, far-off baying of a hound, and the soft swish of a night hawk's wings.

Men from the core of civilization must feel these things of the wilderness. Suddenly Dale drew back and stood still. In the trail ahead, standing as motionless as the trees about him, was the tall figure of a man. It was almost as though he were there to bar the way.

The two went on slowly. The figure didn't move. Dale spoke, and the form came to life! It was By Heck; he was leaning on the muzzle of his rifle. "It's you, is it, Bill, old boy?" He yawned stuggishly. "I was a-waitin' here for you. I reckon I must ha' went to sleep a-standin' here on my feet! I've got news, Bill."

"Out with it." "I've been a-trailin' Henderson Goff all day," Heck said in guarded tones. "He's shore got them lowdown Balls to believin' they're already millionaires."

"I knew that," said Dale. "That's not news." "But that ain't all," By Heck went on. "Goff's got Saul Littleford, too—lock, stock, barrel and sights. He owns Saul just the same as I own my old spotted 'coon dawg Dime. Saul he gets him a job a-bein' mine boss, and what other Littlefords 'at will stick gits jobs a-diggin' the black d'mont at two dollars a day. Asides, all of 'em is to have a big lot o' money when the dividin'-up time comes, says Goff."

"Much obliged to you, By," Dale acknowledged. "Let's go; 'bout face, By! I'm goin' to tie a hard knot in that villainous game of Henderson Goff's."

They reached John Moreland's cabin less than an hour later. Moreland and his son had just returned from Cartersville, and Dale learned through Hayes that the two hillmen had shown good judgment and some business sense in making their purchases.

When the evening meal was over Dale drew John Moreland out to the cabin yard, where the many old-fashioned flowers made the night air sweet with their blended odors. For a moment Dale stood looking toward the very bright stars and thinking; then he told the big man at his side of Goff's plan concerning the Littlefords, and strongly urged the making of friendship between the two clans.

"The snake!" mumbled John Moreland. He appeared to be worried about it. He folded his arms, walked to the gate and back to Dale without uttering another word. It was hard for him to throw down completely the hatred of years upon years. Had it been any other person than Bill Dale, a fighter after his own heart, who had asked it, he never would have even considered it; he would have said quickly: "We'll thrash the Balls and the Littlefords, too!"

The younger man read something of the other's thoughts. "With the help of the law," said he, "we might whip them all. But it would mean a great deal of bloodshed at best. The Littlefords are Babe's people, y'know. I like Babe. You like her, too, or you never would have gone with her to the hospital—now don't you?"

"I reckon I can't deny," the Moreland leader muttered, "at I like Babe Littleford. She ain't like none o' the rest o' 'em, Bill."

Dale went on: "All there is to do to enlist the Littlefords on our side is this: you go to old Ben and say to him: 'Let's begin anew; let's be friends, your people and my people, you and me.' He'll be glad you did it. Then it will be easy sailing for us. The Balls never would dare to attack such a force as the Morelands and the Littlefords combined. Don't you see? I admit it will be something of a sacrifice on your part. But a man like you can make sacrifices. Any man who is big enough to go down on his knees and ask the blessing of the Almighty on

A NIGHT WITH WILDCATS

By JAS. HENRY RICE, JR.

About twenty-five years ago, in the very first of the spring, I set out one morning from the Waccamaw river for a long drive over Peedee into Marion. It would hardly be possible to finish the return trip before 10 or 11 o'clock at night, and I told my friend Tom, the night watchman, to be ready with something to eat. Tom had been a fisherman on the North Carolina coast the most of his life and was a famous forager. He never failed a friend and I was first among his friends.



"The Snake!" Mumbled John Moreland, his enemies is big enough to make sacrifice. Come—let's go over and see Ben Littleford now; won't you?"

The mountaineer didn't answer. "You won't throttle the cause born in David Moreland's good heart on account of a little personal pride—I know you won't!" Dale said earnestly. Moreland straightened.

"You mean well," he said slowly. "I think you're one of the very best men in the world, Bill Dale. You often make me think o' pore David himself. But I'm 'fear'd ye don't quite understand, Bill. I've seed my own son die from a Littleford's bullet. To go and offer to be friends with a man who might be the same one 'at killed my boy is a pow'ful hard thing to do. I'm 'fear'd ye don't quite understand."

(To be Continued.)

There was little incident as I drove away in the keen air of dawn, for the nights had been chilly. Folk along the road were just stirring; for the people along Peedee and Waccamaw never wait for the sun. We crossed Little Peedee without incident and I completed my trip about noon, and turned back.

A countryman near the river, had a big dish of fried redheads, or "rob-ins," as they call Lepomis auritus, the grandest panfish, says one, in North America. It took some time to do justice to these and before I realized it, the sun was half way down. As we crossed the river a moon, almost full, rose over the cypresses and flung a shower of silver along the river. Little Peedee is a wondrous sight under the full moon, but not so glorious as Waccamaw. What river is?

The road around by Post Harrelson was sandy and heavy. Our pace was slow, although the young mare I drove would have disdained it and killed herself, if permitted to do so. After a while Eddy Lake gleamed on its bluff; rather the roofs of the buildings glistened in the moonlight. I stopped there a while talking to friends, and the night was well on when we took the road again through the vast pine forest that skirted many a bay and gull. The road made around the heads of these little bays, until at length it shot straight out into the forest.

At the head of each bay I could hear wild cats squall now and then. There seemed to be all sorts of a fracas going on; so at the head of the large bay which ran eastward into the river, I got out and hitched the mare to a pine sapling, with a view to investigating these night howlings.

I had a Winchester pump gun and plenty of buckshot. First would come a sharp snarl, then two or three in quick succession, just as one hears in a feline concert about town. The cries seemed to come from every direction, and were confusing.

There were two roads around the head of the bay, running in parallel ovals, about fifty yards apart, one higher than the other.

I was standing in the lower road, within a few feet of the dense "hurrah bushes"; and the horse was hitched on the side of the upper road.

Just when all hope of seeing a cat was about being given up, I caught out of the corner of one eye a large wild cat, trotting along in the upper road. In a fraction of a second I had emptied a load of buckshot into him and followed it up with two more for good luck, although the first did for him.

The mare broke loose at sound of the firing and sight of the cat and went whirling through the woods with the

buggy. I could already see the wreck of a new buggy and perhaps an injured horse.

My cat hunting had come to a full stop, and I put off after the mare and the buggy.

Fortunately, when I reached the stable door, she was standing there, perfectly composed. Nothing was broken, only the lines had been jerked loose. So I took her out, rubbed her and put her in the stall with a good feed.

Down at the mill my friend Tom was waiting for me. He had four young squirrels, nicely smothered and laid on a dish of rice, with a big pot of strong coffee. So I climbed up on the brick-work of the boiler and went at it—a royal feast. When I came down again, Tom had a bushel of shell oysters just under the steam jet, splitting open, so he and I went at them until we had to quit.

RIT ---

"NEVER SAY DYE—SAY 'RIT'"

For dyeing all kinds of Fabrics—Have it in all the wanted colors—Will not stain the hands—Will not injure finest fabrics—No boiling—Fast Colors—Fast Acting—10 CENTS A CAKE.

ZET—For dyeing and shining shoes—Puttees, Handbags, Suit Cases, All Leather Goods—Fast Colors—Preserves the Leather—Price—30 CTS. a bottle—Both Sold Here. Try 'em.

YORK DRUG STORE

RIGHT ON THE JOB

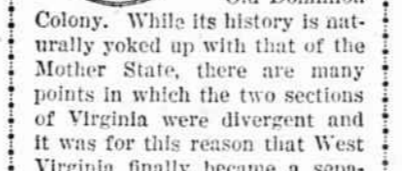
EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK—THE FOURTH OF JULY INCLUDED—WE ARE ON THE JOB—SERVING OUR PATRONS WITH THE BEST IN FRESH MEATS AND COUNTRY PRODUCE. REMEMBER OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT—LET US SERVE YOU THERE. QUALITY AND PRICES JUST RIGHT.

SANTARY MARKET.

LEWIS G. FERGUSON, Mgr.

The Story of Our States

By JONATHAN BRACE XXXV.—W. VIRGINIA AS THE



A name implies, West Virginia was originally a portion of Virginia, the Old Dominion Colony. While its history is naturally jockeyed up with that of the Mother State, there are many points in which the two sections of Virginia were divergent and it was for this reason that West Virginia finally became a separate state.

The first white man who probably penetrated the wilderness of this Western region was John Lederer, a German surgeon, who went on a tour of exploration in 1669. In the same year, La Salle sailed up the Ohio and landed at several points in the present state. There was little colonization until 1732, when Scotch and Irish adventurers began to fill Western Virginia. They were encouraged but little, and, in fact, the King in 1733 declared that this part of the colony was Indian country and could not rightfully be settled. Colonization continued, however, and bitter warfare was waged against the Indians and the French who had come down from the North. In 1774 the battle of Pt. Pleasant was fought, which was one of the bloodiest of Indian conflicts.

The backwoodsmen who settled in the Western part of Virginia were entirely different types of men from the wealthy slave owners along the coast. Jealousies between the two sections arose and the Western countries felt great dissatisfaction at the way Virginia was governing them. The most marked point of disagreement was over the slavery question, and it was because of this that, when Virginia seceded from the Union in 1861, West Virginia took matters in its own hands. Delegates met at Wheeling, drew up a separate constitution, and declared their independence. Their application for admission into the Union was accepted by Lincoln, and in 1863 West Virginia became the thirty-fifth state.

It is often called the "Fam-handle State" on account of its shape. Its area is 24,170 square miles, and it has eight presidential electors.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



NEW LOT OF CHOICE MULES—

We have a choice bunch of Mules at our barns now—arrived a few days ago. If you have a need for a Mule or two come and see us. We will sell or exchange and give you a fair deal.

MULES JAMES BROTHERS HORSES

OIL MILL PRODUCTS--

See us for a good exchange of Meal for Seed. We have nice bright Hulls.

OUR GINNERIES ARE IN BETTER SHAPE

THAN THEY HAVE EVER BEEN.

We can handle 125 bales in 12 hours, and the charge is 60 CENTS per Hundred pounds of lint.

ROLLER MILL--

Grinds Wheat, Corn and Oats. Sells Flour, Hog Feed, Chicken Feed, Horse and Mule Feed, Oats, Hay, Flour and Corn Meal. Try us and save money.

DEALERS IN COAL AND ICE.

YORKVILLE COTTON OIL COMPANY

There was a pile of shavings near the boiler. Tom was on guard and I dropped on that pile and slept the sleep of the just, waking next morning with the birds, as fresh as a meadow lark. Late that spring fire was set to the bay where the wild cat was killed and sixteen were shot within a quarter of a mile. It is all farm land now and the last wild cat has had to seek elsewhere for a home.

Loosening Him Up.—"Senator Jim Smoger is terribly hide-bound, isn't he?" "He was until the newspapers tipped him up the back."—Kansas City Star.

REAL ESTATE

\$\$\$\$\$ If You Want Them, See ME

SOME OF MY OFFERINGS: 40 Acres—Seven miles from York, bounded by lands of J. B. McCarter, C. W. Carroll, H. G. Brown and others; 3-room residence, barn and cotton house. Well of good water; five or six acres bottom land. Buck Horn creek and branch runs through place. About 4-acre pasture; 5 or 6 acres woods—mostly pine and balance work land. About 2-4 miles to Beersheba school. It is going to sell; if you want it see me right away. Property of H. C. Farris.

60.25 Acres—4-1/2 miles from York, and less than half mile to Philadelphia school house, church and station. Four room residence, besides hall; 4-room tenant house; 3 wells of good water, and nice orchard. About 8 acres in pasture and woods and balance open land. Act quick if you want it. Property of C. J. Thomason.

90 Acres at Brattonville.—Property of Estate of Mrs. Agnes Harris. Will give a real bargain here.

144 Acres—Five miles from Filbert on Ridge Road, bounded by lands of W. M. Burns, John Hartness and others; 7-room residence, 5-stall barn and other outbuildings; two 4-room tenant houses, barns, etc.; 2 wells and 1 good spring; 3 horse farm open and balance in timber (oak, pine, etc.) and pasture. About 2 miles to Dixie School and Beersheba church. Property of Mrs. S. J. Barry.

33 Acres—Adjoining the above tract. About 3 or 4 acres of woods and balance open land. Will sell this tract separately or in connection with above tract. Property of J. A. Barry.

195 Acres—Four miles from York, on Turkey creek road, adjoining lands of Gettys, Queen and Watson; 2-horse farm open and balance in woods and pasture. One and one-half miles to Philadelphia and Miller schools. The price is right. See me quick. Property of Mrs. Molly Jones.

Five Room Residence—On Charlotte street, in the town of York, on large lot. I will sell you this property for less than you can build the house. Better act at once.

M'Lain Property—On Charlotte St. in the town of York. This property lies between Neely, Cannon and Lockmore mills, and is a valuable piece of property. Will sell either as a whole or in lots. Here is an opportunity to make some money.

89 acres—8 miles from York, 5 miles from Smyrna and 5 miles from King's Creek. Smyrna R. R. D. passes place. One horse farm open and balance in woods—something like 100,000 feet saw timber. 12 acres fine bottom, 3 room residence. Property of P. B. Bigger.

210 acres—3 1/2 miles from York on Pinekey road, 8 room residence, well room tenant houses and one 3 room tenant house. 40-acre pasture. Good orchard. About 150 acres open land, balance in oak and pine timber. Property of M. A. McFarland.

GEO. W. WILLIAMS

REAL ESTATE

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Dr. T. O. GRIGG — DENTIST — Room 202 Peoples' Bank Building YORK, - - S. C.

BETTY LINK, D. C. CHIROPRACTOR Diseases of the Spine and Nervous System and all Organic Inco-ordination. Consultation and Analysis Free. 331 Chatham Avenue. Phone 396-J. ROCK HILL, - - S. C.

YORK FURNITURE CO. Undertakers — Embalmers YORK, - - S. C. In All Its Branches—Motor Equipment. Prompt Service Day or Night In Town or Country.

Dr. R. H. GLENN Veterinary Surgeon CALLS ANSWERED DAY OR NIGHT Phone 92 YORK, - - S. C.

W. W. LEWIS Attorney at Law. Rooms 205 and 206 Peoples Bank & Trust Co.'s Building, YORK, - - S. C. Phones: Office 63. Residence 44.

J. A. MARION ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW Office opposite the Courthouse. Telephone No. 126, York Exchange. YORK, S. C.

JOHN R. HART ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Prompt and Careful Attention to All Business Undertaken. Telephone No. 65. YORK, S. C.

J. S. BRICE Attorney At Law. Prompt Attention to all Legal Business of Whatever Nature. Front Offices, Second Floor, Peoples Bank & Tr Co.'s Building, Phone No. 51.