

The CLAN CALL

by Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

Ben Littleford's daughter was silent. For a moment she absently watched the playful antics of a little boomer squirrel on the side of a nearby hickory. Then she arose.

"Look," she urged—it was one of the charming wiles of her—"Look at



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"Sure, it's nice," Dale agreed. "But any dress looks nice on you, Babe. If only you'd stick with Mrs. McLaurin and let her educate you! You shouldn't have cared anything about what my mother said; my mother doesn't always see things in the true light. You'll go back, won't you?"

She bent toward him and asked pointedly:

"Bill Dale, what makes you so anxious for me to go?"

"Because," readily, "I want you to have an education."

"What makes you want me to have an education, Bill Dale?"

"Because you'd be such a splendid woman, if you had an education."

Babe Littleford pursued with childlike eagerness: "And what makes you want me to be such a splendid woman?"

Dale lifted his gray eyes and answered her frankly:

"Because I expect to marry you some day."

Babe Littleford blushed deeply. Her eyes were glad, filled with rejoicing. If he didn't love her now, at least just a weeny-teeny bit, he wouldn't be thinking of marrying her some day, certainly, and this conclusion made her happier than she had ever been in all her life before. She wished wildly that she could hug him with all her might—and she had a big notion to do it. But what would he think of her?

Well, there would come a day when she would surely hug him with all her might. She would simply break his blessed bones, almost.

"Will you go to Patricia tomorrow?" he asked.

She really believed that she ought to go. But the thought of leaving him was more hateful than ever, now that she knew he meant to marry her. She strove to change the subject—

"See that little, teeny flower over there—that little, teeny, blue one?" she asked, pointing. "That's a day-flower. It's the purest blue of any. They call it a dayflower because it don't last but just one single day." And again, pointing: "See that little, teeny, purple flower over there at them twisted laurels? That's called Job's tears, and they don't last but one day, neither. That little red, spidery thing is bee balm. Over yander at the hickory is monkshood. I farned the names out of a book Major Bradley loaned me. Hadn't we better be a-goin' toward home? It—it'll be a-comin' dark purty soon, won't it?"

Said Dale, "Will you go back to Patricia tomorrow?"

"I—I've been a-wonderin'," murmured Babe, "Which is proper, Bill, bust or burst?"

Dale spoke quickly. "Burst for you, bust for me. Will you go back to Patricia?"

Beaten, Babe Littleford drew a long breath and smiled.

"Yes, Mister Dale," she answered resignedly. "I will. I'll go where you want me to go, ef—if it is to Torment. Now tell me how ef it comes that I find my people and their homes as thick as m'lasses in a jug, while we walk on."

When Dale returned to John Moreland's cabin from having seen Babe Littleford safely to her father's door,

he found Major Bradley and By Heck waiting at the gate. Heck had some important, bad news, he said.

"Better not tell me about it until after supper," replied Dale. "I'm as hungry as you ever were, By."

They went in to sit down to one of the best meals Addie Moreland had ever prepared. When they had finished eating, John Moreland led the way into the best room, where they took chairs. The major produced cigars. By Heck, swollen with a feeling of greatness, lighted the wrong end of his weed, faced Dale, and began to unburden his mind of its weight of information.

"Well, Bill, old boy," he began—and then stopped to wonder why his cigar wouldn't smoke as well as the major's. "Well, Bill, old boy," he went on, finally. "Henderson Goff, he's shore been as busy as a one-armed man in a bumblebee's nest. I can't see, I god, what's wrong with this here seegyan. He's went and brung about twenty-five Torreys from two places known as Jerusalem cove and Hatton's hell, to help work his mine when he gets it. They're all a-puttin' up with them Balls. The Torreys is part Injun, Cherokee Injun, and I've heard it said 'at they was as bad or wuss'n rattlesnake broth."

Major Bradley blew a little cloud of smoke upward. "More of the game of bluff, perhaps," he suggested.

"I'm inclined to think so," thoughtfully said Dale. "Well, we'll avoid trouble as long as we decently can; and when we can no longer get around it, we'll call in as much of the law as we can get, and meet it half-way. Eh, Hayes?"

"Sure," nodded the mining expert.

Dale was on his way to the new siding the following morning, when he met Henderson Goff. Again Dale was forcibly reminded of stories he had heard and read of Mississippi river steamboat gamblers of the long ago. Goff stepped out of the trail, smiled and spoke with apparent good humor. Dale passed him without a word.

Then the shyster coal man called out, "Ready to set yet?"

The Moreland Coal company's manager halted and faced about with a puckering of his brows.

"For a fair price, yes."

"Just what would you call a fair price?"

"Oh, somewhere between two and three hundred thousand," promptly.

Goff sniffed, and the corners of his mouth came down.

"You don't want much. You won't get it from me!"

"I don't want it from you."

Dale turned and went on. He was sorry that he had stopped to talk with the fellow.

That afternoon he again met Goff in the trail. The bare sight of the shyster made him very angry now, and his right hand fell upon the butt of the big revolver on his hip. Goff was about to sidestep in the laurels, when Dale caught him roughly by the arm.

"See here," he said sharply, "you've about cut your little swath. We've had enough of you. You can't get this coal at any price, and the sooner you get yourself out of this country the better and safer it will be for you; to be plain, I'm pretty apt to thrash you the very next time I see you. Now move on!"

Goff went off laughing wickedly. "Oh, all right, Dale; go ahead and build the little road for me!" he said.

Late that night every sleeper in the valley of the Doe was awakened by a great, rumbling explosion, which was followed almost immediately by another great, rumbling explosion. Before the reverberations had died away, Bill Dale had dressed himself and was standing on the vine-hung porch, and he was only a few seconds ahead of John Moreland.

Then there came the tearing sound of a heavy explosion miles to the eastward.

"Do ye know what it is?" inquired the mountaineer.

"They've stolen our dynamite from the tobacco-barn, and blown up the office and supplies building and the commissary building; also they've blown up the big trestle near the siding," Dale answered.

"At's my guess, too," said Moreland.

Within the next half hour Dale and Hayes, Major Bradley, and the men-folks of the Morelands and the Little-folks had gathered around the wreck of the two big, unfinished frame buildings. Dale blamed himself much for having left dynamite unguarded in the tobacco-barn—but nobody else blamed him for it.

"It's time to let the law in," he said when he had viewed the jumbled mass of broken planks and timbers by the light of lanterns. He turned to stalwart Luke Moreland.

"You get on my horse and ride to Cartersville for the sheriff. Tell him he can get the best posse in the world right here, if he needs one. It's the proper thing, isn't it, major?"

"Yes," said Major Bradley, "it's the proper thing. You've got a real grievance now. But I fancy Goff had noth-

ing to do with this; he is shrewd enough to know that a thing like this would cook his goose. Goff has been playing a bluff game all along, you know. Some Balls or some Torreys, perhaps a mixture of both, have done this without Goff's knowing anything about it. I'd have Sheriff Flowers arrest several of the Balls and several of the Torreys, and try to scare them into turning state's evidence to save themselves."

The major finished in a low tone, because of the probability for eavesdroppers, and in this he was wise.

"We'll do that," Dale decided.

He faced Hayes, his right-hand man, and began to give orders like a veteran general manager. The men were to take their rifles with them to work in the morning, but they were to fire no shot unless it was in defense of life or property. In the morning every available wagon in the valley was to be sent to the little sawmill that was in operation ten miles toward the lowland for more building material.

By Heck joined them then. He guessed just what had happened, plucked at Dale's sleeve and whispered:

"Sposen I takes a sneak or two toward them lowdown, walnut-eyed, knock-kneed, daddled Balls and Torreys and finds out what I can find out; hey, Bill?"

The answer came readily: "Sure, you be detective. But be careful that you don't lose anything for us, y'know, if you don't gain anything."

By Heck and his rifle disappeared in the darkness of the mountain night.

A little after work-time that day, Bill Dale started alone on the way of the narrow-gauge railroad for the siding. He wished to see for himself just what the damage had been to the trestle, and he hoped to meet Goff, or a Ball, or a Torrey, and learn something that would be to his advantage.

Before he had covered two miles, he had seen two of the enemy skulking through the woods, and he recognized them for Torreys from Jerusalem Cove and Hatton's Hell; he knew them by their very swarthy skin, their high cheekbones and their coarse black hair, the outcroppings of the Cherokee Indian blood in them. They looked cunning and wicked. Dale loosened in his holster the big revolver that Major Bradley had persuaded him to carry for his own protection. John Moreland had taught him how to use firearms.

At a point near where the little stream that flowed past the Halfway switch emptied into Doe river, where Doe river turned almost squarely to the left, Dale halted abruptly. He had seen a man dart behind a scrubby oak some thirty yards ahead of him; quite naturally, he concluded that the fellow meant to waylay him, and he, too, stepped behind a tree, a big hemlock.

A silent minute went by. Then Dale put his hat out on one side of the tree and peeped from the other side; it was an old trick that Grandpapa Moreland had told him about. A rifle cracked promptly and sharply, and a bullet-hole appeared in the rim of his hat!

Following it, there came the coarse, bass voice of Black Adam Ball, the mountaineer Gollath:

"You can't fool me. I jest shot to put a hole in yore new hat and to show ye 'at I ain't no bad shot. You can't hit my hat!"

Dale's temper, the temper that had always been so hard to keep under control, rose quickly. He tried to reason with himself, and couldn't; his passion mastered him. He snatched the big revolver from its holster and cocked it. With as steady a hand as ever held a weapon trained, he began to take aim at Ball's slouch hat, the half of which was in plain view at one side of the scrubby oak.

"I fooled you once, back there in the middle of the river," he cried hotly, "and now I'm going to fool you again!"

There was in his voice that old, old primitive rage, which frightened him, and puzzled him too, in his better moments.

He let down the bead until it was barely visible in the notch, and eased off the trigger. The revolver roared and spat forth a tiny tongue of flame and a little cloud of white smoke. Ball sprang erect, wheeled, and fell crashing to the leaves!

Dale dropped his weapon. He went as white as death, and his two hands clutched uncertainly at his throat. He was a murderer! No, he wasn't—his bullet had gone wild; it had struck Ball's head on the other side of the tree, by accident. But how could he prove that it had been an accident? Would any jury believe him? It was far from probable.

He stepped from behind the hemlock and went toward the writhing Gollath, whose legs only were visible now.

Then a third shot rang out on the morning stillness. It had been fired from a point some little distance away, and Dale's condition of mind at the moment was such that he didn't even note the direction from which the sound had come. He was unhurt, and he had not heard the whine of a bullet or the pattering of shot on the leaves. When he looked about him, he saw no one; neither did he see any telltale smoke. Perhaps, he thought dimly, it had been a squirrel-hunter that had fired that shot. He forgot about it very quickly for the time being, and went on toward Adam Ball, who now was lying perfectly still.

There was a bullet-hole through and through the great, shaggy head. The face behind the short, curly black beard was of the colorless hue of soapstone. The giant hillman was dead.

Bill Dale knelt there beside Black Adam. Again he clutched at his throat with his two shaking hands, and this time he tore his blue flannel shirt. All the agony and all the remorse in the universe seemed to be gathering there in his heart. Never before had he

WAVE OF WARM WEATHER

Science Wrestles With Puzzling Problem.

RESENT CONDITIONS WIDESPREAD

Many Theories as to the Why of the Situation, Some of Them Possible; but None of Them Definite.

A period of drought and heat seldom equaled during the life of the oldest amateur weather observer has "the world" in its grip, according to statements that have appeared over and over again during the last few months and scores of theories have been advanced to account for this "world-wide" condition. That the altered weather situation is not so general as has been assumed and that it is less a case of under-supply than under-distribution—to use marketing phrases—is brought out in the following bulletin from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic Society.

"Because we are most familiar with North America and Europe and receive the vast majority of our telegraphic dispatches from places on those two continents, we more or less naturally fall into the error of considering American and European conditions to be typical of world conditions," says the bulletin. "This is true of the abnormally warm and dry weather that has been experienced during the past two or three months, probably over the middle latitudes of the entire northern hemisphere, but which we certainly know to have been prevalent only in a part of that region.

seen death. Its grim presence terrified him. That the deplorable thing had been an accident, due to his faulty marksmanship, mattered little. He had killed a man, and the blood-red brand of Cain was burning away on his brow; he was a man in a hell of his own making. And kneeling there Bill Dale sobbed a great sob that shook his broad shoulders as a violent ague would have shaken them.

He tried to look at the blue-eyed hole in the shaggy head; at the cruel, brutish face that was of the colorless hue of soapstone. Merciful tears blinded him, and he couldn't see. It was a compensation, a pitifully beautiful compensation. . . .

Five minutes passed, five minutes that were as five years to this man who had never been in the presence of death before. Then he realized that he was being surrounded by kinsmen of the dead mountaineer. He looked up into their ashen, angry faces, and they cursed him. Big and gripping brown hands were placed upon him; several rifles were turned upon him. He arose and spread out his arms, and offered his breast to the frowning muzzles. They could give him, at least, oblivion.

"Shoot, if you like," he said bitterly.

(To be Continued.)

The Story of Our States

By JONATHAN BRACE

XXXVII.—NEBRASKA

THE Indian name for the Platte river was Nebraska, meaning "shallow water," and from this came the name of the state. A nickname for the state is the Blackwater State.

Of the early Spanish explorations little is known, except that Coronado probably reached the great plain of this region in 1541. More than one hundred and twenty-five years later Father Marquette noted the Platte river on his trip up the Missouri. In the beginning of the Nineteenth century the Lewis and Clark expedition skirted the boundaries of the present state and in 1805, Manuel Lisa established the first known settlement which was a fur trading post at Bellevue. This was just after the Louisiana Purchase had brought Nebraska into United States territory.

Omaha was established as a post of the American Fur company in 1825 and Nebraska City the following year.

With the California gold rush in 1849 many pioneers passed through Nebraska and some stopped and settled there although there was a law forbidding settlements among the Indians. The real colonization boom, however, started with the passing of the Kansas-Nebraska act in 1854, which arranged that these two sections should become free or slave states at the dictate of their inhabitants. The Nebraska territory was then organized and reached from the fortieth to the forty-ninth parallel. In 1861, the region north of 43 was made into Dakota territory. The Idaho territory was also created, which reduced Nebraska to its present size of 77,520 square miles, except for a slight addition in the Northwest which was made in 1882.

In 1897 Nebraska was admitted as the 37th state over the president's veto. It has eight presidential electors.

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Warmer in Alaska and Canada.

The United States weather bureau receives reports from localities spread over as great an area as that covered by any other meteorological agency, yet its operations are confined almost entirely to the northern hemisphere. And since the outbreak of the World War the bureau's reports do not cover either European Russia or Siberia, which together make up nearly a half of the continental land rim about the North Pole. We definitely know, however, that the present summer has been somewhat warmer than usual in Alaska; that the heat and dryness in the United States east of the Rockies and north of the Southern states has been more pronounced than usual; and that the same factors have raised the average temperature in Canada and ripened the crops earlier than usual. Because of heat, and possibly thinner ice, bergs have been more numerous than usual in the North Atlantic; England has suffered from a drought which has made dangerous inroads into the London water supply; and the heat has been oppressive in many parts of Europe, the mercury even rising much higher than usual in parts of Switzerland. Doubtless the famine in southeastern Russia is also in part due to an abnormal period of heat and drought.

"The immediate cause of the warmer and dryer weather in the parts of the northern hemisphere with which we are most familiar is a temporary shifting of the belts of high and low barometric pressure northward from their usual locations. It can hardly be said that the northern hemisphere as a whole is experiencing any different weather than usual. Rather, it might be said that we are getting the weather that belongs to the south of us, while our own normal weather has gone to minister to the Eskimos.

"Lows' Like Giant Stirring Spoon.

"Those areas of high and low pressure play an all-important part in furnishing the world with its weather. Ordinarily their locations, if they are relatively stationary, and their paths, if they move, are pretty well known. The 'highs,' roughly, mean stagnation; they mark the 'horse latitudes' of the mariners—regions of calm and light, shifting, dependable winds. The 'lows,' on the other hand, may be considered the great ladies with which Nature stirs her weather brew.

"Usually in the summer a succession of 'lows' forms over interior Alaska, drifts down each of the Rockies, traverses the northern portion of the United States and passes from the continent down the St. Lawrence valley. In their paths these 'lows' usually leave changes in wind direction,

lower temperature, and perhaps rain. They are disturbers of the status quo. The 'highs,' more nearly stationary, usually stand like sentinels of the middle Pacific and Atlantic shores, and herd the drifting 'lows' to the northward at arm's length.

Our Rains Fall in Arctic.

"This summer the North Atlantic 'high' has spread out in all directions to a much greater extent than usual and covers a greatly increased area, even encroaching on the North American and European continents. The result is that the path of the 'lows' has been pushed farther north. In America the disturbances that are counted upon to stir up the weather periodically in the Northern states recently have not drifted as far south as the Canadian border, and when they have advanced so far have seemed to bounce off as though a weather wall had been set up along the boundary. On the other side of the Atlantic the disturbances which usually crossed England and southern and central Europe have been shifted off to the north of Norway. Doubtless the rains which should have watered our northern states and the 'Tight Little Isle' have fallen in the muskys about Hudson Bay, on Greenland's ice mountains and on the frozen wastes north of Europe and Siberia, where the midnight sun is shining.

"What has caused the northward shifting of the pressure belts that has given us our abnormal summer is a question about which scientists, in the absence of full data, can only conjecture. Possibly the secret lies in the southern hemisphere from which practically all meteorological reports are available. It will be only when the cables assemble daily reports from practically all sections of the earth

that this and other abstruse weather problems can be fully solved."

The Lesser Evil.—The dusky dough-boy was emerging from a trench amid a succotash of shrapnel and shells.

"Come back here, you idiot," belittled the captain. "Do you want to get killed?"

"Nossuh, don't care nothin' erbout it," yelled back Sam, "but when it comes to lettin' skered to death or jes' nacherly killed, gimme de las."

Sic Transit Gloria.—When they won the polo cup, the Americans were elated. But when they collected how little use there is for cups in their country nowadays.—London Opinion.

REAL ESTATE

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

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60-2.5 Acres—4-1.2 miles from York, and less than half mile to Philadelphia school house, church and station. Four room residence, barn and cotton house; 3-acre pasture; 2-room school. It is going to sell; so if you want it see me right away. Property of H. C. Farris.

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

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Telephone No. 126. York Exchange.
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