

The CLEAN CALL

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

CHAPTER I—Young Carlie Wilburton Dale, or "Bill Dale," as he is known, son of a wealthy coal operator, John K. Dale, arrives at the Halfway Switch, a station on the railroad, to find a life of idle ease—and incidentally a life of pleasure. He is determined to make his own way in life. He meets "Babe" Littleford, a beautiful mountain girl, "Babe" Heck, a character, and John Moreland, a coal miner. Babe Littleford is the daughter of the coal operator, John K. Dale, who has been determined to make his own way in life. He meets "Babe" Littleford, a beautiful mountain girl, "Babe" Heck, a character, and John Moreland, a coal miner. Babe Littleford is the daughter of the coal operator, John K. Dale, who has been determined to make his own way in life.

CHAPTER II—Dale arrives to make his home with the Moreland family, for whom he entertains a deep respect. CHAPTER III—Talking with "Babe" Littleford next day, Dale is ordered by "Black Adam" Hill, bully of the district, to leave "his girl" alone. Dale replies spiritedly, though he is not sure of the bully's strength. Babe Littleford ranges with John Moreland to develop David's coal deposits. Babe Littleford sends a challenge to John Moreland to meet him with his followers next day, in battle. Moreland agrees.

CHAPTER IV
The Mystery of the Rifles.
An hour after John Moreland had sent his ten rifle bullets whirling over the head of Ben Littleford, every Moreland and every Littleford in the valley knew of the declaration of war. And each man of them held his weapons and put them in better working order.

When Dale went to bed, there was too much on his mind to render sleeping easy for him. Tomorrow he would have to help in the fight against the Littlefords, kinsmen of the young woman who had saved him without doubt, from death by the murderous rifle of the mountaineer Goltz—or break his word flatly. It was a poor return for such a favor! The longer he thought over the dilemma, the more perplexed he became.

He thought, too, of the everlasting wooden, the tall of John Moreland's bedtime prayer. How a man could go down on his knees and ask the blessings of the Almighty upon whom he meant to fight the next day was a thing that Bill Dale could not understand.

It was after midnight before he slept. He woke at the break of day, arose and dressed himself, and went out. Going toward the flower-filled yard, he found himself facing a very angry John Moreland.
"What's the matter?" he asked.
"Matter enough," clipped the mountaineer. "Bill Dale, I'm a-goin' to ax you a question, and I want the truth. Will I get it?"
"You'll get the truth if you want anything. Shoot the question."
"All right. What do you know about my gun?"
"About as much as you know of the left hind wheel of Ben Hur's chariot. What's wrong with it?"
Moreland's eyes were steady and



Moreland's Eyes Were Steady and Cold.

cold. He thrust his hands into the pockets of his corduroy trousers. Then his face softened a trifle.
"I reckon I ought to ax you pardon," he said in a low voice. "Ye see, my gun's plumb gone!"
"You had it only last night," Dale said. "Did it disappear?"
"Whist! I slept, cut in the hillman. Both of my guns is gone. And Luke's repeater is gone, and so is Cale's, and we ain't got nothin' at all to fight them d-d Littlefords with!"
"Gone!" Dale exclaimed wonderingly and—it seemed to him—astutely.
"It must ha' been the Littlefords, I guess," frowned Moreland. "You 'cause you else would ha' done it! But to save the life of me I can't see how they got in and took my rifle without walkin' in a sick mouse."
"Within ten more minutes, every man of the Morelands was gathered there at the house of their chief—and every man of them had lost their weapons during the night!"
John Moreland called Dale aside and said to him:
"You're high on the good side of them that triflin' Hecks, and so far as they know, you ain't interested in the feud. I wish you'd go down there and see by and his mother, and see if you can find out whar our rifles went."

When Dale had gone off down the dusty oxwagon road, Caleb Moreland climbed a tall ash that grew behind his father's cabin and kept a watch toward the Littleford side of the river. He saw a group of men standing in ten Littleford's cabin yard, and nothing else.
A little more than a quarter of an

"Has the enemy come?" she demanded icily.
"No, but the young woman broke in sharply. "If the enemy didn't come, whar're you a-thinkin' about?"
Her brown eyes were full of fire.
They defied, and they withered, and Bill Dale suddenly felt that he was smaller and of less account in the scheme of things than that uneducated, wildly superb creature that stood before him.
"I beg pardon," Dale said evenly. "I didn't mean to offend, y'know."
His quick contrition struck the girl. Her mouth quivered. She dropped her fishing-rod and began to toy absently with the end of her long, thick, unpliant of brown hair.
"I've seen so much of this fightin'!" she murmured tremulously. "That it makes me go to pieces. I ought to beg your pardon, mebbe, and I do. . . . I've seen a good many fine, strong men brought home dead or a-dyin' from the Moreland bullets. And the Littlefords has killed Morelands, too. One side about as many as 't'other, I reckon. I'd be glad to give my life to see 'em both sides."

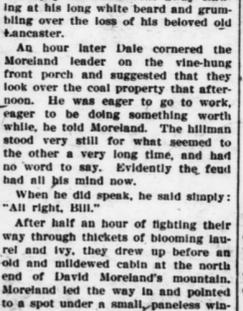
"I'll help you, if I can," Dale told her. "Perhaps we can make friends of the Morelands and your people."
"You don't know what a hard thing it'd be," she replied feebly. "The two sets has hated each other ever since I can rickollect. And you won't be here very long, I reckon."
"I may be here for the rest of my life," said Dale.
"Is it the coal?" inquired Babe.
"Partly—yes, it's the coal. I'm goin' to develop it for the Morelands."
Babe looked at him with a tiny herald of hope in her eyes. Before she could speak again there came from somewhere back in the meadow the sound of her father's voice—
"Babe! O-h, Babe!"
"Comin'!" cried the girl, half turning. "We'll try to make 'em friends; we'll try. Old Major Bradley, he'll be up here afore long to spend the summer, and he'll help us. He's a mighty good man; you're shore to like him. He generally stays with us when he's here. You go easy with John Moreland. But when ye get him, ye'll have 'em all. I'll work on 'em. The ain't no danger of trouble right now, anyway. Goodby, Bill Dale!"
"One moment, Miss Littleford," and he took a step after her. "Are you sure there's no danger right now?"
Babe halted, faced about nervously, and smiled a little.
"Don't call me 'Miss' no more," said she. "It makes me feel odd. Call me what everybody else calls me, of ye do. I'll be glad to see you. The Littlefords lost their one of the Morelands. The same as the Morelands did! Meet me here at sundown, and I'll tell ye about it. Goodby, Bill Dale!"
"Goodby, Babe!" he smiled.

CHAPTER V
At the River Again.
John Moreland met Dale at the gate.
"I learned," said the answer, "that the Littlefords all lost their guns just as the Morelands did."
"The devil!"
The mountaineers began to crowd about Dale.
"And who," asked their leader, "do ye think done it?"
Bill Dale shook his head slowly and threw out his hands.
"How should I know?" He went on: "Babe told me about the Littleford guns disappearin'. I saw her down at the river; she was fishin'."
"Did she say anything," pursued John Moreland, "at sundown like she promised?"
"She told me," said Dale, "she would give her life to stop the fightin'. She seemed rather badly worked up over it."
From the cabin's front doorway came a woman's sorrowful voice.
"And me, too! I'd give my life to stop this here fightin'. I had a boy, a big, strappin' boy—"

John Moreland frowned toward his wife and interrupted. "Now, Addie, honey, don't do that."
It ended the talk.
Mrs. Moreland dried her eyes on a corner of her freshly ironed gingham apron, and announced the noonday meal. The mountaineers dispersed. Grandpap Moreland went away clattering at his long white beard and grumbling over the loss of his beloved old banister.
An hour later Dale cornered the Moreland leader on the vine-bung front porch and suggested that after-noon over the coal property that afternoon. He was eager to go to work, eager to be doing something worth while, he told Moreland. The hillman stood very still for what seemed to the other a very long time, and had no word to say. Evidently the feud had all his mind now.
When he did speak, he said simply: "All right, Bill."
After half an hour of fighting their way through thickets of blooming laurel and ivy, they drew up before an old and mildewed cabin at the north end of David Moreland's mountain. Moreland led the way in and pointed to a spot under a small, paneless window.
"That," said he, "is whar we found my brother David."
The two men turned for the point at which the coal vein ran out to the light of day.
Dale picked up a piece of the shining black stuff. Judging by the little he knew and the great amount of description he had heard, the vein was very large and the coal itself of the finest grade.
"It was a big find," he told his companion. "A big find. It was a pity to let it lie here untouched for so long; and yet it's worth more today than it was ever worth before."
His enthusiasm ran warm, and Moreland caught it quickly. Together they hastily planned out the little railroad that was to wind its way through the wilds and connect with the big railroad at the Halfway Switch.
"I know I'm a-doin' right about it," the mountaineer said twice for the benefit of his conscience. "I know whar David he would want me to do if he could know."
"I'm sure of it," agreed Dale. "I'll start for Cincinnati tomorrow. I've got enough money to take me there and back. I have a very wealthy friend there—his name is Harris; I think I can borrow enough from him to finance the beginning of this thing. And I'll buy a locomotive and cars, and all the other necessary machinery while I'm in Cincinnati—unless I fail to get the money from Harris. When I get back, which should be within eight days, we'll start the work. At a guess, I'd say we'll need twenty men. Can we get them?"
"S'pose," nodded the mountaineer, "the Littlefords at that?"
"They turned homeward. At last Bill Dale was happy. He had done

thing to do now—his aim in life. He had difficulties to overcome, obstacles to remove, barriers to surmount—it was his big chance!
It was almost sundown when Dale returned from his visit to the coal vein—Big Pine mountain hid the sun at a little after three in the afternoon. He borrowed a fishing rod and a minnow pan, which he had going to the river. He was proper enough to John Moreland, and set out to meet Babe Littleford. He was glad that nobody expressed a desire to accompany him.
He found Babe Littleford's daughter where he had found her before, sitting on a stone the size of a small barrel. She was fishing with an un-baited hook, which was equal to fishing not at all, and she seemed pleased when she saw him coming. He went on to hide her confusion. "Tell me about the rifles," he said.
"You must shore keep it a secret," she told him.
"I'll shore keep it," he promised.
"Better put your hook in, so's of anybody comes along—"
Dale threw out an empty hook.
"I want to tell ye some other things, but so's ye'll understand better when I come to the part about the rifles," Babe began, looking thoughtfully across the water to where a kingfisher sat in watchful waiting. She continued slowly, choosing her words carefully. "I was brought up to hate them Morelands. I don't think I do. My people is just like the Morelands. The biggest difference ye can find is that: one side mostly has grey eyes like you and 't'other side mostly has brown eyes like me. All but their everlasting 'rightin' they're good people. Bill Dale, 'Eck started over nothing. Grandpap Littleford and John Moreland's pap got in a dispute over whar Kaintucky was in Virginia or Nawth Carolina, and went to fightin' about it. Party soon my Uncle Saul and Abner Moreland happened along, and they went to fightin', too. Thank goodness, it was on Sunday, and none of 'em didn't have their rifles with 'em. Whar'er else we are or ain't up here, Bill Dale, we really respects the Sabbath day to keep it holy."
"I see," Dale muttered sympathetically.
"I've seen my own mother set down in the floor and take her boy's head in her lap, such a big, fine boy he was!—while the blood run like rain down from a Moreland's bullet. He died with mother's arms and mine around him. It was all we could do for 'im, was to love him. I've seen sister Moreland's brothers die from Moreland bullets, and young women watch their sweethearts die, and wives watch their husbands die. . . ."
"I tell you, Bill Dale, them Morelands never misses when they've even seen a fair shot. You be perfectly safe in a little of 'em shoot times from atwain your finger and thumb all day. And it's the same way with the Littlefords. They're fighters, they're fighters. They don't give in to no one. More than the Morelands does, any more than the Morelands does."
"Addie Moreland knows what it is to take her dyin' boy's head in her lap, whilst blood run through her dress to her knees. His name was Charley, and he was; he'd drink, and once he shot up at Caesar's. But Addie, she allus loved him better 'n Cale or Luke. Wimmen like her allus loves the worst boys the best; 'cause they need it the most, the worst boys does."
"It's the women that pays, Bill Dale, when the rifles are in the hands of men of this valley is right now on needles; they're afraid the men'll find their rifles. You can guess whar the guns went to now, can't ye? The women hid 'em last night after the men had gone to sleep. By good luck, they had almost a whole night for 'em. You must be shore to keep it to yourself, but I know ye will. Addie Moreland, she started the idea. She got Granny Moreland to cross the word amongst the women of my people. When the fightin' fever sort of dies down the guns'll all be brought back and put whar they belong."
She arose and stood there smiling down upon him. He was staring at the swirling water without seeing it at all.
"Her voice brought him to himself. "Whar're you a-thinkin' about, Bill Dale?"
Dale went to his feet. He saw that she was smiling, and he smiled, too.
"I was thinkin'," he said, "of the difference between you and some other women I know."
Her clear brown eyes widened.
"And I reckon I seem purty no 'count, don't I?"
"No, not at all. It is—er, quite the opposite. You make me seem appear unreal, artificial."
Babe Littleford's countenance brightened. She did not doubt that he meant it. He was not of the sort that flattered. She began to like Bill Dale at that same moment.
"And Bill Dale told himself as he went homeward that he was beginning to like Babe Littleford. He did not fight the feeling, because it somehow made the world seem a better place. Early the following morning Dale packed ready for his journey to Cincinnati. Having learned the evening before that he was going, by Heck had come to accompany him to the Halfway Switch.
The two set out. They had three hours in which to cross David Moreland's mountain before the arrival of Dale's train, and they walked leisurely.
They had not gone a dozen rods when they came from somewhere down near the river the sound of a rifle shot. Both stopped and faced about quickly.
"It'll be dagdummed of the Littlefords ain't found their weapons!" exclaimed Babe. "They have, igod, as shore as dangin'!"
"How do you know?" Dale's voice was troubled.
"I shore know," and Heck narrowed his eyes. "At was Ben Littleford's old '45 Winchester. I'd know that gun if I heard it at the north end. The bar'l it's been cut off, and it don't sound like other Winchester."
"Caleb Moreland was down near the river cleaning out the springhouse when he heard the shot," Heck said. "I think we'd better go back."
Together they went back to the cabin. John Moreland and his wife and the son Luke were standing in the vestibule's front gate. . . .

their eyes turned anxiously toward the river. Caleb was coming up through the meadow, and he carried his hat in his hand.
"Who fired that shot?" asked Dale.
"Ben Littleford," John Moreland answered readily.
Two minutes later Caleb leaped the old rail fence on the other side of the road and approached them hastily. He was breathing rapidly and his strong young face was drawn and pale—with the old hate.
"Well," said his iron father, "what is it?"
Caleb held up his broad-rimmed black hat and ran a finger through a hole in the upper part of the crown's peak.
"He didn't miss!" snapped John Moreland.
"No," quickly replied Caleb. "He didn't miss. He don't never miss. You know that, pap, as well as ye know God made ye. He does it jest to show the wimmenfolks had hid our guns, and we'd find 'em under the house floors."
"He faced his two stalwart sons. Always he was the general, the leader of his clan. He sent Caleb in one direction and Luke in another, to arouse his kinsmen.
Then he beckoned to Dale, who had been trying hard but vainly to think of something to do or say that would be of aid to the cause of the women.
"I don't want in in this here mix-up," he said decisively. "You must stay clean out of it. You ain't used to this way of fightin'. Aside, ye're our hope. More'n that, mebbe, you've ower-love'd Babe Littleford; you can't get around that, Bill Dale."
He went on, after a moment, "Er I git my light put out today, I want ye to do the best ye can with the coal. But of course ye ain't want ye to do me two favors, Bill Dale. If you've my light put out today, will ye do 'em for me, my friend?"
"Certainly," Dale promised.
"Much obliged to ye, shore. The fist is this: I want ye to take good pay out of the coal brings, pay ye your work. The second is this: I want ye to go to Ben Littleford after I'm done—perrived he is yet alive—and tell him about the end of my bedtime prayer; I want him to know I went him one better, for I was a bigger man inside 'n him. He'll be glad, Bill, you've done promised me. Now you go ahead to Cincinnati, and do jest like ye didn't know the least thing about this trouble we're a-goin' to have. So long to ye, and good luck!"
"I don't like the idea," Dale began, when the big hillman interrupted sharply:
"Go on! You can't do no good here!"
Heck started. Dale turned and followed the lanky mountaineer; there seemed to be nothing else to do.
When they had reached a point a little way above the foot of David Moreland's mountain, the pair halted and looked back. They saw the Littlefords and the Morelands, every one of them armed, to go toward the river. It had a strange and subtle fascination for Bill Dale, a fascination that he did not then try to understand.
As the fighters reached dangerous ground they dropped to their hands and knees and began to crawl through the tall grasses, the ironweed and the meadow clover. They were intent upon reaching the shelter of the trees that lined the banks of the river without being seen. The stream here was more than fifty yards wide; this was Blue Cat shoals. The two lines of



They Dropped to Their Hands and Knees and Began to Crawl Through the Tall Grasses, the Ironweed and the Meadow Clover.

trees stood back a rod or so from the water, making the final shooting distance some seventy yards.
Drawn Heck: "Le's set down here and watch it; hey?"
Dale was silent. The very air was filled with the spirit of tragedy. The faroff tinkle of a cowbell seemed tragic; tragic, too, sounded the song of a bird somewhere in the tree branches overhead.
"Did ye hear me, Bill?"
"I think," Dale muttered, "that I'd better not go away until tomorrow. I can't leave matters like this. Do you know of any way to stop that down there?"
By Heck shrugged his shoulders.
"Do you know of any way to stop the risin' and settin' of the sun?" he grinned.
They went back to John Moreland's cabin. . . .

(Continued Next Week.)
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