

ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

By John Fox, Jr.

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THE YOUNG CHIEF

SYNOPSIS.—To the Kentucky wilderness outpost commanded by Jerome Sanders, in the time immediately preceding the Revolution, comes a white boy fleeing from a tribe of Shawnees by whom he had been captured and adopted as a son of the chief Kahtoo. He is given shelter and attracts the favorable attention of Dave Yandell, a leader among the settlers. The boy warns his new friends of the coming of a Shawnee war party. The fort is attacked, and only saved by the timely appearance of a party of Virginians. The leader of these is fatally wounded, but in his dying moments recognises the fugitive youth as his son. At Red Oaks, plantation on the James river, Virginia, Colonel Dale's home, the boy appears with a message for the colonel, who after reading it introduces the bearer to his daughter Barbara as her cousin, Erskine Dale. Erskine meets two other cousins, Harry Dale and Hugh Wilemshy. During a rapier on a wall at Red Oaks attract Erskine's attention. He takes his first fencing lesson from Hugh. Yandell visits Red Oaks. At the county fair at Williamsburg Erskine meets a youth, Dane Grey, and there at once arises a bitter antagonism between them. Grey, in liquor, insults Erskine, and the latter, for the moment all Indian, draws his knife. Yandell disarms him. Ashamed of his conduct in the affair with Grey, Erskine leaves Red Oaks that night, to return to the wilderness.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"Harry," said Colonel Dale, "carry your cousin my apologies and give him Firefly on condition that he ride him back some day. Tell him this home is his"—the speaker halted, but went on gravely and firmly—"whenever he pleases."

"And give him my love," said Barbara, holding back her tears.

At the river-gate they turned to wave a last goodby and disappeared in the woods. At that hour the boy far over in the wilderness ahead of them had cooked a squirrel that he had shot for his breakfast and was gnawing it to the bones. Soon he rose and at a trot sped on toward his home beyond the Cumberland. And with him, etched with acid on the steel of his brain, sped two images—Barbara's face as he last saw it and the face of young Dane Grey.

The boy's tracks were easily to be seen in the sandy road, and from them Dave judged that he must have left long before daylight. And he was traveling rapidly. At sunset Dave knew that they were not far behind him, but when darkness hid the lad's tracks Dave stopped for the night. Again Erskine had got the start by going on before day, and it was the middle of the forenoon before Dave, missing the tracks for a hundred yards, halted and turned back to where a little stream crossed the road, and dismounted, leading his horse and scrutinizing the ground.

"He's seen us tracking him and he's libled on us and is tracking us. I expect he's looking at us from somewhere around here." And he halloped at the top of his voice, which rang down the forest aisles. A war-whoop answered almost in their ears that made the blood leap in both the boys. Even Dave wheeled with cocked rifle, and the lad stepped from behind a bush scarcely ten feet behind them.

"Well, by gum," shouted Dave, "fooled us, after all."

A faint grin of triumph was on the lad's lips, but in his eyes was a waiting inquiry directed at Harry and Hugh. They sprang forward, both of them with their hands outstretched:

"We're sorry!"

A few minutes later Hugh was transferring his saddle from Firefly to his own horse, which had gone a trifle lame. On Firefly, Harry buckled the boy's saddle and motioned for him to climb up. The bewildered lad turned to Dave, who laughed.

"It's all right."

"He's your horse, cousin," said Harry. "My father sent him to you and says his home is yours whenever you please. And Barbara sent her love."

At almost the same hour in the great house on the James the old negro was carrying from the boy's room to Colonel Dale in the library a kingly deed that the lad had left behind him. It was a rude scrawl on a sheet of paper, signed by the boy's Indian name and his totem mark—a buffalo pierced by an arrow.

"It make me laugh. I have no use. I give hole dam plantashun Barbara." Thus read the scrawl!

CHAPTER VII

Led by Dave, sometimes by the boy, the four followed the course of rivers, upward, always except when they descended some mountain which they had to cross, and then it was soon upward again. The two Virginia lads found themselves, much to their chagrin, as helpless as children, but they were apt pupils and soon learned to make a fire with flint and even with dry sticks of wood.

Three days' journeying brought them to the broad, beautiful Holston river, passing over the pine-created, white-rocked summit of Clinch mountain, and came to the last outlying fort of the western frontier. Next day they started on the long, low wilderness trail toward the Cumberland range. On the third day therefrom the gray wall of the Cumberland that ran with frowning inaccessibility in their right gathered its flanks into steep, gray cliffs and dipped suddenly into Cumberland gap. Up this they climbed.

On the summit they went into camp, and next morning Dave swept a long arm toward the wild expanse to the west.

"Four more days," he cried, "and we'll be there!"

The two boys looked with awe on the limitless stretch of wooded wilds. It was still Virginia, to be sure, but they felt that once they started down they would be leaving their own beloved state for a strange land of unknown beasts and red men who people that "dark and bloody ground."

Before sunrise next morning they were dropping down the steep and rocky trail. That night they slept amid the rocky foot-hills of the range, and next morning looked upon a vast wilderness stretch of woods that undulated to the gentle slopes of the hills, and that night they were on the edge of the blue-grass land.

Toward sunset Dave, through a sixth sense, had the uneasy feeling that he was not only being followed but watched from the cliffs alongside, and he observed that Erskine too had more than once turned in his saddle or lifted his eyes searchingly to the shaggy flanks of the hills. Neither spoke to the other, but that night when the hoot of an owl raised Dave from his blanket, Erskine too was up-right with his rifle in his hand. For half an hour they waited, and lay down again, only to be awakened again by the snort of a horse, when both sprang to their feet and crawled out toward the sound. But the heavy silence lay unbroken and they brought the horses closer to the fire.

"Now I know it was Indians," said Dave; "that hoss o' mine can smell one further'n a rattlesnake." The boy nodded and they took turns on watch while the two boys slept on till daylight. The trail was broad enough next morning for them to ride two abreast—Dave and Erskine in advance. They had scarcely gone a hundred yards when an Indian stepped into the



They Had Scarcely Gone a Hundred Yards When an Indian Stepped into the Path Twenty Yards Ahead.

path twenty yards ahead. Instinctively Dave threw his rifle up, but Erskine caught his arm. The Indian had lifted his hand—palm upward. "Shawnee!" said the lad, as two more appeared from the bushes. The eyes of the two tidewater boys grew large, and both clinched their guns convulsively. The Indian spokesman paid no heed except to Erskine—and only from the lad's face, in which surprise was succeeded by sorrow and then deep thoughtfulness, could they guess what the guttural speech meant, until Erskine turned to them.

They were not on the war path against the whites, he explained. His foster-father—Kahtoo, the big chief, the king—was very ill, and his message, brought by them, was that Erskine should come back to the tribe and become chief, as the chief's only daughter was dead and his only son had been killed by the palefaces. They knew that in the fight at the fort Erskine had killed a Shawnee, his tormentor, for they knew the arrow, which Erskine had not had time to withdraw. The dead Shawnee's brother—Crooked Lightning—was with them. He it was who had recognized the boy the day before, and they had kept him from killing Erskine from the bushes. At that moment a gigantic savage stepped from the brush. The boy's frame quivered, straightened, grew rigid, but he met the malevolent glare turned on him with emotionless face and himself quietly began to speak while Harry and Hugh and even Dave watched him enthralled; for the lad was Indian now and the old chief's mantle was about his shoulders. He sat his horse like a king and spoke as a king. He thanked them for holding back Crooked Lightning's evil hand, but—contemptuously he spat toward the huge savage—he was not to die by that hand. He was a paleface and the Indians had slain his white mother. He had forgiven that, for he loved the old chief and his foster mother and brother and sister, and the tribe had always been kind to him. Then they had killed his white father and he had gone to visit his kindred by the big waters, and now

he loved them. He had fled from the Shawnees because of the cruelty of Crooked Lightning's brother, whom he had slain. But if the Indians were falling into evil ways and following evil counsels, his heart was sad.

"I will come when the leaves fall," he concluded, "but Crooked Lightning must pitch his lodge in the wilderness until he can show that his heart is good." And then with an imperious gesture he waved his hand toward the west:

"Now go!"

It was hard even for Dave to realize that the lad, to all purposes, was actually the chief of a powerful tribe, and even he was a little awed by the instant obedience of the savages, who, without a word, melted into the bushes and disappeared. Dave recovered himself with a little chuckle only when without a word Erskine clucked Firefly forward, quite unconsciously taking the lead. Nearing sunset, from a little hill Dave pointed to a thin blue wisp of smoke rising far ahead from the green expanse.

"There it is, boys!" he cried. All the horses were tired except Firefly and with a whoop Erskine darted forward and disappeared. They followed as fast as they could and they heard the report of the boy's rifle and the series of war-whoops with which he was heralding his approach. Nobody in the fort was fearful, for plainly it was no unfriendly coming. All were gathered at the big gate and there were many yells and cries of welcome and wonder when the boy swept into the clearing on a run, brandishing his rifle above his head, and pulled his fiery black horse up in front of them.

"Whar'd you steal that hoss?" shouted Bud.

"Look at them clothes!" cried Jack Sanders. And the women—Mother Sanders, Mother Noe and Lydia and Honor and Polly Conrad—gathered about him, laughing, welcoming, shaking hands and asking questions.

"Whar's Dave?" That was the chief question and asked by several voices at the same time. The boy looked grave.

"Dave ain't comin' back," he said, and then seeing the look on Lydia's face, he smiled: "Dave—" He had no further to go, for Dave's rifle cracked and his voice rose from the woods, and he and Harry and Hugh galloped into the clearing. Then were there more whoopings and greetings, and Lydia's starting tears turned to smiles.

Dave had to tell about his trip and Erskine's races—for the lad would say nothing—and in turn followed stories of killing buffalo, deer, panther and wildcat during his absence. Early the women disappeared, soon the men began to yawn and stretch, and the sentinels went to the watch-towers, for there had been Indian signs that day. This news thrilled the eastern lads, and they too turned into the same bed built out from the wall of one of the cabins and covered with bearskins. And Harry, just before his eyes closed, saw through the open door Erskine seated alone, the connecting-link between the tidewater aristocrats and these rude pioneers, between these backwoodsmen and the savage enemies out in the black encircling wilderness. And that boy's brain was in a turmoil—what was to be his fate, there, here, or out there where he had promised to go at the next falling of the leaves?

The green of the wilderness dulled and burst into the yellow of the buckeye, the scarlet of maple and the russet of oak. This glory in turn dulled and the leaves, like petals of withered flowers, began to drift to the earth. Through the shower of them went Erskine and Firefly, who had become as used to the wilds as to the smiling banks of the far-away James. And the two now were one in mutual affection and a mutual understanding that was uncanny.

The boy was the son of a king again, and as such was on his way in answer to the wish of a king. For food he carried only a little sack of salt, for his rifle would bring him meat and the forest would give him nuts and fruit. When the sun was nearing its highest, he "barked" a squirrel from the trunk of a beech; toward sunset a fat pheasant fluttered from the ground to a low limb and he shot its head off and camped for the night.

On the second day he reached the broad buffalo trail that led to the salt-licks and on to the river, and then memories came. He remembered a place where the Indians had camped after they had captured himself and his mother. In his mind was a faint picture of her sitting against a tree and weeping and of an Indian striking her to make her stop and of himself leaping at the savage like a little wildcat, whereas the others laughed like children. Farther on, next day, was the spot where the Indians had separated them and he saw his mother no more. They told him that she had been taken back to the whites, but he was told later that they had killed her because in their flight from the whites she was holding them back too much. Farther on was a spot where they had hurried from the trail and thrust him into a hollow log, barring the exit with stones, and had left him for a day and a night.

"Black Wolf, son of Crooked Lightning!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Portugal contains only two cities, Lisbon and Oporto, with populations in excess of 50,000.

An August Moon

By RUBY DOUGLAS

(©, 1912, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Hope Fenton did not believe in fairies. She had been out in the world of reality too long to have retained her faith in anything so pretty. But she did believe in following a persistent urge that seemed to come to her repeatedly from somewhere out of her own ken.

It was her last summer vacation before she should leave college and she was worried as to how she was going to pay her expenses in her senior year. She knew there would be many extras and her meager income, earned through the college year by work outside of her studies, barely paid her actual expense.

School teachers whom she knew were going up into a mountain hotel to wait on the table for two months. Surely if school teachers could do it, she could. Somehow, it seemed to her not quite the sort of work that she would have chosen.

"Beggars can't be choosers," she said at last, following the urge, she wrote to the manager of the mountain inn and applied for a position.

She did not tell Tom Baker what she was going to do. He was a senior, also, but in a different college, and she felt, somehow, that he would not approve of her doing this sort of work. He had never known that she had so difficult a time getting along. Evidently his people had plenty of money, for she had never heard him speak of being worried.

With two of her friends who were going to the same inn, she left the city for the small mountain town where she was to spend the next two months. Every time the girls talked about the work they were about to do they burst into peals of laughter. And what they wouldn't do with the tips!

"I do hope I shall be able to hold the position, girls," said Hope as they were being carried over bumpy mountain roads in the hotel bus.

"Position? It's a job! And what you get will be wages—not salary. You might as well get yourself right, Hope, before you get it wrong," said one of the school teachers. She felt that she could come down off her dignity now that she was not being an example to fifty-odd children.

Hope was so nervous the first night at dinner that it was all she could do to serve the nice family at the table to which she had been assigned. The family was evidently remaining for a few days, for there was no tip offered to her, and she felt relieved.

Her zone in the dining room was extended the following day until she had four tables, and then she had little time to be nervous. She found herself becoming a very proficient waitress, and she agreed with the girls that the white uniform was very becoming to her fresh coloring and fair, well-kept hair.

The week-ends brought many tourists, and the girls had a busy time and received some substantial tips. They used to gather in the room of Hope, as they called it, and count their change and giggle and have a relaxed hour after the hard day's work.

"One of the men calls her 'Sister' and is as kindly as he can be. I had only one crank today—an old-maid of a man who wanted his beans cooked way down low in the pot, the way they do back home in Kentucky. I tried to get him some fizzled-looking black ones and he grunted a thanks. I'd hate to marry some of these men, wouldn't you?"

The other girls agreed that it wasn't a bad way to get insight into masculine characteristics. Altogether, they found the work interesting, amusing and very profitable. Hope could see herself quite free from financial worry during her senior year. And the mountain air was giving her a new lease on life in spite of the hard work.

"I'm expecting my family this week-end, Sister," said the man whom Hope had been serving for a week. "Could you arrange for a larger table—three children and Mrs. White? And—I'd like you to continue to take care of us, if you can."

Hope said that she would do the best she could and felt flattered at the kindly interest of the elderly man even though he had chosen to call her rather familiarly "Sister." She could see that he was well intentioned.

"And my wife's chauffeur is a college lad who isn't accustomed, I think, to roughing it. Please see that he is well served outside, will you?"

Hope said that she would, and when she had taken care of the whole White family and had been introduced—much to her embarrassment—to Mrs. White and the children, she slipped outside to the room where the chauffeurs ate their meals.

Coming in at the door opposite, just as she entered the room, was the tall, good-looking figure of Tom Baker in chauffeur's uniform.

She was nervous all evening, but her heart was beating wildly. How good Tom looked to her! She had not known, until now, how much she

thought of him. And in a uniform! Well, he had nothing of advantage. She, too, was in uniform.

When she had told the girls, and they had seen her off in the moonlight that night to join Tom, she looked lovely in a summer frock of jade green organdie. In the weird light she was very beautiful.

"I thought you were the most beautiful thing I had ever seen when I saw you in that uniform tonight. Now I know that you were not—you are so lovely now, Hope," began Tom as they caught step and strolled beneath the white birch trees.

"And—well, there is no use talking—any kind of uniform is attractive to a girl, isn't it?" she laughed.

They told each other all about how they happened to be doing this sort of work. He was in the same financial condition that she was and he had said nothing about it for fear of lowering himself—or his ability to get on in the world—in her eyes.

It was late when he took her to the steps of the inn. The August moon was sinking low, and the perfume of the mountain shrubs made the air wonderfully sweet.

"Hope—I love you. Could you—would you—try to wait for me?"

She did not reply. It was as she would have had him say it. The moon, the mountains—everything in her dream had come true.

"Will you? I'm sure we can work out a scheme together, dear."

She put her hands in his. "We're not afraid of work, Tom. And we'll be equipped with trained minds after next year, so—well, I think we can try it. I—I do love you."

CONCENTRATE ON ONE LINE

Andrew Carnegie's Recipe for Business Success Calls for Individual Attention to Own Enterprise.

Andrew Carnegie believed he could manage his own capital better than any other person, and advised young men to concentrate their efforts on one business. His opinion follows:

"I believe the true road to pre-eminent success in any line is to make yourself master in that line. I have no faith in the policy of scattering one's resources, and in my experience I have rarely if ever met a man who achieved pre-eminence in money making—certainly never one in manufacturing—who was interested in many concerns. The men who have succeeded have chosen one line and stuck to it. It is surprising how few men appreciate the enormous dividends derivable from investments in their own business. There is scarcely a manufacturer in the world who has not in his works some machinery that should be thrown out and replaced by improved appliances; or who does not for want of additional machinery or new methods, lose more than sufficient to pay the largest dividend obtainable by investment beyond his own domain. And yet most business men whom I have known invest in bank shares and in faraway enterprises, while the true gold mine lies right in their own factories. I have always tried to hold fast to this cardinal doctrine, that I could manage my own capital better than any other person, and much better than any board of directors. The losses which men encounter during a business life which seriously embarrass them are rarely in their own business, but in enterprises of which the investor is not master. My advice to young men would be not only to concentrate their whole time and attention on the one business in life in which they engage, but to put every dollar of their capital into it."—Kansas City Times.

Eagles Trained to Hunt Wolves. You often read about the falcon hunts of the days before the invention of sporting guns and smokeless powder, but these hunts must have been tame compared to a modern Korean wolf hunt with trained eagles.

Off the southwestern coast of Korea or Chosen as it is now called, there rises an immense isolated rock of black basalt, which forms an island-like peninsula. During the days of Chinese supremacy over Korea this mass of mountain projecting into the sea was kept as an eagle preserve. The eagles were trained and used by the emperors of Korea for pursuing antelopes and wolves.

With the exception of Stellar's sea-eagle, which preys upon young seals, the Korean sea-eagles are the largest of any species found in temperate countries, though probably the great forest eagle of the Philippines is larger. Their plumage is very dark, becoming almost black with age, and the beak is very pale buff, approaching white.

Mammogh Ice Sheets. Ice fields within the torrid zone amaze us. There is yet one more revelation. The ice that melted in China and the Punjab appears to have come from Antarctica. The great southern continent once was the recipient of a heavy current on its Pacific side. Glaciers formed over it, and pushed out over South Africa, Australia, the East Indies, and most of the Indian ocean, and finally melted on the mainland of Asia itself. Besides these the northern ice sheets were puny indeed.

Figuratively Speaking. "Who is that man who wants to see me?" asked Mr. Wadleigh.

"He says you and he used to go in swimming together when you were boys."

"Ah! I fear a touch. He has probably come to tell me that I'm still in the swim and he's about to go under for the third and last time."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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