

ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

By JOHN FOX, Jr.

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"PALEFACE"

"Here's a story of pioneer days in early American history that contains vivid pictures of momentous events from Kas-kaskia to Yorktown and of famous American fighting men from George Rogers Clark to George Washington. The story revolves about a striking figure—the son of a blue-blooded Virginian, stolen and brought up by the Indians and reclaimed by his kindred—only in the end to hear the call of the wild and become a pioneer in Kentucky. But he escaped from the wilderness a breech-clouted savage. He went back to the wilderness a civilized white man, with the best gift of civilization—a lovely American bride.

John Fox, Jr., is the author of this story. Patriotically American, he won fame with stories of Kentucky, his native state—"The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and the like. "Erskine Dale—Pioneer" is his latest—and last.

CHAPTER I

Streaks of red ran upward, and in answer the great gray eye of the wilderness lifted its mist-fringed lid. From the green depths came the fluting of a lone wood-thrush. A cougar leaped from the low limb of an oak, missed, and a shuddering deer streaked through a forest aisle, bounded into a little clearing, stopped rigid, sniffed a deadlier enemy, and whirled into the wilderness again. Still deeper in the depths a boy with a bow and arrow and naked, except for scalp-lock and breech-clout, sprang from sleep and again took flight along a buffalo trail. Again, not far behind him, three grunting savages were taking up the print of his moccasined feet.

An hour before a red flare rose within the staked enclosure that was reared in the center of the little clearing, and above it smoke was seen rising. Before the first glimmer of day the gates yawned a little and three dim shapes appeared and moved leisurely for the woods—each man with a long flintlock rifle in the hollow of his arm, a hunting knife in his belt, and a coonskin cap on his head. At either end of the stockade a watch-tower of oak became visible and in each a sleepy sentinel yawned and sniffed the welcome smell of frying venison below him.

One sentinel rose towering to the full of his stature, stretched his mighty arms with a yawn, and lightly leaped, rifle in hand, into the enclosure. A girl climbing the rude ladder to the tower stopped midway. "Mornin', Dave!" "Mornin', Polly!" "You don't seem to have much use for this ladder."

"Not unless I'm goin' up; and I wouldn't then if I could jump as high as I can fall." He went toward her to help her down. "I wouldn't climb very high," she said, and scolding his hand with a tantalizing little grimace she leaped as lightly as had he to the ground. Two older women who sat about a kettle of steaming clothes watched her.

"Look at Polly Conrad, won't ye? I declare that gal—" "Liddy!" cried Polly, "bring Dave's breakfast!"

At the door of each log cabin, as solidly built as a little fort, a hunter was cleaning a long rifle. At the western angle two men were strengthening the pickets of the palisade. About the fire two mothers were suckling babes at naked breasts.

At the fire a tall girl rose, pushed a mass of sunburned hair from her heated forehead, and a flush not from the fire fused with her smile.

"I reckon Dave can walk this far—he don't look very puny."

A voice vibrant with sarcasm rose from one of the women about the steaming kettle. "Honor!" she cried, "Honor Sanders!"

In a doorway near, a third girl was framed—deep-eyed, deep-breasted. "Honor!" cried the old woman, "stop wastin' yo' time with that weavin' in 'thar an' come out here an' he'p these two gals to git Dave's breakfast." Dave Yandell laughed loudly.

"Come on, Honor," he called, but the girl turned and the whirl of a loom started again like the humming of bees. Lydia Noe handed the hunter a pan of deer meat and corn bread, and Polly poured him a cup of steaming liquid made from sassafras leaves. Dave looked up into Polly's black eyes, shifted to Lydia, swerved to the door whence came the whirl of the loom.

"You are looking very handsome this mornin', Polly," he said gravely, "and Lydia is lovelier even than usual, and Honor is a woodland dream." He shook his head. "No," he said, "I really couldn't."

"Couldn't what?" asked Polly, though she knew some nonsense was coming.

"Be happy even with two, if t'other were far away."

"I reckon you'll have to try some day—with all of us far away," said the gentle Lydia.

"No doubt, no doubt." He fell upon his breakfast.

"Poor boy!" said Lydia, and Polly looked at her with quickening wonder. Dave gave his hunting knife a pathetic flourish.

"And when the Virginia gallants come, where will poor Dave be?" "I wonder," said Lydia, "if they'll have long hair like Dave?" Dave shook his long locks with mock pride.

"Yes, but it won't be their own an' it'll be powdered."

"Lord, I'd like to see the first Indian who takes one of their scalps." Polly laughed, but there was a shudder in Lydia's smile. Dave rose.

"I'm going to sleep till dinner—don't let anybody wake me," he said, and at once both girls were serious and kind. "We won't, Dave."

Cow bells began to clang at the edge of the forest. "There they are," cried Polly. "Come on, Liddy." The young hunter entered a door and within threw himself across a rude bed, face down.

"Honor!" cried one of the old women, "you go an' git a bucket o' water." The whirl stopped instantly, the girl stepped with a sort of slow majesty from the cabin, and entering the next, paused on the threshold as her eyes caught the powerful figure stretched on the bed and already in heavy sleep. She felt the flush in her face and to conceal it she turned her head angrily when she came out. A few minutes later she was at the spring and ladling water into her pail with a gourd. Near by the other two girls were milking—each with her forehead against the soft flank of a dun-colored cow whose hoofs were stained with the juice of wild strawberries. Honor dipped lazily. When her bucket was



Another Arrow Hurlied Between the Boy's Upraised Arm and His Body and Stuck Quivering in One of Its Upright Bars.

full she fell a-dreaming, and when the girls were through with their task they turned to find her with deep, unseeing eyes on the dark wilderness.

"Boo!" cried Polly, startling her, and then tensing: "Are you in love with Dave, too, Honor?"

The girl reddened. "No," she whipped out, "an' I ain't goin' to be." And then she reddened again angrily as Polly's hearty laugh told her she had given herself away. As Honor turned abruptly for the fort, a shot came from the woods followed by a war-whoop that stopped the blood shuddering in their veins.

"Oh, my God!" each cried, and catching at their wet skirts they fled in terror through the long grass. They heard the quick commotion in the fort, heard sharp commands, cries of warning, frantic calls for them to hurry, saw strained faces at the gates, saw Dave bound through and rush toward them. And from the forest there was nothing but its silence until that was again broken—this time by a loud laugh—the laugh of a white man. Then at the edge of the wilderness appeared—the fool. Behind him followed the other two who had gone out that morning, one with a deer swung about his shoulders, and all could hear the oaths of both as they cursed the fool in front who had given shot and war-whoop to frighten women and make them run. The sickly smile passed from the face of the fellow, shame took its place, and when he fronted the terrible eyes of old Jerome Sanders at the gate, that face grew white with fear.

"Thar ain't an Injun in a hundred miles," he stammered, and then he shrank down as though he were almost going to his knees, when suddenly old Jerome slipped his rifle from his shoulder and fired past the fel-

low's head with a simultaneous roar of command:

"Git in—ever'body—git in—quick!" From a watch-tower, too, a rifle had cracked. A naked savage had bounded into a spot of sunlight that quivered on the buffalo trail a hundred yards deep in the forest and leaped lithely aside into the bushes—both rifles had missed. Deeper from the woods came two war-whoops—real ones—and in the silence that followed the gates were swiftly closed and barred, and a keen-eyed rifleman was at every pore-hole in the fort. From the tower old Jerome saw reeds begin to shake in a cane-brake to the left of the spring.

"Look thar!" he called, and three rifles, with his own, covered the spot. A small brown arm was thrust above the shaking reeds, with the palm of the hand toward the fort—the peace sign of the Indian—and a moment later a naked boy sprang from the cane-brake and ran toward the block-house, with a bow and arrow in his left hand and his right stretched above his head, its pleading palm still outward.

"Don't shoot!—don't nobody shoot!" shouted the old man. No shot came from the fort, but from the woods came yells of rage, and as the boy streaked through the clearing an arrow whistled past his head.

"Let him in!" shouted Jerome, and as Dave opened the gates another arrow hurtled between the boy's upraised arm and his body and stuck quivering in one of its upright bars. The boy slid through and stood panting, shrinking, wild-eyed. The arrow had grazed his skin, and when Dave lifted his arm and looked at the oozing drops of blood he gave a startled oath, for he saw a flash of white under the loosened breech-clout below.

The boy understood. Quickly he pushed the clout aside on his thigh that all might see, nodded gravely, and proudly tapped his breast.

"Paleface!" he half grunted, "white man!"

The wilds were quiet. The boy pointed to them and held up three fingers to indicate that there were only three red men there, and shook his head to say there would be no attack from them. Old Jerome studied the little stranger closely, wondering what new trick those red devils were trying now to play. Dave made an impatient gesture for silence.

"What's your name?" The boy shook his head and looked eagerly around.

"Francis—French?" he asked, and in turn the big woodsman shook his head—nobody there spoke French. However, Dave knew a little Shawnee, a good deal of the sign-language, and the boy seemed to understand a good many words in English; so that the big woodsman pieced out his story with considerable accuracy and turned to tell it to Jerome. The Indians had crossed the Big river, were as many as the leaves, and meant to attack the whites. For the first time they had allowed the boy to go on a war party. Some one had treated him badly—he pointed out the bruises of cuffs and kicks on his body. The Indians called him White Arrow, and he knew he was white from the girdle of untanned skin under his breech-clout and because the Indian boys taunted him. Asked why he had come to the fort, he pointed again to his bruises, put both hands against his breast, and stretched them wide as though he would seek shelter in the arms of his own race and take them to his heart; and for the first time a smile came to his face that showed him plainly as a curious product of his race and the savage forces that for years had been moulding him. That smile could have never come to the face of an Indian. No Indian would ever have so lost himself in his own emotions. No white man would have used his gestures and the symbols of nature to which he appealed. Only an Indian could have shown such a cruel, vindictive, merciless fire in his eyes when he told of his wrongs, and when he saw tears in Lydia's eyes, the first burning in his life came to his own, and brushing across them with fierce shame he turned Indian stoic again and stood with his arms folded over his bow and arrows at his breast, looking neither to right nor left, as though he were waiting for judgment at their hands and cared little what his fate might be, as perfect from head to foot as a statue of the ancient little god, who, in him, had forsaken the couches of love for the tents of war.

"I saw it," he said painfully. "That's—that's my son!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Worth Thinking Over.

The world will pay you only for the services you render. If your services are mediocre you will receive only a mediocre return. The greater your skill, the greater will be your reward. What are you doing to make yourself worth more to your future employer? —Exchange.

Lots of highway robberies are pulled off under the guise of financing.

The AMERICAN LEGION

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

WANT HERO MEDAL FOR HIM

Charles Crozier, New York, Plunged Into River and Saved Seven-Year-Old Boy.

As Charles J. Crozier of 518 Tully street, Syracuse, N. Y., was driving a truck across a Syracuse bridge he happened to look at the river below. Crozier's casual glance underwent a decided change. He saw something in the water. A small hand and arm seemed to be just level with the surface. Not many seconds elapsed until Crozier was beneath the surface of the water to see who was attached to the arm.

The next thing he really saw very distinctly was the wet body of a seven-year-old boy, flailing against the white interior of an ambulance. Crozier and William John Hanley, Jr., whose life he had saved, were on their way to the hospital.

For his act of heroism his buddies of the American Legion are helping in the movement to secure for him a Carnegie life-saving medal.

A FUTURE AUXILIARY WORKER

Bonnie Jean Kelly, Youngest Member at Organization of North Dakota State Department.

The youngest member present at the organization of the North Dakota state department of the American Legion auxiliary was a little lassie only four months old. Bonnie Jean Kelly of Tim Running post at Devil's Lake



Bonnie Jean Kelly.

was immediately adopted by the entire state department when she was presented as "one of the directors of the auxiliary's affairs tomorrow."

Bonnie Jean's father, M. P. Kelly, served as first lieutenant of the Ninety-third pursuit squadron of the First army.

ORIGINATED THE GOLD STAR

Medal Showing Appreciation of the Idea is Presented to J. M. Buck of Omaha, Neb.

A medal purchased with funds given by the governors of many states, General Pershing and a hundred notables in civil and military circles, has been presented to J. M. Buck of Omaha, Neb., who originated the gold star which was placed on the caskets of all war dead to be returned to this country from European battlefields.

Omaha was a distributing point for the United States graves registration service. After the federal agency began to return bodies from overseas, thousands of caskets passed through Omaha. Mr. Buck suggested to the Omaha American Legion that a gold star be placed on each soldier's casket. The Legion immediately accepted the idea and through the Legion's organization, the custom of placing the star on all soldiers' caskets in all parts of the United States was adopted.

Every contingent of soldier dead arriving at Omaha was met at the railway station by a delegation from the American Legion. Mr. Buck always accompanied the Legionnaires and supervised the placing of the stars on the caskets. The medal was presented Mr. Buck as an expression of appreciation of his work.

Three Myths.

A man's auto had broken down. When he crawled under it no crowd collected and attempted to advise him how to fix it.

A miner was entombed for three days and three nights as the result of a cave-in. When he was finally rescued it was found that his hair had not turned snow white.

A soldier was on guard duty and was approached by an officer who asked him to give his general orders. The sentinel recited them off, making many mistakes, and the officer corrected him, thus revealing the fact that he knew them himself.—American Legion Weekly.

MADE WORLD WAR PICTURES

Capt. E. N. Jackson of Signal Corps Photographed Important Events During Conflict.

The history of America's part in the World war as told in pictures, from scenes of death and destruction in France to the gay pictures of returning soldiers landing at Hoboken, was photographed by or under the direction of Capt. E. N. Jackson of the Signal Corps. His work did not end with the cessation of hostilities. Perhaps his was the most interesting role played by any member of the A. E. F. after the armistice. When President Wilson went to France the story of his activities was photographed by Captain Jackson. Whether the president shook hands with a European soldier, signed an important paper or had dinner with a king, Captain Jackson was there with his camera.

Today, the official photographs taken by Captain Jackson and his staff are to be found in galleries, libraries, public buildings and private homes in every part of the United States. Mr. Jackson, no longer a captain, is now eliciting the shutter as one of the staff photographers of the New York Daily News. He spends his spare time at the clubrooms of the American Legion, Signal post No. 343, in New York city.

Out of Date. He—I am a man of the old school. She—Well, I dismissed that class some time ago.

GREETINGS TO THE TOMMIES

Vice Commander Jackson Carried Commander MacNider's Message to the British Legion.

The first man to cross the American continent in an automobile was the first man to cross the Atlantic ocean with a message from American World War service men exclusively to British Tommies. That man is H. Nelson Jackson of Burlington, Vt., one of the national vice commanders of the American Legion, who recently represented the Legion at an annual meeting of the British Legion, made up of World war service men of the British Isles.

During the war Mr. Jackson served in the Medical corps and for gallantry in action was decorated with the D. S. C., Croix de Guerre and the Legion of Honor of France. He was promoted through the various ranks from first lieutenant to lieutenant colonel.

The greetings which Mr. Jackson presented to the British Legion in behalf of Commander Hanford MacNider declared that: "No generation of our nations have been so closely bound together. Through the coming years it must be our mutual duty to so strengthen and cement these ties that from this great undertaking may come peace to all the world."

SPENT MONTHS IN AN ASYLUM

New Zealand Government is Probing Case of Subject Imprisoned at Elgin, Ill.

The New Zealand government is investigating the case of Robert M. Thompson of Christchurch, World war veteran, who has just returned to his home in New Zealand, after having spent several months in the asylum for the insane at Elgin, Ill.

Thompson came to the United States after having his health shattered in the war. Acting on the advice of the Canadian government, which looks after New Zealand military pensioners in America, he called at the office of the veterans' bureau in Chicago. A week after Thompson first called at the office of the bureau, he says that he found himself a regular inmate in the asylum at Elgin, receiving very poor food and indifferent treatment.

He finally succeeded in smuggling letters out to a former college friend who took the matter up with the asylum authorities. His release was arranged on the condition that he leave the United States immediately.

Carrying On With the American Legion

Jesup, Ia., with fewer than 800 population has 130 American Legion members.

Strangers seeking help in Correctionville, Ia., must be passed on by a committee of leading citizens, the business men and American Legion posts of the city have decided.

Out of 550 men 276 were found to have some kind of physical disability in a canvass of former service men in Clay county, Iowa, conducted by the American Red Cross and the American Legion.

A delegate at the state American Legion auxiliary convention at Cedar Rapids, Ia., was enthusiastically applauded when she stated on the convention floor that she was "German in birth but wholly American in spirit." She had two sons in service.

GIRL NOW WELL AND STRONG

Daughter Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as Mother Advised

Wauseon, Ohio.—"My daughter always had backache and leg-ache at certain periods and could not be on her feet at those times. We read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound doing girls so much good so she began to take it. That is two years ago and she is a different girl since then. She is able to do any work she wants to do—although she is still careful not to do heavy work—and so well and strong. We recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all mothers with ailing daughters, and I give you permission to publish this letter as a testimonial."—Mrs. A. M. BURKHOLDER, Route No. 2, Box 1, Wauseon, Ohio.

Something out of balance will affect the finest clock, causing it to gain or lose. The proper adjustment made, all is well. So it is with women. Some trouble may upset you completely.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct the cause of the trouble and disagreeable symptoms will disappear as they did in the case of Mrs. Burkholder's daughter.

MOTHERS—it is worthy of your confidence.

Out of Date. He—I am a man of the old school. She—Well, I dismissed that class some time ago.

A Lady of Distinction

Is recognized by the delicate fascinating influence of the perfume she uses. A bath with Cuticura Soap and hot water to thoroughly cleanse the pores followed by a dusting with Cuticura Talcum powder usually means a clear, sweet, healthy skin.—Advertisement.

Something Like Royal Garb. When the King of Siam is attired in his full complement of royal robes and is wearing all his state decorations their value amounts to something like \$1,000,000.

The housewife smiles with satisfaction as she looks at the basket of clear, white clothes and thanks Red Cross Ball Blue. At all grocers.—Advertisement.

Looking Out for Mother.

Mother made pudding for dinner, and after the meal found she had just enough left for two. So she divided between Jamie and Susie.

"Mamma," said Jamie, "I can't enjoy my pudding when you have to go without it. I wish you would eat Susie's."

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS. 6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief BELLANS 25¢ and 75¢ Packages, Everywhere

16799 DIED

In New York City alone from kidney trouble last year. Don't allow yourself to become a victim by neglecting pains and aches. Guard against this trouble by taking

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Holland's National Remedy since 1696. All druggists, three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

Dizzy Spells

Are Usually Due to Constipation

When you are constipated, there is not enough lubricant produced by your system to keep the food waste soft. Doctors prescribe Nujol because its action is so close to this natural lubricant.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. Try it today.

Nujol For Constipation

LOOK OLD? Many thin, straggly hair makes people look very old. It isn't necessary—a bottle of Q-Ban Hair Color Restorer will bring back original color quickly—stops dandruff. At all good drug stores, or direct from Hargis-Sims, Chicago, Memphis, Tenn.