

ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

By John Fox, Jr.

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COUSIN BARBARA

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, Kahotoo. 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 recognizes the fugitive youth as his son.

CHAPTER IV

The little girl rose startled, but her breeding was too fine for betrayal, and she went to him with hand outstretched. The boy took it as he had taken her father's, imply and without rising. The father frowned and smiled—how could the lad have learned manners? And then he, too, saw the hole in the moccasins, through which the bleeding had started again. "Take him into the kitchen, Barbara, and tell Hannah to wash his foot and bandage it."

The boy looked uncomfortable and shook his head, but the little girl was smiling and she told him to come



"You Go On Back an' Wait for Yo' Company, Little Miss; I'll 'Tend to Him!"

with such sweet imperiousness that he rose helplessly. Old Hannah's eyes made a bewildered start!

"You go on back an' wait for yo' company, little miss; I'll 'tend to him!"

And when the boy still protested, she flared up:

"Looky here, son, little miss tell me to wash yo' foot, an' I see gwinter do it, ef I got to tie you fast; now you keep still. What you come from?"

His answer was a somewhat laughy grunt that at once touched the quick instincts of the old negress and checked further question. Swiftly and silently she bound his foot, and with great respect she led him to a little room in one of the great houses in which was a tub of warm water.

"Ole marster say you been travellin' an' mebbe you like to refresh yo'self wid a hot bath. Dar's some o' little marster's clothes on de bed dar, an' a pair o' his shoes, an' I know dey'll jus' fit you snug. You'll find all de folks on de front po'ch when you git through."

She closed the door. Once, winter and summer, the boy had daily plunged into the river with his Indian companions, but he had never had a bath in his life, and he did not know what the word meant; yet he had learned so much at the fort that he had no trouble making out what the tub of water was for. For the same reason he felt no surprise when he picked up the clothes; he was only puzzled how to get into them. He tried, and struggling with the breeches he threw one hand out to the wall to keep from falling and caught a red cord with a bushy red tassel; whereat there was a ringing that made him spring away from it. A moment later there was a knock at his door.

"Did you ring, suh?" asked a voice. What that meant he did not know, and he made no answer. The door was opened slightly and a woolly head appeared.

"Do you want anything, suh?"

"No."

"Den I reckon hit was anudder bell—yassuh."

The boy began putting on his own clothes.

Outside Colonel Dale and Barbara had strolled down the big path to the sun-dial, the colonel telling the story of the little Kentucky kinsman—the little girl listening and wide-eyed.

"Is he going to live here with us, papa?"

"Perhaps. You must be very nice to him. He has lived a rude, rough life, but I can see he is very sensitive."

At the bend of the river there was the flash of dripping oars, and the song of the black oarsmen came across the yellow flood.

"There they come!" cried Barbara. And from his window the little Kentuckian saw the company coming up the path, brave with gay clothes and smiles and gallantries. The colonel walked with a grand lady at the head, behind were the belles and beaux, and bringing up the rear was Barbara, escorted by a youth of his own age, who carried his hat under his arm and bore himself as haughtily as his elders. No sooner did he see them mounting to the porch than there was the sound of a horn in the rear, and looking out of the other window the lad saw a coach and four dash through the gate and swing around the road that encircled the great trees, and up to the rear portico, where there was a joyous clamor of greetings. Where did all those people come from? Were they going to stay there and would he have to be among them? All the men were dressed alike and not one was dressed like him. Panic assailed him, and once more he looked at the clothes on the bed, and then without hesitation walked through the hallway, and stopped on the threshold of the front door. A quaint figure he made there, and for the moment the gay talk and laughter quite ceased. The story of him already had been told, and already was sweeping from cabin to cabin to the farthest edge of the great plantation. No son of Powhatan could have stood there with more dignity, and young Harry Dale's face broke into a smile of welcome. His father being indoors he went forward with hand outstretched.

"I am your cousin Harry," he said, and taking him by the arm he led him on the round of presentation.

"Mrs. Willoughby, may I present my cousin from Kentucky?"

"This is your cousin, Miss Katherine Dale; another cousin, Miss Mary; and this is your cousin Hugh."

And the young ladies greeted him with frank, eager interest, and the young gentlemen suddenly repressed patronizing smiles and gave him grave greeting, for if ever a rapier flashed from a human head, it flashed from the piercing black eye of that little Kentucky backwoodsman when his cousin Hugh, with a rather whimsical smile, bowed with a politeness that was a trifle too elaborate. Mrs. General Willoughby guessed how the lad's heart was thumping with the effort to conceal his embarrassment, and when a tinge of color spread on each side of his set mouth and his eyes began to waver uncertainly, her intuition was quick and kind.

"Barbara," she asked, "have you shown your cousin your ponies?"

The little girl saw her motive and laughed merrily:

"Why, I haven't had time to show him anything. Come on, cousin."

The boy followed her down the steps in his noiseless moccasins, along a grass path between hedges of ancient box, around an ell, and past the kitchen and toward the stables. At the gate the little girl called imperiously:

"Ephraim, bring one of my ponies!"

And in a moment out came a sturdy little slave whose head was all black skin, black wool and white teeth, leading two creamy-white little horses that shook the lad's composure at last, for he knew ponies as far back as he could remember, but he had never seen the like of them. His hand almost trembled when he ran it over their sleek coats, and unconsciously he dropped into his Indian speech and did not know it until the girl asked laughingly:

"Why, what are you saying to my ponies?"

And he blushed, for the little girl's artless prattling and friendliness were already beginning to make him quite human.

"That's Injun talk."

Hugh had followed them.

"Barbara, your mother wants you," he said, and the little girl turned toward the house. The stranger was ill at ease with Hugh and the latter knew it.

"It must be very exciting where you live."

"How?"

"Oh, fighting Indians and shooting deer and turkeys and buffalo. It must be great fun."

"Nobody does it for fun—it's mighty hard work."

"My uncle—your father—used to tell us about his wonderful adventures out there."

"He had no chance to tell me."

"But yours must have been more wonderful than his."

The boy gave a little grunt that was a survival of his Indian life, and turned to go back to the house.

"But all this, I suppose, is as strange to you."

"More."

Hugh was polite and apparently sincere in interest, but the lad was vaguely disturbed and he quickened his step. The porch was empty when they turned the corner of the house, but young Harry Dale came running down the steps, his honest face alight, and caught the little Kentuckian by the arm.

"Get ready for supper, Hugh—come on, cousin," he said, and led the stranger to his room and pointed to the clothes on the bed.

"Don't they fit?" he asked, smiling.

"I don't know—I don't know how to get into 'em."

Young Harry laughed joyously.

"Of course not. I wouldn't know how to put yours on either. You just wait," he cried, and disappeared to return quickly with an armful of clothes.

"Take off your war-dress," he said, "and I'll show you."

With heart warming to such kindness, and helpless against it, the lad obeyed like a child and was dressed like a child.

"Now, I've got to hurry," said Harry. "I'll come back for you. Just look at yourself," he called at the door.

And the stranger did look at the wonderful vision that a great mirror as tall as himself gave back. His eyes began to sting, and he rubbed them with the back of his hand and looked at the hand curiously. It was moist. He had seen tears in a woman's eyes, but he did not know that they could come to a man and he felt ashamed.

CHAPTER V

The boy stood at a window looking out into the gathering dusk. The neighing of horses, the lowing of cattle, the piping of roosting turkeys and motherly clutter of roosting hens, the weird songs of negroes, the sounds of busy preparation through the house and from the kitchen—all were sounds of peace and plenty, security and service. And over in his own wilds at that hour they were driving cows and horses into the stockade. They were cooking their rude supper in the open. A man had gone to each of the watch-towers. From the blackening woods came the curdling cry of a panther and the hooting of owls. Away on over the still westward wilds were the wigrams of squaws, papposes, braves, the red men—red in skin, in blood, in heart, and red with hate against the whites.

Perhaps they were circling a fire at that moment in a frenzied war-dance—perhaps the hooting at that moment from the woods around the fort was not the hooting of owls at all. There all was hardship—danger; here all was comfort and peace. If they could see him now! See his room, his fire, his bed, his clothes! They had told him to come, and yet he felt now the shame of desertion. He had come, but he would not stay long away; the door opened, he turned, and Harry Dale came eagerly in.

"Mother wants to see you."

The two boys paused in the hall and Harry pointed to a pair of crossed rapiers over the mantelpiece.

"Those were your father's," he said; "he was a wonderful fencer."

The lad shook his head in ignorance, and Harry smiled.

"I'll show you tomorrow."

At a door in the other ell Harry knocked gently, and a voice that was low and sweet but vibrant with imperiousness called:

"Come in!"

"Here he is, mother."

The lad stepped into warmth, subtle fragrance and many candle lights. The great lady was just rising from a



"Here He Is, Mother."

chair in front of her mirror, brocaded, powdered and starred with jewels. So brilliant a vision almost stunned the little stranger and it took an effort for him to lift his eyes to hers.

"Why, this is not the lad you told me of," she said. "Come here! Both of you." They came and the lady scrutinized them comparably.

"Actually you look alike—and, Harry, you have no advantage, even if you are my own son. I am glad you are here," she said with sudden sobriety, and smiling tenderly she put both hands on his shoulders, drew him to her and kissed him, and again he felt in his eyes that curious sting.

"You fight with 'em? I want to learn how to use them!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lines to Be Remembered.

Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunderstorm.—R. L. Stevenson.

THE AMERICAN LEGION

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

MAKES MOVIE PICTURE NOW

Roger Sullivan, Former Engineer, Disabled in World War, Successful in Camera Work.

The fact that he was an engineer before the war may help him to understand the mechanism of a motion picture camera, but the knowledge of proper lighting effects and other things incident to the successful production of motion pictures had to be learned by Roger Sullivan, after he was seriously disabled in the World War.

Sullivan was wounded while operating with the United Naval forces in France. After the war, young Sullivan found that his injuries were such that he could not successfully "carry on" as an engineer. Under the supervision of the U. S. Veterans' bureau, he entered a school of photography in New York and has completed a course in motion picture making and "still" photography.



Sullivan and His Camera.

Together with James E. Pelkey, another disabled veteran who took the same course, Sullivan is producing a picture entitled "Another Chance." The picture depicts every stage through which a disabled veteran passes from the time he leaves the hospital until he has been completely rehabilitated in some school of vocational training.

The film closes with the picture of President Harding. The photograph of Sullivan "shooting" the President was taken by Pelkey.

Sullivan and Pelkey spend their spare hours in the club rooms of the Washington Heights post of the American Legion in New York City.

WANTS BEST COOKIE RECIPE

American Legion Auxiliary Plans to Have "Cookie Jar" for the Sick Ex-Soldiers.

The best, top-hole, A-1 cookie recipe in America is wanted by the American Legion auxiliary for use in its welfare work with veterans in hospitals.

This recipe may be a modern, cooking school's latest piece de resistance, or it may be a family heirloom—but it must be good. The more it resembles the cookies that mother used to bake, the happier it is going to make a lot of sick soldiers.

The auxiliary's plan is to establish in each hospital, where there are veterans receiving treatment, a "cookie jar," which will be kept filled with a fresh supply of delectable cakes, made by auxiliary members. The plan is that of Mrs. W. H. Cudworth, of Milwaukee, Wis., chairman of the hospital and welfare committee. The recipe should be sent to the national auxiliary headquarters, Indianapolis, Ind. A widely known baker will be asked to judge them and select the best.

The Legion is making every effort to interest the children of America in the cultivation of flowers by appealing to their patriotism and to their natural affection for such a flower as the American Legion's American daisy.

Former service men in Pennsylvania received \$40,000 in claims from the government in one month through the efforts of the Pennsylvania American Legion.

A giant new bridge will span the historic Charles river at Boston, Mass., serving as a memorial to the Massachusetts dead who lost their lives in the World War.

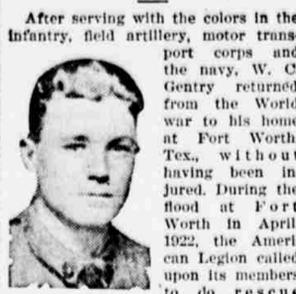
Australia's heroes of the World War were honored on Anzac day, when religious services, soldiers' reunions and public meetings were held throughout the commonwealth.

A freak pretending to be half baboon and half woman, giving America as her home and declaring that there are many more like her in this country, attracted considerable attention in a Constantinople (Turkey) street carnival, until American Legion members had the act suppressed.

Before the assembled American troops, he pinned the medallie militaire of Belgium on Major General Allen's breast and after getting numerous loans of considerable amounts from Major General Allen's staff, departed for Paris.

GIVES LIFE SAVING OTHERS

W. C. Gentry Escaped Injury in World War, Dies Rescuing Texas Flood Victims.



After serving with the colors in the Infantry, field artillery, motor transport corps and the navy, W. C. Gentry returned from the World War to his home at Fort Worth, Tex., without having been injured. During the flood at Fort Worth in April, 1922, the American Legion called upon its members to do rescue work. Young Gentry was one of the first to present himself at the Legion office.

During the first few hours he was in the flood district Gentry rescued six persons. While swimming toward the levee, after carrying a woman to safety, he became entangled in a barbed-wire fence which had come to the surface of the water. He called to a companion for help, but the companion was too nearly exhausted to save him. The surging waters from which he had saved others soon engulfed him.

Mayor E. R. Cockrell of Fort Worth urged his fellow citizens to erect a fitting memorial to the young man who had unselfishly given his life for his fellow men.

WHEN ONLY FOUR HOURS OLD

Miss Rosalie Carol Larson of Worthington, Minn., Probably Youngest Auxiliary Member.

Fortunately, there are no age requirements for membership in the American Legion Auxiliary. A number of grandmothers were among the charter members of the organization in Minnesota. On the other hand, there are several young women who may say that they have belonged to the Auxiliary all their lives.

Little Rosalie Carol Larson of Worthington, Minn., was admitted to membership when she was exactly four hours old. No, she didn't apply for the honor, it was just conferred upon her.

Rosalie's father, Warner Larson, served with the Twenty-ninth division, and her mother received her diplomas as a graduate nurse after volunteering for service with the American Red Cross.

The southern portions of the province have been exceptionally favored, reports showing that the yield of all grains will be wonderfully good.

The crops of all Saskatchewan are a week or ten days later than those of Manitoba.

Conditions in Alberta are said to be good, especially in southern Alberta, where copious and plentiful showers came in time to give assurance of good paying yields. This applies to nearly all sections of that district.

Northern Alberta, or at least that portion of it lying within thirty miles of Edmonton, has suffered from lack of moisture, a very unusual thing for that district, where there is generally an abundance. As a result, the heavy yields of wheat, oats and barley for which the district is noted will show considerable falling off over past years.

The grain, though, is of excellent quality and the yield will be fair.

Pasturage is poor, and the hay crop will fall short of that of any previous year for quite an extended period.

On the whole, the prairie provinces of Western Canada will have a crop that will warrant the statement that it will prove satisfactory and remunerative.

A number of farmers put in corn this year, and from present appearances there is a likelihood of an abundant yield for fodder and ensilage, while a good deal of it will rot in the field. A number of silos were erected this season. While grain growing is losing none of its interest, it is highly pleasing to note the number of farmers who are adding dairying to the grain growing industry.—Advertisement.

Contemporary Corrected. From Fashionable Dress—"When the gay Bard of Avon fondly inquired 'What is so rare as a day in June?' he was probably thinking of the smiles and tears and tenderness of the wedding day."

Not at all, brother, not at all! He was probably thinking: "That's a mighty good line. Wish I'd thought of it before Lowell did."—Boston Transcript.

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"Yes," said his mother, "get him a plate of food."

After George had fed him he said: "Mother, do you feel sorry enough to let him stay all night?"

The use of soft coal will make laundry work heavier this winter. Red Cross Ball Blue will help to remove that grimy look. At all grocers.—Advertisement.

There is no man so bad but has a secret respect for the good.

CROPS ALL GOOD

Western Canada Farmers Jubilant Over Prospects.

Harvest in Southwestern Manitoba Expected to Come Close to Bumper Yield of 1915.

Those who have friends in Western Canada will be anxious to learn of the conditions there, and will be interested in knowing that generally the crop prospect is very favorable. Cutting and harvesting have become general, and it is anticipated that the results which will appear when thrashing is completed will be highly satisfactory.

With the widely varying weather conditions that have prevailed in the different sections of the prairie provinces it would be impossible to forecast with any degree of accuracy as to how the crop is made. The Manitoba crop has held its own, and the outlook for the province as a whole is decidedly good.

With the exception of an area south and west of Brandon, grain crops in Manitoba continue to give promises of a good harvest, the best in fact for a number of seasons, reports the Canadian National Railways for the week ended July 22. Recent rains and favorable temperatures have improved conditions wonderfully.

Southwestern Manitoba will reap a harvest which will nearly equal the bumper harvest of 1915. Farmers in the district are very optimistic. The rye crop is exceptionally good; many fields will yield upwards of 30 bushels per acre. The fields are remarkably free of weeds, and the grasshopper menace, which has been evident in the southwestern portion of the province for the past three years, has been almost entirely obliterated. No damage has been done to the wheat crop by rust, and the oats crop will average more than 60 bushels to the acre.

In Saskatchewan there are large areas where the crops are excellent. In places where the prospects some few weeks ago were not encouraging, material change for the better is apparent. In these places unusually dry weather during a portion of the growing season kept the crops back, but what was most remarkable was the effect that the spring moisture had. While light in some places, this moisture kept sufficient strength in the growing crops to ensure a fair yield of a good quality of grain. This condition arises in the mid-central districts of the province.

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