

Erskine Dale — Pioneer

By John Fox, Jr.

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DANE GREY.

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 recognizes 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 Willoughby. Duelling rapiers on a wall at Red Oaks attract Erskine's attention. He takes his first fencing lesson from Hugh.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

For an hour or more they had driven and there was no end to the fields of tobacco and grain.

"Are we still on your land?" Barbara laughed. "Yes; we can't drive around the plantation and get back for dinner. I think we'd better turn now."

"Plan-a-tion," said the lad. "What's that?"

Barbara waved her whip. "Why, all this—the land—the farm."

"Oh!"

"It's called Red Oaks—from those big trees back of the house."

"Oh. I know oaks well—all of 'em."

She wheeled the ponies and with fresh zest they scampered for home. Everybody had gathered for the noonday dinner when they swung around the great trees and up to the back porch. Just as they were starting in the Kentucky boy gave a cry and darted down the path. A towering figure in coonskin cap and hunter's garb was halted at the sun-dial and looking toward them.

"Now, I wonder who that is," said Colonel Dale. "Jupiter, but that boy can run!"

They saw the tall stranger stare wonderingly at the boy and throw back his head and laugh. Then the two came on together. The boy was still flushed but the hunter's face was grave.

"This is Dave," said the boy simply. "Dave Yandell," added the stranger, smiling and taking off his cap. "I've been at Williamsburg to register some lands and I thought I'd come and see how this young man is getting along."

Colonel Dale went quickly to meet him with outstretched hand.

"I'm mighty glad you did," he said heartily. "Erskine has already told us about you. You are just in time for dinner."

"That's mighty kind," said Dave. And the ladies, after he was presented, still looked at him with much curiosity and great interest. Truly, strange visitors were coming to Red Oaks these days.

That night the subject of Hugh and Harry going back home with the two Kentuckians was bronched to Colonel Dale, and to the wondering delight of the two boys both fathers seemed to consider it favorably. Mr. Brockton was going to England for a visit, the summer was coming on, and both fathers thought it would be a great benefit to their sons. Even Mrs. Dale, on whom the hunter had made a most agreeable impression, smiled and said she would already be willing to trust her son with their new guest anywhere.

"I shall take good care of him, madam," said Dave with a bow.

Colonel Dale, too, was greatly taken with the stranger, and he asked many questions of the new land beyond the mountains. There was dancing again that night, and the hunter, towering a head above them all, looked on with smiling interest. He even took part in a square dance with Miss Jane Willoughby, handling his great bulk with astonishing grace and lightness of foot. Then the elder gentlemen went into the drawing-room to their port and pipes, and the boy Erskine slipped after them and listened enthralled to the talk of the coming war.

Colonel Dale had been in Hanover ten years before, when one Patrick Henry voiced the first intimation of independence in Virginia; Henry, a country storekeeper—bankrupt; farmer—bankrupt; storekeeper again, and bankrupt again; an idler, hunter, fisher, and story-teller—even a "bar-keeper," as Mr. Jefferson once dubbed him, because Henry had once helped his father-in-law to keep tavern. That far back Colonel Dale had heard Henry denounce the clergy, stigmatize the king as a tyrant who had forfeited all claim to obedience, and had seen the orator caught up on the shoulders of applause borne around the court-house green. He had seen the same Henry ride into Richmond two years later on a lean horse; with papers in his saddle-pockets, his expression grim, his tall figure stooping, a peculiar twinkle in his small blue eyes, his brown wig without powder, his coat peach-blossom in color, his knee-breeches of leather, and his stockings of yarn. The speaker of the Burgesses was on a dais under

a red canopy supported by gilded rods, and the clerk sat beneath with a mace on the table before him, but Henry cried for liberty or death, and the shouts of treason fell then and there to save Virginia for the king. The lad's brain whirled. What did all this mean? Who was this king and what had he done? He had known but the one from whom he had run away. When he got Dave alone he would learn and learn and learn—everything. And then the young people came quietly in and sat down quietly, and Colonel Dale, divining what they wanted, got Dave started on stories of the wild wilderness that was his home—the first chapter in the life of Kentucky—the land of dark forests and cane thickets that separated Catawas, Creeks and Cherokees on the south from Delawares, Wyandottes and Shawnees on the north, who fought one another, and all of whom the whites must fight. How the first fort was built, and the first women stood on the banks of the Kentucky river. He told of the perils and hardships of the first journeys thither—fights with wild beasts and wild men, chases, hand-to-hand combats, escapes and massacres—and only the breathing of his listeners could be heard, save the sound of his own voice. And he came finally to the story of the attack on the fort, the raising of a small hand above the cane, palm outward, and the swift dash of a slender brown body into the fort, and then, seeing the boy's face turn scarlet, he did not tell how that same lad had slipped back into the woods even while the fight was going on, and slipped back with the bloody scalp of his enemy, but ended with the timely coming of the Virginians, led by the lad's father, who got his death-wound at the very gate. The tense breathing of his listeners culminated now in one general deep breath.

Colonel Dale rose and turned to General Willoughby.

"And that's where he wants to take our boys."

"Oh, it's much safer now," said the hunter. "We have had no trouble for some time, and there's no danger inside the fort."

"I can imagine you keeping those boys inside the fort when there's so much going on outside. Still—"

Colonel Dale stopped and the two boys took heart again.

Colonel Dale escorted the boy and Dave to their room. Mr. Yandell must go with them to the fair at Williams-



Maidens Moved Daintily Along in Silk and Lace, High-Heeled Shoes and Clocked Stockings.

burg next morning, and Mr. Yandell would go gladly. They would spend the night there and go to the governor's ball. The next day there was a county fair, and perhaps Mr. Henry would speak again. Then Mr. Yandell must come back with them to Red Oaks and pay them a visit—no, the colonel would accept no excuse whatever.

The boy pled Dave with questions about the people in the wilderness and passed to sleep. Dave lay awake a long time thinking that war was sure to come. They were Americans now, said Colonel Dale—not Virginians, just as nearly a century later the same people were to say:

"We are not Americans now—we are Virginians."

CHAPTER VI.

It was a merry cavalcade that swung around the great oaks that spring morning in 1774. Two coaches with outriders and postillions led the way with their precious freight—the elder ladies in the first coach, and the second blossoming with flowerlike faces and starred with dancing eyes. Booted and spurred, the gentlemen rode behind, and after them rolled the baggage wagons, drawn by mules in jingling harness. Harry on a chestnut sorrel and the young Kentuckian on a high-stepping gray followed the second coach—Hugh on Firefly champed the length of the column. Colonel Dale and Dave brought up the rear. The road was of sand and there was little sound of hoof or wheel—only the hum of voices, occasional sallies when a

neighbor joined them, and laughter from the second coach as happy and care-free as the singing of birds from trees by the roadside.

The capital had been moved from Jamestown to the spot where Bacon had taken the oath against England—then called Middle-Plantation, and now Williamsburg. The cavalcade wheeled into Gloucester street, and Colonel Dale pointed out to Dave the old capitol at one end and William and Mary college at the other. Mr. Henry had thundered in the old capitol, the Burgesses had their council chamber there, and in the hall there would be a ball that night. Near the street was a great building which the colonel pointed out as the governor's palace, surrounded by pleasure grounds of full three hundred acres and planted thick with Linden trees. My Lord Dunmore lived there.

At this season the planters came with their families to the capital, and the street was as brilliant as a fancy-dress parade would be to us now. It was filled with coaches and furs. Maidens moved daintily along in silk and lace, high-heeled shoes and clocked stockings.

The cavalcade halted before a building with a leaden bust of Sir Walter Raleigh over the main doorway, the old Raleigh tavern, in the Apollo room of which Mr. Jefferson had rapturously danced with his Belinda, and which was to become the Faneull hall of Virginia. Both coaches were quickly surrounded by bowing gentlemen, young gallants, and frolicsome students. Dave, the young Kentuckian, and Harry would be put up at the tavern, and, for his own reasons, Hugh elected to stay with them. With an air of white hands from the coaches, the rest went on to the house of relatives and friends.

Inside the tavern Hugh was soon surrounded by fellow students and boon companions. He pressed Dave and the boy to drink with them, but Dave laughingly declined and took the lad up to their room. Below they could hear Hugh's merriment going on, and when he came upstairs a while later his face was flushed, he was in great spirits, and was full of enthusiasm over a horse race and cock-fight that he had arranged for the afternoon. With him came a youth of his own age with daredevil eyes and a suave manner, one Dane Grey, to whom Harry gave scant greeting. One patronizing look from the stranger toward the Kentucky boy and within the latter a fire of antagonism was instantly kindled. With a word after the two went out, Harry snorted his explanation:

"Tory!"

In the early afternoon coach and horsemen moved out to an "old field." Hugh was missing from the Dale party, and General Willoughby frowned when he noted his son's absence.

Then a crowd of boys gathered to run one hundred and twelve yards for a hat worth twelve shillings, and Dave nudged his young friend. A moment later Harry cried to Barbara:

"Look there!"

There was their young Indian lining up with the runners, his face calm, but an eager light in his eyes. At the word he started off almost leisurely, until the whole crowd was nearly ten yards ahead of him, and then a yell of astonishment rose from the crowd. The boy was skimming the ground on wings. Past one after another he flew, and laughing and hardly out of breath he bounded over the finish, with the first of the rest laboring with bursting lungs ten yards behind. Hugh and Dane Grey had appeared arm in arm and were moving through the crowd with great gaiety and some boisterousness, and when the boy appeared with his hat Grey shouted:

"Good for the little savage!"

Erskine wheeled furiously but Dave caught him by the arm and led him back to Harry and Barbara, who looked so pleased that the lad's ill-humor passed at once.

Hugh and his friend had not approached them, for Hugh had seen the frown on his father's face, but Erskine saw Grey look long at Barbara, turn to question Hugh, and again he began to burn within.

The wrestlers had now stepped forth to battle for a pair of silver buckles, and the boy in turn nudged Dave, but unavailingly. The wrestling was good and Dave watched it with keen interest. One huge bull-necked fellow was easily the winner, but when the silver buckles were in his hand, he boastfully challenged anybody in the crowd. Dave shouldered through the crowd and faced the victor.

"I'll try you once," he said, and a shout of approval rose.

The Dale party crowded close and my lord's coach appeared on the outskirts and stopped.

"Backholts or catch-as-catch-can?" asked the victor sneeringly.

"As you please," said Dave.

"He's hurt," said Dave, "and he's gone home."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Very Much to Be Desired.

We all should like a cook such as an English clergyman advertised for in the London Times. In his advertisement he said among other things that it was essential not only that his cook should have a sense of humor but also that she should exemplify the spirit of Galatians, verse 22. Now Galatians, verse 22, reads thus: "But the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith,"

PRIDE IN SCHOOLS

Dominant Feeling Among Settlers in Western Canada.

Despite "Newness" of the Country, There Are No Better Institutions of Learning Anywhere.

There is frequently hesitation expressed by those whose minds are almost made up to move to the agricultural lands of Western Canada, that the children will not enjoy the school privileges afforded them in their present surroundings. This is a reasonable doubt. The country is new. It is within the memory of many who will read this that the bison roamed these prairies at will, that there were no railroads, no settlements beyond that of some of the Hudson Bay posts, a few courageous ranchmen and Indians. It was a country of unknown quantity. It is different today, and it has been made different in that short time because of the latent stores of wealth hidden in the land, which has been made to yield bountifully through the daring enterprise of the pioneer and the railways that had the courage to extend their enterprising lines of steel throughout its length and a great portion of its breadth. Villages and hamlets have developed into towns and towns into cities, supported and maintained by those who, coming practically from all parts of the world, and many, ycs, thousands, from the neighboring states to the south, have taken up land that cost them but a trifle as compared with what they were able to dispose of the holdings upon which they had been living for years. These people brought with them a method in life that electrified and changed the entire Canadian West. Today things are different, and a trip to Western Canada will show a country new but old. Now because changes have been wrought that give to the newcomer the opportunity to become part of a growing and developing country—it gives the chance to say what shall be made of it; old because there has been brought into its life those things that have proven useful in older countries, while there has been eliminated everything that would tend to a backward stage. A writer, dealing with social matters, treats of the schools, and says:

"Everywhere the school follows the plow. Cities which a few years ago were represented by scattered shacks are proud today of their school buildings. The web of education is being spread over the prairie. Lately, however, a new policy has been adopted. Instead of many rural schools, big central schools are being established—each serving an area of fifty square miles or so, and children who live a mile and a half away are conveyed thither in well-warmed motor cars. In the summer, of course, they come on "bikes" or ponies.

"And the young idea is taught to shoot in many directions. The instruction is not limited to the three R's, but nature study and manual crafts are taught, in order that the future agriculturist may have his education at foundation laid. Many rural schools have pleasant gardens attached, with flower and vegetable beds, and the visitor to one such school deep in the country says she will never forget the pride with which a little lad showed her the patch of onions in his plot. Thrift is also taught in the schools by means of the dime bank.

"Following the primary schools there are secondary schools, where training is free. This includes classical, modern languages, science, mathematics, advanced English, and often agricultural, commercial, and technical subjects, and—but this concerns the girls—household economics. For three years this lasts, and then comes matriculation into the university, a matriculation which admits direct to the arts



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Aids digestion, keeps teeth white and clean—breath sweet and disposition sunny.



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KEY OVERALLS

Costs Less Per Day To Wear Them

or science degree, or the education may be completed by a course in some special subject at a technical institute.—Advertisement.

To Remove Spots. Try taking white spots from your dinner table with clear ashes. Dampen them, and rub on with the fingers. If the spots are not too deep they will come off.

Cuticura Soap for the Complexion. Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment now and then as needed to make the complexion clear, scalp clean and hands soft and white. Add to this the fascinating, fragrant Cuticura Talcum, and you have the Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Advertisement.

All He Had. Alfred—"Say, Morris, wait! Have you a minute to spare?" Morris—"Yes, but nothing else. Make it snappy."

Eternity has no gray hairs.

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Usefulness First Requisite. Whatever has nothing to do, whatever could go without being missed, is not ornament; it is deformity and encumbrance.—Ruskin.

FREEDOM FROM LAXATIVES

Discovery by Scientists Has Replaced Them.

Pills and salts give temporary relief from constipation only at the expense of permanent injury, says an eminent medical authority. Science has found a newer, better way—a means as simple as Nature itself.

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft and moving. But when constipation exists this natural lubricant is not sufficient. Medical authorities have found that the gentle lubricating action of Nujol most closely resembles that of Nature's own lubricant. As Nujol is not a laxative it cannot gripe. It is in no sense a medicine. And like pure water it is harmless and pleasant.

Nujol is prescribed by physicians; used in leading hospitals. Get a bottle from your druggist today.—Advertisement.

Best feature of a city is that you can ignore so much.

YOUNG GIRLS NEED CARE

Mothers, watch your Daughters' Health

Health Is Happiness

From the time a girl reaches the age of twelve until womanhood is established, she needs all the care a thoughtful mother can give. The condition that the girl is then passing through is so critical, and may have such far-reaching effects upon her future happiness and health, that it is almost criminal for a mother or guardian to withhold counsel or advice.

Many a woman has suffered years of prolonged pain and misery through having been the victim of thoughtlessness or ignorance on the part of those who should have guided her through the dangers and difficulties that beset this period.

Mothers should teach their girls what danger comes from standing around with cold or wet feet, from lifting heavy articles, and from overworking. Do not let them over-study. If they complain of headache, pains in the back and lower limbs, they need a mother's thoughtful care and sympathy.

A Household Word in Mother's House writes Mrs. Lynd, about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. "My mother gave me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when I was 14 years old for troubles girls often have and for loss of weight. Then after I married I took the Vegetable Compound before each child was born and always when I felt the least run down. Both my

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent you free upon request. Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information.

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