

# 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 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. 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 W. Loughby. Duelling rapers 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 goodbye 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 doubled on us and is tracking us. I expect he's looking at us from somewhere around here." And he hallooed 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," 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 kindly 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."

## 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-crested, white-rocked summit of Clinch mountain, and came to the last outlying fort of the western frontier. Next day they started on the long, long wilderness trail toward the Cumberland range. On the third day therefrom the gray wall of the Cumberland that ran with frowning inaccessibility on 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 upright 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 loss of 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 tiddewater 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—Kahotoo, 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 then 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 unobscuredly 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 boss?" 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 tiddewater 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 unvarying.

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 saltlicks 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, whereat 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

# The American Legion

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

## WAR RECORDS OF GRANDDADS

Mrs. Edward W. Burt of North Carolina Working on Hereditary Society Plan.

"Granddad, what did you do during the war?" will be the special query of the young Americans of the next generation that Mrs. Edward W. Burt of Salisbury, N. C., has set herself out to answer. Mrs. Burt is chairman of the American Legion Auxiliary committee to perpetuate the organization in a hereditary society.

The Auxiliary, in its present makeup, is composed of mothers, wives, daughters and sisters of the members of the American Legion, and of the women of the same status who lost men in the World war. There is no junior society to the Auxiliary or to the Legion, such as there is to other patriotic societies—for instance, the Sons of the Revolution—but when a generation has passed undoubtedly such a society will come into existence. It is to prepare the way for an hereditary society, composed of the daughters and granddaughters of World war veterans, that Mrs. Burt is working. Her plan will include incorporation into the Auxiliary records of the war records of the Legion men, so that future genealogists will have no trouble in locating the war records of their granddads.

## THE VETERAN OF SEVEN WARS

Robert Bruce MacGregor of Seattle, One of Eleven Survivors of His Old Regiment.

A veteran of seven wars at forty-eight years of age, Robert Bruce MacGregor of Seattle, Wash., says that his days on the battlefields are forever over and that he expects to devote the remaining years of his life to peaceful activities. Mr. MacGregor served in the World war with the original Princess Pat regiment, which numbered 1,003 men in 1914. Eleven of that 1,003 are now alive and only two of the eleven can walk. Mr. MacGregor is one of the two.

He fought in the Philippines during the Spanish-American war, in China during the Boxer rebellion, in South Africa during the Natal rebellion, the Matabele uprising and the Jameson raid. Twelve medals, four decorations and wounds which keep him constantly under the doctor's care constitute his spoils.

Although Mr. MacGregor has left the battlefield, he believes that there are peacetime battles to be fought. He has been fighting unemployment in Seattle in behalf of the American Legion for a number of months. He recently landed jobs for 236 former soldiers. More than that, he has adopted and is educating a fifteen-year-old boy.

## DESIGNS THE LEGION POSTER

Drawing by Clarence Reeder, Newspaper Artist, Advertises the Big Meet at New Orleans.

Nineteen New Orleans artists competed in a contest for a poster to advertise the American Legion national convention, but a former "top sergeant" won the prize of \$100. Clarence Reeder, staff artist of a New Orleans newspaper, who drilled rookies at Camp Pike during the World war, drew the winning poster.

The successful design represents a doughboy, a sailor and a marine in uniform, looking at a guidebook, labeled "New Orleans, the Paris of the U. S. A.," with a view of the famous French quarter below. Above the three figures are the Legion emblem and the words, "Oh, buddy, let's go," and below, "American Legion National Convention at New Orleans, October 16-20."

Forty thousand copies of the poster will be sent to all Legion posts and will be on display in railroad stations in many parts of the country.

## Boycott Them,

"Now, children," beamed the Sunday school teacher, "who can suggest the lesson we are taught by the downfall of Samson? Very well, George." "Don't patronize women's barbers, ma'am."—American Legion Weekly.

## MEDAL OF HONOR MEN GUESTS

Wearers of Congressional Decorations Will Be Prominent at Legion National Convention.

Prominent among the distinguished guests at the American Legion national convention in New Orleans, October 16-20, will be wearers of the congressional medal of honor, the highest award for bravery made by the United States. Lieut. Sydney G. Gumpertz of New York was the first medal of honor man to accept the convention invitation.



The citation of Lieutenant Gumpertz came as a result of an act of heroism while serving as a sergeant with the One Hundred Thirty-second Infantry in the Bois de Forges, September 26, 1918.

Advancing under hostile machine gun fire, Gumpertz killed two German gunners with pistol fire and the remaining 14 members of the crew surrendered. About thirty minutes after this exploit the platoon was again held up by German machine gun nests. Volunteers were asked for to silence the guns. Gumpertz, a corporal and a private volunteered and the trio advanced in single file.

Encountering the enemy's barrage, the two companions of Gumpertz were killed by a shell, but Gumpertz continued to advance alone on the nest by the flank and located it. He then threw into it a Mills hand grenade and killed and wounded several members of the crew. The remaining 16 members surrendered themselves and the two heavy-type machine guns. The action of Sergeant Gumpertz enabled his unit to continue the advance.

## WHAT THE LEGION IS DOING

Reno (Nev.) Editor, on Bike Ride Through Country, Spreads News of the Posts.

Traveling 125 miles a day, and camping at night by the roadside, Donald F. Chase, twenty-one years old, recently phished through Middle Western cities on a bicycle from Reno, Nev., to Syracuse, N. Y.

Young Chase's family lives at Syracuse and, as a vacation from his duties as city editor of the Nevada State Journal, the energetic lad decided he would ride through and see his mother. The Reno American Legion saw a chance to do some worthwhile advertising. So arrangements were made whereby Chase should speak before 110 Legion posts on his way across the continent. At first he spoke only of what the Reno posts of the Legion and the Nevada state department are doing, but later he found that he could be of greater service by telling each post of all the good things that other posts along his route are doing.

The young galling gun which he carried with him saw service when an automobile driver ran into his bicycle near Topeka, Kan., and then refused to stop to see what damage had been done. Chase put a bullet in a tire and then made the driver haul him and his bike to town.

"One doesn't realize just what the American Legion is doing until he visits Legion posts and sees the efforts of these posts to improve their communities," he said.

## WILL DANCE FOR DOUGHBOYS

Miss Emily V. Schupp, Duluth, Volunteers Services at New Orleans Convention.

Miss Emily V. Schupp of Duluth, Minn., has volunteered to dance for her doughboy friends at the American Legion national convention in New Orleans next October.

During the war Miss Schupp, who is known professionally as "Lada," entertained thousands of soldiers in the cantonments of America. She has appeared at Legion entertainments in a number of Minnesota cities. Miss Schupp, who is also a soloist, is scheduled to appear at a recital to be given at the New Orleans convention by the Duluth American Legion band, which won first prize over 75 competitors in the band contest held at the Legion convention in Kansas City last fall.

## Carrying On With the American Legion

Huge sign boards "telling the world" how to find the American Legion clubrooms have been erected on all roads leading into Riceville, Ia., by the post there.

Auxiliaries fashioned on identical lines with the American Legion auxiliaries have been organized in Canada and in England. In each the women eligible must be wives, mothers, sisters or daughters of members of the war veterans' associations, whose discharge comprises their eligibility. The women of Canada and England visit the disabled veterans and care for their dependents and aid the veterans in obtaining legislation to mitigate their after-war burdens.

# CRAMPS, PAINS AND BACKACHE

St. Louis Woman Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

St. Louis, Mo.—"I was bothered with cramps and pains every month and had backache and had to go to bed as I could not work. My mother and my whole family always took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for such troubles and they induced me to try it and it has helped me very much. I don't have cramps any more, and I can do my housework all through the month. I recommend your Vegetable Compound to my friends for female troubles."—Mrs. DELLA SCHOLZ, 1412 Salisbury Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Just think for a moment. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been in use for nearly fifty years. It is prepared from medicinal plants, by the utmost pharmaceutical skill, and superior methods. The ingredients thus combined in the Compound correct the conditions which cause such annoying symptoms as had been troubling Mrs. Scholz. The Vegetable Compound exercises a restorative influence of the most desirable character, correcting the trouble in a gentle but efficient manner. This is noted, by the disappearance, one after another, of the disagreeable symptoms.

There's a Difference. She—I suppose you'd like to be free to marry again! He—No. Just free.

## Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELLANS INDIGESTION 25 CENTS  
6 BELLANS Hot Water Sure Relief  
BELLANS  
25¢ and 75¢ Packages, Everywhere

## SQUEEZED TO DEATH

When the body begins to stiffen, and movement becomes painful it is usually an indication that the kidneys are out of order. Keep these organs healthy by taking

## GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Famous since 1896. Take regularly and keep in good health. In three sizes, all druggists. Guaranteed as represented. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

## Constipation

Relieved Without the Use of Laxatives  
Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe.  
When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid is produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it. Try it today.

## Nujol

## Nu-Way STRECH SUSPENDERS

A full year's wear or more guaranteed (7c and 50c). Men's Garters (50c) and Hose Supporters (all sizes, 25c). No rubber to rot from heat or sweat. Floor-Phor Bromine Buckles Springs give the stretch.  
ASK YOUR DEALER. If he can't supply you, send direct, giving dealer's name. Accept no substitute. Get the genuine Nu-Way. Look for guarantee and name on buckle. Write for story of Nu-Way Spring Stretch.  
NU-WAY STRECH SUSPENDER COMPANY  
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Adrian, Mich.

## Gray Hair

Reading makes a full man, conference a ready man and writing an exact man.—Francis Bacon.  
Such as give ear to slanderers are worse than slanderers themselves.

## MURINE Night and Morning

Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they Tingle, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Reddened, use Murine for YOUR EYES. Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Rutza Eye Remedy Co., Chicago