ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

CHAPTER X-Continued. -11-

A striking figure the lad made riding into the old capital one afternoon just before the sun sank behind the western woods. Students no longer wandered through the campus of William and Mary college. Only an occasional maid in silk and lace tripped along the street in high-heeled shoes and clocked stockings, and no coach and four was in sight. The governor's palace, in its great yard amid linden trees, was closed and deserted. My Lord Dunmore was long in sad flight, as Erskine later learned, but not in his coach with its six milk-white horses. But there was the bust of Sir Walter in front of Raleigh tayern, and there he drew up, before the steps where he was once nigh to taking Dane Grey's Ufe. A negro servant came forward to care for his horse, but a coalblack young giant leaped around the corner and seized the bridle with a welcoming cry:

"Marse Erskine! But I knowed Firefly fust." It was Ephraim, the groom who had brought out Barbara's ponies, who had turned the horse over to him for the race at the fair.

"I come frum de plantation fer ole marse," the boy explained. The host of the tavern heard and came down to give his welcome, for any Dale, no matter what his garb, could always have the best in that tavern. More than that, a bewigged solicitor, learning his name, presented himself with the cheerful news that he had quite a little sum of money that had been confided to his keeping by Colonel Dale for his nephew, Erskine. A strange deference seemed to be paid him by everybody, which was a grateful change from the suspicion he had left among his pioneer friends. The little tavern was thronged and the air charged with the spirit of war. Indeed, nothing else was talked. My Lord Dunmore had come to a sad and unbemoaned end. He had stayed afar from the battlefield of Point Pleasant and had left stalwart General Lewis to fight Cornstalk and his braves alone. Later My Lady Dunmore and her sprightly daughters took refuge on a man-of-war-whither my lord soon followed them. His fleet ravaged the banks of the rivers and committed every outrage. His marines set fire to Norfolk, which was in ashes when he weighed anchor and sailed away to more depredations. When he intrenched himself on Gwynn's Island, that same stalwart Lewis opened a heavy cannonade on fleet and island, and sent a ball through the indignant nobleman's flagship. Next day he saw a force making for the island in boats, and my lord spread all sall; and so back to merry England, and to Virginia no more. Meanwhile, Mr. Washington had reached Boston and started his duties under the Cambridge elm. Several times during the talk Erskine had heard mentioned the name of Dane Grey. Young Grey had been with Dunmore and not with Lewis at Point Pleasant, and had been conspicuous at the palace through much of the succeeding turmoil-the hint being his devotion to one of the daughters, since he was now an unquestioned loyalist.

Next morning Erskine rode forth along a sandy road, amidst the singing of birds and through a forest of tiny upshooting leaves, for Red Oaks on the James. He had forsworn Colonel Dale to secrecy as to the note he had left behind giving his birthright to his little cousin, Barbara, and he knew the confidence would be kept inviolate. At the boat landing he hitched his horse to the low-swung branch of an oak and took the path through tangled rose bushes and undergrowth along the bank of the river, halting where it would give him forth on the great, broad, grassy way that led to the house among the oaks. There was the sundial that had marked every sunny hour since he had been away. For a moment he stood there, and when he stepped into the open he shrank back hastily-a girl was coming through the opening of boxwood from the house-coming slowly, bareheaded, her hands clasped behind her, her eyes downward. His heart throbbed as he waited, throbbed the more when his ears caught even the soft tread of her little feet, and seemed to stop when she paused at the sundial, and as before searched the river with her eyes. And as before the song of negro oarsmen came over the yellow flood, growing stronger as they neared. Soon the girl fluttered a handkerchief and from the single passenger in the stern came an answering flutter of white and a glad cry. At the bend of the river the boat disappeared from Erskine's sight under the bank, and he watched the girl. How she had grown! Her slim figure had rounded and shot upward, and her white gown had dropped to her dainty ankles. Now her face was flushed and her eye flashed with excitement-it was no mere kinsman in that boat, and the boy's heart began to throb againthrob fiercely and with racking emotions that he had never known before. A flery looking youth sprang up the landing-steps, bowed gallantly over the girl's hand, and the two turned up the path, the girl rosy with smiles and the youth bending over her with a most protecting and tender air. It was Dane Grey, and the heart of the watcher turned mortal sick,

CHAPTER XI.

A long time Erskine sat motionless, wondering what ailed him. He had never liked nor trusted Grey; he believed he would have trouble with him and he did not feel toward them as he fields.

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did toward this dandy mincing up that beautiful broad path. With a little grunt he turned back along the path. Firefly whinnied to him and nipped at him with playful restlessness as though eager to be on his way to the barn, and he stood awhile with one arm across his saddle. Once he reached upward to untie the reins, and with another grunt strode back and went rapidly up the path. Grey and Barbara had disappeared, but a tall youth who sat behind one of the blg pillars saw him coming and rose, bewildered, but not for long. Each recognized the other swiftly, and Hugh came with stiff courtesy forward. Erskine smiled: "You don't know me?" Hugh

"Quite well." The woodsman drew himself up with quick breath-paling without, flaming within-but before he could speak there was a quick step and an astonished cry within the hall

and Harry sprang out. "Erskine! Erskine!" he shouted. and he leaped down the steps with both hands outstretched, "You here! You-you old Indian-how did you get here?" He caught Erskine by both hands and then fell to shaking him by the shoulders, "Where's your howe?" And then he noticed the boy's pale and embarrassed face and his eyes shifting to Hugh, who stood, still cold, still courteous, and he checked some hot outburst at his lips,

"I'm glad you've come, and I'm glad you've come right now-where's your

"I left him hitched at the landing." Erskine had to answer, and Harry looked puzzled:

"The landing! Why, what-" He wheeled and shouted to a darky:

"Put Master Erskine's horse in the barn and feed him." And he led Erskine within-to the same room where he had slept before, and poured out some water in a bowl.

"Take your time," he said, and he went back to the porch. Erskine could hear and see him through the latticed "Hugh," said the lad in a low, cold

voice, "I am host here, and if you don't like this you can take that path." "You are right," was the answer;

but you wait until Uncle Harry gets The matter was quite plain to Ers-

kine within. The presence of Dane Grey made it plain, and as Erskine dipped both hands into the cold water



"Never to You, My Dear Cousin."

he made up his mind to an understanding with that young gentleman that would be complete and final. And so he was ready when he and Harry were on the porch again and Barbara and Grey emerged from the rose bushes and came slowly up the path. Harry looked worried, but Erskine sat still, with a faint smile at his mouth and in his eyes. Barbara saw him first and she did not rush forward. Instead, she stopped, with wide eyes, a stifled cry, and lifting one hand toward her heart. Grey saw too, flushed rather painfully, and calmed himself.

Erskine had sprung down the steps. "Why, have I changed so much?" he cried. "Hugh didn't seem to know me, either." His voice was gay, friendly, even affectionate, but his eyes danced with strange lights that puzzled the

"Of course I knew you," she faltered, paling a little, but gathering herself rather haughtily-a fact that Erskine seemed not to notice. "You took me by surprise and you have changed -but I don't know how much." The significance of this too seemed to pass Et skine by Nor-he bent over Barbara's hand and kissed it.

"Never to you, my dear cousin," he said gallantly, and then he bowed to Dane Grey, not offering to shake hands.

"Of course I know Mr. Grey." To say that the gentleman was dumfounded is to put it mildly-this wild Indian playing the courtler with exquisite impudence and doing it well! Harry seemed like to burst with restrained merriment, and Barbara was sorely put to it to keep her polse. The great dinner bell from behind the house some day, but he had other enemies boomed its summors to the woods and

"Come on," called Harry. "I imagine you're hungry, cousin."

"I am," sald Erskine. "I've had nothing to eat since-since early morn." Barbara's eyes flashed upward and Grey was plainly startled. Was there a slight stress on those two words? Erskine's face was as expressionless as bronze. Harry had boited into the hall.

Mrs. Dale was visiting down the river, so Barbara sat in her mother's place, with Erskine at her right, Grey to her left, Hugh next to him, and Harry at the head. Harry did not wait

"Now, you White Arrow, you Big Chief, tell us the story. Where have you been, what have you been doing, and what do you mean to do? I've heard a good deal, but I want it all." Grey began to look uncomfortable, and so, in truth, did Barbara,

"What have you heard?" asked Erskine quietly.

"Never mind," interposed Barbara quickly; "you tell us."

"Well," began Erskine slowly, "you remember that day we met some Indians who told me that old Kahtoo, my foster-father, was ill, and that he wanted to see me before he died? I went exactly as I would have gone had white men given the same message from Colonel Dale, and even for better reasons. A bad prophet was stirring up trouble in the tribe against the old chief. An enemy of mine, Crooked Lightning, was helping him. He wanted his son, Black Wolf, as chief, and the old chief wanted me, I heard the Indians were going to Join the British. I didn't want to be chief, but I did want influence in the tribe, so I stayed. There was a white woman in the camp and an Indian girl named Early Morn. I told the old chief that I would fight with the whites against the Indians and with the whites against them both. Crooked Lightning overheard me, and you can imagine what use he made of what I said. I took the wampum belt for the old chief to the powwow between the Indians and the British, and I found I could do nothing. I met Mr. Grey there." He bowed slightly to Dane and then looked at him steadily. "I was told that he was there in the interest of an English fur company. When I found I could do nothing with the Indians, I told the council what I had told the old chief." He paused. Barbara's face was pale and she was

fortable. Erskine paused. "What!" shouted Harry. "You told both that you would fight with the whites against both! What'd they do to you?"

breathing hard. She had not looked at

Grey, but Harry had been watching

him covertly and he did not look com-

Erskine smiled. "Well, here I am, I jumped over the heads of the outer ring and ran, keeps it alive, and growing? Firefly heard me calling him. I had left his halter loose. He broke away. I jumped on him, and you know noth-

ing can catch Firefly." "Didn't they shoot at you?" "Of course." Again he paused. "Well," said Harry impatiently, 'that isn't the end."

"I went back to the camp. Crooked Lightning followed me and they tied me and were going to burn me at the stake."

"Good heavens!" breathed Barbara "How'd you get away?"

"The Indian girl, Early Morn, slipped under the tent and cut me loose. The white woman got my gun, and Firefly -you know nothing can catch Firefly." The silence was intense. Hugh looked dazed, Barbara was on the point of tears, Harry was triumphant, and Grey was painfully flushed.

"And you want to know what I am going to do now?" Erskine went on. 'I'm going with Capt. George Rogers Clark-with what command are you, Mr. Grey?"

"That's a secret," he smiled coolly. "I'll let you know later," and Barbara. with an inward sigh of relief, rose quickly, but would not leave them behind.

"But the white woman?" questioned Harry. "Why doesn't she leave the Indians?"

"Early Morn-a half-breed-is her daughter," said Erskine simply. "Oh!" and Harry questioned no

"Early Morn was the best-looking Indian girl I ever saw," sald Erskine, "and the bravest." For the first time Grey glanced at Barbara. "She saved my life," Erskine went on gravely, "and mine is hers whenever she needs Harry reached over and gripped

his hand. As yet not one word had been said of Grey's misdoing, but Barbara's cool disdain made him shamed and hot, and in her eyes was the sorrow of her injustice to Erskine. In the hallway she excused herself with a courtesy, Hugh went to the stables, Harry disappeared for a moment, and the two were left alone. With smoldering fire Erskine turned to Grey.

"It seems you have been amusing yourself with my kinspeople at my expense." Grey drew himself up in haughty silence. Erskine went on:

"I have known some tlars who were not cowards."

"You forget yourself."

"No-nor you." "You remember a promise I made ou once?"

"Twice," corrected Erskine. Grey's eyes flashed upward to the crossed rapiers on the wall. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Getting it Straight. "Does Ferdie live on the avenue?" "No, Ferdie lives on his father, who lives on the avenue."

LAWYER FOR LEGION BUDDIES

Morton M. David, Adjutant of Colorado Department, Gives Up Practice to Aid Unfortunates.

Back there early in 1919 when the boys were straggling back as individ-



war, a "buddy" In Colorado started in lining them up as members of the American Legion. He was one of five others who saw the need of a great organization of former service men to solve the prob-

lems of reconstruction for the future. and to guard the interests of the men who served and in serving gave up health and the ability to compete successfully with normal men.

And the "buddy"-Morton M. David, adjutant of the Colorado department of the American Legion--has been on the job since. He gave up his law practice to devote all his time to legion affairs. And since he dad so he has handled hundreds of legal cases for former soldiers-without pay. He handles only those of men who have not the money to employ a lawyer, and the character of the cases has ranged from suits to recover property lost by too much faith in some who remained at home, by boys who went, to divorce cases where the separation seemed justified. "The war is not over," Mr. David

has told his buddles, when urged to give more time to his own work, "there is yet the big fight to win-the fight for the hospitalization and rehabilitation of our disabled, and for justice for those who served and escaped physical disabilities. I can afford to give a few years of my life to the American Legion-I'm young yet."

The Colorado department has had a remarkable growth since the little group of five initiated its organization. And it boasts-every department can boast of one or a score of like spiritsof the efforts of its adjutant, who works from ten to sixteen hours a day for the American Legion. Legionnaires cite that kind of effort in answer to questions as to the future of the American Legion-Will it endure? What

MME. FOCH THANKS LEGION

Wife of Famous Marshal Tells of Appreciation of Gift to French War Orphans' Fund.

A gracious and appreciative letter from Mme, Ferdinand Foch has been received by subscribers to the American Legion Mission French War Orphans' Fund, expressing her and Marshal Foch's thanks for a gift of \$5,000, which is to be used for the rearing and educating of five little French war orphans.

A Paris draft for 61,199.52 francs was presented to Marshal Foch by Legionnaires on the eve of his departure for France last December, after a tour of the United States as the guest of the American Legion. This money was to be used to adopt five war orphans. The marshal and Madame Foch selected five poor daughters of officers killed in the service. They have taken for each of the children bonds worth 12,000 francs each. The children cannot touch the bonds until they are of age, but the

income from these will be paid the children each year. "The mothers of the children adopted." said Madame Foch, in her letter

of thanks to the Legion, "have nothing but what their own badly paid work brings them and they have no hope of any other pecuniary aid. "I tell you the joy of these fam-

llies would be difficult to describe. I was very moved by it. The American Legion has done a beautiful and a good work."

Economy!



we feed it? She-It could live on my last year's

straw hats.—American Legion Weekly.

Memorial Tablets for Vessels.

The United States Navy department is contemplating the preparation of commemorative tablets for vessels of the navy which served during the World war. The tablets will be about 15 by 20 inches and made of metal taken from German vessels received by the United States according to

the terms of the armistice,

WARNS HIS LEGION COMRADES

Alvin M. Owsley, Director of Americanism, Urges Co-operation With U. S. Against Radicalism.

Alvin M. Owsley, director of Americanism for the American Legion, fol-



lowing a recent speaking tour of Alabama, Louisiana and New Hampshire, and conferences New York and Washington, gives out a message of warning to his American Legion comrades - more than a million strong-to arouse themselves to the

peril of radicalism, and to awaken to the need of intelligent co-operation in the government's efforts to combat the

"In the past the American Legion has stood foursquare in its opposition to radicalism, to everything that might tend to undermine our government and its institutions," Colonel Owsley said. "And always in the future can our organization be depended on to fight any force that does not represent 100 per cent loyalty.

"At the present time the disloyal elements in our society are more active than ever before. Long-haired dreamers prate of the new order of things, and at the same time bolder spirits lay dark plans for acts of violence that they hope will serve in undermining the public's faith and trust in the government, or by force of terrorism win support. The recent arrests of communist leaders in Illinois; the necessity of state government action against the I. W. W.'s in Kansas; the stirring of radical movements in many parts of the country concomitant with the unrest and troubles of labor disputes show the necessity of constant watchfulness and readiness for action on the part of the American Legion."

Mr. Owsley declared that wherever he had been he had found the program of Americanism prepared by the American Legion close to the hearts of Legionnaires, and of the public as a

"There are three big important things that stand first with American Legion members everywhere," he declared. "They are hospitalization, rehabilitation and Americanization. All are embraced in the term 'Americanization.'

"Education of foreign-born elements of our population in patriotism and duty to government, and restriction of immigration in order that we may not be surfeited with allens unable to assimilate America's ideals and purposes, but more likely to affiliate themselves in their ignorance with the evil forces that seek to tear down-these and other essentials of the American Legion's program of Americanism have a strong appeal with Legionnaires everywhere.

"Care of the disabled veterans transcend every other thing, as I find it, in the hearts and minds of American Legion members. Wherever I go, I hear this subject discussed-Legionnaires want justice done for their buddles who have paid a price of suffering, and iliness, in inability to properly support themselves and dependents.

"No other question, be it adjusted compensation or what not, looms so large in American Legion gatherings as does this one. The last year has been one of achievement of the Legion in this vital matter. There still is much to be done. And I find that not only every Legionnaire I have talked to is determined not to rest until his disabled buddies are cared for, and restored to gainful employment, but that the public stand squarely and deliberately back of them.

"Recent figures quoted are that less than 1,000 veterans out of 11,000 approximately, trained by the government, have been restored to gainful occupations where they can compete successfully with unhandicapped men. This is a condition that appeals to the American Legion. It is a condition that calls for reorganization of our soldier bureaus.

WANTS HOMES FOR VETERANS

Mrs. Carrol Marks, Vice President of Auxiliary, Is Seeking Action by California.

California will vote in November on whether it shall make available a fund of \$10,-000,000 to buy



its war veterans homes and farms within its state limits. A woman is at the head of the movement, as campaign secretary. She is Mrs. Carrol Marks of Los Angeles, vice president of the American Legion Auxiliary.

Mrs. Marks has been one of the outstanding personalities in the Auxiliary, which is composed of 200,000 war mothers, wives and sisters. She has been devoting ten hours a day, six days a week, to veteran organization work since the day America entered the war in 1917, and her latest duty is to help the soldiers obtain a home and farm aid through their native state. Buron R. Fitts, national executive committee member of the American Legion for California, is the director of the campaign.

Says Indigestion Is Entirely Ended

Victims of stomach trouble, indigestion, dyspepsia, and their allied complaints find Tanlac an ever-ready source of relief and comfort. Thousands of people have refound the loys of health by its use after everything else they tried had failed. Mr. Joseph Heckell, of West Cak St., South Bend, Ind., says:

"I couldn't eat a thing but what hurt me, I got to having from one to three fainting spells a day, and wasn't expected to live much longer. But now I eat anything, never have a fainting spell and can do as big a day's work as the best of them. I give Tanlac all the credit,"

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Student Who Agreed.

Socialist Agitator-Think of the potential musicians who lack the money to buy an instrument; think of the artists who will never have the opportunity to paint; think of the greatminded ones who cannot study-

Stude-Yes, dammit, that's me .-Pennsylvania Punch Bowl,

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Writes Mrs. Hardee Regarding Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



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