

# Erskine Dale — Pioneer

By John Fox, Jr.

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## "THAT'S MY SON!"

**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, Kah-too. He is given shelter and attracts the favorable attention of Dave Yandell, a leader among the settlers. The youngster is naked—a breech-clouted savage. He speaks only bastard French and Shawnee. But he shows a patch of white skin and proudly taps his breast. "Paleface—white man!"

## CHAPTER II

Old Jerome and Dave and the older men gathered in one corner of the stockade for a council of war. The boy had made it plain that the attacking party was at least two days behind the three Indians from whom he had escaped, so that there was no danger that day, and they could wait until night to send messengers to warn the settlers outside to seek safety within the fort. Meanwhile, Jerome would dispatch five men with Dave to scout for the three Indians who might be near by in the woods, and the boy, who saw them slip out the rear gate of the fort, at once knew their purpose, shook his head, and waved his hand to say that his late friends were gone back to hurry on the big war party to the attack, now that the whites themselves knew their danger. Old Jerome nodded that he understood, and nodded to others his appreciation of the sense and keenness of the lad, but he let the men go just the same.

Mother Sanders appeared and cried to Bud to bring the "Injun" to her cabin. She had been unearthing clothes for the "little heathen," and Bud helped to put them on. In a few minutes the lad reappeared in fringed hunting shirt and trousers, wriggling in them most uncomfortably, for they made him itch, but at the same time wearing them proudly.

On the mighty wilderness the sun sank slowly and old Jerome sat in the western tower to watch alone. The silence out there was oppressive and significant, for it meant that the boy's theory was right; the three Indians had gone back to their fellows, and when darkness came the old man sent runners to the outlying cabins to warn the inmates to take refuge within the fort. And the gathering was none too soon. The hooting of owls started before dawn. A flaming arrow hissed from the woods, thudded into the roof of one of the cabins, spluttered feebly on a dew-drenched ridge-pole, and went out. Savage war-whoops rent the air, and the battle was on. All day the fight went on. There were feints of attack in front and rushes from the rear, and there were rushes from all sides. The women loaded rifles and cooked and cared for the wounded. Thrice an Indian reached the wall of the stockade and set a cabin on fire, but no one of the three got back to the woods alive. The stranger boy sat stolidly in the center of the enclosure watching everything, and making no effort to take part. Late in the afternoon the ammunition began to run low and the muddy discoloration of the river showed that the red men had begun to tunnel under the walls of the fort. And yet a last sally was made just before sunset. A body pushed against Dave in the tower and Dave saw the stranger boy at his side with his bow and arrow. A few minutes later he heard a yell from the lad which rang high over the din, and he saw the feathered tip of an arrow shaking in the breast of a big Indian who staggered and fell behind a bush. Just at that moment there were yells from the woods behind—the yells of white men that were answered by joyful yells within the fort:

"The Virginians! The Virginians!" And as the rescuers dashed into sight on horse and foot, Dave saw the lad leap the wall of the stockade and disappear behind the fleeing Indians.

"Gone back to 'em," he grunted to himself. The gates were thrown open. Old Jerome and his men rushed out, and besieged and rescuers poured all their fire after the running Indians, some of whom turned bravely to empty their rifles once more.

"Git in! Git in, quick!" yelled old Joel. He knew another volley would come as soon as the Indians reached the cover of thick woods, and come the volley did. Three men fell—one the leader of the Virginians, whose head flopped forward as he entered the gate and was caught in old Joel's arms. Not another sound came from the woods, but again Dave from the tower saw the cane-brush rustle at the edge of a thicket, saw a hand thrust upward with the palm of peace toward the fort, and again the stranger boy emerged—this time with a bloody scalp dangling in his left hand. Dave sprang down and met him at the gate. The boy shook his bow and arrow proudly, pointed to a cross scar on the scalp, and Dave made out from his explanation that once before the lad had tried to kill his tormentor and that the scar was the sign. In the center of the enclosure the wounded Virginian lay, and when old Jerome stripped the shirt from his breast he shook his head gravely. The wounded man opened his eyes just in time to see and he smiled.

"I know it," he said faintly, and then his eyes caught the boy with the

scalp, were fixed steadily and began to widen.

"Who is that boy?" he asked sharply.

"Never mind now," said old Joel soothingly, "you must keep still!" The boy's eyes had begun to shift under the scrutiny and he started away.

"Come back here!" commanded the wounded man, and still searching the lad he said sharply again:

"Who is that boy?" Nor would he have his wound dressed or even take the cup of water handed to him until old Joel briefly told the story, when he lay back on the ground and closed his eyes.

Darkness fell. In each tower a watcher kept his eyes strained toward the black silent woods. The dying man was laid on a rude bed within one cabin, and old Joel lay on the floor of it close to the door. The stranger lad refused to sleep indoors and huddled himself in a blanket on the ground in one corner of the stockade. Men, women and children fell to a deep and weary sleep. An hour later the boy in the corner threw aside his blanket, and when, a moment later, Lydia Noe, feverish and thirsty, rose from her bed to get a drink of water outside her door, she stopped short on the threshold. The lad, stark naked but for his breech-clout and swinging his bloody scalp over his head, was stamping around the fire—dancing the scalp-dance of the savage to a low, fierce, guttural song. The boy saw her, saw her face in the blaze, stricken white with fright and horror, saw her too paralyzed to move and he stopped, staring at her a moment with savage rage, and went on again. Old Joel's body filled the next doorway. He called out with a harsh oath, and again the boy stopped. With another oath and a threatening gesture Joel motioned to the corner of the stockade, and with a flare of defiance in his black eyes the lad stalked slowly and proudly away. From behind him the voice of the wounded man called, and old Joel turned. There was a ghastly smile on the Virginian's pallid face.

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

## CHAPTER III

From the sundial on the edge of the high bank, straight above the brim of the majestic yellow James, a noble path of thick grass as broad as a modern highway ran hundreds of yards between hedges of roses straight to the open door of the great manor-house with its wide verandas

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and mighty pillars set deep back from the river in a grove of ancient oaks. Behind the house spread a little kingdom, divided into fields of grass, wheat, tobacco, and corn, and dotted with white-washed cabins filled with slaves. Already the house had been built a hundred years of brick brought from England in the builder's own ships, it was said, and the second son of the reigning generation, one Colonel Dale, sat in the veranda alone. He was a royalist officer, this second son, but his elder brother had the spirit of daring and adventure that should have been his, and he had been sitting there four years before when that elder brother came home from his first pioneering trip into the wilds, to tell that his wife was dead and their only son was a captive among the Indians. Two years later still, word came that the father, too, had met death from the savages, and the little kingdom passed into Colonel Dale's hands.

Indentured servants, as well as blacks from Africa, had labored on that path in front of him; and up it had once stalked a deputation of the great Powhatan's red tribes. Up that path had come members of the worshipful House of Burgesses; bluff planters in silk coats, the governor and members of the council; distinguished visitors from England, colonial gentlemen and ladies. And all was English still—books, clothes, plates, knives, and forks; the church, the Church of England; the Governor, the representative of the King; his Council, the English Parliament—socially aristocratic, politically republican. For ancient usage held that all



"Who is That Boy?" He Asked Sharply.

freemen should have a vote in the elections, have equal right to say who the lawmakers and what the law. The way was open as now. Any man could get two thousand acres by service to the colony, could build, plow, reap, save, buy servants, and roll in his own coach to sit as Burgess. There was but one seat of learning—at Williamsburg. What culture they had they brought from England or got from parents or minister. And always they had seemed to prefer sword and stump to the pen. They hated towns. At every wharf a long shabby trestle ran from a warehouse out into the river to load ships with tobacco for England and to get in return all conveniences and luxuries, and that was enough. In towns men jostled and individual freedom was lost, so, Ho! for the great sweeps of land and the sway of a territorial lord! Englishmen they were of Shakespeare's time but living in Virginia, and that is all they were—save that the flower of liberty was growing faster in the new-world soil.

Englishmen called it the "Good Land," and found it "most plentiful, sweet, wholesome, and fruitful of all others."

Down it now came a little girl—the flower of all those dead and gone—and her coming was just as though one of the flowers about her had stepped from its gay company on one or the other side of the path to make through them a dainty, triumphal march as the fairest of them all. At the dial she paused and her impatient blue eyes turned to a bend of the yellow river for the first glimpse of a gay barge that soon must come. At the wharf the song of negroes rose as they unloaded the boat just from Richmond. She would go and see if there was not a package for her mother and perhaps a present for herself, so with another look to the river bend she turned, but she moved no farther. Instead, she gave a little gasp, in which there was no fear, though what she saw was surely startling enough to have made her wheel in flight. Instead, she gazed steadily into a pair of grave black eyes that were fixed on her from under a green branch that overhung the footpath, and steadily she searched the figure standing there, from the coonskin cap down the fringed hunting-shirt and fringed breeches to the moccasined feet. And still the strange figure stood arms folded, motionless and silent. Neither the attitude nor the silence was quite pleasing, and the girl's supple slenderness stiffened, her arms went rigidly to her sides, and a haughty little snarl sent her undimpled chin upward.

"Who are you and what do you want?"

It was a new way for a woman to speak to a man; he in turn was not pleased, and a gleam in his eyes showed it.

"I am the son of a king."

She started to laugh, but grew puzzled, for she had the blood of Pocahontas herself.

"You are an Indian?"

He shook his head, scornful to explain, dropped his rifle to the hollow of his arm, and reaching for his belt where she saw the buckhorn handle of a hunting-knife, came toward her, but she did not flinch. Drawing a letter from the belt, he handed it to her. It was so worn and soiled that she took it daintily and saw on it her father's name. The boy waved his hand toward the house far up the path.

"He live here?"

"You wish to see him?"

The boy grunted assent, and with a shock of resentment the little lady started up the path with her head very high indeed. The boy slipped noiselessly after her, his face unmoved, but his eyes were darting right and left to the flowers, trees, and bushes, to every flitting, strange bird, the gray streak of a scampering squirrel, and what he could not see, his ears took in—the clanking chains of work-horses, the whir of a quail, the screech of a peacock, the songs of negroes from far-off fields.

On the porch sat a gentleman in powdered wig and knee-breeches, who, lifting his eyes from a copy of The Spectator to give an order to a negro servant, saw the two coming, and the first look of bewilderment on his fine face gave way to a tolerant smile. He asked no question, for a purpose very decided and definite was plainly bringing the little lady on, and he would not have to question. Swiftly she ran up the steps, her mouth primly set, and handed him a letter.

"The messenger is the son of a king."

"A what?"

"The son of a king," she repeated.

"Ah," said the gentleman, humoring her, "ask his highness to be seated."

His highness was looking from one to the other gravely and keenly. He did not quite understand, but he knew gentle fun was being poked at him, and he dropped sullenly on the edge of the porch and stared in front of him. The little girl saw that his moccasins were much worn and that in one was a hole with the edge blood-stained. And then she began to watch her father's face, which showed that the contents of the letter were astounding him. He rose quickly when he had finished and put out his hand to the stranger.

"I am glad to see you, my boy," he said with great kindness. "Barbara, this is a little kinsman of ours from Kentucky. He was the adopted son of an Indian chief, but by blood he is your cousin. His name is Erskine Dale."

"freemen" should have a vote in the elections, have equal right to say who the lawmakers and what the law. The way was open as now. Any man could get two thousand acres by service to the colony, could build, plow, reap, save, buy servants, and roll in his own coach to sit as Burgess. There was but one seat of learning—at Williamsburg. What culture they had they brought from England or got from parents or minister. And always they had seemed to prefer sword and stump to the pen. They hated towns. At every wharf a long shabby trestle ran from a warehouse out into the river to load ships with tobacco for England and to get in return all conveniences and luxuries, and that was enough. In towns men jostled and individual freedom was lost, so, Ho! for the great sweeps of land and the sway of a territorial lord! Englishmen they were of Shakespeare's time but living in Virginia, and that is all they were—save that the flower of liberty was growing faster in the new-world soil.

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

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
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### LESSON FOR AUGUST 20.

#### SECOND RETURN FROM EXILE

LESSON TEXT—Ezra 7:1-8:20.  
GOLDEN TEXT—The hand of our God is upon all them that seek him, for good.—Ezra 8:22.

REFERENCE MATERIAL—Ezra 9:1-10:17.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Ezra's Prayer for Help.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Ezra's Prayer for Help on a Journey.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Ezra: Teacher and Leader.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Religious Teachers: A Need and an Opportunity.

#### I. The Leader—Ezra (7:1-10).

1. Who he was (vv. 1-6). (1) A priest (vv. 1-5). The leader of the first company was Zerubbabel, a sort of military governor. The great need now was for a religious leader, for the people had gone far from God, as we see from the noble reforms which Ezra effected. (2) A ready scribe (v. 6). He was a teacher of the law of God.

#### 2. His high ambition (v. 7-10).

(1) "He set his heart to seek the law of the Lord" (v. 10). He definitely set out with the noble purpose to know God's Word: To be successful in anything one must set out with a purpose. Daniel was a success because he "purposed in his heart." Ministers and Sunday-school teachers should have this set purpose. (2) He set his heart to obey the Lord (v. 10). He was not only concerned with knowing God's Word, but to obey it. God's Word cannot fully be known by the intellect; it must be experienced. The essential qualification for a teacher of the Bible, a preacher or Sunday-school teacher, is obedience to God's Word. (3) He set his heart to teach Israel God's statutes and judgments (v. 10). He not only had a love for God's Word, but a desire to implant it in the hearts of others. When one has an experiential knowledge of God's Word he longs to teach it to others.

#### 3. His commission (7:11-26).

The king Artaxerxes gave him a copy of the decree authorizing him to lead a company back to Jerusalem. He was empowered (1) to collect funds (vv. 15, 16); (2) to levy tribute (vv. 21, 22); (3) to appoint magistrates and judges (v. 25); (4) to execute penalties (v. 26). So great was the king's confidence in Ezra that he gave all these powers into his hand. For this great honor Ezra lifted his heart to God in thanksgiving. He was mainly concerned with the fact that he was to beautify the Lord's house and acknowledge that God had put this purpose into the king's heart.

#### II. The Company (8:1-20).

The company was small—only 1,754 males, but including women, children and servants, there were perhaps 6,000 to 7,000 people in this caravan.

#### III. Ezra's Prayer and Fasting (8:21-23).

The first thing he did was to seek God's guidance. Not only God's leaders, but all Christians should seek divine guidance and help in every undertaking—every new journey, every piece of new work, every business adventure, every relationship. That which we cannot invoke God's blessing upon should not be undertaken. Further, success can only be realized when God's blessing is upon us. He did not minimize the dangers attending such a journey, but he had told the king that the hand of the Lord would be upon all for good who sought him, and now he was ashamed to ask the king for a military escort to protect them from the marauding Arabs.

#### IV. The Successful Journey (8:24-32).

God heard their prayer. The treasure entrusted to them was great. Perhaps the entire value of all the money, etc., was \$5,000,000. For a weak caravan to go on a journey requiring four months through a country infested by these robber bands, carrying such an amount of money was most perilous; but Ezra knew that God was able and would protect them. Note:

#### 1. The care and honesty (vv. 24-30).

The money was weighed upon them at the start and was to be weighed when turned over to the authorities at Jerusalem. The incentive to honesty and strict accounting of the trust was that they were holy men and were entrusted with that which was holy because it belonged to God. Most exacting care should be exercised in handling the Lord's money. We should guard sacredly our trust.

#### 2. Their safe arrival (vv. 31, 32).

Some four and one-half months were required to make the journey. God proved himself to be faithful, having protected them and brought them safely to their destination.

#### Overrating Ourselves.

In the same degree that we overrate ourselves, we shall underrate others; for injustice allowed at home is not likely to be corrected abroad.—Washington Allston.

#### Let the Injuries Pass.

Christianity demands us to pass by injuries; it is policy to let them pass by us.—Franklin.

#### Offended Vanity.

Offended vanity is the great separator in social life.—A. Helps.

**What Is It Worth to Change a Tire?**

On the road changing a tire is not an especially pleasant task. The dust or mud, the grease and grime, the tedious delay—all are things we like to avoid. But the time to think about these things is when you buy the tire—not after the blow-out occurs. For sometimes blow out much more easily than others. Outward appearance counts for little. It is the material in the tire and the construction of it that determines its strength. Goodyear recognizes these facts and all Goodyear Tires are made of long staple cotton. Take the 30 x 3 1/2 Cross Rib Clincher Tire here illustrated, for example. It is made of Egyptian and Arizona cotton, the fibres of which average 1 1/2 inches long. Many 30 x 3 1/2 clincher tires are made of short staple cotton from 1/2 inch to 1 1/4 inches long. This means less strength and greater danger of blow-outs—more tire troubles. Yet this high grade guaranteed Goodyear Tire costs only \$10.95. You can buy some tires for even less than this but none with the fine materials and construction of this one. Can you afford to take a chance on more frequent tire troubles for the sake of the slightly lower price of cheaper tires?

**GOODYEAR**

**Pearly's First Venture.**  
Pearly's first North polar expedition lasted four years, 1898-1902, during which period he failed to get nearer than 348 miles to the pole.

**Advised to Jump.**  
"What's Blinks going to do with his new noiseless typewriter?"  
"If he takes my advice he'll marry her."—Life.

**Seattle Elects Two Women.**  
Two women have been elected to the city council of Seattle.

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**Comparisons Sell Chevrolet**

<b>Standard Rear Axle Construction.</b> Strong, Quiet Spiral Bevel Gears.	<b>Standard Instrument Board</b> —speedometer, ammeter, oil pressure gauge, lighting and starting switch and choke pull.
<b>Standard Transmission</b> —three speeds forward and one reverse.	<b>Standard Type of Carburetor</b> , with exhaust heater.
<b>Standard Braking System</b> —foot service brake, hand emergency brake.	<b>Powerful, Valve-In-Head Motor</b> —the same type as used in successful cars selling at much higher prices.
<b>Standard Electrical System</b> —Starter, storage battery, electric lights.	<b>Demountable Rims</b> —with extra rim.
<b>Standard Cooling System</b> —pump circulation, large, honey-comb radiator and fan.	<b>Many Other Advantages</b> which will be noticed on inspection, comparison and demonstration.
<b>Standard Doors</b> —two on roadster coupe and light delivery, four on touring and sedan.	

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