

Erskine Dale Pioneer

by John Fox, Jr.

Illustrated by R.H. Livingstone

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WHITE MANI

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, Kahoo. 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.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"Come, Harry!" With a gallant bow Harry offered his left arm, and gathering the little Kentuckian with her left, the regal lady swept out. In the reception-room she kept the boy by her side. Every man who approached bowed, and soon the lad was bowing, too. Barbara almost cried out her astonishment and pleasure when she saw what a handsome figure he made in his new clothing, and all her little friends were soon darting surreptitious glances at him, and many whispered questions and pleasing comments were passed around. Then General Willoughby bowed with noble dignity before Mrs. Dale, and the two led the way to the dining room.

"Harry," she said, "you and Barbara take care of your cousin."

And almost without knowing it the young Kentuckian bowed to Barbara, who courted and took his arm. The table flashed with silver and crystal on snowy-white damask and was brilliant with colored candles. The little woodsman saw the men draw back chairs for the ladies, and he drew back Barbara's before Hugh, on the other side of her, could forestall him. The boy had never seen so many and so mysterious-looking things to eat and drink. One glass of wine he took, and the quick dizziness that assailed him frightened him, and he did not touch it again. Beyond Barbara, Hugh leaned forward and lifted his glass to him. He shook his head and Hugh flushed—

"Our Kentucky cousin is not very polite—he is something of a barbarian—naturally."

"He doesn't understand," said Barbara quickly, who had noted the incident, and she turned to her cousin. "Papa says you are going to live with us and you are going to study with Harry under Mr. Brockton."

"Our tutor," explained Harry; "there he is across there. He is an Englishman."

"Tutor?" questioned the boy.

"School-teacher," laughed Harry.

"Oh!"

"Haven't you any school-teachers at home?"

"No, I learned to read and write a little from Dave and Lyddy."

And then he had to tell who they were, and he went on to tell them about Mother Sanders and Honor and Bud and Jack and Polly Conrad and Lydia and Dave, and all the frontier folk, and the life they led, and the Indian fights, which thrilled Barbara and Harry, and forced even Hugh to listen—though once he laughed incredulously, and in a way that of a sudden shut the boy's lips tight and made Barbara color and Harry look grave. Hugh then turned to his wife and began soon to look more flushed and sulky. Shortly after the ladies left, Hugh followed them, and Harry and the Kentuckian moved toward the head of the table where the men had gathered around Colonel Dale.

"Yes," said General Willoughby, "it looks as though it might come."

"With due deference to Mr. Brockton," said Colonel Dale, "it looks as though his country would force us to some action."

They were talking about impending war. Far away as his wilds were, the boy had heard some talk of war in them, and he listened greedily to the quick fire of question and argument directed to the Englishman, who held his own with such sturdiness that Colonel Dale, fearing the heat might become too great, laughed and skillfully shifted the theme. Through hall and doorways came now merry sounds of fiddle and banjo.

Near a doorway between parlor and hall sat the fiddlers three. Gallant bows and dainty courtseys and simble feet were tripping measure-

quite new to the backwoodsman. Barbara nodded, smiled and after the dance ran up to ask him to take part, but he shook his head. Hugh had looked at him as from a superior height, and the boy noticed him frowning while Barbara was challenging him to dance. The next dance cleared his face and set his feet to keeping time, for the square dance had, of course, reached the wilds.

"I know that," he said to Harry, who told Barbara, and the little girl went up to him again, and this time, flushing, he took place with her on the floor. Hugh came up.

"Cousin Barbara, this is our dance, I believe," he said a little thickly.

The girl took him aside and Hugh went surlily away. Harry saw the incident and he looked after Hugh, frowning. The backwoodsman conducted himself very well. He was lithe and graceful and at first very dignified, but as he grew in confidence he began to execute steps that were new to that polite land and rather boisterous, but Barbara looked pleased and all onlookers seemed greatly amused—all except Hugh. And when the old fiddler sang out sonorously:

"Genelman to right—cheat an' swing!" the boy cheated outrageously, cheated all but his little partner, to whom each time he turned with open loyalty, and Hugh was openly sneering now and genuinely angry.

"You shall have the last dance," whispered Barbara, "the Virginia reel."

"I know that dance," said the boy. And when that dance came and the dancers were drawn in two lines, the boy, who was third from the end, heard Harry's low voice behind him:

"He is my cousin and my guest, and you will answer to me."

The lad wheeled, saw Harry with Hugh, left his place, and went to the wall. He spoke to Harry, but he looked at Hugh with a sword-flash in each black eye:

"I don't want nobody to take up for me."

Again he wheeled and was in his place, but Barbara saw and looked

troubled, and so did Colonel Dale. He went over to the two boys and put his arm around Hugh's shoulder.

"Tut, tut, my boys," he said, with pleasant firmness, and led Hugh away, and when General Willoughby would have followed, the colonel nodded him back with a smile, and Hugh was seen no more that night. The guests left with gaiety, smiles and laughter, and every one gave the stranger a kindly goodby. Again Harry went with him to his room and the lad stopped under the crossed swords.

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

Harry looked at him searchingly, but the boy's face gave hint of no more purpose than when he first asked the same question.

"All right," said Harry.

The lad blew out his candle, but he went to his window instead of his bed. The moonlight was brilliant among the trees and on the sleeping flowers and the slow run of the broad river, and it was very still out there and very lovely, but he had no wish to be out there. With wind and storm and sun, moon and stars, he had lived face to face all his life, but here they were not the same. Trees, flowers, house, people had reared some wall between him and them, and they seemed now to be very far away.



"I Was Rude to You Last Night and I Owe You an Apology."

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"I wish you'd come along."

Barbara laughed.

"I wouldn't like to lose my hair."

"I'll watch out for that," said the boy with such confident gravity that Barbara turned to look at him.

"I believe you would," she murmured. And presently:

"What did the Indians call you?"

"White Arrow."

"White Arrow. That's lovely. Why?"

"I could outrun all the other boys."

"Then you'll have to run tomorrow when we go to the fair at Williamsburg."

Everybody had been kind to him—all but Hugh. Velled hostilely he had never known before and he could not understand. Everybody had surely been kind, and yet—he turned to his bed, and all night his brain was flashing to and fro between the reel of vivid pictures etched on it in a day and the grim background that had hitherto been his life beyond the hills.

From pioneer habit he awoke before dawn, and for a moment the softness where he lay puzzled him, but he could smell the dawn and he started to spring up. He felt hot and stuffy, though Harry had put up his windows, and he could not lie there wide awake. He could not go out in the heavy dew in the gay clothes and fragile shoes he had taken off, so he slid into his own buckskin clothes and moccasins and out the still open front door and down the path toward the river. Instinctively he had picked up his rifle, bullet-pouch and powder-horn. An hour later he loped back on his own tracks.

At the front door Harry halted him and Barbara came running out.

"I forgot to get you another suit of clothes last night," he said, "and we were scared this morning. We thought you had left us, and Barbara there nearly cried." Barbara blushed now and did not deny.

"Come to breakfast!" she cried.

"Did you find anything to shoot?" Harry asked.

"Nothin' but some squirrels," said the lad.

Then Hugh came in pale of face and looking rather ashamed. He went straight to the Kentuckian.

"I was rude to you last night and I owe you an apology."

He thrust out his hand and awkwardly the boy rose and took it.

"And you'll forgive me, too, Barbara?"

"Of course I will," she said happily, but holding up one finger of warning—should he ever do it again. The rest of the guests trooped in now, and some were going out on horseback, some for a sail, and some visiting up the river in a barge, and all were paired off.

"I'm going to drive Cousin Erskine over the place with my pointers," said Barbara, "and—"

"I'm going back to bed," interrupted Hugh, "or read a little Latin and Greek with Mr. Brockton." There was impudence as well as humor in this, for the tutor had given up Hugh in despair long ago.

Barbara shook her head.

"You are going with us," she said.

"I want Hugh to ride with me," said Colonel Dale, "and give Firefly a little exercise. Nobody else can ride him."

The Kentucky boy turned a challenging eye, as did every young man at the table, and Hugh felt very comfortable. While every one was getting ready, Harry brought out two foils and two masks on the porch a little later.

"We fight with those," he said, pointing to the crossed rapiers on the wall, "but we practice with these. Hugh, there, is the champion fencer," he said, "and he'll show you."

Harry helped the Kentucky boy to mask and they crossed foils—Hugh giving instructions all the time and nodding approval.

"You'll learn—you'll learn fast," he said. And over his shoulder to Harry:

"Why, his wrist is as strong as mine now, and he's got an eye like a weasel."

With a twist he wrenched the foil from his antagonist's hand and clattered it on the steps. The Kentuckian was bewildered and his face flushed. He ran for the weapon.

"You can't do that again."

"I don't believe I can," laughed Hugh.

"Will you learn me some more?" asked the boy eagerly.

"I surely will."

A little later Barbara and her cousin were trotting smartly along a sandy road through the fields with the colonel and Hugh loping in front of them. Firefly was a black, mettlesome gelding. He had reared and plunged when Hugh mounted, and even now he was champing his bit and leaping playfully at times, but the lad sat him with an unconcern of his capers that held the Kentucky boy's eyes.

"Gosh," he said, "but Hugh can ride! I wonder if he could stay on him bareback."

"I suppose so," Barbara said; "Hugh can do anything."

Many questions the little girl asked—and some of the boy's answers made her shudder.

"Papa said last night that several of our kinsfolk spoke of going to your country in a party, and Harry and Hugh are crazy to go with them. Papa said people would be swarming over the Cumberland mountains before long."

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"The fair?"

Barbara explained.

"Dave Yandell," added the stranger, smiling and taking off his cap.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The American Legion

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

TO MEMORY OF GALBRAITH

Bronze Tablet Is Embedded in Huge Boulder on Spot Where Commander Was Killed.

"Dedicated to the Memory of Frederick W. Galbraith, Jr., National Commander of the American Legion, who was killed on this spot in active service of the American Legion, June 9, 1921," reads the inscription on a bronze tablet embedded in a huge boulder which has been dedicated by the Legion in memory of its beloved commander.



Galbraith Memorial.

Mr. Galbraith was killed in an automobile accident near Indianapolis, while in active service of the Legion.

The rock and tablet were recently dedicated at a special service held by the headquarters staff and attended by National Commander Hanford MacNider and Mrs. Lowell F. Hobart, president of the American Legion Auxiliary.

KID CORPORAL SCORES AGAIN

John Shoemaker, Through Phoenix American Legion, Draws West Point Appointment.

The "Kid Corporal" has scored again. John Shoemaker, who enlisted in the army at fourteen and served many months with the American expeditionary forces in France, has now received presidential appointment to West Point.

Shoemaker recently graduated from a high school in Phoenix, Ariz., where

he took special courses in military tactics under Maj. Claude Decatur Jones. Major Jones became interested in the lad because he had such an unusual war record.

Young Shoemaker served with a machine gun company in the Fifty-fourth Infantry for two years, during and following the World War. His West Point appointment followed a campaign in his behalf by the Phoenix American Legion and Major Jones, who were anxious that a war veteran should take the place at the military academy vacated by Charles Barrett, an overseas hero, who graduated at the head of his class last June.

POLAND SEEKS LEGION PLAN

Government Asks American Body for Details in Matter of Employment for War Victims.

One of the highest compliments ever given to the peace-time efforts of an organization was paid the American Legion when the Polish government asked that the Legion explain its plan used in the successful campaign for unemployed former service men in the United States in order that just such a system might be used for doing away with unemployment in Poland.

The Legion furnished a detailed outline of the scheme used in this country, and has received a letter of thanks from T. Holko, commercial department manager of the consulate general.

More than 400,000 ex-soldiers were given at least temporary employment during the first week of the Legion's drive and it is estimated that now more than 500,000 men are in permanent positions largely through the efforts of the American Legion.

Carrying On With the American Legion

Ex-Tommies Cheer the Legion.

Ex-Tommies who attended the first annual conference of the British Legion in London recently, rose en masse and cheered H. Nelson Jackson, national vice commander of the American Legion, when he read the greetings of Commander Hanford MacNider and the entire American Legion to these "buddies" in the mother country. The message of good will and comradeship was received for the British Legion by Field Marshal Earl Haig.

Many "Bummed" to Convention.

Because of the financial depression and lack of government compensation, many penniless disabled veterans of the World War walked and rode in box cars to San Francisco to attend the second annual convention of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War, according to Raymond Creelman and Robert M. Smyth, members of the national staff.

NEED FAITH AND CONFIDENCE

Positions Open for Newly Trained Victims of World War Before They Are Ready.

That the rehabilitated World War veteran's success in life depends absolutely upon his faith in himself, is the assertion of Maj. W. F. Lent, chief of the employment service of the United States veterans' bureau which has in charge the proper training of thousands of disabled service men.

Major Lent, in speaking before the headquarters staff of the American Legion in Indianapolis, said that the Legion and the Legion Auxiliary had as one of their greatest obligations the task of instilling into the hearts of service men an absolute faith and confidence in themselves and their abilities to cope with life's problems.

He said that the government is to have a place for every veteran three or four months before the veteran is ready to take it. "We do not guarantee that a man who has studied to be a factory superintendent will be placed in that position," the major explained, "but he will be placed in the path so that he can obtain such a position through his own initiative and ability."

"We want employers to understand, too, that these men are no longer cripples. They may be physically crippled, but not industrially or vocationally. When we put a man with one arm into a job, he is as well able, and perhaps more so, to do that particular work as is the man with two arms."

AS THE "FLAPPER OF 1776"

Charming Hilda Scheurer Aids Indianapolis Legion in Advertising Benefit Picture Show.

A white wig and a hoop-skirt are not generally considered as part of the necessary equipment of a "flapper." The flapper pictured here, however, wore these and other colonial trappings most effectively when she wanted to draw the attention of the public to the fact the Indianapolis American Legion was presenting a historical motion picture at one of the local show houses.

Miss Hilda Scheurer, charming as a "flapper" of 1922, was still more attractive as a "flapper of 1776." The crowds which packed one of the largest and finest motion picture theaters in the Middle West during the entire showing of "Cardigan," a picture of Revolutionary days, which the American Legion is sponsoring, was proof of the fact that Miss Scheurer and her sister "flappers" did a good job of advertising.

It was not the first work Miss Scheurer has done for the American Legion. She is an ardent worker in the Legion Auxiliary.

War Gases for Farm Pests.

Gases which were used with such deadly effect during the World War are now being used for the extermination of farm pests. Gases have been used in the West for the extermination of jack rabbits and gophers. Mustard gas is sprinkled over the paths of rabbits, irritating their feet and causing them to rub them across the face. The poison then quickly becomes effective.

Clock for Airplanes.

The air service of the United States War Department has developed a peculiar kind of clock to be used on airplanes. It is said the clock will keep perfect time in any temperature from 90 degrees below zero to 150 degrees above. Furthermore, the vibration of the plane does not affect the accuracy of the timepiece, which has a movement like a watch and is wound by electricity.

Veteran Had Many Relatives.

In investigating the record of Beanie F. Taylor of Crystal Springs, Miss., a World War veteran who died in 1918, the veterans' bureau found that Taylor, exclusive of cousins, was closely related to four per cent of the total population of his home town of 1,395 residents. The stepmother and 15 brothers and sisters are each receiving monthly installments of \$1.92.

Summer Find You Miserable?

Is a lame, aching back torturing you? Does the least exertion leave you tired, weak, all worn out? You should find the cause of your trouble and try to correct it. More than likely it's your kidneys. Miserable backaches with headaches, dizzy spells and annoying urinary disorders are common signs of kidney weakness. There is danger in delay. Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills today. Doan's have helped thousands. They should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Nebraska Case

Mrs. T. R. James, Hamhold, Nebraska, says: "I had been ailing with kidney trouble. Mornings, stitches caught me in the small of my back. My back felt heavy and tight and many times I could hardly stand to get up for breakfast. I felt so tired. A friend advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills. I used two boxes and was relieved."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

BETTER DEAD

Life is a burden when the body is racked with pain. Everything worries and the victim becomes despondent and downhearted. To bring back the sunshine take

GOLD MEDAL HADLEM OIL CAPSULES

The National Remedy of Holland for over 200 years; it is an enemy of all pains resulting from kidney, liver and uric acid troubles. All druggists, three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

Freckles Positively Removed

By Dr. Berry's Freckle Ointment, applied to the face. Your druggist or by mail 65c; send for free booklet. Dr. C. H. Berry Co., 2975 Michigan Ave., Chicago

ALMOST WRECKED

STATES R. R. MAN

Stomach Trouble Had Him Nearly Past Going, Declares Mowrer.

"Tanlac has helped me to gain ten pounds," said J. E. Mowrer, 157 Park St., Akron, O., well-known railroad man.

"My stomach was in such bad fix that for several days at a time I could hardly retain any food. I had no appetite and often the very sight of food made me sick. I was intensely nervous, too, could not rest at night, felt tired and worn out all the time, and lost weight and strength until I was almost a wreck."

"Tanlac has made me feel like a different man. My appetite is enormous and I haven't a sign of indigestion left. I never felt stronger. Tanlac certainly does the work."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists.—Advertisement.

Labor's worst enemy is the working-man who won't work.

WORN OUT AFTER SHE COOKED A MEAL

Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Read the Result

Cincinnati, Ohio.—"I suffered for a year with nervous troubles and irregularities before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My back ached all the time and I was unfit for housework. I was worn out if I cooked a meal, and was unable to do my washing. My girl friends and my sister told me if I would take your Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills I would be relieved. After taking the first bottle I felt better, and neglected it awhile, but found I could not do my work until I was stronger. So I took the Vegetable Compound again and now I am the mother of a 19 months old boy. He is fat and healthy and I am sure I could never have carried him if it had not been for your Vegetable Compound. I recommend your medicine to all women although I am young to be advising some one older."—Mrs. CHRISTY PRYOR, 318 W. Liberty St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound contains no harmful drugs and can be taken in safety by any woman.

Self-Confidence an Asset.

Have not too low thoughts of thy self. The confidence a man hath of his being pleasant in his demeanor is a means whereby he infallibly cometh to be such.—Burton.

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