Erskine Dale — Pioneer

By John Fox, Jr.

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"I CAN WAIT"

EYNOPSIS.-To the Kentucky wilderness outpost commanded by Jerome Sanders, in the time imme diately preceding the Revolution, comes a white boy fleeing from a tribe of Shawnees by whom he had been captured and adopted as a son of the chief Kahtoo. He is given shelter and attracts the favorable attention of Dave Yandell, a leader among the settlers. The boy warns of the coming of a Shawnee war party. The fort is attacked, and only saved by the timely appear. ance 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 Osks, 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, 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, liquor, insults Erskine, and the latter, for the moment all Indian, draws his knife. Yandell disarms him. Ashamed, Erskine leaves Red Oaks that night to return to the wilderness. Yandell, with Harry and Hugh, who have been permitted to visit the Sanders fort, overtake him. At the plantation the boy had left a note in which he gave the property, which is his as the son of Colonel Dale's older brother, to Barbara. The party is met by three Shawnees, who bring news to Erskine (whose Indian name is White Arrow) that his foster father, Kahtoo, is dying and desires him to come to the tribe and become its chief. After a brief visit to the fort Erskine goes to the tribe. He finds there a white woman and her halfbreed daughter. Early Morn, and saves the woman from death. He tells Kahtoo he is with the Americans against the British. An enemy, Crooked Lightning, overhears him.

CHAPTER VIII-Contnued. -9-

"Tomorrow." said the old chief, "they shall hunt. Each shall take his bow and the same number of arrows at sunrise and return at sundown. . . The next day they shall do the same with the rifle. It is enough for today."

The first snow fell that night, and at dawn the two lads started outeach with a bow and a dozen arrows. Erskine's woodcraft had not suffered and the night's story of the wilderness was as plain to his keen eyes as a printed page. For two hours he tramped swiftly, but never sign of deer, elk, bear or buffalo.

And then an hour later he heard a nort from a thick conse an of an unseen body in flight through the brush, and he loped after its tracks.

ready, and Crooked Lightning, too, bided his time. . .

Dressed as an Indian, Erskine rode forth next morning with a wampum belt and a talk for the council north where the British were to meet Shawnee, Iroquois and Algonquin, and urge them to enter the great war that was just breaking forth. There was open and angry protest against sending so young a lad on so great a mission, but the old chief haughtily brushed it nside:

"He is young but his feet are swift, his arm is strong, his heart good, and his head is old. He speaks the tongue of the paleface. Besides, he is my SOIL."

One question the boy asked as he made ready:

"The white woman must not be burned while I am gone?"

"No," promised the old chief. And so White Arrow fared forth. Four days he rode through the north woods, and on the fifth he strode through the streets of a town that was yet filled with great forest trees: a town at which he had spent three winters when the game was scarce and the tribe had moved north for good. He lodged with no chief, but slept in the woods with his feet to the fire. The next night he slipped to the house of the old priest, Father Andre, who had taught him some religion and a little French, and the old man welcomed him as a son, though he noted sadly his Indian dress and was distressed when he heard the lad's mission. He was quickly relieved.

"I am no royalist," he said.

"Nor am I," sald Erskine. "I came because Kahtoo, who seemed nigh to death, begged me to come. I am only a messenger and I shall speak his talk; but my heart is with the Americans and I shall fight with them." The old priest put his fingers to his lips:

"Sh-h-h! It is not wise. Are you not known?"

Erskine hesitated.

Earder that morning he had seen three officers riding in, Following was a youth not in uniform, though he carried a sword. On the contrary, he was dressed like an English dandy, and then he found himself face to face with Dane Grey. With no sign of recognition the boy had met his eyes squarely and passed on.

"There is but one man who does know me and he did not recognize me. His name is Dane Grey. I am wondering what he is doing here. Can you find out for me and let me know?" The old priest nodded and Erskine slipped back to the woods.

At sunrise the great council began, On his way Erskine met Grey, who apparently was leaving with a band of

"That is Xabtoo's talk, but this is

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA, CHIEF

mine." Who had driven the Indian from the great waters to the great wall? The British. Who were the Americans until now? British. Why were the Americans fighting now? Because the British, their kinsmen, would not give them their rights. If the British would drive the Indian to the great wall. would they not go on doing what they charged the Americans with doing now? If the Indians must fight, why fight with the British to beat the Americans, and then have to fight both a later day? If the British would not treat their own kinsmen fairly, was it likely that they would treat the Indian fairly? They had never done so yet. Would it not be better for the Indian to make the white man on his own land a friend Pather than the white man who lived more than a moon away across the big seas? Only one gesture the lad made. He lifted his hand high and paused. Crooked Lightning had sprung to his feet with a hoarse cry. Already the white men had grown uneasy, for the chiefs had turned to the boy with startled interest at his first sentence and they could not know what he was saying. But they looked relieved when Crooked Lightning rose, for his was the only face in the assembly that was hostile to the boy. With a gesture Pontiac bade Crooked Lightning speak.

"The tongue of White Arrow is forked. I have heard him say he would fight with the Long Knives against the



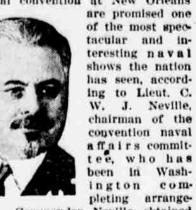
traders for Detroit. Again Erskine British and he would fight with them even against his own tribe." One grunt of rage ran the round of three circles and yet Pontlac stopped Crooked Lightning and turned to the lad. Slowly the boy's uplifted hand came down. With a bound he leaped through the head-dress of a chief in the outer ring and sped away through the village, Some started on foot after him, some rushed to their ponies, and some sent arrows and bullets after him. At the edge of the village the boy gave a loud, clear call and then another as he ran. Something black sprang snorting from the edge of the woods with pointed ears and searching eyes. Another call came and like the swirling edge of a hurricane-driven thundercloud Firefly swept after his master. The boy ran to meet him, caught one hand in his mane before he stopped. swung himself up, and in a hail of arrows and bullets swept out of sight,



NAVAL SHOW AT CONVENTION

Chairman Neville of Committee, Promises Big Display at New Orleans Meeting.

Delegates to the American Legion national convention at New Orleans



ments. Commander Neville obtained the promise of Assistant Secretary Roosevelt that he would send one battleship and a number of destroyers to participate in the program.

Arrangements have also been made to have the Eagle boats now at Jacksonville, St. Petersburg, Tampa, Galveston and St. Louis called into active service when a view to directing the annual cruise of the naval reserve men, who form their crews, to New Orleans.

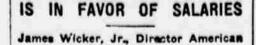
A fleet of 12 hydroplanes will fly from Pensacola to New Orleans a few days before the convention and will remain on the river for exhibition flights.

While In Washington Commander Neville also arranged for invitation to the naval authorities of England, Canada, Australia, France, Italy, Brazil and Cuba for their attendance at the naval show. A flotilla of submarines, now en route to the East from Mare Island, Cal., also may be a feature of the naval display.



Convention. Down New Orleans way the word's

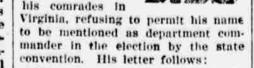
gone out that the American Legion's "sweet singer," Charles Young, is going to be on



Legion Tour of Europe, Urges Pay for Commanders.

James J. Wicker, Jr., director of the American Legion tour of Europe,

thinks department commanders of the Legion should be paid salaries. Just before sailing from New York on the S. S. President Roosevelt, which carried the party to the battlefields of France. Wicker sent a message to



"The department commander should devote his principal time to the Legion -its work, its growth, its welfare should command his mind, his heart and soul, and should always be uppermost in his daily life. The position of department commander is a very high office and it is worthy of the very best men in the Legion, It is a man-size job, requiring the very best efforts and the hardest work to handle it with the greatest success.

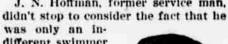
"Given a commander who would practically surrender himself to the Legion, and who could make its progress and success his chief aim and objective during his term of office, we would see this Legion of ours expand and grow in membership, influence and healthy activity almost beyond conception. I am of the sincere conviction that if the Legion called a man to serve as leader-asking him to give practically his whole time and providing for his support-he would, if of proper caliber, consider that call as

leading him to a wonderful service, just as serious, as noble and as patriotic as that which brought him into uniform against the enemy."

The question is one which has been much discussed over all the country by Legionnaires, and probably will come before the national convention at New Orleans.

CHEERS FOR FORMER SOLDIER

J. N. Hoffman, Disabled Ex-Service Man, Rescues Woman From Death in Lake Michigan.



and that a disability incurred in his army service made swimming even more difficult for him, when he saw a woman floundering in Lake Michigan, off Ardmore beach in Chicago. Fully clothed, he rushed into the water, his sole thought that of rescue

Rheumatism and Dyspepsia Are Soon Ended

Victims of stomach trouble and rheumatism often find that when their stomach is set in order, the rheumatism disappears. Thousands of people everywhere have testified that Tanlae has freed them of both troubles simultaneously. Mr. Robert Trotter, 148 State St., St. Paul, Minn., says:

"About a year ago I began to go down hill. Sour stomach and rheumatism in my arms and shoulders kept me in misery all the time. Since taking Tanlac all my aches and pains have gone, and my stomach is in fine shape. I'm glad to endorse such a fine medicine."

Badly digested food fills the whole system with poisons. Rheumatism and many other complaints not generally recognized as having their orgin in the stomach quickly respond to the right treatment. Get a bottle today at any good druggist .- Advertise ment.

Her Old Habit.

Medium-"I hear the knocking of your late wife." Patron-"That so? Who's she knocking now?"



Read This Letter from Mrs. W. S. Hughes

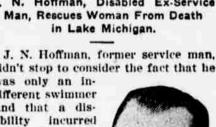
Greenville, Del.—"I was under the impression that my eldest daughter had some internal trouble

as ever since the first time her sicknessappeared she had to go to bed and even had to quit school once for a week. I always take Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound myself so I gave it to her and she has received great benefit from it.

You can use this letter for a testimonial if you wish, as I cannot say too much about what your medicine has done for me and for my daughter." - Mrs. WM. S. HUGHES, Greenville, Delaware.-

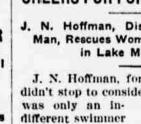
Mothers and oftentimes grandmothers have taken and have learned the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound. So they recommend the medi-cine to others.

The best test of any medicine is what it has done for others. For nearly fifty years we have published letters from mothers, daughters, and women, young and old, recommending the Vegetable Compound. They know what it did for them and are glad to tail others. In them and are glad to tell others. In your own neighborhood are women who









Black Wolf came in at sunset with a bear cub which he had found feeding apart from its mother. He was triumphant, and Crooked Lightning was scornful when White Arrow appeared empty-handed. His left wrist was bruised and swollen, and there was a gash the length of his forearm.

"Follow my tracks back," he said, "until you come to the kill." With a wheep two Indians bounded away and in an hour returned with a buck.

"I ran him down," said White Arrow, "and killed him with the knife. He horned me," and went into his tent.

The bruised wrist and wounded forearm made no matter, for the rifle was the weapon next day-but White Arrow went another way to look for game, Each had twelve bullets. Black Wolf came in with a deer and one bullet. White Arrow told them where



"Tomorrow," Said the Old Chief, "They Shall Hunt."

they could find a deer, a bear, a buffalo and an elk, and he showed eight bullets in the paim of his hand. And he noted now that the Indian girl was always an intent observer of each contest, and that she always went swiftly back to her tent to tell his deeds to the white woman within.

There was a feast and a dance that he was, as chief, but not yet was he | the belt forward.

met his and this time Grey smiled: "Aren't you White Arrow?" Some-

how the tone with which he spoke the name was an insult. "Yes."

"Then it's true. We heard that you had left your friends at the fort and become an Indian again." "Yes?"

"So you are not only going to fight with the Indians against the whites, but with the British against America?" "What I am going to do is no business of yours," Erskine said quietly, "but I hope we shall not be on the same side. We may meet again."

Grey's face was already red with drink and it turned purple with anger. "When you tried to stab me do you

remember what I said?" Erskine nodded contemptuously, "Well, I repeat it. Whatever the

side, I'll fight you anywhere at any time and in any way you please." "Why not now?"

"This is not the time for private quarrels and you know it." Erskine bowed slightly-an act that came oddly from an Indian headdress.

"I can wait-and I shall not forget. The day will come." The old priest touched Erskine's

shoulder as the angry youth rode away.

"I cannot make it out," he said. "He claims to represent an English fur company. His talk is British, but he told one man-last night when he was drunk-that he could have a commission in the American army."

The council fire was built, the flames crackled and the smoke rolled upward and swept through the leafless trees. Three British agents sat on blankets, and around them the chiefs were ringed. All day the powwow lasted. Each agent spoke and the burden of his talk varied very little.

The American palefaces had driven the Indian over the great wall. They were killing his deer, buffalo and elk, robbing him of his land and pushing him ever backward. They were many and they would become more. The British were the Indian's friendsthe Americans were his enemies and theirs; could they choose to fight with their enemies rather than with their friends? Each chief answered in turn. and each cast forward his wampum until only Erskine, who had sat silent, remained, and Pontiac himself turned to him.

"What says the son of Kahtoo?"

Even as he rose, the lad saw creeping to the outer ring his enemy Crooked Lightning, but he appeared not to see. The whites looked surprised when his boyish figure stood straight, and they were amazed when he addressed

the traders in French, the agents in night, and Kahtoo could have gone to English, and spoke to the feathered his fathers and left the lad, young as chiefs in their own tongue. He cast

CHAPTER IX.

The sound of pursuit soon died away, but Erskine kept Firefly at his best, for he knew that Crooked Lightning would be quick and fast on his trail. He guessed, too, that Crooked Lightning had already told the tribe what he had just told the council, and that he and the prophet had already made all use of the boy's threat to Kahtoo in the Shawnee town. He knew even that it might cost him his life if he went back there, and once or twice he started to turn through the wilderness and go back to the fort. It was the thought of the white woman who was to be burned that kept him going and sent him openly and fearlessly into the town. He knew from the sullen looks that met him, from the fear in the faces of his fostermother and the white woman who peered blindly from her lodge, and from the triumphant leer of the prophet that his every suspicion was true, but all the more leisurely did he swing from his horse, all the more haughtily stalk to Kahtoo's tent. And the old chief looked very grave when the lad told the story of the council and all that he had said and done.

"The people are mgry. They say you are a traitor and a spy. They say you must die. And I cannot help you. I am too old and the prophet is too strong."

"And the white woman ?"

"They thought you'd turned Injun agin," he said, "but it's all right now."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Uncle Eben.

"Dar ain't no ketchin' up wif some folks," said Uncle Eben. "I called 'Rastus Pinkley's 'tention to de fack dat he was holdin' his book upside down, an' all he said was dat it took a mighty smaht man to do his readin dat way."---Washington Star

the job again this year at the big national convention, and there's rejolcing. The thousands of Legionnaires who attended the Kansas City convention and expect to go also to New Orleans, have been asking for

weeks whether Young will be there. Young is official soloist with the National American Legion band, and announcement has just been made he will break away from his concert, oratorio and opera work to accompany the band on a tour, and appear with it at the convention. He perhaps is one of the best known of the younger singers, and at the Kansas City convention was in constant demand.

Young became a member of the crew of the U. S. S. Louisville in the early days of the World war, having enlisted in the navy. He then was chosen as soloist for the famous band of John Philip Sousa and toured with the band on its remarkable recruiting campaigns.

Following his discharge from service, Young started on an active and successful career as a public singer. He is a member of the American Legion and of Las Societe des 40 et 8 Chevaux.

After the Fakirs.

Persons who have suddenly acquired World war records, wound stripes and a desire to help other disabled veterans by soliciting subscriptions to equally bogus magazines have so aroused the American Legion and municipal authorities at Syracuse, N. Y., that the two forces have combined against such fake soliciting. Anyone seeking a license to sell magazines is turned over to the Legion for investigation.

That Local Color.

Mrs. Timothy Hay-For heaven's sake! What are you going to do with that old wagon? And that harness grandfather had? Where on earth is the car? And what are you dressed like a tramp for? And that straw in your mouth? Are you going crazy? Mr. T. Hay (reproachfully)-Maria where's your wits? Don't you know them summer boarders are coming on the next train?—American Legion Weekly.

Letting Him Down Easy.

'A rich man, lying on his death bed, called his chauffeur, who had been in his service for years, and said:

"Ah, Sykes. I am going on a long and rugged journey, worse than ever you drove me."

"Well, sir," consoled the chauffeur. "There's one comfort. It's down hill."

-American Legion Weekly.

Spectators stood on the beach and watched the heroic struggle. For many minutes they feared both Hoffman.and the woman would be drowned. It was night, and only by the lights of the beach could the crowd watch the two dark forms bobbing up and down on the water. And there were cheers when Hoffman, exhausted, towed his Hmp burden onto the beach.

The woman declined to divulge her name. She said she had gone out for a drive in her limousine and decided on impulse to go swimming before she returned home. She swam beyond the sandbar and, finding herself in deep water, became panic-stricken and shouted for help. She declared she would have drowned in a few moments more had not her rescuer reached her.

WILL CHANGE STREET NAMES

New Orleans Thoroughfares to Be Rechristened During Legion National Convention.

Illuminated by 28,000 electric lights and decorated with flags, banners and streamers, the downtown streets of New Orleans will be in holiday regalla during the American Legion national convention next October.

For five days the conventional names of business streets will be thrown into the discard and they will be rechristened with designations more appropriate to the Legion gathering.

A court of honor of the nations will be established in ten blocks, each block being set aside for one of the principal allied powers with corresponding flags and decorations. Signs indicating the names of the states, with their contributions in numbers of World war fighters, will feature the court of honor of the states, to be held on the principal residential street. American Legion avenue will be decorated with Legion banners and emblems.

Visiting doughboys in search of their buddies will be assisted in the establishment of the streets of the divisions. Suspended across the streets utilized for this purpose will be the insignias of all divisions in the World war army. Impromptu reunions of men who served in the same division will be held near the banners inscribed with their divisional insignia.

Red, white and blue electric bulbs will illuminate Canal street, the main thoroughfare, and all principal side streets.

know of its great value. Mothers-daughters, why not try it ?



If you are troubled with pains er aches: feel tired; have headache, indigestion, insomnia; painful passage of urine, you will find relief in



The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles and National Remedy of Holland since 1696. Three sizes, all druggists.

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

Opposite Views.

His-"Gad! What a short skirt that girl is wearing!" Hers-"Heavens! What long legs she has!"

Just say to your grocer Red Cross Ball Blue when buying bluing. You will be more than repaid by the results. Once tried always used .- Advertisement.

Parasols Used as Pets.

Among the latest fashion noveltics for women are parasol handles spe cially carved in wood and then enamelled in the shapes of portraits of pet dogs and birds.



