

CHAPTER XV-Continued. -15-

The boy had been two years in the wilds. When he left the Shawnee camp winter was setting in, that terrible winter of '79-of deep snow and hunger and cold. When he reached Kaskaskia, Captain Clark had gone to Kentucky, and Erskine found bad news. Hamilton and Hay had taken Vincennes, There Captain Helm's Creoles, as soon as they saw the redcoats, slipped away from him to surrender their arms to the British, and thus deserted by all, he and the two or three Americans with him had to give up the fort. The French reswore allegiance to Britain. Hamilton confiscated their liquor and broke up their billiard tables. He let his Indians scatter to their villages, and with his regulars, volunteers, white Indian leaders and red auxiliaries went into winter quarters. One band of Shawnees he sent to Ohlo to scout and take scalps in the settlements. In the spring he would sweep Kentucky and destroy all the settlements west of the Alleghanies. So Erskine and Dave went for Clark; and that trip neither ever forgot. Storms had followed each other since late November and the snow lay deep. Cattle and horses perished, deer and elk were found dead in the woods, and buffalo came at nightfall to old Jerome Sanders' fort for food and companionship with his starving herd. There was no salt or vegetable food; nothing but the flesh of lean wild game. Yet, while the frontiersmen remained crowded in the stockades and the men hunted and the women made clothes of tanned deer hides, buffalo-wool cloth, and nettle-bark linen, and both hollowed "noggins" out of the knot of a tree, Clark made his amazing march to Vincennes, recaptured it by the end of February, and sent Hamilton to Williamsburg a prisoner. Erskine pleaded to be allowed to take him there, but Clark would not let him go. Permanent garrisons were placed at Vincennes and Cabokia, and at Kaskaskia. Erskine stayed to help make peace with the Indians, punish marauders and hunting bands, so that by the end of the year Clark might sit at the falls of the Ohio as a shield for the West and a sure guarantee that the whites would never be forced to abandon wild Kentucky.

The two years in the wilderness had left their mark on Erskine. He was tall, lean, swarthy, gaunt, and yet he was not all woodsman, for his born inheritance as gentleman had been more than emphasized by his association with Clark and certain Creole officers in the Northwest, who had improved his French and gratified one pet wish of his life since his last visit to the James-they had taught him to fence. His mother he had not seen again, but he had learned that she was alive and not yet blind. Of Early Morn he had heard nothing at all. Once a traveler had brought word of Dane Grey. Grey was in Philadelphia and prominent in the gay doings of that city. He had taken part in a brilliant pageant called the "Mischianza," which was staged by Andre, and was reported a close friend of that ill-fated young gentleman.

After the fight at Piqua, with Clark Erskine put forth for old Jerome Sanders' fort. He found the hard days of want over. There was not only corn in plenty but wheat, potatoes, pumpkins, turnips, melons. Game was plentiful, and cattle, horses, and hogs had multiplied on cane and buffalo clover. Indeed, it was a comparatively peaceful fall, and though Clark pleaded with him, Erskipe stubbornly set his face for Virginia.

At Williamsburg Erskine learned many things. Colonel Dale, now a general, was still with Washington and Harry was with him. Hugh was with the Virginia militia and Dave with Lafayette.

Tarleton's legion of rangers in their white uniforms were scourging Virginia as they had scourged the Carolinas. Through the James River country they had gone with fire and sword, burning houses, carrying off horses, destroying crops, burning grain in the mills, laying plantations to waste. Barbara's mother was dead. Her neighbors had moved to safety, but Barbara, he heard, still lived with old Mammy and Ephraim at Red Oaks, unless that, too, had been recently put to the torch. Where, then, would

he find her? Down the river Erskine rode with a sad heart. At the place where he had fought with Grey he pulled Firefly to a sudden halt. There was the boundary of Red Oaks and there started a desolation that ran as far as his eye could reach. Red Oaks had not been spared, and he put Firefly to a fast gallop, with eyes strained far ahead and his heart beating with agonized foreboding and savage rage. Soon over a distant clump of trees he could see the chimneys of Bar- then feed my horse."

bara's home-his home, he thought helplessly-and perhaps those chimneys were all that was left. And then he saw the roof and the upper windows and the cap of the big columns unharmed, untouched, and he pulled Firefly in again, with overwhelming relief, and wondered at the miracle. Again he started and again pulled in when he caught sight of three horses bitched near the stiles, Turning quickly from the road, he hld Firefly in the underbrush. Very quietly he slipped along the path by the river, and, pushing aside through the rose bushes, lay down where unseen he could peer through the closely matted hedge. He had not long to walt. A white uniform issued from the great hall door and another and another-and after them Barbarasmiling. The boy's blood ran hotsmiling at her enemies. Two officers bowed, Barbara courtesled, and they wheeled on their heels and descended the steps. The third stayed behind a moment, bowed over her hand and kissed it. The watcher's blood turned then to liquid fire. Great God, at what price was that noble old house left standing? Grimly, swiftly Erskine turned, sliding through the bushes like a snake to the edge of the road along which they must pass. He would fight the three, for his life was worth nothing now. He heard them laughing, talking at the stiles. He heard them speak Barbara's name, and two seemed to be bantering the third, whose answering laugh seemed acquiescent and triumphant. They were coming now. The boy had his pistols out, primed and cocked. He was rising on his knees, just about to leap to his feet and out into the road, when he fell back into a startled, paralyzed, inactive heap. Glimpsed through an opening in the



"He Fought Once Under Benedict Arnold-Perhaps He Is Fighting With Him Now."

bushes, the leading trooper in the uniform of Tarleton's legion was none other than Dane Grey, and Erskine's brain had worked quicker than his angry heart. This was a mystery that must be solved before his pistois spoke. He rose crouching as the troopers rode away. If Tarleton's men were around he would better leave Firefly where he was in the woods for a while. A startle I gasp behind him made him wheel, pistol once more in hand, to find a negro, mouth wide open and staring at him from the road.

"Marse Erskine!" he gasped. It was Ephraim, the boy who had led Barbara's white ponies out long, long ago, now a tall, muscular lad with an ebony face and dazzling teeth, "What you doin' hyeh, suh? Whar' yo' hoss? Gawd, I'se sutn'ly glad to see yuh." Erskine pointed to an oak.

"Right by that tree. Put him in the stable and feed him."

The negro shook his head. "No, suh, I'll take de feed down to him. Too many redcoats messin' round heah. You bettah go in de back day-dey might see yuh."

"Wasn't one of those soldiers who ust rode away Mr. Dane Grey?" The negro hesitated.

"Yassuh." "What's he doing in a British uniform?"

The boy shifted his great shoulders neasily and looked aside. "I don't know, suh-I don't know

nuttin'." Erskine knew he was lying, but respected his loyalty. "Go tell Miss Barbara I'm here and

"Yassuh." Ephraim went swiftly and Erskine followed along the hedge and through the rose bushes to the kitchen door.

Barbara, standing in the hall doorway, heard his step. "Erskine!" she cried softly, and she came to meet him, with both hands outstretched, and raised her lovely

face to be kissed. "What are you doing here?" "I am on my way to join General

Lafayette." "But you will be captured. It is dan-

gerous. The country is full of British soldiers."

"So I know," Erskine said dryly. "When did you get here?"

"Twenty minutes ago. I would not have been welcome just then. I waited in the hedge. I saw you had com-Dany."

"Did you see them?" she faltered. "I even recognized one of them." Barbara sank into a chair, her elbow on one arm, her chin in her hand, her face turned, her eyes looking outdoors. She said nothing, but the toe of her slipper began to tap the floor gently. There was no further use for indirection or concealment.

"Barbara," Erskine sald with some sternness, and his tone quickened the tapping of the slipper and made her little mouth tighten, "what does all

"Did you see," she answered, without looking at him, "that the crops were all destroyed and the cattle and horses were all gone?"

"Why did they spare the house?" The girl's bosom rose with one quick, defiant intake of breath, and for a moment she held it.

"Dane Grey saved our home." "How?"

"He had known Colonel Tarleton in London and had done something for him over there."

"How did he get in communication with Colonel Tarleton when he was an officer in the American army?"

The girl would not answer. "Was he taken prisoner?" Still she was silent, for the sarcasm in Erskine's voice was angering her.

"He fought once under Benedict Arnold-perhaps he is fighting with him now."

"No!" she cried hotly. "Then he must be a-"

stand it-from anybody."

She did not allow him to utter the

"Why Mr. Grey is in British uniform is his secret-not mine."

"And why he is here is-yours." "Exactly!" she flamed. "You are a soldier. Learn what you want to know from him. You are my cousin, but you are going beyond the rights of blood. I won't stand it-I won't

"I don't understand you, Barbaradon't know you. That last time it was Grey, you—and now—" He paused and, in spite of herself, her eyes flashed toward the door. Erskine saw it, drew himself erect, bowed and strode straight out. Nor did the irony of the situation so much as cross his mind-that he should be turned from his own home by the woman he loved and to whom he had given that home. Nor did he look back-else he might have seen her sink, sobbing, to the floor,

When he turned the corner of the house Barbara's old mammy and Ephraim were waiting for him at the kitchen door.

"Ephraim," he said as he swung upon Firefly, "you and mammy keep a close watch, and if I'm needed here, come for me yourself and come fast."

"Yassuh. Marse Grey is sutn'ly up to some devilmint no which side he fightin' fer. I got a gal oveh on the aige o' de Grey plantation an' she tel' me dat Marse Dane Grey don't wear dat white uniform all de time."

"What's that-what's that?" asked Erskine.

"No, suh. She say he got an udder uniform, same as yose, an' he keeps it at her uncle Sam's cabin an' she's seed him go dar in white an' come out in our uniform, an' al'ays at night. Marse Erskine-allays at night."

The negro cocked his ear suddenly: "Take to de woods quick, Marse Erskine. Horses comin' down the road."

But the sound of coming hoofbeats had reached the woodsman's ears some seconds before the black man heard them, and already Erskine had wheeled away. And Ephralm saw Firefly skim along the edge of a blackened meadow behind its hedge of low trees.

"Gawd!" said the black boy, and he stood watching the road. A band of white-coated troopers was coming in a cloud of dust, and at the head of them rode Dane Grey.

"Has Capt. Erskine Dale been here?" he demanded. Ephraim had his own reason for

being on the good side of the questioner, and did not even hesitate.

"Yassuh-he jes' lef'! Dar he goes now!" With a curse Grey wheeled his troopers. At that moment Firefly, with something like the waving flight of a bluebird, was leaping the meadow fence into the woods. The black boy looked after the troopers' dust.

"Gawd!" he said again, with a grin that showed every magnificent tooth in his head. "Jest as well try to ketch a streak o' lightning." quite undisturbed he turned to tell the news to old mammy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Tip to the Wise. It was the beginning of the second semester, and we were to have a new instructor in the English department. I rushed into the classroom and, seeing a supposed fellow student in one of the seats, said: "Well, I guess we'll have to give the old girl a good welcome this morning, but be rather dumb so she won't expect too much." In a moment the young woman began calling the roll, proving to be the instructor herself.-Chicago Tribune.

Che. American

THE LEGION OATMEAL COOKIE

Recipe Submitted by Mrs. Frederick Gehlman, Springfield, Ill., Wins International Contest.

Mrs. Frederick Gehlman of Springfield, Ill., presents the national cookie to the country. Of the 400 recipes which have been pouring into national headquarters of the Amer-

ican Legion Auxiliary during the past two months, the Gehlman "Oatmeal Cookie" has been selected to fill the jars in military hospitals throughout the United States. Although no prize whatever was offered in this unique con-

test, recipes came

from every

state in the Union Merbert and from Hawaii,

Alaska, Canada and Paris besides. So it was really an international contest, but the winner halls from our own Middle West. The judges selected Mrs. Gehlman's cookie recipe for use in the hospitals, because it best combines food value with little fat content. It makes a mighty good tasting cookie, too. Here it is:

2 cupfuls sugar 3 cupfuls flour l teaspoonful soda 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder cupfuls rolled oats (ground)

1 cupful raisins (cut with scissors) cupful lard or butter 1 cupful sour milk 1 egg (well beaten)

Process: Flour the raisins. Cream the fat in a mixing bowl, adding the sugar gradually. Add the egg, then the milk, then the dry ingredients efter sifting them together, then the oats, and lastly the floured raisins. Using a teaspoon, put onto a greased and floured baking sheet. Put into a fairly hot oven (350 degrees) and leave 10 to 15 minutes.

Mrs. W. J. Marks of Indianapolis, widely recognized domestic science expert, and the members of her "flour" class acted as judges for the contest. They selected as an alternate to the Gehlman hospital cookie, another "oatmeal cookie" which they would recommend for general use. It contains a larger percentage of fat and no milk. Mrs. A. O. Wiggin, Lima, Ohlo, sent it in.

The vote gave Mrs. Mary B. Snodgrass of Highland Park, Mich., second ranking without a rival. She sent in an "orange cookie" recipe.

The judges selected as the third ranking recipe a "cream cookle" with small fat content, sent in by Miss Mary E. Robinson, Walla Walla, Washington.

Mrs. Herbert Pinnell of Indianapolis is shown mixing the dough for the National Cookie. She was one of the class of judges and-secret-she hasn't been mixing dough for Husband Pinnell so very long.

OHIO LEGION MAN MISSING

Clair A. Anthony Is Being Sought by Toledo Post, No. 319-His Family Needs Him.

Joseph Baker Post, No. 319, Toledo, O., is seeking the whereabouts of Clair A. Anthony, who

has disappeared from his home in that city, and whose wife and children are in destitute circumstances. Anthony is described as twenty-nine years old, five feet six inches in height, weight 180 pounds, ruddy complexion, darkhair, blue eyes. He walks with a slight limp in the

left leg.



Anyone having information concerning Anthony is asked to communicate with Leland M. Beatley, commander of the post, 4112 North Haven street, Toledo, O.

Circumstantial Only.

On the complaint of a farmer, old Ephraim had been haled into court charged with chicken shooting. His lawyer had made a fairly good case for him and for a clincher had the plaintiff recalled, hoping to make him contradict his own testimony.

"See here," he said, scowling savngely, "will you swear that it was Ephraim who shot your chicken?" "Wal," said the farmer mildly, "I

won't swear to it, but I suspect him." "That's not enough to convict a

man. What makes you suspect him?" "Wal, I saw him in the chicken yard with a gun, then I heard the gun go off, and then I saw him putting the chicken into a bag-and it didn't somehow seem sensible to figger the bird committed suicide."-American Legion Weekly.

SQUARE DEAL, THEIR SLOGAN

Commander and Buddles of Portland, Oregon, Post No. 1, Insist on Fair Treatment of Men.

"We ask no favors, only the square deal." James J. Crossley, former major in the World

war, and commander of Portland Post No. 1, Portland, Ore., declares the foregoing is the only platform on which he and his buddles have based their battles-and they've not been few-in behalf of former

James J. Crossley service men. Since the boys came back to set their feet once more in the paths of peace, some of them bewildered by the changing conditions, all having lost several precious years from their lives in the matter of competing successfully in their work or professions, Mr. Crossley has spent much time and energy seeing to it that his comrades did receive a square deal, did have an opportunity to earn a livelihood unhampered.

Recently Commander Crossley took up the cudgels for two former service men who had passed the civil service examinations for a municipal position with grades higher than the man whom the mayor and city commissioners had decided to name. The successful candidate was undertaking, it was charged, to persuade the two former service men to withdraw, and seeking to use political influence gained through a considerable city service to aid him. Crossley immediately took the matter up for his post. He carried the fight straight to the mayor and commissioners. And the appointment went to the highest competitorthe former service man.

"We have been unusually fortunate in Portland," the commander is quoted as saying, "in placing our buddles in positions of trust they are capable of filling. Our municipal judge, the superintendent of the womens' bureau of the police department and the chief clerk of the park bureau, saw service in the World's war. I believe one of the greatest duties of the American Legion is to fight for its members as against political influence which seeks to deprive them of positions and give them as plums of politics. Legion officers should be ever on the alert. Often those with authority to make appointments are glad to choose Legion men, if only the Legion shows an interest and asks that it be done. We must always be ready to present our case whenever it is necessary. The American public wants to see its former soldiers receive justice. The Legion is the public's representative as well as the veterans'."

PRAYS FOR BOY'S RETURN

Gray-Haired Mother of Leo Crete, Fisherville, Mass., Seeks Help of American Legion.

There's a mother in Fisherville. Mass., who says she has only one hope,

one joy in life left to live for-and that's to see her son again. He has not written to her, nor has she heard from him for more than two years. And daily she prays, she writes the American Legion national headquarters, that Leo Crete. the son, be re-



turned to her. "Now I am writing you, with a mother's prayer, to try and locate my son," the mother, Mrs. Wilfred Crete, Providence Road, Fisherville, says, in her letter. "I have prayed and prayed for the last two years with no reward. I keep worrying and worrying over, him, and now I am a gray-haired mother, longing for my boy. My heart is filled with anguish. I want him so; want him to come home to me,"

The accompanying picture of Leo was taken when he was overseas, with the Army of Occupation in Germany. His mother describes him as being five feet five and one-half inches tall; weight 140 pounds. He is dark-complexioned and has dark brown eyes. The mother heard from him last at Conneaut, O., where, after he had started home from Salt Lake City, Utah, he wrote he was going to work on the Great Lakes boats. Leo enlisted in the regular army when fifteen years old and, after serving in France, returned to the United States and reenlisted, serving one year.

War Scholarships to 2,798.

War scholarships amounting to 500,000 have been given 2,798 young Methodist former service men through the board of home missions and church extension of the Methodist Episcopal church. These men are in 209 schools, colleges and theological seminaries and have been receiving from \$50 to \$250 a year as a gift from the centenary fund to enable them to finish their studies interrupted by the war.

Legion Men Everywhere.

The world seems very small or the American Legion mighty large when one reads in the Panamal Canal Legion Post publication that "cards have been received from Mrs. Grace Townsend of American Legion Auxiliary. who is representing the department of Panama, American Legion, at the memorial services at Mammoth Cave."

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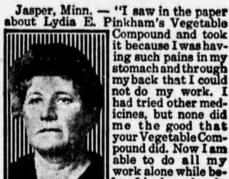
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Fear is a bad counselor.

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