

ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

By John Fox, Jr.

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CHAPTER XVI

Up the James rode Erskine, hiding in the woods by day and slipping cautiously along the sandy road by night, circling about Tarleton's campfires, or dashing at full speed past some careless sentinel. Often he was fired at, often chased, but with a clear road in front of him he had no fear of capture. On the third morning he came upon a rugged sentinel—an American. Ten minutes later he got his first glimpse of Lafayette, and then he was hailed joyfully by none other than Dave Yandell, Capt. Dave Yandell, shorn of his woodsman's dress and paroled in the trappings of war.

Cornwallis was coming on. The boy, he wrote, cannot escape me. But the boy—Lafayette—did, and in time pursued and forced the Englishman into a cul-de-sac. "I have given his lordship the disgrace of a retreat," said Lafayette. And so—Yorktown!

Late in August came the message that put Washington's great "soul in arms." Rochambeau had landed six thousand soldiers in Connecticut and now Count de Grasse and a French fleet had sailed for the Chesapeake. General Washington at once resorted to camouflage. He hid out camps ostentatiously opposite New York and in plain sight of the enemy. He made a feigned attack on their posts. Rochambeau moved south and reached the Delaware before the British grasped the Yankee trick. Then it was too late. The windows of Philadelphia were filled with ladies waving handkerchiefs and crying bravoos when the tattered Continentals, their clothes thick with dust but hats plumed with sprigs of green, marched through amid their torn battle flags and rumbling cannon. Behind followed the French in "gay white uniforms faced with green," and martial music thrived the air. Down the Chesapeake they went in transports and were concentrated at Williamsburg before the close of September. Cornwallis had erected works against the boy, for he knew nothing of Washington and Count de Grasse, nor Mad Anthony and General Nelson, who were south of the James to prevent escape into North Carolina.

"To your goodness," the boy wrote to Washington, "I am owing the most beautiful prospect I may ever behold."

Then came De Grasse, who drove off the British fleet, and the mouth of the river was closed.

Cornwallis heard the cannon and sent Clinton to appeal for help, but the answer was Washington himself at the head of his army. And then the joyous march.

"This our first campaign!" cried the French gayly, and the Continentals joyfully answered:

"This our last!"

At Williamsburg the allies gathered, and with Washington's army came Colonel Dale, now a general, and young Capt. Harry Dale, who had brought news from Philadelphia that was of great interest to Erskine Dale. In that town Dane Grey had been a close intimate of Andre, and that intimacy had been the cause of much speculation since. He had told Dave of his mother and Early Morn, and Dave had told him gravely that he must go get them after the campaign was over and bring them to the fort in Kentucky. If Early Morn still refused to come, then he must bring his mother, and he reckoned grimly that no mouth would open in a word that could offend her. Erskine also told of Red Oaks and Dane Grey, but Dave must tell nothing to the Dales—not yet, if ever.

They marched next morning at day-break. At sunset of the second day they bivouacked within two miles of Yorktown and the siege began. The allied line was a crescent, with each tip resting on the water—Lafayette commanding the Americans on the right, the French on the left under Rochambeau. De Grasse, with his fleet, was in the bay to cut off approach by water. Washington himself put the match to the first gun, and the mutual cannonade of three or four days began. The scene was "sublime and stupendous."

Two British men-of-war lying in the river were struck with hot shot and set on fire, and the result was full of terrible grandeur. The sails caught and the flames ran to the tops of the masts, resembling immense torches. One fled like a mountain of fire toward the bay and was burned to the water's edge.

And then the surrender:

The day was the 19th of October. The victors were drawn up in two lines a mile long on the right and left of a road that ran through the autumn fields south of Yorktown. Washington stood at the head of his army on the right, Rochambeau at the head of the French on the left. Behind on both sides was a great crowd of people to watch the ceremony. Slowly out of Yorktown marched the British colors, cased drums beating a significant English air:

"The world turned topsyturvy."

Lord Cornwallis was sick. General O'Hara bore my lord's sword. As he approached, Washington saluted and pointed to General Lincoln, who had been treated with indignity at Charleston. O'Hara handed the sword to Lincoln. Lincoln at once handed it back and the surrender was over. Between the lines the British marched on and stacked arms in a nearby field. Some of them threw their muskets on the ground, and a British colonel bit the hilt of his sword from rage.

As Tarleton's legion went by, three pairs of eyes watched eagerly for one

face, but neither Harry nor Capt. Dave Yandell saw Dane Grey—nor did Erskine Dale.

CHAPTER XVII

To Harry and Dave, Dane Grey's absence was merely a mystery—to Erskine it brought foreboding and sickening fear. General Dale's wound having opened afresh, made travelling impossible, and Harry had a slight laceration thrust in the shoulder. Erskine determined to save them all the worry possible and to act now as the head of the family himself. He announced that he must go straight back at once to Kentucky and Captain Clark. Harry stormed unavailingly and General Dale pleaded with him to stay, but gave reluctant leave. To Dave he told his fears and Dave vehemently declared he, too, would go along, but Erskine would not hear of it and set forth alone.

Slowly enough he started, but with every mile suspicion and fear grew the faster and he quickened Firefly's pace. The distance to Williamsburg was soon covered, and skirting the town, he went on swiftly for Red Oaks. Suppose he were too late, left even if he were not too late, what should he do, what could he do? Firefly was sweeping into a little hollow now, and above the beating of her hoofs in the sandy road, a clink of metal reached his ears beyond the low hill ahead, and Erskine swerved aside into the bushes. Some one was coming, and apparently out of the red ball of the sun hanging over that hill sprang a horseman at a dead run—black Ephraim.

"Stop!" Erskine cried, but the negro came thundering on, as though he meant to ride down anything in his way. Firefly swerved aside, and Ephraim shot by, pulling in with both hands and shouting: "Marse Erskine! Yassuh, yassuh! Thank Gawd you're come." When he wheeled he came back at a gallop—nor did he stop.

"Come on, Marse Erskine!" he cried. "No time to waste. Come on, suh!"

With a few leaps Firefly was abreast, and neck and neck they ran.



Two British Men-of-War Lying in the River Were Struck With Hot Shot and Set on Fire.

while the darky's every word confirmed the instinct and reason that had led Erskine where he was.

"Yassuh, Miss Barbary gwine to run away wid dat mean white man. Yassuh, dis very night."

"When did he get here?"

"Dis mawnin'. He been pesterin' her an' pleadin' wid her all day an' she been cryin' her heart out, but mammy say she's gwine wid him. Tears like she can't he'p herself."

"Is he alone?"

"No, suh, he got an officer an' four sojers wid him."

"How did they get away?"

"He say as how dey was on a scoutin' party an' 'scaped."

"Does he know that Cornwallis has surrendered?"

"Oh, yassuh, he tol' Miss Barbary dat. Dat's why he says he got to git away right now an' she got to go wid him right now."

"Did he say anything about General Dale and Mr. Harry?"

"Yassuh, he say dat dey's all right an' dat dey an' you will be hot on his tracks. Dat's why mammy tol' me to ride like de debil an' hurry you on, suh. Dis arternoon, the negro went on, 'he went ova to dat cabin I tol' you 'bout an' got dat American uniform. He gwine to tell folks on de way dat dem odders is his prisoners an' he takin' dem to Richmond. Den dey gwine to separate an' he an' Miss Barbary gwine to git married somewhere on de way an' dey goin' on an' sail for England, fer he say if he git captured folks'll won't let him be prisoner o' war—dey'll jes up an' shoot him. An' dat skeer Miss Barbary mos' to death an' he'p make her go wid him. Mammy heah'd ever word dey say."

Erskine's brain was working fast, but no plan would come. They would be six against him, but no matter—he urged Firefly on. The red ball from which Ephraim had leaped had gone down now. The chill autumn dark-

ness was settling, but the moon was rising full and glorious over the black expanse of trees when the lights of Red Oaks first twinkled ahead.

The negro turned from the road through a gate, and Erskine heard the thud of his horse's hoofs across the meadow turf. He rode on slowly, hitched Firefly as close to the edge of the road as was safe, and crept to the edge of the garden, where he could peer through the hedge. The hall door was open and the hallway lighted; so was the dining room; and there were lights in Barbara's room. There were no noises, not even of animal life, and no figures moving about or in the house. What could he do? One thing at least, no matter what happened to him—he could number Dane Grey's days and make this night his last on earth. It would probably be his own last night, too. Impatiently he crawled back to the edge of the road. More quickly than he expected, he saw Ephraim's figure slipping through the shadows toward him.

"Dey's jus' through supper," he reported. "Miss Barbary didn't eat wid 'em. She's up in her room. Dat under officer been stormin' at Marse Grey an' hurryin' him up. Mammy been holdin' de little missus back all she can. She say she got to make like she heppin' her pack."

"Ephraim," said Erskine quickly, "go tell Mr. Grey that one of his men wants to see him right away at the sundial. When he starts down the path you run around the hedge and be on hand in the bushes."

"Yassuh," and the boy showed his teeth in a comprehending smile. It was not long before he saw Grey's tall figure easily emerge from the hall door and stop full in the light. He saw Ephraim slip around the corner and Grey move to the end of the porch, doubtless in answer to the black boy's whispered summons. For a moment the two figures were motionless and then Erskine began to tingle acutely from head to foot. Grey came swiftly down the great path, which was radiant with moonlight. As Grey neared the dial Erskine moved toward him, keeping in a dark shadow, but Grey saw him and called in a low tone but sharply:

"Well, what is it?" With two paces more Erskine stepped out into the moonlight with his cocked pistol at Grey's breast.

"This," he said quietly. "Make no noise—and don't move." Grey was startled, but he caught his control instantly and without fear.

"You are a brave man, Mr. Grey, and so, for that matter, is—Benedict Arnold."

"Captain Grey," corrected Grey insolently. "I do not recognize your rank. To me you are merely Traitor Grey."

"You are entitled to unusual freedom of speech—under the circumstances."

"I shall grant you the same freedom," Erskine replied quickly—"in a moment. Twice you have said that you would fight me with anything, any time, any place." Grey bowed slightly. "I shall ask you to make those words good and I shall accordingly choose the weapons." Grey bowed again. "Ephraim!" The boy stepped from the thicket.

"Ah," breathed Grey, "that black devil!"

"Ah! you gwine to shoot him, Marse Erskine?"

"Ephraim!" said Erskine, "slip into the hall very quietly and bring me the two rapiers on the wall."

Erskine addressed Grey. "I know more of your career than you think, Grey. You have been a spy as well as a traitor. And now you are crowning your infamy by weaving some spell over my cousin and trying to carry her away in the absence of her father and brother, to what unhappiness God only can know. I can hardly hope that you appreciate the honor I am doing you."

"Not as much as I appreciate your courage and the risk you are taking," Erskine smiled.

"The risk is perhaps less than you think."

"You have not been idle?"

"I have learned more of my father's swords than I knew when we used them last."

"I am glad—it will be more interesting," Erskine looked toward the house and moved impatiently.

"My brother officer has dined too well," noted Grey placidly, "and the rest of my—er—retinue are gambling. We are quite secure."

"Ah!" Erskine breathed—he had seen the black boy run down the steps with something under one arm and presently Ephraim was in the shadow of the thicket:

"Give one to Mr. Grey, Ephraim, and the other to me. I believe you said on that other occasion that there was no choice of blades?"

"Quite right," Grey answered, skillfully testing his bit of steel.

"Keep well out of the way, Ephraim," warned Erskine, "and take this pistol. You may need it, if I am worsted, to protect yourself."

"Indeed, yes," returned Grey, "and kindly instruct him not to use it to protect you." For answer Erskine sprang from the shadow—discarding formal courtesies.

"En garde!" he called stertly. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

As It Often Happens. "What's the row?" "The members of the committee are scrapping violently over the selection of a loving cup."

With many children in one family no one of them gets overpetted.

Jacket-Blouse New Garment;

Many Novelties Now Seen

SOME people call them "Jacquettes," others name them "Jacket-blouses," and this latter term describes them exactly, for they are a combination of blouse and jacket that play two roles with equal success. Matalasse printed velvets, blistered silks and similar fabrics, now fashionable, are responsible, more than anything else, for this and other new developments in the mode, which insists that designs must accommodate themselves to materials. The jacket-blouses are all much alike, but they

is united to an up-to-date jacket-blouse.

To the list of unessential but beautiful feminine belongings many novelties have been added and the long story of dress accessories grows longer and more thrilling. From top to toe—speaking literally—new trappings add brilliant points to the costume.

Beginning with decorative hat and hair ornaments they end with slipper buckles, and the success of costume is measured by the discrimination shown in using these telling finishing



PRETTY JACKET-BLOUSE

are varied in small details as in the length of the waist, the shape and length of the sleeve, treatment of the neck line and decorations. Few of them require anything for trimming, but some of them are entirely covered with braiding or embroidery. The pretty Jacket-blouse, shown in the picture, is made on very simple lines, of matalasse and is a typical garment of its kind. It has a surplice front opening and a wide, fitted hip band fastened with three buttons of cut jet. Fancy buttons are being featured on blouses and jackets, some of the handsomest imports using them in front fastenings from neck to girdle. They are brilliant affairs, likely to create a vogue for ornamental buttons, which have been somewhat in the background for a long period. Combination of jet and rhinestones make jewel-like buttons that set off all sorts of fabrics and colors.

Some of the smartest jacket-blouses have long sleeves, wide at the arm's eye as well as at the wrist. Often a

touches. Besides earrings, necklaces and girdles we must consider the importance this season of bracelets, ornamental combs, clasps for girdles, ornaments for crapes, shoe buckles and fastenings for coats and other garments. Bags demand attention, fans are engagingly novel and the shops are full of tempting costume jewelry which is even more fashionable than that of precious stones and metals. "Art in Industry" gives these pretty trinkets a precious quality.

In the illustration a turban and scarf made of black velvet lined with white and silver brocade are artfully emphasized by earrings of black onyx set with tiny rhinestones. The turban is wreathed with petals and the long, narrow scarf falls from it at the back and ends in a rosette of the petals. A pair of petals find themselves effectively placed on the sleeves of the georgette bodice and at the girdle.

A hat and scarf for sports wear, shown at the left of the picture, are made of duvetyne and decorated with



SOME OF THE LATEST NOVELTIES

turned-back cuffs of black velvet and matching temper brilliantly colored materials or vivid embroideries on dark fabrics. Hip bands may be very narrow or replaced by snug-fitting peplums, and this is a favorite way of developing the jacket-blouse made of canton or other crepe. The plain coat sleeve and the long, narrow, shawl collar are well adapted to this new garment and they appear in conjunction with the surplice front in smart models. All-over braiding is an important item in their decoration and suggests that a last season's frock may begin its career anew if it

faulle ribbon threaded in and out of slashes cut in the fabric. At the right a handsome two-skin scarf of stone marten is among those almost indispensable fur neck pieces that women adore. Its luxurious touch is matched by the same quality in the long sash of wide soft ribbon finished with a handsome jeweled clasp and hanging in the approved manner, much below the bottom of the dress.

Julius Bottomley

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WORKS FOR CHILD MUST KEEP WELL

Mothers in a Like Situation Should Read This Letter from Mrs. Enrico

Chicago, Illinois.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a serious trouble. I had tried doctors and all said the same—an operation. At first I only felt the pain on my left side, but later it seemed to feel it on both sides. I am a power sewing-machine operator and have a little girl to support. I work in a tailor shop and that line of work has been very slack this year and I am home part of the time. I do not like to take any chances, so I consulted my friends, and one lady said, 'Take Lydia Pinkham's medicine,' so I did. I have felt better right along and am in good enough health to go to work. I recommend your Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash to all."—Mrs. MARY ENRICO, 459 N. Carpenter St., Chicago, Illinois.

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Mrs. T. R. James, Humboldt, Neb., 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 get up to get breakfast. I felt so tired. A friend advised me to try and was relieved." I used two boxes

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