

(Continued from Last Week.)

### Chapter IV.

The next day came the commencement of the great hunt, and the warriors were up betimes, and active. Stations were chosen, the keepers of which, converging to a center, were to hem in the wild animals on whose tracks they were going. The wolves were known to be in a hollow of the hills, near Charashilacty, which had but one outlet; and points of close approximation across this outlet were the stations of honor; for, goaded by the hunters to this passage, and falling in egress in any other, the wolf, it was well known, would be then dangerous in the extreme. Well calculated to provoke into greater activity the jealousies between the Oconies and the Green Birds was the assignment made by Moltoy, the chief, of the more dangerous of these stations to these two clans. They now stood alongside of one another, and the action of the two promised to be joint and responsive. Such an appointment, in the close encounter with the wolf, necessarily promised to bring the two parties into immediate contact; and such was the event. As the day advanced, and the hunters, contracting their circles, brought the different bands of wolves into one and pressed upon them to the more obvious and indeed the only outlet, the badges of the Green Bird and the Brown Viper—the one consisting of the stuffed skin and plumage of the Carolina parrot, and the other the attenuated viper, filled out with moss, and winding, with erect head, around the pole, to the top of which it was stuck—were, at one moment, in the indiscriminate hunt, almost mingled over the heads of the two parties. Such a sight was pleasant to neither, and would, at another time, of a certainty, have brought about a squabble. As it was, the Oconies drove their badge-carrier from one to the other end of their ranks, thus studiously avoiding the chance of another collision between the viper, so adored, and the green bird, so detested. The pride of the Estatoees was exceedingly aroused at this exhibition of impertinence, and though a quiet people enough, they began to think that forbearance had been misplaced in their relation with their presuming and hostile neighbors. Had it not been for Nagoochie, who had his own reasons for suffering yet more, the Green Birds would certainly have plucked out the eyes of the Brown Vipers, or tried very hard to do it; but the exhortations to peace of the young warrior, and the near neighborhood of the wolf, quelled any open show of the violence they meditated; but, Indian-like, they determined to wait for the moment of greatest quiet, as that most fitted for taking away a few scalps from the Ocony. With a muttered curse, and a contemptuous slap of the hand upon their loins, the more furious among the Estatoees satisfied their present anger, and then addressed themselves more directly to the business before them.

The wolves, goaded to desperation by the sight and sound of hunters strewn all over the hills around them, were now snapping and snarling, and with eyes that flashed with a terrible anger, descending the narrow gully towards the outlet held by the two rival tribes. United action was, therefore, demanded of those who, for a long time past, had been conscious of no feeling or movement in common. But here they had no choice—no time, indeed, to think. The fierce wolves were upon them, doubly furious at finding the only passage stuck full of enemies. Well and manfully did the hunters stand and seek the encounter with the infuriated beasts. The knife and the hatchet that day, in the hand of Ocony and Estato, did fearful execution. The Brown Vipers fought nobly, and with their ancient reputation. But the Green Birds were the hunters, after all; and they were now stimulated into double adventure and effort by an honorable ambition to make up for all deficiencies of number by extra valour, and the careful exercise of all that skill in the arts of hunting for which they have always been the most renowned of the tribes of Cherokee.

As, one by one, a fearful train, the wolves wound into sight along this or that crag of the gully arrow after arrow told fearfully upon them, for there were no marksmen like the Estatoees. Nor did they stop at this weapon. The young Nagoochie, more than ever prompted to such audacity, led the way; and dashing into the very path of the teeth-grashing and claw-rendering enemy, he grappled in desperate fight

the first that offered himself; and, as the wide jaws of his hairy foe opened upon him, with a fearful plunge at his side, adroitly leaping to the right, he thrust a pointed stick down, deep, as far as he could send it, into the monster's throat; then pressing back upon him, with the rapidity of an arrow, in spite of all his fearful writhings, he pinned him to the ground, while his knife, in a moment after, played fatally in his heart. Another came, and, in a second, his hatchet cleft and crunched deep into the skull of the angry brute, leaving him senseless, without need of a second stroke. There was no rivaling deeds of valour so desperate as this; and with increased bitterness of soul did Cheochee and his followers hate in proportion as they admired. They saw the day close, and heard the signal calling them to the presence of the great chief Moltoy, conscious, though superior in numbers, they could not at all compare in skill and success with the long-despised, but now thoroughly-hated Estatoees.

And still more great the vexation, and still more deadly the hate, when the prize was bestowed by the hand Moltoy, the great military chief of Cherokee—when, calling around him the tribes, and carefully counting the number of their several spoils, consisting of the skins of the wolves that had been slain, it was found that of these the greater number, in proportion to their force, had fallen victims to the superior skill or superior daring of the people of the Green Bird. And who had been their leader? The rambling Nagoochie—the young hunter who had broken his leg among the crags of Ocony, and, in the same adventure, no longer considered luckless, had won the heart of the beautiful Jocassée.

They bore the young and successful warrior to the center of the ring, and before the great Moltoy. He stood up in the presence of the assembled multitude, a brave and fearless and fine-looking Cherokee. At the signal of the chief, the young maidens gathered into a group, and sang around him a song of compliment and approval, which was just as much as to say, 'Ask, and you shall have.' He did ask, and before the people of the Brown Viper could so far recover from their surprise as to interfere, or well comprehend the transaction, the bold Nagoochie had led the then happy Jocassée into the presence of Moltoy and the multitude, and had claimed the girl of Ocony to fill the green lodge of the Estato hunter.

That was the signal for uproar and commotion. The Oconies were desperately angered, and the fierce Cheochee, whom nothing, not even the presence of the great war-chief, could restrain, rushed forward, and dragging the maiden violently from the hold of Nagoochie, hurled her backward to the ranks of his people; then, breathing nothing but blood and vengeance, he confronted him with ready knife and uplifted hatchet, detying the young hunter in that moment to fight.

'E-cha-e-cha, e-herro—e-cha-herro-cha-herro,' was the war-whoop of the Oconies; and it gathered them to a man around the sanguinary young chief who uttered it. 'Echa-herro, echa-herro,' he continued, leaping wildly in the air with the paroxysm of rage which had seized him. The brown viper has a tooth for the green bird. The Ocony is athirst—he would drink blood from the dog-heart of the Estato. 'E-cha-e-cha-herro, Ocony! And again he concluded his fierce speech with that thrilling roll of sound, which, as the so much dreaded war-whoop, brought a death feeling to the heart of the early pioneer, and made the mother clasp closely, in the deep hours of the night, the young and unconscious infant to her bosom. But it had no such influence upon the fearless spirit of Nagoochie. The Estato heard him with cool composure, but, though evidently unafraid, it was yet equally evident that he was unwilling to meet the challenge in strife. Nor was his decision called for on the subject. The great chief interposed, and all chance of conflict was prevented by his intervention. In that presence they were compelled to keep the peace, though both the Oconies and Little Estatoees retired to their several lodges with fever in their veins, and a restless desire for that collision which Moltoy had denied them. All but Nagoochie were vexed at this denial; and all of them wondered much that a warrior, so brave and daring as he had always shown himself, should be so backward on such an occasion. It was true, they knew of his love for the girl of Ocony; but they

never dreamed of such a feeling acquiring an influence over the hunter, or so paralyzing and unmanly a character. Even Nagoochie, himself as he listened to some of the speeches uttered around him, and reflected upon the insolence of Cheochee—even he began to wish that the affair might happen again, that he might take the hissing viper by the neck. And poor Jocassée—what of her when they took her back to the lodges? She did nothing but dream all night of Brown Vipers and Green Birds in the thick of battle.

### Chapter V.

The next day came the movement of the hunters, still under the conduct of Moltoy, from the one to the other side of the upper branch of the Keowee River, now called the Jocassée, but which, at that time, went by the name of Saratay. The various bands prepared to move with the daylight; and, still near, and still in sight of one another, the Oconies and Estatoees took up their line of march with the rest. The long poles of the two, bearing the Green Bird of the one and the Brown Viper of the other, in the hands of their respective bearers—stout warriors chosen for this purpose with reference to strength and valour—waved in parallel courses, though the space between them was made as great as possible by the common policy of both parties. Following the route of the caravan, which had been formed of the ancient men, the women and children, to whom had been entrusted the skins taken in the hunt, the provisions, utensils for cooking, etc., the great body of hunters were soon in motion for other and better hunting-grounds, several miles distant, beyond the river.

The Indian warriors have their own mode of doing business, and do not often travel with the stiff precision which marks European civilization. Though having all one point of destination, each hunter took his own route to gain it, and in this manner asserted his independence. This had been the education of the Indian boy, and this self-reliance is one source of that spirit and character which will not suffer him to feel surprise in any situation. Their way, generally, wound along a pleasant valley, unbroken for several miles, until you came to Big-Knob, a huge crag which completely divides it, rising formidably up in the midst, and narrowing the valley on either hand to a fissure, necessarily compelling a closer march for all parties than had heretofore been pursued. Straggling about as they had been, of course but little order was perceptible when they came together, in little groups, where the mountain forced their junction. One of the Bear tribe found himself alongside a handful of Foxes, and a chief of the Alligators plunged promiscuously into the center of a cluster of the Turkey tribe, whose own chief was probably doing the proper courtesies among the Alligators. These little crossings, however, were amusing rather than annoying, and were, generally, productive of little inconvenience and no strife. But it so happened that there was one exception to the accustomed harmony. The Oconies and Estatoees, like the rest, had broken up in small parties, and, as might have been foreseen, when they came individually to where the crag divided the valley into two, some took the one and some the other hand, and it was not until one of the paths they had taken opened into a little plain in which the woods were bald—a sort of prairie—that a party of seven Oconies discovered that they had among them two of their detested rivals, the Little Estatoees. What made the matter worse, one of these stragglers was the ill-fated warrior who had been chosen to carry the badge of his tribe; and there, high above their heads—the heads of the Brown Vipers—the detestable symbol, the green bird itself.

There was no standing that. The Brown Vipers, as if with a common instinct, were immediately up in arms. They grappled the offending stragglers without gloves. They tore the green bird from the pole, stamped it under foot, smothered it in the mud, and pulling out the content of its head, utterly degraded it in their own as well as in the estimation of the Estatoees. Not content with this, they hung the desecrated emblem about the neck of the bearer of it, and, spite of all their struggles, binding the arms of the two stragglers behind their backs, the relentless vipers thrust the long pole which had borne the bird, in such a manner between their alternate arms as effectually to fasten them together. In this manner, amidst taunts, blows and revilings, they were left in the valley to get on as they might, while their enemies, insolent enough with exultation, proceeded to join the rest of their party.

### Chapter VI.

"An hundred canoes were ready on

the banks of the river Saratay for the conveyance to the opposite shore of the assembled Cherokees. And down they came, warrior after warrior, tribe after tribe, emblem after emblem, descending from the crags around, in various order, and hurrying all with shouts and whoops and songs, grotesquely leaping to the river's bank, like so many boys just let out of school. Ill-riders, indeed, the life of nature! Civilization refines the one at the expense of the other, and then it is that no human luxury or sport, as known in society, stimulates appetite for any length of time. We can only laugh in the woods—society suffers but a smile; and desperate sanctity, with the countenance of a crow, frowns even at that.

But down, around, and gathering from every side, they came—the tens and the twenties of the several tribes of the Cherokee. Grouped along the banks of the river were the boats assigned to each. Some, already filled, were sporting in every direction over the clear bosom of that beautiful water. Moltoy himself, at the head of the tribe of Nequassee, from which he came, had already embarked; while the venerable Attakilla, with Jocassée, the gentle, sat upon a little bank in the neighborhood of the Ocony boats, awaiting the arrival of Cheochee and his party. And why came they not? One after another of the several tribes had filled their boats and were either on the river or across it. But two clusters of canoes yet remained, and they were those of the rival tribes. A green bird flattered over the one, and a brown viper, in many folds, was twined about the pole of the other.

There was sufficient reason why they came not. The strife had begun; for when, gathering his thirteen warriors in a little hollow at the termination of the valley through which they came, Nagoochie beheld the slow and painful approach of the two stragglers upon whom the Oconies had so practiced—when he saw the green bird, the beautiful emblem of his tribe, disfigured and defiled—there was no longer and measure or method in his madness. There was no longer a thought of Jocassée to keep him back; and the feeling of ferocious indignation which filled his bosom was the common feeling with his brother warriors. They lay in wait for the coming of the Oconies, down at the foot of the Yellow Hill, where the woods gathered green and thick. They were few—but half in number of their enemies—but they were strong in ardor, strong in justice, and even death was preferable to a longer endurance of that dishonour to which they had already been too long subjected. They beheld the approach of the Brown Vipers, as, one by one, they wound out from the gap of the mountain, with a fierce satisfaction. The two parties were now in sight of each other, and could not mistake the terms of their encounter. No word was spoken between them, but each began the scalp-song of his tribe, preparing at the same time his weapon, and advancing to the struggle.

"The green bird has a bill," sang the Estatoees; "and he flies like an arrow to his prey."

"The brown viper has poison and a fang," responded the Oconies; "and he lies under the bush for his enemy."

"Give me to clutch the war-tuft," cried the leaders of each party, almost in the same breath.

"To taste the blood," cried another.

"And make my knife laugh in the heart that shrinks," sung another and another.

"I will put my foot on the heart," cried an Ocony.

"I tear away the scalp," shouted an Estato, in reply; while a joint chorus from the two parties promised—

"A dog that runs, to the black spirit that keeps in the dark."

"Echa-herro, echa-herro, echa-herro," was the grand cry, or fearful war-whoop, which announced the moment of onset and the beginning of the strife.

The Oconies were not backward, though the affair was commenced by the Estatoees. Cheochee, their leader, was quite as brave as malignant, and now exulted in the prospect of that sweet revenge, for all the supposed wrongs and more certain rivalries which his tribe had suffered from the Green Birds. Nor was this more the feeling with him than with his tribe. Disposing themselves, therefore, in readiness to receive the assault, they rejoiced in the coming of a strife in which, having many injuries to redress, they had the advantages, at the same time, of position and numbers.

But their fighting at disadvantage was not now a thought with the Little Estatoees. Their blood was up, and, like all usually patient people, once aroused, they were not so readily quieted. Nagoochie, the war-

rrior now, and no longer the lover, led on the attack. You should have seen how that brave young chief went into battle—how he leapt up in the air, slapped his hands upon his thighs in token of contempt for his foe, and throwing himself open before his enemies, dashed down his bow and arrows, and, waving his hatchet, signified to them his desire for the conflict, a l'outrance, and which would certainly make it so, hand to hand. The Oconies took him at his word, and throwing aside the long bow, they bounded out from their cover to meet their adversaries. Then should you have seen that meeting—that first rush—how they threw the tomahawk—how they flourished the knife—how the brave man rushed to the fierce embrace of his strong enemy—and how the two rolled along the hill in the teeth-binding struggle of death.

The tomahawk of Nagoochie had wings and a tooth. It flew and bit in every direction. One after another the Oconies went down before it, and still his fierce war cry of 'Echmal-Ocony,' preceding every stroke, announced another and another victim. They sank away from him like sheep before the wolf that is hungry, and the disparity of force was not so great in favor of the Oconies, when we recollect that Nagoochie was against them. The parties under his fierce valour were soon almost equal in number, and something more was necessary to be done by the Oconies before they could hope for that favorable result from the struggle which they had before looked upon as certain. It was for Cheochee now to seek out and encounter the gallant young chief of Estato. Nagoochie, hitherto, for reasons best known to himself, had studiously avoided the leader of the Vipers; but he could no longer do so. He was contending, in close strife, with Okonette, or the One-Eyed, a stout warrior of the Vipers, as Cheochee approached him. In the next moment, the hatchet of Nagoochie entered the skull of Okonette. The One-Eyed sunk to the ground, as if in supplication, and, seizing the legs of his conqueror, in spite of the repeated blows which descended from the deadly instrument, each of which was a death, while his head swam, and the blood filled his eyes, and his senses were fast fleeing, he held on with a death-grasp which nothing could compel him to forego. In this predicament, Cheochee confronted the young brave of Estato. The strife was short, for though Nagoochie fought as bravely as ever, yet he struck in vain; while the dying wretch, grappling his legs, disordered by his convulsions, not less than by his efforts, every blow which the strong hand of Nagoochie sought to give. One arm was already disabled, and still the dying wretch held on to his legs. In another moment the One-Eyed was seized by the last spasms of death, and in his struggles, he dragged the Estato chief to his knees. This was the fatal disadvantage. Before any of the Green Bird warriors could come to his succor, the blow was given, and Nagoochie lay under the knee of the Brown Viper. The knife was in his heart and the life not yet gone, when the same instrument encircled his head, and his swimming vision could behold his own scalp waving in the grasp of his conqueror. The gallant spirit of Nagoochie passed away in a vain effort to utter his song of death—the song of a brave warrior conscious of many victories.

Jocassée looked up to the hills when she heard the fierce cry of the descending Vipers. Their joy was madness, for they had fought with— they had slain—the bravest of their enemies. The intoxication of tone which Cheochee had exhibited, when he told the story of the strife, and announced his victory, went like a death stroke to the heart of the maiden. But she said not a word—she uttered no complaint—she shed no tear. Gliding quietly into the boat in which they were about to cross the river, she sat silent, gazing, with the fixedness of a marble statue upon the still dripping scalp of her lover, as it dangled about the neck of his conqueror. On a sudden, just as they had reached the middle of the stream, she started, and her gaze was turned once more backward upon the banks they had left, as if, on a sudden, some object of interest had met her sight; then, whether by accident or design, with look still intent in the same direction, she fell over the side, before they could save or prevent her, and was buried in the deep waters of Saratay forever. She rose not once to the surface. The stream, from that moment, lost the name of Saratay, and both whites and Indians, to his day, know it only as the river of Jocassée. The girls of Cherokee, however, contend that she did not sink, but, 'walking the waters like a thing of life,' that she rejoined Nagoochie, whom she saw beckoning to her from the shore. Nor is this the only tradition. The story goes on to describe

a beautiful lodge, one of the most select in the valleys of Manneito, the hunter of which is Nagoochie, of the Green Bird, while the maiden who dresses his venison is certainly known as Jocassée."

(The End.)

### How's This?

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure has been taken by catarrh sufferers for the past thirty-five years, and has become known as the most reliable remedy for catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces, expelling the poison from the blood and healing the diseased portions.  
After you have taken Hall's Catarrh Cure for a short time you will see a great improvement in your general health. Start taking Hall's Catarrh Cure at once and get rid of catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.  
F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, Ohio.  
Sold by all druggists, 75c.—Adv.

### R. M. ELLISON DEAD.

Death of a Little Girl—Mill Town of Newry is Free of Pellagra.

#### (Farm and Factory, 1st.)

News of the sudden death at Clifton, Spartanburg county, yesterday, of R. M. Ellison, was a shock to the people of Seneca, where he had numerous warm friends. Capt. A. H. Ellison, who resides above town, is his father, and C. H. Ellison, our esteemed townsman, is one of four brothers. Mr. Ellison had made Greenville his home for some time and held a position as traveling salesman. While walking the streets at Clifton yesterday he was seized with a sudden attack of apoplexy and expired without speaking a word. Mr. Ellison is survived by his wife, who was before her marriage Miss Mary Thrasher, of Seneca. Interment is to be at Richland cemetery this (Thursday) afternoon.

#### Death of a Little Girl.

New Hope, May 30.—The death angel entered the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Brucke, of this section, on the morning of May 22, at 7 o'clock, and claimed the spirit of their little daughter, Mary Julia. She suffered ten days with the dread disease cholera-infantum. All that loving hands and their kind, faithful physician could do was to no avail. God was calling her up higher. Little Mary was six years, nine months and two days old, having been born August 20, 1909. She was a bright little girl and stood head in her class at school. She will be greatly missed by her little brother and two little sisters at home and by her little schoolmates, as every one loved Mary. She always met every one with a smile. The interment took place at Fairview cemetery on Wednesday following her death. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Willie Hammond. The bereaved family have the sympathy of many friends in their dark hour of sorrow.

#### Newry Pellagra-Free.

Newry is attracting nation-wide attention as being the only mill town in South Carolina where no pellagra has originated, and Federal health officials are here getting all the statistics they can of the kind and quality of food consumed by the people. A record will be kept for 15 days at the stores and market, and the dairymen who furnish milk and butter here are being interviewed.

## WIFE TOO ILL TO WORK

### IN BED MOST OF TIME Her Health Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Indianapolis, Indiana. — "My health was so poor and my constitution so run down that I could not work. I was thin, pale and weak, weighed but 109 pounds and was in bed most of the time. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and five months later I weighed 135 pounds. I do all the house-



work and washing for eleven and I can truthfully say Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been a godsend to me for I would have been in my grave today but for it. I would tell all women suffering as I was to try your valuable remedy."—Mrs. WM. GREEN, 382 S. Addison Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.  
There is hardly a neighborhood in this country, wherein some woman has not found health by using this good old-fashioned root and herb remedy.  
If there is anything about which you would like special advice, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.