



Erskine Dale Pioneer by John Fox, Jr. Illustrated by R.H. Livingstone

CHAPTER I

The boy stood at a window looking out into the gathering dusk. The neighing of horses, the lowing of cattle, the piping of roosting turkeys and motherly clatter of roosting hens, the weird songs of negroes, the sounds of busy preparation through the house and from the kitchen—all were sounds of peace and plenty, security and service.

Perhaps they were circling a fire at that moment in a frenzied war-dance—perhaps the hooting at that moment from the woods around the fort was not the hooting of owls at all. There all was hardship—danger; here all was comfort and peace. If they could see him now! See his room, his fire, his bed, his clothes! They had told



"Here He Is, Mother."

him to come, and yet he felt now the shame of desertion. He had come, but he would not stay long away. The door opened, he turned, and Harry Dale came eagerly in.

"Mother wants to see you." The two boys paused in the hall and Harry pointed to a pair of crossed rapiers over the mantelpiece.

"Those were your father's," he said; "he was a wonderful fencer." The lad shook his head in ignorance, and Harry smiled.

"I'll show you tomorrow." At a door in the other end Harry knocked gently, and a voice that was low and sweet but vibrant with impetuosity called:

"Come in!" "Here he is, mother."

The lad stepped into warmth, subtle fragrance and many candle lights. The great lady was just rising from a chair in front of her mirror, brooded, powdered and starred with jewels. So brilliant a vision almost stunned the little stranger and it took an effort for him to lift his eyes to hers.

"Why, this is not the lad you told me of," she said. "Come here! Both of you." They came and the lady scrutinized them comparably.

"Actually you look alike—and, Harry, you have no advantage, even if you are my own son. I am glad you are here," she said with sudden soberness, and smiling tenderly she put both hands on his shoulders, drew him to her and kissed him, and again he felt in his eyes that curious sting.

"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.

"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 wine 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 courtesies and nimble feet were tripping measures 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 like 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 fiddle sang out merrily:

"Gen'lman 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 them. 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 goodbye. 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 'em."

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. Everybody had been kind to him—all but Hugh. Vexed hostility 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.

(To be Continued.)

NEW DOPE CRAZE

Peyote Eating Habit Has Taken Hold of Dakota Indians.

A new dope craze—peyote eating—has taken such hold of the Indians on the nine reservations of South Dakota as to create a problem which those who are interested in the welfare of the red men view with grave apprehension. The peyote bean is the fruit of a cactus plant which grows along the Mexican border. It is known as the Indian cocaine and has practically the same effect as that drug. Eaten by the Indians under any circumstances it has demoralizing effects mentally and morally as well as physically. To complicate the situation in South Dakota, the peyote habit has been coupled with religious ceremonials which combine ancient Indian superstition with Christian rites, and the craze is now in full sway among hundreds of the nation's wards of the Northwest.

Saturday night has become the favorite occasion for these peyote orgies. Gathering in tents or huts, the devotees eat from thirty to forty of the small beans, following which they begin to see visions. Despite the tradition of the Red Indian's reticence, he is a great talker, especially when under the influence of a stimulant. In the grip of peyote, the braves claim to have wonderful revelations, and are filled with the spirit of weird prophecy which is unfolded to the gathered tribesmen in long and eloquent harangues.

In this state of drug-created frenzy they read from the Bible, offer prayers and sing hymns, using these devices to cover the degenerate activities which accompany the progressive effects of the drug.

The culmination of many of these peyote meetings is declared by those who have witnessed them to be most revolting. Many instances have already been called to the attention of the authorities of husbands and wives having been separated as a result of the peyote debauches and the debilitating mental and physical results of the drug are already beginning to show in hundreds of the younger generations of the Indians.

Spreading north from the Mexican border during the past five years, the craze entered South Dakota from Nebraska where there are said to be about four hundred addicts among the Winnebagos, Omahas and Poncas. From the Winnebago Reservation, it spread to the Yankton Reservation in South Dakota, where there are said to be about forty confirmed addicts; and then to the Ponca Creek station of the Rosebud Reservation, where about sixty individuals are habitual users of the drug. The other members of the tribe have not yet fallen victims to the craze, the cult having its leadership from men of an age ranging from thirty to forty-five years, who may be classed as semi-educated.

So serious has the problem become that at a meeting at Sioux Falls last week, representatives of all the reservations under the chairmanship of Bishop Hugh Latimer Burseson, Missionary Bishop of the Episcopal church of South Dakota, resolutions were adopted calling on the government to take prompt action to stop the use of peyote beans among the Indians in accordance with the national anti-narcotic law.

It is pointed out that there are twenty-five thousand Indians scattered through the nine reservations of South Dakota alone. This Indian pop-

WOMAN SCORES AGAIN.



Miss Elizabeth Hallam Bohn, formerly instructor of foods and cooking, Teachers' College, Columbia University, and now a lecturer on Industrial Welfare subjects, New York University, in addition to a special department in many prominent newspapers throughout the country, is the first woman permitted to speak before the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce Advertising Managers' Meeting, to be held in Chicago on May 13. The subject she will discuss is "Selling Cars to Women." Miss Bohn says: "Three billion, five hundred million dollars was spent last year for automobiles and accessories, 70 per cent. of the retail sales being influenced by women. Woman has been responsible for the exquisite appointments that have added so much to the bodily comfort and beauty of the American motor car. While man has utilized the car, women have socialized it, and if man has commercialized it Friend Wife has merchandized it."

COLOR OF A HORSE

Facts Discredit Ancient Familiar Rhyme.

For more years than a man can count men have felt suspicious of, if not unkindly toward a horse with three white feet. There is an ancient rhyme which runs something like this: "One white foot, buy him; Two white feet, try him; Three white feet, deny him; Four white feet, skin him and give him to the crows."

Not true; nothing in it; facts disprove it. A fair proportion of the fastest, strongest, toughest and most faithful horses have had and still have two, three and four white feet. Durbar II, a Derby winner a few years back, had three white feet.

Another deep-rooted prejudice concerns the color of horses. A gray has been generally esteemed as a tough and "staying" horse, and a black horse has been suspected of lack of stamina. A roan horse, either steel roan or strawberry roan, has always been sized up as a hardy horse. A dun horse was thought to be the last word in feebleness. A cream colored horse was suspected of inability to go the pace, and a white horse, beside being hard to keep clean,

valuation is generally law-abiding and for a quarter of a century has given the state little trouble. What would follow an extensive spread of the peyote habit with its attendant quasi-religious rites is the sinister phase of the problem which is entering seriously into the consideration of the friends of the Indians as well as of law and order.

was believed to be of delicate constitution. Bays, browns and sorrels have generally been judged on "points" and conformation independent of the color question.

All this is wrong, according to experiments at a government station. A government bulletin has said that "the color of a horse is no indication of the real value of the animal and the statement cannot be made too emphatic that speed, intelligence, vigor and other good traits are inherited independently of color."—Kansas City Star.

FRENCH WAR STATISTICS

Less Danger Fighting in Air Than on Earth.

There was less danger of death, in the late war, to officers who fought in the air than to those who combated on the earth. French statistics show that 29 per cent. of infantry officers were killed, while only 21 per cent. of aviation officers lost their lives.

The fatalities among officers in general, as compared to enlisted men in all branches were nearly equal, being 19 per cent. for the former and 18.5 per cent. for the latter.

The percentage of losses by age show that the 20-year-old soldiers, both officers and men, suffered the most.

Phonograph records are being used by the Linguistic Survey of India for preserving the native tongues, many of which have never been put on paper. Sets of these records will be deposited in British university libraries, in the British Museum and at the Institute of France in Paris.

ONLY GIRL GRADUATE FROM BANKERS INSTITUTE.



Miss Giuletta Talamini, who has just completed this standard course of the American Institute of Bankers, the only girl to do so in a class of forty-five.

CHURCH ADVERTISING

Nebraska Pastor Says It Helps Greatly in Boosting Attendance.

Publicity has changed the automobile from an enemy to a friend of the church, according to Rev. Oliver Kene, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Kearney, Neb. "When the people of the whole community know of a church and the kind of sermons preached the car will carry them to it instead of away from it," he said. "By advertising in local papers I have quadrupled the membership of my church in four years. Christ said 'Go out and compel them to come in.' What is more compelling than advertising in the modern way?"

"I often inserted a quarter page or half page ad in the home town papers. The expense of advertising is met by the collection box, and the more people the advertising draws to church of course, the larger the collections. So the ads pay for themselves in actual money. The good that is accomplished cannot be measured in dollars and cents.

"Advertising must be backed by a good, sound, honest gospel message from the pulpit. Nothing can take the place of the gospel; not movies

nor music, nor half-baked addresses on current topics. And the man who goes once is pretty apt to return and bring someone with him."

—Charleston, June 13.—The heaviest sentence yet imposed at this term of Federal court was given by Judge H. A. M. Smith to R. V. Bragg, of Beaufort today, the defendant, convicted with recommendation to mercy on a charge of assaulting and interfering with a Federal tax officer, H. J. Smith. He was sentenced to a year in prison and a fine of \$1,000 and costs. This case was tried several days ago, sentence being deferred. It is understood that the defendant will appeal. On the stand, Mr. Bragg admitted striking Mr. Smith during a conversation in a Beaufort bank office, alleging that the language of the Federal officer was insulting and that his work was doubted in a way he resented. The position of the defense was that at the time the affair was in the nature of a personal difficulty only, lacking any official significance.

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SEPTEMBER 20, 1922.

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