

CHAPTER XIV

Erskine had given Black Wolf his life, and the young brave had accepted the debt and fretted under it sorely. And when Erskine had begun to show some heed to Early Morn a fierce jealousy seized the savage, and his old hatred was reborn a thousandfold more strong—and thus, too, Erskine now knew. Meat ran low and a hunting party went abroad. Game was scarce and only after the second day was there a kill. Erskine had sighted a huge buck, had fired quickly and at close range. Wounded, the buck had charged, Erskine's knife was twisted in his belt, and the buck was upon him before he could get it out. He tried to dart for a tree, stumbled, turned, and caught the infuriated beast by the horns. He uttered no cry, but the angry bellow of the stag reached the ears of Black Wolf through the woods, and he darted toward the sound. And he came none too soon. Erskine heard the crack of a rifle, the stag toppled over, and he saw Black Wolf standing over him with a curiously triumphant look on his saturnine face. To Erskine, when he rose, the white man was predominant, and he thrust out his hand, but Black Wolf ignored it.

"White Arrow gave Black Wolf his life. The debt is paid."

Erskine looked at his enemy, nodded, and the two bore the stag away. Instantly a marked change was plain in Black Wolf. He told the story of the fight with the buck to all. Boldly he threw off the mantle of shame, stalked laughingly through the village, and went back to open enmity with Erskine. At dusk a day or two later, when he was coming down the path from the white woman's wigwam, Black Wolf confronted him, scowling.

"Early Morn shall belong to Black Wolf," he said insolently. Erskine met his baleful, half-drunken eyes scornfully.

"We will leave that to Early Morn," he said coolly, and then thundered suddenly:

"Out of my way!" Black Wolf hesitated and gave way, but ever thereafter Erskine was on guard.

In the white woman, too, Erskine now saw a change. Once she had encouraged him to stay with the Indians; now she lost no opportunity to urge against it. She had heard that Hamilton would try to retake Vincennes, that he was forming a great force with which to march south, sweep through Kentucky, batter down the wooden forts, and force the Kentuckians behind the great mountain wall. Erskine would be needed by the whites, who would never understand or trust him if he should stay with the Indians. All this she spoke one day when Erskine came to her tent to talk. Her face had blanched, she had argued passionately that he must go, and Erskine was sorely puzzled. The girl, too, had grown rebellious and disobedient, for the change in her mother was plain also to her, and she could not understand. Moreover, Erskine's stubbornness grew, and he began to flame within at the stalling insolence of Black Wolf, who slipped through the shadows of day and the dusk to spy on the two wherever they came together. And one day when the sun was midway, and in the open of the village, the clash came. Black Wolf darted forth from his wigwam, his eyes bloodshot with rage and drink, and his hunting knife in his hand. A cry from Early Morn warned Erskine and he wheeled. As Black Wolf made a vicious slash at him he sprang aside, and with his fist caught the savage in the jaw. Black Wolf fell heavily and Erskine was upon him with his own knife at his enemy's throat.

"Stop them!" old Kahtoo cried sternly, but it was the terrified shriek of the white woman that stayed Erskine's hand. Two young braves disarmed the fallen Indian, and Kahtoo looked inquiringly at his adopted son. "Turn him loose!" Erskine scorned. "I have no fear of him. He is a woman and drunk, but next time I shall kill him."

The white woman had run down, caught Early Morn, and was leading her back to her tent. From inside presently came low, passionate pleading from the woman and an occasional sob from the girl. And when an hour later, at dusk, Erskine turned upward toward the tent, the girl gave a horrified cry, flashed from the tent, and darted for the high cliff over the river. "Catch her!" cried the mother. "Quick!" Erskine fled after her, overtook her with her hands upraised for the plunge on the very edge of the cliff, and half carried her, struggling and sobbing, back to the tent. Within the girl dropped in a weeping heap, and with her face covered, and the woman turned to Erskine, agonized.

"I told her," she whispered, "and she was going to kill herself. You are my son!"

CHAPTER XV

Flrely into the woods. At sunset he came in, faint with brooding and hunger. His foster mother brought him food, but he would not touch it. The Indian woman stared at him with keen suspicion, and presently old Kahtoo, passing slowly, bent on him the same look, but asked no question. Erskine gave no heed to either, but his mother, watching from her wigwam, understood and grew fearful. Quickly she stepped outside and called him, and he rose and went to her bewildered; she was smiling.

"They are watching," she said, and Erskine, too, understood, and kept his back toward the watchers.

"I have decided," he said. "You and she must leave here and go with me." His mother pretended much displeasure. "She will not leave, and I will not leave her"—her lips trembled—"and I would have gone long ago but—"

"I understand," interrupted Erskine, "but you will go now with your son." The poor woman had to scowl.

"No, and you must not tell them. They will never let me go, and they will use me to keep you here. You must go at once. She will never leave this tent as long as you are here, and if you stay she will die, or kill herself. Some day—"

Erskine wheeled and went to old Kahtoo.

"You want Early Morn?" asked the old man. "You shall have her."

"No," said the boy, "I am going back to the big chief."

"You are my son and I am old and weak."

"I am a soldier and must obey the big chief's commands, as must you."

"I shall live," said the old man wearily, "until you come again."

Erskine nodded and went for his horse. Black Wolf watched him with malignant satisfaction, but said nothing—nor did Crooked Lightning. Erskine turned once as he rode away. His mother was standing outside her wigwam. Mournfully she waved her hand. Behind her and within the tent he could see Early Morn with both hands at her breast.

CHAPTER XVI

Dawned 1781. The war was coming into Virginia at last. Virginia falling would thrust a great wedge through the center of the confederacy, feed the British armies and end the fight. Cornwallis was to drive the wedge, and never had the opening seemed easier. Virginia was drained of her fighting men, and south of the mountains was protected only by a militia, for the most part of old men and boys. North and south ran despair. The soldiers had no pay, little food, and only old worn-out coats, tattered linen overalls, and one blanket between three men, to protect them from drifting snow and icy wind. Even the great Washington was near despair, and in foreign help his sole hope lay. Already the traitor, Arnold, had taken Richmond, burned warehouses, and returned, but little harassed, to Portsmouth.

Cornwallis was coming on. Tarleton's white rangers were bedeviling the land, and it was at this time that Erskine Dale once more rode firely to the river James.

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 red-coats, 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 resore 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 Ohio to scout and take scalps in the settlements. In the spring he would sweep Kentucky and destroy all the settlements west of the Alleghenies. 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 "noggin" 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 Cahokia, 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

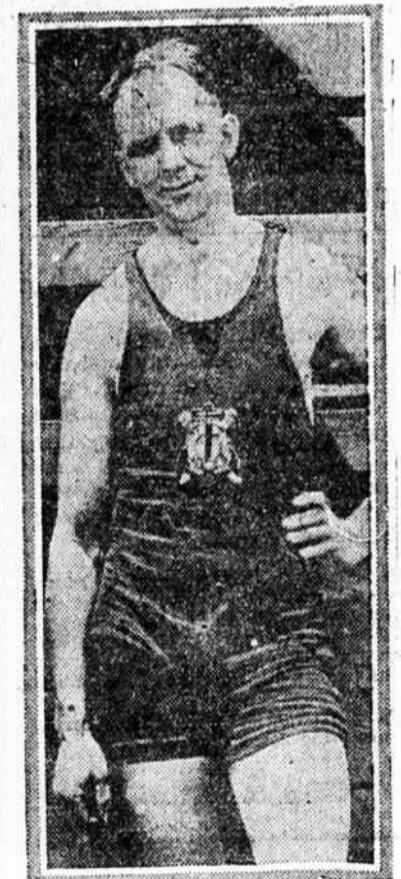


The Two Years in the Wilderness Had Left Their Mark on Erskine.

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 "Miscellanea," which was staged by Andre, and was reported a close friend of that ill-fated young gentleman.

(To be Continued.)

WILL ATTEMPT TO SWIM ACROSS ENGLISH CHANNEL



Another American swimmer, Walter Paterson, of Bridgeport, Conn., is going to make an effort to negotiate the treacherous currents of the English Channel. Paterson, who is the Connecticut State swimming champion, plans to make his attempt late in August.

GHOST IN HOUSE

And Lord Churchill is Anxious to Buy It.

Winston Churchill, the half American Secretary of the British Colonial Office, aspires to the ownership of a country mansion, big enough to house 500 people, which has not only a ghost, but a chained treasure chest, says a London dispatch.

This house is Little Grove, East Epsom, on which Miss Shirley Kellog is said to have spent nearly \$50,000 since she bought it two years ago. It stands in 200 acres of ground about a mile from Oakleigh Park station. Its nearest neighbor is Ossidge, Sir Thomas Lipton's place.

The ghost which walks the estate is said to be that of Geoffrey de Mandeville, Earl of Essex, a turbulent Norman Baron who made war against Stephen and is supposed to have been drowned in the moat while being concealed in the grounds of Little Grove. In the deepest part of the moat, according to legend, is a great chest of gold and coins which no one can carry away because it is bound to the bottom by iron chains. Quite recently a secret chamber was discovered, con-

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL Sunday School Lesson

Conducted by Jas. D. Grist

LESSON FOR AUGUST 6 THE TEMPLE REBUILT AND DEDICATED

LESSON TEXT—Ezek. 3:1-6:2. GOLDEN TEXT—My soul longeth, yes, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord.—Psalm 84:2. REFERENCE MATERIAL—Haggai 1:1-23; Isaiah 62; Rev. 2:11-2:5. PRIMARY TOPIC—Joyfully Building God's House. JUNIOR TOPIC—Rebuilding the Temple. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Love for God's House. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—What God's House Should Mean to a Community.

After becoming settled in the towns surrounding Jerusalem the people were called together for the purpose of reestablishing the worship of the Lord God. The leaders in this movement were Jeshua the priest and Zerubbabel the governor. In view of the fact that the clearing away of the debris of the old city and temple and the erection of the new temple would take a long time, an altar was erected where sacrifice might be offered at once unto God.

I. The Foundation of the Temple Laid (3:8-13)

This was an auspicious occasion and was celebrated with most impressive ceremonies. It marked an epoch in the history of the nation. It brought most vividly to them their bitter experiences in the dark past, and yet pointed them forward to the time of blessing when God's favor would be upon them again.

1. The priests in their apparel (v. 10). In Exodus 39 the priestly garments are described. These garments symbolized their consecration to the Lord's service.

2. The priests with trumpets (v. 10). These trumpets were of silver and were used in calling the people together.

3. The Levites with cymbals (v. 10). These were to furnish the instrumental music of the sanctuary. This was according to the arrangement made by David (I Chron. 15:16-21).

4. They sang together by course (v. 11). This means that they sang to one another responsively. The one company sang, "The Lord is Good"; the other responded, "For His mercy endureth forever."

5. Mingled weeping and shouting (v. 12-13). Some of the older men who had seen the magnificent and glorious temple of Solomon, which had been destroyed, wept much when they saw how far short the present foundation came of the former temple. Others were glad of the favor of God which had brought them back and that a beginning had been made in the new house of worship.

II. The Building of the Temple Hindered (Ch. 4).

The three perils which put back the building of the temple for some fourteen years reveal the persistent methods which the enemy uses to hinder the constructive building programs of God's people in every age.

1. An unintelligent pessimism (3:12). It was no credit to "priests, Levites and chief of the fathers" to mar this glorious occasion with weeping. Under the circumstances this was a glorious beginning and gave promise of great things for the future. God's promises looked to the future when even greater glories should be to the chosen people than ever had been enjoyed in the days of Solomon. Many today, because things are not quite what they should be, do not go forward with a constructive program, and even hinder those who have the hopeful outlook.

2. Worldly compromise (4:2, 3). "Let us build with you, for we seek your God." This is Satan's most common and effective method today. May the courageous Zerubbabels declare anew, "Ye have nothing to do with us to build an house unto our God."

3. Open opposition by the world (4:4-24). When refused a part in the work, open and violent opposition was resorted to. Intimidation and political scheming were used to defeat the building plan of God's people.

III. The Temple Finished (5:1-6:15). Through the ministry of the prophets, Haggai and Zechariah, the people were encouraged to resume the work of building the temple. They wrought with energy and enthusiasm. How necessary are God's prophets to encourage and urge on the workers in the Lord's vineyard!

IV. The Temple Dedicated (6:16-22). The people were united in this building and came together upon its completion and solemnly dedicated it to God. It was a joyous occasion and they united in the observance of the passover with gratitude to God that He had strengthened their hands in their work.

taining valuable works of art—a consideration which appeals strongly to Mr. Churchill. The present house was erected in 1719, and its red brick has been covered with stucco.

AMERICAN LEGION NEWS

Conducted by Jas. D. Grist

Meech Stewart Post, No. 66, American Legion, is making an effort to have all ex-service men who incurred injuries in the service, apply for certificates of injury in order to make it easier for them to secure compensation. Post Commander Mack Ferguson is in receipt of the following from the Veterans' Bureau relative to the matter:

There are a large number of veterans throughout the country, probably thousands of them, who have neglected to apply for a certificate of injury. The failure to obtain this certificate will militate against the veterans in making application for compensation under the Veterans' Bureau, in the event that the disability failed to manifest itself within one year from date of discharge. Therefore the director of the bureau, Col. Charles R. Forbes, is urging veteran organizations to advise their members of the necessity of securing such certificates.

The certificate of injury must be obtained prior to August 9, 1922, as provided in Section 306 of the War Risk Insurance act, as amended August 9, 1921. This section of the act provides the limitations of the right of an ex-soldier to obtain compensation for a disability resulting from a disease or injury of service origin unless the disease or injury has resulted in a disability within one year from date of discharge or unless the discharged soldier or sailor in question can obtain from the director of the United States Veterans' Bureau a certificate of injury within one year from the date of separation from the service or prior to August 9, 1922.

The director of the Veterans' Bureau desires to inform the persons who may have sustained such an injury or disease in the service, likely to result in death or disability, as to their right to certificate of injury and also as to the limitations of the statute which makes it imperative that they have such a certificate if compensation should be payable for disability resulting from such injury. It is not necessary to file a claim for compensation or to take any formal action other than the writing of a letter to the Director, United States Veterans' Bureau, Washington, D. C., giving the full name, rank, organization, army serial date of enlistment, and discharge and stating the circumstances, date and place under which the disease or injury in question was incurred.

Of Interest to Veterans. After spending two years in acquiring funds for a club house, the American Legion post in Mangum, Okla., decided the children of the town needed a playground worse than the former service men did a club house. Accordingly the Legionnaires obtained an eight-year lease on a plot of ground and used the fund they had been so long in collecting to purchase playground equipment. In order that all the cemeteries in the state may have the proper care, the Arkansas American Legion has started a move for the formation of a cemetery association which will supervise the laying out of new plots and the upkeep of all burying grounds.

In his series of articles, "The Truth About Bergdoll," Charles R. Fehlrlin of Philadelphia, describes the present appearance of America's arch slacker with a hatred of everything American." as that of a "fat middle-class German Fehlrlin was one of the party of army intelligence operatives who recently tried to kidnap Bergdoll in Germany. It was the purpose of the United States government to return Bergdoll to this country to serve the sentence imposed for the violation of the selective draft.

Shell shock caused Thurman K. Williamson, Lincoln, Neb., veteran of the World war, to forget the girl to whom he was engaged. He married another. The district court has annulled Williamson's marriage, leaving him free to carry out his first pledge, if the first girl still feels that way about it.

Edwin Denby, secretary of the navy, and members of his party who have for some time been touring the Orient, narrowly escaped death July 19 in an

airplane accident. While flying at a height of 4,000 feet over the great wall of China, about forty miles north of Peking, the engine of the plane in which the party was riding broke down. The pilot managed to volplane to the earth, but the plane was wrecked against the rocks that strewed the ground. None of the party were injured. Mr. Denby will return to the United States in September and is expected to attend the American Legion national convention in New Orleans.

The men who fought with the 78th Division of the American Expeditionary Forces will hold their annual reunion this year at Atlantic City, September 30 and October 1. Although distinctly separate from the American Legion the veterans of the 78th worked with the organizers of the Legion in Paris, in 1919. It is estimated that more than seventy per cent of the division personnel is now enrolled in the ranks of the Legion.

While assisting his American Legion comrades in decorating the graves of Dorchester, Mass., ex-service men last Memorial Day, Jen Frederick Lang, Jr., of that city, placed a flag on an untenanted grave and asked that it be reserved for him. He has just died of war wounds and has been buried in the plot he picked out but two months ago.

Military organizations or division associations that wish to hold meetings, reunions or conventions during the attendance of their members at the fourth annual national convention of the American Legion in New Orleans, La., October 16-20, should notify T. Semmes Walmsley, chairman of the American Legion's national convention committee, Royal and Conti streets in New Orleans, in order that Mr. Walmsley can make arrangements for meeting halls, etc.

SWIMMING CAPS

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