

# DOROTHY

A Story of the Revolution by Belle Douglas Pickett.

As I sit in the bright sunny window of a winter morning there falls upon my ears the clear ringing of the church bells, their dear mellow tones seeming to say, "Come along! come along!" This is Sunday and there is services in the different churches; but as I am one of the shutouts with a painful illness I cannot accept the golden invitation from the silver-tongued bells as they call the world to the home of God for worship, so I will have to content myself with listening to their ringing and while I muse upon their solemn sweetness my mind goes back to the long, long ago when our forefathers came to this country, braving dangers, fierce and wild, to prepare a way by which they and their descendants might enjoy a peaceful religion with the open Bible for their guide.

While listening to the call of the bells, the thought suggests itself why not write something about some of these brave people so that the younger generations might learn a little of their lives who labored, suffered and died that we might live in a land free from the hardships that had driven them here, so with the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian Church bells sending out their appeal o'er the wintry air I am going to undertake to write a story. In so doing I shall pass away some of the lonely moments and which I hope some few will find interesting.

Gen. Hodges of Culpepper and his young wife, who was Phoebe Douglas of Richmond, Va., emigrated to South Carolina prior to the Revolutionary War and settled where the town of Hodges now stands. They were the first settlers of that vicinity, having bought a tract of land, a portion of the English grant to Salvador. This tract comprised one-fourth of the lands of Abbeville County, and for a great many years was known as "The Jew's Lands."

At that time the lands of the country were covered in virgin forest

and wife were in loving embrace, "but what is that?" An arrow with deadly aim came whizzing thru the air followed by another. Gen. Hodges fell dead at the feet of those who were dearer to him than his life itself.

Dismayed and frightened the women fled into the house. As they did, there floated o'er the air the wild yell of the savage Indians. On they came! Oh! what an awful minute to the four unprotected women as they watched the snake-like motions as they wriggled along the grass. The women barred the doors and grabbed for their guns; but what were four helpless women to a band of savage Indians. Outside the Hodges home were painted figures brandishing their tomahawks and screaming like fury. Batting the door down Mrs. Hodges and the daughters were soon overpowered by the cruel brutes. Each one was bound, hand and foot, and the exuberant savages began their wild war dance. Dorothy Hodges, the youngest daughter, was a girl of wondrous beauty, and the chief, who was with his murderous gang, became infatuated with Dorothy's wonderful beauty. Going up to where she was fast bound, he proposed to her "that if she became his wife he would save her life." What an awful hour it was to the doomed girl. Her brain worked fast and as she looked about the room she saw her mother and two sisters bound hand and foot. She thought that by accepting the chief's offer there might be some chance for her to escape entirely. Outside the torches were being lighter preparatory to burning the house. What was the poor lovely creature to do?

No help at hand save a painted savage who was demanding the holiest and sweetest thing a woman could give—a woman's wonderful love. Here in the hands of the murderers of her father, in the presence of his lifeless body tied with mother and sisters in a house which was soon to be consumed in flames, could one dream of anything worse? Her only rescue from the impending doom was to swear that she would ever love, cherish and obey and keep in sickness and in health a natural enemy and the murderer of her father, mother and two sisters, if only her brothers might come, but they were far away, not dreaming of a wrecked and ruined home. The exultation of the demonic fields over the grief and heart-rending exclamations of these defenseless and distressed creatures was beyond description.

Is it any wonder that Dorothy, more beautiful than the rest, when forced to a choice, reluctantly consented to be the wife of the Indian chief and was lacerated from the cords which bound her limbs to be more firmly bound, soul and body by a solemn oath to the leader of these vile assassins. The chief removed Dorothy from the dwelling, whilst the torch was applied to the house in which mother and sisters perished in her presence, while the war dance and the song kept up the fieldish carnival.

Lovely Dorothy Hodges was perhaps the most unhappy and unwilling bride upon whom the genial sunlight of South Carolina has ever fallen. That night when one of her brothers returned home, as he thought all that met his eye was a pile of ashes, which gazed upon the ruins in speechless horror. His bereaved sister was marching many miles away a captive and the bride of an Indian chief who had given them so much trouble in times before.

The September day was drawing to a close. The last lingering rays of an early autumn sun lingered caressingly over the mountain crest as though loath to depart. As evening came on and twilight began to fall the birds in the valley below seemed to sing in softer, sweeter notes their good-bye song to the dying day. The flowers on the mountain side closed their petals and hung their drooping heads as if weary. All nature seemed only waiting for the sun to sink out of sight and the sweet repose of a night's rest. Nothing could exceed the varied beauty of this wild mountain scenery.

The girl standing on the cliff gazed in awe as she watched the setting sun and the magnificent panorama nature had spread out before her. Gazing over the hills where the sun had just sunk out of sight, Dorothy's face assumed a sad, wistful expression. Then her features became white and drawn. As she stood and looked her lovely blue eyes became almost black and her fingers pressed cruelly into her flesh. Two years had elapsed since Dorothy had been taken captive and as the pale of civilization advanced the Indians were pushed farther and farther away till now Dorothy is far, far from home and loved ones.

The only pleasure life had for the captive girl was, after the days' work was done, to silently slip away to the cliff and gaze across the hills and valleys to where home was once to her. To her finer nature the wooing of the Indian chief and his manners was as repulsive as the hawk to the dove. No wonder her hitherto happy heart gave way to gloomy forebodings. Dorothy made a beautiful picture as she stood upon the mountain side. Clad in Indian dress with dark curls blowing over her fair, white brow, "Two years and no signs of relief," sobbed the girl. Can it be that God has forsaken me? Day after day I've come to this mountain and prayed that some means of escape might be near at hand. Ah! how I regret I did not perish with mother and sisters.

Returning to the camp, Dorothy would sob herself to sleep. Hope which always springs eternal in the human breast, did not desert her and she began to again anticipate that something might occur to relieve the dark cloud which hovered over her soul. She knew not how nor what, but she felt that a kind Providence, who had promised to "hear those who cry unto Him" would correct the present doom that rested like a pall upon her. In the meantime, however, her husband loved her with a devotion characteristic of the Indian. The chief was proud of his "pale face wife." His love for her and his association with her had a wonderfully refining influence over the red man.

In an Indian wigwam on a pallet lay Dorothy, her face was white and her curls in a dishevelled mass. There was a look of helplessness as if life, hope and energy had been crushed out and nothing remained but apathy and indifference to the future. Dorothy for many days had hovered betwixt life and death. Returning consciousness had found her thus. As she looked about her attention was attracted by a feeble cry and there beside her lay a small bundle and in it was her infant boy. If the chief had been kind, since the birth of their infant, his affection was warmer than ever. With returning strength Dorothy loved her child as only mother can love. Away from the association of a white person it seemed that her whole soul concentrated in her babe. The years rolled on and the Indian continued to be as kind as one of his nature could be and Dorothy almost became reconciled to her fate.

The war was over. The chief returning home one evening surprised Dorothy by telling her that she might visit her people if she could find them. With a prayer in her heart and joy and gladness in her face, she made ready for the trip. The Indian chief accompanied by Dorothy and their child set out on their journey. When they came to the borders of South Carolina, as far as it was safe for him to come, they pledged their faith to each other, made arrangements when he should meet her at the same place, they separated. Little did either think that it was their final separation. Dorothy's relatives had heard no tidings of her since her capture, years ago. Her brothers and friends mourned her as dead.

Late one afternoon a lone woman with a small child walked into the little village of Cokesbury. As if led by instinct she went straight into her brother's home. Imagine the surprise of the family when it was known that

Dorothy Hodges had come back from the dead as tho it were. Her brothers gave a great feast in honor of her return. Everyone, far and near, was invited, and for days and weeks, Dorothy was kept busy telling of her life among the savage Indians. Once more in the home of her family, she became the prey of a thousand conflicting emotions, until at last when the time arrived for her return, she yielded to the intercession of her friends and remained with them. As time passed on she regained her beauty and attractiveness. A wealthy gentleman, visiting in her brother's home, fell in love with her and after listening to her thrilling history, he asked for her hand in marriage.

The little Indian grew up into quite a handsome man, inheriting much of his mother's personal charm. He was well educated and at the age of 20 he expressed a desire to go in search of his father of whom he had been told. Heading the call of the wild, he left for the Indian Territory. He never returned and from him nothing was ever afterwards heard. The action of the boy was proof that "blood will tell."

**Constipation.**  
When constive or troubled with constipation take Chamberlain's Tablets. They are easy to take and most agreeable in effect. Obtainable everywhere.

**ADOPT SCHEDULE FOR 1915 PLAYING**  
Annual Schedule Meeting of American League Being Held in New York.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—For five hours today Ban Johnson, president, and the baseball club owners of the American league were in executive session here at the league's annual schedule meeting. At the close of the meeting the only affirmative action announced was the adoption of the 1915 playing schedule, which was made public.

While the session was in progress, President Barrow and several international league owners conferred, but none of them was admitted to the American league meeting. The major league was expected to take some definite action today in reference to the removal of the draft rule from the class AA league club of the National Association. Johnson's secretary announced this had been discussed and it was unanimously agreed to leave the question in Johnson's hands and that he probably would take it up within a few days. No change was made in the player list of 25 now in force in the American league, although at the December meeting of the National league that body reduced the number from 25 to 21 players.

Although there were rumors that some American league clubs would offer players to the New York Americans to add to the playing strength of the Yankees, no mention was made of such intention, according to the statements of club representatives present. Colonel Jacob Ruppert, 3d, and Captain T. L. Huston, who recently purchased the Yankees, were elected members of the league.

**WINTER DOUBLES WORK**  
In summer the work of eliminating poisons and acids from the blood is helped by perspiration. In cold weather, with little out door work or exercise to cause sweating, the kidneys have to do double work. Foley Kidney Pills help overworked, weak and diseased kidneys to filter and cast out of the blood the waste matter that causes pains in sides or back, rheumatism, lumbago, stiffness of joints, sore muscles and other ills resulting from improper elimination. Evans Pharmacy.

**IVA NOTES**  
Dr. J. E. Watson and family moved to Anderson Saturday where they will make their home in the future. Their many friends here regret exceedingly to give them up, however, they are much interested in their welfare and all good wishes go with them for their future.  
Mr. LeRoy Sadler spent Sunday in Starr with friends.  
Mr. J. F. Gilliland has returned from a business trip to Anderson.  
Miss Sarah Smith of Starr spent the week-end here with her cousin, Miss Kathleen Selger.  
Miss Marie Cann has returned from a short stay with relatives in Lattimer.  
Mr. H. W. Wakefield has moved into the house vacated by Dr. J. E. Watson which he had purchased some time ago.  
Miss Lila Sherard is spending a while in Anderson with relatives.  
Mr. Bradley Leverett of Starr was a visitor here Saturday.  
Miss Annie Hutchinson of Lowndesville is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. W. A. Hall.  
Mrs. Marshall Jones who has been visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Roy Gilliard, of Anderson has returned home.

The Civic Improvement Association will hold its regular monthly meeting in the school auditorium Friday, the 5th at 3:30.  
Mr. A. G. Thompson of Starr was in town a few hours Monday on business.  
Messrs. Claude Masters and Charlie Burris of the Mountain Creek section spent a few hours here Sunday.  
Mr. and Mrs. Rosamond Sawright of Anderson are visiting at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Burris.  
Misses Ella Nichols, Lucy Powell and Speights of Lowndesville spent a short while here Saturday.  
Mr. Billy Nooney of Detroit, Mich., the popular auctioneer is here this week with T. S. Yeargin, the jeweler, who is running an auction sale to close out his stock. This is Mr. Nooney's second visit here, having conducted a similar sale a year or so ago when he made many friends who are glad to see him again.  
J. H. Barksdale and T. E. Rivers of Greenwood and Ben Allen of Anderson were among the travelling men here Monday.  
Mr. D. L. Sadler, proprietor of Sadler's auto shop, has enlarged his structure and is better prepared to accommodate his patrons.  
Mr. Joe Sherard spent a few hours in Anderson Monday on business.  
Miss Lulla Price spent Tuesday in Anderson shopping.  
Miss Lila Belle of Lattimer is the guest this week of her cousin, Miss Georgia Belle Baskin.  
Mr. T. G. Smith is opening up a stock of general merchandise in the room recently vacated by the Iva theatre. Mr. Smith is a good salesman and is very popular with the travelling public and we predict for him a liberal patronage.

Has Used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for 30 Years.  
"Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been used in my household for the past twenty years. I began giving it to my children when they were small. As a quick relief for croup, whooping cough, and ordinary colds, it has no equal. Being free from opium and other harmful drugs, I never felt afraid to give it to the children. I have recommended it to a large number of friends and neighbors, who have used it and speak highly of it." writes Mrs. Mary Minke, Shortsville, N. Y. Obtainable everywhere.

**Kiss Your Coal Stove Goodbye!**  
The gas stove has the coal stove beaten a million ways. No wood to chop, no coal to carry, no ashes to take up, carry out, and sift, leaving a trail of dirt and dust from the stove all the way out to the ash pit. No fire to coax and coddle. No excess heat. No waste. Gas is a guarantee of the right kind of a fire instantly for any purpose whatever; and it's more economical, too.

**Anderson Gas Co.**

**J. M. McCown's Grocery**  
**GOOD THINGS TO EAT**

Oranges... .15c, 20 and 25c  
Apples, per peck... .40c  
Raisins, 2 lbs... .25c  
Nuts per lb... .25c  
Bananas... .16 and 20c  
Cranberries... .10c qt.  
Prunes, 2 lbs... .25c  
Citron, per lb... .20c  
National Biscuit Co.'s Fruit Cake at per pound... .50c

**J. M. McCOWN**  
Phone No. 22.

**SAYRE & BALDWIN**  
**ARCHITECTS**  
Bleckley Bldg. Anderson, S. C.  
Citizens National Bank Bldg. Raleigh, N. C.

**A New World's Record.**  
CHICAGO, Feb. 3.—Oscar Egg, Switzerland, and Francesco Verri, Italy, won the six-day bicycle race ending here tonight with 65 points, covering a distance of 2,504 miles and 8 laps beating the world's record set in New York last year of 2,791 miles and 9 laps.

**Two Men Burned to Death.**  
KANE, Pa., Feb. 3.—Ten workmen were burned to death and five seriously injured in a fire early today which destroyed the sleeping house of the Tionesta Chemical Company at Mayburg, Forest county. This house was heated by gas and it was believed increased pressure caused an explosion which fired the building.

## Saved Girl's Life

"I want to tell you what wonderful benefit I have received from the use of Thedford's Black-Draught," writes Mrs. Sylvania Woods, of Clifton Mills, Ky.

"It certainly has no equal for la grippe, bad colds, liver and stomach troubles. I firmly believe Black-Draught saved my little girl's life. When she had the measles, they went in on her, but one good dose of Thedford's Black-Draught made them break out, and she has had no more trouble. I shall never be without

## THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

in my home." For constipation, indigestion, headache, dizziness, malaria, chills and fever, biliousness, and all similar ailments, Thedford's Black-Draught has proved itself a safe, reliable, gentle and valuable remedy.

If you suffer from any of these complaints, try Black-Draught. It is a medicine of known merit. Seventy-five years of splendid success proves its value. Good for young and old. For sale everywhere. Price 25 cents.

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