

# Erskine Dale Pioneer

by John Fox, Jr.

Illustrated by R.H. Livingstone

COPYRIGHT BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

(Continued from last week)

## CHAPTER II

Old Jerome and Dave and the older men gathered in one corner of the stockade for a council of war. The boy had made it plain that the attacking party was at least two days behind the three Indians from whom he had escaped, so that there was no danger that day, and they could wait until night to send messengers to warn the settlers outside to seek safety within the fort. Meantime, Jerome would dispatch five men with Dave to scout for the three Indians who might be near by in the woods, and the boy, who saw them slip out the rear gate of the fort, at once knew their purpose, shook his head, and waved his hand to say that his late friends were gone back to hurry on the big war party to the attack, now that the whites themselves knew their danger. Old Jerome nodded that he understood, and nodded to others his appreciation of the sense and keenness of the lad, but he let the men go just the same.

Mother Sanders appeared and cried to Bud to bring the "Injun" to her cabin. She had been unearthing clothes for the "little heathen," and Bud helped to put them on. In a few minutes the lad reappeared in fringed hunting shirt and trousers, wriggling in them most uncomfortably, for they made him itch, but at the same time wearing them proudly.

On the mighty wilderness the sun sank slowly and old Jerome sat in the western tower to watch alone. The silence out there was oppressive and significant, for it meant that the boy's theory was right; the three Indians had gone back to their fellows, and when darkness came the old man sent runners to the outlying cabins to warn the inmates to take refuge within the fort. And the gathering was none too soon. The howling of arrows started before dawn. A flaming arrow whizzed from the woods, fluted into the roof of one of the cabins, spluttered feebly on a dew-drenched ridge-pole, and went out. Savage war-whoops rent the air, and the battle was on. All day the fight went on. There were feints of attack in front and rushes from the rear, and there were rushes from all sides. The women loaded rifles and cooked and cared for the wounded. Thrice an Indian reached the wall of the stockade and set a cabin on fire, but no one of the three got back to the woods alive. The stranger boy sat stoically in the center of the enclosure watching everything, and making no effort to take part. Late in the afternoon the ammunition began to run low and the muddy discoloration of the river showed that the red men had begun to tunnel under the walls of the fort. And yet a last sally was made just before sunset. A body pushed against Dave in the tower and Dave saw the stranger boy at his side with his bow and arrow. A few minutes later he heard a yell from the lad which rang high over the din, and he saw the feathered tip of an arrow shaking in the breast of a big Indian who staggered and fell behind a bush. Just at that moment there were yells from the woods behind—the yells of white men that were answered by joyful yells within the fort.

"The Virginians! The Virginians!" And as the rescuers dashed into sight on horse and afoot, Dave saw the lad leap the wall of the stockade and disappear behind the fleeing Indians.

"Come back to 'em," he grunted to himself. The gates were thrown open. Old Jerome and his men rushed out, and besieged and rescuers poured all their fire after the running Indians, some of whom turned bravely to empty their rifles once more.

"Git in! Git in, quick!" yelled old Joel. He knew another volley would come as soon as the Indians reached the cover of thick woods, and come the volley did. Three men fell—the leader of the Virginians, whose head flopped forward as he entered the gate and was caught in old Joel's arms. Not another sound came from the woods, but again Dave from the tower saw the cane-brush rustle at the edge of a thicket, saw a hand thrust upward with the palm of peace toward the fort, and again the stranger boy emerged—this time with a bloody scarp dangling in his left hand. Dave sprang down and met him at the gate. The boy shook his bow and arrow proudly, pointed to a cross-scar on the scarp, and Dave made out from his explanation that once before the lad had tried to kill his tormentor and that the scar was the sign. In the center of the enclosure the wounded Virginian lay, and when old Jerome stripped the shirt from his breast he shook his head gravely. The wounded man opened his eyes just in time to see and he smiled.

"I know it," he said faintly, and then his eyes caught the boy with the scarp, were fixed steadily and began to widen.

"Who is that boy?" he asked sharply.

"Never mind now," said old Joel soothingly, "you must keep still!" The boy's eyes had begun to shift under the scrutiny and he started away.

"Come back here!" commanded the wounded man, and still searching the lad he said sharply again:



"Who is that boy?" he asked sharply.

watcher kept his eyes strained toward the black silent woods. The dying man was laid on a rude bed within one cabin, and old Joel lay on the floor of it close to the door. The stranger lad refused to sleep indoors and huddled himself in a blanket on the ground in one corner of the stockade. Men, women and children fell to a deep and weary sleep. An hour later the boy in the corner threw aside his blanket, and when, a moment later, Lydia Noe, feverish and thirsty, rose from her bed to get a drink of water outside her door, she stopped short on the threshold. The lad, stark naked, but for his breech cloth and swinging his bloody scarp over his head, was stamping around on the fire-dancing the scalp-dance of the savage to a low, fierce, guttural song. The boy saw her, saw her face in the blaze, stricken white with fright and horror, saw her too paralyzed to move and he stopped, staring at her a moment with savage rage, and went on again. Old Joel's body filled the next doorway. He called out with a harsh oath, and again the boy stopped. With another oath and a threatening gesture Joel motioned to the corner of the stockade, and with a flare of defiance in his black eyes the lad stalked slowly and proudly away. From behind him the voice of the wounded man called, and old Joel turned. There was a ghastly smile on the Virginian's pallid face.

"I saw it," he said painfully. "That's—that's my son!"

## CHAPTER III

From the sundial on the edge of the high bank, straight above the brim of the majestic yellow James, a noble path of thick grass as broad as a modern highway ran hundreds of yards between hedges of roses straight to the open door of the great manor-house with its wide verandas and mighty pillars set deep back from the river in a grove of ancient oaks. Behind the house spread a little kingdom, divided into fields of grass, wheat, tobacco, and corn, and dotted with white-washed cabins filled with slaves. Already the house had been built a hundred years of brick brought from England in the builder's own ships, it was said, and the second son of the reigning generation, one Colonel Dale, sat in the veranda alone. He was a royalist officer, this second son, but his elder brother had the spirit of daring and adventure that should have been his, and he had been sitting there four years before when that elder brother came home from his first pioneering trip into the wilds, to tell that his wife was dead and their only son was a captive among the Indians. Two years later still, word came that the father, too, had met death from the savages, and the little kingdom passed into Colonel Dale's hands.

Indentured servants, as well as blacks from Africa, had labored on that path in front of him; and up it had once stalked a deputation of the great Powhatan's red tribes. Up that path had come members of the worshipful House of Burgesses; bluff planters in silk coats, the governor and members of the council; distinguished visitors from England, colonial gentlemen and ladies. And all was English still—books, clothes, plates, knives, and forks; the church, the Church of England; the Governor, the representative of the King; his Council, the English Parliament—socially aristocratic, politically republican. For ancient usage held that all "freemen" should have a voice in the elections, have equal right to say who the lawmakers and what the law. The way was open as now. Any man could get two thousand acres by service to the colony, could build, plow, reap, save, buy servants, and roll in his own coach to sit as Burgess. There was but one seat of learning—at Williamsburg. What culture they had they brought from England or got from parents or minister. And always they had seemed to prefer sword and stump to the pen. They hated towns. At every warehouse out into

was enough. In towns men losted and individual freedom was lost, so. Ho! for the great sweeps of land and the sway of a territorial lord! Englishmen they were of Shakespeare's time but living in Virginia, and that is all they were—save that the flower of liberty was growing faster in the new-world soil.

Englishmen called it the "Good Land," and found it "most plentiful, sweet, wholesome, and fruitful of all others." The east was the ocean; Florida was the south; the north was Nova Francia, and the west unknown. Only the shores touched the interior, which was an untraveled realm of fairer fruits and flowers than in England; green shores, majestic forests, and blue mountains filled with gold and jewels. And the feet of all who had made history had trod that broad path to the owner's heart and home.

Down it now came a little girl—the flower of all these dead and gone—and her coming was just as though one of the flowers about her had stepped from its gay company on one or the other side of the path to make through them a dainty, triumphant march as the fairest of them all. At the dial she turned and her impatient blue eyes passed to a bend of the yellow river for the first glimpse of a gay barge that soon must come. At the wharf the song of negroes rose as they unloaded the boat just from Richmond. She would go and see it there was not a package for her mother and perhaps a present for herself, so with another look to the river bend she turned, but she moved no farther. Instead, she gave a little gasp, in which there was no fear, though what she saw was surely startling enough to have made her wheel in flight. Instead, she gazed steadily into a pair of grave black eyes that were fixed on her from under a green branch that overhung the footpath, and steadily she searched the figure standing there, from the conical cap down the fringed hunting-shirt and fringed breeches to the moccasined feet. And still the strange figure stood arms folded, motionless and silent. Neither the attitude nor the silence was quite pleasing, and the girl's supple slenderness stiffened, her arms went rigidly to her sides, and a haughty little snarl sent her undimpled chin upward.

"Who are you and what do you want?"

It was a new way for a woman to speak to a man; he in turn was not pleased, and a gleam in his eyes showed it.

"I am the son of a king," she started to laugh, but grew pensive, for she had the blood of Pocahontas herself.

"You are an Indian?"

He shook his head, scornful to explain, dropped his rifle to the hollow of his arm, and reaching for his belt where she saw the buckhorn handle of a hunting-knife, came toward her, but she did not flinch. Drawing a letter from the belt, he handed it to her. It was so worn and soiled that she took it daintily and saw on it her father's name. The boy waved his hand toward the house far up the path.

"He live here?"

"You wish to see him?"

The girl grunted assent, and with a shock of resentment the little lady started up the path with her head very high indeed. The boy slipped noiselessly after her, his face unmoved, but his eyes were darting right and left to the flowers, trees, and bushes, to every flitting, strange bird, the gray streak of a scampering squirrel, and what he could not see, his ears took in—the clanking chains of work-horses, the whir of a quail, the screech of a peacock, the songs of negroes from far-off fields.

On the porch sat a gentleman in powdered wig and knee-breeches, who, lifting his eyes from a copy of the Spectator to give an order to a negro servant, saw the two coming, and the first look of bewilderment on his fine face gave way to a tolerant smile. He asked no question, for a purpose very decided and definite was plainly bringing the little lady on, and he would not have to question. Swiftly she ran up the steps, her mouth primly set, and handed him a letter.

"The messenger is the son of a king."

"A what?"

## 666

Cures Malaria, Chills and Fever, Dengue or Bilious Fever, It kills the germs. 37

The State of South Carolina, County of Chesterfield, COURT OF COMMON PLEAS

Summons for Relief R. A. Griffith, Plaintiff, against

E. L. McGuigan and Frank L. McGuigan co-partners in trade under the name of E. L. McGuigan and Company and all other persons who may be partners in said firm to the plaintiff unknown, defendants.

To the defendants above named: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber at his office, Chesterfield, South Carolina, within twenty days after service hereof exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

June 19th, 1922. M. J. Hough, Plaintiff's Attorney

To the defendants above named: You will please take notice that the Summons and Complaint in the above stated case, and all papers connected therewith are on file with the Clerk of Court of Chesterfield County, South Carolina, and that said Summons and Complaint were so filed with said Clerk of Court on 8th July, 1922.

M. J. Hough, Plaintiff's Attorney.

666 quickly relieves Colds, Coughs, Influenza, and Headaches.

"The son of a king," she repeated gravely.

"Ah," said the gentleman, humoring her, "ask his highness to be seated."

His highness was looking from one to the other gravely and keenly. He did not quite understand, but he knew gentle fun was being poked at him, and he dropped sullenly on the edge of the porch and stared in front of him. The little girl saw that his moccasins were much worn and that in one was a hole with the edge blood-stained. And then she began to watch her father's face, which showed that the contents of the letter were astounding him. He rose quickly when he had finished and put out his hand to the stranger.

"I am glad to see you, my boy," he said with great kindness. "Barbara, this is a little kinsman of ours from Kentucky. He was the adopted son of an Indian chief, but by blood he is your cousin. His name is Erskine Dale."

(To Be Continued Next Week)

## HOME DEMONSTRATION DEPT.

How to Have Clean Milk Many C. Haynie

1. Keep the cow's flanks and udder free from dirt, for more dirt gets into milk from this source than from any other. Clipping the flanks and udder makes this easier and more certain.

2. Wipe the udder with a moist cloth, for this keeps loose hair, etc., from dropping into the pail.

3. Use a small top milk pail, for it is added protection against dirt and has proven its worth.

4. Use outworn flannel or a cloth pad strainer, for wire or cheese cloth strainers are a delusion.

5. Pails, cans, and bottles should be rinsed with cold water, washed with hot water and a washing powder, sterilized with boiling water or steam, and then thoroughly and immediately dried.

6. Rinse each utensil before using, preferably with hot water, for this will remove any dirt that may have entered since washing.

7. Milk with clean, dry hands, for wet hand milking is filthy and injurious.

8. Cool the milk to 60 degrees or below immediately after milking and keep cool, for this is one of the best methods for keep bacteria from multiplying.

When delivering milk in hot weather, cover the cans with a wet blanket to keep off the direct heat of the sun and the evaporation of the moisture helps to keep the milk cool.

10. Drive disease from the herd and keep the barn clean and whitewashed. If you want good prices for healthful and palatable dairy products, keep in mind the motto, "Clean and Cold."

A clean herd, a clean barn, clean udders, clean hands, clean utensils, immediate cooling and keeping cold are the strategy of the good milk general.

Changing Skirts Dates Back to Egyptians Paris, July 22.—That fashion is as old as humanity has once more been proved by some recent discoveries made in Egypt.

In the time of the Pharaohs the battle of the skirts was as hotly fought as in the present day. Charming statuettes of Egyptian women lately sold at a great sale show skirts of knee-length and others that sweep the ground. One is a draped model caught on the hip by a large buckling ornament. Another has a scarf forming the belt, with ends flying and terminating in large tassels, a model which one might easily believe came from the Rue de la Paix this season.

After forty centuries of discussions and differences of opinion, the question of the length of the skirt is just about where it always was.

Indigestion Many persons, otherwise vigorous and healthy, are bothered occasionally with indigestion. The effects of a disordered stomach on the system are dangerous, and prompt treatment of indigestion is important.

"The only medicine I have needed has been something to aid digestion and clean the liver," writes Mr. Fred Ashby, a McKinney, Texas, farmer. "My medicine is

Thedford's BLACK-DRAUGHT

for indigestion and stomach trouble of any kind. I have never found anything that touches the spot, like Black-Draught. I take it in broken doses after meals. For a long time I tried pills, which griped and didn't give the good results. Black-Draught liver medicine is easy to take, easy to keep, inexpensive.

Get a package from your druggist today—Ask for and insist upon Thedford's—the only genuine. Get it today.

666 Cures Malaria, Chills, Fever, Bilious Fever, Colds and LaGrippe. 37

RESIDENCE PROPERTY FOR SALE Very desirable residence property on Green Street for sale. Also hand-

## BANKS OF STATE ENDORSE

### CO-OPERATIVE MARKETING

Columbia, July 31.—Assurances from the banks of the state that they will support the South Carolina Cotton Growers' Cooperative Association to the limit are being received daily, officials of the association said today. Letters were received yesterday from over 100 banks, they said, stating their desire to cooperate with the organization in every way possible.

Many of the banks have signified their intention of launching vigorous advertising campaigns in behalf of the association and of doing everything in their power to encourage those farmers who have not yet done so to sign the contract.

The Commercial Bank, of Newberry, of which John M. Kinard is president, has already begun a campaign of this nature in Newberry, the Newberry papers having carried in their last issues large advertisements by their bank endorsing the movement and urging the farmers to join.

"After a thorough investigation of the cooperative marketing plan," says the statement by the bank, "we wish to state that we heartily endorse it and without hesitating further, advise every cotton grower in this and adjoining counties to join if they have not already done so.

"If the plan wasn't a good one, our government would not have agreed to loan the association \$10,000,000 for South Carolina.

"We are going to back the association to our limit, and in doing so, we feel that it means a long step forward in bringing independence and prosperity to the farming industry and putting it upon a more secure and solid foundation.

"We believe the farmers need to adopt more modern and more business-like methods, and unless they do this there can be no hopes of lifting their occupation from its present depression and putting it upon the organized and systematic basis that other enterprises rest upon. We see in cooperative marketing the first and most solid hope for accomplishing this. We look upon it as sensible, business-like effort to increase agricultural prosperity and think that farmers should join each other in this enterprise. If you haven't joined, don't stand back and let your neighbor do this work for you. Cooperative marketing in our opinion is here to stay, and we are all going to benefit by it. Therefore, don't wait until the last drive is made but join in now with your neighbors and friends and sign.

"It has been reported that the credit of farmers might be injured if they joined the marketing contract. Don't be afraid of this, for if you have existed under the old plan, which has caused so many to lose their credit, we assure our customers and friends that their credit will not be injured with us in the least account of signing the marketing contract, nor do we believe their credit will be injured with any other business institution.

"Cooperative marketing spells prosperity to all of us, and we want to see the county sign up 100 per cent. strong."

She—I hear that you lost your valuable dog, Mr. Dudley. He—Ya-as, in a railway accident. I was saved, but the bag was killed. A pity.—Chicago Journal.

## THE HOME RADIO

How to Make and Use It By A. HYATT VERRILL

### VII. AERIALS AND HOW TO INSTALL THEM

One of the greatest advantages of wireless telephone receivers is that an elaborate or expensive aerial is not required. Although good sets with vacuum tube detectors may be used with an indoor aerial, or even with a bedstead or wire springs as an aerial, yet an outside aerial will always give better results. As I have already mentioned, a single wire will do as well as several, the main thing being to get the aerial long and high in order to catch waves which are not interrupted or interfered with by surrounding buildings, steel bridges, electric wires and similar objects. Next, or rather most important, is to have the aerial and lead-in thoroughly insulated from all surrounding objects, for even wood, when damp, is an excellent conductor. The best material for an amateur aerial for receiving is a stranded phosphor bronze or copper wire, about No. 14, although solid copper wire, copper-covered steel wire or even insulated copper wire will serve every purpose. For insulators, use porcelain cleats. These may be used both where the lead-in is attached to walls or other objects, and where the aerial wire is attached to the supports or guys.

The accompanying figures, No. 9 and No. 10, illustrate aerials installed, the first showing the wire attached to a chimney or similar structure and to a wall; the other, an aerial which is designed for a tin or slate roof and which obviates making holes for attachment. Where the lead-in wire enters the building it should be of rubber insulated wire and may be brought in at the corner of a window, either by cutting a small groove or by jamming the window down until the wire flattens and is buried partly in the wood. All joints in the aerial and lead-in should be scraped bright, tightly twisted and soldered, finally being wrapped with insulating or adhesive tape or covered

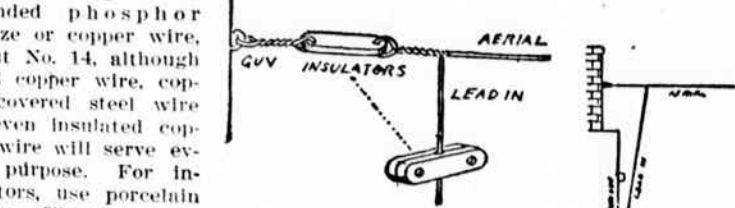
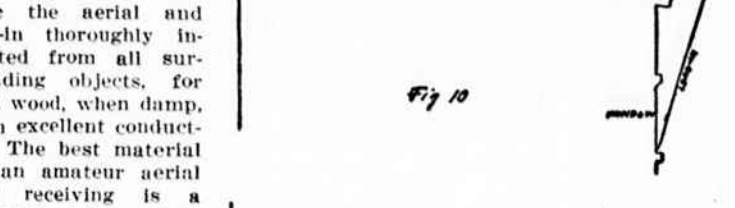


Fig. 9 Fig. 10

with "spaghetti" tubing. For the best results, be sure to run your lead-in from the end of aerials towards the station which you most frequently wish to hear or towards the most distant station which you desire to pick up. Very often, this will make a vast difference in results, especially with a small receiving set. Care in following directions will insure good results.

### Lad is Attacked by Rattlesnake Near Charleston

Trenholm Boykin, son of Mr. N. C. Boykin, living near Summerville, was brought to Charleston for treatment after having been bitten by a rattlesnake.

It appears that he and Ernest Chinnors were squirrel hunting when the rattlesnake attacked young Boykin.

While out squirrel hunting with a friend Ernest Chinnors, a huge rattlesnake bit Trenholm, of the New Hope section, near Summerville, on Tuesday afternoon. The snake was five feet long, eight inches in diameter and had fifteen rattles, according to the boy's father, who relates the story.

The two men were walking, young Chinnors in the lead. He stepped over the snake unharmed and before the warning could be given, young Boykin was bitten on the leg. They were about two and a half miles from home. As quickly as possible the wound was cut out with a pocket knife and the leg tightly corded. Two cat squirrels which they had killed were cut open and bound around the wound until they reached home. After reaching home he was rushed to Summerville by automobile. After remaining in the Summerville Infirmary a day or so he

was taken home, but later was taken to Charleston for treatment. At last accounts the patient was doing well.

A total of 136,441 boys and girls were enrolled in agricultural extension clubs, in 1921, for training in various phase of live stock work. These junior farmers owned, last year, 76,148 head of farm animals and 554,286 fowls, representing a total value of \$3,605,176.

"I am glad that you find my sermons instructive, Mrs. Goodley," the young minister declared with deep appreciation.

"Indeed I do, sir," the old lady replied enthusiastically. "Why, we never really knew what sin was in this place until you came among us, sir."—Country Gentleman.

The mother took her baby to be christened. The clergyman, who knew her personally, dipped his pen in the ink, and prepared to fill the necessary papers. When he came to the space reserved for the date, he said genially, "Let me see—this is the eighth, isn't it?"

"Certainly not," said the indignant mother. "We've only been married three years."

## How The Master Driver Became Master Tire Builder

IN 1903, driving the "999" racing car, Barney Oldfield started his career of victories that later earned him the title of "Master Driver of The World." To overcome the tire weaknesses that made racing difficult and dangerous, he studied tires—specified materials—supervised construction.

Today, Barney Oldfield is known as the "Master Tire Builder." Starting with the crude tires which carried the "999" one mile in sixty seconds, Oldfield gradually developed his famous Cords—a set of which covered 500 miles at eighty-eight miles an hour without a change.

The Wichita Test Run gave evidence of Oldfield superiority in touring—when a set of four Cords covered 34,525 miles over rutted, frozen, winter roads—a performance attested by the Mayor of Wichita.

See your dealer and get a set of these rugged tires that Barney Oldfield has developed and perfected through a lifetime of practical tire experience. Their performance will convince you that they are "The Most Trustworthy Tires Built."

TIRES

Lucas Auto Co. Chesterfield S. C.