

July 20

Erskine Dale — Pioneer

By John Fox, Jr.

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"THAT'S MY SON!"

SYNOPSIS.—To the Kentucky wilderness almost commanded by Jerome Sanders, in the time immediately preceding the Revolution, comes a white boy fleeing from a tribe of Shawnees by whom he had been captured and adopted as a son of the chief, Kahito. He is given shelter and attracts the favorable attention of Dave Yandell, a leader among the settlers. The youngster is named a breech-clouted savage. He speaks only bastard French and Shawnee. But he shows a patch of white skin and proudly taps his breast. "Paleface—white man!"

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. Meanwhile, 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 "tjinn" 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 hooting of owls started before dawn. A flaming arrow hissed from the woods, sputtered feebly on a dew-drenched ridge-pole, and went out. Savage war-whoops rent the air, and the battle was on. All day the light 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. Three 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.

"Gone back to 'em," he granted 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 rattle 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 scalp 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 criss-cross scar on the scalp, 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 when his eyes caught the boy with the

scalp, 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?" Nor would he have his wound dressed or even take the cup of water handed to him until old Joel briefly told the story, when he lay back on the ground and closed his eyes.

Darkness fell. In each tower a 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 had 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-clout and swinging his bloody scalp over his head, was stamping around 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



"Who Is That Boy?" He Asked Sharply.

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 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 wharf a long shaly trestle ran from a warehouse out into the river to load ships with tobacco for England and to get in return all conveniences and luxuries, and that was enough. In towns men jostled 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."

Down it now came a little girl—the flower of all those 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 paused and her impatient blue eyes turned 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 if 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 coonskin cap down the fringed hunting-shirt and fringed breeches to the moss-covered 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 undiplomat 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 puzzled, for she had the blood of Pocahontas herself.

"You are an Indian?"

He shook his head, seeming 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 boy granted 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 scurrying 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 thin 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?"

"The son of a king," she repeated.

"Ah," said the gentleman, humming 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 necessities 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."

"Mrs. Willoughby, may I present by cousin from Kentucky?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STATE'S LIVE STOCK SURPASSES COTTON

ACCORDING TO STATEMENT MADE BY DR. W. K. LEWIS, STATE VETERINARIAN.

\$84,000,000 FOR LIVE STOCK

Values For Last Year in South Carolina Show Total to Exceed That of Fleecy Staple.

The live stock industry in South Carolina during the last year exceeded in total value that of the state's cotton crop. This interesting and somewhat startling statement was made by Dr. W. K. Lewis, state veterinarian and inspector in charge of live stock and sanitary control work. Figures for live stock, which includes cattle, hogs, sheep, horses and mules, total \$84,000,000, while the cotton crop, taking the state department of agriculture's estimate of 776,000 bales and allowing the high average price of 20 cents per pound, values \$77,600,000.

The above statement will come as an eye-opener to many South Carolinians who had no idea that the live stock industry in this state had grown to such proportions.

Dr. Lewis, who represents both the federal government and the state in the control of disease among animals, attributes condition to three things: Tick eradication, hog cholera work and the advent of the boll weevil. He believes that the solution of the boll weevil problem is in live stock raising and sees for South Carolina great possibilities in this industry.

Since 1914 when the legislature made an appropriation to fight the cattle tick, thus eliciting federal support to the extent of giving South Carolina a separate district, great work has been done in eliminating the principal drawback, the tick. The federal government has raised its quarantine entirely and the state quarantine rests only on the coastal plane. Hog cholera, has gradually been cut down through the preventive treatment until to day the loss through this disease is estimated to be only \$50,000 a year. Dr. Lewis has been in charge of the South Carolina office since its establishment and to the untiring efforts of him and of his force, South Carolina can attribute an actual and potential saving of about \$2,000,000 a year, not to speak of the increase noted in live stock. In 1914 the farmers of the state took an actual and potential loss from the cattle tick of \$1,500,000 and from hog cholera of \$500,000. Gradually these items have diminished.

Referring to that strip of coastal plain which the state still holds in cattle tick quarantine, Dr. Lewis was asked what could be done to eradicate the tick there also. "Observance of the statewide stock act will hasten the eradication more than anything else I know," he said.

May Change Plan for Constables.

Governor Harvey is not entirely satisfied with the present law enforcement efforts of the state constables, nine in number, and is considering a change whereby all the constables will be subject to orders to go anywhere in the state on a moment's notice and "swoop down" on the law violators when they are not suspecting any such move by the officers.

At present the constables have certain districts to patrol and seldom, if ever, get out of their respective districts, made up of a few counties. In this way the bootleggers and law violators know where the constables are and go ahead with their business unmolested while the officers are at work in another county.

The governor is fighting on making Columbia the general headquarters for all the men and sending them to every point in the state without letting the violators know of the moves.

Cooper to Serve.

The Southern Co-operative League with headquarters in Washington is opposed to the Dyer anti-lynching bill and in an effort to defeat this measure plans to get co-operative efforts by the southern states to put down mob violence. To this end a commission of 16, one from each state technically termed "southern," is being appointed by the governors of these states at the request of the league and this commission is to frame a bill that will not be objectionable to the South, but that will tend to do away with mob violence.

Governor Harvey appointed Robert A. Cooper, former governor of South Carolina, to represent this state on the commission.

New Automobiles Are Registered.

South Carolinians bought 821 "brand" new automobiles during the month of June, which would indicate that a little money is still left in the state. The figures were compiled by the state highway department. This number of new machines were registered with the department during the month.

In this list of new registrations Richland county led with 135, while Greenville was second with 82. Spartanburg had 73 and Charleston 71 with Florence registering 38.

Number of Suicides Shows Increase.

Suicides in South Carolina in 1921 totaled 78, or at the rate of 4.5 per 1000 of population, according to figures taken from the records of the bureau of vital statistics. In 1920 the total number of suicides was 58, which was a rate of 3.4 per 1000 of population.

Homicides in 1921 totaled 301, which was a rate of 17.5 per 1000 of population. The number of homicides in 1920 was 256, or a rate of 15.2. These figures have recently been compiled by the bureau of vital statistics, of which C. Wilson Miller is chief clerk.

Legal electrocutions in 1921 totaled seven, or a rate of .41 per 1000 of population. In 1920 the number of legal electrocutions was three, or a rate of .17.

Deaths from automobile accidents in 1921 numbered 62, or a rate of 3.6 per 1000 of population. The number of deaths from automobile accidents in 1920 was 82, which was a rate of 4.9 per 1000.

Deaths from railroad accidents in 1921 totaled 58, or a rate of 3.4. In 1920 deaths from such accidents totaled 63, which was a rate of 3.7 per 1000.

Lightning killed almost twice as many people in the state in 1921 as in 1920. In 1921 the number of deaths from lightning was 25 and in 1920 the number was 14.

Diseases of the circulation brought about more deaths in 1921 in the state than any other one cause. The number of deaths attributed to this cause was 2,865 or a rate of 166.7 per 1000 of population. In 1920 the number of deaths from diseases of the circulation was 2,873, which was a rate of 170.6. Pneumonia also claimed many deaths in 1921. The number of deaths from this disease was 820. In 1920, however, the number of pneumonia deaths was 1725. Pulmonary tuberculosis in 1920 claimed 1468. In 1921 the number was 1405. Pellagra, according to the statistics, claimed 334 victims in 1921 and 257 in 1920. Diphtheria took 146 lives in 1920 and 156 in 1921. Typhoid fever in 1921 claimed 372 victims. In 1920 the number of deaths from this disease was 314. Smallpox in 1920 killed two persons and in 1921 nine. Malaria in 1920 brought about 254 deaths and in 1921 212 deaths. Diseases of the kidney caused many deaths in each of the two years. In 1920 the number of deaths from such diseases was 1491 and in 1921 was 1451. Tetanus is charged with 19 deaths in 1920 and ten in 1921.

Deaths from influenza showed a sharp falling off. In 1920 this malady claimed 674 lives; in 1921 it took 118.

Should Watch Seed.

A. H. Gilbert, Jr., chief inspector of the department of agriculture, cautioned farmers of the state who are to soon begin planting fall crops, to see that all seed they buy is labeled "for seed purposes," as the department has discovered that some shipments of supposedly seed oats and wheat were not so labeled and did not meet the requirements of the department.

Unless the farmers see that their oats, wheat and other seed are labeled correctly, showing that they are to be used for seed, the department cannot properly handle the shippers who take advantage of them. Often, Mr. Gilbert said, oats and wheat are shipped and not marked for seed and when the department tests the seed they are found to be faulty. Sometimes germination has advanced to as high as 16 per cent and this would ruin the seed, according to Mr. Gilbert.

Any farmers wishing seed tested may call upon the department and an inspector will be sent to investigate the seed. The department cannot take submitted samples, but must take samples from the entire shipment itself. All seeds should be properly labeled or branded in order that the purchaser can be protected, the chief inspector pointed out.

To Assist Jobless.

W. A. Coleman, mayor of Columbia, has been appointed federal director of the United States employment service for the state of South Carolina and W. T. Willingham has been appointed examiner to represent the employment service, according to an announcement made in Washington by the director general of the employment service.

For several months an employment bureau has been maintained at the city hall for men and women of Columbia who are seeking for work. Now the activities of the bureau are to be widened and the entire state will be embraced in its scope. Mr. Willingham will receive applications for work from people over the state and will attempt to place them.

Man Loses Parole.

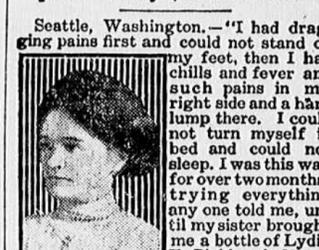
Governor Harvey revoked the parole issued to Kay Smith of Anderson by Robert A. Cooper on March 3, 1921. Smith was paroled during good behavior and Governor Harvey was advised that the man had violated the conditions of the parole and that he had been convicted of housebreaking and larceny in Oconee county recently.

Contract Renewed.

Directors of the penitentiary renewed the contract for manufacturing chairs in the chair factory at the prison with the Fiber Craft Chair Company. The renewal was along the same lines as the old contract, but the state, under the agreement made has the right to end the agreement after six months' notice at any time. The company would be given six months' notice and six additional months to liquidate in case the state wished to end the agreement, it was announced.

SUCH PAINS AS THIS WOMAN HAD

Two Months Could Not Turn in Bed. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Finally Restored Health



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This is another case where Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought results after "trying everything any one told me" had failed.

If you are suffering from pain, nervousness and are always tired; if you are low spirited and good for nothing, take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. You may not only relieve the present distress, but prevent the development of more serious trouble.

Marriage vs. Business.

More and more young women are being trained for some definite work today. They follow high school with college and vocational work, and when they are educated they are equipped to fill a good position and draw a good salary.

Such women are not willing to give up their independent incomes when they marry. They do not care to throw their education and fitness into the discard, and be satisfied with keeping house and living on the money made by the man they marry; especially they are not willing to take what he chooses to give them as spending money. This may or may not be fortunate; it certainly is a fact, and one that takes a wider significance with every passing year.—Exchange.

"A God-sent Blessing" is what one mother writes of Mrs. Winslow's Syrup. Thousands of other mothers have found this safe, pleasant, effective remedy a boon when baby's little stomach is upset. For constipation, flatulency, colic and diarrhoea, there is nothing like MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP. The Infants' and Children's Regulator. It is especially good at teething time. Complete formula on every label. Guaranteed free from narcotics, opiates, alcohol and all harmful ingredients. At all Druggists. Write for free booklet of letters from grateful mothers. ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO. 215-217 Fulton St. New York. General Selling Agents: Harold E. Ketchum & Co., Inc. New York, Toronto, London, Sydney.

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DON'T DESPAIR

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The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles and National Remedy of Holland since 1696. Three sizes, all druggists. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.