

# Tallyrand and Firefly

By J. MacNEILL JOHNSON

## CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Studebolt's boat was named The Dolphin, and his oarsmen were stalwart young negro men named Ned and Bill. We might here state that if all slave masters had been of the type of Mr. Studebolt, slavery would have been a blessing to the negro race for another century or two at least; but unfortunately Mr. Studebolt was the exception instead of the rule, and it is our purpose to show some of the cruelties of slavery as we proceed with these stories.

Mr. Studebolt sat in the prow of The Dolphin with his face turned up the river. Bill and Ned drove the boat rapidly forward. Not a word was spoken, only the sonorous song of the boatmen. Occasionally a steam packet was met or passed, and on these occasions Mr. Studebolt raised his hand politely to the officers on the bridge of the steamer; and as he was known by all the steamboat captains on the river, they invariably tipped their caps in token of their great respect for the wealthy planter.

About noon Mr. Studebolt spoke to the oarsmen: "Tired boys?" but they replied that they were not tired. Then about 2 o'clock Mr. Studebolt spoke again: "Hungry, boys?" They denied that they were hungry, but there was a note of weakness in their denial that caused Mr. Studebolt to order the nose of the boat to be run into the bank, where he lashed the Dolphin to a tree.

He then took out a large basket and handed out to Bill and Ned biscuits, fried chicken, and a great many other good things. He also took a bucket and brought fresh water from a brook that poured into the river at that place.

After they had eaten lunch and rested half an hour, Mr. Studebolt called out: "All aboard!" unlashd The Dolphin and pushed off from shore.

The oarsmen again bent their wiry bodies to their work, and the Dolphin shot merrily on. When night overtook the travelers Mr. Studebolt began to scan the east bank for a good camping place. They soon came to a neat little bay, and quickly steered The Dolphin into it, and in a few moments they were cooking supper in real camp fashion.

That night they heard the long, doleful howls of the wolves; but they were too far away to take much notice of, and they slept and rested till the scream and whistle of the wild ducks told them the new day was at hand, and they built up their camp fire and cooked breakfast and made coffee—coffee, you know, is much better at a camp fire than anywhere else.

Mr. Studebolt then spoke to the oarsmen, and said: "If I am correctly informed as to the location of our friend's home, we are nearly half way." Then he said in a kindly voice: "You boys need not pull so hard today; we shall camp tonight at the mouth of Boone's Creek; we can reach there before night by easy rowing."

The second day's rowing was much like the first, but a little slower; and before sundown they moored The Dolphin in the mouth of Boone's Creek, and there they spent the night.

After an early breakfast of fresh

fish caught with hooks on the spot, they continued their journey, and at about ten o'clock they arrived at a point from which they could see an Indian wigwam some two hundred yards from the east bank of the river, and Mr. Studebolt knew it was the home of Old Horseshoe.

They tied up The Dolphin and Mr. Studebolt ordered Bill and Ned to remain with the boat until he returned, and he took his long range rifle in one hand, two long pipes and a bag of Killekenick tobacco in the other hand, and marched boldly up to Old Horseshoe's wigwam.

The Old man was sitting on a big rock near the door of the wigwam greasing his sore thumb with bear's grease, and Wenona, his wife, and Minnehaha, his young daughter, were skinning a squirrel in the door of the tent.

Mr. Studebolt walked up to Old Horseshoe, and said: "Great Chief, I have called to demand why you tried to kill my boy?" Old Horseshoe did not move a muscle, but looked for an instant into Mr. Studebolt's clear eye, then his own eyes dropped to the ground, and he said: "Your son good boy; make great man." This statement was rather irrelevant, as it did not answer Mr. Studebolt's question, but his acquaintance with the Indian mode of speech led him to believe that it was intended to be friendly. Then Mr. Studebolt extended both his hands towards Old Horseshoe, one hand held his rifle and the other the pipes and tobacco. He simply said: "Which shall it be?"

Old Horseshoe hesitated a moment, then reached for the hand that held the pipes and bag of Killekenick tobacco. Mr. Studebolt stood the gun against the tree, and filled both the pipes with tobacco, and handed one of them to Old Horseshoe, scratched a match and lit both the pipes. The two men sat in silence, and smoked the Pipe of Peace.

When the smoking was over both men arose to their feet, and the silence was broken by Old Horseshoe: "Great White Chief, Old Horseshoe shall be your friend, as long as the Wild Goose flies south at the fall of the leaf—as long as the Opache returns to see the new grass grow—as long as the Great Father of Waters flow—Old Horseshoe and all his descendants shall live in love with Great White Chief, and his children's children's children!"

The two men clasped hands at this pledge of friendship, while Wenona and Minnehaha, who had been watching the proceedings, shouted for joy in the wigwam.

Then Mr. Studebolt presented his long range rifle, and a hundred cartridges\* to Old Horseshoe; and Old Horseshoe tried to give Mr. Studebolt all his wolf scalps—he had about four thousand—and all his otter skins, but Mr. Studebolt would not take them, but told the old man he must carry them to St. Louis, for the bounty of five dollars for each scalp was good only in the state where the wolves were killed.

Then they talked about Firefly, and it was decided that Firefly should remain with Tallyrand as long as he

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## MORE CORN A POSSIBLE SAFETY UNDER CORN INFESTATION

By C. B. William

In previous articles, the of growing sufficient food family and feed for the li the farm has been imphas of the crops whose acreage increased on many farms is course, it is realized that in tions of the State in which an important crop, corn grown in sufficient amou least meet the needs of while in other sections, part the extreme eastern part of it is already frequently farms, a surplus and cash c fore, what is said below v ence to the advisability of a in the acreage of corn on co does not apply to those fa are already producing amounts to meet their own those who grow enough to to sell.

In sections of the state ton is grown most largely frequently a goodly numbe ers of this crop who do n enough corn to run them. year like the present, when pears to be an over product crop in the nation, the cot who has to buy corn does n ly find it anything near as he reads about it being in Belt. In fact, he will frequ to pay for it from two to t the price quoted on the Ch ket; particularly is this freight rates are so high. to paying this high price, go to the expense of hau his farm from the neares railway station. Generally the safest and most econo to follow, certainly with m cotton growers, would app to produce their own supp grain.

The lack of corn and crops among tenant cotto this season has been som asterous in many cases. fed animal cannot be expe the work required under conditions and the lack of funds has made it need many tenants to give up stock. Is this profitable ant or to the man that h in a poorly nourished ani fall or mid-winter? Lets condition this year by enco tenants to grow more foo crops. It will make a safe permanent agricultural p will avoid much of the loss and to the men who supply

In order to get the most tory returns in the grow it will be necessary to hav in good condition before pl generally, to use a small fertilizer of the kind bes supply the plant food ne particular soil on which i It should be kept clearl our growers, however, o richer lands, corn is not can be depended on ordinar any large returns as a Notwithstanding this fact, is believed that, if prop taken in its production, it w ly be to the advantage growers to grow a suffici of corn every year to mee of the farm.

In adopting a safer and tem of farming than tha ing cotton alone, it will be