

Tallyrand and Firefly

By J. MacNEILL JOHNSON

CHAPTER VI.

Old Horseshoe paid little heed to the scenery along the river until about midday on the second day of his lonely voyage, but then he arrived at the mouth of Boone's Creek and there awoke within him a sensation new to his Indian nature; for Mr. Studebolt had partly explained to him his plans for making the Old Indian a land proprietor, and Old Horseshoe remembered that this place was one of the landmarks Mr. Studebolt mentioned in the boundaries of the new domain he had in mind for Old Horseshoe to purchase from the state of Tennessee with the money he was to get for his scalps and furs.

Land-lust is easy to acquire, and Old Horseshoe had not rowed two miles from the mouth of Boone's Creek before he began to wonder why the idea of land holding had never before occurred to him as desirable. On arriving at his wigwam he presented to his wife and daughter the silk dresses Mrs. Studebolt had sent them as presents. He knew very well that such a present as this would cause a furore of excitement, but he pretended not to know it, and made only the casual comment, "Presents from White Squaw." The old man then took his long gun that Mr. Studebolt had given him, and rapidly walked off towards the High Hills, with the intention of walking around his new domain, which required the greater part of the afternoon.

When he returned home, although it was nearly dark, no fire had been made in the wigwam and no preparation for supper. His wife and daughter were in ecstasies over the beauties of their silk dresses, and like children, Wenona would say, "Mine's blue!" and Minnehaha would answer, "Mine's red!"

Old Horseshoe pretended not to notice their excitement and half looking over his shoulder as he spoke, said, "Come, see." They followed him out of the wigwam to a small hill nearby and watched him as he ascended the hill, and when he reached the highest point of the hill he turned his back to the river, his face to the eastward with one arm stretched north and the other south, said "Listen! My land east to top of High Hills! My land south to Boone's Creek! My land north to Mussel Shoals! My land west to Great Father of Waters! White Brother promised. He always speaks truth."

The woman and the girl in a vague way wondered what it could all mean, but they did not question; they accepted it as true, and something to be desired, because of the look of happiness in Old Horseshoe's face; but when they started to return to the wigwam, Old Horseshoe said, "What does Wenona and Minnehaha say?" Almost in the same breath Wenona said: "Mine's blue!" and Minnehaha said: "Mine's red!" Old Horseshoe pretended not to hear them, but looking back at the little hill said, "Ugh! Old Horseshoe build fine white house on hill for squaw and papoose," and the old man left his wife and daughter, that he might not further show his emotions.

The woman and the girl looked at

each other with their hands clasped, and after a long silence Wenona said softly: "Mine's blue!" and Minnehaha answered almost in a whisper, "Mine's red!" They were glad, indeed, that Old Horseshoe had become a wealthy man, but their gladness was covered over with the silk dresses, and the only words with which they could express their happiness were "Mine's blue," and "Mine's red."

As they sat in the wigwam that night Old Horseshoe told his wife and daughter that Tallyrand and Firefly were coming to pack wolf scalps and otter skins, and that Mr. Studebolt would come by on a steamer two days later to accompany him to St. Louis to sell the furs and collect the bounty from the scalps; and as Old Horseshoe swelled with the consciousness of wealth, he asked Wenona to say what she thought of it all. Again she replied out of the fullness of her heart, "Mine's blue!" and Minnehaha said in spite of herself, "Mine's red!"

In assumed disgust, Old Horseshoe went to bed; but he was really pleased that they should be so proud of their new dresses, but he would not have let them know it for the world. This is a strange trait in the character of a man, but many white men have it as well pronounced as Old Horseshoe did.

Two days later Tallyrand and Firefly arrived on the Jacksnapper. Firefly was diked out in a new suit of clothes, with boots that had copper toes. He was very proud of his new clothes, but he had been taught in the Indian school of stoics to pretend to be careless about finery, and it was hard to get him to talk about his clothes. At the door of the wigwam the boys were met by Old Horseshoe, and his wife and daughter, each of which said with a rather strained dignity: "You are welcome." But as soon as Minnehaha had a chance to speak to Firefly in private her first words were: "Mine's red! Wenona's blue!" Firefly had been shown the silk dresses before Mrs. Studebolt sent them, and he at once knew what these words referred to; and he told them with great pride about his dream, and about Mrs. Studebolt asking him what colors she and her mother liked best.

The boys had brought their new guns, Firefly had been given a gun in the meantime; and Tallyrand had brought as a present from his mother, two strings of beads, one very fancy, and one more plain. When he showed them and told Wenona that she was to have her choice, her eyes glistened with intense excitement, and she made a close examination of the two strings of beads, all the time keeping her back towards Minnehaha. Then she chose the most flashy string, and handed the plainer one to Minnehaha, but still with her eyes fixed on the beads she had chosen for herself, and never even looking at her daughter.

Tallyrand was astonished at this childish selfishness of the woman, and may have showed his feelings in his looks and manner, for Old Horseshoe quietly walked between his wife and daughter, took the beads from them both, quickly right-about faced, then handed the beads back—thus making the exchange. He did not utter a

word, nor was there any protest on the part of Wenona, and she seemed as greatly pleased with the plainer string of beads—at any rate she was satisfied with her husband's choice. Then the boys' new guns were to be examined; and soon the family dropped their reserve towards Tallyrand, and took him to their hearts almost the same as if he had not been a stranger.

Old Horseshoe began to tell the boys about his land and the new white house he was to build. Mostly Wenona and Minnehaha sat in silence, but as often as they were spoken to they said: "Mine's blue!" or "Mine's red!" showing that their simple minds were still absorbed by the silk dresses.

Night came on, and the boys were ready to retire to their pallets prepared in the far wing of the wigwam, but before they lay down they heard the howl of a wolf not very far from the wigwam. Tallyrand became alert at once, but Old Horseshoe said: "No sheep, no chickens," and quietly smoked on. By this speech he meant that the wolf could do no harm. But Tallyrand said, "But I want to shoot him!" Old Horseshoe shook his head and replied: "Horseshoe bides his time." Then the old man explained that this wolf was probably sent as a spy by the pack from east of the High Hills to ascertain if there was danger near the new Indian camp, and if they let this wolf alone he would go back and report to the pack, and in a few more nights doubtless the whole pack would come. Then they could kill a dozen, and he added: "One wolf worth little: kill him, pack no come; wait till Horseshoe and White Chief come home from St. Louis." So they went to bed and to sleep,

and were awakened in the morning by Old Horseshoe who said "Wild duck on the wing," which meant that it was day. The boys had brought a hammer, saw and nails with them, and also some thin hardwood boards to make crates for packing the scalps and furs, so they went to work with a will, making the crates and counting and packing the wolf scalps and otter skins; so they had them in ship shape a day before the steamer arrived with Mr. Studebolt on board.

The steamboat came and took Old Horseshoe and the scalps and furs aboard, and quickly passed on up the river towards St. Louis. The boys spent the afternoon shooting squirrels, and when they were returning they suddenly came upon Wenona and Minnehaha at a small lake half a mile from the wigwam, diked out in their silks, and looking at their images in the lake. The woman and the girl were in no way abashed, but innocently looked up at the boys and spoke in the same breath: "Mine's blue!" and "Mine's red!"

Tallyrand then and there made up his mind that the next present should be a large keekingglass.

To be continued

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CYPRESS CREEK

Mrs. Geo. Stewart spent day with Mrs. R. L. Oldham. Mr. Alex McFayden, of the guest of Miss Fannie S. Cameron route 3, last Sunday. Mr. R. B. Cameron has a new Ford.

Miss Maggie Stewart and Ruth Stewart, were visitors home of Mrs. Geo. Stewart of last week.

Miss Kate Autrey, of route 1, has returned from county where she taught term.

Mrs. Cameron Johnson and of route 1, spent the week Mrs. Johnson's parents, Mr. Neill Stewart.

Mr. D. A. Cameron is rapidly. He is now able about in the house a little.

Mr. M. G. Pilson's barn burned Saturday night, about 11 o'clock, destroying all of his corn and it is not known how the fire started.

Mr. A. B. Parker, who is very ill, does not seem to be improving very much.

Mr. Watson McFadyen, guest of Miss Kate Autrey of day afternoon.

UNION COUNTY'S BIG

(Monroe Inquirer)

In 1920 the six counties of the 13th Judicial District cast 9,620 votes for Morrison for Governor is an off year and not so many will be cast this year in the Union county can cast more that number of votes if our crats will turn out and vote has more than 10,000 white it, and nearly all of them are crats. In 1920 the census of barrus county a population of 730 and in the same year they cast 9,620 votes in the general election. The census gave Davidson county 35,201 people and in the same year it cast 10,751 votes. The census gave Union county 36,000 Why should Union county have 11,000 voters? There are 1,000 Republicans in the county we believe that Union has more Democrats in it. If our voters register and vote there is a earthly chance of defeating Judge. Let every Democrat in Union county see that his or her name is in the registration book—and

(Political Adv.)

NIAGARA

Miss Mildred and Mabel spent a day in Sanford the day of Mr. B. C. Morgan and I. Snipes and children motored to ham county, Sunday, and visited.

Mrs. Jane Morgan and I. Olive Morgan, who have been past two months visiting in the city of Chapel Hill, have now returned to their home at this place. Mr. George R. McDermott spent a part of the day in Lakeview.

Miss Anna Marston who has spent the past season here and has bered her friends by her acquisition left the past week for a tour of Chicago and will also visit in Jameson, Wisconsin, and across to her home in Varwell.

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