

Tallyrand and Firefly

By J. MacNEILL JOHNSON

CHAPTER VIII

Tallyrand had related to his father and mother how he and Firefly had caught Wenona and Minnehaha looking at their images in the lake, with their silk dresses on, and it caused great merriment, and they all agreed that a mirror would be a suitable present. So Tallyrand bought a large mirror about 18 by 36 inches in size, and had it packed and ready, and when the Monday arrived when Tallyrand and Firefly were to start up the river on the wolf hunt, he placed the mirror in the hold of the Jack-snapper along with the double barrel guns and the cartridges loaded with buckshot, and got all ready the Saturday night before. They were also to carry a new name for the Cheval domains which Mrs. Studebolt had selected; and the boys felt great importance in being the bearer of this new name.

On Monday morning before 5 o'clock, the boys were in the boat and spinning up the river, singing as they sped:

"Up the river row,
Up the river row,
I pull my paddle and I row my boat,
And it's up the river row."

They completed their voyage in two days, arriving at their journey's end about sundown on Tuesday evening, thus making a record trip; for Firefly seemed to have inherited the Indian prowess in the art of paddling a canoe, and boy as he was, the Jack-snapper seemed to fly before his oar-strokes. Old Horseshoe was not expecting them until noon the next day, but as soon as he saw them he went to meet them at the landing, and told them that he had been baiting the wolves for three nights, and by the next night they could make a great haul. He helped the boys to unload the Jacksnapper, and pulled it into a little cover, moored it to a tree and made it safe. They all went to the wigwam, Tallyrand carrying the mirror on his shoulder. After cordially greeting Wenona and Minnehaha, he called for the hammer he had left there after they had crated the scalps and furs, and with it he opened the box, took out the mirror, and presented it to the woman and the girl.

It can better be imagined than described how they demeaned themselves. The glass was not broad enough for them both to stand in front of it at once, and they were both so anxious to look, every few seconds one would say: "My time now," and the change would hardly be made before the displaced one would say: "My time now." Tallyrand afterwards told his mother they reminded him of Buck and Tobe pushing each other in the yoke when crossing the narrow rail bridge.

That night the howling and fighting of the wolves as they came and ate the bait, was frightful, and Tallyrand was impatient to go after them, but Old Horseshoe was obdurate and would only shake his head and say: "Tomorrow night; we spy out the battle tomorrow." Then to pass the time till they were sleepy, Tallyrand explained that his mother had selected a pretty name for the Cheval home, and when he mentioned the name,

The Shaws of Shawandossa, the old man and his wife and daughter jumped to their feet, clapped their hands and exclaimed, "The South Winds!" and their great satisfaction was so apparent Tallyrand made a mental note of how his mother would be pleased when he should tell her about it. Mrs. Studebolt was of Scottish parentage, and the ancestral home of her mother in Scotland had been called "The Shaws," meaning Thickets or Woods; so the name selected for the home of Old Horseshoe, taken literally would mean The Woods of the South Wind.

For breakfast next morning they had broiled fish, fresh from Boone's Creek, with hoe-cake corn bread baked against an oaken board called a "Johnnie-Cake Board," and Tallyrand thought he had never enjoyed a breakfast quite so much before in his life. After the breakfast was over, and Old Horseshoe had lit his pipe, the old man and the two boys took their guns and started out to spy out the battlefield.

The High Hills is a chain of steep, rocky cliffs that extend from Boone's Creek northward and parallel to the river, to Mussel Shoals, about six miles, and with the exception of two or three passes, the steep rocks cannot be scaled from the west. The pass by which the wolves had been coming into Old Horseshoe's domain was near the middle of the chain of the High Hills, and this pass is not over a hundred feet wide, with very steep rocks on either side—indeed the real level land in the pass was not over fifty feet wide.

Old Horseshoe carried the boys to this pass, and showed them the places on each side they were to take possession of after the wolves had come in for a night's foraging. He had it all planned, and explained his plans to the boys: "At sunset Tallyrand hide two bow-shots south of this rock, where hill steep; same time Firefly hide two bow-shots north of that other shelving rock on north side of pass. When wolves are through and gone down valley, Tallyrand move up to this shelving rock north edge of pass; take positions and wait; Old Horseshoe be hid down valley near bait. Horseshoe shoot into pack, kill two, three, four, maybe five, then Old Horseshoe shout loud; pack try run through pass; Tallyrand and Firefly shoot into pack; shoot again; then shoot with other gun." Then the old man held up both hands with his fingers spread significantly, then held up his left hand alone, but with his thumb folded inward in his hand, thus indicating that they all ought to get as many as fourteen wolves.

The plan of battle all made plain to the boys, they all returned to the wigwam to a dinner of wild turkey, roasted whole in the embers, and with the feathers on. The meat was so very delicious Tallyrand asked Wenona to explain its preparation, which was that the turkey is first drawn, then filled with savory herbs and nut kernels, with sufficient salt, but the feathers left on to protect the flesh from burning. Previously oak and hickory logs must have been burnt to coals and embers. These coals and embers are hurriedly moved to one

side, and an excavation made in the ground where the fire had heated the earth. This hole is then half filled with coals and embers, and the turkey after being wet to the skin, is placed in the hole and quickly covered three or four inches deep with more coals and embers. The feathers soon become burnt to a cake, and it is removed when the turkey is taken up. It must be cooked three hours, and it is a great deal of trouble, but Tallyrand thought it well worth the work, for it was the most delicious meat he had ever eaten.

They all rested until time to just about reach the pass by sundown, and then taking two guns each, started for their respective stations. Old Horseshoe had planned the battle well. The boys had not been at their hiding places more than an hour before the mournful sound of wolves howling away back of the High Hills began to reach their ears. The sounds grew louder and nearer, and now the yapping and snarling of the pack could be heard near the east end of the pass. Now the pack makes a great rush and run through the pass, snapping and fighting as they ran. Now the wolves descend the valley towards the bait, and all becomes quiet at the pass.

About the same minute Tallyrand and Firefly come out of their hiding places and make their way along the foot of the high, steep rock wall, to the two shelving rocks on either side of the pass, and as they are not over forty yards apart they could speak to each other, and then take their places and wait, one gun in their hands, and one lying on the great rock beside them.

They do not have to wait long till they hear Old Horseshoe's gun go off, and its roar had hardly reached their ears when it went off again, and as the echoes were bounding back from the High Hills, there came up the valley such a squalling and howling of wounded wolves as you never did hear. Then they could hear Old Horseshoe's shouts far above the din of the howling wolves, and then the blows of his club as he killed those that he had wounded with shot.

In three minutes here came the pack, heading pell-mell for the pass. In the starlight it seemed to the boys that there were five hundred of them, and it looked like the wolves would run right over them. When the foremost of the pack were at the place where the valley narrows to the pass, the wolves pressed closer together, and it was there both boys discharged their first shots. As a great hole was torn in the bulk of the pack, it was quickly filled up by those behind, and then both boys poured in their second shots. Its effect was the same as the first volleys, and a great pile of dead and wounded wolves almost choked up the mouth of the pass.

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CAMERON NEWS

(Continued from first page)
her guest for a season.

I am pleased to acknowledge very handsome invitation to C. State College commencement complimentary of Julian H. Blue the graduates in Civil Engineering. Mr. Blue is the son of Mr. W. M. Blue, of Raeford.

Also from the Sanford high a neat and unique announcement the commencement exercise Senior Class. Compliments Neil D. McLeod, who is the Mr. and Mrs. Carlos McLeod ford.

I am proud to acknowledge young men as my kin folks appreciate their remembrance relative. It is the call of the Clan Mac on both sides.

Miss Dorothy Johnson, ofville, who has been teaching Louisburg graded school, is a few days with Mrs. J. D. before returning home.

Mr. Cameron McLean came from Wilson to spend the with his little daughter, Mary, the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lean.

The Blackcat Battery Co., Cameron Chera-Cola Bottling are doing a thriving business. Blackcat report fine sales week, and Chero-Cola will put other new truck next week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. T. on route 1—a son, Haywood Bunnell is now owner of Keit

Mrs. Ida Buie, of the community, visited Mrs. J. W. Monday.

Grass is growing on the Court since the closing of the school.

Miss Burdette Joyner, art of the faculty of Louisburg is home for a short vacation.

Misses Minnie and Bonnie are home for the vacation, aftering at Roberdell high school.

Miss Lillian Cole is expect this week from Elm City whe teaching.

When the Sanford grade closes, Miss Vera Wooten, the faculty, will be at home friends in Cameron.

A traveling man in town, heard the correspondent inquire news, and very kindly aide following items—just a couple R. Martin, of Raleigh, is in every Tuesday representing Company." "Old Tom Smith Greensboro, is in town every with a crate of cabbage." W. counts for the loss of the of the drummers who dine iron. Where there is good people do sometimes get four.

Trade is looking up brightly and briskly at the Cameron H.

Miss Lillian Hendricks is Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hendricks route 1.

Rev. O. B. Mitchell returned day, from attending the Baptist Convention at Jacksonville, Fla. Rev. Mitchell reports delightful time; and such a welcome the Baptist received cards everywhere with "Baptist." On all the cars, and every manner of conveyance banners bearing the welcome in Baptist." "Get on Baptist in Baptist." Rev. Mitchell party of them went out to Lake. On a large tree in the of the lake was a placard "Hop in Baptist." Mr. Mitch