

Tallyrand and Firefly

By J. MacNEILL JOHNSON

CHAPTER IX

The time has now arrived for us to introduce another boy whom we have not seen before. His name is Juda Magruder, and his home is in Kentucky on the bank of the Ohio river, below the mouth of the Tennessee river. He is an orphan, and lives with his grandfather, Mr. Simon Magruder, who owns a large stock farm and raises mules as a business. The manner of the appearance of our new friend will be stated in this chapter.

The Choctaw Indians and their kinsmen, the Chickasaws, lived in Alabama on the Black Warrior river, and the Tombigby river; and they used every few years to send parties of from fifty to one hundred young braves to visit the Mohawk Indians in the northwest, to keep alive the spirit and art of war. They usually ascended the Red river to some point away in the upper reaches, and there exchange their canoes for an equal number to be delivered to them on the banks of the Missouri. They then crossed the Great Plain on foot, and when their visit was over they descended the Missouri river in their new canoes, and came down the Mississippi. Sometimes when they arrived at the mouth of the Ohio river they ascended it to the mouth of the Tennessee river, thence southward into Alabama; but the party of the returning Choctaws with which our story is concerned, came down the Mississippi river by Memphis; and on this particular return trip a foraging party had stolen our new friend, Juda Magruder, then a boy twelve years of age, and brought him down the river in their canoes.

The Choctaws and the Chickasaws who never loved each other too well had a falling out among themselves as their flotilla of canoes came down the river; and so hot was their quarrel that they began to fight from boat to boat with spears and arrows. The canoe Juda Magruder was in was manned by three Indians, two oarsmen and a guard; and in the fight these three Indians were all killed and tumbled into the river, and Juda Magruder was left alone in the canoe. He quietly rowed the boat out from among the fighting Indians, and into a lagoon in the river swamp on the east side, and then jumped lightly from the boat into the dense morass, and made his way as best he could among the tangle. Now on firm ground, now jumping from tussock to tussock till at last he found himself on a dry island with many large trees growing on it, and being entirely exhausted he lay down to rest and in a minute was fast asleep.

When he awoke it was quite dark, and the swamp animals, such as foxes and catamounts, were barking and screaming all about him, and on raising up he saw two great eyes like balls of fire staring at him. He expected every moment that the owner of the eyes would rush at him, and crush him to death, but strange to say he was not afraid: He was free from the Choctaw Indians, and he felt he could hold his own with the wild beast better. He felt for his barlow knife and opened it. Then he thought to himself that maybe a bold

rush would be his safest plan, for he knew the nature of all ravenous beasts was to pursue a retreating victim. So he eased up into a crouching posture, and with a terrible unearthly yell, he dashed directly at the fiery eyes.

With a sharp, shrill whistle the beast ran for dear life into the morass, and he heard it plunge into the water of the lagoon. As soon as he heard the whistle he knew it was a red deer, and he felt safe knowing there was no danger.

He then climbed up among the branches of a tree for with all his successful bluff he was not so sure that a wildcat could be so easily frightened away. Up there among the branches of the tree he rested and listened until day; and when he heard a cock crow he knew he was not more than a mile away from the habitation of men; and he hoped he could make his way out of the swamp on the eastern side.

But as the wild ducks began to whistle by, he heard the croon of an Indian farther down the river swamp, and he quietly climbed down from his perch in the tree, and made his way as fast as he could in the opposite direction. He soon began to feel very hungry, and ate some red berries to relieve his hunger as best he could but about noon he became so tired and weak that he could not go further, and finding a large hollow tree he crawled into its trunk, and fell asleep. He did not know how long he slept, but when he woke he had a raging fever, and his head ached as if it would split. Then he went to sleep again in a delirium of fever, and never knew when he left his hiding place. Indeed, he never would have left it but for a fortunate circumstance.

That very night a bear came out of the river swamp and stole a fine pig from Mr. Studebolt's pigpen—for Mr. Studebolt's mansion was not more than a mile from where the sick boy lay in the hollow tree; and soon next morning the boys, Tallyrand and Firefly, with Bill and Ned, had called Maida and Lufra, the bear dogs Mr. Studebolt kept, and put them on the track of the bear, determined to hunt him down.

From the action of the dogs it was evident that the bear had done his work recently. The dogs trailing in great excitement followed the tracks of the bear half a mile up the river, then plunged boldly into the thick canebrake. The dogs followed the bear's tracks, but the boys deployed around the canebrake expecting to shoot the bear when it left the cover of the cane. Bill and Ned had gone around the north side. They were crouching behind some large trees when they saw the canes waving and parting some distance ahead of the dogs, and the hunter's instinct arose within them, and they made ready. The bear came out of the canes with the pig in his mouth, and stopped to listen to the dogs. At the same instant two loads of buckshot were poured into his face and breast. The bear made one great bound to return to the cover of the cane brake, then fell dead. At the same time the boys heard a groan in the tree not more

than five steps from where they were standing and on looking at the root of the tree, saw a human foot protruding from the hollow. It was Juda Magruder; he had crawled into the bear's den, and there were two young cubs playing over his unconscious body.

It is easy to guess what would have happened if the old mother bear had reached home with her mess of pork before the boys arrived. She certainly would have torn the sick boy to pieces; but she never reached home, but was killed forty yards from her den. The dead bear and the live young cubs were forgotten. The stranger was removed from the hollow tree, and when they saw his condition Tallyrand called Bill and Ned, and on their strong, willing shoulders he was quickly carried out of the swamp, and to Mr. Studebolt's house, where he was placed in a bed, and a boy dispatched for Dr. Sauls.

The sick boy's mouth and tongue were kept moist with cold water and lemon juice, and cold cloths were kept on his head till Dr. Sauls arrived, and in his and Mrs. Studebolt's care we leave him, as he could not be left in better hands.

Bill and Ned returned to the river swamp for the dead bear and the two cubs, and Mr. Studebolt gave them a holiday, so they could make a cage for the bears.

(To be continued)

S. S. RICHARDSON ENDORSES F. D. PHILLIPS FOR SOLICITOR

I am not a politician, nor have I ever asked for an office—only a private in the rear ranks. I have almost served out my allotted time—

three score and ten years. Have lived through three wars, the Civil War, Spanish-American and the World War. I had two brothers in the Civil War and lost both of them. I have voted for Confederate veterans for office for almost fifty years. I felt that I owed it to them for service rendered in the "Lost Cause." I had three sons in the World War. One son enjoying a splendid law practice, yet above the draft age, answered the call of his country, lost his health in camp, died and is now sleeping in an American uniform.

When our boys were called into service we went with them to the trains and promised them our all when they returned. They went. Those who were not left on the battle fields of Europe returned—many of them wounded. What have we done for them? How have we rewarded them? Four good men are running for solicitor in this district. Three of them I have never seen. For a moment let's examine their records. Where was G. H. Russell in 1917-18-19? At home enjoying the greatest wave of prosperity this country has ever seen. Where was M. W. Nash in 1917-18-19? At home living easy, when this land was flowing freely with milk and honey. Where was F. D. Phillips in the stormy days of 1917-18-19? In the trenches of the battle fields of Europe wading in blood—facing shot and shell for his board and clothes that this country might be made safe for democracy. He returned a wounded soldier—just in time to see the last cloud of prosperity pass by.

While I have never met F. D. Phillips, yet as an appreciation of his service to his country I shall cast my vote for him for solicitor of this district.

I appeal to the men and women of Union county to go to the polls on June 3rd and cast your ballots for F. D. Phillips for solicitor—the soldier boy.
S. S. RICHARDSON.
Monroe, N. C., Route 5, April 29th.

(Political Adv.)

Subscribe to The Pilot.

JACKSON SPRING

Three of the 136 you graduate from N. C. State this week formerly lived in community. They are Charles Hemp, who graduates in engineering, and John McLeod S. C., and Colon Pegram, ton, who graduate in agriculture. We hope to see some of this school class of nine boys from college, and are glad that some are planning to College for agricultural and engineering courses.

A very interesting meeting was carried out at the school by the community club, evening. County Agent, Home Demonstration Agent, were here for their meeting with us and made talks.

Mrs. Margaret Stutts of home of her son at Hoffm day, and interment was in new cemetery here on Mrs. Stutts was reared in community and spent a great her life here where she had circle of friends. She had sons and one daughter to loss. Strange to say, Ben husband with whom she had for a number of years died week at his home near Norman was seen in Norman the of the week and had been to leaving home and spent days visiting friends, and dead on Friday. Interment his home. Mr. Stutts was of the Mt. Carmel community county and served a few the confederate army during the conflict between the states.

Friends here were shocked receiving the news of the Grace, the 13 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Currie day. She was carried to lotte Sanatorium for an operation on Friday, and following morning at 4 o'clock had been sick several days carried to the Sanatorium that her heart might grow so an operation could be Besides her mother, her Misses Nola and Monnie Candor, who are trained nurses, were in the event held in Charlotte were the time of her death. Her and son, D. F. Currie, of left immediately, and the turned with Mrs. Currie in noon, and Mr. Currie can hearse later in the evening was a very bright child with black hair with blue eyes complexion, with a pleasant made her very beautiful. G. Matheson, her pastor, a short service at the home day morning for the benefit of Sarah Currie, her devoted was unable to attend the which was conducted by at the Presbyterian church. About twenty of her class the Derby Memorial school Presbyterian Sunday School carried the flowers that fresh mound made in the burying plot in the back of the church. She mourn her loss, besides her and father, three little three brothers, and a large of other relatives and friends tend the deepest sympathy family.

Among the college boys home last week were, Sh

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