

CHAPTER XVII-Continued.

In April the two friends set out afoot for the lower, end of the Highlands. On the river they hired a Dutche his sloop. After two delightful days at home, General Schuyler suggested that they could do a great service by traversing the wilderness to the valley of the great river of the north, as far as possible toward Swegachie, and reporting their observations to Crown Point or Fort Edward, if there seemed to be occasion for it, and if not, they were to proceed to General Herkimer's camp at Oriskany and give him what help they could in protecting the settlers in the west.

You would need to take all your wit and courage with you," the general warned them. "The Indians are in bad temper. They have taken to roasting their prisoners at the stake and eating their flesh. This is a hazardous undertaking. Therefore, I give you a suggestion and not an order.

"T'll go 'lone," said Solomon, "If I get et up it needn't break nobody's heart. Let Jack go to one of the

"No, I'd rather go into the bush with 'you," said Jack. "We're both needed there. If necessary we could separate and carry our warning in two directions. We'll take a couple of the new double-barreled rifles and four pistols. If we had to, I think we could fight a hole through any trouble we are likely to have."

So it was decided that they should together on this scouting trip into the north bush. Solomon had long before that invented what he called "a lightnin' thrower" for close fighting with Indians, to be used if one were hard pressed and outnumbered and kely to have his scalp taken. This add contrivance he had never had occasion to use. It was a thin, round shell of cast from with a tube, a flint and plunger, :: The shell was of about size of a large apple. It was to be alled with missiles and gunpowder. The plunger, with its spring, was set vertically above the tube. In throwing this contrivance one released its The hammer fell and the spark at made ignited a fuse leading down to the powder. Its owner had to throw

It from behind a true or have a share in the peril it was sure to create. While Jack was at home with his people Solomon spent a week in the foundry and forge and, before they set out on their journey, had three of these unique weapons, all loaded and

waterproof wrappings. About the middle of May they proceeded in a light bark cance to Fort Edward and carried it across country to Lake George and made their way with paddles to Ticonderoga. There they learned that scouts were operating only on and near Lake Champlain, e interior of Tryon county was said to be dangerous ground. Mohawks, Cagnawagas, Senecas, Algonquins and Hurons were thick in the bush and all on the warpath. They were torturing and eating very white man that fell in their hands save those with a Tory in their h

"We're skeered o' the bush," said an elderly bearded soldier, who was sitting on a log. "A man who goes into wildwood needs to be a good friend o' God."

"But Schuyler thinks a force of Britlah may land somewhere along the big river and come down through the bush. building a road as they advance," said

"A thousand men could make a tol'ble waggin road to Fort Edward in a bonth," Solomon declared. "That's tebbe the reason the Injuns are out the bush eatin' Yankees. They're way. By the hide an' horns o' the We got to know what's a-goin' on out thar. You fellers are a settin' sround these 'ere forts as if ye had nothin' to do but chaw beefsteak an' wipe yer rifles an' pick yer teeth. Why on't ye go out thar in the bush and to a little skeerin' yerselves? Ye're like a lot o' ol' women settin' by the Bre an' tellin' ghos' stories."

We got 'nuff to do considerin' the

pay we git," said a sergeant. "H-l'an' Tophet! What do ye want o' pay?" Solomon answered. "Ain't ye willin' to fight fer yer own liberty without bein' paid fer it? Ye been kicked an' robbed an' spit on, an' dragged eround by the heels, an' ye don't want to fight 'less somebody pays ye. What a dam' corn fiddle o' a man ye mus' be!"

in his pack as he talked. lows, through the bush. We're bound lead they is." er t' know what's a goin' on out thar Ve're liable to be skeered but also an' likewise we'll do some skeerin'

fore we give up-you hear to me." Jack and Solomon set out in the

bush that afternoon and before night fell were up on the mountain slants north of the Glassy Water, as Lake George was often called those days. But for Solomon's caution an evil fate farmer to take them on to Albany in had perhaps come to them before their first sleep on the journey. The new leaves were just out, but not quite full. The little maples and beeches flung their sprays of vivid green foliage above the darker shades of the witch hopple into the soft-lighted air of the great house of the wood and filled it with a pleasant odor. A mile or so back, Solomon had left the trail and cautioned Jack to keep close and step softly. Soon the old scout stopped and listened and put his ear to the

> were deep furrows in the skin above his brow. After a few minutes Solomon turned and whispered:

> ground. He rose and beckoned to

Jack and the two turned aside and

made their way stealthily up the slant

of a ledge. In the edge of a little

thicket on a mossy rock shelf they sat

down. Solomon looked serious. There

"Four Injun braves jist went by. Mebbe they're scoutin' fer a big band mebbe not. If so, the crowd is up the trail. If they're comin' by, it'll be fore dark. We'll stop in this 'ere tavern. They's a cave on t'other aide o' the ledge as big as a small house." They watched until the sun had set.

Then Solomon led Jack to the cave, in which their packs were deposited. From the cave's entrance they looked upon the undulating green roof of the forest dipping down into a deep valley, cut by the smooth surface of a broad river with mirrored shores, and lifting to the summit of a distant mountain range. Its blue peaks rose into the glow of the sunset.

"Yonder is the great stairway of Heaven!" Jack exclaimed.

"I've put up in this 'ere of tavern many a night," said Solomon, "Do ye see its sign?"

He pointed to a great dead pine



stark, outreaching limbs more than a hundred and fifty feet into the

"I call it The Dead Pine Tavern," Solomon remarked.

"On the road to Paradise," said Jack as he gazed down the valley, his hands shading his eyes.

"Wisht we could have a nice hot supper, but 'twon't do to build no fire. Nothin' but cold vittles! I'll go down with the pot to a spring an' git some water. You dig fer our supper in that pack o' mine an' spread it out here, him. I'm hungry."

They are their bread and dried meat moistened with spring water, picked some balsam boughs and covered a corner of the mossy floor with them. When the rock chamber was filled with their fragrance, Jack said :

"It my dream comes true and Margaret and I are married, I shall bring her here. I want her to see The Dead Pine Tavern and its outlook."

"Ayes, slr, when ye're married safe," Solomon answered. "We'll come up here fust summer an' fish, an' hunt, an' I'll run the tavern an' do the cookin' an' sweep the floor an' make the beds!"

Jack awoke at daylight and found that he was alone. Solomon returned in half an hour or so.

"Been scoutin' up the trail," he said. "Didn't see a thing but an ol' gnaw bucket. We'll jest eat a bite an' p'int Solomon was putting fresh provisions off to the nor west an' keep watch o' this 'ere trail. They's Injuns over "All the Injuns o' Kinndy an' the thar on the slants. We got to know rest grass lands may be snookin' now they look an' bout how many

> They went on keeping well away on the trail. "We'll have to watch it with our

rs." said Solomon in a whisper.

His ear was often on the ground that loss of speech

morning and twice he left Jack to "snook" out to the trail and look for Solomon could imitate the call of the swamp robin, and when they were separated in the bush, he gave it so that his friend could locate him. At midday they sat down in deep shade by the side of a brook and ate their luncheon.

"This 'ere is Peppermint brook," said Solomon. "It's 'nother one o' my taverns."

"Our food isn't going to last long at the rate we are eating it," Jack re-marked. "If we can't shoot a gun what are we going to do when it's all gone?" "Don't worry," Solomon answered. 'Ye're in my kentry now an' there's a better tavern up in the high trail."

They fared along, favored by good weather, and spent that night on the shore of a little pond not more than fifty paces off the old blazed thoroughfare. Next day, about "half-way from dawn to dark," as Solomon was wont, now and then, to speak of the noon hour, they came suddenly upon fresh "sign." It was where the big north trail from the upper waters of the Mohawk joined the one near which they had been traveling. When they were approaching the point Solomon had left Jack in a thicket and cautiously crept out to the "juncshin." There was half an hour of silence before the old scout came back in sight and beckoned to Jack. His face had never looked more serious. The young man approached him. Solomon swallowed—a part of the effort to restrain his emotions.

"Want to show ye suthin'," he whispered.

The two went cautiously toward the trail. When they reached it the old scout led the way to soft ground near a brook. Then he pointed down at the mud. There were many footprints, newly made, and among them the print of that wooden peg with an iron ring around its bottom, which they had seen twice before, and which was associated with the blackest memories they knew. For some time Solomon studied the surface of the trail in silence.

"More'n twenty Injuns, two captives, pair o' hosses, a cow an' the devil," he whispered to Jack. "Been a raid down to the Mohawk valley. The cow an' the hosses are loaded with plunder. I've noticed that when the Injuns go out to rob an' kill folks ye find, mong their tracks, the print o' that ere iron ring. I seen it twice in the Ohlo kentry. Here is the heart o' the devil an' his fire-water. Red Snout has got to be started on a new trail, His ol' peg leg is goin' down to the gate o' hell tonight."

Solomon's face had darkened with anger. There were deep furrows across his brow.

Standing before Jack about three feet away, he drew out his ram rod and tossed R to the young man, who caught it a little above the middle. Jack knew the meaning of this. They were to put their hands upon the ramrod, one above the other. The last hand it would hold was to do the killing. It was Solomon's,

"Thank God!" he whispered, as his face brightened. He seemed to be taking careful aim

with his right eye. "It's my job," said he. "I wouldn't a' let ye do it if ye'd grawed the chanst. It's my Job-proper. They ain't an hour ahead. Mebbe-it's jest possible—he may go to sleep tonight fore I do, an' I wouldn't be surprised, They'll build their fire at the caverns on Rock crick an' roast a captive.

We'll cross the bush an' come up on t' other side an' see what's goin' on." . They crossed a high ridge, with Solomon tossing his feet in that long, loose stride of his, and went down the slope into a broad valley. The sun sank low and the immeasurable green-roofed house of the wild was dim and dusk when the eld scout halted. Ahead in the distance they had heard voices and the neighing of a

"My son," said Solomon as he pointed with his finger, "do you see the brow o' the hill yonder whar the black thickets

Jack nodded.

"If ye hear to me ye'll stay this side. This 'ere business is kind o' neevarious I'm a-goin' clus up. If I come back ye'll hear the call o' the bush owl. If I don't come 'fore mornin' you p'int fer hum an' the good God go with ye" "I shall go as far as you go," Jack

answered. Solomon spoke sternly. The gental tone of good comradeship had left

"Ye kin go, but ye sin't obleeged," said he. "Bear in mind, boy. Tonight I'm the cap'n. Do as I tell ye-exact." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Assuming the Blame

A school presided over by a very harsh and bad-tempered teacher had s visit one afternoon from the bishop of the dlocese.

The bishop, a genial soul, called before him a white-faced urchin who was very much cowed and depressed by an undeserved punishment he had received that morning.

"My boy," said the bishop, in ele-quent tones, "who made this great and glorious earth of ours, and set the sun, moon and stars in the wonderful firmament?"

The white-faced boy began to blub-"I did," he said, "but I won't do it

Love Produces Maladies

Medical scientists say that 'ove pro duces in some people definite physical meladies ranging from catalegey. In which the victim becomes rigid and unconscious, to deafness and complete

Daddys Evening 1 Tale Fairy

A MARY CRAHAM BONNER

KINGFISHER'S APPETITE

"There is one thing to be said for me," said the Kingfisher, "and that is that I do not complain of being bored or tired.

"I do not complain of having nothing to do, for I have a great deal to do. "I have fishing to do and I love to fish. No one loves to fish more than Kingfisher.

"You can tell that by my name! My name is such that, without being emart at all, you could tell that I was a bird fond of fishing and that I was good at my job.

"For am I not called Kingfisher?" The Kingfisher sat upon his perch, looking very handsome in his gray suit with its touches of white and his splendid crest upon his head.

Oh, he was a handsome fellow, all right. There was no mistake about

His crest stood up very straight, as though he were eagerly looking for something, and as though he were very much interested in what was going on. He made strange rattling noises and his long, strong beak looked as though

he would have no trouble in eating. At times, when you looked at him, you would have said it was of the shade of gray such as is a slate's

In reality his coloring was of a bluegray, but at times, when you looked at him and couldn't see him very clearly, you would have said it was gray. And in the sunlight you would have said it was blue.

His crest, too, made him look as though a king bird with a crown upon his head. His size was splendidly big. His

black tail even seemed to show the excitement he now felt. "Fish! I shall have plenty of fish." be said.

He flew down to the water, now, so quickly that it seemed as though he had made one leap.

Up again he came, and in his mouth was a big fish. It looked as though it would be almost too big for Kingfisher. But he knew what he could

No one could tell him about taking



In His Mouth Was a Big Fish.

small bites and chewing his food well. He knew what a big fellow he was and how strong he was and how much he could eat.

He knew that was a great deal, too. He did not care for bugs and insects very much. He would eat them, but he didn't

like them as he did-fish. Fish was the food for Kingfisher. He took the fish he had caught and struck it over his perch, so that the wriggling fish was still now.

Kingfisher was happy. He ate it delightedly. Ah, what a fresh, tasty fish it was! This was a meal fit for a king, as

he had heard somewhere a meal should be. Yes, somewhere, he had heard some

child speaking about a meal fit for a king.

And ever since then he had thought to himself . "She must have meant me! She

must have meant that a good fish meal was a fit meal for Kingfisher." When Kingfisher was through with his meal he was almost ready for an-

For Kingfisher's stomach was large and able to bold plenty of food. Nor did he choke on the bones. Oh, ne; he knew how to eat fish so that he didn't choke on bones. He ate too cleverly for that-and, too, there was plenty of room so the bones didn't choke him as they went down.

He are the fish head-first, which was the sensible way of eating fish, he thought.

"Begin at the top and work down," was his motto.

Once more he watched out for a fish, He would show the fishes what a king's appetite could be. He would show the fishes-and he did!

Daddy Forgot Something Glenn forgot to say "please." 'Father, thinking to drill the child on his manners, asked him what he should

"Please," answered Glenn. Father gave him what he wanted and then said. "Now what do you

say? "You mustn't forget those little

things," cautioned father, and then went on with his work. Glenn waited a minute and then

said. "You should say 'welcome,'

BAPTIST MINISTER GIVES TANLAC FULL CREDIT

preacher's high calling puts a grave weak physical condition. assuring himself it is all right.

know to be the truth.

San Antonio, Texas, who says:

"Before taking Tanlac I had suffered from stomach and nerve trou- gists. Accept no substitute. Over 40 bles for over 30 years and there were million bottles sold. times when my condition was such that it required almost superhuman effort for me to prepare my sermons

"Intuition" Tells Her?

"My dear," remarked Jinks, who had just finished reading a book on "The Wonders of Nature," "this really is a remarkable work. Nature is marvelous! Stupendous! When I read a book like this it makes me think how puerlie, how insignificant is man."

"Huh!" sniffed his better-half. "A woman doesn't have to wade through 400 pages to discover that!"-Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin When red, rough and itching, by hot baths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Tollet Trio.-Advertisement.

The Resemblance

Several old college cronies had been invited to dinner, a little reunion at the home of a member of the class. While they were enjoying some preliminary chat the host remarked: "My brother George is going to be with us today."

"Let me see," said one of the chums, "I know most of your folks, but I have never met your brother George. Which side of the house does he look like?"

"The one with the bay window," interposed the small boy of the family.

Insist on having Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" for Worms or Tapeworm and the druggist will get it for you, 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Women Denounced Coffee In "the women's petition against coffee," 1674, they complained that "It made men as unfinitial as the deserts whence that unhappy berry is said to be brought!" That the "offspring of their mighty encestors would dwindle into a succession of apes and pigmies" and that on a domestic message a husband would "stop by the way to drink a couple of cups of coffee."

WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT

with much interest the remarkable record naintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, he great kidney, liver and bladder medi-

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medi-ne. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends. Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start

reatment at once. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation, send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing, be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

Making Money Fast

"Well," said the lawyer, "have you decided to take my advice and pay this bill of mine?" "Yees," stammered the client. "Very well," said the lawyer. Then he turned to his clerk and ordered him to add "f5 to Mr. Smith's bill," for further advice.-London Tit-

There is always a controversy be-

a medicine than the voluntary testi- some great obstacle across my pathmony of a minister of the gospel. The way-a burden too big to carry in my

responsibility on his every word, and "But in six weeks' time Tanlac he will not jeopardize his reputation transformed my entire outlook, giving by commending a thing without first me what seemed like a new set of nerves and a brand-new digestive Taniac has been endorsed by num- system. My appetite became ravenbers of prominent ministers. They ous, my nerves steady, my liver action have put Tanlac to the test of per- regular and I could sleep sound for sonal service and their words carry the first time in years. Whenever I conviction because they say what they have the slightest symptoms of trouble now I always resort to Taplac, One of the latest to speak out in am taking some at present, and it behalf of Tanlac is Rev. B. E. Bell, a never fails to smooth things out for retired Baptist minister, 207 Elm St., me. I certainly have the best of reasons for feeling grateful to Tanlac."

Tanlac is for sale by all good drug-

Tanlac Vegetable Pills for constipation; made and recommended by and go through with my Sunday serv- the manufacturers of Tanlac.

> Love Me, Love My Dog "Hello, Jack, what are you carrying?"

"Chocolates and ment-going to see the girl." "Great Scott! Do you have to sup-

ply the family with meat already?" "Oh, no. The candy is for the girl and the meat is for the dog. I have to square both."-Boston Transcript.





TOMATO and CABBAGE PLANTS Stone and Red Rock tomato; Early Jersey and Charleston Wakefield, Succession and Flat Dutch cabbage; Cabbage Heading, Georgia and Follmer collard; Glant Pascal and White Plume celery; Big Boston, Iceberg, New York lettuce; White Bermuda and Prisetaker onion; kale, Brussels sprouts, beets, kohl-rabi plants. Parcel post pild, 100, 100; 300, 75c; 500, 11,00; 100, 751,50. Charges collect, 1,000, \$1.00; 5,000, 54,50; 10,000, 83.00. D. F. JAMISON, SUMMERVILLE, S. C.

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No. 111367

A small child in the Sunday school class was told that the hairs of her head were all numbered. Promptly she pulled one out of her own curly locks and said: "Please, teacher, what number's this?" London Tit-Bits.

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Children Cry

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been in use for over 30 years to relieve opiates. The genuine bears signature of



AGENTS

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