

WEST SHORE BOYS AND GIRLS

FORT HENRY.

The little shops at the corner of Main and Eleventh streets, in Wheeling, West Virginia, are very ordinary, just such shops as you have on your streets at home where business goes droning on the same, month after month and year after year. As I stood on the corner a man came down the steps with a harness on his arm, and two boys lounged up the street. I stopped the boys and asked for information about Fort Henry. Of course they knew all about it. Trust boys for keeping track of all the fighting that ever happened and all the old stories of Indian warfare. When the good times come (and they are coming) when history is not made up of battles, I don't know what kind of historians our boys will be, but now they are pretty good ones.

In your great-great-grandfather's time there was a little fort on that very corner, and some hot times between the Indians and whites, the colonists and British. The British held it first, of course, and they named it Fort Fin-castle, in honor of Lord Dummore, the British governor of Virginia, for Fin-castle was one of his numerous titles. But after that great day, July 4, 1776, the loyal Americans changed its name to Fort Henry, for love of the young man, Patrick Henry, who was so brave and so bright, and whom they elected to be the first American governor of Virginia.

The Indians twice besieged this fort, and each siege was signaled by a deed of special daring, about which I am sure you would be glad to hear. The first siege in 1777 was sustained through the help of Major McCulloch, a distinguished fighter and scout, who brought down from Short Creek fort, where his brother was commandant, forty mounted men. The Indians almost surrounded these troops. Maj. McCulloch brought them to the gate of the fort, but would not enter it himself until every one of his men was inside. All but he had entered, when the Indians cut him off and he was forced to flee. They pursued him up the hill toward the north. His only hope of escape was to reach Short Creek fort. He had a fine spirited horse and he could do it, but as he reached the top of the ridge he saw another body of Indians coming up the opposite side. There seemed no escape; there were enemies before him and enemies behind him; on his right the hill rose almost perpendicularly; on his left was a precipitous descent of nearly 300 feet. Not an instant did he pause. He set spurs to his horse and the noble creature plunged down the precipice into the creek, where even the reckless red men dared not follow, and the major reached his brother's fort in safety. This daring deed added greatly to his reputation among the Indians and inspired a superstitious reverence for his valor. When they succeeded, as they did afterwards, in slaying him, they paid him a great but very horrible compliment. They cut out his heart and distributed it among their braves believing that by eating of his heart they might partake of his spirit.

The second siege was undertaken by the British, in 1782, after the surrender of Cornwallis. You will understand that telegraph lines and the railroad mail service had not then reached the perfection which you now enjoy. News was slow in traveling and the soldiers on both sides, not knowing that the great question was settled, went bravely on with their fighting.

The British rangers numbered only fifty but they had with them some 300 Indians. Silas Zane, the commandant of the fort, had only forty-two men, but with them were a number of brave women who did good service at the guns, for women of that day knew how to fight in right good sturdy fashion. Among these women was Elizabeth Zane, a spirited young girl of nineteen. She had already a record of valor. In the earlier years of the war she was left by her brothers in care of a good Quaker family at Wilmington, Delaware. Before the battle of Brandywine they abandoned their home and went farther north. They settled for a while where they supposed they might be free from alarm, but the fighting coming nearer, drove them still further on. Elizabeth refused to accompany them, and greatly against their wishes they left her alone in charge of the house and stock.

One day a foraging party of twelve Hessians rode up and tied their horses at the gate. She met them at the door and most courteously offered them refreshments. They accepted of course, that was what they had come for, and soon were feasting. "Would they not have some cider?" Just what they would like of all things. She brought it in plenty from the cellar and it was not long till they were quite past keeping a watch on their horses. Then Elizabeth left them to their cups, and slipping out, mounted one of the

horses and with all of them well in hand, galloped with her prize into General Washington's camp, her coal black hair floating in the breeze about her. You can imagine the reception she received in camp.

This same Elizabeth now heard her brother Silas, at Fort Henry, announce that the powder was almost exhausted. He called for a volunteer to cross the field to his brother Ebenezer's log cabin, (used as an outpost) and get a new supply. She at once stepped forward and claimed her right to run this risk. Her life, she said, was of small account, its loss would not be felt, while every man there was needed in the defence of the fort. Her brave determination overbore her brother's opposition and he consented. The gate was opened and she sped across the open field. Anxious eyes watched from the stockade and all hearts stood still. The Indians spied her, but with their usual contempt for womankind paid her only the compliment of scorn, "A squaw!" they grunted and she passed on. She reached Ebenezer's house and was soon ready for the return. They tied two corners of a homespun tablecloth about her waist. She took the other corners in her hands and then they emptied into the cloth a keg of powder. She had not gone far on her short home stretch ere the enemy saw her purpose and understood her spirit. Before she was half way across, the bullets whizzed so thickly about her that she could scarcely see her way for the dust they raised. But this was just the cheer which this brave girl loved and she sped on with her heavy and perilous burden. One spark of fire would have proved instant destruction, but not one touched her. The gate was thrown open and she passed in. Elizabeth Zane had saved the fort.

EMILY A. KELLOGG.

PUZZLEWITS

Names of prize winners for February solutions and March puzzles are given on page 211. See advertising columns for particulars of prizes for puzzles and answers.

No. 33. RECTANGLE.

- * A letter.
- * * * To be able.
- * * * * Gives up to another.
- * * * * * To shine.
- * * * * * Cleanest.
- * * * * * A cut pattern.
- * * * * * Became free.
- * * * * * Ends of the toes.
- * * * * * Like a lion. [divine creature.
- * * * * * The act of putting to death a
- * * * * * Whims.
- * * * * * A mineral.
- * * * * * Electors.
- * * * * * A long garment.
- * * * * * An epoch.
- * A letter.

Sehome, Washington.

V. A. N. GUARD.

No. 34. DIAMOND.

- 1—A letter. 2—To describe. 3—Excepted. 4—Reader. 5—Early.
- 6—A scratch. 7—A cotton material. 8—A churl. 9—A letter.

San Francisco, California.

FRISCOITE.

No. 35. VIRGINIA PENTAGON.

- * 1—A letter.
- * * 2—A prefix.
- * * * 3—A constellation.
- * * * * 4—Earnest money given to servants (Sc.).
- * * * * * 5—High dignitaries of the middle ages.
- * * * * * 6—One who deduces.
- * * * * 7—A town in Illinois.
- * * * 8—Contraction of ever.
- * 9—A letter.

Fort Wayne, Indiana.

FAIRPLAY.