

THE RED STORM

Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER VI.

Allan Norwood had moved silently away and walked along the bank of the river. As he was proceeding slowly, looking for some indication of an Indian trail, Vesuvius ran by him with his nose to the ground and did not stop until he had gone quite down to the water's edge; he then seemed at fault, swam into the water and barked.

Attracted by his conduct, Allan carefully approached the spot. Upon making a critical examination of the reeds and shrubbery, he perceived that they had been bent down and trodden upon and immediately concluded that a light boat or canoe had been drawn up there and launched again. The young man, quick in his decisions and deeply earnest in whatever enterprise he engaged in, spoke kindly and encouragingly to the dog and proceeded down the river at a more rapid pace. Vesuvius looked after him a moment, as if doubtful in which direction his duty lay, and then followed, keeping close to the water's edge.

The singular request of Le Bland, to have the whole affair of the pursuit of the Indians and the recovery of Rosalthe committed exclusively to his hands, had not been without its influence upon Allan. It had aroused all his energies and caused him to feel justly indignant that the Frenchman's assurance should extend so far. In consequence of this feeling and the impression which Miss Alston's beauty had made upon him, he resolved to make every effort in his power to unravel the mystery that now hung over the fate of the maiden.

He moved on like one in a dream. Rosalthe was in danger, it is true; but had not fortune so ordered it that he should be her deliverer? Had he not read of such things a hundred times in books? He was young, strong and daring; he would discover her, in a position of great danger, and save her, after achieving unheard-of exploits.

Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton or Joel Logston would have reasoned rather differently and seen things in another light, unquestionably; but they could not have drawn more vivid pictures than did Allan.

When the mind is occupied with great and hopeful subjects, time flies quickly; and an hour with Allan was such a mere fragment that it passed unnoticed, although during that period he had walked several miles through a tract of country so delightful that it called up the idea of another Eden, planted upon Kentucky river. Allan stopped, and leaning upon his rifle, contemplated the beauty of the scene. A low, warning growl from Vesuvius caused him to turn his eyes in another direction. An Indian was standing beneath the spreading branches of a patriarchal oak. Allan's first impulse was to cock his rifle; but the Indian calmly pointed to his own, which was reclining against the tree within his reach, and the young man felt assured that his intentions were not hostile. The red man was the first to speak.

"Son of the paleface, fear not. Had Otter-Lifter intended you harm, you would have ceased to live already; for his eye has been on you for a long time," said the Indian, in very good English.

"I feel that the words of the red man are true," replied Allan, adopting the style of speaking characteristic of the Indian races.

"Whence came you, and where do you go?" asked Otter-Lifter.

"I am from Boonesborough," said Allan. "One of our young maidens has disappeared from the fort."

"The paleface is hunting for her?"

"Yes."

"And you suppose that some of my people have stolen her away?"

"That was my thought," replied Allan.

Otter-Lifter looked searchingly at the young hunter, and said:

"Men who have red skins can tell truth as well as those who have white. If one of your maidens has been carried away by any of our people, it is something unknown to me."

Allan could not help being struck with the noble bearing of the Cherokee. He had heard him spoken of by Captain Boone as one who condemned and despised the cruelties of his race, and he felt that he had good reason to congratulate himself that he had fallen in with a chief so celebrated for his love of justice and humanity.

Otter-Lifter was a remarkable man. He had raised himself to renown as a warrior without ever having killed women or children or prisoners. His friend his word and his rifle were all he cared for. He said the Great Spirit, when he made all the rest of the animals, created man to kill and eat them, lest they should consume all the grass; that to keep men from being proud he suffered them to die, or to kill one another and make food for worms; that life and death were two warriors always fighting, with which the Great Spirit amused himself.

"You are in danger here," added Otter-Lifter. "Return to the big wigwam or you will perish at the hands of my warriors. Go, paleface, go in peace, and tell your people that there is one among the red nations that loves mercy."

"You speak like a great chief," said Allan; "but how can I go back without the maiden? Her friends are sad; all hearts are heavy at the great fort." Otter-Lifter has spoken. He knows nothing of the paleface maiden. Is it not enough?" replied the Cherokee with dignity.

"It is possible that some of your warriors have carried her away without your knowledge," returned Allan.

"Then they shall carry her back," said the Cherokee grimly. "I would fain live in peace with the palefaces, although they are driving us from our lands and destroying our glorious hunting grounds."

"There is," returned Allan, after a pause, "a Frenchman at the big wigwam, who talks, it is said, of making large purchases of land. Do you know him?"

"My white brother is inquisitive; he

speaks of that which does not concern him. What cares Otter-Lifter about the Frenchman's schemes? If he is treating for lands, is the chief of the Cherokees a woman that he should tell all he knows to every one that asks him?"

"I meant no offense," said Allan. "It was only yesterday that the Frenchman had a talk with the missing maiden, and he used language that I liked not."

"He is called among my people Sholska, which means Smooth-Tongue," replied the Indian, with a disdainful smile. And without another word walked swiftly away. Norwood gazed after him a moment, and then turned to retrace his steps to the fort. He had accomplished about two-thirds of the distance, when feeling somewhat fatigued, he sat down to rest a moment.

Suddenly Vesuvius started up and sniffed the air and at the same time Allan caught a glimpse of a human figure moving hurriedly among the trees. He immediately concealed himself behind a log as well as he could, and putting his hand on the neck of his canine companion, kept him still.

The figure approached and proved to be that of a white man. Allan was about to rise from his place of concealment when another party appeared and caused him to forego his purpose. The second comer was an Indian, and the two advanced to within a few paces of each other.

"Where is Smooth-Tongue?" asked the Indian, rather indifferently.

"Isn't he here? I've been waiting a long time," replied the white man.

The white man was Silas Girty, an individual well known to the settlers of Kentucky. He was a faithless, treacherous fellow, celebrated for nothing save being friendly to the Indians, and inciting them to acts of aggression and cruelty. He led many of the attacks that were made upon Boonesborough and Harrodsburg. His companion was a chief of the Miamis, called the Little-Turtle, a character also mentioned in the annals of frontier warfare.

"Are the Miamis ready to make an attack?" asked Girty.

"The bold Miamis are ready; they are always ready when the warwhoop sounds along the border," said Little-Turtle.

"I have seen the Wyandots—they are ready also. Why should there be any more delay about the matter? For my part, I don't see no use in it; every hour that goes by without being improved is an hour lost. People will say that we make war like women and not like men."

"The chief of the Miamis is ready to lead his warriors to battle. Let the Wyandots come on, and we will level the big wigwam with the dust."

"You talk well; you are a wise chief; but the Frenchman comes not according to his appointment."

Girty and Little-Turtle waited a short time longer, and then walked from the spot. Allan arose hastily from his place of concealment, and returned to the fort without loss of time.

CHAPTER VII.

When Norwood reached the fort he found Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton and Joel Logston ready to go in search of the missing maiden. Le Bland stood near, with brow overcast and sullen. He gave Allan one of his peculiar looks as he joined them.

"Imprudent young man! why did you leave us?" exclaimed Boone.

"I would see you alone, sir," said Allan.

"This way, then," replied the pioneer.

"Now I will hear you."

Allan without further delay proceeded to relate, circumstantially all that he had heard.

"A white man and an Indian," repeated Boone, thoughtfully. "I have it," he added. "The first was Silas Girty—a man, to use a scriptural phrase, 'full of subtlety and mischief.'"

"The Indian was of small stature, and chief of the Miamis," said Allan.

"He is called Little-Turtle, and is a dangerous fellow. They spoke of an attack, did they?"

Norwood replied in the affirmative, stating as much of the conversation as he could remember.

"The Frenchman referred to was no doubt our amiable friend, yonder," continued the pioneer, looking toward Le Bland. "I have long suspected him of playing a double game like this. Leave him to me; say nothing of this matter, and we will see what can be done. He had an appointment with Girty and the Miami chief, no doubt, but did not think it prudent to go. I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Norwood; they have rendered an important service to me, and to all the settlers. You have commenced nobly the life of a pioneer."

"But what do you think of Otter-Lifter? Can his word be relied on?" asked Allan.

"It is my opinion that it can. If he has assured you that he knows nothing of Miss Alston, I am, for one, inclined to believe him," said Boone.

"What, then, can be accomplished? In what direction shall we look for the young lady?" continued Allan earnestly.

"Those are difficult questions. If a number of us leave the fort in search of Rosalthe, that very moment will probably be the signal for an attack by our enemies," replied Boone.

He made a gesture for Kenton and Logston to approach, Le Bland being at that moment busily engaged with Mr. Alston.

The information which Allan had brought was briefly stated, and for a short space not a word was spoken by either party, each striving to find out by some mental process what was best to be done.

"It's my opinion," said Joel Logston, at length, "that the Frenchman had better be done for. What do you think, Kenton?"

"Watch him, and shoot him down on the first appearance of treachery," replied Kenton.

"And what is your opinion?" asked Boone, turning to Allan.

"I concur with Mr. Kenton."

"You are wrong, all of you!" exclaimed

Logston. "Why not stop the mischief while there's an opportunity to do it? What satisfaction can you get when he's brought the Wyandots and the Miamis and a lot of his own kind down upon us in sufficient numbers to eat us all at two bites? What on earth will he care for your watching after he's done just what he wants to do? Why not put a stop to it now? Thrust him into one of the block-houses and keep him there."

"There is much reason and good sense in what you say, Joel," returned Captain Boone, thoughtfully. "You are about right, I believe, all things considered. I am sorry that anything of this kind should have happened among us, but I can see no way to avoid it now. Mr. Alston will feel deeply aggrieved, and discredit the whole story of his treachery. But what's the use of faltering when duty points the way, and the lives of all are depending upon promptness of action? Kenton, you and Logston may cage Le Bland as soon as you please. Put him into the block-house and leave him to his pleasant reflections."

"It'll be the best job I've done for a twelvemonth," said Joel.

The Frenchman and Mr. Alston were conversing earnestly when the parties approached.

"There has been too much delay about this business," exclaimed Le Bland, turning toward them.

"That's just what I think," replied Joel, dryly, laying his great hand on the Frenchman's shoulder. "Come with us, my lad."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Le Bland, the blood suddenly forsaking his face.

"This way," added Joel, tightening his grasp, "this way, my gentleman."

Mr. Alston looked at Captain Boone, then at Allan, and then at Kenton, every feature expressing supreme astonishment.

"I see that you are surprised, Mr. Alston, but it is necessary that this person's liberty should be curtailed, at least for the present," said Boone, calmly.

"And he may thank his stars that it's no worse than that," added Logston, dragging the Frenchman away.

"I am not only surprised, but indignant," replied Alston.

"I am sorry that you feel so about it, but I am only doing what my conscience approves," returned Boone.

"Tell me my crime. What base villain has slandered me?" cried Le Bland, struggling vainly in the hands of Logston.

"Treachery is your crime," returned Boone.

"This false! You can prove nothing," retorted Le Bland. "That young fellow has a personal spite against me because I chased him impudently to Miss Alston no longer ago than yesterday. I dare say you can find the truth of my assertion written upon his shoulders in good round characters."

(To be continued.)

ABOUT "ESPERANTO."

Brief Lesson in the New "Universal" Language.

Esperanto, the new "universal" language, seems to be making no little progress in Europe. When it was put forward by its inventor, Dr. Zamenhof, after Volapuk had failed as a common tongue for all races, its chances seemed very slim, but now a great many persons are studying it and there are societies for its propagation in half the big cities between Stockholm and Cairo. Like its predecessor, it is proposed as a solution of the great problem of Babel, says the Baltimore News. If all the world understood it there would be no need for the German to wrestle with English, French and Russian, or for the American to tackle German, French, Italian, Russian, Spanish and Greek. On the common ground of Esperanto all men could meet and hold converse.

Like Volapuk, it is an artificial language, made of the choicer cuts of all modern tongues. English, apparently, is the world's chief language, has given it more words than any other, thus "beefsteak" to the Esperantist, becomes "bifsteko," and "alphabet," "alfabeto." French comes next in order, with "fromago" for cheese, etc., and after it come German, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Dutch and Russian. Every civilized tongue has made its contribution.

A study of the Esperanto vocabulary impresses upon one the fact that there are an enormous number of words that are practically the same in every European language. Thus, the word for "price" is almost identical in English, German, Swedish, Dutch, French, Spanish, Italian, Polish, Hungarian, Bohemian and Danish. So, also, are thousands of other words—"coffee," "beer," "salt," "wine," "sugar," "night," etc. Dr. Zamenhof, in fashioning Esperanto, took full advantage of this fact, and in consequence an ordinary sentence in his new tongue is understandable, as a rule, to almost every one. Thus, a European would guess that "la rozog estas sur la tablo" meant "The roses are on the table," and that "La domo de la Sinjoro B. estas tre bela" was Esperanto for "The home of Mr. B. is very beautiful."

That such a language has claims to serious consideration is very plain. With its simple grammar and invariable inflections, it is infinitely less difficult to the student than any modern tongue. Mark Twain once said that any intelligent man could get a fair working knowledge of English in thirty days, of French in thirty weeks and of German in thirty years. Esperanto tops all of these in simplicity. A glance at a lesson book shows that a pretty good acquaintance with its chief features should be obtained in thirty hours.

At the recent Zionist congress at Basel some of the delegates from remote countries communicated with one another through the medium of this neutral tongue. In a few years, perhaps, its usefulness may be extended, and if the linguistic experts now perfecting it give it a more English caste, it may yet serve the world gloriously.

LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN

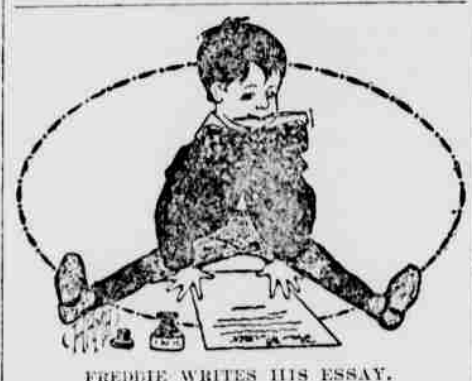
Freddy's Essay on the Whisper.

"A whisper is something said with your wcenty-teenty voice. Hardly anybody except a school teacher, can hear a whisper. But a teacher can mostly always hear one! Sometimes, when you whisper so little that you can't even hear it your own self, the teacher hears it, and you get walloped for it."

"A whisper is the same thing beside a big loud word that asleep is beside awake, or night is beside day, or like the moon beside the sun; it looks like thirty cents."

"Secrets are always told in whispers. But the next day the person who heard the secret tells it to everybody who oughtn't to hear it in a loud voice. That's the strongest evidence against a whisper."

"Nobody what is mad at you ever tells it in whispers. A whisper is the private property of friends. But



FREDDIE WRITES HIS ESSAY.

there's an exception to this rule. When you are showing off before company who are at your house your ma comes and whispers to you on the sly that she'll attend to your case after you have got in bed; or, maybe, your papa whispers for you to leave the room at once or sooner. These kind of whispers are called signal whispers. Signal whispers never tickle the ear as it receives them."

"A good, kind whisper is one that comes from your chum, telling you there's to be a base ball game on Saturday afternoon at the edge of town, and that you can go out along with him and lay on your stummiel and peep under the fence. Another whisper that I like is when another chum whispers and tells you to come round behind the barn and get a bite often his apple."

"After all, though, a whisper ain't like nothing else in the English language."

Things that Can't Be Done.

They say the following things can't be done. Try them and see for yourselves:

You can't stand for five minutes without moving if you are blindfolded.

You can't stand at the side of a room with both of your feet lengthwise touching the wainscoting.

You can't crush an egg when placed lengthwise between your hands—that is, if the egg is sound and has the ordinary shell of a hen's egg.

You can't get out of a chair without bending your body forward or putting your feet under it—that is, if you are sitting squarely on the chair and not on the edge of it.

You can't break a match if the match is laid across the nail of the middle finger of either hand and pressed upon by the first and third fingers of that hand despite its seeming so easy at first.

For Whom Was It Named?

Ten persons out of twelve, perhaps, old as well as young, are under the impression that the State of Pennsylvania was named after William Penn. This, however, is an error, for it was named after Admiral Penn, William's father. The English government owed the admiral a good deal of money when he died, and King Charles II. gave to the admiral's son William the region west of the Delaware in payment of the debt. William Penn intended to call it Sylvania, which, you know, means Wood-land or Forest-land, but the King insisted that the name Penn should be prefixed in honor of the admiral, and that is how it came to be called Pennsylvania.

White Fields.

I love the days in winter
When snow falls all around,
And like a soft, white blanket
Is spread upon the ground.

I love the days in summer
When daisies are in bloom,
And cover all the meadow
Like a carpet on a room.

And which I think the prettiest
I really do not know—
When the fields are white with daisies,
Or when they're white with snow.
—St. Nicholas.

A Pretty Japanese Custom.

No people on earth love trees and flowers more than do the Japanese, and the blossoming of the plum-trees and the cherry-trees they make a time of special holiday. The plum-tree is the popular favorite, and when it flowers, the people, dressed in their best, go out into the gardens and groves, and sip tea under the fragrant branches. There they give vent to their aesthetic delight by writing little verses on bits of paper and hanging them up on the boughs of the trees. A fete of a similar kind takes place when the cherry-trees bloom. There is a road in the outskirts of Tokyo that is lined on both sides with great old cherry trees for a distance of five miles and the branches, meeting over-

head, form a perfect canopy of blossoms.

A Penny's Worth of Weight.

A young gentleman of our acquaintance, who has just reached the age of 6, was recently waiting with his mother for a train at a railway station, when he noticed a penny-in-the-slot weighing machine. He asked his mother a great many questions about it, and at last received permission to drop in his penny and be weighed. Having obtained that important information, he said:

"How much would I have weighed, mamma, if I had dropped in a dollar?"

INDIAN LIFE IN BRAZIL.

Tribes Still Living in "Stone Age," Retaining Customs of the Incas.

Interesting particulars are published in the English newspapers of the recent expedition of Baron Erlend Nordenskjöld among various Indian tribes in tributaries of the Amazon, in practically unknown districts. Among them were the Yamacas, Guarayos, and Atsapaquas, who, until lately, were living in the "stone age."

The two last mentioned, in the main, still retained the original customs. No white man had ever previously visited the Atsapaquas, but they were in possession of tools, etc., which they had obtained from the "palefaces" through other tribes. Though regarded as hostile, the explorers were very well received by the savages, who are nomads, and whose principal pursuits are pastoral. Unfortunately, the expedition was unable to get into contact with a fourth tribe.

The explorers marched through their territory, and were constantly watched by the people, who did not molest, but would not have any dealings with them. Of the smaller savage tribes that live in the primeval forests at the base of the Andes, it was found that where they had been humanely treated by the whites they were very peaceable. Baron Nordenskjöld got on such friendly terms with the Atsapaquas that they offered him Tamusi, the beetle of the tribe, if he would settle down as an Atsapaqua indian for the rest of his life.

He says that the Christian party civilized Indians—the Quichuas and Aymaras—living round Lake Titicaca and in the fells of the Andes are an interesting study for the ethnologist, as they have retained many customs unaltered, or but slightly modified, since the time of the Incas. Thus they worship Christ and the Virgin Mary by dances, in which the sun is used as the symbol for Christ and the moon for the Virgin Mary, mixing the symbols of their old religion with the Christian faith.

WORLD'S OLDEST INDUSTRY.

Salt Diving in the Red Sea Survival of Ancient Industry.

"There are in the holy land but a few industries and these of the most primitive kind," says W. G. FitzGerald in the Technical World Magazine. "The awful desolation of the Dead Sea, however, which lies nearly 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, is broken here and there by the salt divers, whose work is probably as ancient as the human race itself. From remotest antiquity the salt of the Dead Sea has been collected and brought to the Jerusalem market, where it is used for curing hides and for domestic purposes."

"Dead Sea water contains over 25 per cent of solid substance, of which 7 per cent is chloride of sodium, or common salt. It is chloride of magnesium which gives the water its horribly bitter taste; while the chloride of calcium makes it feel smooth and oily to the touch, so that after the very curious sensation of a bath in the Dead Sea the skin retains an oily sensation."

"The Dead Sea contains no living creature; sea fish put into its waters speedily die. Not a single boat navigates its strange waters nor is there any sign of life save the isolated parties of salt divers who scrape and slowly amass their precious glistening heaps of crystal near the mouth of the Jordan."

"When a sufficient cargo is made ready a long string of camels crosses the desert; and the salt is loaded up into panniers or 'Shewerries' and taken into Jerusalem, where it finds a ready market."

An Eden Titillatum.

Eve—There's no use talking, Adam, I can't take care of the children and do the housework, too. You've got to get a girl!

Adam (with resignation)—Oh, very well. I suppose this is where I lose another rib.—Puck.

Brutal Torture.

"Talk about the brutality of football, military drilling is worse." "Nothing brutal about drilling that I can see."

"Why, just a short time ago I saw a whole line of soldiers broken on the wheel."—Baltimore American.

Been There.

Theo. Riser—A baby in the house is a perennial wellspring of joy.

Ben. Edict—That's just it—never dries up.—Cleveland Leader.

Unless a man has unlimited faith he should never take his meals in a cheap restaurant.

It is easier for the average man to keep a dairy than a diary.



Care of the Skin.

To most persons the skin represents simply the organ of touch, and because it is customary to keep nearly all of its surface concealed, its relation to the welfare of the body is overlooked. It has, however, most important functions, such as the casting out of waste matter and the maintenance of an even body temperature, disregard of which may lead to serious disturbances of health.

But aside from its purely physiological purposes, the skin is an important influence for or against personal appearance, and its proper care is therefore worthy of consideration from this point of view alone.

Cleanliness is the greatest essential in the care of the skin. For the cleansing bath, water as hot as can be borne is best, and a good soap should be freely applied with a moderately stiff bath-brush. If the water is at all hard it is well to soften it by the addition of a little ammonia or borax. A quick sponging of the entire body with cold water should follow, in order to cause the pores relaxed by the heat to contract; and the drying should be accomplished by brisk rubbing with a coarse towel.

Although the habitual use of hot water on the face is sometimes condemned on the ground that it tends to favor the relaxation of the skin and produces wrinkles, there is no danger of this if the washing be concluded with cold water.

The sponge is a thing to be avoided, as it is difficult to keep clean, and forms a beautiful lurking-place for germs. One wash-cloth should be kept for the face alone, and this should be boiled frequently.

At night it is a good plan to rub a little pure cold-cream into the skin of the face and then wipe it off with a piece of soft linen. It is surprising how black the latter will appear when the operation is finished. Cold-cream and talcum powder and some of the cosmetics are safe and useful, but other cosmetics do more harm than good.

The development of wrinkles can be retarded, and if present they may be lessened by gentle massage with the finger tips anointed with cold-cream. A good general rule is to let the direction of the rubbing be upward and outward.

Above all, it should be remembered that cleanliness, exercise, fresh air, simple food and attention to the digestion are the most important considerations in the care of the skin.—Youth's Companion.

A Man of Many Friends.

It was characteristic of the late Sir Henry Irving to make friends of Americans whom he met in London, and to show his appreciation of the esteem and admiration in which he was held here. But it would have been asking too much to expect him to be familiar with each person's claim to his recognition. A contributor to the New York Sun says that it was often a case of "going it blind" on the part of the actor.

A certain New Yorker arriving in London found an invitation from Sir Henry to one of the famous suppers in Beefsteak Room of the Lyceum Theatre. He accepted the invitation with delight, had as good a time as the guests at these gatherings invariably did, and ultimately became a close friend of the actor.

But neither at that first supper nor at any time later did his host say a word to explain how he happened to invite a man he had never met before. So at last his American friend decided to question him on the subject.

"Tell me, Irving," he said, "how did you happen to ask me to take supper with you ten years ago in London? I've often wondered why you did it."

"So have I," answered the actor, blandly "and to save my life I was never able to recall what the reason was. But I'm sure it was a good one!"

Papa's Blessing.

The Minister—And does your papa say grace at the table, too?

The Angel Child—Yes, sir, but he doesn't say it like you do.

The Minister—What does he say?

The Angel Child—He sits down and looks around and says, "Good Lord, what a dinner!"—Cleveland Leader.

Fatal Statement.

Newitt—He's anxious to be considered a man of some social distinction.

Bunker—He's taking a queer way about it.

Newitt—Why?

Bunker—He says golf is 'merely tommyrot.'—Philadelphia Press.

Just Too Sweet.

Miss Elder—Yes, Jack asked me to be his partner for life, and I accepted.

Miss Younger—How lovely! And you will be the senior partner, won't you, dear?—Cleveland Leader.

Her Specialty.

"You see that girl? Well, she is an expert at handling the ribbons."

"Fine horsewoman, hey?"

"No; department clerk."—Baltimore American.