

THE RED STORM

Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER XII.

"Arise," said Star-Light.
Rosalthe lifted her head languidly. She had lain in the canoe she knew not how long. The voice of the Indian girl recalled her from a state bordering on unconsciousness. She looked around her like one dreaming and wondering where she was. The birchen vessel touched the shore.

"Step out," said Star-Light, and Rosalthe obeyed in silence. The Indian maiden drew the canoe out of the water and secreted it among the reeds and bushes.

That operation being completed, she motioned to Rosalthe to follow her and walked with noiseless and gliding footsteps into the forest. Star-Light proceeded in this manner until her heroine was nearly exhausted, and could with difficulty keep pace with her more practiced conductress; which the latter perceived, went forward more slowly, stopping often to assist her over rough places.

The way was so dark and lonely that Rosalthe queried whether a human foot ever had pressed that soil before, or whether a human voice ever broke the stillness of the solemn woods.

They reached an Indian hut or lodge, and it was a spot so hemmed in by stupendous forests, that it seemed to Rosalthe completely hidden from the observation of the living.

The maidens entered the lodge; it was without an occupant. Star-Light pointed to a couch of skins, and our heroine was glad to avail herself of the privilege of resting upon it; while the former kindled a fire and made preparations for cooking a meal.

Rosalthe was aroused from an uneasy slumber produced by exhaustion, and food set before her. Of these viands she partook without hesitation, resolved to appear as unconcerned and heroic as possible before her strange companion.

While she was thus employed, Star-Light was busily engaged in compounding various paints, for what purpose Rosalthe was at a loss to conceive. When the latter had ceased eating, and pushed the food from her, the Indian maiden approached with the pigments she had prepared, and the object became apparent. Rosalthe drew back in alarm.

"Foolish maiden!" exclaimed Star-Light. "What do you fear? Water will make these colors disappear. What I am about to do is necessary to your safety. I must make you look like one of my people."

"Swear that you will keep faith with me, and that I shall return in safety to Boonesborough," said Rosalthe.

"I swear," returned Star-Light. "By the Great Spirit."

"Then I submit; do with me as you will."

"White Cloud is proud," said the Indian girl, after a pause. "She is vain of her beauty; she fears that these colors will destroy it, so that Smooth-Tongue will no longer love her."

"I am ready—put it on," replied Rosalthe, submitting herself patiently to Star-Light.

The Cherokee girl gazed an instant at the handsome features of Rosalthe, and sighed.

"Star-Light is sad and unhappy," said our heroine, kindly. "Smooth-Tongue has made her heart heavy by his deceit. Let her forget him; he is bad."

"Forget him, that White-Cloud may remember him!" retorted the Indian girl, angrily.

"Star-Light is wrong; jealousy and grief have blinded her eyes. But the time will come when she will see clearly," replied Rosalthe.

The heart of Star-Light seemed to relent; she commenced laying the colors upon Rosalthe's face with no ungentle hand, while the latter sat uncomplainingly before the blazing fire, that she might see to complete the novel operation. When this part of the singular toilet was finished, the Indian girl proceeded to unfasten her hair, which was confined by a band, and let it fall unrestrained over her neck and shoulders.

In a short time Rosalthe's dark tresses were arranged to suit the fancy of Was-sahauza. From a willow basket, in one corner of the lodge, she produced an Indian dress, in all respects like her own.

Our heroine made no objections, but suffered herself to be attired in the costume of savage life. When the whole was completed, Star-Light herself looked at her with wonder and admiration; for Rosalthe appeared quite as charming in her new apparel as in her own legitimate style of dress.

"Good!" exclaimed Star-Light, holding a small mirror before her unresisting captive. Rosalthe glanced at the image reflected, and could not repress an involuntary exclamation of astonishment.

"You'll be jealous of me, now, I'm sure," she said, with a faint smile.

"If I thought you could speak the truth, I should not hate you," rejoined Star-Light, a portion of her former sternness returning.

"Let Star-Light and White-Cloud be friends," said Rosalthe, in a kindly tone. The maiden made no reply, but taking Rosalthe's hand, led her from the lodge.

"There is a village not far from here," said the former, when they had walked a short distance. "You will be safe there, for you shall dwell in my lodge, and I am the daughter of a powerful chief. You must not try to escape, for that might bring evil upon you. I will tell our young men that you come from our cousins, the Wyandots, on account of a young chief who loved you, but whom you despised. This tale will account for your appearance among us if you follow my directions. Speak to no one, and leave the rest to me."

CHAPTER XIII.
A walk of half an hour brought the maidens to the Cherokee village, which consisted of about twenty lodges, being only a minor branch of that once powerful nation.

Star-Light was passing rapidly among the huts, followed by Rosalthe, when a tall and majestic figure appeared in the narrow and well-beaten path that wound in a serpentine manner from lodge to lodge.

"Star-Light has been abroad?" he said, inquiringly.

"There is starlight all above you," replied the Indian girl, carelessly.

"But not the Star-Light that is more pleasant to Otter-Lifter than the brightness of day," returned the Indian.

"The bold chief of the Cherokees will make me sad," said Star-Light.

"He would not willingly darken the rays of joy that should continually stream up from your heart, and beam from your eyes," rejoined Otter-Lifter.

"You have not noticed our sister; she comes from our cousins, the Wyandots. She is called White-Cloud."

"The daughters of the Wyandots are comely," returned Otter-Lifter, giving Rosalthe a searching glance. "White-Cloud is welcome; she looks like the sister of Star-Light."

"Otter-Lifter has sharp eyes!" retorted Star-Light, coldly.

"May no cloud larger than that ever come between Otter-Lifter and Star-Light," replied the chief, pointing to Rosalthe.

"The Cherokee chief is making love to my cousin!" exclaimed the Indian girl, with warmth.

Otter-Lifter turned away with a smile, and the maidens passed on to the lodge near the center of the village. The lodge was a large one, divided into two compartments by buffalo skins suspended from the top, and secured at the bottom by sticks driven into the earth. In one place a skin was left to serve the purpose of a door, and through which Star-Light conducted her captive.

"This is my father's lodge," said the Indian girl. "He is one of the chiefs, and is called Githewa, or Strong-Voice, because his shout is so terrible in battle. Being a noted man, his lodge is double, as you see, and this part belongs to me and Monon. Monon is my sister."

The person last mentioned was seated on a mat near the fire; and when Star-Light mentioned her name, she arose curiously as was in keeping with Indian stoicism, and possibly, a little more.

"This White-Cloud," said Star-Light. Rosalthe seated herself on a mat, and examined Monon more particularly. She was younger than her sister, and bore a striking resemblance to her. She was fair, but her beauty was of a gentler cast than Star-Light's; and our heroine took courage from the fact, and hoped she would be able to win her friendship.

The three maidens being seated before the fire, did little else, for a time, than to throw furtive glances at each other.

Presently Star-Light and her sister began to converse in the Indian tongue, and being somewhat familiar with the language, Rosalthe soon perceived that they were talking about a white captive that one of their war parties of young men had taken at Harrodsburg. This riveted her attention, and she listened with breathless interest to all that was said. Her sympathies were more completely enlisted in the subject when she heard the prisoner was a young girl, and already condemned to death.

Rosalthe could control her feelings no longer. She asked why Otter-Lifter, being a humane chief, permitted such cruelties, to which Star-Light replied that he had nothing to do with the matter, the captive having been taken by a party of young braves, and to retaliate on the settlers at Harrodsburg for the loss of one of their number.

"But has not Otter-Lifter or your father power to save the poor girl?" inquired Rosalthe.

Star-Light made no answer, but looked steadily at the fire.

"Did not the Great Spirit intend that the pale and red faces should be perpetual enemies?" asked Monon.

"No; it is His will that all men should be brethren, and dwell together in friendship," replied Rosalthe.

"That would be best, it seems to me; but if it had been the will of the Great Spirit it would have been so; for his power is greater than man's," answered Monon.

"The fate of that unhappy young woman makes me miserable!" exclaimed our heroine, and lying down upon the couch of buffalo skins that had been spread for her, she vainly endeavored to rest. The imperfect slumbers that visited her at periods were disturbed by dreamy vagaries. It was about midnight when she felt a touch upon her arm. She opened her eyes with a start, and beheld Star-Light beside her.

"If you would see the white captive, arise and follow me," said the Indian girl.

Rosalthe lost no time in obeying; she arose and followed her from the lodge, while Monon remained sitting by the fire. Without a word being uttered by either party, they approached the spot where the unfortunate captive was waiting the execution of the sentence which had been pronounced upon her by her judges.

Two warriors lay extended upon the ground near the door of the lodge, who appeared to be sleeping soundly. Star-Light paused, evidently somewhat surprised at what she beheld.

"The Great Spirit favors us," she said in a low voice. "The warriors are full of firewater—they are drunken."

Star-Light passed on, stepping lightly within a few inches of the unconscious watchers.

Making a gesture for Rosalthe to imitate her example, she glided into the lodge. The prisoner was sitting near a smoldering fire, her hands and feet tightly bound with thongs of deer skin. She looked up with an exclamation of astonishment. The instant that Rosalthe caught a glimpse of the sorrowful face that was turned toward her, she sprang forward and embraced the doomed maiden, exclaiming, "Fanny Harrod!"

The captive uttered no words of recognition, but gazed at Rosalthe in mute surprise.

"Mino Monedo!" said Star-Light, in a suppressed but energetic manner. "What are you doing? Is this a time to embrace and weep? Come away, White-Cloud; the Drooping-Lily does not know you."

Star-Light grasped Rosalthe by the

arm and drew her away from the captive; with a knife she had severed the thongs that bound her limbs, and bade her stand up. This done, raising her hand warningly, she stepped to the door and looked a moment at the warriors before it. Satisfied, evidently, with the result of her examination, she returned, and took Fanny Harrod by the hand, and led her from the lodge.

The parties stood in the open air, and beneath the light of an unclouded moon. The face of Miss Harrod was deadly pale; her limbs trembled with agitation, and her heart beat fast with expectation and fear. She turned her marble visage toward Star-Light, or threw wild and wondering glances at Rosalthe.

The Cherokee girl paused but a moment, and then moved away from the spot, supporting the trembling form of Fanny Harrod. They had proceeded perhaps a dozen yards, when a majestic figure darkened their path, and the face of Otter-Lifter was looking calmly upon them. Miss Harrod uttered a faint cry, and fell fainting into the arms of Star-Light.

CHAPTER XIV.

Joel Logston reached Boonesborough much exhausted from the loss of blood; but he was not so weak as to be unable to give a very extraordinary account of what had transpired.

The restraint which had been imposed upon the Frenchman's actions proved by no means agreeable. He felt that he was in danger, and that many of his plans were likely to fail. He attributed all his present difficulties to young Norwood, and resolved to be fully revenged upon him. He paced the rough floor of the block-house until near midnight, devising plans of escape and retaliation.

The pioneers were in their cabins, and the Frenchman was the sole occupant of the structure. The door which opened into the inclosure was guarded by Andrew, who was soon to be relieved by Exquisite Ebony. That it would be possible to corrupt the simple black and escape was an idea that naturally crept into the mind of Le Bland. The result of this conception was the following conversation between the parties.

"Andrew?" said the Frenchman, in a low voice, putting his mouth to a loophole.

The honest African was somewhat comatose at that time; but the sound instantly aroused him, and caused him to look around in alarm. Le Bland repeated the name.

"Am dat you spokin'?" said Andrew. The prisoner answered in the affirmative without delay.

"Don't dress yourself to me," returned Andrew, with some loftiness of manner. The Frenchman gnashed his teeth with anger, and wished, for the moment, above all other things, for the privilege of wringing the negro's neck.

"But, my good Andrew, this misfortune of mine should not interrupt our friendship," added the prisoner in a deprecating tone.

"Dis chile am berry much fat-gued, and doesn't want to hear no low remarks," said Andrew, yawning.

"Come, Monsieur Andrew, don't be hard on a person who has been unfortunate."

"Stop dat talkin' dar; I'm gwine to decompose some poetry. What will rhyme w'rd 'skies,' you French feller in dar?" asked Andrew after a short silence.

"Eyes," replied Le Bland, thinking that perhaps it would be better to humor his mood.

"Dar fust line am dis," resumed the negro. "Dar moon am sailin' in de skies," added Le Bland.

"Dat am berry good," quoth Andrew, much pleased with the lines. "Listen," continued the Frenchman; "I'll assist you to compose some lines of Dinah's eyes, if you'll just let me out of this ridiculous place. Poetry is the sure road to the female heart. Andrew, you are a poet and a man of feeling."

"Ye-e, I know dat," said the negro, highly gratified by the compliment to his head and heart.

"The fact of the case is, that I am vilely slandered and villainously traduced. It is necessary in order to vindicate my character, that I should escape this block house. Now it seems to me, that a man of your sensibility must pity me, more especially when I assure you that I will give you a handsome sum of money for your services."

"Money!" exclaimed Andrew, eagerly. "Yes, Andrew; good, hard, silver pieces."

"Dat alters de circumstance. Poke out des money frew der hole," responded Andrew readily.

(To be continued.)

Cling to Their Secrets.
Bishop Hanlon, of Uganda, in describing some of his experience in Central Africa, said recently that, though many of the medicine men had been converted, they could not be induced to carry their confession so far as to divulge their undoubted valuable remedies for native disease. Some of the converted medicine women were not so reticent, but their revelations were generally worthless.

Failed to Find the Great Secret.
There is good authority for the statement that at various times Herbert Spencer, Charles Darwin, Thomas H. Huxley and Louis Pasteur were convinced that they had discovered the secret of life, but repeated tests, in which antecedent life was more carefully excluded, showed in every instance that they had been mistaken.

Kept Her Vow of Silence.
The case of Josephine Varillo has created a good deal of interest in Paris. Six years ago in resentment at a sentence of imprisonment, she vowed she would never speak again. She kept that vow, and recently the doctors discovered that she had actually become dumb.

Domestic Diplomacy.
"Women don't have logical minds," said Shrewd bluntly.

"They don't need them if they're as lucky as I am," said his wife, sweetly. "You see, I have you think for me!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Chronic Bachelor.
"They accuse me," said the chronic bachelor, "of always looking out for number one. But I'm not—I'm trying to evade her."—Cleveland Leader.



Horse Blanket.

A horse blanket particularly adapted to draft animals is the invention of a Seattle man. This blanket is so ventilated that undue accumulation of animal heat under the blanket is prevented. This is accomplished by having openings in that portion of the horse. The openings being at the highest point occupied by the blanket when arranged on the animal, the rising animal heat passes off freely. To



AFFORDS VENTILATION.

prevent water or snow from gaining access through these openings there is used a shield, which is supported above the openings by a skeleton wire frame. The reins for guiding the horse are held in place in the frame. The shield, which is made of fabric, is of greater width than the openings, thoroughly protecting the animal. Such a blanket would be suitable for livestock of any kind.

Building Up a Beef Herd.

It is important to have cattle of good individual quality and to have this backed up by good pedigrees. But it is equally important that their environment be right, writes a New York farmer in American Agriculturist. A farm that is naturally poor and grows poor crops can only develop stock of poor quality. I am positive of this. The farm on which my cattle are kept is considered one of the best in the county and is not getting any poorer with the large amount of manure my stock make. It is not what could be called high ground, but almost level and well drained. This soil is underlaid with limestone, similar to the limestone and blue grass lands of Kentucky, that have long been famous for the stock that came from them.

The Honey Muskmelon.

One of the astonishing things in vegetable growing or rather in growing vegetables for the express purpose of supplying the consumer, is the utter indifference shown by the grower to the matter of quality. The same thing applies to fruit. It would be excusable if there were no other sorts, but when there are a dozen more or less far better than the varieties offered it is strange, indeed, they are not grown. A family well known to the writer was especially fond of musk melons and bought them in large quantities until all that were offered them were so poor in quality they stopped using them and the producer lost valuable trade. The Honey melon, which has been tested for three years past, is one of the promising new sorts. It is a nicely formed melon, the skin green and the flesh a yellowish green. The flesh is firm and deep and of a

FOR RINGING THE HOGS.

strap, which fastened so as to form a loop, will enable one to get a firmer grip on the handle. Then take the rope and make a slip noose in one end, hang it from the hook on the end of the small pole and, with a quick movement, place the loop over and around the upper jaw, when the mouth is forced open. Take hold of the rope with one hand just above the noose and with the help of the ringer insert the ring or rings on the snout. The animal will be unable to fight much with this appliance around its jaw. The illustration shows the details of the pole with strap and hook and also the method of having the loop over the jaw.

Demand for Trotters.

The breeding of hackneys may answer for men of great wealth and larger incomes, but the average American farmer will find it much more profitable to breed from the best of trotting stock, says American Cultivator. He should aim to produce animals of good size, high intelligence, pleasant disposition, a pure trotting gait and high, all round action. There is always a good demand for such animals and at prices that will insure a profit to the man who breeds and raises them, provided they are properly educated to harness and well fitted for the market.

Wheat the Best Sheep Food.

Some of the experiment stations find that a pound of wheat in feeding has more nutriment than a pound of any other grain. In corn there is 8 per cent of digestible protein, barley 8.69 per cent, oats 9.25 per cent, rye 9.12, while wheat has 10.23 per cent. An English authority estimates wheat fed to lambs is worth about 70 cents per bushel. The Indiana station realized 77 cents a bushel for wheat fed to sheep.

Roots Good for Poultry.

Roots of all kinds can be fed to poultry with advantage in the winter time to supply green food. It is a good practice to split the roots and allow the hens to pick out the contents. Where the roots are small drive a nail through one end and into a board or the side of the house to prevent them from being dragged around and soiled.

Cure for Ilmberneck.

For Ilmberneck in fowls try one tablespoonful of copperas dissolved in each two gallons of drinking water. Maggots from decaying animal matter are said to produce Ilmberneck in fowls. This is doubtful, but as a matter of precaution would suggest that any carcass that may be around be buried.

To Fight Boll Weevil.

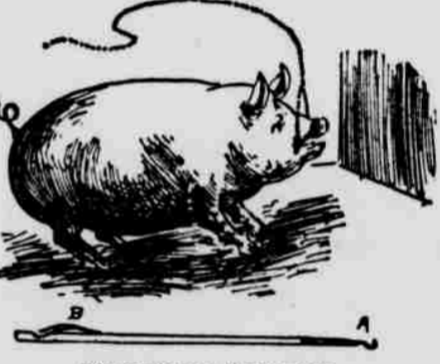
Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, asks in his report to Congress that \$105,500 be appropriated as the boll weevil item for the following year. It is proposed that the Secretary be authorized to expend the appropriation in such manner as he shall deem best, in co-operation with the State experiment stations and practical cotton growers. Of the special appropriation of \$195,000 which was made for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1906, \$105,000 has been used by the Bureau of Plant Industry in the study of cotton diseases, diversification and co-operation with the various experiment stations in extending the improved cultural methods. It is recommended that this appropriation be continued, not as a separate item, but as a part of the regular bureau funds. It is highly important, the Secretary of Agriculture adds, that the investigation on breeding of new cottons, the general propaganda work on improved cultural methods, the study of the diseases and diversification of crops, be continued and extended into other Southern States likely to be invaded by the weevil. The object of this appropriation is to enable the department to continue this work.

Milk Pays More than Butter.

The following, with reference to the decline of butter manufacture in England, is from Hon. Frank W. Mahin, United States consul at Nottingham, England: "One plausible explanation of the manifest decline in dairying in England is that it is more profitable to sell the milk, the drinking of which is increasing, than to convert it into butter. Consequently the average British farmer is making no butter to sell, but is even buying what he needs for his own use. Furthermore, it is asserted that some English dairies buy foreign butter and sell it as their own product—the domestic article, though inferior, in the judgment of many consumers, commanding a higher price than the foreign."

Ringed Unruly Hogs.

When the sows get unruly and inclined to make trouble of various kinds they can be readily controlled by an arrangement made of ropes and placed around the jaws of the animal. Such a rope is not easy to put in position with an angry hog, so a little device made of an old broom handle is used. Insert a small hook in one end of the handle and near the other end nail a



FOR RINGING THE HOGS.

strap, which fastened so as to form a loop, will enable one to get a firmer grip on the handle. Then take the rope and make a slip noose in one end, hang it from the hook on the end of the small pole and, with a quick movement, place the loop over and around the upper jaw, when the mouth is forced open. Take hold of the rope with one hand just above the noose and with the help of the ringer insert the ring or rings on the snout. The animal will be unable to fight much with this appliance around its jaw. The illustration shows the details of the pole with strap and hook and also the method of having the loop over the jaw.

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THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



Short Personals.

John Brisbane Walker, the editor, was the pioneer in the steam automobile business in this country.

Benjamin M. Jennings of Casey county, Ky., has been presented with an extremely large diamond stud by King Edward, which is said at one time to have been the property of Paul Kruger.

In emulation of Benjamin Franklin, Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston has donated \$1,000 to form a fund that is to accumulate interest for 100 years, to be then expended for purposes which will, in the opinion of the board at that time, best serve the interest of humanity.

The most favored man in the kingdom of Siam is an American named Strobel. He is the king's counsel, and his majesty takes no important step without consulting his attorney general.

Dr. William R. Brooks, director of the Smith observatory at Geneva, N. Y., who discovered the first comet of the year, has now twenty-five discoveries to his credit.

Israel Zangwill has now taken up boxing and is said to be fast developing into an expert. He was advised to learn the art by his physician, who thought he needed exercise.

1408—Battle of Branham Moor.

1437—James I. of Scotland murdered.

1510—Hernando Cortes sailed from Cuba to conquer Mexico.

1619—Luclio Vanini burnt as an atheist at Toulouse.

1656—Spain declared war against England.

1684—Bradford paid for printing first book in New York City.

1749—Riot in Haymarket, London, over failure of a man to jump into a quart bottle as promised.

1759—French siege of Madras raised.

1763—Seven years' war ended.

1778—First salute to American flag by a foreign government.

1780—British under Gen. Clinton invaded South Carolina.

1792—American Congress granted a bounty to fishing vessels.

1793—British flag raised on the island of Corsica.

1803—Ohio admitted as the seventeenth State.

1804—U. S. frigate Philadelphia destroyed in harbor of Tripoli.

1807—Aaron Burr arrested near Fort Stoddard, Alabama.

1812—Florida ceded to the United States by Spain.

1815—Frigate Constitution captured British sloop Cyane and Levant.

1818—Gen. Jackson took the field against the Florida Indians.

1831—Poles defeated Russians at Grochow.

1853—Ship Independence lost off Lower California; 140 persons perished.

1856—Ship John Rutledge sunk by an iceberg.

1860—Ship Hungarian lost off Cape Sable; 205 persons perished.

1861—Jefferson Davis inaugur