

# THE RED STORM Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)  
"But how shall I get out?" inquired the Frenchman, who could not see how he was to be greatly benefited by the operation which the black had suggested.  
"The best way you ken; you can't come free de door," was the rejoinder.  
"Get me an ax, then, and let me cut my way out."  
"How much money?" asked Andrew.  
"Three silver dollars—more than you ever had in the course of your whole life, probably."  
"Hand out the currency," said the negro.

After a few moments of reflection, Le Bland was about to pass out the money, when he heard the voice of Ebony without; but this did not discourage him, for he believed that the African would be disposed to sympathize with his master, and so he inclined to favor his escape.  
Accordingly the prisoner did not hesitate to state the proposition which he had made to Andrew. The matter was discussed in low voices by the two worthies; and they finally concluded that for an additional dollar, they would be completely justified in disclosing the place where the ax was secreted in the block house.

Should the Frenchman be fortunate enough to free himself by the aid of that implement, Andrew and his friend supposed that they could not be very deeply implicated in the affair.  
So the stipulated sum was duly transferred (through one of the port holes pierced in the walls) to the hands of the negroes, and the promised information given.

But here a new difficulty presented itself; would not the sound of his blows alarm all the sleepers in Boonesborough? After considerable searching, aided by the faint light shining in at the loopholes, and by the sense of touch, Le Bland discovered a place where his operations promised to be most successful. But the first blow resounded loudly through the empty structure.

"Stop dat noise dar!" cried Andrew, authoritatively. "Massa Boone's down by de gate."  
"I must abandon the attempt," said Le Bland, thoughtfully, for a new and more feasible plan had suggested itself to his mind. "You may keep the money, Andrew, and say nothing about what has taken place."  
"I knew you could not do nuffin in dat line," replied Andrew; and wishing the prisoner good night, he walked away with the silver safely deposited in his pocket, singing in the happiest possible frame of mind.

The moment Andrew's voice had ceased to be heard, Le Bland hastened to sound Ebony's feelings in regard to his imprisonment, and to ascertain so fast as he was able, whether he could reasonably expect any immediate assistance from Mr. Alston.  
The result was satisfactory. He soon discovered that Esquiste Ebony had received instructions, and was ready to favor his escape, providing that it could be so adroitly managed that he could not well be suspected of having any direct agency in the same.

While a low conversation was going on between the Frenchman and the negro, Mr. Alston himself cautiously approached the block house.  
"Yes, I am here, my friend," said the person referred to. "How do you find yourself?"

"I find myself a prisoner and very poorly treated," replied Le Bland, rather haughtily. "Free me from this disgraceful thralldom. Let me not be pent up here, while every moment seems an age to me, and, while I appear to hear each instant the despairing cries of Rosalthe; and for my apparently unpardonable tardiness, to meet her reproving glances. I am ready to pluck out my beard with vexation. My impatience to serve and save the best of women drives me to the confines of madness. And yet you come and say, 'I am your friend; I spoke in your behalf.' Thrice accursed are these unyielding walls! they hold me from action when it is most needed. Perhaps it is already too late; the pile may be lighted—the fagots even now blazing in flames mounting to the skies."  
"Hold!" exclaimed Mr. Alston. "Your words torture me beyond endurance. The shrieks of my idolized girl are in my ears—her agonies penetrate my soul."  
"Demolish these walls! open the door! give me liberty! give me the free air! This restraint will make me frantic. To breathe this air another moment will succumb me. I am, while here, like the poor fish transferred from his loved element to dry land. I gasp—I struggle with my fate like it. Make haste, then, to relieve me. Consult not cold and selfish prudence; think not of false fears of professed friends, and the falsehood of concealed enemies. Act, and act quickly. Your friend demands it; your daughter invokes it."

"Before heaven!" cried Alston, "I will comply with your request, let the consequences be what they may. My doubts (if I ever entertained a single doubt) vanish; I give them to the winds. When I hear your tones, I hear only the voice of sincerity and truth; I feel that there is no hypocrisy within you, let others cry out as they will. Now I am ready to serve you."  
"Is Captain Boone still walking about within the works?" asked Le Bland.  
"No; he concluded his observations and returned to his cabin a few moments since," replied Mr. Alston.  
"That is well; now I must contrive to escape without implicating you."  
"Generous friend!" said Alston, pleased to behold so much ingenuously.  
"Let Ebony mount to the roof," continued the Frenchman, "and remove, with my co-operation, a sufficient portion of the same to allow me a comfortable egress. Once upon the top of the block house, I will drop down upon the outside and the object will be accomplished."

"The plan is judicious and practical," remarked Mr. Alston. "Ebony, get suitable implements and climb up and open an aperture of the proper dimensions; but work softly and throw yourself down flat on the roof if any one appears."  
Ebony made haste to obey these commands, and in a short time he was industriously at work on the top of the block house, while the Frenchman gave directions and assisted him from the interior. The work progressed successfully; the timbers were displaced by means of a lever. The Frenchman emerged from the opening, and the implements which had been employed were so placed as to convey the idea that all had been effected from the inside.

A rifle and ammunition were passed up to him. He seized them hastily, dropped down upon the front side of the block house and hurried away.  
CHAPTER XV.  
The hour of midnight had passed on, and other hours had followed in its noiseless track. It was near the break of day; but the bush of night lay more deeply, and far more darkly, upon the face of the earth than since the sun went down. The moon had finished her course, and passing away to other regions left darkness and gloom on the places where her beams had flickered so pleasantly.

Daniel Boone and Mr. Fleming stood near the gate that opened from the stockades for ingress and egress. Each of the sturdy pioneers held in his hand his trusty rifle—weapons which had been proved upon many a bloody day.  
"This," said Captain Boone, "is the hour which has ever been so fatal to our countrymen. The savages always select it for a surprise; and how many hundreds have been slain between sleeping and waking."  
"Yes, my brave lads, this is the time when we may naturally expect the uncivilized critters," said Joel Logston, who appeared at that moment, followed by Vesuvius.

"You ought not to go abroad in the open air until you have recovered from your recent wounds," observed Captain Boone.  
"The air'll do 'em good; I never was afraid of the air; I ain't one of 'em kind. I can't sleep where there's any danger, or any reasonable prospect of a fight. Isn't it so, Vesuvius?"  
At this instant the singular quadruped referred to began to give vent to low and energetic growls, sniffing the air, erecting the hair upon his back, and walking defiantly about the enclosure near the stockades.  
"What does that mean?" asked Fleming.  
"It means that he scents somethin' as he don't like," replied Logston.  
"I suspect that there are Indians near," remarked Daniel Boone.  
"If you're allers as near the truth as that, you won't have to answer for much sin of that natur'," said Joel.  
"Perhaps we had better call out the men," added Captain Boone.  
"I think you had, by all means; for there's be an uncommon uproar here soon, 'cordin' to my notion of things," replied Joel.

The settlers now began to leave their cabins and gather about their leader in silence. Mr. Alston appeared among them with a melancholy and dejected air, for he was doubtless thinking of his daughter.  
"I cannot bear this torturing suspense and inaction much longer," he remarked, approaching Captain Boone. "Although not very skillful in Indian tactics, and unused to the trail, I shall, nevertheless, make some effort to recover my beloved Rosalthe."  
"I can appreciate your feelings, Mr. Alston. You feel as all fathers would under the circumstances," said Boone. "But rest assured that there are those now in pursuit of your daughter who are far more experienced than yourself, and who will never return without some tidings of the lost one."  
"Yes, I must try to bear up like a man," replied Alston, sighing. "Is there any immediate danger of an attack?"  
"I am strongly inclined to think so," was the reply.  
"I am differently persuaded. I think the danger has been greatly magnified. As you are aware, I have but little faith in this story of a fearful conspiracy," rejoined Alston.  
"Look yonder, in the name of heaven, and tell me what new mystery is that which I now behold!" exclaimed the forester, with startling emphasis.  
Instantly all eyes were turned toward the block house, where Le Bland was supposed to be yet in durance. Dusky figures were seen on top of the structure, disappearing one after another through the roof. The hardy pioneers gazed at this astonishing sight in mute wonder. For a moment they seemed like men utterly deprived of the powers of volition. The danger had appeared in an unexpected quarter and in a more dreaded form than they had anticipated.  
"Captain Boone was the first to speak and to act. 'We must stop this!' he exclaimed, 'or we are little better than dead men!' and instantly discharged his rifle at one of the dark forms. Three or four of the settlers followed his example. The fire was immediately returned from the block house with effect, for one of the men fell.  
"We are to be shot down from our own block houses and through the loopholes pierced by our own hands," cried the captain. "Mr. Logston, be added, 'take half a dozen men and take possession of the other block house and prevent any more from entering the works, while I try to drive the enemy from this.'"  
Brandishing a hatchet, the old pioneer rushed toward the stronghold occupied by the Indians. The little party was met by a severe fire; Mr. Alston, who was among the foremost, received a wound which prevented him from taking any further part in the struggle.  
The savages had the advantage, the guns leveled from the several loopholes completely covering Boone and his men. A few of them reached the door of the block house; but it could not be forced open, and even had they succeeded in doing so it would have been rushin' to

destruction. The consequence was, the storming party was obliged to retreat.  
Perceiving that nothing could be effected without more deliberation, order, and concert of action, they proceeded to superintend and protect the passage of the women and the children from the cabins to the block house in the other angle of the works. This important measure was effected without loss, although they were frequently fired upon.  
While these movements were taking place within the station, there was much shouting and tumult without. Several attempts were made to mount the top of the block house, which met with a prompt repulse from the settlers, whose position commanded the entire front of the fort. As has been observed, the block houses, projecting twenty fathoms beyond the cabins, prevented effectually the possibility of the enemy's making a lodgment before them.  
"This," said Logston, addressing Mr. Alston, who was having his wounds dressed, "this is the work of your Frenchman."  
"I am still incredulous," replied Alston.  
"Where is Andrew?" inquired Boone.  
"Here, massa," said Andrew.  
"Was Le Bland in the block house when you went away from it?"  
"Yes, massa."  
"Did he make any attempt to escape?" continued Boone, sternly.  
"He spoke about dat ar subject."  
"Did he offer you money, or hold out any inducement for you to assist him to escape?" added the forester, still more sternly.  
"Yes, massa," said Andrew, quailing before the penetrating glances of Boone. Unfortunately for him, in his perturbation he thrust his hands into his pockets so desperately that the jingle of silver coin was distinctly heard.  
"What have you got in your pockets?" asked Boone.  
"Nuffin but nails, massa—not a single 'line," returned the negro, his manner plainly giving the lie to his words.  
"Search his pockets," said the captain, turning to Logston, who stood near.  
Joel, ever ready to do the bidding of his superior, laid his hands upon the trembling Andrew, which Vesuvius observing, concluded that it was the signal for some extraordinary demonstration on his part, and instantly displayed all his sharp teeth, and approached him with intentions most sinister and alarming.  
Andrew, overcome by the sense of so many dangers, fell upon his knees, and declared he would confess all about the matter, which he did, with but a few trifling prevarications; protesting most strenuously that he had no intention whatever of assisting the Frenchman to escape.  
Ebony was next questioned; but emboldened by the presence of Mr. Alston, fearlessly asserted that he was wholly ignorant of the transaction, and that the first intimation which he had received that anything was going wrong was the report of Captain Boone's rifle when he shot at the Indians.  
Although perfectly assured in his own mind that Ebony knew more than he chose to divulge, the forester ceased to press his questions farther, for the influence of the danger required prompt action.

(To be continued.)

An Incident.  
"What is the color 'chatain'?" a certain young man asked of a venerable Creole lady whose hair was white as snow.  
She rummaged through her mind for terms of explanation, being a little liable to forget English words at times.  
Finally, however, she replied:  
"Chatain, dat is the color of my hair, you understand, when I was young!"  
And then she smiled with satisfaction at the exact manner in which she had explained the term, while the questioner still wondered what color "chatain" was.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Disposken.  
"No, thank you," said Miss De Mure, "I don't care to meet any new young men."  
"My!" exclaimed Miss Gaddie; "you're select all of a sudden."  
"No," replied Miss De Mure, glancing dreamily at her new ring; "I've merely been selected all of a sudden."  
—Denver Times.

In Burglardom.  
Bill Sykes—I see as how de sculptors is goin' ter restore one of de old Eyclalian churches.  
Jimmy Jackson—Good Gawd! Youse don't mean ter tell me dat de booglers ever had de noive ter swipe a hull church!—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Intelligent Ant.  
Among insects the most intelligent are those of the ant tribe, while next to them rank wasps. Bees come some way lower down the scale. Beetles are hopelessly stupid, but even they are not as bad as butterflies and moths.

Prosperous Japanese.  
Real destitution is rarely seen in Japan, though some of its inhabitants are very poor, yet all seem to be fairly well fed, clothed and housed, and are invariably cheerful. Nearly all Japanese are of cleanly habits and rarely untidy.

No Intentional Disloyalty.  
Miss Wytheropp—Mr. Newcome remarked to you that I didn't show my age, didn't he?  
Miss Knox—Not exactly. He said you were careful to conceal it.—Philadelphia Press.

A Miss.  
"How did Jack get out of marrying Miss De Turmond?" She fairly threw herself at his head.  
"I know, but women never can throw straight."—Cleveland Leader.

Czar's Big Estate.  
The Czar has a single estate covering 100,000,000 acres—three times the size of England.

Berlin local trains now have special compartments for "passengers with dogs."



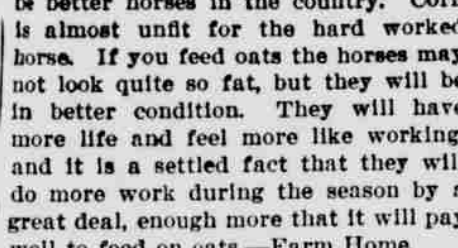
Permanent Ash Hopper.  
We all know what a bother it is to have to leave pressing work to empty the ash hopper, and how hard it is to lift the ashes out, it produces considerable vexation, too, when the wife wants the hopper emptied and filled, and husband thinks he hasn't time to do it. If wife has it to empty, as many do, why not make one that she can empty in a few minutes, without any lifting? Here is the plan of ours, which holds about three barrels. The cut explains itself. The upper end is made separate, boards fastened together by means of cleats, and sets inside



or on top of sides, and top cleat extends beyond inner edges of posts, and by missing up with lever comes through notches in posts, thus taking whole end out of hopper. We use a hollow tree for trough, and if desired the whole can be roofed over, and made to last almost a lifetime.—C. E. Pleas.

Cost of Feeding.  
The Massachusetts experiment station kept track of the cost of feed eaten by three farm horses for five years. The feed consisted of hay, corn, oats and other common feeding stuffs. The cost of the ration averaged from 15 1/2 to 24 3/4 cents per head daily. At the Oklahoma station Kaffir corn was used quite extensively. With Kaffir corn and ordinary corn at 20 cents a bushel, oats 25 cents, bran 25 cents per 100 pounds, the average cost of a work horse's daily ration was 17 cents. If all horse owners understood how good oats are for horse feed there would be better horses in the country. Corn is almost unfit for the hard working horse. If you feed oats the horses may not look quite so fat, but they will be in better condition. They will have more life and feel more like working, and it is a settled fact that they will do more work during the season by a great deal, enough more that it will pay well to feed on oats.—Farm Home.

Good Water Trough for Hog.  
A correspondent of Practical Farmer says: I am herdsman at the Oklahoma Agricultural College, and have used the following for more than a year to water hogs and sheep. Take a good barrel, paint it heavily with tar or lead. Bore a 1/2-inch hole in side of barrel 5 inches from bottom and a 1-inch hole in top; then make a box 2 feet square and 6 inches deep; put barrel in box, put a plug in lower hole and fill barrel with water by pouring in top. Make an air-tight plug, coat both ends with tar, drive in top hole tight, remove lower plug and box will fill to



top of lower hole and remain there until barrel is empty. The barrel must be absolutely air-tight. Best to place on a floor for hogs.

A New Movement in Education.  
The Missouri State Board of Agriculture in co-operation with the Agricultural College has just inaugurated a new educational campaign. Lecturers are being sent to the country schools in various parts of the State to speak to the children and parents upon practical problems of farming. Usually two lectures are given at each place, one in the afternoon and one at night. In many places 75 to 100 farmers attend the meetings, often going miles over muddy roads. The funds in the hands of the board are not sufficient to enable it to send lecturers to every schoolhouse, but the enthusiasm with which the farmers receive the instruction leads to the belief that Missouri is beginning a new era in agricultural education.

Good Hay and Pea Yield.  
Henry Warden, of Fredericksburg, Md., writes to Southern Planter that one of his fields seeded with New Era cowpeas produced a ton of hay and 16 15-100 bushels of peas per acre. Another field seeded with Whip-poor-will cowpeas produced 1.3 tons of hay and about ten bushels of peas per acre.

Farm Notes.  
If you would keep up the fertility of your farm, never sell any feed. Keep enough stock to utilize it all.

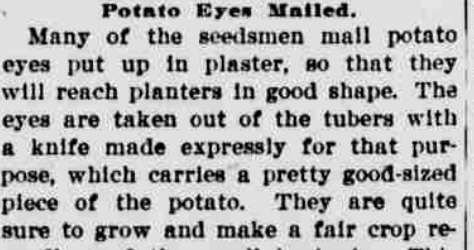
Never trust a horse which has once run away. There is no excuse for letting him repeat the performance.  
There is an old notion that a cow will fall in her milk when fed on pumpkins; but there is no truth in the theory.

Farm Incomes in Canada.  
One speaker at Montreal during a recent session of the Canadian tariff commission said that the average farm in Huntingdon County represented an investment of \$5,000. On such a farm there would be twelve cows of a total value of \$420. Two cows would fatten two pigs and four calves. The revenue from the milk and milk products of twelve cows amounted to about \$420 a year; from the two pigs and four calves, \$100. They would sell two beehives at \$40 each. From the sale of horses, one in two years, apples and small stuff, there would be another \$100. The produce of the farm eaten annually by a family of six was estimated at \$180; therefore there was a total revenue of \$840 a year. To work such a farm required the services of two men and one woman, worth in all a value of \$450 and their board at \$6 a month. Then there would be expenditure for blacksmith's service, harness, and various items of wear and tear, to amount to \$100. Thus, the total expense reached the sum of \$772, which, deducted from a total revenue of \$840, left a balance of \$68. Another speaker gave the balance sheet of an average dairy farm, showing receipts of \$1,205 and expenditures of \$563, leaving \$690 for living, clothing, education, excursions, etc.

Potato Eyes Mailed.  
Many of the seedsmen mail potato eyes put up in plaster, so that they will reach planters in good shape. The eyes are taken out of the tubers with a knife made expressly for that purpose, which carries a pretty good-sized piece of the potato. They are quite sure to grow and make a fair crop regardless of the small beginning. This is a cheap means of getting started in new varieties or of obtaining pure stock from some of the standard varieties.

One hundred eyes, assorted to include a half dozen sorts, may be ordered packed in one box. These will cost about \$1, with charge prepaid. The cost is hardly worth mentioning when compared to the advantage of having some pure stock of known varieties. They are not mailed until danger of freezing is past.

A Portable Stock Fence.  
The frame of this portable fence is made 12 feet by 3.5 feet, of 1 by 6



inch lumber, that will not twist or warp. The pieces are securely nailed at the corners. Wire fencing is stretched over the frame and well stapled. The hurdle is made of three pieces of the same material as is used in the frame. Nail them together as illustrated and cut a notch in the crosspiece at the bottom to receive one of the tongues on the fence frame; the other two rests in the notch formed by the two upright pieces.—Farmers' Bulletin.

Stupendous Farm Wealth.  
The wealth production on farms in 1905 reached the highest amount ever attained by the farmer of this or any other country, "a stupendous aggregate of results of brain and muscle and machine," amounting in value to \$5,415,000,000. The wealth produced on farms in 1905 exceeds that of 1904 by 4 per cent, that of 1903 by 8 per cent and that shown by the census figures for 1899 by 36 per cent. Should there be no relapse from his present position as a wealth producer three years hence the farmer will find that the farming element, about 35 per cent of the population, has produced an amount of wealth within ten years equal to one-half of the entire national wealth produced in three centuries.

Care of Stock.  
The care of stock takes precedence of other kinds of work at this season. The animals are now in their winter quarters and wholly dependent on the owner or caretaker. Their present condition and future usefulness will largely correspond with the carefulness and good judgment exercised in their favor during the coming few months. Comfortable stables, judicious feeding and kindly treatment are things that will pay right along.—American Cultivator.

Back to the Farm.  
A larger percentage of students of agriculture are going back to the farm after graduating than ever before. The reason is that the importance of an agricultural education is being better understood, and appreciated accordingly. Good farming is paying better than it ever did before, and it is recognized that more brains are required to make a success of farming than in any other occupation.

Distemper.  
This disease is sometimes called strangles. It usually causes an abscess to form in the neighborhood of the throat or root of the tongue and when this discharges the horse soon gets better. A hot poultice should be applied to the throat and changed twice a day until the swelling bursts or disappears. Give soft feed, do not work the horse and give twice daily a teaspoonful of powdered chlorate of potash.

Told by the Typewriter.  
The following correspondence explains itself:  
"Mr. Thompson presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson, and begs to request that he will keep his pigs from trespassing on his ground."  
"Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Thompson, and requests that in future he will not spell his pigs with two gees."  
"Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson, and he will feel obliged if he will add the letter 'e' to the last word in the note just received, so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady."  
"Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's note unopened, the impertinence it contains being only equalled by its vulgarity."

A cremated adult human body leaves a residuum of gray ashes which altogether do not weigh more than about two pounds.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, Etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It Surprised Her.  
The amateur photographer, in the goodness of his heart, often promises copies of his pictures to any one who happens to be standing in range of the camera when it is "fired." Unfortunately, falling memory usually intervenes to prevent fulfillment of the promises.

It happened that a young man taking "views" on the summit of Fort Hill, Vicksburg, found a dilapidated cabin the foreground of one of them. "Hello, there, aunty!" he called to the negro woman in the doorway. "Step out on the gallery and get in the picture."  
"You goin' gimme one o' dem pictures?" she demanded.  
"Give you a picture?" repeated the photographer. "No. Don't think it for a minute. Stand up and look your prettiest, now."

The old woman looked at him a moment in amazement. Then she turned and shouted to some one inside.  
"Foh de land's sake!" she said. "O! man, come out yeah an' get yuh picture took. Heah's a young man dat ain't a-lyin' about it. Dey's been two hundred people tooken pictures of me on dis galley, an' en' ev'ry las' one of 'em say he gwine send me a picture—but nary picture I ever see yit. Look yuh purties, o! man. Dis young man look like he ain't tellin' no lies to us."

During the last two decades the improvement in the reciprocating steam engine has kept fully abreast of the remarkable progress in electrical development to such a degree that, notwithstanding the multiplication of gas engines and turbines and the wide distribution of water power by electrical transmission, the use of the steam engine is increasing faster today than ever before. Many mammoth industrial plants are exclusively engaged in building steam boilers and engines, and it is the proud boast of one of these, the Atlas Engine works, of Indianapolis, that it averages a complete boiler and engine outfit of fifty horsepower every thirty minutes of the working day.

When the visitor to their plant has gone through two or three of their great water-tubes, where he saw hundreds of steam engines of various types and sizes, and emerges upon a boiler yard of twenty acres, that looks like a perfect sea of boilers, the old question of what becomes of all the pins is forgotten and he wonders where upon earth use can be found for all the boilers and engines turned out by this one concern. But, if he will watch the loading process, he will see ten or twelve trainloads per day go out, labeled for destinations all over the world and will gain some notion of the magnitude of the world's work. Then, when he is told that this one concern, leviathan of the trade though it is, does not produce ten per cent of the world's output of steam boilers and engines, he will begin to realize how vast is the production and consumption of steam power throughout the world.

The Ruling Passion.  
Old Stoxanbons—Are you sure that you can no longer control the thing?  
His Chauffeur—Yes, sir. I'm afraid it will get away from me very soon.  
Old Stoxanbons—Then for heaven's sake run into something cheap!—Puck.

Civic Art Problems.  
The treatment of minor open spaces in village and city, one of the most interesting problems of civic art today, will be the subject of an article by Sylvester Baxter in the April Century. Among the illustrations, by Jules Guerin, of Mr. Baxter's text, will be pictures of Grand Circle, with the Columbus monument, and Centies slip, New York, the first showing the effectiveness of formal treatment of an open space at the conjunction of important streets; the second the possibilities of securing a restful effect of roominess in a limited area.

According to Mr. Baxter—and quite contrary to the popular impression—the Boston Public Garden has exerted a most demoralizing influence upon gardening art in the United States, because of its lavish employment of rich and expensive material "in a fashion unguided by any true principle of design."  
Other examples, good and bad, of public squares in different cities and villages will be treated in Mr. Baxter's article.