

THE RED STORM Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER XVI.

A hurried consultation was now held among the veteran woodsmen, to determine what should be done. Some suggested that a party of picked men should advance with axes, burst in the door and meet the savages face to face. But a young man by the name of Reynolds proposed a plan which appeared most practicable. It was this: One party was to remain in the building where they were, another advance to make an assault upon the door of the structure held in possession by the Indians, while a third would attempt to gain an entrance by running along the roofs of the intervening cabins and effect their object through the same aperture by which the enemy had found access.

This scheme appeared very feasible, for the party remaining could protect the party upon the roof from the fire of the enemy outside the works; and the third party, making a simultaneous attack upon the door, would divert the enemy, giving them two points to defend instead of one.

This measure was so well planned and conducted that it was crowned by complete success, and every Indian within the block house was slain.

The struggle after the parties entered the building was brief, but sanguinary, and the shouts of victory in one block house were answered by shouts of joy from the other. The pioneers now had possession of their works; but the victory was by no means complete, for the frightful yells of hundreds of savages filled the wide forests with dreadful echoes, and blanched the cheeks of women and children. Wives and mothers thought of the husbands they had lost by the hatchet, by the well-spined ball, by the knife, or the more lingering death of torture. Fair young maidens thought of their lovers, and little children clasped their mothers' knees in terror, their tiny hands trembling with indescribable fear.

The red sun came and shone upon many pale faces at Boonesborough. The firing ceased on both sides. "You observe, men," said Boone, "that the Indians fire indiscriminately at our fort and waste much powder and lead; but we must not follow their example, for ammunition is worth much more to us than gold or silver; it is more precious than diamond dust. Fire only when you see a mark, and the noisy, bragging rascals will soon keep at a distance. I know well the worth of ammunition, for I passed weary months alone in this wilderness, while my brother performed a long and dangerous journey to North Carolina for a fresh supply. The time, during his absence, often hung heavily on my hands. I was surrounded by those who continually sought my life, and for purposes of safety changed my camping ground every night. You may depend upon it, I wasted no powder during that period! That experience taught me a lesson of prudence I shall never forget."

"I want to speak a word to you privately," said Logston, making signs to the captain to follow. "I think I've seen that French fellow."

"What makes you think so?" asked the other.

"Because I saw a face that looked like his, notwithstanding the paint that had been laid on it. I was loading my rifle at the time, and afore I got ready to fire he had disappeared. So you can rely on it, he's among the critters, helpin' them on in their mischief."

"It does not seem possible, at first, that a man who has received so much kindness at our hands can be so villainously ungrateful and treacherous. Watch for him, Logston, and if you can see him or any one that looks like him, be sure to cover him with your rifle," said Boone.

"I'll do it! May I be trodden to death by wild buffaloes if I don't!" exclaimed Joel, with energy.

The latter and the captain were soon joined by others, and a very important subject was discussed. As it was evident that the station would be besieged, it was necessary that they should be supplied with water. The spring was situated in the rear of the fortifications. There was a well-beaten path leading to it, and the same for a long distance was surrounded by rank grass and weeds, in which they had good reason to suppose a large body of Indians had secreted themselves. To do without water was out of the question.

"I have studied the habits of the savages for many years," observed Mr. Fleming, "and I believe that I know something of their cunning. If our men go for water they will surely be fired upon, and many of them must inevitably be slain."

"I think that female wit can free you from this dilemma," said Matilda Fleming, with blushing cheeks. "It shall be our duty, then, to go to the spring and procure water. If we go calmly, they will naturally conclude that their ambuscade is not discovered, and will not fire, but wait, thinking that the next time some of the men will take our places, seeing that we were not molested."

"Yes, we will go!" exclaimed Elizabeth Boone and Eliza Ballard.

"You are brave gals," said Joel Logston.

"The plan is a good and judicious one," observed Mrs. Boone, and Mrs. Fleming, and all the females said the same.

After the objections made by the men had been successfully overruled by the women, the plan was put into operation. In a short time the latter appeared with pails, resolved to sacrifice themselves, if the occasion demanded, for those they loved. The gates were opened by unwilling hands, the devoted and brave women passed out, and the gallant defenders of Boonesborough gazed after them with intense anxiety.

It was a moment fraught with deep and painful interest. It was observed that Joel Logston kept his eyes fixed upon the comely figure of Eliza Ballard, and watched her retreating form with pale cheeks.

"I can guess your thoughts, Joel,"

said Daniel Boone, in a low voice. "You are wishing that you could interpose your own person between her and the deadly shafts of the lurking enemy."

"Right, sir, right!" exclaimed Logston, grasping the captain's hand. "Heaven knows I would risk my life for her without a single fear."

When Joel had ceased speaking, the parties had reached the spot where the cool waters gushed up from the earth, and sparkled pleasantly in the morning sun.

CHAPTER XVII.

Ballard, after parting with Kenton and Norwood, struck out into the forest in a southeastern direction, leaving the Kentucky river a little to the left. The scout was in ill humor, for he was fully persuaded in his own mind that Allan was a person to disarrange and foil the most skillfully devised plans that experienced woodcraft could contrive.

"He's a green hand," he muttered to himself. "He's a stumblin' block in my way. I don't want to be in such company; I want men who have walked up and down this great country as I have, when there was a painted cretur' behind every bush, and no man could safely say his life was his own for the next three seconds. He won't never get back to Boonesborough with a whole skin. Sumthin' in the course of natur' will naturally break."

Having arrived at this stage, and to him self-evident conclusion, the scout paused to deliberate on the object of his present mission. In a short time he moved on again, decided upon some particular course of action. He traversed beautiful woodlands, lying in uniform and graceful swells, where the wild grape vines mounted gigantic trees, where innumerable flowers breathed their perfume to the balmy air.

It was near the hour of sunset when Ballard reached the hills. The forester was thirsty and looked about for water. Hearing the murmur of a rivulet, he advanced in that direction and discovered a small stream gushing from the hills.

Thinking to find cooler and more refreshing waters nearer the source of the spring, he followed the streamlet. He soon perceived that it flowed from one of the highest of the range of hills, the sides of which were nearly perpendicular. As the scout threw himself down to drink, he observed that the ground about the spot seemed considerably trodden. He instantly examined this appearance more particularly and was convinced that human feet had recently pressed the soil; and not merely on one or two occasions, but so often that a tolerably well-defined path was discernible. Having satisfied his thirst, Ballard discovered that the water gushed from an open space in the hillside, a few steps beyond, and the spot was over a ground with grapevines and hazel, while the slight footpath tended in that direction was lost.

The scout approached the place and, pulling away the vines, perceived, much to his surprise, the mouth of a small cave. Having gazed into the dark and forbidding aperture until his eyes had become in some measure accustomed to the darkness, he entered the subterranean abode. He groped his way along until he reached a place where he could stand erect. He was straining his powers of vision to the utmost, when he was prostrated by a heavy blow upon his head. Before the scout had fairly recovered his senses his hands and feet were securely bound.

"Come in," said a gruff voice. "I've got him where he can't do no mischief. Come in and kindle a fire, and let us see who we've caught."

Ballard turned his eyes toward the mouth of the cave, and saw two females glide in. They passed the spot where he was lying, and one of them lighted a pile of fagots that had been previously prepared, and heaped against a large rock with a cleft at the top which allowed the smoke to pass out.

The flames leaped up cheerfully, and flung a ruddy glare of light upon the features of the scout. The individual who had knocked him down and bound him, stood by like a surly mastiff, who, having conquered his adversary, stands by to give him an additional shake, if necessary.

"It's Ballard!" he exclaimed, when the scout's features were revealed by the firelight.

"You shouldn't knock a man down without an introduction," said the spy, coolly.

"So you've tracked me at last," said the man.

"I reckon I have," returned the scout, "and would like to track my way back again."

"You've made the last tracks you'll ever make!" cried the other, fiercely.

"I knew something would break," answered Ballard.

"You've got a broken head already, and it's my opinion you'll get a broken neck before you get through with this business," retorted the man.

"I have a notion your name is McKee, the bosom friend of that villainous piece of human natur' called Silas Girty," said the scout.

"Draw it mild or I may make an end of you on the spot," answered McKee savagely. "You have always been a spy on our movements, and your death has been resolved on for a long time. Girty and I have been after you for many weeks."

"Thank ye," said Ballard.

"Girty will be here in the morning," resumed McKee.

"I should rather have seen him yesterday morning," observed the scout, honestly.

"No doubt—no doubt!" returned McKee, with a sinister grin.

Ballard felt little inclination to continue the conversation so late at night, and accordingly turned his attention toward the two females. The elder of the two was obviously of the Indian race, while the younger was evidently her daughter. Both were clad in the costume of savage life. The younger was

about 18 years of age, and though a half-breed remarkably handsome. The scout watched her movements with increasing interest, for he fancied he read indications of pity and sympathy in her countenance, while her dark eyes and rosy cheeks made a deep impression on his bachelor heart.

During the preparation of the evening meal he did not cease to follow her every motion with his eyes. When McKee had finished his supper in sullen silence Ballard was removed to another portion of the cavern, and additional means of security made use of. Having accomplished this business satisfactorily, the renegade whispered a few words to his wife and left the place.

"Now," thought Ballard, "is my time to devise some method of escape. If McKee brings Silas Girty here I shall certainly be killed; so I must see what can be done."

The scout had in his pocket a bottle of pretty good whisky—a beverage of which the Indians were exceedingly fond—and he resolved to try its virtues upon Mrs. McKee. He instantly informed her of the fact that a bottle of strong water was deposited in the pocket of his hunting shirt.

This information seemed to have a very cheerful effect upon the tawny spouse, and she proceeded with considerable alacrity to take the coveted treasure from the woodsman's pocket.

The daughter said nothing, nor indicated by word or look any interest in the matter. She sat by the fire absorbed in thought, and Ballard began to fear that she had entirely forgotten that such a person as himself was in the vicinity, or had an existence anywhere.

"Too pretty—too pretty!" he said to himself, "to be in such a place as this, and surrounded by such influences."

Meantime Mrs. McKee tasted the whisky, and liked it so well that she tasted again, repeating the operation with marvelous alacrity and every sign of enjoyment. She soon grew talkative, and offered the young woman some of the beverage, but she refused it with strong manifestations of repugnance, which raised her greatly in the scout's estimation. Mrs. McKee's utterances grew thick and her conversation incoherent. She finally sank upon the earthen floor, completely overpowered.

"Innis," said the scout, for he had heard her called by that name, "don't you think it would look better for me to be up and walking about than to be here?"

The maiden glanced toward her mother, but made no reply.

"It's hard to die at my time of life," added Ballard.

Innis, sighing, fixed her gaze upon the fire.

"I've got a mother and sister at Boonesborough," continued the scout.

"Perhaps they'll weep for you," replied Innis.

"But I'd rather save them the trouble," he rejoined.

"What have you done to offend my father?" asked Innis.

"I reckon I haven't done anything to offend an honest man."

"I am very unhappy," added the maiden. "I know that the young woman at Boonesborough and the other stations know more than I do. They have friends to care for and instruct them, while I lead this ignorant and half savage life."

"I must set you at liberty before my father comes," she added.

"God bless you," said the scout.

Innis McKee approached Ballard and with her father's hunting knife severed his bonds, and he sprang lightly to his feet.

(To be continued.)

The Kowtow.

The kowtow (pronounced ker-toe, and meaning literally to bow the head) is used as a form of thanks, and is not a manner of greeting. The actors kowtow to their majesties at the beginning and end of each performance at the theater, first to thank for the honor they are to receive in being allowed to act before them, and at the end to thank for the privilege granted. The officials "bow the head" to thank for an audience or any favor or gift they have received or are to receive from their majesties. The kowtow is not only made by people at the palace and at imperial audiences; it is sometimes used by equals to each other as a proper manner of thanking for some great favor.

To make the kowtow, the person kneels three times, and each time bows his head three times, touching the ground with it. The kowtow could not be made by a foreigner without looking most awkward and appearing most servile, but the Chinese do it with dignity, and it is neither ungracious nor degrading. It is a time-honored manner of giving thanks, a Chinese tradition surviving from a time when the courtiers were perhaps like slaves; but at present it does not imply any slavish inferiority on the part of him who performs it.—From Katharine A. Carl's "In the Court of the Empress Dowager, in the Century.

The Best He Could Say.

"Oh, George," said Mrs. Newell, as her hubby lighted his post-prandial cigar, "I must tell you my little secret. I prepared this dinner all by myself. What did you think of it?"

"Well, my dear," replied the mean thing, "the nuts and raisins weren't half bad."—Philadelphia Press.

Reciprocity.

Picking up a paper, the caller asked: "Are you a subscriber to this journal?"

"Not exactly," replied the would-be poet. "The editor has placed my name on the free list, however, with the understanding that I am not to send him any more contributions."

An ochre mine on the Necanicum river, near Seaside, Ore., is said to be yielding rubies and diamonds. Hence, "excitement at fever heat" in the regions round about.

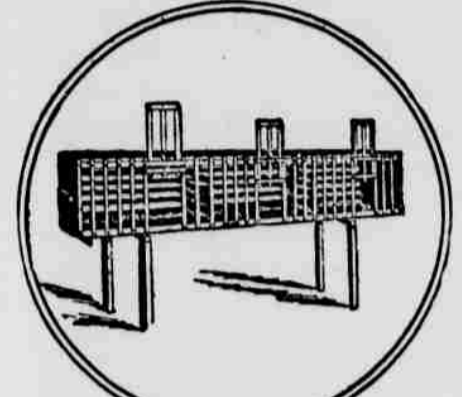
Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt has accepted the office of honorary vice president of the State Mothers' Assembly of New York.

FARMS AND FARMERS



For Fattening Fowls.

We herewith illustrate a fowl-fattening crate, used at the Ontario Agricultural College. This crate is 6 feet 6 inches long, 18 to 20 inches high and 16 inches wide. It is divided into three compartments, each holding from four to five birds, according to the size of the chickens. The crate is made of slats, except the ends. The slats are usually 1½ inches wide and five-eighths of an inch thick. The slats in front are run up and down and are two inches apart to allow the chickens to put their heads through for feeding. The slats on the bottom are three-fourths of an inch apart, so as to admit of the



THE FATTENING CRATE.

droppings passing through to the ground. Care should be taken not to have the first bottom slat at the back fit closely against the back, as this will hold the droppings. The feeding and watering are done by means of a trough in front running the entire length of the coop. This trough is from two to three inches deep and is made of three-quarter inch lumber.

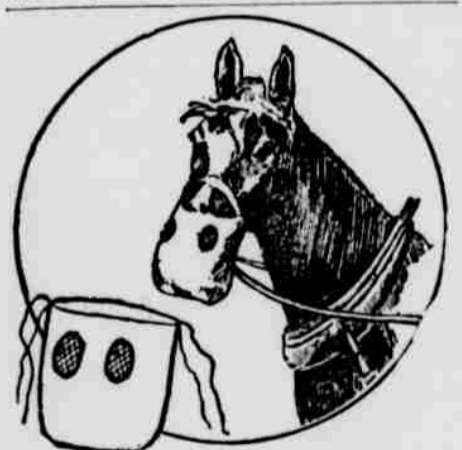
Churning When Weather is Cold.

Let the milk stand thirty-six hours; then skim. If it stands longer than this, especially in a cold room, the cream is liable to be bitter, and consequently you will have bitter butter. Once a day turn into the cream a quart of new milk warm from the cow, then stir thoroughly. If the cream does not sour by the time the bucket is nearly full, set it on the stove reservoir of warm, not hot, water, stirring frequently until soured. Then add sweet cream, or new milk enough for a churning. Let this stand twelve hours; then warm on the reservoir of warm water, stirring often, so that the cream will warm all through.

As soon as the right temperature is obtained the cream should be churned. A little salt added to the cream after it is in the churn is a great help in separating the butter from the milk, and it also aids in gathering the butter. If there are bubbles in the cream after churning a while, add a little warm water frequently until the butter is gathered. This is a favorite method in cold weather, and if followed you will always have sweet, solid, salable butter.

Muzzle for Horses.

Horses sometimes act disagreeable when working in the orchard or when cultivating corn or grain by trying to get a mouthful of the growing crop. The best way to overcome such a habit is to muzzle the horse, but in doing this extreme care should be used that the horse is not injured nor seriously discommoded by the muzzle. Take heavy white canvas, such as grain bags are made from. Cut this in eighteen-inch lengths and wide enough to go around the jaws of the horse comfortably loose. Cut two oval apertures three by four inches, braid the edges



MUZZLE FOR THE HORSE.

with strong braid and make a lattice work over the opening by weaving knotted hard twine through it. Bind the top, add strings at the side, hem the bottom edges and it is complete.

Good Rations for Cows.

The following ration and its variations or substitutes have been found profitable, yet not expensive: The first one is perhaps more nearly a balanced ration than the other. It consists of twenty pounds of clover hay, eight pounds of corn and cob meal and two pounds of cottonseed meal. The other is composed of ten pounds of alfalfa or of cowpea hay, ten pounds of corn stover, eight pounds of corn and two pounds of bran. In sections where neither clover, alfalfa or cowpea hay is obtainable, and a mixed of timothy hay or corn fodder is used, the balance may be maintained by increasing the quantity of the concentrated foods, whether bran, oats, gluten meal or cottonseed meal. It is an excellent plan to experiment with the different rations until one is obtained which gives the desired results.

Starting a Flower Garden.

Spring is the time when the average amateur flower gardener makes his worst mistakes. Too often he buys seed which he does not handle properly, with the result that bare spots in the garden show where he expected beautiful blossoms. The young plants that he expected to flower are killed by the hot sun or choked under heavy or dry soil.

The amateur who would rival the professional florist in the radiance of his garden, should make a start now by sowing the seed of many kinds of showy annuals in boxes or pots, to be kept indoors for awhile. The boxes should have holes for drainage in the bottom, but should not be so open as to keep the soil dry. Ordinary garden soil may be used in the bottom, but at the top there should be a lighter soil, well mixed. The small seed should be sown on the surface; then fine soil spread over them and pressed down, but not so hard as to cause the soil to bake. Coarse seed can best be planted in little drills, or each seed pressed down into the soil, and the whole covered with a thin layer of earth, as with the small seed. The soil should be gently sprinkled with water immediately after the planting. Only the quantity of water which the soil can absorb without becoming soggy should be given. The box should be watered subsequently whenever the soil becomes dry a little below the surface.

It is a good practice to sow the seed in rows, as this enables the soil to be stirred to prevent it from baking. The box should be set by the window and given plenty of light, but at the same time shielded from the hot sun. When the plants have grown to a fair size, it will be warm enough outdoors to set them out in the garden. Only the stronger plants should be chosen for replanting. Agortums, sweet alyssum, snapdragons, heliotropes, lobelias, nasturtiums and verbenas can be treated successfully this way.

The Hog That Jumps.

In almost every herd of swine there is one or more that is inclined to scale fences and usually is more successful in breaking the fence down than in getting over it. The device illustrated will break this bad habit very quickly and needs little explanation. Two



PREVENTS HOGS JUMPING.

rings an inch or more in diameter and two straps with strong buckles are needed.

The strap should be wide enough so that it will not cut the legs of the hog. Place one of the straps over the front leg, after placing the ring in position, and the other over the hind leg on the same side. Be sure and buckle the straps tight enough so that they will not come off. Then take a strong rope and tie in the rings as shown, being careful that it is long enough so that the hog can walk comfortably.

After trying one or two jumps while this attachment is on the hog will give it up as a bad job, but the device should be kept on until the animal is completely broken of the jumping habit.

Dehorning Cattle.

Dehorning has passed the experimental stage and has now become a necessity. Practically no one now denies the benefits derived from having a herd deprived of the dangerous weapons of defense. The question arises as when and how can it best be done. The fall, or preferably early spring, are the best seasons of the year for doing the work, say the middle of March. The idea is to get the wounds thoroughly healed before the flies come. Animals dehorned in early spring and cared for, usually shrink but little and the wounds very soon heal over. It is not necessary to put anything on the wounds.

Hauling Manure to Field.

While it is admittedly the better plan to get the manure to the fields as soon after it is made as possible, the plan has its greatest value when the manure is spread as soon as placed on the soil—that is, do not put it in heaps to spread at some later period, but, if possible, load it from the stable directly into a spreader, so that as soon as it reaches the field it can be put on the soil, where it will leach in during the winter. The idea of carting the manure direct to the field is to have it improving the soil instead of letting a portion of its virtue go into the air, as is the case when it lays in the barnyard all winter.

Profit in Berries.

A prominent Illinois strawberry grower finds it costs him \$40 per acre to grow the crop. An acre yields him from one to two hundred crates, which net around \$1 per crate. He finds the Warfield in great demand because it stands distant shipping. The favorite varieties in his section are Warfield, Dunlap and Tennessee Prolific.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

If you would teach religion with authority you must appeal to experiences.

Too many people to whom God has given wings are complaining of corns.

You can divide humanity into the wishers, the wobblers and the workers.

Glory often shines first when the life glows in the fires of affliction.

The Son became flesh that the sons might become the children of the spirit.

If you wait on the Lord worry will have to wait a long time before it finds you.

Sorrow is a bitter root, but when God smiles on it it brings forth sweet fruit.

Every deed is a determination not only of our destiny but of the deeds of others.

Many mistake the process that trains people, for the one that gives them brains.

You are not going to drive the children to heaven by making the home a little hell.

It is time to have an operation on the heart when it hurts to say kind things about your neighbors.

There would be a good many less harsh verdicts if we tried ourselves before condemning others.

When a man gets to boasting of his smart deals he loses all scruples as to whose pack they are from.

"FAKES."

Not long ago an impecunious householder saw an advertisement which promised, on the receipt of a certain sum of money, to demonstrate a sure method of saving gas bills, and to reveal a secret of how to make money fast. Both of these necessities pressed sore on the householder, and he sent on the required fee. In response to the first promise came a wire bill file; in answer to the second, the advice to put glue on a dollar bill and stick it to the wall. In both these cases the fools were answered according to their folly, but it is not always the verdant individual who gets taken in. Mr. Andrew Lang, in the Independent, gives some examples of another class of "fakes."

Collectors of antiques have to be all the time on their guard against fraud. Even then they are often deceived. Artists exist who can impose on the very elect. A well-known collector had a precious box of rare enamel. He sent it to Vienna to be repaired, and the ingenious mender fitted it with a new lid. Then he put a new lower part to the original lid, and two collectors were made happy.

A gem cutter took a modern gold Greek ring, recut the stone with an intaglio of an important subject, made a turkey swallow the ring, and after some time killed the turkey. The residence in the bird's crop had endowed the gem with all the marks of age.

A scholar in a little-known part of Dalmatia was seeking gold coins and ornaments of the old Servian dynasty. A dealer came to him with a beautifully wrought crucifix which he claimed to be a genuine antique. In examining the article with a glass, the student came across a tiny inscription, and better versed than the dealer gave him credit for being, he read it aloud. "This cross was made in 1803 by—" giving the name of the maker, it said. The dealer stood not on the order of his going, but left at once.

Many a reputed article is its own undoing. At one time a number of lead coins were put on the market as antiques. It was discovered that the Arabic numerals with which they were dated were of a fashion not invented at the supposed time of their making.

Collectors, young and old, trained and untrained, are constantly being taken in. Even museums themselves are not free from fakes.

Digging the Canal.

The canal officials sent to the United States for some steam shovels and other articles for which they were in a great hurry in order to go on with the work. But when the shipment arrived it consisted of ladies' nightgowns, men's suit cases, delicate china tea sets, etc. The agent, upon being interviewed, said that these were as necessary as the steam shovels, as the ladies wanted to entertain at afternoon tea, and the gentlemen wanted to go visiting occasionally. The steam shovels will come on a later steamer.—Colon (Panama) Independent.

A Maiden Speech.

Very few persons acquit themselves nobly in their maiden speech. At a wedding feast recently the bridegroom was called upon, as usual, to respond to the given toast.

Blushing to the roots of his hair, he rose to his feet. He intended to imply that he was unprepared for speechmaking, but, unfortunately, placed his hand upon the bride's shoulder, and looked down at her as he stammered out his opening (and concluding) words:

"This—er—thing has been thrust upon me."—Tit-Bits.

The neighbors never find out how much valuable jewelry and silverware a woman has in her home until after a burglar has broken in.