

THE RED STORM Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER XIX.

Rosalthe clasped her hands and looked imploringly at Otter-Lifter, who stood motionless in the path.

"What would Star-Light and her cousin do of the Wyandots do?" asked the chief, coldly.

"White-Cloud and the maiden they call Star-Light do not like cruelty; they seek to save this pale captive from death," replied Wassahauza.

"And was not Otter-Lifter worthy of the confidence of Star-Light and White-Cloud?" replied the chief, in a tone of mild reproach.

"Otter-Lifter of the red race of the Cherokees is humane; but this captive was not taken by a war party of his, and he might have feared to offend the young warriors who brought her away from Harrodsburg," answered Star-Light.

"Wassahauza speaks of fear. When was Otter-Lifter afraid? When did he fail to raise his voice against cruelty? Who can say that he ever tortured a prisoner, or made war on women and children? Not a person living!" said the chief, with dignity.

"Then why does such a gentle-hearted leader stand still when his help is needed? Does he not see this trembling girl suffering the terrors of death? Has he not a hand to use, as well as a tongue to talk?" exclaimed Star-Light.

"The speech of Star-Light is bitter; she wounds the heart of the chieftain who is ready to die in her service," returned Otter-Lifter, mournfully.

Fanny Harrod recovered her consciousness, and stood clinging to Star-Light and our heroine. She fixed her burning eyes on the placid face of Otter-Lifter in silent agony of spirit; for she felt that it was he who was to decide her fate. There was a short period in which no words were spoken. The captive read no emotions of pity in the features of the chief.

He gave back her appealing look with one apparently as impassive as hers had been earnest. A faint smile at length played over his lips; he spoke, and Fanny Harrod and Rosalthe bent forward to catch his words with breathless attention.

"The pale-Lily has been condemned to death by the ordeal of fire, but she shall live," said Otter-Lifter.

"It is well," answered Star-Light, loftily.

"She shall live," repeated the chief, "even if the sun of her freedom be the life of Otter-Lifter. Yes, he will perish, before a single hair of her head shall be scathed by the devouring fire."

"It is enough," replied the Indian girl.

"This way," continued Otter-Lifter. The latter moved on, and the three maidens followed him without a question. Leaving the little village, he led the way to the deep and dark forest, through the umbrage of which the pale moonlight with difficulty crept. He stopped at length a few hundred yards from the encampment.

"Stay here," he said, "till I return," and immediately left them.

Rosalthe was now about to reveal herself to Miss Harrod, but Star-Light sternly bade her be silent.

"If you would save her, be silent," she said.

The time of Otter-Lifter's absence seemed long indeed to the expectant captive. A thousand fears and wild conjectures had birth in her mind. Perhaps the chief had been detected in his purpose, and the plan had failed. It was possible that he had not sufficient influence among the other chiefs and warriors to save her, and innumerable other fancies of this kind passed in quick succession through her mind to revive her terrors.

After the lapse of half an hour steps were heard approaching. Fanny and Rosalthe simultaneously uttered a cry of surprise and alarm; for, instead of seeing Otter-Lifter, they beheld half a dozen warriors mounted upon horses. Star-Light remained calm and undisturbed.

"Peace! peace, foolish maidens! Otter-Lifter is with them!" she exclaimed.

Rosalthe looked again at the advancing Indians, and beheld the chief in the midst of them, leading a horse. She kissed Miss Harrod's pale cheeks, and wept for joy. Without speaking, Otter-Lifter placed Miss Harrod upon the animal which had been provided for that purpose. The chief then turned to the young men.

"Conduct this maiden to Harrodsburg," he said, in a voice of command. "Otter-Lifter has pledged his word that she shall live and return to her friends; go; and remember that your lives shall answer for hers if harm befall her."

"Come here, Star-Light," said Fanny, in a subdued voice. The proud Indian girl stepped to her side, and Miss Harrod, bending forward, imprinted a kiss upon her lofty forehead. "It is all I can give you," she added.

Star-Light smiled faintly, and seemed to look lovingly at the young girl. For a moment her haughty beauty was softened into a mildness almost angelic.

"It is well that you have been called Star-Light, for I behold reflected from your starry eyes serene rays of mercy and truth!" said Miss Harrod, enthusiastically.

Wassahauza gazed more fixedly at Fanny, and her expression became more benignly softened.

Otter-Lifter gazed at her with a kind of mute idolatry discernible in his eloquent eyes, and then turned abruptly from the scene, as if afraid to trust himself longer.

Star-Light moved softly away, and Rosalthe took Miss Harrod's hand. When the latter stooped to kiss her forehead, she half-formed the resolution to whisper his name; but a single glance at the changed and gentle expression of Star-Light made her reject the idea; and in an instant Fanny and her escort were moving toward Harrodsburg.

Rosalthe threw her arms about Star-Light and embraced her tenderly; all her unfavorable impressions were completely removed by the recent scene.

This spontaneous act of friendship the

Cherokee maiden neither repelled nor encouraged, but suffered it as a status of marble might receive the same indications of gratitude. The parties returned to the village, Otter-Lifter leading the way in silence.

CHAPTER XX.

It was on the ensuing morning that Star-Light visited the lodge where the interview already mentioned took place between her and Allan Norwood.

There was a great commotion at the village when it was known that Fanny Harrod had escaped. A council was immediately called to see what should be done. While they were gravely smoking the pipe, as an indispensable preliminary, Otter-Lifter appeared among them. One warrior arose and advised that the warriors be punished who had been appointed to watch over the captive, which duty they had not faithfully performed. Another recommended that a small war party be instantly dispatched in pursuit of the captive. Otter-Lifter arose calmly to his feet and looked deliberately around upon the faces of the assembled chiefs and warriors.

"It was my hand that liberated the young white woman," he said. "I rejoice that I did so, because it is a deed that will give me pleasure whenever I think of it. I sent the pale-Lily under an escort of my warriors; and by this time she is far beyond pursuit. If these wise chiefs and these brave warriors are angry, let them turn their displeasure on me. I am strong, and can dislike a man; but she was a weak young girl, whom it was our duty, as brave men, to protect, and not to inhumanly torture. I have spoken."

Otter-Lifter sat down, and there was a deep silence among the chiefs and warriors. At length a chief who had more than reached the period allotted to human life—three-score years and ten—arose and said, in a voice of deep solemnity:

"The young chief has uttered words that have reached my heart. The spirit of Monod rests upon the young man; he is worthy to be a chieftain among the red children of the Cherokees. I shall pass away, and the grave will hide me; but he will live to be great, and his name will be known among the nations. Young warriors and chiefs, imitate the bright example of Otter-Lifter; it is the advice of an old man whose way is toward the receptacle of death, and to whose eyes the scenes of the happy hunting-grounds already open."

The old man took his seat and the assembled warriors were deeply affected. The council broke up; the warriors and chiefs pressed around Otter-Lifter to shake hands with him and speak some words of applause; for their noble nature had been touched, and the man "who cared only for his word, his rifle and his honor" was never so popular among his people as then. It is thus that a noble act frequently raises the actor in the estimation of those whom, in all human judgment, it would have deeply offended.

About the same time that the above scene was transpiring, Star-Light and White-Cloud were walking in the forest, upon the margin of the Indian village.

"I have seen one of your people," said Star-Light.

"Who was it?" returned our heroine, looking anxiously at her companion.

"A young man, and he was seeking you. He was tall and handsome, with black hair and eyes," returned Star-Light.

"Did you ask him his name?" rejoined Rosalthe, with an earnestness that she made no attempt to render less apparent.

"I cared nothing for his name; but I told him to go back to Boonesborough and tell your friends you were safe, and would be with them before another moon."

"I thank you for that," exclaimed Rosalthe.

Before the Indian girl had time to reply, a rapid footstep was heard, and Allan Norwood stood before the maidens. The suddenness of his appearance caused Rosalthe to recoil a few paces, but Star-Light remained unmoved.

"What brings you here? Have you worn your scalp so long that you have got tired of it, and wish to lose it?" asked Star-Light.

"I have come to seek the maiden I spoke of, and I will never go back till I know what her situation is, and I have some proof that you have told me the truth," replied Allan.

"I never speak falsely; it is the pale-faces that lie," she replied with dignity.

"I demand proof!" returned Norwood.

"Again I ask, what is the young woman to you?" said the Indian girl.

"She is much—everything, and yet nothing," answered the young man, with much feeling.

"That is strange! Much, everything, nothing—the young man has taken much strong water," replied Star-Light, with a contemptuous curl of her lip.

While this conversation was going on our heroine stood partly behind Star-Light, partly concealed by her person; and the effect of the young man's words may be imagined by the reader. She had no difficulty in recognizing him as the man who had interposed to save her from the impertinence of Le Blanc. She stood like one spell-bound and listened to his words with intense interest.

"She is much to me, because I love her, and nothing to me, because she does not know me and reciprocate the sentiment which a single chance meeting called up," he added.

"You have met her then? Why did you not tell her this pleasant story?" resumed the Indian maiden.

"I did not even address her," said Norwood. "I gazed upon her beauty only a moment, and she passed away from my sight like a fair but delusive vision of the night."

"You will tell her this pretty tale if you find her?" added Star-Light, looking

at him with a scornful smile. "Not until she is safely restored to her friends," replied Allan firmly. "Listen—let your ears be open—the White-Cloud already loves!"

The young hunter grew deadly pale and pressed his hand to his forehead, as if it were stricken with a sudden pain.

Rosalthe's fortitude gave way, and the intensity of her emotions overpowered her. With a faint cry she sank into the arms of Star-Light, and her perceptions grew so confused that the past, present and future were mingled in chaotic confusion.

CHAPTER XXI.

Innis McKee cast a lingering and anxious look at the scout, and then languidly resumed her seat by the dim and fitfully blazing fire. She reflected upon her own isolated and friendless condition. She wondered if the woodsman really felt an interest in such an untaught being as she felt herself to be. He had given utterance to sentiments that had sounded most pleasantly to her ears; she had never had such words addressed to her before.

While she recalled his earnest manner and subdued tones, she felt herself less wretched, and encouraged a trembling hope of a brighter future to come at some very distant day. The kindly words of the scout were like so many notes of music elicited from what appeared to her the disordered harp of human society.

Restless and uneasy, she sat until the clouds were crimson with the dawn. Her mother awoke from her heavy slumber and looked about the dim and gloomy cavern with a dull and vacant stare. Her eyes wandered mechanically to the spot where Ballard had been left by her husband; her apathy was gone—she was fully awake.

"He is gone," said Innis, in answer to her startled and inquiring look. "He's free."

"And you—"

"Assisted him," added the girl. No more was said by either party. Mrs. McKee produced a pipe, and exhaled columns after columns of smoke with Indian stolidity; and Innis endeavored to imitate her indifference.

"This mode of life does not please me, and I care but little what happens," said the latter, after a long interval of the deepest silence.

Mrs. McKee made no rejoinder, but buried herself in the fumes of the tobacco.

"The young women at Boonesborough lead a better life; they have been taught many things which I know nothing about. I shall go there and see them, perhaps."

Innis ceased speaking, for she heard her father's footsteps. The color forsook her face, and she instinctively pressed closer to her mother's side. But the latter remained unmoved, and continued to emit dark wreaths of smoke.

As McKee drew nearer, however, she threw down the pipe, and folding her arms, calmly awaited the storm. The renegade's eyes wandered quickly to the spot where he had left his victim.

"Where is he?" he asked, with a brow already clouded with wrath.

"Gone! He's a brave man, and I gave him his liberty," replied the Indian spouse.

McKee's nostrils dilated with fury; he retreated a few steps and drew a pistol from his belt.

"Hold! stay your brutality!" exclaimed Innis, advancing until the leveled weapon covered her own person. "I alone am guilty of this deed. These hands released the scout while she slept."

Innis stood erect and firm before her father. She seemed like an accusing spirit. Her form did not tremble nor her voice falter.

"You!" said McKee; and returning the pistol to his belt, he raised his hand to strike.

"Beware!" cried his wife, in a threatening voice. "Be guarded in what you do. Remember that my father is a powerful chief among the Shawnees. I have only to lift my finger thus, and you will be swept from the face of the earth. Strike, if you dare!"

The man's arm sunk suddenly to his side. Fear for his own safety restrained him from acts of unmanly violence; but the demon was still raging within him. (To be continued.)

A Perplexed Poet.

An Indiana poet recently sent a poem, accompanied by the following note, to the editor of a magazine:

"Dear Sir—I have written these lines for your consideration."

Instead of getting the ordinary rejection slip he received this reply:

"Why?"

He is still wondering whether he ought to explain or not.—Chicago Record-Herald.

In a Bad Way.

Johnny—I wish my folks would agree upon one thing and not keep me all the time in a worry. Tommy—What have they been doing now? Johnny—Mother won't let me stand on my head, and dad is all the time fussing because I wear my shoes out so fast.

Most Extraordinary.

Mrs. Houskeep—She's the most honorable woman I ever met. Oh, really, she's exceptional.

Mrs. Ascum—You don't say?

Mrs. Houskeep—Oh, yes; why, she wouldn't even steal another woman's cook!—Philadelphia Press.

An Opinion.

"Starr's manager has promised to give a presentation of that comedy of mine," said De Ritter, "but I don't know when it's to come off."

"Probably the night after it's put on," suggested the cruel critic.—Philadelphia Press.

Happy Ignorance.

"As you make your bed so must you lie in it," quoted Aunt Matilda to her butterfly niece.

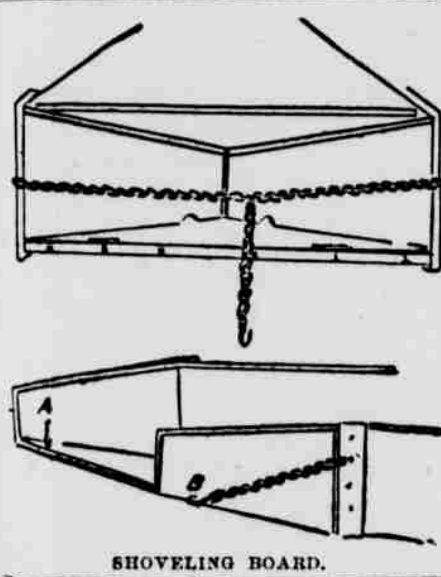
"Then it's lucky I never learned to make beds," came the frivolous response.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A year on the planet Neptune is a little longer than 166 earth years—it is 60,000 days long.



Farm Wagon Attachment.

A well-constructed shoveling board attached to the wagon box is a great convenience when unloading ear corn, root crops or any similar thing. The illustration shows a simple, practical idea, the lower picture showing the board lowered for use and the upper one showing how it can be closed. The shoveling board proper is about one inch narrower than the width of the inside of the wagon box and is attached to the latter with strong hinges; the board may be the same width as the sides of the wagon box, or wider, if desired. The side-boards A and B are slanted off at the back sides and the front ends are the same width as the box where they are attached with strong hinges. Strong, short hooks are placed in each side-board, as shown un-



SHOVELING BOARD.

der letter A, and an eye in the shoveling board just under the hook, thus keeping the board in position. There is a light iron chain support at each side of the box and hooked underneath.—Indianapolis News.

Making Incubator Profitable.

The incubator has passed the experimental stage, and is no longer a machine of chance results. Any one with a reasonable amount of common sense and the ability to take care of the machine and its contents while it is in operation will be rewarded by success.

If one is in a position to go into the poultry business on a scale of considerable magnitude the better plan is to prepare a cellar expressly for the work, for, perfect as they are, incubators sometimes catch on fire, and then the loss of the building they are in generally follows. The cement building blocks which have recently come into use offer the means to construct an incubator cellar in any section of the country at moderate cost. Brooders, too, must be added, and there should be a structure for the brooders, so that the early hatched chicks need not be turned out of doors to get wet or catch cold.

Incubator cellar in any section of the poultry and sold at a low price. A 50-egg machine of reliable make can be bought for \$10, and with it one can get all the experience needed to enable him to operate those of larger capacity to a second season. The incubator and the brooder are essential in operations of considerable size, the sitting hen to be used only as a makeshift.

When and What to Prune.

This list of plants and shrubs, with their requirements in regard to the pruning season, is especially timely and helpful. It has the weight of authority, as coming from a practical gardener.

There is a right time and a wrong time to prune each plant, but few amateurs can distinguish between them. Also certain trees do not need pruning at all.

Head back immediately after blooming: Kalnia latifolia, diervilla or wigwaga, azalea, forsythia, snowball, kerria, mock orange, Philadelphus, barberry, most woody spruces.

Head back when dormant: Roses, celastrolis, spiraea sorbifolia, hydrangea.

Large flowering trees not requiring pruning: Aesculus (horse chestnut), sorbus sambucifolia, catalpa, sorbus Americana (American ash), Hrodendron (tulip poplar), pavla, sorbus grandiflora, pyrus arlia (white bean tree), sorbus elaeagnifolia, robinia, cladrastis, tinctoria (Virgilia tree), sophora, sorbus aucuparia (mountain ash).

Clipping Horses.

The clipping of a horse in the early spring is now conceded by all the leading veterinarians to be as essential to his well being as shoeing him or giving him a comfortable bed to lie on. A clipped horse dries out rapidly after a hard day's work and will rest comfortably and be refreshed for the next day's work. An unclipped horse is liable to catch the heaves, pneumonia and all sorts of colds, etc., because the moisture from perspiration is held by the long hair and chills the body.

A man would not expect to enjoy very good health if he did hard manual work clothed with heavy underwear, a heavy suit and a fur overcoat, and after perspiring freely, as he naturally would, go to sleep without removing same. It is just as ridiculous to expect a horse to be in perfect health if worked under the same conditions.

If you would get the best returns from your investment in your horse, treat him right, and be sure to clip him in the early spring.—Horse Review.

In Your Dairy Farm a Success?

Are you making all there is to be made in the dairy business? If not, why not? This is a question which every dissatisfied dairyman may well ask himself. When a business man or manufacturer finds his business is not paying to suit him he seeks for the causes of loss and strives to eliminate them.

If we investigate we shall find that the successful dairymen attend to every little detail that affects their business. They look at everything from a business standpoint, save wherever anything can be saved, and discard animals or methods that don't pay.

If you are not one of the successful dairymen, look around and see why you are not. There is a reason for everything, and when you know the reason you are in a position to remedy the trouble. If you have no liking for your business, the sooner you change to something you do like the better it will be for you and those dependent upon you. Have you tested your cows individually and discarded those which show by their own performance that they are not profitable? The Babcock test and the scales will show which are profitable and which are not, and it is sheer shiftlessness not to apply such a test.—Indianapolis News.

Improving an Old Orchard.

It is often the case that an orchard in middle life is found to be no longer profitable, mainly because a mistake was made in the selection of the varieties in the beginning. In such cases the orchard may be made profitable again by top-grafting the trees. This is not a difficult task, provided it is properly done and the union between the branch and the scion is perfect. As a rule branches not over an inch in diameter are the best to work this way. Of course, it is understood that the scions should be much smaller in diameter than the parent stock, so the plan is to insert two on each outer edge.

The main thing to observe is to be sure that the bark of both scion and parent stock is in perfect line, so that the flow of sap may be perfectly free. Care must also be taken that the space between the scions and the parent stock made by the chisel be filled with the grafting wax, as well as any other spaces in which the air may get. It is not customary to leave both of the grafts, but to cut out the weaker one if both grow.

This work is interesting and really very simple if one gets the knack of it, and it certainly pays with an orchard that is not too old if care is taken to obtain scions from known bearing trees of the best sorts.

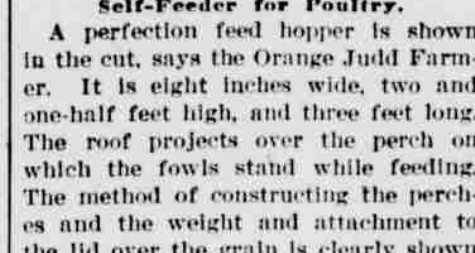
Do Not Overpet the Young Stock.

One of our contemporaries says "make the calf the family pet." In the opinion of the writer and of other dairymen of long experience this would be one of the worst mistakes that could be made. The calf that is the pet of the family is more than likely to be used by the children for many purposes for which it was never intended. By all means treat the calves that are to be raised kindly, handle them considerably and pat them caressingly often, but let the petting stop here, for if it is played with by the children, running and jumping with them, being harnessed up with strings as children are quite likely to do, it becomes a nuisance as it grows; it soon gets impudent, noses around where it has no business, and, if its horns are allowed to grow, becomes dangerous later on.

Such a calf will invariably try to "boss" the herd after it gets old and strong enough, and is a nuisance generally.—Exchange.

Self-Feeder for Poultry.

A perfection feed hopper is shown in the cut, says the Orange Judd Farmer. It is eight inches wide, two and one-half feet high, and three feet long. The roof projects over the perch on which the fowls stand while feeding. The method of constructing the perches and the weight and attachment to the lid over the grain is clearly shown in the picture. The weight on the arm



FEED HOPPER FOR POULTRY.

should be adjusted to the size of the fowl. This box may be made of any length desired, but the height and width are about right.

Changing Lots for Swine.

Where swine are raised in sufficient numbers so that they are herded in small inclosures, it is essential to change these lots yearly if one would avoid the danger of cholera or other diseases. The way to accomplish this to the best advantage is to have the swine distributed in small colonies, each with a movable house. Have the lots of double size, using one-half of each lot during the early part of the season and the other half at the latter part. This will carry one through the season with little danger of trouble, and then these lots should be abandoned for swine, being cultivated the next year and new lots provided for the swine. This is considerable trouble to be sure, but there is no way more certain to avoid disease than this. Particularly is this plan valuable in sections where the soil is inclined to be heavy so that the filth made by the swine does not drain into the soil readily.

Smallest Inhabited Island.

The world's smallest inhabited island is that on which Eddystone light-house, in the English channel, stands, for a low water it is only thirty feet in diameter. At high water the base of the lighthouse, which has a diameter of only a little over twenty-eight feet, is completely covered by water.

Paying Up.

Critic—What fine, liquid notes your prima donna has!

Manager—Yes; and they're about due, too.—Baltimore American.

Love seldom travels in the same vehicle with common sense.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

YOU may know a good deal about the faith of the church by its funds.

Patience is always more potent than petulance.

On the darkest skies are the brightest stars.

He is without the Word who bears no witness to the Way.

The face of God takes away the fear of man.

Life is without meaning if without a mission.

Righteousness gives rejoicing all the way in the race.

Many a big ecclesiastical wagon is loaded with empty boxes.

When the Master borrows your boat He never leaves it empty.

The Christian life that is all rapture here may know none there.

True riches are not the things we carry but those that carry us.

Death is only known as night because it precedes unending day.

There is no poison in the prosperity that comes in answer to prayer.

To be drunk with success is to be indifferent to the sorrows of men.

Many doors are locked on him who cannot lock the doors of his lips.

I wouldn't give much for the memory of the man who cannot forget.

You cannot get loose from your sins until you are linked to your Savior.

The Lord knows your longing for Him by the way you look for the lost.

TAUGHT TO RAISE BANANAS.

How a Cape Cod Fisherman Became the "King of Jamaica."

In the World's Work Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., tells the remarkable story of "Captain Baker and Jamaica," how this gentle Cape Cod fisherman became the king of Great Britain's richest West Indian Isle. The history of the conquest began thirty-five years ago with an armada of one lone schooner. She had two masts and could carry 100 tons. Her owner and skipper was Lorenzo Dow Baker, the son of a whaler and a child of the sea as well. He took a cargo to Angostura and on his return trip carried a lot of bananas. But by the time he reached New York they had all rotted. The next time he went he got very green bananas. The fruit was not plentiful, so he began to teach the people to grow them.

"The first man who has ten acres in bananas will be a rich man," he told them with earnest conviction. He touched intimately the lives of the blacks. He was known in their homes and at their church socials and he helped them to build the chapel for which inevitably they were collecting money. He talked to the school children, rooms full of bright-eyed little plebeians, and he told them of the good of money. Then he told them how to get it. "Grow bananas," he said, "grow them wherever your manny will let you have a foot of ground."

Captain Baker had to push his campaign of education at both ends. In Jamaica he taught people to grow bananas, but in the United States he had to teach people to eat them. They were not yet an ordinary article of diet and, moreover, the yellow kind from Jamaica was comparatively unknown.

But he has succeeded. He revived the island from economic prostration and it is flourishing. He did it by making the banana trade.

Captain Baker still lives at Port Antonio, which now is not only an American town, but a Boston town. In the summer he goes back to Wellfleet, there renews intercourse with Mayflower descendants like himself, tries periodically to wring an appropriation from Uncle Joe Cannon for the Pilgrim monument at Provincetown, quietly looks after his charities and puts his sturdy shoulder to any enterprise for the beautifying of life along Cape Cod. Port Antonio flies the American flag, although it is a British possession. The original plan was to alternate the flags. "It's the cooler's business to change 'em," Captain Baker explained, "but I'm afraid he doesn't know his business very well."

Photography by Telegraph.

Much interest has been manifested in a lecture given by Dr. Korn in Vienna on the new method of photography from a long distance. Recent experiments have shown that a cabinet-size portrait now requires from twenty minutes to thirty minutes for transmission over hundreds of miles. It is not likely that the invention will often be used for personal photographs, but as it is equally applicable to the production of signatures, documents, sketches, etc., the system, which is now available for public use, is expected to be of considerable service to the press and for the