

THE RED STORM

Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By J. G. EL ROBINSON

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

In a short time ten or a dozen sturdy men were at work with picks and spades, and the dirt went merrily over the stockades.

"They are still digging; the water grows muddier," said Fleming, who, with Boone and the rest, remained in the block-houses.

"If they were not sheltered by the bank, we would soon make them scamper away," returned the pioneer.

"There's a burning arrow upon the roof of one of the cabins," said Fleming.

"I will go and put it out," added Daniel Boone's son, who was yet but a mere lad.

"Stay, my son; I prefer to go myself!" cried his father, nervously, more willing to expose himself than his son.

"Your life is worth more than mine," said James.

"For my sake—for your mother's sake!" cried the captain, earnestly. But before he had finished the sentence James was running along the roofs of the cabins, exposed to the enemy's fire.

The old veteran of the wilderness stood watching his boy with a terrible anxiety for the result, which no heart but a parent's can understand. He heard a discharge of firearms, and the balls that whistled about his son seemed to wound his own person. James stooped down, and with his foot extinguished the flaming arrow, while a literal shower of lead cut the air, and perforated his clothes in many places.

The fire being out, the bold boy turned to retreat, his footsteps, when a ball too true to its aim struck him upon the breast, and he fell amid the shouts of a hundred foemen.

The pioneer staggered and groaned as if his heart would burst, and would have rushed forth to cover his son's body with his own, had not Fleming held him, while Joel Logston, regardless of danger, leaped out upon the roof, raised the fallen youth in his athletic arms, and bore him to the block-house.

The shaft had been well sped—the wound was mortal. The bereaved father bent over the dying boy in tearful agony, and taking up King David's lament, cried out in the bitterness of his wounded spirit:

"My son, my son! would to God that I had died for thee!"

For a space all stood silent, too much affected to speak.

"Be a man, cap'n; be a man," said Logston.

"Ah, Joel, things have changed since I bade you master your griefs," said Boone in a choked voice. "This makes two darling sons and a brother that I have lost by savage hands. James, James! my dear boy! look at me; it is your father that calls!" cried the captain, frantically.

Contrary to all expectations, the boy opened his eyes languidly, and smiled faintly.

And now ensued a scene so tender and affecting that the stoutest heart turned away unmanned. The boy's mother and sister had come to gaze their last upon him, and to share his agonies quite down to the rolling river of death.

"It's all over now—the pain of dying is past—the darkness has disappeared, and the light flows in. Farewell, loved ones—I go, I go. I go to the land where there are no warfares and fightings, and where God himself shall wipe all tears from all faces."

The boy smiled and died; and an expression of serene joy inexplicable lingered sweetly upon his young face.

"I have done struggling with destiny," said Boone, in heart-broken accents. "I yield now to my fate; I relinquish all earthly hopes. I shall command no longer among you. This last blow has destroyed my manhood. Choose a new leader, and leave me to my private griefs," he added sadly.

"No new leader will we have," answered Joel.

"My voice will be heard no more in battle," replied Boone.

"Daniel, Daniel!" exclaimed Mrs. Boone, in a tone of solemn earnestness, wiping away all traces of recent tears. "Is this like you? Have you ceased to be the iron-nerved man chosen by God to people this wilderness? Are you not to these heroic men what Moses was to the Hebrews? Will you falter now, when the hopes of all are centered upon you?"

"You are right, Rebecca; I must master myself," answered the forester, like one just awakened from sleep.

"Here is your rifle, Daniel," added Mrs. Boone, placing the trusty weapon he loved so well in his hands. The touch of the faithful steel, and the beloved voice of Rebecca, seemed to bring him to himself. He passed his hands over his forehead, and his spirit was once more alive to the sound of battle.

The settlers continued the defense with great obstinacy, shooting down all those who had the hardihood to show themselves within gunshot of the fort. When the night set in, the digging was still progressing, judging by the muddy hue of the water; and the inhabitants of Boonesborough remained in suspense until morning, expecting hourly to hear the spades of the enemy in their underground approaches.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The department of Star-Light was more friendly after her return to the village. The reasons for this change were attributed to the occurrences of the day; we mean those relating to Allan Norwood and Le Bland.

Our heroine's emotions while in the presence of the former, and her evident repugnance to the latter, had produced a favorable impression on the jealous Indian maiden.

Rosalthe took advantage of Star-Light's mood to refer to the promise which she had made to conduct her back to Boonesborough. The subject gave no apparent displeasure, and the assurance was given that the matter should not be long delayed.

Rosalthe was much surprised at the

calmness exhibited by the Cherokee girl, when she obviously felt so deeply on the subject. That the Frenchman had made the strongest professions of love to her there could be no ground of doubt; and that Star-Light still distrusted his sincerity was equally sure.

"What does White-Cloud think of Smooth-Tongue?" she asked, abruptly, on the morning following.

Rosalthe felt that it was her duty to deal truly and frankly with Star-Light; she therefore replied that she considered Le Bland a dangerous man, to whose protestations of love or friendship it was not safe to trust; that if he had professed to love her (Star-Light), the truth compelled her to say that he had not acted in good faith, for during the last few weeks he had not ceased to persecute and render her miserable with his avowals.

While Rosalthe was making this statement, Star-Light kept her eyes fixed searchingly on her. When she had ceased speaking, her companion shook her head and smiled faintly.

"And White-Cloud is sure that she has no happiness in the words of Shoika?" replied Star-Light.

"Very sure," replied Rosalthe; "his society was not agreeable to me from the first, and when I began to be suspicious that he was leagued with our enemies, I not only disliked but feared him. I have told you this before, but you would not listen. Let my red sister be strong. Let her soul rise above sorrow. Smooth-Tongue is unworthy of her thoughts; therefore let her forget him. Otter-Lifter is brave and humane, and his heart sighs for Star-Light."

The maiden made no answer, and soon after Rosalthe and Monon left the lodge and walked into the forest together. They had gone but a short distance from the village when they were met by Le Bland. He assumed an easy, assured and arrogant tone.

"I trust you will be kind to-day," he said to Rosalthe.

"Our cousin of the Wyandots talks but little," replied Monon.

"So I should think," added the Frenchman. "She seems to be a perfect mute. Is the gift of speech denied her? I would speak a few words to you," continued the Frenchman, again addressing Rosalthe, but in a more respectful tone.

"Speak on," she replied, disguising her voice as much as possible.

For a moment the Frenchman was silent; a significant, sarcastic smile played over his features.

"Think; reflect one single moment. Is there not some secret connected with your present situation which you might not wish to be known in certain quarters?" replied Le Bland.

"None in which I wish you to feel interested," returned Rosalthe. "I do not wish to have any further conversation with you."

"There is a place called Boonesborough," said the Frenchman, and a family there by the name of Alston," he continued.

Our heroine made no rejoinder, but felt herself trembling in every limb.

"Mr. Alston had a fair daughter whose name was Rosalthe."

"I know what you would say," replied Rosalthe. "I knew the words that hang upon your lips for utterance. What my present situation may be, it cannot be bettered by you. I would not trust myself with one who has proved himself so arrogant to all that is honorable."

"You speak proudly and bitterly," Rosalthe Alston. Captivity has not turned your haughtiness and intractability of spirit. I find you just the same—but more cold, if possible. It was your father's wish that you should cultivate a far different deportment toward one who is willing to be your slave."

"Monsieur Le Bland, the time has passed when such language could be received with even a semblance of courtesy. Since your true character has been revealed to me in the light of day, and there can no longer be doubt in relation to that subject, I shrink from you with unexpressed repugnance."

"It has come to this, then?" exclaimed Le Bland. "You speak out at last; you throw aside the flimsy mask imposed by respect to your parents, and stand before me as you are; and I cast off mine. The period of dissimulation has gone forever. Gentle speech and the soft fooleries of love cannot affect you; I must woo you as the gallant knights of olden times sometimes wooed fair ladies—by sterner arts."

"I cannot for a moment doubt your inclination to commit any species of villainy, since you have betrayed those who have loaded you with kindness. Alas! those most dear to me may already be bleeding in savage hands! Boonesborough may even now be wrapped in flames."

"Yes; Boonesborough is invested by a great army. Du Quesne has set down before it; it is threatened by fire and water. Many of its defenders have fallen. All faces there are as white as those of the sheeted dead; all hearts feel the alloy touch of despair. Women and children are quaking with horror; tears flow like rain; cries and prayers go up to heaven like a burden of terrible agony," said Le Bland.

"And you, the author of this great wrong, can speak of it calmly?" cried Rosalthe. "I would that I could see this Captain Du Quesne. I would throw myself at his feet and entreat him to have mercy on the helpless and the innocent."

"But little would you move him," replied Le Bland, with a sarcastic smile. "I know him better than you."

"If he can bring such misery on Boonesborough, he is not a man; he is a fiend."

"He was ready to fire the station when I came from there."

"Merciful heaven! How cruel is the heart of man!" exclaimed Rosalthe.

"There is yet a solitary hope of saving Boonesborough, although invested by four hundred savages, led by Du Quesne and stimulated by the arts of Girty and McKee."

"What is that hope?" asked Rosalthe. "It is a hope as slender as the finest thread ever spun into the web of spider's web."

"Name it—be quick!"

"It is a hope fainter than the breath of the dying zephyr. It is a hope as distant as the far-off planets; as cold as the frozen ocean."

Rosalthe clung convulsively to Monon for support, looking wildly at Le Bland. "It is this: If you will listen to the wishes of your father (and duty to parents is strictly enjoined in the Book of Books), the army shall be withdrawn from Boonesborough," said the Frenchman calmly, bending upon Rosalthe a keen and penetrating glance.

"Can this man be trusted?" she exclaimed. "It is terrible to think of being his wife!"

"And is there not something equally appalling in the fate of Boonesborough?" asked the Frenchman, whose hopes in this new device momentarily grew stronger.

"I doubt your power to do this. Bring me face to face with Captain Du Quesne," returned Rosalthe.

"You have your wish; I am Captain Du Quesne," answered Le Bland, drawing himself up proudly and smiling coldly at the amazed expression that passed over the face of Miss Alston.

"You Du Quesne?" cried the latter.

"Aye, Miss Alston, I am that monster," was the ironical rejoinder.

"It has only required this declaration to make my repugnance complete. If you have no other condition to offer, Boonesborough must indeed perish!" returned Rosalthe, in despairing accents.

"Think of those you love; have respect to the gray hairs of your father—to cherished wishes of the kindest of mothers. To know the danger to which your friends are exposed, you must go with me, you must look upon the painted faces; you must witness on their red visages the impatience which they feel to dip their hands in gore. If the spectacle does not move you, you are composed of sterner material than I imagine."

"Go with you? I would not look on the doomed station."

"But I shall not consult your wishes; you shall see Boonesborough assailed with fire and sword, and behold the destruction of all the inhabitants by hands that know no mercy."

Du Quesne gave a shrill whistle, and three savages appeared, who instantly seized the two maidens. Both called for assistance; but their cries were immediately stopped, and they were placed on horseback. In a few minutes they were moving off through the forest at a rapid rate in the direction of Boonesborough.

(To be continued.)

ALLIGATORS IN CAPTIVITY.

Not Hard to Raise, but Are Cannibals and Eat Their Young.

Probably as long as alligators have been known the young have been kept as curiosities and most amusing pets do the little fellows make. Unlike the young other wild animals, which are sometimes domesticated when small, they grow very slowly, especially when out of their natural environment, and are consequently well adapted for this purpose, as a number of years elapse before the alligator is large enough to be troublesome or even dangerous. Alligators do not appear to be very intelligent, the recognition of the person who feeds them in captivity being about the limit of their mental attainment. The older ones are sluggish and lazy, though they sometimes fight viciously with each other and are capable of doing terrible execution when aroused, says the Scientific American.

If properly taken care of the young alligator will thrive even in unnatural circumstances. Its main requirement is sufficient heat, and if the box or cage be kept at too low a temperature the little reptile becomes languid and almost torpid, refuses to eat for long periods and frequently dies at the end of some weeks. If, however, the temperature of the air be raised or the tank wherein he lies be warmed by the addition of a little hot water he soon revives and attests his continued interest in life by renewed activity and the reappearance of his appetite. Unlike the older members of his family, the young alligator in captivity is quite lively; sometimes of an investigating turn of mind, and usually combative, his antics are often diverting. If he can escape from his cage he will travel considerable distances and unless overcome by cold will wander indefinitely, subsisting as best he can.

Many people who have attempted to keep alligators have made the mistake of trying to feed them on a vegetable diet, for the alligator is first and last a carnivore. The diet of the young, who should be fed nearly every day, is simple and consists of bits of fresh meat, insects and worms. They often show great fondness for the ordinary earthworms and will frequently refuse all food but those. The larger specimens in captivity are fed about three times a week on fresh meat or small live animals and they require little attention other than this.

The older ones, particularly the males, will if possible eat the small alligators with avidity, and to check these cannibalistic tendencies the reptiles must be properly segregated.

Alligators seldom breed in captivity and, while the females sometimes lay eggs, the latter are usually infertile. However, the eggs that have been found in a natural condition in the curious cone-shaped mud nests are easily hatched by the application of heat and, while the young are at first feeble and helpless, they usually survive if carefully handled. Alligators live to be of great age and there are a number of authentic records where individuals have been known to exist for nearly a century.

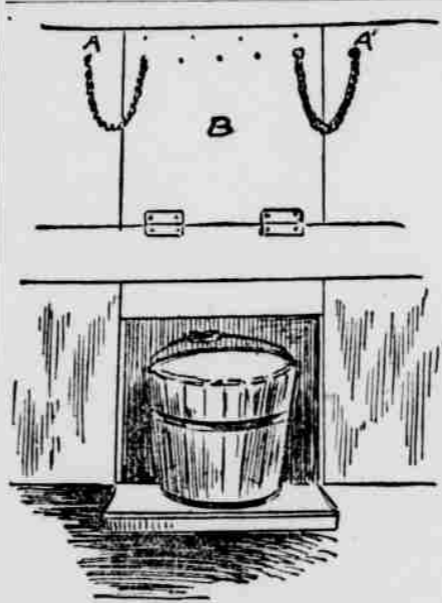
News comes from Strassburg that a large bust of the late President Kruger, destined to mark his grave in Pretoria, has just been completed by a sculptor at Saargemund, Lorraine.

FARMS AND FARMERS



Feeding the Calf Easily.

The calf is a stubborn little thing and is quite averse to being taken from its mother, so that, oftentimes, the problem of feeding it is not the easiest one in the world to solve. Any arrangement which will do the work readily is warranted and one of the best plans we know of can be evolved from the following: Keep the calf in a pen of some kind with a solid front. Then cut a square opening in the front just big enough to receive the feed pail. Hinge the piece that is cut out to swing in. Then put chains, ropes and straps to the side of the openings and attach to the cut out portion by means of staples. The chain must be just long enough to allow the cut-out section (B) to drop down level as shown in the lower part of the cut, although the chains do not show in this part of the illustration. A cleat is nailed on the outer edge of the cut-out portion (B) and another on the outside of top



FOR FEEDING THE CALF.

From Pasture to Barn.

Those who advocate the use of dogs in driving the cows to and from the pasture may be right, provided they have the right sort of a dog, but there are few dogs that can be trusted to do their duty properly; none, unless they are trained from puppyhood. The average dog consigned to this work barks and generally annoys the animals until they are more or less frightened, some of them fighting, and all of them running. This running the cows from the pasture to the barn does much more injury than generally supposed, and assuredly makes the flow of milk much less. The supply of milk depends very largely upon the condition of mind of the cow; if she is happy and contented, she gives down her milk freely, and the food she consumes makes rich milk of the best quality; if she is frightened, her milk loses both in quality and quantity.

Cold Frame for Vegetables.

No market gardener could do without cold frames and conduct his business profitably. For extra early vegetables and extra-late ones they are equally necessary. Then, too, they are such a help in the way of giving many

Pumpkins in the Corn.

Those who have stock on the farm, cows, sheep, swine or poultry, will find the old-time plan of planting pumpkin seeds among the corn a good one to hold on to, provided they will harvest the pumpkins carefully, store them as carefully and feed them to the stock during the winter. Pumpkins are readily kept through the winter, and by watching them carefully and using the speckled ones first, they will go through the winter and supply the stock with a much needed variety. They can be fed to advantage to all of the stock named, only being careful in feeding to poultry to chop the pieces finely after removing the skin. The pieces seem to be particularly enjoyed by the fowls when mixed with meat scraps, and the whole mixed with bran and moistened with skimmed milk fed quite warm.

Prize Yearling Merino Ram.

This yearling Merino ram, owned by Uriah Cook of Union County, Ohio, won first prize at the Indiana State Fair, and also at the 1905 Illinois State Fair. His dam was first prize and champion winner at some of the leading fairs in the country, and his sire produced many noted rams, a number of which were sold in South Africa. At the time this picture was taken the ram was a little over 20 months old and his weight was 150 pounds. He was fed a mixed ration of corn, oats



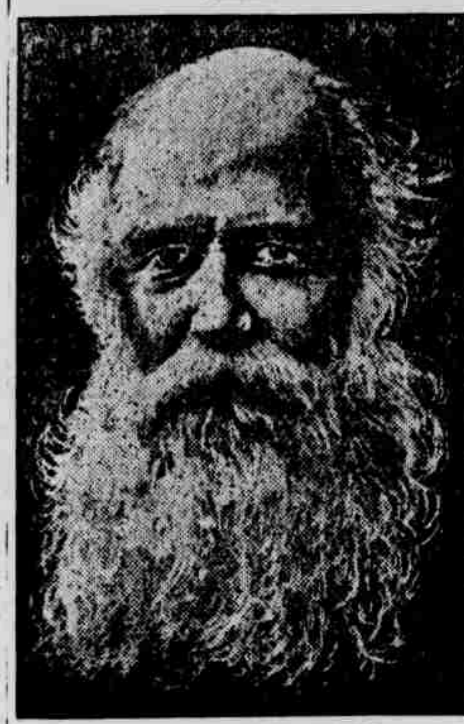
YEARLING MERINO RAM.

and bran once or twice a day and run on bluegrass pasture in the summer and plenty of good clover hay in the winter, and was housed from storms.

Self-Binder Run on Skids.

A Minnesota farmer writes: Farmers on the Minnesota side in the Red River Valley tried a new scheme in harvesting grain last season. Excessive rains just before and during the harvest season so flooded the grain fields that it was impossible to get into them with the binder on wheels. The grain stood up all right, as it does in that country, but the ground was too soft to enable the binder to do its work. Some genius conceived the idea of putting the binder on skids, putting on horses enough to pull it through on wheels, meanwhile running the sled fashion, meanwhile running the binder machinery with a small gasoline engine. A large acreage of grain was cut in this way and saved which would otherwise have been a total loss.

REVIEW OF DOWIE'S SPECTACULAR CAREER.



JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE.

1888—Lands at San Francisco with \$100 in his pocket.

1890—Arrives in Chicago and begins preaching in the streets.

1892—Establishes a divine healing mission at Stony Island avenue and 63d street.

1894—Opens headquarters and establishes a bank and newspaper at Michigan avenue and 12th street.

1899—Inaugurates metropolitan crusade, preaching nightly in different parts of the city. Mobbied by hoodlums.

1900—Purchases site of Zion City and conducts crusade in England.

1901—Starts factories at Zion City. Declares himself to be Elijah III or Elijah the Restorer.

1902—Negotiates for Mexican plantation and Texas land for colonization purposes. Refused credit by Chicago merchants. Ordered to refund \$50,000 to Frederick Sutton of New Zealand, who had invested in Zion.

1903—Receives large contributions and tithes from his people in the famous collection barrel. Leads the Zion Restoration host of 3,000 workers in eight special trains on a religious visitation to New York. Creditors press claims and Zion placed in hands of a federal receiver during several weeks.

1904—Departs on mission around the world, via San Francisco and Australia. Returns six months later and takes title of First Apostle of his church.

1905—Gets an option on 700,000 acres of Mexican land and makes trip to complete colonization plans. Stricken with paralysis on his return to Zion City. After a second stroke leaves for West Indies.

1906—Makes Wilbur Glen Volla deputy general overseer of the Christian Catholic Church and the Zion Industries.

TESTIMONIAL FOR CARNEGIE ON HIS METHOD OF SPELLING



Dear Andrew—I think you were over spelling many years ago since you had used no other.

Andrew Carnegie recently has appeared as the financial backer of a commission of learned men to "reform" spelling and make it more phonetic. Many unnecessary letters should be omitted, it is the learned men's opinion, and sound should be consulted more than derivatives.—New York Herald.

Wedding Customs in Turkey.

The Dowry of a Turkish bride is fixed both by law and custom and must not exceed a sum equal to \$170 in United States currency. On no pretext can this amount be made greater or less, even though the parents be extremely poor or immensely wealthy. The wedding is invariably set for Thursday, the festivities beginning on the previous Monday and lasting four days. The merrymaking is carried on by the men and women separately, and each day is distinguished by a change in ceremonies. On no account will Turks allow spoons, forks, knives or wine on the table when celebrating a wedding.

No Use Expecting Her to Forget.

"I know that spring is coming," she sang. "Yes, confound it," groaned her husband, "you bet you do, and there isn't any likelihood that you'll forget it, either. Oh, well, come on, I may as well know the worst right at the start. What's it going to cost this year?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Too Significant.

"What did the wife put on Gay-boy's tombstone?"

"The simple phrase—'Peace to His Ashes.'"

"Ashes! Couldn't she think of anything less significant of Gay-boy's abode in the other world?"—Pittsburg Press.