

# THE RED STORM

## Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By J. C. E. L. ROBINSON

### CHAPTER XXVII.

The ensuing night set in dark and stormy. A fine misty rain fell continuously on the earth. The enemy, fatigued with their past efforts, had ceased to make hostile demonstrations, and were evidently resolved on resting until morning.

Captain Boone, having placed a guard, had prevailed on the weary defenders of Boonesborough to lie down to sleep, to strengthen them for the contingencies of the morrow. The pioneer had laid himself down for a couple of hours, but at 11 o'clock arose and walked around the works to see that all was safe, and take care that the guard was duly relieved and vigilant. As he was passing the gate he heard a gentle knocking on the outside.

"It is some Indian trick," thought Daniel; "but I am too old a bird to be caught with chaff. Who knocks?"

"Bland Ballard. There are three of us," added the voice.

"Let the other two speak," returned the pioneer.

"Simon Kenton," said another voice.

"Allan Norwood," added a third.

"It's all right," said Boone, undoing the fastenings of the gate. "No three men were ever more welcome to any place," he continued, as the party entered.

"You've had a fine time of it here, I reckon," said Ballard.

"The hand of sorrow has pressed heavily upon us," replied Boone, sadly.

"I knew in the course of nature that some confounded thing or other would break," added the scout, sentimentally.

"How has it fared with you, my lads? What news of Miss Alston?"

"It has fared but indifferently with us," replied Allan.

"Miss Alston, we have reasons to suppose, is safe, although in the power of Le Bland."

Mr. Alston, who had also been walking about the works, heard the name of his daughter mentioned, and hastened to join the party.

"It appears," continued Allan, "that your daughter was carried away by a jealous Indian maiden, who intended her no serious harm."

"But where is she? Where have you left her? Why have you not restored her to my arms?" exclaimed Alston, deeply moved.

"Softly! softly!" said the scout. "We have done all that men could do. We haven't been afraid to risk our lives in her service."

"The Cherokee girl," resumed our hero, "had witnessed an interview between her lover and your daughter, which excited all her jealousy and hatred, and was the cause of her sudden and mysterious disappearance."

"But who was the Indian maiden's lover?" asked Alston, new light streaming in upon his brain.

"He was called while here Le Bland. Before I made this important discovery Miss Alston had been found by Le Bland and carried away. We pursued him with haste, but he reached his friends, who are keeping you besieged here, before we could effect a rescue," said Norwood.

"This young man has acted nobly," added the scout, with great warmth.

"He has saved my life, and Kenton's also. I abused him at the outset, and am sorry for it. He's as brave a young fellow as ever walked, and I'll make my word good again a dozen, armed with any kind of weapons whatsoever. If there should be any sort of blame attached to his name, now or hereafter, this year or next, or the year after, I don't care when, I warn everybody in particular that in course of nature something will break!"

"It is no more than what justice demands to say that all the success that has attended this enterprise is due to Mr. Norwood," said Simon Kenton; with many frankness. "We've got good news for you all. Otter-Lifter is coming to your aid at the head of his warriors, and is now close at hand."

"And we called at Harrodsburgh," added Allan, "on our return, and Colonel Harrod is coming with two pieces of cannon. I think we shall not only be able to make good the defense, but defeat the enemy and rescue Miss Alston."

"We have only had news to tell you in return for these glorious tidings," returned Boone. "Matilda Fleming and your sister Eliza, Mr. Ballard, have been carried off by Elias Girty and are now in his hands."

"If we can get them two cannon into this place afore sunrise, and Otter-Lifter reaches us with his warriors, it's my opinion there'll be a confounded breakage!" exclaimed Ballard, knitting his brows and grasping his rifle nervously.

The news which Allan and his companions had brought soon circulated through the station, a weakening new hope in every heart. The most experienced of the pioneers doubted not but the cannon could be brought to the fort under cover of the darkness.

"We shall have to go out and reconnoiter a little and see which will be the safest way to bring in the big dogs," said the scout, referring to the cannon.

"It's rather a delicate piece of work," added Kenton, "but the darkness of the night is greatly in our favor. Be on the watch, captain, to let us in." With these words the three men left the station once more and glided away.

In a little time Ballard came back to say that the enemy had relaxed their vigilance, being, doubtless, tired out with the length of the siege; that twenty men from Harrodsburgh were at a short distance from the fort with ordnance, which they would now endeavor to drag into the station.

The rain descended in torrents, and the night, though more inclement, was more favorable than ever to their purpose. After incredible toil and exertion, the efforts of Col. Harrod were crowned with success, and the much coveted cannon were at last safely lodged in the black-house. Every heart was gladdened by the sight of the formidable engine of destruction and the brave company that came with them. They

were immediately loaded with grapeshot.

The scout was both surprised and pleased when he discovered among the females the pretty figure of Innis McKee; and the particulars of her appearance at the station, as related by Joel Logston, gave him genuine feelings of admiration and satisfaction. He affirmed, in the hearing of Allan and others, that she was without question the finest girl in the whole world, and he stood ready, then and there, to make good the assertion.

Soon after Ballard freed his mind by making this important statement, he was observed in earnest conversation with Miss McKee; that is, as earnest as his embarrassment would allow of; for the scout on this occasion did appear to have lost his usual boldness, and in the estimation of Kenton and Elizabeth Boone, he was really awkward at times, bashful and hesitating. Before the dawn of day, Allan and his two friends had related their several adventures since they left the fort; while those who remained, in their turn, rehearsed what had transpired during the siege.

It may be a fact worthy of note, in this connection, that Simon Kenton had much to say to Elizabeth Boone; but as nobody took the trouble to listen, we regret that we shall not be able to explain it all to the reader. It was remarked, however, by Joel that Miss Boone's pale cheeks thereupon assumed a ruddier glow.

The subject of Miss Harrod's capture and singular return to Harrodsburgh was then spoken of, as the news of that event had not reached the station. As soon as the name of Fanny Harrod was mentioned, the attention of young Reynolds was instantly fixed upon the speaker. With changing color and varying emotions he listened to the tale, and exclaimed:

"Thank heaven!" in such an emphatic tone, when he heard the happy termination of the affair, that all eyes were instantly turned toward him.

"She's safe now, my lad!" said Colonel Harrod, in a low voice to the young man.

In answer to this assurance, Reynolds pressed the colonel's hand warmly.

"It would have been impossible to have kept him hived up here, if he had known that Fanny was in danger," remarked a man from Harrodsburgh, to Allan.

"He's somewhat sentimental toward the young woman, I suppose," observed the latter.

"Sentimental don't seem to be exactly the word; but he's very fond of her company, and people say that something will come of it by-and-by," returned the settler.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

The morning so anxiously expected by the inmates of Boonesborough dawned brightly and clearly at length; and a few random shots from the enemy told that they were also astir. Presently the firing ceased, and Girty once more halted the fort. Captain Du Quesne, he went on to state, had a few more words to address to the infuriated people of Boonesborough. Some of the young women belonging to the station, had, unfortunately, fallen into the hands of his friends, the Miamis; the names of these captives as follows: Rosalthe Alston, Matilda Fleming and Eliza Ballard; all of whom would be put to death, providing the station did not immediately surrender unconditionally. Captain Du Quesne had seen an intimate friend of Mr. Alston, whose name was Le Bland, who entreated him in most earnest manner to advise Captain Boone to yield without delay.

These, Girty added, were the last offers Du Quesne would make, and he would allow them half an hour to think of them.

Captain Boone replied that they did not wish to think of such a proposition for a moment, and Captain Du Quesne was at liberty to do his worst without delay. Moreover, if he (Girty) appeared before them again he would be instantly shot down, if he stood under as many flags as he could hold up.

This reply sent the notorious white man off in a great rage, and the powder perceived by the unusual bustle that preparations were being made for a grand assault.

"I wish to speak a few words to Du Quesne before the attack is made," said Alston.

"You are at liberty to do so," replied the captain.

Mr. Alston immediately availed himself of the permission, and with the flag which Reynolds had used, presented himself to the enemy in a conspicuous place and signified his desire to communicate personally with Du Quesne, the leader of the expedition. After some demurring and a multitude of excuses Du Quesne reluctantly appeared and demanded to know what was wanted, since all his merciful overtures had been rejected.

"I wish to say that I know you, and knowing you, hold you in the deepest abhorrence," replied Alston. "You came under my roof like a villain as you are, under an assumed name and in an assumed character. You won my confidence, and thereby had it in your power to do me the greatest possible injury. Henceforth the name of Le Bland will never be associated with all that is infamous. As the only reparation which you can make to a deeply injured father, I ask the restoration of my daughter and these young women whose names have already been mentioned."

"Give your resentment to the winds and attend to the safety of yourself and family. Come over to me with your wife, and instead of a dreadful scene of slaughter, there shall ensue a wedding. Your daughter shall become Madame Du Quesne, and you shall own half the lands on the southern bank of the Kentucky River—all that portion included in the purchase of Major Henderson," returned Du Quesne.

"I would rather see my daughter slain in the manner already threatened than to witness such a consummation as you

have the hardhood to speak of."

"Come in! come in!" exclaimed Boone. "Let us waste no more time!"

Du Quesne now attended to the arrangement of his forces without further delay. The present disposition of his army was most favorable for the use of the two pieces of ordnance.

"He is dividing his red rascals into two large parties in order to attack us at two points at the same time," said Colonel Harrod.

"I think it would be well to open fire upon them while they are so compact," said Boone.

"Otter-Lifter, who is doubtless concealed in the forest yonder, will attack them the moment he hears our fire," observed Allan.

"Let me point one of those guns, if you please; I belonged to an artillery company once," said Alston.

"He stands right at the head of the column there," whispered Joel Logston in his ear. "Bring down the sight fair and square upon him, as you would level a rifle."

Mr. Alston looked deliberately along the gun, and Joel, obeying the motions of his hand, adjusted it to his satisfaction. Reynolds stood near, holding a blazing brand. Alston stepped back and gave him a significant look. The next instant the black-house shook and trembled to the thunder of the cannon, and the head of the column sank down, while yells of consternation arose from many savage throats.

The pieces had been well aimed and did terrible execution. Before the enemy had time to recover from their first panic both of the cannon had been discharged the second time, while the sound of musketry on the left told that Otter-Lifter had commenced the attack.

"To the rescue of the maidens!" shouted Allan Norwood, and, followed by thirty gallant Kentuckians, he rushed from the fort.

Du Quesne had fallen at the first fire, and Girty was trying to rally the Indians. The quick eyes of Joel Logston singled him out.

"Here's for you!" cried Joel, and the crack of his rifle reverberated up and down the green banks of Old Kentucky. The infamous renegade staggered and fell, to rise no more till the trump of doom summons all men to judgment.

The tall figure of Otter-Lifter with his warriors was seen struggling for a brief period in the midst of the flying savages, and then, joined by the Kentuckians, the enemy were routed in all directions.

The siege of Boonesborough was ended, and Otter-Lifter announced in a loud voice that the maidens were rescued. The body of Du Quesne was found among the slain. The victory was complete, and the joy consequent upon the successful termination, though subdued by the remembrance of their losses, was deep and heartfelt. Rosalthe and the other maidens unexpectedly restored to the arms of their anxious friends, expressed their thanks to their deliverers with grateful, eloquent looks and tearful, expressive eyes.

Allan Norwood grew rapidly in the good opinion of Mr. Alston, and an intimacy of the most tender and interesting nature soon became apparent between him and the fair Rosalthe.

Early in the following spring, just as the flowers were expanding, she consented to make him the happiest of men. And thus, blest to the summit of their hopes, we leave them to glide calmly and blissfully down the ever-rolling stream of life.

Star-Light gave her heart finally to Otter-Lifter, and kept thereafter his lodge fire bright. Among Norwood's visitors none were more truly welcome than the humane chieftain and his Star-Light.

As for young Reynolds, is it not written in the annals of old Kentucky that he was so fortunate as to persuade Fanny Harrod to become Mrs. Reynolds? And upon the next page it is not also written that Bland Ballard, the scout, offered his hand and varying fortunes to Innis McKee. It is very certain that something of this kind should have been made a matter of authentic record, if it was not; and possibly it was lost, with other important missing archives of the "dark and bloody ground."

Joel Logston did not long defer his happiness, but was wedded to Eliza Ballard. McKee was never heard of after the siege, and was probably among the slain.

Of Daniel Boone we feel that it is not necessary to add more. His name is so intimately associated with the history of that flourishing State, where he spent a great part of his remarkable life, that it needs no eulogy from our pen to add to its renown. He was the first and most distinguished among the Pioneers of Kentucky.

### (THE END.)

#### The Usual Way.

"There are a lot of easy ways to get into public print."

"Yes, but the chances are that the police clerk will spell your name wrong if you try the easiest one of 'em."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

#### A Call Loan.

The inexperienced One (on Atlantic liner, second day out)—By George! But the sea certainly gives a fellow a great appetite.

The Experienced One—Not gives, my boy—merely lends.—Puck.

#### There's the Rub.

"He thinks he's quite a conversationalist."

"Well, he can give facts and figures upon any subject that comes up."

"Perhaps, but his facts and figures won't go down."

#### Sorrow of It.

DeJinks—I have bad news for you, old man. Your wife has eloped with your chauffeur.

LeBlinks—Good Scott. And he was such a great chauffeur, too. I'll never be able to replace him.

#### Heredity.

"John, what do you think little Rosie says? She says she doesn't want to go picnicking one bit."

"Rosie always did resemble me in matters of taste."

#### For Economic Reasons.

Angelina—Are you sure you will be able to support me, dear?

Edwin—Why yes. It's cheaper to be married than engaged.



#### Working Poultry and Strawberries.

When one speaks of poultry in connection with any low-growing plant most people can see only the scratching birds and the ruined plants, but the combination has been and is being profitably carried out. If one selects one of the larger breeds of hens for this combination the scratching part of the proposition will be reduced to a minimum, and if the fowls are not required to obtain their entire living from the patch of strawberry plants, they will do comparatively little damage. It is, of course, understood that the fowls are not allowed on the patch until after the fruit has been gathered, but from that time until they go into winter quarters they will be exceedingly useful, for they will take good care of all the insects, do little damage in the way of scratching which can be readily repaired by going over the plot each day, and their droppings will add materially to the richness of the soil. If the plantation covers a considerable area it will be a good plan to have several small colony houses on the plot so that the hens may have their own quarters and thus work over a smaller area. The profit from this combination is good, and neither will interfere with the other, especially if the fowls are raised for egg production. Try it on a small scale and increase as experience proves it pays.

#### Keepsake Gooseberries.

The main value of this recent introduction from the other side seems to lie in the fact that the variety is very firm, productive and ships well.



THE KEEPSAKE GOOSEBERRIES.

but whether it can be profitably grown over any considerable territory can only be discovered by experimenting with it. So far, in limited tests, it seems to be better than any other of the English varieties, but its quality is not nearly as good as the old favorite with American growers, the Downing. It shows less tendency to mildew than other European varieties, although it is doubtless susceptible to that disease. It is not advised to plant this variety largely without first testing it through several seasons.

#### Paralysis in Swine.

While opinions may differ as to the cause of paralysis in swine, the fact remains that in nearly every case where the disease is found it has been shown that the hog was largely corn fed. In the sections known as the corn belt this disease is more prevalent than in other parts of the country; more evidence that corn is at the bottom of the trouble. Swine afflicted with this trouble should be given a dose of epsom salts, and after the bowels have moved freely, fed for a number of days on a slop consisting of wheat middlings and flaxseed meal, using milk instead of water for the mixing. A liberal quantity of lime water should be added to each feed. After the animal improves the ration should be varied considerably, and corn form the smallest part possible. If the afflicted animal is with young the pigs should be weaned at once.

#### Points on Pruning Shrubs.

If those who have shrubbery on their grounds would but remember the simple fact of the period of bloom and that blossoms come on the new growth they would remember when to prune. The blossoms on the spring-blooming shrubs are formed on the wood that was grown after the blooming season of a year ago, hence if these shrubs are pruned in the spring we simply cut off the flower-bearing shoots and no flowers are had. The time to prune spring flowering shrubs is just after they have stopped blooming, so they may have the rest of the summer in which to grow the flower shoots for another spring. The fall-blooming shrubs should be pruned in the spring, for they will then grow the flower shoots for the coming fall period of bloom. One can see how simple it is if they will but remember.

#### Much Needed Sweet Potato.

A sweet potato that will keep as well as the white potato is what Professor E. J. Wickson, of the department of agriculture of the University of California, thinks he has discovered. It was picked up in the Ladrone Islands by a skipper, who took aboard a lot of excellent flavored sweet potatoes last April, and, finding them still in good condition upon his recent arrival in San Francisco, gave specimens of them to Professor Wickson. They will be propagated in the hope of working in the commercial world of potatoes a revolution that will be worth many millions of dollars to California and a boon to mankind.

#### A Hotbed for an Amateur.

A more ambitious method than that of growing his early flowers in boxes, kept in the house, may be tried by the amateur gardener who is also an amateur carpenter. A hotbed may be built at small expense. Old window sash, or a single sash purchased cheaply, and four boards, one inch thick and one and one-half feet wide, may be put together to form the hotbed, the boards being used for the walls.

Warm stable manure should be put in the bottom, from one-half to three-fourths of a foot deep, and firmly pressed down. The bed should be well drained. Light soil, to a depth of one or two inches should be spread over the manure and after one or two days, when the temperature is cooled down to 70 or 80 degrees, the bed is ready for use.

The plants, in pots or boxes, should be put in the bed. The boxes may be prepared as for indoor use, with ordinary garden soil at the bottom, and lighter soil on top. Large holes should be left to drain the box. The fine seed should be sprinkled on the surface, and fine soil sprinkled over it, and the coarse seed sown in drills, or pressed down into the soil, and covered with a thin layer of earth. The soil should be gently sprinkled with water as soon as the seed is planted and kept moist, without becoming soggy.

The hotbed should be shaded from the hot sun, but there should be plenty of light. The cover of the bed should be kept on until the seedlings have started to make good growth. On warm spring days the plants should be given fresh air by raising the sash slightly.

#### Water and Solids in Milk.

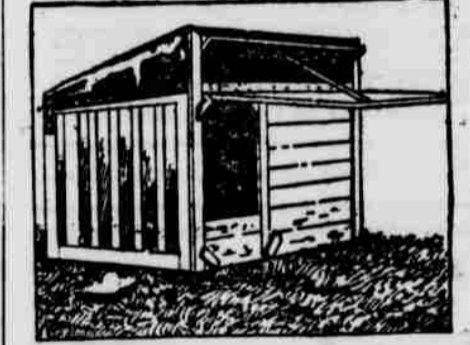
When the cream or fat is removed every 100 pounds of skim milk contain about 90 per cent of water and 10 per cent of solids. The solids contain about 3.5 per cent of casein and 4.5 per cent of milk sugar, with small proportions of fat and albumen as the fat cannot be entirely removed. The milk sugar remains in the whey when it separates and the casein in the curds or cheesy matter, though both contain small percentages of fat, albumen, etc. The whey will promote the formation of fat, while the curds supply the elements for growth and muscle. It will be an advantage to feed the two substances together, adding bran and season lightly with salt. If the skim milk becomes very sour and begins to ferment it should not be used at all. The proper plan is to use the skim milk when fresh or but slightly sour.

#### Guineas Should Be Popular.

Guinea fowls should find a place on every farm, as they are profitable and useful. They are profitable because, as table fowls, they have few superiors, being in many ways similar to the wild prairie chicken, so much sought for by those who love the gamey flavor of the wild fowl. Their flesh is dark and solid, and no matter how cooked, whether as a roast or in a pie, they are tempting. Their eggs are delightfully flavored, and, though small, they find a ready sale in all the markets. They are useful as guardians, because at the first approach of danger, whether by day or night, they set up their warnings that must frighten the intruder or bring help to their offspring.

#### A Turkey Coop.

A turkey coop which has been used with perfect satisfaction is described in American Agriculturist as having several distinct advantages over ordinary coops. It is built out of a large packing case. At the top is a ventilator. Suspended by a cord is a drop door of close boards and beneath this is an ordinary door partly of wire netting. Each is hinged and can be opened independently. On cold nights ventilator and drop door may be closed.



on ordinary nights the ventilator opened, on hot ones both. In warm weather the drop door suspended as shown in the cut cuts a good shade for the birds.

#### New Seed Wheat Treatment.

J. H. Wright, a farmer residing near Hennessey, O. T., has made a valuable discovery that will be of general interest to wheat growers everywhere.

He soaks his seed wheat in coal oil, using about one-half gallon to every twenty bushels of wheat, covering it over with a blanket and letting it soak over night. He found it equally effective with corn, using one-half teacup to a washbowl of corn. He finds that it not only preserves the cereal from rotting, but preserves it from insects. Mr. Wright has practiced this for more than three years, and his yield has been a great deal more than that of those who had better soil for planting.

#### Value of the Incubator.

It is hard to get hens to sit in winter, and it is almost necessary for the farmer to use incubators to raise broilers in times to bring the best prices. The incubator on the farm is being brought to more profitable use every year. There is no doubt that the incubator and brooder method of raising chickens is a wonderful improvement on the hen method. It is cheaper, and a greater number of fowls can be raised from the same number of hens.

#### HOPE OF THE RUSSIANS.



THE CZAREVITCH ALEXIS.

Of all the royal children of Europe the condition of none appears more dubious than that of Alexis, the czarévitch of Russia and only son of the czar. He was born in August, 1904, at the very darkest moment of the fortunes of Russia during the war with Japan. Since then the storm clouds have become even blacker, for revolutionary conditions are now rife throughout the Muscovite empire until the very existence of the throne is menaced. Not only is it a question whether the czarévitch will grow up to inherit the throne, but it is even a problem whether the czar shall be able to retain his crown. Surely before he becomes of age Russia shall have passed through many political and economic changes.

The photograph itself is sufficient proof of how admirably the czarévitch has thriven in adversity, although this week there was a rumor that he was seriously ill. The picture was taken at Tsarskoe Selo at the express wish of the empress.

#### MAN A PIECE OF MACHINERY.

Thirteen Substances Enter Into Make-Up of Human Body.

The human organism has been often and aptly compared to a fine piece of machinery, says the Scientific American. The bones of the skeleton, held in position, moved and guided by a system of muscles and tendons, fit together like the wheels and levers of a watch. The main spring of the machine is the heart and its regulator is the nervous system. No human hand ever constructed, no human mind ever invented so marvellous a mechanism, for all its wheels and levers are instinct with life. Millions upon millions of living cells make up the structure of the body. Each cell is a chemical laboratory and the whole community of cells constitutes a great chemical factory, where no holiday is ever kept, but vital force is incessantly created and converted, by wonderful physiological processes, into heat, work and electricity, and life is continually destroyed and reproduced. The scientific name of this mysterious activity of our chemical factory is "metabolism."

Let us look a little more closely into this complex metabolism of the human chemical factory. The millions of cells of which the body is built up vary in form and character, in function and composition. In the first place, we naturally ask of what materials they are composed. Of what does man consist? Chemistry gives a precise answer to this question. He consists of thirteen elementary substances, of which eight are solid and five are gaseous at ordinary temperatures.

The solids are carbon, calcium, phosphorus, sulphur, potassium, sodium, magnesium and iron; the gases are oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, chlorine and fluorine. Each of these elements preserves its chemical identity under all conditions. As the eminent Berlin physiologist, Du Bois Reymond, has remarked, an atom of iron remains the same whether it is traversing space in a meteorite, revolving in a car wheel or coursing through a poet's brain in a blood corpuscle. Science also gives us definite information concerning the quantities of these thirteen elements that occur in our bodies. A man weighing about 160 pounds is made up of:

	Lbs.	Carbon	Lbs.
Oxygen	88.0	Calcium	44.00
Hydrogen	14.0	Calcium	8.8
Nitrogen	8.8	Phosphorus	1.9
Chlorine	1.6	Sulphur	0.2
Fluorine	0.2	Potassium	0.16
		Sodium	0.14
Gases	107.8	Magnesium	0.10
		Iron	0.09

Solids ..... 49.8

It will be observed that the gaseous elements exist in our bodies in a state of very great condensation, for under ordinary conditions of temperature and pressure eighty-eight pounds of oxygen would occupy a volume of more than 1,000 cubic feet and fourteen pounds of hydrogen would occupy more than 2,600 cubic feet.

#### A Slim Contribution.

The bride's father was looking the presents over.

"How are we coming out, daddy?" she asked in her playful way.

"As near as I can figure out the lot," he gloomily replied, "we are coming out in debt."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

#### Easy.

Bill—Let me have \$10 until to-morrow?

Jill—And when to-morrow comes, what then?

"Oh, then I'll ask you to lend me \$10 more."—Yonkers Statesman.

The day that a woman puts away her first dollar toward buying a piano, she decides in what corner of the parlor she intends to put it.