

# THE RED STORM

Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

## CHAPTER I.

The vast forests of Kentucky had reverberated to the sound of the woodman's ax. The tide of population was flowing toward that wild and picturesque country which had been represented by those who had explored its fertile levels as another Eden.

A fort had been erected on the southern bank of the Kentucky river by Daniel Boone, that daring and indomitable man whom no danger could appal and no difficulties discourage. At the distance of eight miles from Boone's fort Captain John Harrod had built a second fortification, while Colonel Logan had raised a third at St. Asaph's, in Lincoln county. The few adventurous settlers that had penetrated into that country were continually harassed by savage foes, not infrequently led on by Frenchmen and British Canadians.

Bold men worked in the new clearings with arms by their sides, and became soldiers by necessity. The thrilling scenes that were of daily occurrence at that period eclipse the pen of romance, and imagination is surpassed by startling reality. The skill warlike grew strangely familiar to the ears of the pioneers, and the shafts of destruction hurled from the rifles of ambushed enemies, were continually striking down friend and neighbor. Aided by the British posts at Detroit, Vincennes and Kaskaskia, the Indians began a war of extermination. Against Boonesborough in particular their hostility directed.

A few rods below the Salt Lick, near which a fort and stockades had been erected by Daniel Boone and his associates, there was a highly romantic spot, half shut in by trees. A grassy glade sloped down to the water, and gentle eminences, and rocks overgrown with verdure, formed very acceptable seats for those who might enjoy the tranquil beauty of nature in her spring vestments.

A young lady, in the summer of maiden loveliness, was reclining upon a mossy knoll, and the waters of the Kentucky were flowing at her feet. She had gathered violets and evergreens, and a wreath of the latter bound her brows with a careless grace, while the former she was leisurely forming into a bouquet. Her face was uncommonly attractive, and her figure very symmetrical in its outlines. That common figure of the blending of the lily and the rose was perhaps never more felicitously illustrated than upon the fair cheeks of Rosalthe Alston. The soft, pensive expression of the eyes, and the sweet light of intelligence that streamed from beneath the pencilled lids, were enough to fix the beholder's attention in a steadfast and admiring gaze.

The sound of human footsteps upon the river's bank caused Rosalthe to cast hurried and alarmed glances around her. It was not deemed safe, at that time, for females to venture out of sight of the stockades. Rosalthe had in this instance as on several other occasions, violated in some degree the established custom; for, from the spot where she had been reclining the stockades were not visible.

The cause of Rosalthe's alarm was directly apparent; a man appeared in the glade, and, without hesitation, approached her. The young lady drew the folds of her light scarf hastily about her person, and was on the point of leaving the spot with considerable precipitation, when the intruder addressed her.

"Stay, mademoiselle! Why should you fly at my approach? Am I indeed a savage? Is my skin red?"

"Excuse me, Monsieur Le Bland," she said, rather coldly, "if my fears appeared somewhat excited, for I did not expect—that is, I had no reason to suppose that my pleasant meditations in this agreeable retreat would be intruded upon."

"I am, then, it would seem, to be regarded as an intruder?" asked Le Bland, in a tone less courtly than at first.

"No matter, sir—let the subject pass. I seek no cause of disagreement," returned the lady, with a smile.

"Neither do I, fair Rosalthe: your frown of displeasure would make me miserable," said Le Bland, earnestly.

A scornful smile played for an instant over the rosy lips of the lady; Le Bland observed it, and contracted his brows.

"Coldness may not quite crush me," he added, "contempt I never could bear."

"The old theme, Mr. Le Bland; the old theme," returned Rosalthe.

"It is a theme never old with me. Small streams may be turned aside into new channels, but large and swiftly flowing rivers cannot be easily diverted. It is thus with the human affections; when they become fixed and strong they cannot be changed or trained to flow in other directions. I have sought you, Mademoiselle Alston, to lay bare my heart before you, and to ask you to see the treasures of love that are garnered there. But your impatient gestures, your curling lip, your rebuking glances, forbid me to proceed."

"I am glad you have done," she said, "and you could not better evince the good sense which I have always given you credit for possessing than by so doing. I will now return, and hope you will enjoy the beauties of this pleasant morning and of this lovely spot as truly as I have done."

"Not yet, mademoiselle—not yet. I have other matters to discuss which require your earnest attention. I refer to the dangers which environ and menace you on every side. The red men of the wilderness are gathering in great numbers to march against Boonesborough, and level it with the dust," returned Le Bland.

"Whence had you this information?"

"From one of my countrymen whom I accidentally met while out hunting yesterday."

"Who incites our savage foes? Who supplies them with arms and ammunition?" interrogated Rosalthe, with increasing earnestness.

"I know what you mean," said Le Bland, coloring. "I am aware that it is reported that the British posts aid and encourage the Indians in their movements. But to the subject under consideration. I have heard, from undoubted authority, that Captain Du Quesne will soon appear before Boonesborough with

a large body of savages, to demand its surrender."

"And what will be the consequences if Daniel Boone refuses to yield?"

"The consequences will be that Du Quesne will hurl his savages against Boonesborough, and take it by storm. The slaughter will, in such a case, I fear, be indiscriminate. And now comes the most important part of my business: It is to earnestly request you to go to Harrodsburgh, and stay until after this tragedy is enacted."

CHAPTER II.

Le Bland paused and waited anxiously for an answer, but Rosalthe remained silent.

"Will you go to Harrodsburgh, Mademoiselle Alston, in order to escape the fate in reserve for yonder brave but intemperate families?" asked the Frenchman, seriously.

"And leave my dearest friends?" said Rosalthe, calmly. "Your motives may be excellent, sir, but I reject your counsel. I will not go; I will remain and share the fortunes of those I love, whatever they may be. But I would not appear ungrateful. I thank you for your kind attentions. Adieu! My decision is final."

"It is not—it must not be!" cried the Frenchman, emphatically. "I can—I will not consent to such a sacrifice!"

"I cannot understand whence comes your intimate knowledge of the contemplated movements of the Indians and their French and British allies," said Rosalthe. "Neither can I fully appreciate the motives which can induce you to offer safety to me and no others. You have been for a period the guest of the settlers, and Captain Boone, my father and others have treated you with kindness and true hospitality; why not go to them and make known the danger that is hourly drawing nearer and nearer?"

"There are many reasons that shap my actions which I cannot explain, but a strong—an irresistible—desire to save you has induced me to give you a word of timely warning."

"My resolution to dare every peril with natural guardians and protectors is as strong as human will can make it," said Rosalthe.

"Promise me, at least, that you will lock this secret in your own bosom, and reflect on what I have said for four-and-twenty hours," continued Le Bland, considerably agitated.

"I will make no promises, if you please," answered the young lady.

"How vexatious! how perverse!" exclaimed the Frenchman, petulantly. "Mademoiselle, you must listen to reason; you must be rational; you must promise to keep my secret for at least twenty-four hours," and Le Bland placed himself before her and barred her further progress.

Rosalthe quailed before the stern glances of Le Bland, and would have called for assistance had she dared; but the terror which the Frenchman's conduct inspired, sealed up her lips, and shrinking from him, she exclaimed:

"I promise; let me pass."

"It is well; be careful that in some unguarded moment you do not betray the secret," rejoined Le Bland, in a milder tone, but without moving from her path.

"This is annoying, sir, and ill becomes you as a guest and a friend," said Miss Alston, whose perturbation momentarily increased, and was now mingled with some just indignation.

"Stand aside, sir, if you are a gentleman," said a voice that made Rosalthe's heart beat with gladness. She beheld a young hunter at the distance of a few yards away, with a rifle in his hand, a powder horn and ball pouch slung at his side, together with the usual accompaniments of such a calling. The stranger's face was somewhat flushed with resentment, and his eyes were fixed sternly upon the Frenchman.

Le Bland, who appeared chagrined and displeased, stepped from Rosalthe's path, bowed as she passed, and then turned towards the hunter with an expression that might be construed into anything rather than approbation.

With a smile of contempt he scanned him from head to foot, then remarked, as if his words were intended for no ears save his own.

"A knight in a hunting shirt—a specimen of the infant chivalry of Kentucky. Young fellow, what may be your business with me?"

"I have no further demand to make of your courtesy, sir," replied the hunter, looking after the retreating figure of Rosalthe.

"Extremely modest and ingenuous youth!" exclaimed the Frenchman, ironically. "By what particular combination of letters are you usually known?"

"The condescending monsieur wishes to know my name; it is Allan Norwood," replied the hunter.

"Did it ever occur to you, excellent Allan, that meddling with other people's affairs is not always safe and profitable business?" said Le Bland, knitting his brows.

"I have some knowledge, proud Frenchman, of what belongs to a gentleman. I know how to defend my honor, and punish impertinence," rejoined Allan.

"You are there, are you? You carry it bravely. I'll humor your mood, my doughty rustic, and though you are not my equal, I will meet you on equal terms. Have you pistols, worthy Allan?"

"I have, and you may take your choice of the pair," answered the hunter, calmly.

"Let us walk yonder, then, out of hearing of the settlers, and adjust this little affair."

The two now diverged from the river's bank, Le Bland leading the way. Pushing aside the bushes at every step and passing over some pretty rough ground they soon reached a large growth of wood, free from underbrush and brakes, and emerging from that they stood on the border of one of the beautiful levels characteristic of the country.

Allan paused to admire the natural beauty of the spot, and the Frenchman observed him astance. While the parties stood thus a small bird alighted on a willow bush at about a distance of ten paces.

"It troubles you for one of those pistols, sir," said Le Bland quietly.

Allan instantly complied with his request, and gave him his choice of a brace of well furnished pistols with rifle barrels. The Frenchman took one of them and remarked, with his usual courtliness of style, "that he was considered a very good shot, but want of practice had unfitted him for nice shooting."

With these words, and smiling again, he raised the weapon, fired without much apparent care, and the bird fell dead.

"Rather clumsily done for me. I should have shot his head off; but it is all owing to want of practice. Be good enough to load it, young man, and we will soon finish this business," added Le Bland carelessly, but at the same time glancing stealthily at Allan to observe the effect of the shot.

"It is one thing to shoot at a bird and another to shoot a human being," replied the hunter coolly. "Such a feat does not surprise me; I have done as much myself. But there is one art in which I have never been eminent to excel; I allude to the art of dissimulation."

"Rash and foolish boy! You have provoked your fate. Your tone and manners are highly offensive, and add greatly to the sin of your first rudeness," retorted Le Bland, angrily.

"I care nothing for the loftiness which you affect; I only remember the cause of this quarrel. You offend an insult to a young and beautiful maiden. I appear as her champion, and will abide the result, whatever it may be," answered the hunter, firmly.

Le Bland measured the ground by paces, and then walked back to his former position.

"Who will give the signal to fire, since we have no seconds?" asked Allan.

"I will arrange that. I have an alarm watch which strikes any given time, by a regulated movement. I will set it so that it will strike in precisely two minutes."

Le Bland drew a repeater from his pocket and proceeded to set it with much nonchalance. When he had done so, he hung it by the chain upon a bush. A minute of deathlike silence elapsed, when the Frenchman suddenly dropped his weapon and exclaimed:

"The game is up!"

Norwood instinctively turned his gaze toward the spot upon which Le Bland's eyes were fastened, and perceived a man of a figure bold and striking. He was dressed in deerskin hunting shirt and leggings, and his feet were encased in Indian moccasins. The handle of a hunting knife, the blade of which was thrust into a sheath under the waist, was visible, while in his right hand he held a rifle.

"'Tis Daniel Boone!" cried Le Bland, "Put up your pistols, and we will defer this business until another time; for I do not wish to incur his displeasure."

Allan mechanically placed his weapon in its accustomed place, and then Daniel Boone approached toward them.

"Mr. Le Bland, what means this?"

"Pantomime, sir; nothing but pantomime," replied Le Bland, somewhat disconcerted by the reproving glances of the far-famed forester.

"Let it end thus, sir, for we want no more blood shed than absolute necessity requires. I perceive that there is a quarrel between you and this young stranger; but drop it right here, and let it go no further. If you are wise, you will take my advice, for I assure you that your friends at the settlement yonder are not numerous."

The Frenchman reddened, and for a moment was embarrassed by the sharp tones and keen glances of the pioneer.

"As you will, Captain Boone. I yield to your cooler judgment," he said at length.

Boone stood for a few seconds as if lost in reflection, and then turning abruptly to Allan, added, with much frankness:

"Come with me, young man, to Boonesborough. You appear to be of that class which we need at this crisis; you shall be welcome to hunter's fare."

This honest and open invitation made Norwood's heart beat with pleasure, for he trusted he should again see the fair maiden for whose sake he had dared the proud Frenchman's ire.

"Will you go with us?" asked the pioneer, addressing Le Bland.

"Not now. I will follow presently," replied the latter. Daniel Boone and Allan Norwood then walked toward Boonesborough, while the Frenchman, giving our hero a threatening glance, moved slowly away.

(To be continued.)

Ethetical.

"We'd be glad to have you among us," said Mrs. Starvem; "all our boarders are quite refined." "Yes," replied the inquirer, "the few I've seen look positively spirituelle, almost diphthongous. It scares me."—Philadelphia Press.

Cause of It.

Cholly—I admit it frequently takes me some time to make up my mind, but—

Miss Pepprey—Ah! Naturally. You must lose time in trying to locate it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Strangers Now.

Edyth—Percy De Smythe asked me to tell him the difference between pretty and handsome.

Mayme—I suppose he thought the opinion of a disinterested person would be best.

Drawing the Line.

Roundabout—I hear Lillian Russell is going to star in "The Barber of Seville."

Jaygreen—Well, she won't get any of my coin. I never patronize lady barbers.

To Please the Actors.

"Blank is an awfully kind-hearted fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes, I took him to a minstrel show the other day, and he laughed at all of the jokes."

Damascus is to have an electric works and an electric railroad. The working capital of the company is \$1,250,000.



## FARMS AND FARMERS

What Our Farmers Produce.

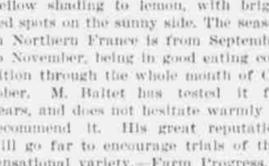
The American farmer raised in 1905 2,708,000,000 bushels of corn, 740,000,000 bushels of wheat, 1,000,000,000 bushels of oats, 35,000,000 bushels of rye, 150,000,000 bushels of barley, 30,000,000 bushels of flaxseed, 250,000,000 bushels of potatoes, 28,000,000 barrels of apples, 3,000,000 bushels of onions, 910,000 bushels of cranberries, 650,000,000 pounds of rice, 280,000 tons beet sugar, 11,000,000 bales of cotton, 38,000,000 tons of hay, 42,000,000 pounds of broom corn and 150,000,000 pounds of tobacco. In addition milk, butter and cheese from 17,570,000 cows, which products alone will be worth in 1906 more than \$665,000,000. He values his cows at \$482,000,000, to say nothing of the 43,700,000 other cattle, worth in round numbers \$923,000,000.

Just to make the figures even up, add another \$1,500,000,000 for horses and mules and 47,400,000 sheep and swine in the barns and fields. Next year he expects to handle 1,800,000,000 dozen of eggs.

## White Aylesbury Ducks.

The soft white plumage is one of the chief attractions of the Aylesbury breed, and like most white plumage has a tendency to assume a yellow hue if exposed to the sun. The beak will also lose its delicate pink hue and become yellow if exposed to too much sunlight in summer. The bill of the Pekin should be yellow, but the bill of the Aylesbury should be a delicate pink or flesh color, and birds intended for exhibition must possess this quality or they will suffer at the hands of the judge. Birds raised for exhibition purposes must be guarded against too much exposure to the sunlight in the summer. Of course, these delicate points are of no consequence to the market poultterer other than to show the true type of the breed.

For farm purposes the Aylesbury is to be recommended, second only to the Pekin; it possesses the many good qualities of the Pekin, and can be bred with almost the same success. The advantages claimed for Aylesbury are the ease with which it is acclimated, thriving in every country and climate; its early maturity; its great hardiness; its



## Provide Warmth for Hogs.

Says a swine-grower in the West: You think of the hog as being covered with a two or three-inch layer of pure fat. You think of that fat as being a poor conductor of heat and cold, letting little body heat escape and letting little of the cold of the weather get at the real hog.

If you stop to think, you will remember that hogs are hot-weather animals. All summer they spend much time in the sun, and in winter they pile up so as to keep warm. They come from the house or pen steaming in the cold air of winter. They shiver with the sudden chill.

Somehow that fat does not act as a non-conductor. The hogs sweat in the dead of winter as they pile up in a cold place. It would, therefore, seem probable that it would require more feed to keep hogs out in the cold than it would in a warm place.

Experiments have shown that a saving of about 25 per cent in the feed bill is made when hogs are sheltered so they are comfortable. It is better for the hogs to be warm enough so that they do not lie in a pile all the time. They move about more and take needed exercise, and are less liable to catch cold when they do not get up a sweat and then go out in the cold to feed.

## Good Corner Post.

There are a good many ways to make corner posts, but they are not all good ones. I send a sketch of one which I think is the best I ever saw. Posts on corners and short bends in a line of fence will lean if not braced. This one does not have to be braced, as it braces itself. This is the way it is made: Cut a small tree (size you wish for post) that is forked. Cut fork one foot shorter than body. Put post in ground, turn fork on inside corner and place rock under end of prongs. Corner posts made this way will never pull over. To hold fence on banks or hill sides, cut short posts—say three feet long—and dig holes two feet deep above each post. Put in post, then nail plank between short post and fence.—Roscoe Torbett.



## Wasting Feed.

A large proportion of the hay and fodder produced on farms is stacked, but hay stored in the barn will keep in much better condition than when stored in stacks. It is almost impossible to escape loss when it is exposed in stacks. Damaged hay will be wasted by the animals, and there is an additional loss in quantity by exposure that may not occur in the mow. It is better to sell the hay that cannot be stored in the mow than to accept risk of the weather.

Fodder can be as truly wasted when put in the stomach as when trodden under foot. Unhoused cattle have a continuous battle for comfort, and all consumption of food shows no result, for the reason that it is used wholly in keeping life. Moreover, they are stunted by their stay at this unthrifted stage, and will never show as good results afterward.

## Fortunate Farmer.

From the annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture, it appears that farm crops in the United States have never before been harvested at such a high general level of production and value as during the present year. Corn has reached its highest production, over 2,700,000,000 bushels, of a total estimated value of \$1,216,000,000. Hay comes second, with a value of \$995,000,000; cotton is expected to yield \$575,000,000; and as to wheat, the short crop of last year is followed by a crop of 684,000,000 bushels, the value of which, \$525,000,000, is larger than was ever before reached. It is interesting to notice that the estimated value of milk and butter, \$665,000,000, was larger than the value of any crop except corn, and that the product of eggs was valued at only \$5,000,000 less than the large wheat crop.

## THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1513—Juan Diaz De Solis discovered the mouth of the Rio Janeiro river.
- 1515—Louis XII, of France died.
- 1521—Martin Luther excommunicated.
- 1523—Knights of Malta driven from the Island of Rhodes by the Turks.
- 1540—Henry VIII, married to Anne, daughter of Duke of Cleves.
- 1589—Catherine De Medici died.
- 1604—Jesuits reinstated in France.
- 1649—Anne of Austria, Queen Regent of France, fled from Paris to St. Germain.
- 1651—Charles II, crowned King of Scotland.
- 1661—First appearance of women actors said to have been made at Lincoln Inn Fields theater, London.
- 1695—Marshal Luxembourg died.
- 1698—Whitehall Palace, London, destroyed by fire.
- 1717—Triple alliance formed by England, France and Holland.
- 1724—Philip V, of Spain abdicated in favor of his son.
- 1725—Pope Benedict XIII, opened the Holy Gates.
- 1729—Many persons killed or injured as a result of a great fog enveloping London.
- 1735—Paul Revere born.
- 1737—John Hancock born.
- 1740—Benedict Arnold born.
- 1745—Gen. Anthony Wayne born.
- 1757—Attempt made to assassinate Louis XV, of France.
- 1757—Calcutta retaken by the English.
- 1792—England declared war against Spain.
- 1770—Union flag raised at Cambridge, Mass.
- 1777—Battle between American and British forces at Princeton, N. J.
- 1781—French invaded island of Jersey and met with defeat.
- 1784—Treaty between United States and Great Britain signed.
- 1787—Arthur Middleton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, died.
- 1788—Georgia ratified the constitution of the United States.
- 1793—State canal of Pennsylvania begun. . . . Alien bill passed in England. . . . Third partition of Poland arranged between Russia, Austria and Prussia.
- 1795—Josiah Wedgwood, inventor of Wedgwood ware, died.
- 1798—American Congress made gift of \$12,800 to Kosciuszko, the Polish patriot who aided in the American revolution.
- 1801—Union of Great Britain and Ireland.
- 1804—Insurrection of Irish convicts in New South Wales.
- 1806—Breslau surrendered to the French.
- 1814—Dantzig surrendered to Duke of Wustenberg.
- 1822—Declaration of independence by the Greeks.
- 1825—Ferdinand IV., King of Naples, died.
- 1828—Fall of the Villele ministry in France.
- 1829—Protests received at Washington against dispatch or delivery of mails on the Sabbath. . . . Forty killed in a mine explosion at Lyons, France.
- 1830—Methodism first introduced in Germany.
- 1835—First newspaper issued in Buffalo, N. Y. . . . Charles Lamb died.
- 1842—English began retreat from Cabul.
- 1843—Steven P. Mason, ex-Governor of Michigan, died.
- 1848—Girard College, Philadelphia, opened. . . . Insurrection at Messina, Sicily.
- 1849—Discovery of the magnetic clock by Dr. Locke of Ohio.
- 1853—Gen. Aristas resigned and Covallos chosen president of Mexico. . . . Spain enacted stringent law against liberty of the press.
- 1854—French and English fleets enter the Black sea on their way to the Crimea.
- 1855—Victoria Bridge across St. Lawrence river carried away by ice.
- 1857—Assassination of the Archbishop of Paris (Sibour).
- 1863—State of West Virginia admitted to the Union.
- 1875—Trial of the Beecher-Tilton case begun. . . . Garibaldi refused pension from Italy on account of nation's low finances.
- 1885—Earthquake shocks felt in Maryland, Virginia and New Hampshire. . . . Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia invested with the pallium.
- 1891—Emma Abbott, famous opera singer, died. . . . Settlement of frontier dispute between Persia and Afghanistan.
- 1893—Last spike driven in the Great Northern extension to the Pacific coast.
- 1895—Million dollar fire at Toronto, Ont. . . . Many lives lost in great storm on English coast. . . . Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop, W. C. T. U. leader, died.
- 1898—John D. Rockefeller donated \$100,000 to University of Chicago.
- 1899—Formal delivery of Cuba to the United States.