

THE RED STORM

Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER III.

Allan Norwood, with a few hardy adventurers, had floated down the Ohio and Kentucky in boats and reached, after encountering innumerable perils, the vicinity of the new settlements. Leaving his comrades to refresh themselves after nights and days of toil and danger, our hero took his rifle and sallied forth to explore the country a little and learn how near they might be to Boonesborough and Harrodsburg, when he accidentally became a party to the scene between Rosalthe Alston and Le Bland.

Allan was the son of a wealthy farmer and received a very liberal education. Naturally bold and adventurous, he felt a strong repugnance to any of the learned professions. He longed for a life of activity. Accounts were daily reaching Ohio, through various channels, of the sufferings and romantic adventures of Daniel Boone, Benjamin Logan, John Harrod and other pioneers; and those remarkable stories made Allan conceive the bold design of penetrating to that wild region, to share in the excitement and danger of a backwoodsman's life.

This resolution being formed and a plan of operation matured, the requisite material, in the shape of enterprising young men, was speedily found to co-operate with him, and the perilous undertaking was achieved.

As Allan walked toward Boonesborough with its daring founder he could not refrain from observing him with deep interest; and he truly appeared to him the most remarkable man of the age; for he had, explored alone the mighty forests of Kentucky, braving singly the fury of the exasperated savages, who followed his footsteps day and night to destroy him and prevent him from carrying back to his countrymen the history of the most delightful country under heaven. But thus far he had escaped the deadly hostility of the wily savage, and the man of sleepless nights and weary days, ordained by God to carry life and civilization into the distant wilderness, now stood beside our hero with firm foot and lofty brow.

When they reached Boonesborough Norwood paused to examine the manner in which it was constructed. It consisted of a dozen cabins built of heavy logs, ingeniously interlaced at the ends, and separated from each other by partitions of the same material. These cabins formed one side of the fort, being highest on the outside, the roofs inclining inward. Strong stockades were raised around these at suitable distance, and in the angles of the cabins block-houses of the most substantial kind were erected. These projected about twenty inches beyond the outer walls of the cabins and stockades, and were amply provided with loopholes. Allan, after making these observations, remarked: "that the whole must have been the work of considerable labor."

"You are right, young man, and it was not only a work of much labor, but a work often interrupted by sudden attacks of the savages. It reminded me of Nehemiah repairing the walls of Jerusalem, when his workmen wrought with one hand and held the spear with the other," replied the pioneer; and then led the way to a large gate of slabs, upon which he struck a few blows with the butt of his rifle. Directly footsteps were heard and a voice asked:

"Who dar?"

"It is one of our colored fellows," remarked Boone to Allan, and then replied to the negro's reasonable inquiry: "It is me, Andrew."

"I doesn't know any sich white feller," was the immediate response.

"Come, don't keep us waiting; hurry," rejoined Boone.

"Dat you, Massa Boone?" asked Andrew, in more respectful tone.

The forester replied that it was; the negro opened the door, and the parties entered the inclosure. Allan glanced at Andrew while he was closing the gate, and perceived that he was considerably advanced in life, his woolly hair being gray with age, though his figure was not bowed by the weight of years.

"A faithful, but rather eccentric fellow is Andrew," observed Captain Boone. He then lifted the rude latch and ushered the young hunter into his cabin. A respectable looking female met him on the threshold, whom he introduced to Allan as Mrs. Boone. A young woman of eighteen or twenty he presented as his daughter Elizabeth. Norwood had entertained a hope that the maiden whom he had seen in the morning might prove to be the daughter of the famous pioneer, but when his gaze rested upon Elizabeth Boone, although she was fair, he could not so far master his feelings as to realize no disappointment at the discovery. A lad of about fifteen years of age was cleaning the tube of a rifle, and was the forester's son.

Captain Boone informed his family that his guest, who was from the State of Ohio, had come to examine the country, and hoped he would receive such hospitality as his poor dwelling could afford; to which Mrs. Boone responded in an appropriate and kindly manner, and set about making preparations for dinner.

While the meal was being prepared, Allan proceeded to relate the particulars of the morning's adventure, to which his host listened with earnest attention. "Did you hear any portion of the conversation that passed between the young woman and the Frenchman?" he asked.

"I am quite certain that I heard the latter refer to some danger of an imminent and pressing kind that menaced this settlement, or the neighboring one."

"And you say, moreover, that he wished to extort a promise of some kind from her?" continued Boone.

"It was that which caused me to interfere in her behalf; and the promise of secrecy I doubt not had reference to the danger which threatens you," rejoined Allan.

"This matter may be of the greatest importance to us, Mr. Norwood. Were there any names mentioned, that you can remember?" resumed the forester.

"Yes, a name was mentioned which I

now recollect. Du Quesne, I think it was."

Daniel Boone sprang from his seat with a sudden and angry impulse.

"Du Quesne, did you say, sir?" he exclaimed. "Then there is indeed danger, for he is an instrument to do us harm. The Indians will rally around him to crush us. I have heard his name; he acts under the authority of the British posts, and has been active in distributing arms and ammunition among the savage tribes."

"Allow me to inquire who this Le Bland is who came so near sending a bullet through my body?" rejoined Allan.

"That question is not easily answered, young man. I need information on the subject myself. He came among us about four weeks ago. He has managed to make himself peculiarly agreeable to Esquire Alston, and that he loves his handsome daughter Rosalthe is no secret among us. The girl fears him. What the secret of his influence is, I have not been able to discover."

"Does Mr. Alston favor the pretensions of the Frenchman?" asked Allan, earnestly.

"Most decidedly. Esquire Alston was formerly a man of wealth, and could indulge in the luxuries of refined life. He also has indubitable claims to a noble ancestry. He married into a distinguished family, and his daughter received an education far superior to that which usually falls to the lot of young ladies. Having lost most of his wealth by an unfortunate investment, he turned his attention to this new country, and had the courage to dare a pioneer's life, but if Esquire Alston has any weak point, it is that his sweet daughter should marry a gentleman."

The conversation was interrupted at that moment by the entrance of Simon Kenton, a man whose name is honorably mentioned in the annals of Kentucky history. His face had a frank and honest expression which served as a passport to the good opinion of Allan. The brief ceremony of introduction had scarcely been finished before another individual made his appearance in the cabin of the pioneer. This was Joel Logston, a man of extraordinary muscular power, and of whose wonderful exploits tradition is yet eloquent. He was followed by one of the largest and ugliest dogs that ever aspired to the friendship of a human being.

On account of the explosive and fiery nature of his disposition his master had bestowed upon him the name of Vesuvius. Vesuvius was a snappish and fretful cur, given to sudden, violent and dangerous eruptions of the lava of wrath, when it became imperatively necessary for all within a certain area to withdraw themselves speedily to escape instant torment with tooth and nail. This ungentle mastiff always walked about six inches behind Joel Logston, except when engaged in his favorite pursuit of hunting, for on these occasions he was invariably in advance of everything in the shape of quadruped or biped.

Joel Logston was quite as celebrated for his marvelous narrations and extravagant style as for his physical strength. No man of the three settlements could tell with such incomparable self-possession and coolness such stories as he did. With this strong proclivity to exaggeration was combined a rough drollery and good nature that made him at all times a very agreeable companion. If Joel had any malice in his heart it manifested itself in putting Andrew in mortal fear by causing Vesuvius to show his teeth and make several hostile demonstrations toward him. Nor was Andrew the only subject of these curish persecutions. Mr. Alston's colored man, Exquisite Ebony, was another martyr to Joel and his mastiff.

While Allan was partaking of the substantial hospitality of the pioneer in the form of excellent venison and other wholesome and palatable viands, Logston amused all the parties by relating one of his recent adventures, in which he asserted, with much modesty of manner, that he had no doubt slain fourteen Indians with his own hand, besides doing to death a litter of bears of six months, with their sire and dam. For the truth of this reasonable statement he appealed to Vesuvius, who answered with a short, sharp and expressive yelp, and then fixed his fiery eyes upon Andrew in such a threatening manner that the latter retreated to the farthest corner of the room, rolling his eyes in great alarm.

Simon Kenton, though a braver man in the hour of danger never held a rifle, sat silent and reserved as a young maiden; but Allan observed that his eyes sought the neat figure of Lizzie Boone, as she moved lightly about the dwelling.

CHAPTER IV.

Rosalthe returned to the fort much perplexed and agitated by the singular conduct of Le Bland. Notwithstanding the high place which he occupied in the estimation of her father, she had never valued him as an acquaintance; on the contrary, she had never felt at ease in his society. The cause of her aversion to the insinuating Frenchman she could not herself understand fully; but it was not the less genuine for that reason. Encouraged by her father's good opinion, he had made declarations at various times of the nature and tendency of which she could not affect to misapprehend. Rosalthe, on all such occasions, had given no word of hope, and with a careful regard to his feelings endeavored to make known her sentiments without wounding his pride.

The conversation which had transpired on the bank of the river appeared abundantly confirmatory of her fears and suspicions. To the young stranger who had so opportunely appeared to assist her she felt truly grateful; but the reflection that she had possibly involved him in a quarrel with a dangerous man added much to the anxiety of her mind. She was on the point of making known the state of her feelings to her father, in respect to Le Bland, when he com-

menced to speak highly in his praise, dwelling particularly upon his gentle manners and the frankness which characterized him in every act in life.

"I esteem him," added Mr. Alston, "for his numerous good qualities—for the kindness of his heart, for the dignity and refinement of his manners and for all those noble traits which constitute true manhood."

Rosalthe felt her blood mounting tumultuously to her cheeks, and tears of regret filling her eyes. She was much pained that a man of her father's discrimination should be so egregiously deceived in the Frenchman's character. But she was misapprehended; for Alston, observing her confusion, attributed it wholly to another cause and remarked, with a meaning smile, that "she need not be confused about the matter, for he fully appreciated her feelings and should not reproach her for anything that might have passed between Le Bland and herself, of whose honorable intentions he was entirely persuaded."

And to make Rosalthe's position more mortifying, Mrs. Alston observed in relation to the subject of her husband's eulogy: "That he was a very pleasant gentleman, and she hoped her daughter would be so fortunate as never to form any acquaintance less respectable; and she should not object to her preferences when they were so judiciously made, as in the present instance."

Mr. Alston then hinted that he was a man of wealth and was about to make a large purchase of land lying on the opposite bank of the Kentucky river. He stated that the idea was a good one, and would prove exceedingly profitable, as it would doubtless quadruple in a few years the capital invested. Rosalthe perceived at once that her father's mind was filled with a splendid bubble, which would burst sooner or later and end in a cruel disappointment. Whether her fears magnified the danger and trial in reserve for her or herself, time only could prove; but it was plainly apparent to her that the wily Frenchman exercised almost unbounded influence over her father's movements.

It appeared to her that the time had come to speak boldly and reveal all that her promise did not oblige her to lock within her own bosom. She could assure her father that he had completely mistaken her sentiments in regard to Le Bland, and that she disliked him with more real intensity than she was supposed to love him.

While thoughts of this nature were passing rapidly through her mind, the door was opened by Ebony, the colored servant, and the subject of her thoughts entered the cabin. He glanced quickly from one to the other, greeting them with his accustomed civility. He took a seat near Mr. Alston and conversed with him in that peculiar, agreeable, easy and confidential manner which had so won upon his esteem.

Rosalthe could overhear but little of what was said, but she often caught such words as "land, loans, investment," which induced her to believe that the land speculation was the one under discussion.

Le Bland finally arose and approached our heroine and said to her in a low voice:

"Pardon my earnestness this morning. My desire to save you from what appeared a pressing danger made me, I fear, somewhat rude. I am happy to say now that I was not correctly informed in regard to Captain Du Quesne and his intentions. You may sleep in safety, fair Rosalthe, and rest assured that there is one who will shield you from Indian cruelty."

"Then you free me from my position?" returned Rosalthe.

"No, gentle Rosalthe," he answered, in his most engaging tones. "I cannot absolve you from your promise; for speaking of the subject might produce unnecessary alarm. Moreover, I design to make further investigation of the matter and learn the real extent of the danger, if any exists, your father shall be duly and properly informed of everything. Take your accustomed walks as though nothing had happened, being careful not to go too far away from the fort, and I promise not to interrupt or you, or speak in relation to any subject not agreeable to you. Deal with me fairly and truly, and you shall not have an occasion to regret it, I assure you."

(To be continued.)

Reason of It.

Gebhart—What, so hard at work just before Christmas?

Carstone—That's just why. My wife threatens to buy me some absurdly expensive Christmas present, so I'm making a little extra working overtime.

Undoubtedly.

Her—What a pity it is that women cannot do the proposing instead of the men.

Him—What would be the result?

Her—Fewer engagements and more marriages, I imagine.

On the Banks of the Styx.

Shade of Noah—Say, Sol, how did you manage to acquire your reputation for wisdom?

Shade of Solomon—By not attempting to give my wives satisfactory answers to their questions.

His Qualifications.

Senior Partner—I think that office boy of ours would make a good policeman.

Junior Partner—Because why?

Senior Partner—Because he's never around when wanted.

A Dubious Compliment.

"What do you think of Miss Shreek's voice?"

"What do I think of Miss Shreek's voice? Why, I'm circulating a subscription paper to send her abroad."

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Heard in the Asylum.

"Is there anything you wouldn't eat for dinner?"

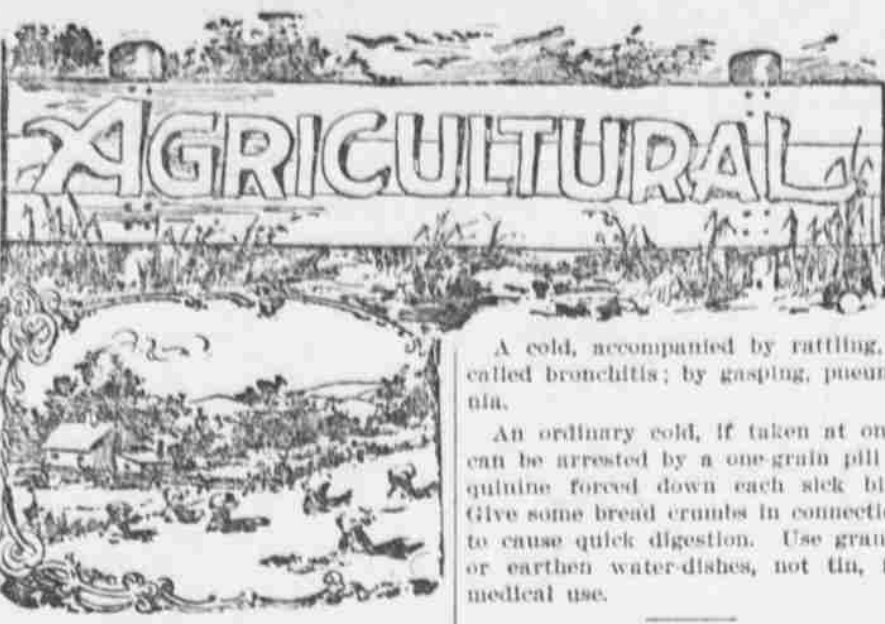
"Uh-huh."

"What?"

"Breakfast."—Cleveland Leader.

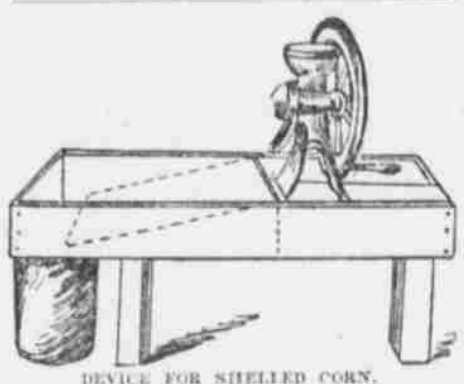
Don't tack a fancy name on a kid. It makes him a target for his companions.

The Bank of France is four times as large as the Bank of England.



For Shelled Corn.

Where considerable corn has to be shelled for the animals on the farm it is often wasted by falling on the barn floor and through the cracks between the boards. The device here suggested is easily made, and if correctly made will certainly save the corn to the last grain. Make a box three feet long, eighteen inches wide and ten or twelve inches deep. Cover over one end of this, at the top, on which to fasten the corn sheller. Make an inclined bottom to within eight inches of the end, which remains open. Put legs under this box and set it high enough so that a pail or a bag can be set under the open end and bottom to catch the grains of corn as they come from the sheller. If a bag is used, hooks will have to



DEVICE FOR SHELLING CORN.

be put in the sides of the bottom of the box on which to hang the bag. A high box or a pail would be preferable to the bag. The cost of making this device is very small, any one with a few tools can do it, and it will certainly save both corn and labor. The illustration shows the plan so clearly that no further explanation is necessary.—Indianapolis News.

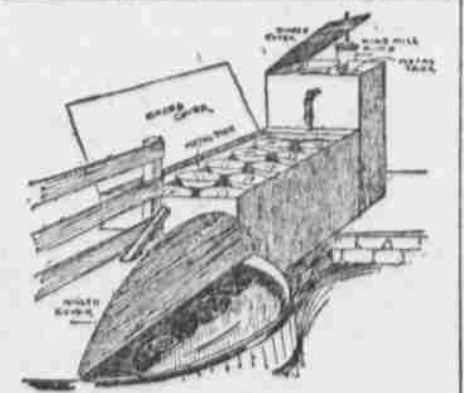
Use Experiment Stations.

There is not a State experiment station in the country whose staff of experts will not welcome knotty problems from the farmers of the State. This would be the case especially this winter, when they are not rushed with work. Go over the operations of the last season and jot down, in considerable detail, each operation which gave you trouble and unload these troubles on the experiment station of your State. The staff may be "book farmers," as you think, but all of them are trained men and sincerely anxious to help you. If asking about any particular crop describe your soil in detail, your method of culture, and give any other information which will enable the station people to give you an intelligent answer.

If any particular crop was unusually short and you can not account for it on natural reasons, describe your method of culture, of fertilizing, the seed, etc., and the changes if any in which the treatment differed from that given in any previous year when the same crop was satisfactory. Do not be bashful about asking for help from the stations, for you help support them, and they are in existence to assist you, which they will do if you will give them any sort of an opportunity.—Exchange.

Farm Water Works.

The illustration explains itself. The plan is intended to meet the needs of the ordinary dairy or stock farm where there is a windmill for pumping the water. A two-inch tube conveys the water into the galvanized iron house tank, which is enclosed in a tight wooden box. Water is dipped from this tank for household purposes both summer and winter. The overflow is near the top, hence does not freeze as it is never filled with standing water. The overflow is



THE FARM WATER WORKS.

conveyed from this tank to a galvanized iron milk tank, which is also enclosed in a wooden box, and has an overflow pipe from it to the horse and cattle watering tank, which may be situated at some distance away.

Some Hints of Poultry.

Clean, varied, easily digested food is itself a medicine.

Aliments can be classed as colds, indigestion, vices and accidents.

The causes of malignant colds are dith, dampness, drafts, neglect and improper food.

A cold, accompanied by rattling, is called bronchitis; by gasping, pneumonia.

An ordinary cold, if taken at once, can be arrested by a one-grain pill of quinine forced down each sick bird. Give some bread crumbs in connection, to cause quick digestion. Use granite or earthen water-dishes, not tin, for medicinal use.

The Stall-Fed Cow.

Somewhat many dairymen have reached the wrong conclusions when reading of dairy farms where the cows are stall-fed the year round. It by no means is intended that the cows shall have no outdoor exercise; on the contrary, except for cows that are on pasture entirely during the summer, few cows are more intelligently exercised and proper ventilation furnished them than stall-fed animals properly brought up. At regular hours the animals are turned into commodious barnyards for air and exercise. During the winter this outdoor exercise is as carefully looked after as during the summer, and, in the majority of cases, the cows occupy only sleeping hours and milking hours in their separate stalls, the balance of the time being spent in large sheds.

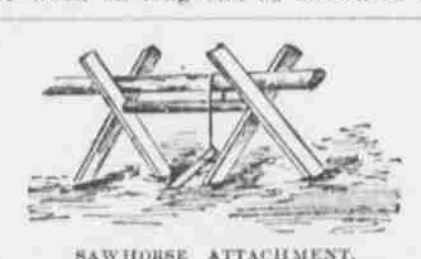
Don't be afraid of the fresh air for your animals during the winter; see that they have all the outdoor exercise the weather will permit, but more than all, see that the stables are properly ventilated and aired. There are a number of devices for this purpose, and one of the best of them is the window frame covered with muslin. Remember that close confinement and foul air predispose the cow to tuberculosis, and that fresh air and plenty of it will enable her to do her share, not only as a milk producer but as a mother.

Agricultural Fairs.

The fair season has been exceptionally gratifying. Upon the whole, the agricultural exhibitions throughout the country have been better than usual. Fakes have been discouraged and legitimate exhibits have benefited. The issue of complete catalogues, using plain numbers conspicuously over each animal or other exhibit and referring to them in the catalogue, has attracted favorable attention wherever it has been adopted. Individual exhibitors have assisted the management materially by having placards printed, bearing their name and the name of the exhibit and other information for the benefit of those attending. The value of an exhibit is lost unless the visitor can learn quickly something definite in regard to it.—Exchange.

To Hold Wood White Sawing.

Send a piece of iron, put a piece of wood on long end as shown in il-



SAWHORSE ATTACHMENT.

lustration, put this between the legs of sawhorse. Stand erect with left foot on stick.

Caring for Early Chicks.

Every one who raises poultry for egg production realizes the value of the early hatched chick. Unfortunately, many of the early hatched chicks die, from various causes, but it is worth considerable trouble to take all the precautions possible to raise, all the chicks that are born healthy. One of the best methods of doing this is to provide a special house for the hens and their broods. Such a house should be low, not expensive, and built so that the greatest possible amount of sunlight can enter it. If this sunlight is admitted through glass placed close to the floor care must be taken to cover this glass at night.

The space for each hen and her brood need not be large, four feet square would be ample, just enough to provide plenty of room for exercise on the part of the chicks. If this room for exercise is given the chicks will not huddle so closely about the mother in cold weather, but will run around, bask in the sun and pick up small grain if it is placed where they can get it, in the chaff on the floor. All this is trouble, of course, but it makes strong, healthy chicks and reduces the number of deaths among early hatched chicks to a minimum.

All Round Good Fertilizer.

If pure unbleached wood ashes could be obtained plentifully and at a moderate cost, they would give far more satisfactory results than any other cheap, natural combination fertilizer known to agricultural science, as the ashes are rich in potash and contain lime in its best form, also serving well against many kinds of insects. Ashes can be used without liability of injury on all kinds of crops if broadcasted over the soil, as much as 150 bushels per acre not being considered excessive on certain soils, and they make a better fertilizer for clover than barnyard manure. For fruit trees ashes can not be excelled.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1400—King Richard II. of England murdered.

1526—Treaty of Madrid concluded between Emperor Charles V. of Spain and Francis I. of France.

1543—English Parliament passed measure to forbid women and apprentices to read the New Testament in English.

1546—Martin Luther preached his farewell sermon at Wittenberg.

1549—Liturgy of English church established by Parliament.

1601—Treaty of peace between France and Savoy.

1644—Swedish invasion of Denmark.

1693—Louis XIV. of France declared war against England.

1706—Benjamin Franklin born....Articles of union between England and Scotland ratified by Scotch Parliament.

1730—Gov. Montgomerie granted a charter to New York City.

1739—Pope issued edict against meeting of Free Masons under penalty of the rack.

1777—Vermont declared itself a free and independent State.

1778—Sandwich Islands discovered by Capt. Cook.

1778—Independence of United States of America recognized by France.

1784—American Congress ratified the definite treaty of peace with England.

1804—Military post at Natchez turned over to United States by Spain....Dr. Jenner first declared vaccination would prevent smallpox.

1812—King of Sicily abdicated the throne.

1814—Point Peter, Ga., surrendered to the British.

1815—United States frigate President captured by the British....King Spain issued edict against Free Masonry....National fast day observed in United States.

1840—Forty lives lost in burning of steamer Lexington, Long Island sound, between New York and Stonington.

1854—Two railroad bridges at Erie, Pa., destroyed by a mob of women.

1858—Attempted assassination of Napoleon III. by Orsini.

1862—Burnside's expedition arrived at Hatteras inlet, N. C.

1865—United States Senate voted to abrogate reciprocity treaty with Canada.

1867—Capital of Canadian confederation moved from Ottawa to Quebec.

1868—United States Senate refused to approve suspension of Secretary Stanton.

1874—Communist riot, Tompkins square, New York.

1884—New State capitol building of Iowa dedicated at Des Moines.

1889—One thousand cigarmakers went on strike in New York.

1887—Freedom of city of London conferred upon Henry M. Stanley.

1891—Irish National League met at Dublin with Parnell presiding.

1893—Rutherford B. Hayes, ex-President of the United States, died.

1895—Felix Faure elected President of France.

1897—National monetary conference met at Indianapolis, Ind.

1899—Capt. Richard O'Leary appointed military governor of Guam.

1900—Alex. Majors, originator of the pony express overland mail service, died....Congressman Nelson Dingley of Maine died.

1904—Asa L. Bushnell, former Governor of Ohio, died, aged 93.

1905—Japanese entered Port Arthur.



George T. Goodale of the Detroit Free Press recently completed his fortieth year of continuous service on one paper. J. Lathrop Allen, who made the first band instruments in the United States, is still living in New York at the age of 90.

There are four Governors that served during the Civil War still living. William Sprague, whose home is near Narragansett Pier, R. I.; Frederick Holbrook of Brattleboro, Vt.; Samuel J. Crawford of Kansas and John J. Pettus of Mississippi.

Dr. William Rolfe, the celebrated Shakspearean scholar, has just celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday at Cambridge, Mass.

John Bartlett of "Familiar Quotations" fame, one of the most retiring in habits and valuable in service of the literates of Boston, died recently at the age of 86.

William Thompson, who died the other day at Shelbyville, Ind., aged 77, was known as the man who sold his gold at \$2.75 during the Civil War. This premium was within 10 cents of the highest price ever paid for gold.