THE RED STORM

Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER XIX.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It is enough," replied the Indian girl.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XX.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I thank you for that," exclaimed Rosalthe.

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

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

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

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

"I demand proof!" returned Norwood.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You will tell her this pretty tale if you find her?" added Star-Light, looking at him with a scornful smile.

"Not until she is safely restored to her friends," replied Allan firmly.

"Listen—let your ears be open—the White-Cloud already loves!"

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

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

CHAPTER XXI.

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

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

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

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

"And you——"

"Assisted him," added the girl.

No more was said by either party. Mrs. McKee produced a pipe, and exhaled column after column of smoke with Indian stoicism; and Innis endeavored to imitate her indifference.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

A Perplexed Poet.

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

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

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

"Why?"

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

In a Bad Way.

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

Most Extraordinary.

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

Mrs. Ascum—You don't say?

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

An Opinion.

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

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

Happy Ignorance.

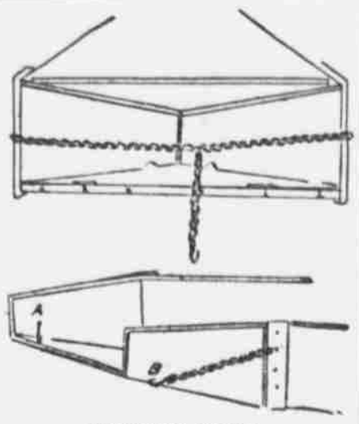
"As you make your bed so must you lie in it," quoted Aunt Matilda to her butterfly niece.

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

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

Farm Wagon Attachment.

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



SHOVELING BOARD.

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

Making Incubator Profitable.

The incubator has passed the experimental stage, and is no longer a machine of chance results. Any one with a reasonable amount of common sense and the ability to take care of the machine and its contents while it is in operation will be rewarded by success. If one is in a position to go into the poultry business on a scale of considerable magnitude the better plan is to prepare a cellar expressly for the work, for, perfect as they are, incubators sometimes catch on fire, and then the loss of the building they are in generally follows. The cement building blocks which have recently come into use offer the means to construct an incubtor cellar in any section of the country at moderate cost. Brooders, too, must be added, and there should be a structure for the brooders, so that the early hatched chicks need not be turned out of doors to get wet or catch cold. Incubator cellar in any section of the pacity and sold at a low price. A 50-egg machine of reliable make can be bought for $10, and with it one can get all the experience needed to enable him to operate those of larger capacity a second season. The incubator and the brooder are essential in operations of considerable size, the sitting hen to be used only as a makeshift.

When and What to Prune.

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

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

Head back immediately after blooming: Kalmia latifolia, diervilla or wiegelia, azalea, forsythia, snowball, kerria, mock orange, Philadelphus, barberry, most woody spireas.

Head back when dormant: Roses, celmatis, spirea sorbifolia, hydrangea.

Large flowering trees not requiring pruning: Aesculus (horse chestnut), sorbus sambucifolia, catalpa, sorbus Americana (American ash), liriodendron (tulip poplar), pavia, sorbus grandiflora, pyrus aria (white bean tree), sorbus elanocarpa, robina, cladrastis, tingtoria (Virgilia tree), sophora, sorbus ancuparia (mountain ash).

Clipping Horses.

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

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

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

Is Your Dairy Farm a Success?

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

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

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

Improving an Old Orchard.

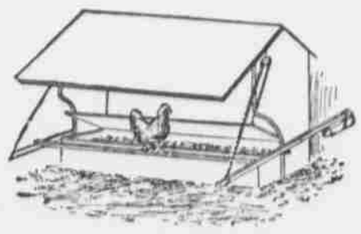
It is often the case that an orchard in middle life is found to be no longer profitable, mainly because a mistake was made in the selection of the varieties in the beginning. In such cases the orchard may be made profitable again by top-grafting the trees. This is not a difficult task, provided it is properly done and the union between the branch and the scion is perfect. As a rule branches not over an inch in diameter are the best to work this way. Of course, it is understood that the scions would be much smaller in diameter than the parent stock, so the plan is to insert two on each outer edge. The main thing to observe is to be sure that the bark of both scion and parent stock is in perfect line, so that the flow of sap may be perfectly free. Care must also be taken that the space between the scions and the parent stock made by the chisel be filled with the grafting wax, as well as any other spaces in which the air may get. It is not customary to leave both of the grafts, but to cut out the weaker one if both grow. This work is interesting and really very simple if one gets the knack of it, and it certainly pays with an orchard that is not too old if care is taken to obtain scions from known bearing trees of the best sorts.

Do Not Overpet the Young Stock.

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

Self-Feeder for Poultry.

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

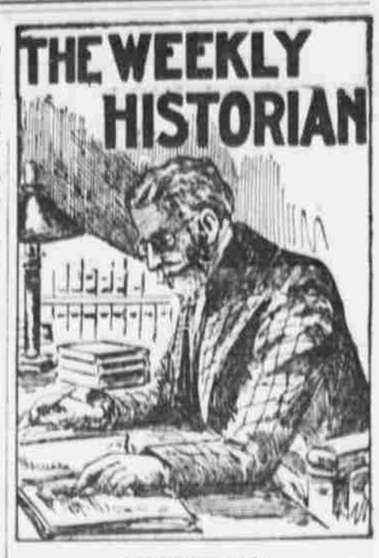


FEED HOPPER FOR POULTRY.

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

Changing Lots for Swine.

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



1369—Battle of Montell.

1519—Fernando Cortez and his band of explorers attacked by Indians.

1521—Insurrection and massacre in the island of Majorca.

1590—Battle of Ivry.

1621—Plymouth colonists received first Indian visit....Complaint against Lord Bacon for corruption presented to the House of Lords.

1632—Treaty of St. Germain, by which Canada and Nova Scotia were restored to the French.

1644—Roger Williams obtained charter for incorporation of Providence, R. I.

1676—Narragansett Indians attacked Northampton, Mass....Settlement of Warwick, R. I., destroyed by the Indians.

1680—First Assembly of New Hampshire met at Portsmouth.

1718—First person inoculated for smallpox in England.

1757—Admiral John Byng shot at Portsmouth, England, for cowardice.

1766—Celebration in Boston over repeal of the Stamp act.

1776—Boston evacuated by the British.

1778—Engagement at Quintan's Bridge, New Jersey.

1781—French surrendered island of St. Bartholomew to the British....Cornwallis retreated from Guilford court house.

1793—Battle of Linden.

1800—British ship Queen Charlotte destroyed by an explosion off Leghorn.

1802—Military institution established at West Point, N. Y.

1808—King Charles IV. of Spain abdicated in favor of his son.

1813—Delaware river blocked by British ships.

1815—Kingdom of the Netherlands proclaimed William I. as King.

1848—Insurrection at Milan; flight of the viceroy.

1853—Nankin taken by rebels; 20,000 massacred.

1855—First train across Niagara bridge.

1858—Lucknow taken.

1861—Kingdom of Italy established.

1863—Prince William George of Denmark elected King of Greece.

1865—Battle of Bentonville, N. C.....Lincoln issued proclamation to punish persons supplying arms to Indians....Confederate arsenal at Fayetteville, N. C., destroyed by Sherman.

1867—Mexico evacuated by the French.

1869—Revolt of convicts in Sing Sing prison; a keeper killed.

1871—Communist uprising in Paris....Siege of Paris begun.

1872—Execution of three Communists at Satory.

1873—San Salvador destroyed by an earthquake.

1875—Tornado devastated Rienzi, Miss.

1878—Great strike of weavers in England....O'Donovan Rossa riot in Toronto.

1882—"Billy the Kid" captured in Minneapolis.

1883—Collision on Edinburgh and Glasgow railroad at Central station; seventy-four killed....Alleged attempt to assassinate Lady Florence Dixie at Windsor.

1884—Egyptian troops defeated at Khartoum....Tribal rising in Egypt from Kassala to Berber.

1885—One hundred and thirty-seven miners suffocated in Rhenish Prussia.

1886—Geronimo and band surrendered to Lieut. Maus in Arizona.

1887—Train fell through a bridge in Boston; forty lives lost....Fire destroyed Richmond hotel in Buffalo; thirty-two lives lost.

1888—Santa Fe railroad tied up by strikers....Morocco refused demands of the United States.

1889—Coper panic in Paris.

1890—Boomers invaded the Cherokee strip.

1891—Steamer Eutopia sunk in Gibraltar bay; 571 lives lost....Keystone National bank in Philadelphia closed its doors.

1893—$500,000 fire in Milwaukee....Jules Ferry, president of French Senate, died.

1894—Walter Wellman, Arctic explorer, sailed from New York.

1895—Missing Spanish warship Reina Regente found sunken near Gibraltar; 420 persons lost....Two hundred thousand bootmakers on strike in England....Revolt crushed in Colombia.

1905—Cruiser Washington launched at Philadelphia....James H. Peabody declared Governor of Colorado....Gen. Linevitch appointed to succeed Kuropatkin in command of Russian army....More than a score killed in coal mine explosion at Thurmond, W. Va.

Between Friends.

Jimjones—What did you think of that cigar I gave you this morning?

Samsmith—Don't ask me, please. I'm trying to forget it.