

THE RED STORM Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

The Frenchman did not pause for a reply, but giving Rosalthe one of his warning glances, which never failed to terrify her, immediately left the cabin. On the following morning Miss Alston left the fort as she had been in the habit of doing for some time, taking the precaution, however, to have Ebony accompany her. She wished to test the sincerity of Le Bland's promises, and give him another opportunity to make further disclosures.

The step cost her considerable self-denial, and it was not without many misgivings that she walked toward her favorite retreat. She gave Ebony his instructions as she proceeded.

"You may go yonder," she said, pointing to a hazel thicket, not far distant, "and remain there until I am ready to return, and be sure to come when I call."

"Dis child will be dar afore soon," returned Ebony.

"Very well, do not forget your instructions."

"I never fo'git; I'll be sure to disremember eberyting," said the negro, confidently.

Miss Alston entered the glade and seated herself upon the river's bank. That she felt somewhat nervous at first, and had vague apprehensions of hearing the footsteps of Le Bland, was quite natural, but soon the dreamy murmurings of the waters, the gentle sighing of the winds amid the trees, lulled her spirit into tranquillity and forgetfulness of danger.

While occupied in this manner, a soft touch upon the arm changed the current of her meditations and caused her to rise to her feet quickly and turn an alarmed look toward the intruder.

An Indian maiden in the summer of womanhood, with a figure queenly in proportions and bearing, stood before her. Her features were of marvelous regularity and beauty, but so proud and lofty in their expression, that Rosalthe could not repress an exclamation of admiration. Her eyes, which were dark and lustrous, were flashing with excitement. Her style of dress was by no means contemptible, but both picturesque and graceful, being ornamented in its different parts according to the arts of her people.

The two maidens stood silent, the one defiant and haughty, the other wondering and alarmed. The steady gaze of the Cherokee girl was imperious, angry, yet courteous, and she moved not a muscle, nor relaxed a tittle of her sternness, while she studied every line of Rosalthe's fair face. When she had subjected her heroine to this ordeal, which made her tremble, she spoke with impassioned earnestness:

"The daughter of the pale face is fair, but she is weak; she has won that which she cannot keep, and that which belongs to another."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Rosalthe, recoiling before the threatening glances of the Indian maiden.

"What do I mean?" cried the latter energetically. "How dare the pale face be so bold and look so innocent when I know how black her heart is?"

"I am still dark—I understand you not," said Rosalthe.

"Let the just judge between us. A white man came to the lodges of my people; his eyes rested upon the face of Wassahauza (an Indian term signifying starlight), and it pleased him. The pale skin said pleasant things. Star-Light listened, and her foolish heart was taken captive by his smooth words; she spurned the love of Otter Lifter, the noble young chief, and all her eyelight shone upon the deceitful child of Machinito."

"The Indian girl paused and struggled with her emotions."

"Daughter of the white man, listen while I speak of the wrongs of Wassahauza, of the red race of the bold Cherokee. The sun arose and set on her love, and the moon smiled upon the happy maiden. But the heavens-grew black—a storm was in the skies, the heart of the Sholska (Smooth-Tongue) was bad and full of lies. He went in to the big wigwam of the pale faces and whispered the same fair words to Wabwahok-wot (the White-Cloud) that he had spoken to Star-Light. The White-Cloud listened to the soft speeches of Smooth-Tongue, and her heart beat with the same wild hopes that had filled the Cherokee maiden with joy. They met here on this spot, where the sun shines warm and bright and the waters murmur with a pleasant sound. Foolish trembler, what do you say to this strange tale?"

Star-Light ceased and looked angrily at Rosalthe, whose cheeks were pale, and whose whole form was agitated.

"My red sister is speaking of Le Bland, the wily Frenchman. You are deceitful—wrong me!" exclaimed Rosalthe, earnestly. "The White-Cloud does not love this Smooth-Tongue; she fears him, she shuns him. There is no sweetness in his tones for the daughter of the pale face. She has no eyelight for the man whose heart is bad, and whose speech is full of guile."

"One pale face has filled my ears with falsehoods, and I'll have no more; I believe they are all alike. No, no! your fair words, and fair skin, and fair looks cannot deceive me," returned Star-Light.

"I will make solemn oath to what I say. I will call upon the sacred name of the good Monedo!" cried Rosalthe, with touching earnestness, laying her hand upon the maiden's arm.

"Sholska swore by the good Monedo, and yet he was false—false as the evil Machinito himself," replied Star-Light.

"What can I do, then, to convince you? I despair of doing so," said Rosalthe, much moved.

"The White-Cloud must go with me," replied the Cherokee, sternly.

"Go with you? Oh, no, I cannot!" cried Rosalthe, more alarmed than ever. "You can and must glide down the waters and walk the wide forest with Wassahauza."

"The Indian girl took Rosalthe's arm, and pointed significantly toward the river. "You are one of my sex—you are a woman, though your skin differs from mine in color; then in heaven's name,

show the pity of a woman!"

"Who talks of pity? It is idle talk! Come with me, where one Smooth-Tongue shall behold you no more; I have stayed too long already," was the unyielding response.

"Nay, if you insist, I will call for assistance, and some evil might befall you," said Rosalthe.

"Speak but a single word above your natural voice, and this blade will stop the heart's music forever," added Star-Light, drawing from beneath her Indian vestments a knife, and placing its polished point to Rosalthe's heaving breast.

"And can it be that one so fair, and one who can speak so wisely, has a nature so cruel? If I must fall a victim to your jealous fury, strike, and let me perish here near those who love me!" she cried.

The threatening features of Wassahauza relaxed something of their sternness.

"Cease to fear—I will not harm you. The White-Cloud shall float back again in safety; come away. Do not resist me a moment longer, or I may change my mind," said Star-Light; and passing her arm within Rosalthe's, led her down to the bank of the river. A light birch canoe was drawn up among the reeds.

"Get in," said Star-Light.

Rosalthe looked once more imploringly towards Wassahauza, and then obeyed; the latter quickly pushed off the frail vessel, and using the paddle adroitly, urged it rapidly and silently down the stream.

When Rosalthe cast one long and lingering look backward, and realized that she was being borne from home and its dear associations, her heart was overwhelmed with inexpressible anguish, but she struggled to gain her firmness, and partially succeeded. She changed her position in the canoe in a manner that would enable her to see her strange companion, and study her appearance more particularly than her fears had permitted her to do. She was endeavoring to imitate the stoicism of Star-Light, when the latter suddenly changed the direction of the canoe, putting it farther into the stream.

"Lie down in the canoe!" she exclaimed, waving her hand imperiously; "lie down, if you wish gentle usage and a safe return."

Rosalthe mechanically obeyed, and Star-Light instantly threw a blanket over her, that lay at her feet.

"Now keep quiet, for I see one yonder who must not look upon the face of White-Cloud. It is Otter-Lifter, the brave young chief of the Cherokees," added Star-Light, in low tones, dropping the paddle more softly.

Half suffocated with contending emotions, and yet striving to bear her fate with heroism, Rosalthe lay motionless in the birchen vessel, and felt it leaping to the dextrous strokes of Star-Light.

CHAPTER V.

"You dar, Ebony?" said Andrew, in a loud voice, looking in every direction where the individual might be supposed to be. "You dar, I say, you collud feller?"

Exquisite Ebony, who had been sleeping very soundly for the last hour and a half beneath a hazel bush, aroused by the cries of Andrew, rubbed his eyes lazily, and answered with a yawn:

"Am I whar?"

"Am you anywhar?—dat's what I mean," replied Andrew.

"Ob course I is. Gg' way, common man."

"Don't be too familiar wid de higher classes. Dat question am not reverential to dar case," responded Ebony, loftily.

"I hab de honor, you ignant darkey, ob representin' at dis time Missy Alston, and she am berry worried about de young missus," added Andrew.

"Dat young lady am under my special 'tection," replied Ebony, with great dignity of manner.

"Dat am berry likely, when I doesn't see her nowhar, an' you hab been locked in de arm of Morfis like de seven sleepers," returned Andrew.

"Speak, and tell me where Rosalthe is, without delay, if you know," said Elizabeth Boone, who had accompanied Andrew from the fort, where the protracted absence of Miss Alston had occasioned some alarm.

"She went down dar," said Ebony, pointing with his finger, "and quested dis child to stay here till she call me."

"How long ago was that?" said Miss Boone, anxiously.

"My watch am run up, and I habn't wind him down yet," rejoined Ebony.

Without waiting to interrogate Ebony farther, Elizabeth ran to the spot indicated, but the object of her search was not there. She then called her name in a loud voice, but the echo alone answered.

Matilda Fleming and several others now joined Miss Boone, and Rosalthe's name was repeated again and again; but her familiar voice gave back no response; the voices of the anxious maidens died away unanswered in the forest. Misgivings became certainties; and fears, confirmed realities; some misfortune had indeed befallen Rosalthe.

While all the parties stood gazing at each other in sorrowful silence, Allan Norwood approached and inquired the cause of so much evident consternation, when he was immediately put in possession of all the facts known to them. Mr. and Mrs. Alston, Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton and Joel Logston now hastened to the spot.

"It's of no use to stand here, looking at each other," said Boone. "The girl has gone, and it is an easy thing to tell what has happened to her."

"I reckon you're right about that, captain," returned Joel Logston. "The redskins have spirited her away, and that's the long and short of it. It won't do no good to mince the matter; the truth might as well come out first as last."

"Fly to save my child! Why do you linger here?" exclaimed Mrs. Alston, in tones of grief.

"There isn't a man but will do his best. Vesuvius, look around and see if

you can tell which way the gal's gone," said Logston.

Vesuvius made a furious pass at Andrew, which caused him to fall over a heap of brushwood, and then putting his nose to the ground, made, apparently, a thorough exploration of the spot, emitting from time to time dissatisfied yelps.

"The dog is at fault," said Allan.

"He was never at fault in his life," retorted Logston.

"He seems to be puzzled now," observed Simon Kenton.

"That cretur knows more nor all of ye about sich things. He'll find an Injin trail where the rest on ye wouldn't mistrust that a sparrow had passed along. He goes by scent. It's instinct; and instinct does what the biggest education can't, you see," replied Joel, and then added, by the way of encouragement to the animal, "Go it, Vesuvius!" which so incited his hostility to the human species that he instantly made another furious sally at Andrew.

"You shall smart for this, my lad," said Mr. Alston, looking angrily at Ebony.

"I think he was not much to blame," observed Miss Boone, touched with the mental distress of the black.

"Here comes Monsieur Le Bland," said Alston. "Let us hear what his opinion is."

Every eye was now turned upon the Frenchman, and not one of the parties, save the Alstons, seemed to hail his countenance and demeanor closely, to see how the news affected him. He observed, also, that Captain Boone, Simon Kenton and Joel Logston regarded him with keen and observant glances.

"My dear Alston, what means this sudden grief and consternation?" exclaimed Le Bland, grasping Mr. Alston's hand warmly.

"Rosalthe," said the father, with choking emotions, "Rosalthe—my darling—has disappeared—gone!"

"The fact is," said Logston, "the young gal has been carried away by the Injins."

Le Bland looked hurriedly from one to the other, and Allan perceived that his face grew deadly pale.

"How long since this happened?"

"It is about two hours since she left the cabin," said Mrs. Alston.

"She must be pursued and overtaken," suggested the Frenchman, quickly.

"Yes, my dear Le Bland, let us pursue her!" exclaimed Mr. Alston.

"Believe me, Mr. Alston, I shall take immediate steps for the recovery of your daughter," said Daniel Boone, with a contemptuous glance at the Frenchman.

"Leave this matter wholly to me," resumed Le Bland, eagerly. "I understand the ways of the Indians, and perhaps I have some influence among them."

"I can't see how you know more about the ways of the Injins than that man there," said Logston, pointing to Captain Boone. "He trod the sile of Kentucky afore a Frenchman heard there was such a place; and as for your 'influence,' I don't see how it can be that you have any among the aboriginal reptiles of this country."

"Will you leave this matter wholly to me, I ask again?" continued Le Bland.

Mr. Alston looked hesitatingly from one to the other, and saw the scowling brows of his neighbors with alarm.

"No!" thundered Daniel Boone, striking the butt of his long rifle upon the ground. "No; this affair shall be trusted to those to whom it rightfully belongs; it concerns me and my faithful friends, and it shall pass into no other hands while I have any authority here. This is your answer, sir. You are at liberty, of course—and so is any other man—to look after the young woman, and do all in your power to recover her; but you have not the right to prevent others equally interested from doing the same."

The Frenchman bit his lips with vexation.

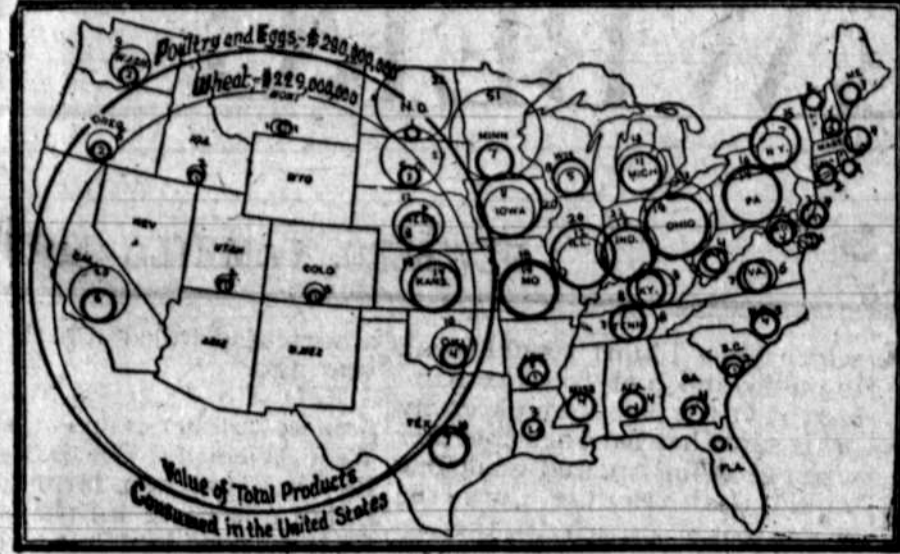
"You see how it is, my dear friend; I would gladly oblige you in this, as in all other things, but I can do nothing," said Alston, somewhat displeased at the evident coldness manifested toward Le Bland.

"Every man feels it his duty to assist youth and beauty in distress, and in this case there is not a man at one of the three settlements who will not risk his life freely and willingly," added Boone, emphatically.

"Come, friends—all—let us return to the fort and make instant preparations to pursue the savage captors."

(To be continued.)

COMPARISON OF THE POULTRY AND WHEAT PRODUCT.



The poultry and egg products are shown by the heavy circles, and the wheat products by the light circles. All State circles are drawn to one scale. The figures pointed within the circles indicate millions of dollars. No circle is given for less than half a million dollars. The census of 1900, from which both the foregoing charts were drawn, reports a total poultry and egg product of \$280,000,000, as stated on the larger of the two great circles above. The wheat product is given as \$370,000,000. An export value of \$141,000,000 leaves the home consumption \$229,000,000, as stated on the smaller of the two great circles above. Therefore the National poultry and egg bill is almost one-fourth greater than the wheat bill. The egg bill is about 5 per cent greater than the poultry bill.—Franklin Forbes, in Success Magazine.

POOH-BAH OF PANAMA.

Capt. Shanton, Who Is to Control the Mongrels of All Nations.

Capt. George R. Shanton, of Chugwater, Wyo., chief of police for the isthmus, marshal of the Circuit Courts of Panama, marshal of the Supreme Court of the canal zone, warden of the canal zone prison and coroner—this is the man, or, at least, these are his titles at present. A giant of a man is Shanton, a laughing, reckless, fearless giant, with a boyish face and pleasing smile, but with a hand of iron and a determination that knows no law except the one that gets for him what he was put there to get—peace throughout the canal zone.

Facing a situation unprecedented in history and dealing with a class of men who care nothing for laws as mere statutes, Shanton has cast aside all precedents and molded rules and made punishments to suit the occasion. He is now in charge of a force of 146 black



CAPT. GEORGE R. SHANTON.

police men and 40 white ones, and, whatever else may be said of the canal zone, it is reputed to be free of crime—and to Shanton belongs the credit. But with the beginning of real work on the canal his duties will be many times increased. Fifty thousand men will be at work there—twice as many as now—such a gathering of adventurers as the world has never before seen. From all the earth the offscourings will be sifted into Panama. A strip of land 10 miles wide and 40 long will hold the scum of creation, the criminals of every land. Ten thousand of them will be white, it is estimated—white of skin, if not of heart—and the remaining 40,000 will be made up of the black and mongrel of all nations. It will be a daredevil class, just as it was in the old days, when the French were on the isthmus—just as it was when Suez was being constructed—just as such places, where money is plentiful and the civilization—and presumably the law—distant, always draw such men.

And up and down among these, from one end of the zone to the other, will ride Shanton on his famous black broncho, "Whisky Pete." "Whisky Pete" is almost as noted on the isthmus now as is his master. He is of the fighting, biting "outlaw" kind. Until Shanton got him he knew no hand as a master's, and even now he is as much an outlaw as ever to all but the Rough Rider captain. Shanton tamed him in a roping contest at Denver, won a thousand dollar prize by it, and afterwards bought the pony, which no one else would have. "Whisky Pete" has followed his master since then through all his wanderings—and they have been many. He saw a lot of the world under Shanton when the Wyoming man posed as "King of the Cowboys" for Buffalo Bill; he was in Cuba when his master eloped with Margaret Le Mar, a southern beauty, who now reigns in the Shanton home on the isthmus, and finally he is the official mount of the Rough Rider man of many titles in the canal zone. Shanton weighs over 200 pounds and stands 6 feet 4.

Shanton is the court of last resort for the men under him and for all who break the law on the isthmus. What Shanton says "goes"; there is no appeal—and no going behind the returns. If a man commit a crime he is hemmed in by the sea on two sides, and Shanton's black policemen watch all outgoing vessels. On the other two sides the possible refugee faces a wilderness from out of which men do not return except when they go into it well prepared to face its dangers—and seldom then. Up and

down the short and narrow zone rides Shanton on "Whisky Pete," and the black patrol keeps a lookout always. So what is your poor criminal to do? Why, "Come in and face the music," says Shanton. And in he usually comes, either of his own accord or by force, and when he comes he gets such mercy, or such lack of it, as Shanton's report paints him deserving. This strong arm system has had its effect and crimes are few on the isthmus today, where murder, rapine and robbery ran riot in the old regime of the French.

There have been only two murders on the isthmus since Shanton became czar. But when work on the canal was progressing under the French, the number of murders each night was appalling, and seldom or never was anybody punished. Robberies and crimes of every character were so frequent then that they scarcely attracted attention, and it was expected that a like reign would be assumed by the lawless of the earth when the Americans took hold.—Utica Globe.

THE DREAMER.

At Last She Found that Her Dream Came to Her.

Hester Caplin never could remember when her dream first came to her. It must have begun when she was a child, for the house—her dream house—was clear and distinct among her earliest memories.

It was an old gray gabled place with a snow-drop bush beside the door-steps and cottage roses over the back porch, and a row of blackheart cherry-trees behind. Year by year she had seen the cherries white with bloom, and watched the tiny pink blossoms of the snowdrop change to ivory berries, and caught the morning fragrance of the roses; year by year she had seen happy faces at the windows and children running in and out.

The faces changed, for people came and went in the house, but always there were happy eyes and always there was the gay laughter of children down the wind.

All through her lonely childhood Hester had lived in the house. She never had played much with other children—her mother did not approve of it. As she grew older her mother's exacting invalidism claimed all her time, and after her mother died there was still a crippled father whose temper was worse twisted than his hands. Through all the prisoned years she worked with cheerful patience, sure that some time her hour would come.

But it was so long in coming! She could not invite neighbors in for it annoyed her father; she could not leave him to go to other places, she could not even take a Sunday school class—she who loved girls so! She could only waylay the doctor sometimes and send a little soup or jelly to his patients, or give a few flowers to somebody or write a note now and then. She never guessed—how could she?—that her dream had already "come true" in her own heart.

One day complete discouragement fell upon her. The years stretched out before her gray and empty, and the house had vanished; it had all been a mirage and she a foolish dreamer. Why had God let her dream so if she was always to be denied?

Then there was a step upon the stair, and Hester started. It was a neighbor's daughter, one of her few visitors; the girl drew a long breath as she looked about the small, plain room.

"I had to come, Miss Hester," she said. "I can't tell you why—I don't know all the why myself, only that when I get bothered and tangled up I always want to run here. Your room looks like anybody's, yet when I am in it I always feel as if I were in some large, beautiful place, where people learned the way of peace. Why, Miss Hester?"

For into Hester's face had come the light of a great joy.—Youth's Companion.

His Willingness.

He (laying down his paper)—Well, I begin to think it's true that great riches do not bring happiness.

She—And yet I have no doubt you would be glad to experiment with glided misery a little if you had the means of enjoying it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Science AND INVENTION

Dr. Koch, the famous German expeditionist, is to take charge of an expedition to investigate the sleeping sickness in German East Africa. The German colonial department has, it is said, given a great sum of money toward the expense of the expedition.

Prof. Frederick Soddy of Glasgow University holds the theory that gold is gradually disintegrating into other materials. He has visited the gold deposits of western Australia and New Zealand and he expresses his conviction that in all probability gold, like radium, is at once the product of some other parent element and is itself changing to produce "offspring" elements. The professor laments the inadequacy of his resources in the way of gold upon which to experiment, and points to the tons of gold perhaps disintegrating in the vaults of the Bank of England.

After several years' experimenting, officers of the Pennsylvania Railway have come to the conclusion that directly behind a locomotive is a bad place for sleepers or any other cars which are used by passengers. For this reason an order has been issued that "in all instances a baggage-car, whether the car is needed for baggage purposes or not, must be the first car of the train." This is the first official acknowledgment from a railway company that the middle of a train is the safest place to ride. Recent accidents have convinced many railway men that not only the front end of passenger trains, but also the rear, should be protected by a baggage-car, whether used or not.

The gigantic animals of the so-called age of reptiles, whose remains are especially abundant in some of the lands bordering the Rocky Mountains, appeal so powerfully to the imagination that an exaggerated notion of their size and weight is frequently entertained. It has more than once been pointed out that, as far as paleontology shows, the earth never contained more bulky creatures than the whales of to-day. A recent comparison between the probable weight of the huge Brontosaurus excelsis, a skeleton of which is in the American Museum of Natural History, New York, and that of a large sulphur bottom whale, strengthens this statement. After prolonged study of the probable contours of the animal when in the flesh, W. K. Gregory concludes that it weighed about 38 tons. This is surely an immense weight, but the weight of a 75-foot whale has been estimated at no less than 63 tons. The length of the brontosaurus' skeleton is 66 feet and 7 inches.

In the latest volume of the Smithsonian reports Prof. S. P. Langley gives the first authoritative statement concerning the experiments with his aerodrome in 1903. The experiments were paid for by the War Department, and in consequence of their apparent failure Prof. Langley has been unable to get another appropriation of money to continue them. But he asserts, and produces photographs in support of his statement, that on both occasions when his machine failed to make a successful flight, the real flying capacity of the apparatus was not tested at all. Accidents in the launching prevented the aerodrome from getting free in the air. Prof. Langley believes that further experiments would result in perfecting the launching apparatus, and that then the aerodrome would prove its capacity to fly. "It is at the moment of success, and when the engineering problems have been solved that a lack of means has prevented a continuance of the work."

DEATH MAKES HER RICH.



MRS. DAVID BEATTY.

Mrs. Ethel Beatty, of the British navy, daughter and only surviving child of the late Marshall Field, becomes, by her father's death, one of the richest women in the world.

She was married first to Arthur Tree, son of Lambert Tree, of Chicago. After some years' residence in England they separated. Mrs. Tree later was married to Capt. Beatty.

Women as Chauffeurs.

In Washington they have a school for chauffeurs in which women are enrolled, and the general opinion is that they make as good if not better chauffeurs than men. They are not learning as professionals, however, but as owners and would-be runners of their own machines.

No, Cordelia, it isn't necessary to act foolish in order to live the simple life.

It's a good thing for some of us that we are not recognized as "good things."