

THE RED STORM

Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER VI.

Allan Norwood moved silently away and walked along the bank of the river. As he was proceeding slowly, looking for some indications of an Indian trail, Vesuvius ran by him with his nose to the ground and did not stop until he had gone quite down to the water's edge; he then seemed at fault, swam into the water and barked.

Attracted by his conduct, Allan carefully approached the spot. Upon making a critical examination of the reeds and shrubbery, he perceived that they had been bent down and trodden upon and immediately concluded that a light boat or canoe had been drawn up there and launched again. The young man quick in his decisions and deeply earnest in whatever enterprise he engaged in, spoke kindly and encouragingly to the dog and proceeded down the river at a more rapid pace. Vesuvius looked after him a moment, as if doubtful in which direction his duty lay, and then followed, keeping close to the water's edge.

The singular request of Le Bland, to have the whole affair of the pursuit of the Indians and the recovery of Rosalthe committed exclusively to his hands, had not been without its influence upon Allan. It had aroused all his energies and caused him to feel justly indignant that the Frenchman's assurance should extend so far. In consequence of this feeling and the impression which Miss Alston's beauty had made upon him, he resolved to make every effort in his power to unravel the mystery that now hung over the fate of the maiden.

He moved on like one in a dream. Rosalthe was in danger, it is true; but had not fortune so ordered it that he should be her deliverer? Had he not read of such things a hundred times in books? He was young, strong and daring; he would discover her, in a position of great danger, and save her, after achieving unheard-of exploits.

Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton or Joel Logston would have reasoned rather differently and seen things in another light, unquestionably; but they could not have drawn more vivid pictures than did Allan.

When the mind is occupied with great and hopeful subjects, time flies quickly; and an hour with Allan was such a mere fragment that it passed unnoticed; although during that period he had walked several miles through a tract of country so delightful that it called up the idea of another Eden, planted upon Kentucky river. Allan stopped, and leaning upon his rifle, contemplated the beauty of the scene. A low, warning growl from Vesuvius caused him to turn his eyes in another direction. An Indian was standing beneath the spreading branches of a patriarchal oak. Allan's first impulse was to cock his rifle; but the Indian calmly pointed to his own, which was reclining against the tree within his reach, and the young man felt assured that his intentions were not hostile. The red man was the first to speak.

"Son of the paleface, fear not. Had Otter-Lifter intended you harm, you would have ceased to live already; for his eye has been on you for a long time," said the Indian, in very good English.

"I feel that the words of the red man are true," replied Allan, adopting the style of speaking characteristic of the Indian races.

"Where came you, and where do you go?" asked Otter-Lifter.

"I am from Boonesborough," said Allan. "One of our young maidens has disappeared from the fort."

"The paleface is hunting for her?" "Yes."

"And you suppose that some of my people have stolen her away?" "That was my thought," replied Allan.

Otter-Lifter looked searchingly at the young hunter, and said:

"Men who have red skins can tell truth as well as those who have white. If one of our maidens has been carried away by any of our people, it is something unknown to me."

Allan could not help being struck with the noble bearing of the Cherokee. He had heard him spoken of by Captain Boone as one who condemned and decried the cruelties of his race, and he felt that he had good reason to congratulate himself that he had fallen in with a chief so celebrated for his love of justice and humanity.

Otter-Lifter was a remarkable man. He had raised himself to renown as a warrior without ever having killed women or children or prisoners. His friend his word and his rifle were all he cared for. He said the Great Spirit, when he made all the rest of the animals, created man to kill and eat them, lest they should consume all the grass; that to keep men from being proud he suffered them to die also, or to kill one another and make food for worms; that life and death were two warriors always fighting, with which the Great Spirit amused himself.

"You are in danger here," added Otter-Lifter. "Return to the big wigwam or you will perish at the hands of my warriors. Go, paleface, go in peace, and tell your people that there is one among the red nations that loves mercy."

"You speak like a great chief," said Allan; "but how can I go back without the maiden? Her friends are sad; all hearts are heavy at the great fort."

Otter-Lifter has spoken. He knows nothing of the paleface maiden. Is it not enough? replied the Cherokee with dignity.

It is possible that some of our warriors have carried her away without your knowledge," returned Allan.

"Then they shall carry her back," said the Cherokee grimly. "I would fain live in peace with the palefaces, although they are driving us from our lands and destroying our glorious hunting grounds."

"There is," returned Allan, after a pause, "a Frenchman at the big wigwam, who talks, it is said, of making large purchases of land. Do you know him?"

"My white brother is inquisitive; he

speaks of that which does not concern him. What cares Otter-Lifter about the Frenchman's schemes? If he is treating for lands, is the chief of the Cherokee a woman that he should tell all he knows to every one that asks him?"

"I meant no offense," said Allan. "It was only yesterday that the Frenchman had a talk with the missing maiden, and he used language that I liked not."

"He is called among my people Shiska, which means Smooth-Tongue," replied the Indian, with a disdainful smile. And without another word walked swiftly away. Norwood gazed after him a moment, and then turned to retrace his steps to the fort. He had accomplished about two-thirds of the distance, when, feeling somewhat fatigued, he sat down to rest a moment.

Suddenly Vesuvius started up and sniffed the air and at the same time Allan caught a glimpse of a human figure moving hurriedly among the trees. He immediately concealed himself behind a log as well as he could, and putting his hand on the neck of his canine companion, kept him still.

The figure approached and proved to be that of a white man. Allan was about to rise from his place of concealment when another party appeared and caused him to forego his purpose. The second comer was an Indian, and the two advanced to within a few paces of his hero.

"Where is Smooth-Tongue?" asked the Indian, rather indifferently.

"Hasn't come. I've been waiting a long time," replied the white man.

The white man was Silas Girty, an individual well known to the settlers of Kentucky. He was a faithless, treacherous fellow, celebrated for nothing save being friendly to the Indians, and inciting them to acts of aggression and cruelty. He led many of the attacks that were made upon Boonesborough and Harrodsburg. His companion was a chief of the Miamis, called the Little Turtle, a character also mentioned in the annals of frontier warfare.

"Are the Miamis ready to make an attack?" asked Girty.

"The bold Miamis are ready; they are always ready when the warwhoop sounds along the border," said Little Turtle.

"I have seen the Wyandots—they are ready also. Why should there be any more delay about the matter? For my part, I don't see how we can do it; every hour that goes by without being improved is an hour lost. People will say that we make war like women and not like men."

"The chief of the Miamis is ready to lead his warriors to battle. Let the Wyandots come on, and we will level the big wigwam with the dust."

"You talk well; you are a wise chief, but the Frenchman comes not according to his appointment."

Girty and Little Turtle waited a short time longer, and then walked from the spot. Allan arose hastily from his place of concealment, and returned to the fort without loss of time.

CHAPTER VII.

When Norwood reached the fort he found Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton and Joel Logston ready to go in search of the missing maiden. Le Bland stood near, with brow overcast and sullen. He gave Allan one of his peculiar looks as he joined them.

"Impudent young man! why did you leave us?" exclaimed Boone.

"I would see you alone, sir," said Allan.

"This way, then," replied the pioneer.

"Now I will hear you."

Allan without further delay proceeded to relate circumstantially all that he had heard.

"A white man and an Indian," repeated Boone, thoughtfully. "I have it," he added. "The first was Silas Girty—a man, to use a scriptural phrase, 'full of subtlety and mischief.'"

"The Indian was of small stature, and chief of the Miamis," said Allan.

"He is called Little Turtle, and is a dangerous fellow. They spoke of an attack, did they?"

Norwood replied in the affirmative, stating as much of the conversation as he could remember.

"The Frenchman referred to was no doubt our amiable friend yonder," continued the pioneer, looking toward Le Bland. "I have long suspected him of playing a double game like this. Leave him to me; say nothing of this matter, and we will see what can be done. He had an appointment with Girty and the Miami chief, no doubt; but did not think it prudent to go. I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Norwood; you have rendered an important service to me, and to all the settlers. You have commenced nobly the life of a pioneer."

"But what do you think of Otter-Lifter? Can his word be relied on?" asked Allan.

"It is my opinion that it can. If he has assured you that he knows nothing of Miss Alston, I am, for one, inclined to believe him," said Boone.

"What, then, can be accomplished? In what direction shall we look for the young lady?" continued Allan earnestly.

"Those are difficult questions. If a number of us leave the fort in search of Rosalthe, that very moment will probably be the signal for an attack by our enemies," replied Boone.

He made a gesture for Kenton and Logston to approach, Le Bland being at that moment busily engaged with Mr. Alston.

The information which Allan had brought was briefly stated, and for a short space not a word was spoken by either party, each striving to find out by some mental process what was best to be done.

"It's my opinion," said Joel Logston, at length, "that the Frenchman had better be done for. What do you think, Kenton?"

"Watch him, and shoot him down on the first appearance of treachery," replied Kenton.

"And what is your opinion?" asked Boone, turning to Allan.

"I concur with Mr. Kenton."

"You are wrong, all of you!" exclaimed

Logston. "Why not stop the mischief while there's an opportunity to do it? What satisfaction can you get when he's brought the Wyandots and the Miamis and a lot of his own kind down upon us in sufficient numbers to eat us all at two bites? What on earth will he care for your watchful after he's done just what he wants to do? Why not put a stop to it now? Thrust him into one of the block-houses and keep him there."

"There is much reason and good sense in what you say, Joel," returned Captain Boone, thoughtfully. "You are about right, I believe, all things considered. I am sorry that anything of this kind should have happened among us, but I can see no way to avoid it now. Mr. Alston will feel deeply aggrieved, and discredit the whole story of his treachery. But what's the use of faltering when duty points the way, and the lives of all are depending upon promptness of action? Kenton, you and Logston may cage Le Bland as soon as you please. Put him into the block-house and leave him to his pleasant reflections."

"It'll be the best job I've done for a twelvemonth," said Joel.

The Frenchman and Mr. Alston were conversing earnestly when the parties approached.

"There has been too much delay about this business," exclaimed Le Bland, turning toward them.

"That's just what I think," replied Joel, dryly, laying his great hand on the Frenchman's shoulder. "Come with us, my lad."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Le Bland, the blood suddenly forsaking his face.

"This way," added Joel, tightening his grasp. "This way, my gentleman."

Mr. Alston looked at Captain Boone, then at Allan, and then at Kenton, every feature expressing supreme astonishment.

"I see that you are surprised, Mr. Alston, but it is necessary that this person's liberty should be curtailed, at least for the present," said Boone, calmly.

"And he may thank his stars that it's no worse than that," added Logston, dragging the Frenchman away.

"I am not only surprised, but indignant," replied Alston.

"I am sorry that you feel so about it, but I am only doing what my conscience approves," returned Boone.

"Tell me my crime. What base villain has slandered me?" cried Le Bland, struggling vainly in the hands of Logston.

"Treachery is your crime," returned Boone.

"'Tis false! You can prove nothing," retorted Le Bland. "That young fellow has a personal spite against me because I chastised his impertinence to Miss Alston no longer ago than yesterday. I dare say you can find the truth of my assertion written upon his shoulders in good round characters."

(To be continued.)

ABOUT "ESPERANTO."

Brief Lesson in the New "Universal" Language.

Esperanto, the new "universal" language, seems to be making no little progress in Europe. When it was put forward by its inventor, Dr. Zamenhof, after Volapuk had failed as a common tongue for all races, its chances seemed very slim, but now a great many persons are studying it and there are societies for its propagation in half the big cities between Stockholm and Cairo. Like its predecessor, it is proposed as a solution of the great problem of Babel, says the Baltimore News.

If all the world understood it there would be no need for the German to wrestle with English, French and Russian, or for the American to tackle German, French, Italian, Russian, Spanish and Greek. On the common ground of Esperanto all men could meet and hold converse.

Like Volapuk, it is an artificial language, made of the chief cuts of all modern tongues. English, apparently, as the world's chief language, has given it more words than any other. Thus "beefsteak," to the Esperantist, becomes "bifsteko," and "alphabet," "alfabeto." French comes next in order, with "fromage" for cheese, etc., and after it come German, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Dutch and Russian. Every civilized tongue has made its contribution.

A study of the Esperanto vocabulary impresses upon one the fact that there are an enormous number of words that are practically the same in every European language. Thus, the word for "price" is almost identical in English, German, Swedish, Dutch, French, Spanish, Italian, Polish, Hungarian, Bohemian and Danish. So, also, are thousands of other words—"coffee," "beer," "salt," "wine," "sugar," "night," etc. Dr. Zamenhof, in fashioning Esperanto, took full advantage of this fact, and in consequence an ordinary sentence in his new tongue is understandable, as a rule, to almost every one. Thus, a European would guess that "la rozog estas sur la tablo," meant "The roses are on the table," and that "La domo de la Sinjoro B. estas bela" was Esperante for "The home of Mr. B. is very beautiful."

That such a language has claims to serious consideration is very plain. With its simple grammar and invariable inflections, it is infinitely less difficult to the student than any modern tongue. Mark Twain once said that any intelligent man could get a fair working knowledge of English in thirty days, of French in thirty weeks and of German in thirty years. Esperanto tops all of these in simplicity. A glance at a lesson book shows that a pretty good acquaintance with its chief features should be obtained in thirty hours.

At the recent Zionist congress at Basel some of the delegates from remote countries communicated with one another through the medium of this neutral tongue. In a few years, perhaps, its usefulness may be extended, and if the linguistic experts now perfecting it give it a more English caste, it may yet serve the world gloriously.



Protecting Plants.

Often there are plants in the garden which can not well be taken up and placed in the cellar to winter, yet which are too tender to leave without protection of some kind. The plan described will give ample protection in any section, the straw being added in locations where the winter is very severe. Take an old split basket, such as are now generally used for vegetables, and remove the bottom. Give the plant what protection is needed at the base with soil heaped up and then set the basket over it. In locations where the winters are very severe the plant should first be protected by wrapping it in straw and mounding up the soil at the



PROTECTION FOR PLANTS.

bottom so that mice can not make a bed in the straw. Tie the straw loosely about each plant, then set the basket over it. The illustration shows the idea plainly, except that the artist has left no opening at the top of the plant, which should be done that a circulation of air pass through. The cost of this arrangement is so small there ought to be no reason why all plants needing winter protection can not be given it.

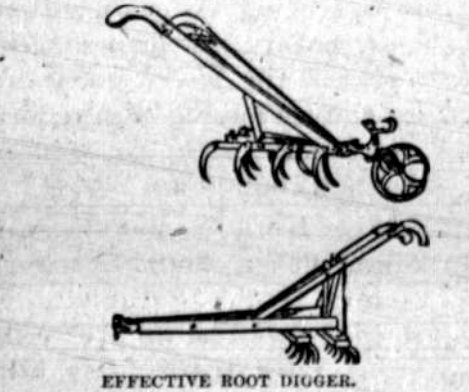
Raising Pork at Low Cost.

It is so easy to feed corn and hogs like it so much better than anything else that it is little wonder that most pork is raised on corn. But as The Farmer says:

It is now being found that swine can be pastured in good form on rape or clover or both, and finished on cowpeas or soy beans. Of course, if a certain amount of corn can be made to supplement the foods mentioned, the swine will do much better. This method of raising swine can be done without great labor. The growing of these crops has a tendency in itself to enrich the land, and when they are pastured off by swine the increase in fertility is just so much greater. There is another very great advantage in growing pork in this way. Swine are likely to keep in condition and they will make a quality of pork that is if anything ahead of that grown in the corn country. We have often wondered that this method of growing swine did not commend itself to farmers earlier. That it did not, however, is just in keeping with the slowness with which many other important crops engaged the attention of those who ought to be most interested in them.

Grass Root Diggers.

The illustration shows two styles of grass root diggers which, according to a recent bulletin issued by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, have been effective aids in the task of getting rid of Johnson grass, and which possibly may render the same service in the fight against quack grass. To clear out these creeping roots the tool must reach down under the surface and rip the roots out. A Mr. Clark, of Con-



EFFECTIVE ROOT DIGGER.

necticut, uses the upper one like a one-horse cultivator in preparing old sod land for reseeding to grass with good effect.

Alfalfa Widespread Crop.

Only a few years ago, alfalfa was practically unknown in most parts of the United States; but it is now grown in all parts of the country. A writer truly says:

Alfalfa has conquered. There is practically no part of the United States where this will not grow and flourish. If seeded in the proper manner and on inoculated soil if inoculation is necessary. This is a triumph of scientific agriculture and the co-operation of practical farmers. Such success encourages agriculturists to persist in trying to grow profitable crops even though these crops are not commonly produced in their locality.

Cost of Producing Milk.

The New Jersey Experiment Station summarizes its record of the cost of producing milk from the college herd as follows: "The daily cost of total food per cow varied from 11.60 cents in 1896 to 12.88 cents in 1901. The daily cost for fine feed varied from 4.95 cents in 1896 to 7.62 cents in 1901; the cost of roughage varied from 5.23 cents in 1902 to 6.61 cents in 1896. The cost of production per quart varied from 2.26 cents in 1902 to 2.49 cents in 1896, and the average annual yield per cow was 6,528 pounds. The study of the records of individual cows also showed that but little profit can be derived from a cow that does not produce 5,000 pounds of milk per year; particularly if the product is sold at the low price of 1 cent per pound; no stronger argument is needed in favor of the necessity of testing the animals, and thus learning their exact value, than is afforded by these records. Furthermore, the facts brought out by the records indicate that there is but little profit from a cow that does not produce 200 pounds of butter per year, and point to the necessity of a careful selection of cows for the butter dairy."

Fault Finding.

Unfortunately a great many farmers and farmers' wives are addicted to fault finding. Nothing causes more unhappiness in a family than continual nagging. There is no sense in it, it does no good and it always makes for mischief. Fault finding turns more children away from home than anything else. Some men are enjoyed better out of sight just for this reason. Their room is preferred to their company.

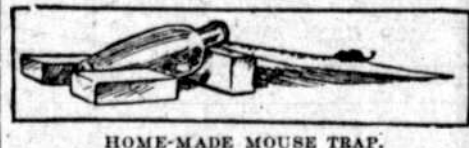
Usually fault finding is confined to the little things—things that should be passed over lightly. The big things are taken philosophically enough, talked over and remedied or borne with as seems best. But the little petty things are talked over and over, each one thinking that the other should give in. The habit grows. It has sent many a woman to an early grave, wrecked many a man's usefulness and scattered families that otherwise would have lived happily in the farm home.

About the Codling Moth.

At the Ohio station, in studies made by Professor W. J. Green and J. S. Houser on the codling moth, it was found that 72 per cent of the worms left the apples before they fell. The destruction of windfall apples, therefore, seems to be of little avail. About 16 per cent of the worms were caught under bands. Adult larvae were found throughout the growing season until Oct. 13. The evidence obtained by the experts indicated two annual generations. In spraying experiments 91 per cent of the apples from sprayed trees and 57 per cent of those from unsprayed trees were free from worms. Arsenate of lead proved superior to arsenite of soda, and was not affected by mixing with Bordeaux mixture. This combination is recommended for controlling apple scab and codling moth.

Simple Mouse Trap.

For a simple mouse trap all you need is an old bottle with a mouth or opening in the neck about one and one-half inches in diameter. Place this in the position shown in the illustration, inclined by means of bricks or blocks of wood. Leading up to the mouth of the bottle place a board or a piece of cardboard, and on the cardboard lay a train of crumbs of cheese. Drop some larger bits in the mouth of the bottle and the trap is set. The mouse will enter



HOME-MADE MOUSE TRAP.

the bottle to get the bait and will find that it can not climb out again, as the slippery glass will afford no hold for its little claws.

Japan Raising Horses.

In getting a foundation for horse breeding Japan shows the same disposition to begin with the best that can be obtained that has characterized her efforts in other directions. Representatives have been sent to the different countries to see for themselves the character of the horses raised in each, and it is a distinct compliment to the breeders of the United States that this country was selected as the one to draw on for foundation stock. It may be noted, too, that the greater part of the horses purchased in this country by the Japanese have been trotting horses. They have bought some thoroughbreds to use in the building up of cavalry horses, but as the general-purpose horse it seems evident that the trotting-bred horse will take the same prominence in Japan as it has in this country.

Give Plants a Drenching.

When one waters plants it is best to make the soil really wet, and then wait till they need water again before giving them more. An old gardener says that the little squirts every few minutes are worse than useless. They wet only a small part of the soil and the remainder often becomes actually dry. When the pot will make a ringing sound if struck with knuckle is the time to soak them. Then do it thoroughly and stop. Why, you drink only when you are thirsty, not all the time.

Points in Caring for an Incubator.

Study your incubator. Read the manufacturer's directions for setting it up. Set it up carefully and according to instructions.

Never try to run an incubator in a drafty place, nor near a stove, nor where the sun shines upon it.

Set fertile eggs only. Waste no effort upon those that are doubtful.



Care of the Skin.

To most persons the skin represents simply the organ of touch, and because it is customary to keep nearly all of its surface concealed, its relation to the welfare of the body is overlooked. It has, however, most important functions, such as the casting out of waste matter and the maintenance of an even body temperature, disregard of which may lead to serious disturbances of health.

But aside from its purely physiological purposes, the skin is an important influence for or against personal appearance, and its proper care is therefore worthy of consideration from this point of view alone.

Cleanliness is the greatest essential in the care of the skin. For the cleansing bath, water as hot as can be borne is best, and a good soap should be freely applied with a moderately stiff bath-brush. If the water is at all hard it is well to soften it by the addition of a little ammonia or borax. A quick sponging of the entire body with cold water should follow, in order to cause the pores relaxed by the heat to contract; and the drying should be accomplished by brisk rubbing with a coarse towel.

Although the habitual use of hot water on the face is sometimes condemned on the ground that it tends to favor the relaxation of the skin and produces wrinkles, there is no danger of this if the washing be concluded with cold water.

The sponge is a thing to be avoided, as it is difficult to keep clean, and forms a beautiful lurking-place for germs. One wash-cloth should be kept for the face alone, and this should be boiled frequently.

At night it is a good plan to rub a little pure cold-cream into the skin of the face and then wipe it off with a piece of soft linen. It is surprising how black the latter will appear when the operation is finished. Cold-cream and talcum powder and some of the cosmetics are safe and useful, but other cosmetics do more harm than good.

The development of wrinkles can be retarded, and if present they may be lessened by gentle massage with the finger tips anointed with cold-cream. A good general rule is to let the direction of the rubbing be upward and outward.

Above all, it should be remembered that cleanliness, exercise, fresh air, simple food and attention to the digestion are the most important considerations in the care of the skin.—Youth's Companion.

A Man of Many Friends.

It was characteristic of the late Sir Henry Irving to make friends of Americans whom he met in London, and to show his appreciation of the esteem and admiration in which he was held here. But it would have been asking too much to expect him to be familiar with each person's claim to his recognition. A contributor to the New York Sun says that it was often a case of "going it blind" on the part of the actor.

A certain New Yorker arriving in London found an invitation from Sir Henry to one of the famous suppers in Beefsteak Room of the Lyceum Theatre. He accepted the invitation with delight, had as good a time as the guests at these gatherings invariably did, and ultimately became a close friend of the actor.

But neither at that first supper nor at any time later did his host say a word to explain how he happened to invite a man he had never met before. So at last his American friend decided to question him on the subject.

"Tell me, Irving," he said, "how did you happen to ask me to take supper with you ten years ago in London? I've often wondered why you did it."

"So have I," answered the actor, blandly "and to save my life I was never able to recall what the reason was. But I'm sure it was a good one!"

Papa's Blessing.

The Minister—And does your papa say grace at the table, too?

The Angel Child—Yes, sir, but he doesn't say it like you do.

The Minister—What does he say?

The Angel Child—He sits down an' looks around an' says, "Good Lord, what a dinner!"—Cleveland Leader.

Fatal Statement.

Newitt—He's anxious to be considered a man of some social distinction.

Bunker—He's taking a queer way about it.

Newitt—Why?

Bunker—He says golf is 'merely tommyrot.'—Philadelphia Press.

Just Too Sweet.

Miss Elder—Yes, Jack asked me to be his partner for life, and I accepted.

Miss Younger—How lovely! And you will be the senior partner, won't you, dear?—Cleveland Leader.

Her Specialty.

"You see that girl? Well, she is an expert at handling the ribbons."

"Fine horsemanship, hey?"

"No; department clerk."—Baltimore American.