

THE RED STORM Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER XVI.

A hurried consultation was now held among the veteran woodsmen, to determine what should be done. Some suggested that a party of picked men should advance with axes, burst in the door and meet the savages face to face. But a young man by the name of Reynolds proposed a plan which appeared most practicable. It was this: One party was to remain in the building where they were, another advance to make an assault upon the door of the structure held in possession by the Indians, while a third would attempt to gain an entrance by running along the roofs of the intervening cabins and effect their object through the same aperture by which the enemy had found access.

This scheme appeared very feasible, for the party remaining could protect the party upon the roof from the fire of the enemy outside the works; and the third party, making a simultaneous attack upon the door, would divert the enemy, giving them two points to defend instead of one.

This measure was so well planned and conducted that it was crowned by complete success, and every Indian within the block house was slain.

The struggle after the parties entered the building was brief, but sanguinary, and the shouts of victory in one block house were answered by shouts of joy from the other. The pioneers now had possession of their works; but the victory was by no means complete, for the frightful yells of hundreds of savages filled the wide forests with dreadful echoes, and blanching the cheeks of women and children. Wives and mothers thought of the husbands and fathers lost by the hatchet, by the well-aimed ball, by the knife, or the more lingering death of torture. Fair young maidens thought of their lovers, and little children clasped their mothers' knees in terror, their tiny hands trembling with indescribable fear.

The red sun came and shone upon many pale faces at Boonesborough. The firing ceased on both sides.

"You observe, men," said Boone, "that the Indians fire indiscriminately at our fort and waste much powder and lead; but we must not follow their example, for ammunition is worth much more to us than gold or silver; it is more precious than diamond dust. Fire only when you see a mark, and the noisy, bragging rascals will soon keep at a distance. I know well the worth of ammunition, for I passed weary months alone in this wilderness, while my brother performed a long and dangerous journey to North Carolina for a fresh supply. The time, during his absence, often hung heavily on my hands. I was surrounded by those who continually sought my life, and for purposes of safety changed my camping ground every night. You may depend upon it, I wasted no powder during that period. That experience taught me a lesson of prudence I shall never forget."

"I want to speak a word to you privately," said Logston, making signs to the captain to follow. "I think I've seen that French fellow."

"What makes you think so?" asked the other.

"Because I saw a face that looked like his, notwithstanding the paint that had been laid on it. I was loading my rifle at the time, and afore I got ready to fire he had disappeared. So you can rely on it, he's among the critters, helping them on in their mischief."

"It does not seem possible, at first, that a man who has received so much kindness at our hands can be so villainously ungrateful and treacherous. Watch for him, Logston, and if you can see him or any one that looks like him, be sure to cover him with your rifle," said Boone.

"I'll do it! May I be trodden to death by wild buffaloes if I don't!" exclaimed Joel, with energy.

The latter and the captain were soon joined by others, and a very important subject was discussed. As it was evident that the station would be besieged, it was necessary that they should be supplied with water. The spring was situated in the rear of the fortifications. There was a well-beaten path leading to it, and the same for a long distance was surrounded by rank grass and weeds, in which they had good reason to suppose a large body of Indians had secreted themselves. To do without water was out of the question.

"I have studied the habits of the savages for many years," observed Mr. Fleming, "and I believe that I know something of their cunning. If our men go for water they will surely be fired upon, and many of them must inevitably be slain."

"I think that female wit can free you from this dilemma," said Matilda Fleming, with blushing cheeks. "It shall be our duty, then, to go to the spring and procure water. If we go calmly, they will naturally conclude that their ambushade is not discovered, and will not fire, but wait, thinking that the next time some of the men will take our places, seeing that we were not molested."

"Yes, we will go!" exclaimed Elizabeth Boone and Eliza Ballard.

"You are brave girls," said Joel Logston.

"The plan is a good and judicious one," observed Mrs. Boone, and Mrs. Fleming, and all the females said the same.

After the objections made by the men had been successfully overruled by the women, the plan was put into operation. In a short time the latter appeared with pails, resolved to sacrifice themselves, if the occasion demanded, for those they loved. The gates were opened by unwilling hands, the devoted and brave women passed out, and the gallant defenders of Boonesborough gazed after them with intense anxiety.

It was a moment fraught with deep and painful interest. It was observed that Joel Logston kept his eyes fixed upon the comely figure of Eliza Ballard, and watched her retreating form with pale cheeks.

"I can guess your thoughts, Joel,"

said Daniel Boone, in a low voice. "You are wishing that you could interpose your own person between her and the deadly shafts of the lurking enemy."

"Right, sir, right!" exclaimed Logston, grasping the captain's hand. "Heaven knows I would risk my life for her without a single fear."

When Joel had ceased speaking, the parties had reached the spot where the cool waters gushed up from the earth, and sparkled pleasantly in the morning sun.

CHAPTER XVII.

Ballard, after parting with Kenton and Norwood, struck out into the forest in a southeastern direction, leaving the Kentucky river a little to the left. The scout was in ill humor, for he was fully persuaded in his own mind that Allan was a person to disarrange and foil the most skillfully devised plans that experienced woodcraft could contrive.

"He's a green hand," he muttered to himself. "I don't want to be in such company; I want men who have walked up and down this great country as I have, when there was a painted cro-tur behind every bush, and no man could safely say his life was his own for the next three seconds. He won't never get back to Boonesborough with a whole skin. Sumthin' in the course of nature will naturally break."

Having arrived at this stage, and to him self-evident conclusion, the scout paused to deliberate on the object of his present mission. In a short time he moved on again, decided upon some particular course of action. He traversed beautiful woodlands, lying in uniform and graceful swells, where the wild grape vines mounted gigantic trees, where innumerable flowers breathed their perfume to the balmy air.

It was near the hour of sunset when Ballard reached the hills. The forester was thirsty and looked about for water. Hearing the murmur of a rivulet, he advanced in that direction and discovered a small stream gushing from the hills.

Thinking to find cooler and more refreshing waters nearer the source of the spring, he followed the streamlet. He soon perceived that it flowed from one of the highest of the range of hills, the sides of which were nearly perpendicular. As the scout threw himself down to drink, he observed that the ground about the spot seemed considerably trodden. He instantly examined this appearance more particularly and was convinced that human feet had recently pressed the soil; and not merely on one or two occasions, but so often that a tolerably well-defined path was discernable. Having satisfied his thirst, Ballard discovered that the water gushed from an open space in the hillside, a few steps beyond, and the spot was overgrown with grapevines and hazel, while the slight footpath tended in that direction was lost.

The scout approached the place and, pulling away the vines, perceived, much to his surprise, the mouth of a small cave. Having gazed into the dark and forbidding aperture until his eyes had become in some measure accustomed to the darkness, he entered the subterranean abode. He groped his way along until he reached a place where he could stand erect. He was straining his powers of vision to the utmost, when he was greeted by a heavy blow upon his head. Before the scout had fairly recovered his senses his hands and feet were securely bound.

"Come in," said a gruff voice. "I've got him where he can't do no mischief. Come in and kindle a fire, and let us see who we've caught."

Ballard turned his eyes toward the mouth of the cave, and saw two females glide in. They passed the spot where he was lying, and one of them lighted a pile of fagots that had been previously prepared, and heaped against a large rock with a cleft at the top which allowed the smoke to pass out.

The flames leaped up cheerfully, and flung a ruddy glare of light upon the features of the scout. The individual who had knocked him down and bound him, stood by like a surly mastiff, who, having conquered his adversary, stands by to give him an additional shake, if necessary.

"It's Ballard!" he exclaimed, when the scout's features were revealed by the firelight.

"You shouldn't knock a man down without an introduction," said the spy, coolly.

"So you've tracked me at last," said the man.

"I reckon I have," returned the scout, "and would like to track my way back again."

"You've made the last tracks you'll ever make!" cried the other, fiercely.

"I knew something would break," answered Ballard.

"You've got a broken head already, and it's my opinion you'll get a broken neck before you get through with this business," retorted the man.

"I have a notion your name is McKee, the bosom friend of that villainous piece of human nature called Silas Girty," said the scout.

"Draw it mild or I may make an end of you on the spot," answered McKee savagely. "You have always been a spy on our movements, and your death has been resolved on for a long time. Girty and I have been after you for many weeks."

"Thank ye," said Ballard.

"Girty will be here in the morning," resumed McKee.

"I should rather have seen him yesterday morning," observed the scout, honestly.

"No doubt—no doubt!" returned McKee, with a sinister grin.

Ballard felt little inclination to continue the conversation so uninteresting, and accordingly turned his attention toward the two females. The elder of the two was obviously of the Indian race, while the younger was evidently her daughter. Both were clad in the costume of savage life. The younger was

about 18 years of age, and though a half-breed remarkably handsome. The scout watched her movements with increasing interest, for he fancied he read indications of pity and sympathy in her countenance, while her dark eyes and rosy cheeks made a deep impression on his bachelor heart.

During the preparation of the evening meal he did not cease to follow her every motion with his eyes. When McKee had finished his supper in sullen silence Ballard was removed to another portion of the cavern, and additional means of security made use of. Having accomplished this business satisfactorily, the renegade whispered a few words to his wife and left the place.

"Now," thought Ballard, "is my time to devise some method of escape. If McKee brings Silas Girty here I shall certainly be killed; so I must see what can be done."

The scout had in his pocket a bottle of pretty good whisky—a beverage of which the Indians were exceedingly fond—and he resolved to try its virtues upon Mrs. McKee. He instantly informed her of the fact that a bottle of strong water was deposited in the pocket of his hunting shirt.

This information seemed to have a very cheerful effect upon the tawny spouse, and she proceeded with considerable alacrity to take the coveted treasure from the woodman's pocket.

The daughter said nothing, nor indicated by word or look any interest in the matter. She sat by the fire absorbed in thought, and Ballard began to fear that she had entirely forgotten that such a person as himself was in the vicinity, or had an existence anywhere.

"Too pretty—too pretty!" he said to himself, "to be in such a place as this, and surrounded by such influences."

Meantime Mrs. McKee tasted the whisky, and liked it so well that she tasted again, repeating the operation with marvellous alacrity and every sign of enjoyment. She soon grew talkative, and offered the young woman some of the beverage, but she refused it with strong manifestations of repugnance, which raised her greatly in the scout's estimation. Mrs. McKee's utterances grew thick and her conversation incoherent. She finally sank upon the earthen floor, completely overpowered.

"Innis," said the scout, for he had heard her called by that name, "don't you think it would look better for me to be up and walking about than to be here?"

The maiden glanced toward her mother, but made no reply.

"It's hard to die at my time of life," added Ballard.

Innis, sighing, fixed her gaze upon the fire.

"I've got a mother and sister at Boonesborough," continued the scout.

"Perhaps they'll weep for you," replied Innis.

"But I'd rather save them the trouble," he rejoined.

"What have you done to offend my father?" asked Innis.

"I reckon I haven't done anything to offend an honest man."

"I am very unhappy," added the maiden. "I know that the young woman at Boonesborough and the other stations know more than I do. They have friends to care for and instruct them, while I lead this ignorant and half savage life."

"You must go to Boonesborough and live, and persuade your father to be an honest man," answered the scout kindly.

"I must set you at liberty before my father comes," she added.

"God bless you," said the scout.

Innis McKee approached Ballard and with her father's hunting knife severed his bonds, and he sprang lightly to his feet.

(To be continued.)

The Kowtow.

The kowtow (pronounced ker-toe, and meaning literally to bow the head) is used as a form of thanks, and is not a manner of greeting. The actors kowtow to their majesties at the beginning and end of each performance at the theater, first to thank for the honor they are to receive in being allowed to act before them, and at the end to thank for the privilege granted. The officials "bow the head" to thank for an audience or any favor or gift they have received or are to receive from their majesties. The kowtow is not only made by people at the palace and at imperial audiences; it is sometimes used by equals to each other as a proper manner of thanking for some great favor. To make the kowtow, the person kneels three times, and each time bows his head three times, touching the ground with it. The kowtow could not be made by a foreigner without looking most awkward and appearing most servile, but the Chinese do it with dignity, and it is neither ungraceful nor degrading. It is a time-honored manner of giving thanks, a Chinese tradition surviving from a time when the courtiers were perhaps like slaves; but at present it does not imply any slavish inferiority on the part of him who performs it.—From Katharine A. Carl's "In the Court of the Empress Dowager," in the Century.

The Best He Could Say.

"Oh, George," said Mrs. Newwiled, as her hubby lighted his post-prandial cigar, "I must tell you my little secret. I prepared this dinner all by myself. What did you think of it?"

"Well, my dear," replied the man, "the nuts and raisins weren't half bad."—Philadelphia Press.

Reciprocity.

Picking up a paper, the caller asked: "Are you a subscriber to this journal?"

"Not exactly," replied the would-be poet. "The editor has placed my name on the free list, however, with the understanding that I am not to send him any more contributions."

An ochre mine on the Necanicum river, near Sesside, Ore., is said to be yielding rubies and diamonds. Hence, "excitement at fever heat" in the regions round about.

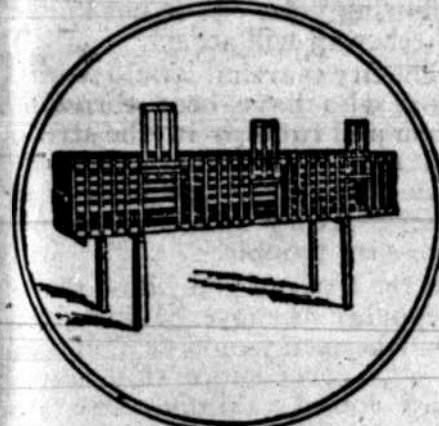
Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt has accepted the office of honorary vice president of the State Mothers' Assembly of New York.

FARMS AND FARMERS



For Fattening Kowls.

We herewith illustrate a foul-fattening crate, used at the Ontario Agricultural College. This crate is 6 feet 6 inches long, 18 to 20 inches high and 16 inches wide. It is divided into three compartments, each holding from four to five birds, according to the size of the chickens. The crate is made of slats, except the ends. The slats are usually 1½ inches wide and five-eighths of an inch thick. The slats in front are run up and down and are two inches apart to allow the chickens to put their heads through for feeding. The slats on the bottom are three-fourths of an inch apart, so as to admit of the



THE FATTENING CRATE.

droppings passing through to the ground. Care should be taken not to have the first bottom slat at the back fit closely against the back, as this will hold the droppings. The feeding and watering are done by means of a trough in front running the entire length of the coop. This trough is from two to three inches deep and is made of three-quarter inch lumber.

Churning When Weather is Cold.