

THE RED STORM Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER III.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Who dar?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

While the meal was being prepared, Allan proceeded to relate the particulars of the morning's adventure, to which his host listened with earnest attention.

"Did you hear any portion of the conversation that passed between the young woman and the Frenchman?" he asked.

"I am quite certain that I heard the latter refer to some danger of an immi-

nent and pressing kind that menaced this settlement, or the neighboring one."

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

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

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

"Yes, a name was mentioned which I now recollect. Du Quesne, I think it was."

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

"Du Quesne, did you say, sir?" he exclaimed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER IV.

Rosalthe returned to the fort much perplexed and agitated by the singular

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

The conversation which had transpired on the bank of the river appeared abundantly confirmatory of her fears and suspicions. To the young stranger who had so opportunely appeared to assist her she felt truly grateful; but the reflection that she had possibly involved him in a quarrel with a dangerous man added much to the anxiety of her mind. She was on the point of making known the state of her feelings to her father, in respect to Le Bland, when he commenced to speak highly in his praise, dwelling particularly upon his gentle manners and the frankness which characterized him in every act in life.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

Reason of It.

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

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

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

Twice as Good One Third the Cost



Every day is bargain day in the Wave Circle. Come in and get acquainted. K C will help you cut down the living expenses and make doctor's bills a thing of the past. Do you realize that you can get the best and purest baking powder in the world

K C BAKING POWDER

at one-third what you've been paying for anywhere near K C quality. A 25 ounce can costs 25c. Think of the saving! Can you make money any easier? Get it to-day. The grocer returns the price of can if you are not satisfied.

All Grocers

Send postal for the beautiful "Book of Presents." FREE.

JAQUES MFG. CO.
Chicago.

A Twice-Told Tale.

A Massachusetts lawyer has a notoriously treacherous memory for details. This failing occasionally leads him to garble a joke in repeating it. Recently he met a friend, who, clapping him upon the shoulder, said enthusiastically:

"Well, old man, this is a fine day for the race, isn't it?"

"Why, what race?"

"The human race," said the friend—and fled.

This was the first time the lawyer had ever heard this very ancient joke, so he determined to get it off on the next man he met—and he did, in this manner:

"Hello, Godfrey, isn't this a fine day for the trot?"

"Trot—what trot?"

"By gad," stammered the lawyer, "I swear there was a joke there, but I can't find it now!"—Lippincott's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has surpassed all other medicines, in merit, sales and cures.

Its success, great as it has been, has apparently only just begun.

It received more testimonials in the last two years than any previous two—over 40,000.

It has the abiding confidence of the people—the strongest proof of its unequalled worth.

It purifies the blood, cures all blood diseases, all humors and all eruptions.

It strengthens the stomach, creates an appetite and builds up the whole system.

It cures that tired feeling and makes the weak strong.

In usual liquid, or in new tablet form, 100 Doses One Dollar.

Strange to the Country.

Farmer Skinner (who takes in summer boarders)—"I wuz jest a-readin' about that Californy wizard, Burbank, an' 'gosh, he kin cert'nly do wonders in growin' strange kinds uv vegetables."

The Bravest Boarder—"Has he succeeded in producing canless peas or unpreserved tomatoes?"—Puck.

Between Friends.

Mayme—Fred says when we are married I can have everything I want.

Edyth—Poor fellow! He is evidently up against an awful delusion.

Mayme—Why, what do you mean?

Edyth—He imagines you have money.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube re-tubed to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

His Money's Worth.

"Doughnuts," said the baker, "are ten cents a dozen and the crullers are the same price."

"I didn't know," said the customer, "that there was any difference between 'doughnuts' and 'chullers.'"

"Oh! yes; crullers have holes in the center, while the doughnuts—"

"Gimme doughnuts; I ain't spendin' my good money for holes."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Her Little Mistake.

"Excuse, madame," he said, "but—ah—you remember, in the restaurant, after the theater, the other night, you were kind enough to notice me. I hope I am not mistaken in supposing that your interest was—ah—not altogether—"

"Oh, no, not at all. I remember now. I thought for a moment that you were the coachman my husband discharged a few weeks ago for trying to make love to the cook, and I wondered how you could afford to eat in such an expensive place."—Denver Post.

BLOOD POISON THE BLACK FLAG

The black flag is an emblem of horror and dread. When it is hoisted by an army, the order has gone forth that "no quarter" will be given, everything must be destroyed. Helpless women and children, as well as opposing soldiers, meet the same fate, and a trail of desolation, suffering and death is left behind. Contagious Blood Poison is the black flag of the great army of disease. This vile disorder is known as the blackest and most hideous of all human afflictions, overthrowing its victims and crushing out the life. It is no respecter of persons; no matter how pure the blood may be or how innocently the disease is contracted, when this awful virus enters the circulation the hideous, hateful and humiliating symptoms begin to appear, and the sufferer feels that his very presence is polluting and contaminating. Usually the first sign of the disease is a little sore or ulcer, but as the blood becomes more deeply poisoned the severer symptoms are manifested, the mouth and throat ulcerate, the glands in the groins swell, a red rash breaks out on the body, the hair and eyebrows come out, and often the body is covered with copper-colored spots, pustular eruptions and sores. In its worst stages the disease affects the nerves, attacks the bones and sometimes causes tumors to form on the brain, producing insanity and death. Not only those who contract the poison suffer, but unless the virus is driven from the blood the awful taint is handed down to offspring, and they are its innocent victims. Blood Poison is indeed a "black flag." Mercury and Potash, so often used, never can cure the trouble. These minerals merely drive the symptoms away for awhile and shut the disease up in the system, and when they are left off it returns worse than before. This treatment not only fails to cure blood poison but eats out the delicate lining of the stomach and bowels, produces chronic dyspepsia, loosens the teeth and frequently causes mercurial rheumatism to add to the patient's suffering. S. S. S., the great vegetable medicine, is the conqueror of this vile disease. It goes down to the very root of the trouble and cures by cleansing the blood of every particle of the poison. S. S. S. does not hide or cover up anything but clears the entire circulation of the virus and puts the system in good healthy condition. It cures safely as well as certainly, because there is not a particle of mineral in it. We offer a reward of \$1,000.00 for proof that S. S. S. is not purely vegetable. When the blood is purified and strengthened with this great remedy the symptoms all pass away and no sign of the disease is ever seen again; nor is there left the least trace to be handed down to posterity. Special book with instructions for self-treatment and any medical advice desired will be sent without charge to all who write.

Several years ago I had blood poison and my flesh was in an awful condition. Great sores would break out and nothing I put on them would do any good. My hair and eyebrows fell out and I was "a fright." My mouth was so sore I had to live on milk and water. I took Mercury for a long time and instead of getting better I continued to grow worse and my arms and hands became solid sores. My legs were drawn so I could not walk and I felt that my time was short here if I did not get some relief. I began to use your S. S. S. and it helped me from the start. After taking it awhile the sores all healed, my rheumatism was cured and to-day I am a strong, well man. It got all the mercury out of my system and it cured me sound and well. ADAM SCHNABEL, Evansville, Ind. No. 211 Mary St.

S.S.S.
PURELY VEGETABLE.
great remedy the symptoms all pass away and no sign of the disease is ever seen again; nor is there left the least trace to be handed down to posterity. Special book with instructions for self-treatment and any medical advice desired will be sent without charge to all who write.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.