

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 neber 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 Shoiska (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 Wahbahknok-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 deceived—you 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!" retorted 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.

"Shoiska 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 down 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. Go '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 ign'ant 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 the arm of Moris like de seven sleepers," retorted 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 advent with pleasure. Allan watched 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.)

Woman's Aim.

Dick—I am surprised that you told Katharine to throw kisses at Reggy Sapp when you are around.

Tom—Why not? Women can't throw straight, and when she aims them at Reggy they come toward me.

RAN EMPTY TRAIN.

Not a Passenger from Jersey City to Pittsburg—Expensive Trip.

It cost the Pennsylvania railroad and the Pullman Palace Car Company \$125 on Christmas day to run a train without any passengers from Jersey City to Pittsburg. The train, the Pennsylvania limited, one of the finest on the road, consisted of an engine, baggage car, diner and three coaches when it pulled out of Jersey City at 11:24 a. m. on Monday, and when it reached Pittsburg at 9:35 o'clock that night, the only passengers it carried were the three changes of Pennsylvania crews and the regular Pullman crew.

The run was strictly according to schedule, but not a ticket was punched, not a meal was served, or a piece of baggage handled. Nobody worked but the engineers and firemen.

Three cooks basted fowls and created good things in the culinary line for four waiters to serve the passengers who didn't come. A barber waited in vain for "Next!" and the Pullman conductor had plenty of time to admire his new uniform. All this cost the company, founded by the late George Pullman, good cash, and, as for the Pennsylvania, why, there were three conductors who didn't conduct, while twelve brakemen and three baggage-masters twirled their thumbs instead of lantern, flag or trunks. A lone stenographer had time to waste, and the wear and tear on the train, the equipment of which represented about \$45,000, kept on with every turn of the wheels.

It is doubtful if a railroad train ever made such a run before. Joseph Brown, the Pennsylvania conductor who had charge of the train from Jersey City to Philadelphia, said that in his forty-five years as a railroader he never remembered such an occurrence.—New York American.

Modern Advertising.

First Actress—Have you had your diamonds stolen lately?

Second Actress—No; I quit that several years ago.

First Actress—What's your game now?

Second Actress—Running down prominent citizens in my auto.

Hard Record to Beat.

Friend—Do you think that automobiles will eventually take the place of the railroads?

Auto Enthusiast (gloomily)—I hardly think so. The railroads killed 15,000 people last year in this country alone.

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Few are entirely free from it. It may develop so slowly as to cause little if any disturbance during the whole period of childhood. It may then produce dyspepsia, catarrh, and marked tendency to consumption, before manifesting itself in much cutaneous eruption or glandular swelling. It is best to be sure that you are quite free from it, and you can rely on

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There is a Reason.

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They are Purely Vegetable, absolutely Harmless, always Reliable and Efficient.

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Do you pin your hat to your own hair? Can't do it? Haven't enough hair? It must be you do not know Ayer's Hair Vigor! Here's an introduction! May the acquaintance result in a heavy growth of rich, thick, glossy hair! And we know you'll never be gray.

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Sister Liked Him.

"Have you any reason to believe that your sister likes me, Willie?"

"Course she does. Just yesterday I heard her say, 'Nobody could help likin' the dear old easy mark.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

For forty years Piso's Cure for Consumption has cured coughs and colds. At druggists. Price 25 cents.

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"Madam, I can never cure you of this throat trouble unless you stop talking, and give your throat a complete rest."

"But, doctor," objected his patient, "I'm very careful what I say. I never use harsh language or anything of that kind."

Marriage as an Institution.

The historical facts concerning marriages as an institution are probably only vaguely known to the majority of people, most of whom would doubtless be surprised to learn that the institution, as we know it to-day, is less than 500 years old. Histories of the marriage ceremony show that it was not solemnized in church as a religious rite until the time of Pope Innocent III., A. D. 1198, and was not considered a sacrament until 1443.

An Intricate Problem.

Mrs. Kbrown—That conductor insulted me.

Mr. Kbrown—How?

Mrs. Kbrown—Wanted me to pay fare for Tommy.

Mr. Kbrown—Well, Tommy is quite a chunk of a lad. He looks—

Mrs. Kbrown—And you, too? Do you mean to insinuate that I look old enough to have a child old enough to pay car fare?—Cleveland Leader.

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