

THE RED STORM

Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER VIII.

Allan's cheeks grew red with rage, but he disdained to answer such a falsehood.

"Mr. Norwood don't look like a man who would receive the kind of discipline you speak of very patiently," observed Boone, surveying with a smile Allan's stalwart proportions.

"Who knows this young man? Who can vouch for him?" demanded Alston.

"Those who came with me to Kentucky, and would willingly vouch for my veracity and honor, are now at Harrodsburg," said Allan.

"He is a worthless adventurer!" exclaimed Le Bland. "And I trust I shall again have the pleasure of chastising his arrogance."

"Don't be too free," said Logston, giving his prisoner a hearty shake.

"Andrew!" said Boone.

"Yes, massa," replied the negro, presenting himself.

"You are to keep watch of Monsieur Le Bland and see that he does not escape from the block-house. Take your gun and keep guard at the door."

"Shall I shoot him, massa?" asked Andrew.

"Not until he tries to escape," was the reply.

"I'll do dat, sir," said Andrew.

"See that you do, if you value your skin; for look you, darkey, our lives are depending on it," added the captain.

"I ken do it just like nuffin. You ken trust dis chile as fur as you ken see him."

"And not much further," said Boone to himself. Turning to Mr. Alston, he resumed, in a serious voice: "Trust my judgment for this time and do not imagine that I am actuated by unworthy motives. If I am doing any person the least injustice in acting as I am, I will be the first to confess my error when it becomes fully apparent. I never took pleasure in wronging any human being, and I am getting too old to learn many new tricks now. This Le Bland I know is a personal friend of yours; but he is no true man; he is a spy—a wolf in sheep's clothing, and all the time he has been with us he has ben in correspondence with our enemies. Let me assure you that Rosalthe can tell you more of him than you would like to hear."

"I dare say you mean well, Captain Boone. I have no reason to distrust your friendship, but it does appear to me that some enemy has done this."

As Mr. Alston spoke, he looked askance at Allan, who well understood what he meant.

"You wrong the young man, sir, my word for it you do, and the time will come when you will confess your error. This very day, Mr. Alston, this good friend of yours had an appointment with Silas Girty and the chief of the Miamis, and I should not be surprised if we were surrounded by Indians and Frenchmen before the sun has sunk in the west. I tell you we are in danger, but I do not fear it for myself—it is of our women and children I am thinking."

"Have I not a father's heart also? Am I not at this moment suffering all the agony a parent's heart can feel? Is not my darling torn from me by savage hands? O, Captain Boone, let us reconcile these differences and hasten after my daughter," replied Alston, in a voice husky with emotion.

"All that mortal man can do shall be done, and yet the fort must not be left without defenders," returned the for-ester.

At that moment there was an energetic knocking at the gate. Ebony was ordered to undo the fastenings, and a strong, resolute-looking man, with a rifle upon his shoulder, entered.

The individual who appeared was Bland Ballard, whose services as a spy during the early history of Kentucky will never be forgotten. His bold step and firm bearing proclaimed him all that he had the reputation of being—a daring, trustworthy and efficient man, fitted for great emergencies and vicissitudes of frontier life.

"Ballard, I am glad to see you," cried the pioneer, grasping the hand of the scout. "What news have you? What of the Indians? Any new movements?"

"Well, cap'n, you'd better stop and get your breath," said Ballard.

"The fact is, we are rather excited here, Ballard," replied Boone.

"Should think so, but you'll be likely to get more excited by and by, I reckon, if nothin' in the course of water breaks."

"That's jest what we're afeared on," remarked Logston, who had executed his commission, and was now waiting further orders.

"There's Ingins!" said the scout mysteriously; "there's no doubt but there's Ingins!"

"Unquestionably," returned Boone dryly.

"And there's another kind o' varmints called Frenchmen," resumed Ballard.

"How many?" asked Boone.

"Well, I should naterally say the woods were full on 'em, to speak after a similitude of a figure 'ordin to Scrip-ter."

"There'll be fighting, then," said the pioneer, musingly.

"That's about the English on't—that is, unless somethin'—"

"Breaks!" interrupted Logston, with a mischievous smile.

"Sartinly," said Ballard. "The fact o' the case is, we must shut ourselves up here and hold agin the nateral heathen of this sile to the very last, and longer if possible."

"You may shut yourself up as fast as you please, but I rather expect I shall take a turn around these here parts, to see what's going on; because, you see, I don't like to take nothin' second-hand like," said Joel Logston.

"We all know it, Logston, and therefore we can't spare you. We shall want you to do some of your nice shooting," remonstrated Boone.

But Joel, when once resolved upon anything, would always have his own way, and, notwithstanding all that could be said by way of remonstrance and entreaty, he mounted his horse and rode away.

CHAPTER IX.

Logston crossed the new clearings, and took the narrow footpath leading to Harrodsburg. He had proceeded about two miles, when he was loudly hailed as follows:

"Stop there, you Joel Logston; I want a few words with you."

"Hullo! Who are you?" exclaimed Joel, reining up his horse.

A man with high cheek bones and downcast eyes, dressed in Indian style, emerged from the bushes and stood before Logston.

"I'm glad I've met you," said the man; "it may be the means of saving much trouble, you know. I'm Silas Girty."

"And a mean-lookin' scamp you are," observed Logston, with perfect self-composure.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Girty, with a scowl. "Get out with your infernal Ingin nonsense," responded Joel. "You ain't an Ingin, nor ain't fit to be one."

"Be careful, my fiery lad, because you'd better bear in mind that you're in a rather ticklish position about now."

"I ain't afeared."

"Hear what I've got to say, and it'll be better for you in the long run."

"I never run," said Joel.

"I've come agin' Boonesborough with a great army, and mean to take it; nothin' this side 'other world can save it; but I'd rather they'd give in and knock under without fightin', for you know Ingins can't be restrained when they get a taste of human blood; they have a nateral hankerin' for blood," resumed Girty.

"What terms do you offer, providin' they'll give in without comin' to hard knocks?" asked Joel.

"Why, I'll let 'em all, big and little, young and old, march out of the country unmoested. Ain't that ar' merciful, magnanimous-like?"

"Uncommon! But what are you goin' to do with Harrodsburg?"

"Sarre it the same; cruelty's no part of my natur'."

"I'm beginnin' to like you," observed Joel, with a curious expression.

"You're a game chicken, Logston. I've often heard on ye, and if you'll join us, I'll give you a thousand acres of prime land as soon as we've druv out Boone and his fellers, and all the rest on 'em."

"Now, that's what I call ginerous!" exclaimed Joel.

"So it is, Logston; it is the ginerous policy that tells in all military leaders, and I've lately added it to my other virtues. But there's one thing I e'enmost forgot to mention. The fact is, I'm not a married man, and to come right to the p'int, and to speak out manful-like, there's a gal up there to the fort that has made a monstrous effect on me."

"What's her name, Captain Girty?"

"Eliza Ballard."

"Who?" asked Logston, with a start.

"Eliza Ballard," repeated Girty.

"Bright gal, captain, bright gal!" exclaimed Joel, with forced composure.

"I know she is. I've watched her when she went down to the spring for water. But I've got two strings to my bow, my boy; if I shouldn't succeed with Eliza, there's Fleming's darter, as pretty a creature as ever the sun shone on. So between the two I expect my heart won't get entirely broke down."

"When the Ballard gal's married, I hope I shall be present at the weddin'," remarked Joel, sentimentally.

"I'll make sure on't by askin' ye now. And hark! jine me in this affair, and I'll say fifteen hundred acres instead of a thousand."

"Say two thousand, Captain Girty, and I'm your man."

"Well, I don't care; it won't make no great odds; so two thousand it is."

"Give me that bread hook o' yours," said Joel, cordially extending his hand.

"Here 'tis," responded Girty; "I shall live to see you a rich land owner yet."

"A lot about six feet by two, perhaps," muttered Joel. "I'll carry your terms up to the fort and do the best I can; and I'll speak a good word to Miss Ballard, for she's a beauty, Captain, without varnish or whitewash."

"I shall depend on you, Logston. I knew you was my man, if I could only see you face to face; and really, it seems as though Providence brought us together."

"It does so," returned Joel; "I reckon I'll ride down to Harrodsburg first, come to think it over," he added.

"I wouldn't advise you to do that. The woods ain't quite safe in that direction, at this time," said Girty.

"Hold here—jest another word about Eliza Ballard," said Joel, leaning toward Girty, and making a gesture for him to present his ear.

"There's the place I hear with," said Girty, thrusting his head toward Joel,

"Take that, you sneakin' renegade!" cried Logston, planting a stunning blow exactly into Girty's "hearing place" that fairly lifted him from the ground, and landed him head foremost in a heap of brushwood beside the path, where he lay motionless, with his heels in the air. Joel cocked his rifle and pointed it at him, but dropped the muzzle, saying: "It won't do; the report would perhaps stir up a million redskins. Lay there, you infernal good-for-nothin', while I give you my blessin'!" he added, looking contemptuously at the motionless figure of Girty. "You ain't nobody to speak on; you're a vile critter; you're a despicable turncoat; I don't know nothing bad enough to call you. If I had a knife I'd scalp ye, hang me if I wouldn't, so your own mother wouldn't know you! Talk about Eliza Ballard, will ye? Give me two thousand acres of land! O, you me mud turtle! you unmerciful coward! you double distilled villain! That's my blessin'. Come away, Vesuvius; don't touch the dirty critter; a dog is known by the company he keeps."

The woodsman galloped briskly toward Harrodsburg, his indignation mounting higher at every step. Several times he was on the point of turning back to dispatch the worthless object who had dared to aspire to the hand of Eliza Ballard, a young and comely maiden, upon whom his own affections had been placed for a long period.

"To think," muttered Joel, "that such a scamp should entrap such a lovely girl as Eliza! It makes me feel ugly all over. I was a fool that I didn't make a final end of the boasting blackguard."

The last period of Logston's colloquy was scarcely uttered when the crack of a rifle saluted his ears. His horse staggered a few paces and fell, severely wounded. Before Joel could disengage himself from the saddle, a rifle ball whistled through his hunting shirt, grazing the skin, producing a plentiful effusion of blood. The hardy forester, inured to scenes of danger, was on his feet in an instant, firm and self-possessed, casting keen and rapid glances around him to discover his foes. The smoke from their rifles was curling gracefully upward, but they were invisible, having hidden themselves behind trees. The quick and searching eye of Joel was not long at fault. In reloading his gun, one of his enemies exposed a portion of his body. Logston fired, and the savage cried out and fell. Another Indian immediately rushed from his hiding place with a loud yell and uplifted tomahawk. The woodsman clubbed his rifle; his assailant instantly stopped, and hurled the weapon in his hand with such precision that it would have been fatal to him had he not, with cat-like agility, sprung aside, thus avoiding it.

Logston now rushed upon him, thinking to dispatch him by a well-aimed blow with his clubbed rifle, but the wary savage anticipated his intentions, in every instance, managed to elude his furious blows. The conflict went on in this manner for a considerable time, with no advantage on the part of Joel. Finding that this kind of warfare was of no avail, and that he was wasting his strength in vain, he threw away his rifle and closed with his adversary in a hand-to-hand struggle.

As neither was armed, the struggle was long and desperate, Joel continuing to throw his antagonist to the ground, and he contriving, as often, to slip from his grasp. Thus they exhausted their strength, without giving or receiving any fatal injuries.

The forester, perceiving that his muscular powers were rapidly failing, adopted a new plan of offensive operations. As often as the savage attempted to arise after he had hurled him to the ground, he dealt him a blow just under the ear that knocked him down again. This change of tactics operated admirably, and the Indian's swollen and battered face soon gave tokens of its inefficiency; his energies were fast failing, and his efforts grew less vigorous. At length a blow, well directed and powerful, caused him to lie motionless, and Joel was about to grasp his throat and strangle him, when he perceived that he was silently and stealthily endeavoring to get his knife from his leathern sheath.

Logston seized the weapon and plunged it into the Indian's bosom. He expired with a hollow groan, and the woodsman leaned against a tree, panting with exertion, to rest after the conflict.

Casting his eyes toward the spot where the other savage had fallen, he perceived that he was still living, and with heroic firmness had succeeded in reloading his gun, although it was evident from his movements that his spine was broken. The wounded and wretched, though determined, being had not sufficient command over his disabled body to sit upright long enough to fire; but as often as he attempted to present his gun, he fell forward upon his face; "Miserable creature!" he exclaimed, "Your back's broke, and you can't never git over it; so I'll leave you to fight it out with death the best way you can; but you'd better be dead a hundred times."

Joel's horse had gotten upon his feet again, and did not appear to be seriously injured.

"We ain't worth much, neither on us, I reckon," added Joel, addressing the animal, and caressing his neck affectionately. "But you must try to get me to Boonesborough some way or other."

At that stage of the woodsman's apoplexy to his horse, a cry from the wounded Indian attracted his attention, and looking in that direction the cause was at once apparent. Vesuvius, who precocious to the fight had scented a deer and followed him some distance, had now returned to search for his master, and seeing the wounded savage sitting upon the ground, instantly attacked him. Springing upon the ill-fated being, the dog sunk his sharp teeth into the throat, and with continual shakings, draggings and bitings, worried the life from his body.

(To be continued.)

RHEUMATISM

BODY RACKED WITH PAIN

No other bodily suffering is equal to that produced by the pain of Rheumatism. When the poisons and acids, which cause this disease, become entrenched in the blood there is hardly any part of the body that is not affected. The muscles become sore and drawn, the nerves twitch and sting, the joints inflame and swell, the bones ache, every movement is one of agony, and the entire body is racked with pain. Rheumatism is brought on by indigestion, stomach troubles, torpid Liver, weak Kidneys and a general inactive state of the system. The refuse matter instead of passing off through nature's avenues is left to sour and form uric acid, and other acid poisons which are absorbed into the blood. Rheumatism does not affect all alike. In some cases it takes a wandering foray; it may be in the arms or legs one day and in the shoulders, feet, hands, back or other parts of the body the next. Others suffer more seriously, and are never free from pain. The uric acid and other irritating substances find lodgment in the muscles and joints and as these deposits increase the muscles become stiff and the joints locked and immovable. It matters not in what form the disease may be the cause is always the same—a sour, acid condition of the blood. This vital stream has lost its purity and freshness, and instead of nourishing and feeding the different parts with health-giving properties, it fills them with the acids and salts of this painful and far-reaching disease. The cold and dampness of Winter always intensify the pains of Rheumatism, and the sufferer to get relief from the agony, rubs the affected parts with liniments, oils, lotions, etc., or uses plasters and other home remedies. These are desirable because they give temporary ease and comfort but have no effect on the real trouble which is in the blood and beyond the reach of such treatment. S. S. S. is the best remedy for Rheumatism. It goes into the blood and attacks the disease at its head, and by neutralizing and driving out the acids and building up the thin, sour blood it cures the disease permanently. While cleansing the blood S. S. S. tones up the stomach, digestion and every other part of the system, soothes the excited nerves, reduces the inflammation, dissolves the deposits in the joints, relieves all pain and completely cures this distressing disease. S. S. S. is a certain cure for Rheumatism in any form; Muscular, Inflammatory, Articular or Sciatic. Special book on the disease and any medical advice, without charge, to all who write. **THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

About fifteen years ago I had a severe attack of Rheumatism and could not work with any satisfaction. My legs were badly swollen and drawn so I could scarcely walk. I tried many remedies but could get no relief. I was finally recommended to try S. S. S. and it soon cured me sound and well. I am now 74 years old and have never had any return of the trouble.

JOSEPH FROME HAWLEY,
Box 104,
Aurora, Ill.

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them with the acids and salts of this painful and far-reaching disease. The cold and dampness of Winter always intensify the pains of Rheumatism, and the sufferer to get relief from the agony, rubs the affected parts with liniments, oils, lotions, etc., or uses plasters and other home remedies. These are desirable because they give temporary ease and comfort but have no effect on the real trouble which is in the blood and beyond the reach of such treatment. S. S. S. is the best remedy for Rheumatism. It goes into the blood and attacks the disease at its head, and by neutralizing and driving out the acids and building up the thin, sour blood it cures the disease permanently. While cleansing the blood S. S. S. tones up the stomach, digestion and every other part of the system, soothes the excited nerves, reduces the inflammation, dissolves the deposits in the joints, relieves all pain and completely cures this distressing disease. S. S. S. is a certain cure for Rheumatism in any form; Muscular, Inflammatory, Articular or Sciatic. Special book on the disease and any medical advice, without charge, to all who write. **THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

S.S.S.

PURELY VEGETABLE.

Practical Building. The New Custom House takes its place beside the rest of the modern architecture of New York as an eminently practical building. The old structure on Wall street, with its domical interior, its tremendously deep and gloomy porch, its row of twelve monolithic columns, is full of concessions to the fashions of the day in which it was erected. For that period it was a much more notable undertaking than is the present structure for this. Like many buildings in New York, it was not adapted to the narrow street on which it raises its gloomy, prison-like walls. The new building shows a better adaptation. Though skyscrapers surround it, yet they cannot shut out the light nor interfere with the view. Mr. Gilbert has taken advantage of the site and has met the problems well. Everything points to the likelihood that the officials and the public will find the transfer from Wall street to Battery Park particularly conducive to comfort and prompt dispatch of business.—From Charles De Kay's "The New New York Custom House" in the March Century.

Very Unusual. "Say, Smith, your boy is about 3 or 4 years old now, isn't he?" "Just three and a half." "How is it you never tell us any of the bright things he says?" "Never says any to tell." "Look here, Smith! Take great care of that child! He is destined for great things."—Baltimore American.

Quieting Suspicion. "Mr. Blank seemed rather uneasy when I told him you were going to apply for the position of typewriter." "He was, but I soon got him over his alarm." "What did you say to him?" "Told him I had no matrimonial designs whatever; that I merely wanted to be assister to him."—Baltimore American.

Its Natural Place. "Where would you go to look for the spirit of the times?" "My dear sir, in the body of the people."—Baltimore American.

Striking Example. "For instance," mused Dr. Osler, "there's Bob Fitzsimmons. He ought to have been chloroformed a year ago."

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