

THE RED STORM Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER XII.

"Arise," said Star-Light. Rosalthe lifted her head languidly. She had lain in the canoe she knew not how long. The voice of the Indian girl recalled her from a state bordering on unconsciousness. She looked around her like one dreaming and wondering where she was. The birchen vessel touched the shore.

"Step out," said Star-Light, and Rosalthe obeyed in silence. The Indian maiden drew the canoe out of the water and secreted it among the reeds and bushes.

That operation being completed, she motioned to Rosalthe to follow her and walked with noiseless and gliding footsteps into the forest. Star-Light proceeded in this manner until our heroine was nearly exhausted, and could with difficulty keep pace with her more practiced conductress; which the latter perceiving, went forward more slowly, stopping often to assist her over rough places. The way was so dark and lonely that Rosalthe queried whether a human foot ever had pressed that soil before, or whether a human voice ever broke the stillness of the solemn woods.

They reached an Indian hut or lodge, and it was a spot so hemmed in by stupendous forests, that it seemed to Rosalthe completely hidden from the observation of the living.

The maidens entered the lodge; it was without an occupant. Star-Light pointed to a couch of skins, and our heroine was glad to avail herself of the privilege of resting upon it; while the former kindled a fire and made preparations for cooking a meal.

Rosalthe was aroused from an uneasy slumber produced by exhaustion, and food set before her. Of these viands she partook without hesitation, resolved to appear as unconcerned and heroic as possible before her strange companion.

While she was thus employed Star-Light was busily engaged in compounding various paints, for what purpose Rosalthe was at a loss to conceive. When the latter had ceased eating, and pushed the food from her, the Indian maiden approached with the pigments she had prepared, and the object became apparent. Rosalthe drew back in alarm.

"Foolish maiden!" exclaimed Star-Light. "What do you fear? Water will make these colors disappear. What I am about to do is necessary to your safety. I must make you look like one of my people."

"Swear that you will keep faith with me, and that I shall return in safety to Boonesborough," said Rosalthe.

"I swear," returned Star-Light. "By the Great Spirit."

"Then I submit; do with me as you will."

"White Cloud is proud," said the Indian girl, after a pause. "She is vain of her beauty; she fears that these colors will destroy it, so that Smooth-Tongue will no longer love her."

"I am ready—put it on," replied Rosalthe, submitting herself patiently to Star-Light.

The Cherokee girl gazed an instant at the handsome features of Rosalthe, and sighed.

"Star-Light is sad and unhappy," said our heroine, kindly. "Smooth-Tongue has made her heart heavy by his deceit. Let her forget him; he is bad."

"Forget him," that White-Cloud may remember him," retorted the Indian girl, angrily.

"Star-Light is wrong; jealousy and grief have blinded her eyes. But the time will come when she will see clearly," replied Rosalthe.

The heart of Star-Light seemed to relent; she commenced laying the colors upon Rosalthe's face with no ungentle hand, while the latter sat uncomplainingly before the blazing fire, that she might see to complete the novel operation. When this part of the singular toilet was finished, the Indian girl proceeded to unfasten her hair, which was confined by a band, and let it fall unrestrained over her neck and shoulders. In a short time Rosalthe's dark tresses were arranged to suit the fancy of Was-sahauza. From a willow basket, in one corner of the lodge, she produced an Indian dress, in all respects like her own.

Our heroine made no objections, but suffered herself to be attired in the costume of savage life. When the whole was completed, Star-Light herself looked at her with wonder and admiration; for Rosalthe appeared quite as charming in her new apparel as in her own legitimate style of dress.

"Good!" exclaimed Star-Light, holding a small mirror before her unresisting captive. Rosalthe glanced at the image reflected, and could not repress an involuntary exclamation of astonishment.

"You'll be jealous of me, now, I'm sure," she said, with a faint smile.

"If I thought you could speak the truth, I should not hate you," rejoined Star-Light, a portion of her former sternness returning.

"Let Star-Light and White-Cloud be friends," said Rosalthe, in a kindly tone. The maiden made no reply, but taking Rosalthe's hand, led her from the lodge.

"There is a village not far from here," said the former, when they had walked a short distance. "You will be safe there, for you shall dwell in my lodge, and I am the daughter of a powerful chief. You must not try to escape, for that might bring evil upon you. I will tell our young men that you come from our cousins, the Wyandots, on ac-

count of a young chief who loved you, but whom you despised. This tale will account for your appearance among us if you follow my directions. Speak to no one, and leave the rest to me."

CHAPTER XIII.

A walk of half an hour brought the maidens to the Cherokee village, which consisted of about twenty lodges, being only a minor branch of that once powerful nation.

Star-Light was passing rapidly among the huts, followed by Rosalthe, when a tall and majestic figure appeared in the narrow and well-beaten path that wound in a serpentine manner from lodge to lodge.

"Star-Light has been abroad?" he said, inquiringly.

"There is starlight all above you," replied the Indian girl, carelessly.

"But not the Star-Light that is more pleasant to Otter-Lifter than the brightness of day," returned the Indian.

"The bold chief of the Cherokees will make me sad," said Star-Light.

"He would not willingly darken the rays of joy that should continually stream up from your heart, and beam from your eyes," rejoined Otter-Lifter.

"You have not noticed our sister; she comes from our cousins, the Wyandots. She is called White-Cloud."

"The daughters of the Wyandots are comely," returned Otter-Lifter, giving Rosalthe a searching glance. "White-Cloud is welcome; she looks like the sister of Star-Light."

"Otter-Lifter has sharp eyes!" retorted Star-Light, coldly.

"May no cloud larger than that that ever come between Otter-Lifter and Star-Light," replied the chief, pointing to Rosalthe.

"The Cherokee chief is making love to my cousin!" exclaimed the Indian girl, with warmth.

Otter-Lifter turned away with a smile, and the maidens passed on to the lodge near the center of the village. The lodge was a large one, divided into two compartments by buffalo skins suspended from the top, and secured at the bottom by sticks driven into the earth. In one place a skin was left to serve the purpose of a door, and through which Star-Light conducted her captive.

"This is my father's lodge," said the Indian girl. "He is one of the chiefs, and is called Gitsheva, or Strong-Voice, because his shout is so terrible in battle. Being a noted man, his lodge is double, as you see, and this part belongs to me and Monon. Monon is my sister."

The person last mentioned was seated on a mat near the fire; and when Star-Light mentioned her name, she arose and regarded Rosalthe with as much curiosity as was in keeping with Indian stoicism, and possibly, a little more.

"Tis White-Cloud," said Star-Light. Rosalthe seated herself on a mat, and examined Monon more particularly. She was younger than her sister, and bore a striking resemblance to her. She was fair, but her beauty was of a gentler cast than Star-Light's; and our heroine took courage from the fact, and hoped she would be able to win her friendship.

The three maidens being seated before the fire, did little else, for a time, than to throw furtive glances at each other. Presently Star-Light and her sister began to converse in the Indian tongue, and being somewhat familiar with the language, Rosalthe soon perceived that they were talking about a white captive that one of their war parties of young men had taken at Harrodsburg. This riveted her attention, and she listened with breathless interest to all that was said. Her sympathies were more completely enlisted in the subject when she heard the prisoner was a young girl, and already condemned to death.

Rosalthe could control her feelings no longer. She asked why Otter-Lifter, being a humane chief, permitted such cruelties, to which Star-Light replied that he had nothing to do with the matter, the captive having been taken by a party of young braves, and to retaliate on the settlers at Harrodsburg for the loss of one of their number.

"But has not Otter-Lifter or your father power to save the poor girl?" inquired Rosalthe.

Star-Light made no answer, but looked steadily at the fire.

"Did not the Great Spirit intend that the pale and red faces should be perpetually enemies?" asked Monon.

"No; it is His will that all men should be brethren, and dwell together in friendship," replied Rosalthe.

"That would be best, it seems to me; but if it had been the will of the Great Spirit it would have been so; for his power is greater than man's," answered Monon.

"The fate of that unhappy young woman makes me miserable!" exclaimed our heroine, and lying down upon the couch of buffalo skins that had been spread for her, she vainly endeavored to rest. The imperfect slumbers that visited her at periods were disturbed by dreamy vagaries. It was about midnight when she felt a touch upon her arm. She opened her eyes with a start, and beheld Star-Light beside her.

"If you would see the white captive, arise and follow me," said the Indian girl.

Rosalthe lost no time in obeying; she arose and followed her from the lodge, while Monon remained sitting by the fire. Without a word being uttered by either party, they approached the spot where the unfortunate captive was wait-

ing the execution of the sentence which had been pronounced upon her by her judges.

Two warriors lay extended upon the ground near the door of the lodge, who appeared to be sleeping soundly. Star-Light paused, evidently somewhat surprised at what she beheld.

"The Great Spirit favors us," she said in a low voice. "The warriors are full of firewater—they are drunken."

Star-Light passed on, stepping lightly within a few inches of the unconscious watchers.

Making a gesture for Rosalthe to imitate her example, she glided into the lodge. The prisoner was sitting near a smoldering fire, her hands and feet tightly bound with thongs of deer skin. She looked up with an exclamation of astonishment. The instant that Rosalthe caught a glimpse of the sorrowful face that was turned toward her, she sprang forward and embraced the doomed maiden, exclaiming, "Fanny Harrod!"

The captive uttered no words of recognition, but gazed at Rosalthe in mute surprise.

"Minno Monelo!" said Star-Light, in a suppressed but energetic manner. "What are you doing? Is this a time to embrace and weep? Come away, White-Cloud; the Drooping-Lily does not know you."

Star-Light grasped Rosalthe by the arm and drew her away from the captive; with a knife she had severed the thongs that bound her limbs, and bade her stand up. This done, raising her hand warningly, she stepped to the door and looked a moment at the warriors before it. Satisfied, evidently, with the result of her examination, she returned, and took Fanny Harrod by the hand, and led her from the lodge.

The parties stood in the open air, and beneath the light of an unclouded moon. The face of Miss Harrod was deadly pale; her limbs trembled with agitation, and her heart beat fast with expectation and fear. She turned her marble visage toward Star-Light, or threw wild and wondering glances at Rosalthe.

The Cherokee girl paused but a moment, and then moved away from the spot, supporting the trembling form of Fanny Harrod. They had proceeded perhaps a dozen yards, when a majestic figure darkened their path, and the face of Otter-Lifter was looking calmly upon them. Miss Harrod uttered a faint cry, and fell fainting into the arms of Star-Light.

CHAPTER XIV.

Joel Logston reached Boonesborough much exhausted from the loss of blood; but he was not so weak as to be unable to give a very extraordinary account of what had transpired.

The restraint which had been imposed upon the Frenchman's actions proved by no means agreeable. He felt that he was in danger, and that many of his plans were likely to fail. He attributed all his present difficulties to young Norwood, and resolved to be fully revenged upon him. He paced the rough floor of the block-house until near midnight, devising plans of escape and retaliation.

The pioneers were in their cabins, and the Frenchman was the sole occupant of the structure. The door which opened into the inclosure was guarded by Andrew, who was soon to be relieved by Exquisite Ebony. That it would be possible to corrupt the simple black and escape was an idea that naturally crept into the mind of Le Bland. The result of this conception was the following conversation between the parties.

"Andrew?" said the Frenchman, in a low voice, putting his mouth to a loophole.

The honest African was somewhat comatose at that time; but the sound instantly aroused him, and caused him to look around in alarm. Le Bland repeated the name.

"Am dat you spokin?" said Andrew.

The prisoner answered in the affirmative without delay.

"Don't 'dress yerself to me," returned Andrew, with some loftiness of manner.

The Frenchman gnashed his teeth with anger, and wished, for the moment, above all other things, for the privilege of wringing the negro's neck.

"But, my good Andrew, this misfortune of mine should not interrupt our friendship," added the prisoner in a deprecating tone.

"Dis chile am berry much fat-igued, and doesn't want to hear no low remarks," said Andrew, yawning.

"Come, Monsieur Andrew, don't be hard on a person who has been unfortunate."

"Stop dat talkin' dar; I'm gwine to decompose some poetry. What will rhyme w'ird 'skies,' you French feller in dar?" asked Andrew after a short silence.

"Eyes," replied Le Bland, thinking that perhaps it would be better to humor his mood.

"Dar fust line am dis," resumed the negro, "Dar moon am saffin' in de skies."

"But can't compare wid Dinah's eyes," added Le Bland.

"Dat am berry good," quoth Andrew, much pleased with the lines.

"Listen," continued the Frenchman; "I'll assist you to compose some lines on Dinah's eyes, if you'll just let me out of this ridiculous place. Poetry is the sure road to the female heart. Andrew, you are a poet and a man of feeling."

"Ye-s, I know dat," said the negro, highly gratified by the compliment to his head and heart.

"The fact of the case is, that I am vilely slandered and villainously traduced. It is necessary in order to vindicate my character, that I should escape this block house. Now it seems to me, that a man of your sensibility must pity me, more especially when I assure you that I will give you a handsome sum of money for your services."

"Money!" exclaimed Andrew, eagerly. "Yes, Andrew; good, hard, silver pieces."

"Dat alters de circumstance. Poke out des money frew der hole," responded Andrew readily.

(To be continued.)



Salt-Rising Bread.

Scald a teacup thoroughly, then fill nearly half full of warm water, stir in a pinch of soda and salt and thicken with graham flour or with Indian meal. Put in a warm place to rise. Do this during the forenoon. When it is light, set away in a cool place. Next morning stir together to a batter in a bowl of warm water and flour, then stir in the graham "rising." If kept warm it will rise in a short time. Put flour into the bread pan, make a hollow in the center of it, send a little of the flour with boiling water, then cool with a little cold water, add a half-cup of sugar and a little salt and the risen batter. Mix well and set in a warm place to rise. When light mold into loaves and set in bread tins to rise again, then bake for thirty minutes.

Potato Soup.

Scrub and put into a pan twelve medium sized potatoes with just enough water to cover them, and boil gently until they are done. Pour off the water, and when they are dry, peel and pass them through a sieve. Now melt an ounce and a half of butter in a saucepan, add two onions, finely minced, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and a pinch of celery seed. Cover, and let the contents steam gently for fifteen minutes; add the potatoes and enough water to make a smooth firm batter, then enough milk to reduce to the consistency of cream; let it boil up once, season with pepper and salt, and serve. This is one of the most delicious, yet economical soups that come to table.

Quince and Apple Jelly.

Prepare an equal weight of quinces and tart apples for jelly, that is wash and slice whole, being careful to see there are no wormy spots left in them. Put the quinces in the preserving kettle and boil till soft with enough water to cover them. Then add the apples, still keeping enough water over them, and boil till the whole is a pulp. Strain through a jelly bag and add a scant pound of sugar to each pint of juice. Heat the sugar in the oven and turn into glasses. The flavor of apples and quinces together is pleasanter than that of quinces alone.

Canning Grapes.

Grapes may be canned whole without the usual process of scalding. Heat the jars very hot by steaming them over water brought gradually from tepid to boiling heat, or by placing them in the oven in several thicknesses of paper and increasing the heat gradually. Wring a towel from hot water and swathe the cans; then fill them with cold grapes, cover with boiling water, seal, and let stand ten minutes. Then take off the covers, pour off the water, and cover with boiling syrup sweetened to taste, and seal. The skins will not break and the fruit will have a very different flavor from seeded grapes.

Pickled Apples.

Sweet apples are best for pickles. Pare, core and quarter the fruit. Take one quart of good cider vinegar, dissolve in it four and one-half pounds of sugar, boil two minutes, add cinnamon and cloves to taste; put into the vinegar as much of the prepared fruit as will cook conveniently, stew slowly until the fruit can readily be pierced by a fork, skim out the fruit and stew more, place the fruit in a jar and pour over all the boiling vinegar that remains. The fruit must be entirely covered by the liquid. Keep the jar closely covered.

Orange and Rhubarb Marmalade.

Wash three pounds of tender pink skinned rhubarb and cut in pieces two inches in length. Put three pounds of oranges in the preserving kettle with plenty of cold water to cover, and simmer three hours. Drain and cut in four pieces. Put six pounds of granulated sugar in the kettle with just enough water to prevent sticking, and stir until dissolved and boiling. Add the oranges and rhubarb, stir until boiling, then move to the edge of the fire and cook gently fifteen or twenty minutes. Turn into glasses, but do not cover until cold.

Princess Potatoes.

Cut cold mashed potatoes into strips about two inches long one inch wide and half an inch thick. Have in one saucer one tablespoonful of melted butter and in another a beaten egg; dip strips of potatoes first in butter and then in egg, with a knife lay them in a hot buttered pan and cook in hot oven twelve minutes. One egg and one tablespoonful of butter will be enough for one pint of potatoes.

Short Suggestions.

A vanilla bean kept in a box of sugar will impart a delicate flavor to the sugar.

Pale, Thin, Nervous?

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Almost Time.

The convention of physicians was called secretly and hurriedly. Dr. Kill-um rose to speak.

"Gentlemen of the profession," he said, "something must be done. Our automobile tires are wearing out, our daughters' music lessons are unpaid for and nearly all our good patrons have already been operated upon for appendicitis. What shall we do?"

"Let's discover a new microbe," said Dr. Quack.

The motion was carried unanimously and a wave of sickness wafted duents to the doctors' coffers.—Indianapolis Star.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Everything Worn.

"And you still delay the wedding," sighed the beautiful girl. "My heart is worn out."

"Is that all?" demanded the suitor who was an advocate of procrastination.

"No," the carpet is worn out, the parlor sofa is worn out, ma's hopes are worn out and pa's patience is worn out."

The suitor whistled. "Well, by gum!" he retorted. "My shoes are worn out coming here every two or three nights."

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One Cause of Poverty.

A Philadelphian was praising the late Mary Mapes Dodge. "Wise woman as she was," he said, "Mrs. Dodge considered organized charity rather cold. She believed in the charity spirit, which, she said, was best fostered by the direct personal contact of recipient and giver. Hence she never refused a beggar. And, defending herself from attacks one day, she narrated a conversation she once overheard between two Maryland tramps, or 'peach plucks.' These peach plucks, as they lay under a tree on a superlative afternoon, philosophized. 'Bill,' said the first, 'why is it that poor people is always willin' to help us, while rich folks always turns us down?' The other, with a mirthful laugh, replied: 'Them that don't mind givin' things away is the ones that stays poor.'—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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The American Chameleon.

The American chameleon, a small lizard (Anolis carolinensis), inhabits various parts of the Southern United States. The little animal has the remarkable habit of quickly and completely changing its colors, varying from brown to yellow or pale green. Its food consists of insects. The little animal is perfectly harmless to higher forms of life, is often kept as a pet, and has been worn attached to a chain as an ornament.

The toes are provided with adhesive pads, which enable the lizard to run upon smooth vertical surfaces.—St. Nicholas.

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