

THE RED STORM

Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)
"But how shall I get out?" inquired the Frenchman, who could not see how he was to be greatly benefited by the operation which the black had suggested.

"The best way you, ken? you can't come frew de door," was the rejoinder.
"Get me an ax, then, and let me cut my way out."

"How much money?" asked Andrew.
"Three silver dollars—more than you ever had in the course of your whole life, probably."

"Hand out the currency," said the negro.

After a few moments of reflection, Le Bland was about to pass out the money, when he heard the voice of Ebony without; but this did not discourage him, for he believed that the African would be disposed to sympathize with his master, and so be inclined to favor his escape.

Accordingly the prisoner did not hesitate to state the proposition which he had made to Andrew. The matter was discussed in low voices by the two worthies; and they finally concluded that for an additional dollar, they would be completely justified in disclosing the place where the ax was secreted in the block house.

Should the Frenchman be fortunate enough to free himself by the aid of that implement, Andrew and his friend supposed that they could not be very deeply implicated in the affair.

So the stipulated sum was duly transferred (through one of the port holes pierced in the walls) to the hands of the negroes, and the promised information given.

But here a new difficulty presented itself; would not the sound of his blows alarm all the sleepers in Boonesborough? After considerable searching, aided by the faint light shining in at the loopholes, and by the sense of touch, Le Bland discovered a place where his operations promised to be most successful. But the first blow resounded loudly through the empty structure.

"Stop dat noise dar!" cried Andrew, authoritatively. "Massa Boone's down by de gate."

"I must abandon the attempt," said Le Bland, thoughtfully, for a new and more feasible plan had suggested itself to his mind. "You may keep the money, Andrew, and say nothing about what has taken place."

"I knew you could not do nuffin in dat line," replied Andrew; and wishing the prisoner good night, he walked away with the silver safely deposited in his pocket, singing in the happiest possible frame of mind.

The moment Andrew's voice had ceased to be heard, Le Bland hastened to sound Ebony's feelings in regard to his imprisonment, and to ascertain so fast as he was able, whether he could reasonably expect any immediate assistance from Mr. Alston.

The result was satisfactory. He soon discovered that Esquise Ebony had received instructions, and was ready to favor his escape, providing that it could be so adroitly managed that he could not well be suspected of having any direct agency in the same.

While a low conversation was going on between the Frenchman and the negro, Mr. Alston himself cautiously approached the block house.

"Yes, I am here, my friend," said the person referred to. "How do you find yourself?"

"I find myself a prisoner and very poorly treated," replied Le Bland, rather haughtily. "Free me from this disgraceful thralldom. Let me not be pent up here, while every moment seems an age to me, and, while I appear to hear each instant the despairing cries of Rosalthe; and for my apparently unpardonable tardiness, to meet her reproving glances. I am ready to pluck out my beard with vexation. My impatience to serve and save the best of women drives me to the confines of madness. And yet you come and say, 'I am your friend; I spoke in your behalf.' Thrice accursed are these unyielding walls! they hold me from action when it is most needed. Perhaps it is already too late; the pile may be lighted—the fagots even now blazing in flames mounting to the skies."

"Hold!" exclaimed Mr. Alston. "Your words torture me beyond endurance. The shrieks of my idolized girl are in my ears—her agonies penetrate my soul."

"Demolish these walls! open the door! give me liberty! give me the free air! This restraint will make me frantic. To breathe this air another moment will suffocate me. I am, while here, like the poor fish transferred from his loved element to dry land. I gasp—I struggle with my fate like it. Make haste, then, to relieve me. Consult not cold and selfish prudence; think not of false fears of professed friends, and the falsehood of concealed enemies. Act, and act quickly. Your friend demands it; your daughter invokes it."

"Before heaven!" cried Alston, "I will comply with your request, let the consequences be what they may. My doubts (if I ever entertained a single doubt) vanish; I give them to the winds. When I hear your tones, I hear only the voice of sincerity and truth; I feel that there is no hypocrisy within you, let others cry out as they will. Now I am ready to serve you."

"Is Captain Boone still walking about within the works?" asked Le Bland.

"No; he concluded his observations

and returned to his cabin a few moments since," replied Mr. Alston.

"That is well; now I must contrive to escape without implicating you."

"Generous friend!" said Alston, pleased to behold so much ingenuousness.

"Let Ebony mount to the roof," continued the Frenchman, "and remove, with my co-operation, a sufficient portion of the same to allow me a comfortable egress. Once upon the top of the block house, I will drop down upon the outside and the object will be accomplished."

"The plan is judicious and practical," remarked Mr. Alston. "Ebony, get suitable implements and climb up and open an aperture of the proper dimensions; but work softly and throw yourself down flat on the roof if any one appears."

Ebony made haste to obey these commands, and in a short time he was industriously at work on the top of the block house, while the Frenchman gave directions and assisted him from the interior. The work progressed successfully; the timbers were displaced by means of a lever. The Frenchman emerged from the opening, and the implements which had been employed were so placed as to convey the idea that all had been effected from the inside.

A rifle and ammunition were passed up to him. He seized them hastily, dropped down upon the front side of the block house and hurried away.

CHAPTER XV.

The hour of midnight had passed on, and other hours had followed in its noiseless track. It was near the break of day; but the hush of night lay more deeply, and far more darkly, upon the face of the earth than since the sun went down. The moon had finished her course, and passing away to other regions left darkness and gloom on the places where her beams had flickered so pleasantly.

Daniel Boone and Mr. Fleming stood near the gate that opened from the stockades for ingress and egress. Each of the sturdy pioneers held in his hand his trusty rifle—weapons which had been proved upon many a bloody day.

"This," said Captain Boone, "is the hour which has ever been so fatal to our countrymen. The savages always select it for a surprise; and how many hundreds have been slain between sleeping and waking."

"Yes, my brave lads, this is the time when we may naturally expect the uncivilized critters," said Joel Logston, who appeared at that moment, followed by Vesuvius.

"You ought not to go abroad in the open air until you have recovered from your recent wounds," observed Captain Boone.

"The air'll do 'em good; I never was afraid of the air; I ain't one o' them kind. I can't sleep where there's any danger, or any reasonable prospect of a fight. Isn't it so, Vesuvius?"

At this instant the singular quadruped referred to began to give vent to low and energetic growls, snuffing the air, erecting the hair upon his back, and walking defiantly about the enclosure near the stockades.

"What does that mean?" asked Fleming.

"It means that he scents somethin' as he don't like," replied Logston.

"I suspect that there are Indians near," remarked Daniel Boone.

"If you're allers as near the truth as that, you won't have to answer for much sin of that natur'," said Joel.

"Perhaps we had better call out the men," added Captain Boone.

"I think you had, by all means; for there'll be an uncommon uproar here soon, 'cordin' to my notion of things," replied Joel.

The settlers now began to leave their cabins and gather about their leader in silence. Mr. Alston appeared among them with a melancholy and dejected air, for he was doubtless thinking of his daughter.

"I cannot bear this torturing suspense and inaction much longer," he remarked, approaching Captain Boone. "Although not very skillful in Indian tactics, and unused to the trail, I shall, nevertheless, make some effort to recover my beloved Rosalthe."

"I can appreciate your feelings, Mr. Alston. You feel as all fathers would under the circumstances," said Boone. "But rest assured that there are those now in pursuit of your daughter who are far more experienced than yourself, and who will never return without some tidings of the lost one."

"Yes, I must try to bear up like a man," replied Alston, sighing. "Is there any immediate danger of an attack?"

"I am strongly inclined to think so," was the reply.

"I am differently persuaded. I think the danger has been greatly magnified. As you are aware, I have but little faith in this story of a fearful conspiracy," rejoined Alston.

"Look yonder, in the name of heaven, and tell me what new mystery is that which I now behold!" exclaimed the forester, with startling emphasis.

Instantly all eyes were turned toward the block house, where Le Bland was supposed to be yet in durance. Dusky figures were seen on top of the structure, disappearing one after another through the roof. The hardy pioneers gazed at this astonishing sight in mute wonder. For a moment they seemed like men utterly deprived of the powers of volition.

The danger had appeared in an unexpected quarter and in a more dreaded form than they had anticipated.

Captain Boone was the first to speak and to act. "We must stop this!" he exclaimed, "or we are little better than dead men;" and instantly discharged his rifle at one of the dark forms. Three or four of the settlers followed his example. The fire was immediately returned from the block house with effect, for one of the men fell.

"We are to be shot down from our own block houses and through the loop holes pierced by our own hands," cried the captain. "Mr. Logston," he added, "take half a dozen men and take possession of the other block house and prevent any more from entering the works, while I try to drive the enemy from this."

Brandishing a hatchet, the old pioneer rushed toward the stronghold occupied by the Indians. The little party was met by a severe fire; Mr. Alston, who was among the foremost, received a wound which prevented him from taking any further part in the struggle.

The savages had the advantage, the guns leveled from the several loopholes completely covering Boone and his men. A few of them reached the door of the block house; but it could not be forced open, and even had they succeeded in doing so it would have been rushing to destruction. The consequence was, the storming party was obliged to retreat.

Perceiving that nothing could be effected without more deliberation, order, and concert of action, they proceeded to superintend and protect the passage of the women and the children from the cabins to the block house in the other angle of the works. This important measure was effected without loss, although they were frequently fired upon.

While these movements were taking place within the station, there was much shouting and tumult without. Several attempts were made to mount the top of the block house, which met with a prompt repulse from the settlers, whose position commanded the entire front of the fort. As has been observed, the block houses, projecting twenty inches beyond the cabins, prevented effectually the possibility of the enemy's making a lodgment before them.

"This," said Logston, addressing Mr. Alston, who was having his wounds dressed, "this is the work of your Frenchman."

"I am still incredulous," replied Alston.

"Where is Andrew?" inquired Boone.

"Here, massa," said Andrew.

"Was Le Bland in the block house when you went away from it?"

"Yes, massa."

"Did he make any attempt to escape?"

continued Boone, sternly.

"He spoke about dat ar subject."

"Did he offer you money, or hold out any inducement for you to assist him to escape?" added the forester, still more sternly.

"Yes, massa," said Andrew, quailing before the penetrating glances of Boone. Unfortunately for him, in his perturbation he thrust his hands into his pockets so desperately that the jingle of silver coin was distinctly heard.

"What have you got in your jockets?" asked Boone.

"Nuffin' but nails, massa—not a single t'ing," returned the negro, his manner plainly giving the lie to his words.

"Search his pockets," said the captain, turning to Logston, who stood near.

Joel, ever ready to do the bidding of his superior, laid his hands upon the trembling Andrew, which Vesuvius observing, concluded that it was the signal for some extraordinary demonstration on his part, and instantly displayed all his sharp teeth, and approached him with intentions most sinister and alarming.

Andrew, overcome by the sense of so many dangers, fell upon his knees, and declared he would confess all about the matter, which he did, with but a few trifling prevarications; protesting most strenuously that he had no intention whatever of assisting the Frenchman to escape.

Ebony was next questioned; but emboldened by the presence of Mr. Alston, fearlessly asserted that he was wholly ignorant of the transaction, and that the first intimation which he had received that anything was going wrong was the report of Captain Boone's rifle when he shot at the Indians.

Although perfectly assured in his own mind that Ebony knew more than he chose to divulge, the forester ceased to press his questions farther, for the imminence of the danger required prompt action.

(To be continued.)

An Incident.

"What is the color 'chatain'?" a certain young man asked of a venerable Creole lady whose hair was white as snow.

She rummaged through her mind for terms of explanation, being a little liable to forget English words at times.

Finally, however, she replied:

"'Chatain,' dat is the color of my hair, you understand, when I was young!"

And then she smiled with satisfaction at the exact manner in which she had explained the term, while the questioner still wondered what color "chatain" was.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

In Burglardom.

Bill Sykes—I see as how de sculptors is goin' ter restore one of de old Eyetallan churchies.

Jimmy Jackson—Good Gawd! Youse don't mean ter tell me dat de booglers ever had de noive ter swipe a hull church!—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Berlin local trains now have special compartments for "passengers with dogs."

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With an exclamation of delight the hardened tourist rushed out on the baggage platform and started to smash his trunk with an ax.

"Hold on!" shouted the baggage man.

"Are you crazy?"

"Not at all," replied the hardened tourist as he continued to smash. "I read that baggages were overworked at this season, so I thought I would smash my own trunk and save you the trouble."

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 doctor's 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.

A cremated adult human body leaves a residuum of gray ashes which altogether do not weigh more than about two pounds.

Told by the Typewriter.

The following correspondence explains itself:

"Mr. Thompson presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson, and begs to request that he will keep his piggs from trespassing on his ground."

"Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Thompson, and requests that in future he will not spell his piggs with two gees."

"Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson, and he will feel obliged if he will add the letter 'e' to the last word in the note just received, so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady."

"Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's note unopened, the impertinence it contains being only equalled by its vulgarity."

The Ruling Passion.

Old Stoxanbons—Are you sure that you can no longer control the thing?

His Chauffeur—Yes, sir. I'm afraid it will get away from me very soon.

Old Stoxanbons—Then for heaven's sake run into something cheap!—Puck.

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