

THE RED STORM Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER XVI.

A hurried consultation was now held among the veteran woodsmen, to determine what should be done. Some suggested that a party of picked men should advance with axes, burst in the door and meet the savages face to face. But a young man by the name of Reynolds proposed a plan which appeared most practicable. It was this: One party was to remain in the building where they were, another advance to make an assault upon the door of the structure held in possession by the Indians, while a third would attempt to gain an entrance by running along the roofs of the intervening cabins and effect their object through the same aperture by which the enemy had found access.

This scheme appeared very feasible, for the party remaining could protect the party upon the roof from the fire of the enemy outside the works; and the third party, making a simultaneous attack upon the door, would divert the enemy, giving them two points to defend instead of one.

This measure was so well planned and conducted that it was crowned by complete success, and every Indian within the block house was slain.

The struggle after the parties entered the building was brief, but sanguinary, and the shouts of victory in one block house were answered by shouts of joy from the other. The pioneers now had possession of their works; but the victory was by no means complete, for the frightful yells of hundreds of savages filled the wide forests with dreadful echoes, and blanched the cheeks of women and children. Wives and mothers thought of the husbands they had lost by the hatchet, by the well-spoken ball, by the knife, or the more lingering death of torture. Fair young maidens thought of their lovers, and little children clasped their mothers' knees in terror, their tiny hands trembling with indescribable fear.

The red sun came and shone upon many pale faces at Boonesborough. The firing ceased on both sides.

"You observe, men," said Boone, "that the Indians fire indiscriminately at our fort and waste much powder and lead; but we must not follow their example, for ammunition is worth much more to us than gold or silver; it is more precious than diamond dust. Fire only when you see a mark, and the noisy, bragging rascals will soon keep at a distance. I know well the worth of ammunition, for I passed weary months alone in this wilderness, while my brother performed a long and dangerous journey to North Carolina for a fresh supply. The time, during his absence, often hung heavily on my hands. I was surrounded by those who continually sought my life, and for purposes of safety changed my camping ground every night. You may depend upon it, I wasted no powder during that period. That experience taught me a lesson of prudence I shall never forget."

"I want to speak a word to you privately," said Logston, making signs to the captain to follow. "I think I've seen that French feller."

"What makes you think so?" asked the other.

"Because I saw a face that looked like his, notwithstanding the paint that had been laid on it. I was loading my rifle at the time, and afore I got ready to fire he had disappeared. So you can rely on it, he's among the critters, helpin' them on in their mischief."

"It does not seem possible, at first, that a man who has received so much kindness at our hands can be so villainously ungrateful and treacherous. Watch for him, Logston, and if you can see him or any one that looks like him, be sure to cover him with your rifle," said Boone.

"I'll do it! May I be trodden to death by wild buffaloes if I don't!" exclaimed Joel, with energy.

The latter and the captain were soon joined by others, and a very important subject was discussed. As it was evident that the station would be besieged, it was necessary that they should be supplied with water. The spring was situated in the rear of the fortifications. There was a well-beaten path leading to it, and the same for a long distance was surrounded by rank grass and weeds, in which they had good reason to suppose a large body of Indians had secreted themselves. To do without water was out of the question.

"I have studied the habits of the savages for many years," observed Mr. Fleming, "and I believe that I know something of their cunning. If our men go for water they will surely be fired upon, and many of them must inevitably be slain."

"I think that female wit can free you from this dilemma," said Matilda Fleming, with blushing cheeks. "It shall be our duty, then, to go to the spring and procure water. If we go calmly, they will naturally conclude that their ambush is not discovered, and will not fire, but wait, thinking that the next time some of the men will take our places, seeing that we were not molested."

"Yes, we will go!" exclaimed Elizabeth Boone and Eliza Ballard.

"You are brave gals," said Joel Logston.

"The plan is a good and judicious one," observed Mrs. Boone, and Mrs. Fleming, and all the females said the same.

After the objections made by the men had been successfully overruled by the

women, the plan was put into operation. In a short time the latter appeared with pails, resolved to sacrifice themselves, if the occasion demanded, for those they loved. The gates were opened by unwilling hands, the devoted and brave women passed out, and the gallant defenders of Boonesborough gazed after them with intense anxiety.

It was a moment fraught with deep and painful interest. It was observed that Joel Logston kept his eyes fixed upon the comely figure of Eliza Ballard, and watched her retreating form with pale cheeks.

"I can guess your thoughts, Joel," said Daniel Boone, in a low voice. "You are wishing that you could interpose your own person between her and the deadly shafts of the lurking enemy."

"Right, sir, right!" exclaimed Logston, grasping the captain's hand. "Heaven knows I would risk my life for her without a single fear."

When Joel had ceased speaking, the parties had reached the spot where the cool waters gushed up from the earth, and sparkled pleasantly in the morning sun.

CHAPTER XVII.

Ballard, after parting with Kenton and Norwood, struck out into the forest in a southeastern direction, leaving the Kentucky river a little to the left. The scout was in ill humor, for he was fully persuaded in his own mind that Allan was a person to disarrange and foil the most skillfully devised plans that experienced woodcraft could contrive.

"He's a green hand," he muttered to himself. "He's a stumblin' block in my way. I don't want to be in such company; I want men who have walked up and down this great country as I have, when there was a painted cre'tur' behind every bush, and no man could safely say his life was his own for the next three seconds. He won't never get back to Boonesborough with a whole skin. Sumthin' in the course of natur' will naturally break."

Having arrived at this stage, and to him self-evident conclusion, the scout paused to deliberate on the object of his present mission. In a short time he moved on again, decided upon some particular course of action. He traversed beautiful woodlands, lying in uniform and graceful swells, where the wild grape vines mounted gigantic trees, where innumerable flowers breathed their perfume to the balmy air.

It was near the hour of sunset when Ballard reached the hills. The forester was thirsty and looked about for water. Hearing the murmur of a rivulet, he advanced in that direction and discovered a small stream gushing from the hills.

Thinking to find cooler and more refreshing waters nearer the source of the spring, he followed the streamlet. He soon perceived that it flowed from one of the highest of the range of hills, the sides of which were nearly perpendicular. As the scout threw himself down to drink, he observed that the ground about the spot seemed considerably trodden. He instantly examined this appearance more particularly and was convinced that human feet had recently pressed the soil; and not merely on one or two occasions, but so often that a tolerably well-defined path was discernible. Having satisfied his thirst, Ballard discovered that the water gushed from an open space in the hillside, a few steps beyond, and the spot was overgrown with grapevines and hazel, while the slight footpath tended in that direction was lost.

The scout approached the place and, pulling away the vines, perceived, much to his surprise, the mouth of a small cave. Having gazed into the dark and forbidding aperture until his eyes had become in some measure accustomed to the darkness, he entered the subterranean abode. He groped his way along until he reached a place where he could stand erect. He was straining his powers of vision to the utmost, when he was prostrated by a heavy blow upon his head. Before the scout had fairly recovered his senses his hands and feet were securely bound.

"Come in," said a gruff voice. "I've got him where he can't do no mischief. Come in and kindle a fire, and let us see who we've caught."

Ballard turned his eyes toward the mouth of the cave, and saw two females glide in. They passed the spot where he was lying, and one of them lighted a pile of fagots that had been previously prepared, and heaped against a large rock with a cleft at the top which allowed the smoke to pass out.

The flames leaped up cheerfully, and flung a ruddy glare of light upon the features of the scout. The individual who had knocked him down and bound him, stood by like a surly mastiff, who, having conquered his adversary, stands by to give him an additional shake, if necessary.

"It's Ballard!" he exclaimed, when the scout's features were revealed by the firelight.

"You shouldn't knock a man down without an introduction," said the spy, coolly.

"So you've tracked me at last," said the man.

"I reckon I have," returned the scout, "and would like to track my way back again."

"You've made the last tracks you'll ever make!" cried the other, fiercely.

"I knew something would break," answered Ballard.

"You've got a broken head already, and it's my opinion you'll get a broken neck before you get through with this business," retorted the man.

"I have a notion your name is McKee, the bosom friend of that villainous piece of human natur' called Silas Girty," said the scout.

"Draw it mild or I may make an end of you on the spot," answered McKee savagely. "You have always been a spy on our movements, and your death has been resolved on for a long time. Girty and I have been after you for many weeks."

"Thank ye," said Ballard. "Girty will be here in the morning," resumed McKee.

"I should rather have seen him yesterday morning," observed the scout, honestly.

"No doubt—no doubt!" returned McKee, with a sinister grin.

Ballard felt little inclination to continue the conversation so uninteresting, and accordingly turned his attention toward the two females. The elder of the two was obviously of the Indian race, while the younger was evidently her daughter. Both were clad in the costume of savage life. The younger was about 18 years of age, and though a half-breed remarkably handsome. The scout watched her movements with increasing interest, for he fancied he read indications of pity and sympathy in her countenance, while her dark eyes and rosy cheeks made a deep impression on his bachelor heart.

During the preparation of the evening meal he did not cease to follow her every motion with his eyes. When McKee had finished his supper in sullen silence Ballard was removed to another portion of the cavern, and additional means of security made use of. Having accomplished this business satisfactorily, the renegade whispered a few words to his wife and left the place.

"Now," thought Ballard, "is my time to devise some method of escape. If McKee brings Silas Girty here I shall certainly be killed; so I must see what can be done."

The scout had in his pocket a bottle of pretty good whisky—a beverage of which the Indians were exceedingly fond—and he resolved to try its virtues upon Mrs. McKee. He instantly informed her of the fact that a bottle of strong water was deposited in the pocket of his hunting shirt.

This information seemed to have a very cheerful effect upon the tawny spouse, and she proceeded with considerable alacrity to take the coveted treasure from the woodsman's pocket.

The daughter said nothing, nor indicated by word or look any interest in the matter. She sat by the fire absorbed in thought, and Ballard began to fear that she had entirely forgotten that such a person as himself was in the vicinity, or had an existence anywhere.

"Too pretty—too pretty!" he said to himself, "to be in such a place as this, and surrounded by such influences."

Meantime Mrs. McKee tasted the whisky, and liked it so well that she tasted again, repeating the operation with marvelous alacrity and every sign of enjoyment. She soon grew talkative, and offered the young woman some of the beverage, but she refused it with strong manifestations of repugnance, which raised her greatly in the scout's estimation. Mrs. McKee's utterances grew thick and her conversation incoherent. She finally sank upon the earthen floor, completely overpowered.

"Innis," said the scout, for he had heard her called by that name, "don't you think it would look better for me to be up and walking about than to be here?"

The maiden glanced toward her mother, but made no reply.

"It's hard to die at my time of life," added Ballard.

Innis, sighing, fixed her gaze upon the fire.

"I've got a mother and sister at Boonesborough," continued the scout.

"Perhaps they'll weep for you," replied Innis.

"But I'd rather save them the trouble," he rejoined.

"What have you done to offend my father?" asked Innis.

"I reckon I haven't done anything to offend an honest man."

"I am very unhappy," added the maiden. "I know that the young woman at Boonesborough and the other stations know more than I do. They have friends to care for and instruct them, while I lead this ignorant and half savage life."

"You must go to Boonesborough and live, and persuade your father to be an honest man," answered the scout kindly.

"I must set you at liberty before my father comes," she added.

"God bless you," said the scout.

Innis McKee approached Ballard and with her father's hunting knife severed his bonds, and he sprang lightly to his feet.

(To be continued.)

The Best He Could Say.

"Oh, George," said Mrs. Newlied, as her hubby lighted his post-prandial cigar, "I must tell you my little secret. I prepared this dinner all by myself. What did you think of it?"

"Well, my dear," replied the mean thing, "the nuts and raisins weren't half bad."—Philadelphia Press.

Reciprocity.

Picking up a paper, the caller asked: "Are you a subscriber to this journal?"

"Not exactly," replied the would-be poet. "The editor has placed my name on the free list, however, with the understanding that I am not to send him any more contributions."

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt has accepted the office of honorary vice president of the State Mothers' Assembly of New York.

Spring Humors

Impure or effete matters accumulated in the blood during the winter cause in the spring such disfiguring and painful troubles as boils, pimples, and other eruptions, also weakness, loss of appetite and that tired feeling.

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Broken and Mended.

On swept the little red automobile that was built for two.

"You—you seem so quiet," whispered the beautiful girl, anxiously. "Is there anything about this machine that is broken?"

"Yes," hissed the tall man at her side, bitterly. "My heart."

Feeling remorseful at having jilted him so cruelly the beautiful girl leaped over and added:

"Cheer up, George! If your heart is really broken we can stop at a repair shop."

"Nonsense! What kind of a repair shop could mend a broken heart?"

"Why, the parsonage, George!" Twenty minutes later the "repair shop" was reached.

As It Often Happens.

When our hero did his courting in the golden long ago,

He declared that her small fingers never real toil should know.

He'd protect those dainty digits; he would labor like a Turk,

And he'd never, never let her do a thing that smacked of work.

For some six or seven winters have the twain been married now,

But throughout them all our hero has been faithful to his vow.

True, he lets her 'tend the furnace, lets her carry in the coal,

But no real work. Good gracious! That would jar his tender soul.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Narrow Escape.

"My baby," said the husband of a prominent club and society woman,

"had a narrow escape yesterday."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the friend of the family. "How was that?"

"The nurse girl thoughtlessly left it alone with its mother for nearly an hour," explained the husband and father.

Juvenile Shrewdness.

Kitty called up her father by telephone.

"Hello, papa!"

"What is it, dear?" he asked.

"I wish you'd bring me some c-a-n-d-y when you come home this evening."

"All right, Kitty; but why do you spell it out?"

"I don't want anybody else to know what I'm savin'."

The wealth of Norway lies almost entirely in her forests and fisheries.

According to Signs.

An Irishman was walking along a road beside a golf links when he was suddenly struck between the shoulders by a golf ball.

The force of the blow, says a writer in the New York World, almost knocked him down. When he recovered he observed a golfer running toward him.

"Are you hurt?" asked the player.

"Why didn't you get out of the way?"

"An' why should I get out of the way?" asked Pat. "I didn't know there were any assassins round here."

"But I called 'fore,'" said the player, "and when I say 'fore,' that is a sign for you to get out of the way."

"Oh, it is, is it?" said Pat. "Well, thin, when I say 'foive,' it is a sign that you are going to get hit on the nose. 'Foive.'"

Czar's Wealth in Forests.

Few people who have not traveled about the Russian empire can imagine how boundless is its wealth in timber.

"Wooden Russia" is the name applied to the vast forest areas of Russia in Europe, which cover nearly 5,000,000 acres, or 36 per cent of the entire area of the country.

In Russia houses built of any other material than wood are almost unknown outside the cities and wood constitutes the principal fuel.

The forest belt called the "Taiga," in Siberia, stretches in a direct line from the Urals to the Pacific for 4,000 miles and in many parts is 500 miles broad.

All this is the property of the czar.

His Only Concern.

"John," whispered his wife, shaking him, "I hear somebody in the basement."

John groped his way, half awake, to the wall, and bawled down the register.

"You infernal scoundrel," he said, "after you have satisfied yourself that there's nothing worth stealing down there will you please push in the upper damper rod of the furnace? I forgot to do it."

Then he crawled back into bed again.

Identification Necessary.

"Is your mistress at home," inquired Mrs. Borem, standing in the shadow of the doorway.

"I don't know, ma'am," replied the servant. "Can't tell whether she's home or not till I git a good look at ye. If ye hav a wart on the side o' yer nose, ma'am, she ain't."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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