

THE RED STORM Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"I am not master of my own wife and child," he muttered. "The one threatens me, and the other refuses to obey. All my plans are continually thwarted; I am always to be opposed by both mother and daughter. And so it is with the Girty affair. He is good enough for Innis; and in that matter I will have my way, in spite of resistance, threats, tears or entreaties."

"You will never live to see Innis wedded to such a false knave," replied Mrs. McKee. "The moss will gather upon your bones first."

"He will soon own a great deal of land on the south side of the Kentucky River."

"Just enough to bury his vile body in," said Mrs. McKee.

"The Indians have promised it to him when Boonesborough, Harrodsburg and Logan are leveled with the ground, and not a white settler has a foothold in this country," rejoined McKee.

"That time will never be," responded the Indian spouse. "The white stations will remain long after the red men have lost their power. The descendants of Daniel Boone will build their houses in peace upon the graves of the Wyandots, the Shawnees, and the Cherokees."

"Accursed prophesies of evil! What will stop your dismal croakings? Your boding voice sounds in my ear when any great project is started that promises well to all eyes but yours. Even at this very moment Boonesborough may be in flames; for Girty and Du Quenne have already attacked it with hundreds of Indians."

"They'll fall and go away like whipped dogs," responded Mrs. McKee.

With a threatening glance at each, McKee arose and left the cavern.

"Can Boonesborough hold out against so many enemies?" asked Innis, after a pause.

"Yes; it has always been able to defend itself; why shouldn't it now?" replied her mother. "Long-Knife (Daniel Boone) is there, and he is a very great warrior. The station can't be taken while he's alive. We will go up there and see what they're doing."

"To Boonesborough?" asked Innis.

The Indian mother replied in the affirmative. In a short time they both issued from the subterranean dwelling, and walked in the direction of the station.

CHAPTER XXII.

The bold pioneers at the fort awaited with painful anxiety the return of the heroic women who had descended the slope to procure water from the spring. Eliza Ballard and Matilda Fleming were the two last of the party to fill their vessels with the sparkling fluid. While they were in the act of doing so, a half-dozen Wyandots, headed by Girty, rushed from the covert of the surrounding shrubbery, seized the two maidens, and in spite of their resistance and shrieks, bore them away before the men at the fort were scarcely aware that anything had happened. Joel Logston was the first to realize fully the new misfortune that had befallen them.

"Come on, men! To the rescue!" he shouted, running to the open gate; while several young men followed him with equal impetuosity.

"Stop, I command you!" cried Daniel Boone, in tones distinctly heard above the confused tumult of sounds.

"Away, away!" exclaimed Joel, with terrible earnestness. "I hear only the shrieks of those females. I listen only to their calls for help. Let me go—I am desperate."

"And if you go with those ready to follow you, who will defend the fort? Who will protect those who yet remain to us, and have equal claims upon our exertions?" replied Captain Boone.

"And what would it avail if we should attempt a rescue?" said Reynolds, who had been among the first to follow Logston. "We can effect nothing against hundreds of savages; we should be cut down in a moment, and thus would our lives be thrown away, without accomplishing anything. Let us remain and trust the two maidens to the care of God."

By this time the rest of the women were at the gate, which was instantly opened for their admission. Strange to relate, they had, with one or two exceptions, maintained their self-possession to such an extent as to bring with them the several vessels of water which they had procured. While they were entering, a strong body of Indians, among which were several Frenchmen, tried to rush in after them; but a well-directed fire from the fort forced them to retreat, with severe loss.

Joel Logston appeared unlike himself; he threw down his rifle and leaned against the stockades, gloomy, silent and dispirited. Daniel Boone attempted to comfort him.

"Look," he said, pointing toward the parents of the girls who had been captured, "they are striving to bear their grief with Christian fortitude. They are struggling with Roman firmness to master their paternal instincts; to listen to the admonitions of duty; and bow to the stern admonitions of Providence. Be a man, Joel."

"All this trouble has come of this Frenchman," said Logston, bitterly. "I've never felt right since he's been among us. It is very clear to me that he's been nothin' more nor less than a spy on us ever since he's been here, and you'll find it so."

"Such remarks, Mr. Logston, are extremely offensive to me," said Mr. Alston.

"I can't help it," retorted Joel. "I know I'm right, and have good reasons to say what I do. I never like to hurt nobody's feelings, nor nothing of that sort; but I do like to tell the truth, and to see justice done to all. Why did Silas Girty speak about this Le Bland, if he didn't know this man, and what was he doing? Your Frenchman talks a great deal about makin' his fortin' on Kentucky land; and I know very well how he expects to make it. The land

he has so much to say about is right here where we stand; and if he ever gets it Boonesborough'll be a pile of ruins and he'll walk over our graves. That's what will happen, Mr. Alston, think of it as you may. Twenty-four hours haven't passed since Girty offered me two thousand acres of land to join the Ingles against the white stations."

"Le Bland has my friendship and esteem; nearer relationship, it is well known, has been talked of. I still find it impossible to believe all the dark reports which I hear of him. I hope you will pardon me if I act the friendly part, until I have ocular evidence of his guilt," rejoined Mr. Alston.

Daniel Boone replied that he trusted they were all willing to make a proper allowance in the case, considering how great had been his friendship for the man; but so far as his own feelings were concerned he had no doubt of Le Bland's guilt.

During the morning and the greater portion of the forenoon, the defenders of Boonesborough were constantly employed in repelling attacks made at different points, and in many instances conducted with much spirit and resolution; but about noon the assaults ceased altogether.

While each stood at his post, trying to assign some plausible reason for this sudden suspension of hostilities, a white man was seen approaching cautiously, bearing a flag of truce.

"It's Girty," said Joel, raising his rifle.

"Don't fire," exclaimed Boone. "Let us hear what he has to say."

Finding that he was not fired upon, Girty mounted a stump and addressed the pioneers as follows:

"I have come to summon you to surrender. It's no use for you to resist; if you surrender promptly no blood will be shed; but if you will not listen to reason, and give us instant possession, we will batter down your works about your ears with cannon that we momentarily expect; for, know that we are expecting not only cannon, but reinforcements, also. What can you do against such numbers? Nothing; every man of you will be slain."

"Shoot him down," cried several of the foresters; but Boone bade them to forbear.

"Perhaps you don't know me?" added Girty, with much pomposity of manner.

"You have asked if we know you," said Reynolds, showing himself boldly.

"Hear our answer; we know you well. We know you as the vilest of men living; we know you as a cowardly rascal, recreant to all that is noble in the human character; we know you as a monster of wickedness, and as a blood-stained villain. The name of Girty will be spoken of with contempt by all those who shall hear of his treachery in all time to come. I have a worthless dog that kills lambs; instead of shooting him, I have named him Silas Girty, and he has never held up his head since; for he knows that everybody despises him. You talk largely about reinforcements. What could you do with cannon? Such cowardly wretches would be afraid to fire them if you had ever so many. We also expect reinforcements; and it will be well for you to be off before they get here. Should you batter down our stockades, as you pompously threaten, we are fully prepared for that contingency, for we have roasted a score or two of hickory sticks, with which we intend to Sally out and whip you out of the country as we would thieves' eggs."

Reynolds' sarcastic speech put the renegade in a towering passion. He poured forth a volley of threats.

"I have two of your young women in my power," he added, "and it would be better for you to be a little more humble; but I shall enter your works and pay you off for your insolence."

"It's a thousand pities I hadn't made an end of you out in the woods there," cried Logston. "How does your head feel?"

"It will never be well till yours is out of sight. I shan't soon forget that mean trick you shamed me; it will go hard with you for that, Joel Logston!" retorted Girty.

"Don't tempt me; you make a fine mark for my rifle at this particular time," said Joel, menacingly.

"I'm under a flag of truce," returned Girty.

"I wish you was under the ground!" added Joel, impatiently. "Mind what you say. I warn you, for no human power shall prevent me from shooting you, if you provoke me further. What care I for a flag of truce, when it floats over the head of such a villain?"

It was easy enough to be seen that Girty began to feel uneasy and fearful of consequences, if he was not more careful in his speech; he therefore prudently addressed himself to Daniel Boone, and asked for an answer to carry back to his army.

"Tell your red crew and your ruffianly French allies that Boonesborough will never be given up while two sticks of it remain together," replied the pioneer, promptly. "This is our final answer; begone."

Girty leaped down from the stump in rather undignified haste, considering that he was under a flag of truce. Shouts of defiance and derision from the fort followed him until he was again with his friends.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Reynolds and Mr. Fleming were in the block-house nearest to the river. Andrew and Exquisite Ebony were standing within a few feet of them looking cautiously through the loopholes. At different parts of the structure stern faces were seen, begrimed with powder and dust. Each heart felt that danger was pressing, and every pulse throbbed with anxiety. The attention of the pioneers was suddenly attracted by an exclamation of surprise from Exquisite Ebony.

"What now?" asked Daniel Boone.

"Will yer look der?" said Ebony. Right afore your eyes."

"I don't see anything but the river," rejoined the captain, after looking a moment from one of the loopholes.

"Don't yer see, Massa Boone, it am changed its color; it am just like mud as one darkey is like anudder," returned Exquisite.

The pioneer looked again from the block-house, and the truth of the negro's remarks was at once apparent. The waters of the Kentucky were no longer of their natural color, but deeply colored as when, swollen with heavy rains, the loose red soil is washed away. For an instant the pioneer was at fault.

"This is strange," he exclaimed; "what can you make of it, men? Ah! I understand it all! They are digging a trench; they intend to let the water in upon us!"

"You are right," said Fleming, mournfully. "Boonesborough is no better than lost."

The pioneers looked gloomily at each other; they thought of their wives and children; brave men wiped away tears, that, perhaps, were never guilty of the least weakness before; but they were not selfish tears; they flowed for those unable to defend themselves from savage barbarity.

"Girty must have put this infernal idea into their heads," said Reynolds.

"Possibly not; for I heard Le Bland remark once, that Boonesborough might be easily undermined, and the whole of us drowned out like so many rats," replied Mr. Fleming.

"De women folks won't have to go arter no more water," observed Ebony, philosophically.

"No; de water will come arter dem," rejoined Andrew.

"Dar's more of de mischief!" exclaimed Ebony.

"So there is; they're shootin' flamin' arrows at us to set the works on fire," said Joel Logston.

The women and children had learned by this time what was going forward, and every part of the fort resounded with cries and lamentations. Hands and wives, parents and children, embraced each other tenderly, thinking that they would soon be parted forever in this world.

"Death must come to us all in some form or other," said Boone, addressing the mournful and panic-stricken group, in a calm, subdued and solemn voice.

"It is an irrevocable law of God that all created beings should die. Seeing that death is something that cannot be evaded, it becomes us to meet it with firmness and Christian philosophy. So far as I am able to judge, the term of our earthly lives is drawing to a close. I must certainly regard it in this light, unless some means can speedily be devised to thwart this ingenuity of our enemies. I enjoin upon you all to be calm in this terrible emergency. Let the women and children all take shelter in the block-house, and be careful not to encumber and embarrass their brave defenders. I desire implicit obedience, and if it is accorded, all may yet be well."

The forester paused, and the effect of his words was instantly obvious; the females checked their tears, and the men grasped their arms with fresh resolution.

"Mr. Reynolds," added Boone, "take about half of our able-bodied men, gather up all the picks and shovels, etc., that can be found, and hasten to the enclosure on that side toward the river; if our foes mine, we must countermine."

This order was received with loud cheers, and the plan was so promising that every man felt a new hope springing up in his bosom.

"Cut a trench eight feet wide and as long as you can, within the stockades, and we will baffle them yet. While you are digging, the rest of us will keep a sharp lookout that they don't set us on fire."

(To be continued.)

SOME NEW DELICACIES.

Rouen Ducks and Fattened Hens the Vogue for Dainty Luncheons.

Pate de foie gras must look to its laurels. This delicate food—the enlarged liver of a goose—has long been considered in a class by itself as an expensive piece of resistance imported from abroad. Now New York society has grown tired of the monotony of pate de foie gras, and the ingenuity of French caterers has been put to the test to supply a substitute, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

As a result, the importation of poulette du Mans, or fat hen of Le Mans, is growing rapidly. This bird, like the Strasbourg goose, spends the last three or four months of her life in a box hardly big enough to permit her to move. She is given plenty of food, calculated to make her meat tender and white and to create plenty of fat.

When fattened, such a hen weighs as much as a small turkey and brings \$3 in the New York market.

Rouen ducks are also becoming very popular. They sell for \$7 apiece. These ducks are treated much as are the fat hens of Le Mans. The polite name for them is "canards de Rouen."

Calville apples, which cost 75 cents to \$1 each, and which are grown in Normandy and near Turenne, are prominent among the absurdly expensive fruits which wealthy New Yorkers now delight to eat. They are grown with great care, each apple bearing a picture on its thin, delicate skin, etched there by the sun. The pictorial design is cut out of tissue paper and pasted over the apple skin, and the sun does the rest.

Belgian asparagus, selling at \$7 to \$8 a bunch, is also finding a ready market in New York.

An imported pheasant, properly served with truffles, costs \$10, but hundreds of them are being imported every week.

Bird in the Hand, Etc.

Prudent Aunt—You should not be in too big a hurry selecting a husband, my dear. I don't think much of the young men of to-day.

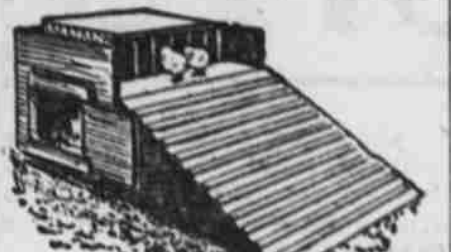
Ethel—Yes; but many a girl remains single all her life by waiting for the young men of to-morrow.

John Jacob Astor's income is estimated at \$30,000 a day.



The Way to Make a Brooder.

Those who prefer the artificial method of raising chickens can make a brooder out of an old packing case which will accommodate fifty chicks at a cost of about a dollar. Such a brooder has given excellent results at one of the experimental stations when used in shed or colony house. Details of construction of a brooder of this kind are shown in the illustrations. The lower section of the brooder, which contains the lamp for heating, is a box

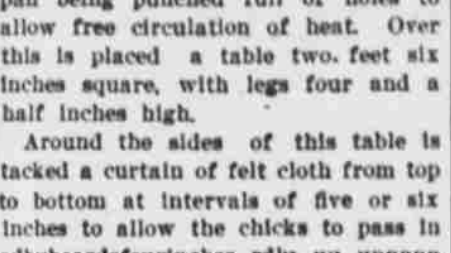


HOMEMADE BROODER.

three feet square made of ten-inch boards, which is covered with tin or galvanized iron.

Above this cover, around the edges of the lamp box, one-inch strips are nailed. Two one-inch holes are bored through the strips on each side of the box for the purpose of ventilation. A floor of matched boards is laid on the strips. A hole eight inches in diameter is cut in the center of this floor, and over it is reversed an old tin pan ten inches in diameter, the sides of the pan being punched full of holes to allow free circulation of heat. Over this is placed a table two feet six inches square, with legs four and a half inches high.

Around the sides of this table is tacked a curtain of felt cloth from top to bottom at intervals of five or six inches to allow the chicks to pass in and out of the brooder.



SECTION OF BROODER.

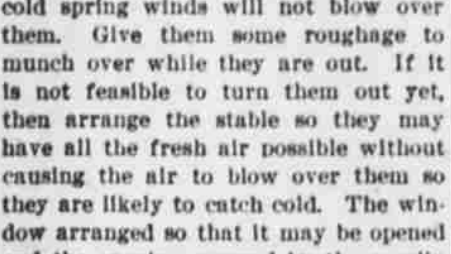
and out at will, the whole being surrounded by boards four inches high and three feet long nailed together at the corners and resting on the floor of the brooder. When the chicks are ten days old one of these boards may be taken away and a bridge used so that the chicks may run from the brooder to the floor of the room.

Open the Stable Windows.

If the cows have been stabled all winter they are likely to become uneasy as spring advances and long for outdoors. It is an excellent plan to turn them out into sheltered barnyards that are clean and so arranged that the cold spring winds will not blow over them. Give them some roughage to munch over while they are out. If it is not feasible to turn them out yet, then arrange the stable so they may have all the fresh air possible without causing the air to blow over them so they are likely to catch cold. The window arranged so that it may be opened and the opening covered by the muslin wash will furnish this air without draught better than anything else. Especially give the cows sun if it can be done. If there is an open shed on the place facing the sun into which the cows may be turned they will enjoy it immensely. This little care just a few weeks before they are turned out to grass will help affairs wonderfully.

Bracing a Fence Post.

Often it is necessary or polite to curve the farm fence at a certain point, and those who have built such fences appreciate the difficulty of setting the post at the sharpest point of the curve, so that it will not pull over.



HOW TO BRACE A FENCE POST.

Any of the ordinary methods of bracing do not seem to answer the purpose. An excellent brace may be made by the following plan: Place the post in position, then dig a hole two feet deep and about six or eight feet from the post. Obtain a heavy stone and fasten a stout piece of wire to it, long enough to reach to the post and wrap around it two or three times. Then bury the stone in the hole, covering it with the soil and tramping the soil down tightly. The other end of the wire is then wrapped about the post tightly and held in position with staples. It should be drawn taut. It will not be possible for the post to draw away from this brace under any ordinary conditions. The illustration shows how simple the plan is.

Mixed Seeds for Meadows.

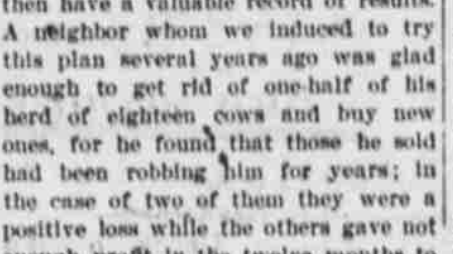
Taking one farm with another, there are few containing the soil necessary to grow a profitable crop of pure timothy hay, hence it is best to use mixed seeds. What the mixture should be depends somewhat on the locality and the strength of the soil. Where clover hay is mainly desired a mixture of alsike clover and timothy gives splendid results, particularly on soil that is inclined to be wet. Eight pounds of clover to the acre is the usual seeding for red clover, though on land that has been in clover six pounds is usually sufficient. As a rule, there is not enough clover hay grown on the farm. Valuable as timothy is for horses, the clover hay is much more valuable for a mixed lot of stock; it suits the cows, sheep, calves and lambs better than either timothy or mixed hay, and is very valuable for the poultry. Where there is an abundance we would not hesitate to feed more or less of it to swine as a variation in the roughage from corn stover.

Weighting the Milk.

There is no good reason why the plan of weighing the milk to ascertain what each cow is doing should be put off until fall. Start in with the fresh cows and keep it up around to the time they are dried off again, and one will then have a valuable record of results. A neighbor whom we induced to try this plan several years ago was glad enough to get rid of one-half of his herd of eighteen cows and buy new ones, for he found that those he sold had been robbing him for years; in the case of two of them they were a positive loss while the others gave not enough profit in the twelve months to anywhere near pay for the time consumed in caring for them. The eyes of more than one dairyman have been opened by this simple expedient of keeping a careful record, by weight, of the milk furnished by each cow for a given period of considerable length. This is necessary, for some cows are small milkers in summer, others in winter, and vice versa.—Indianapolis News.

Good Milking Stool.

The milking stool on the average farm is of little value. Usually it is an affair with one leg, upon which the milker balances himself so that he can fall readily, carrying the pail of milk with him, should the cow move quickly. A stool that will not tip over is readily made of a small box that is strong. The box should be about fifteen inches high, unless the cow is built low, in which case the box can be three inches lower. It should be from twelve to fourteen inches square to form a comfortable seat. Nail two cleats on the inside of the box exactly eight inches from the bottom, then sit a bench or shelf on these cleats, with one end extending out the sufficient length and held in place with two legs. On this the pail is set, while the milker occupies the top of the box and straddles the pail. This appliance is readily made, is firm on the floor, and, except in unusual cases, no cow would be likely to upset either pail or milker.

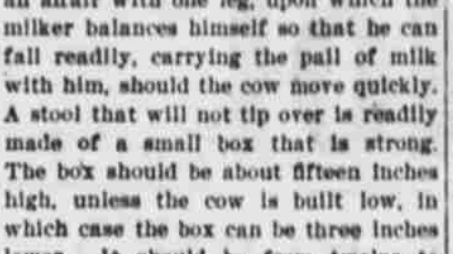


AN IDEAL MILKING STOOL.

ly to upset either pail or milker. The illustration shows the affair very plainly.

Baling Hay from Window.

Either wild hay or timothy can be baled direct from the window, provided it is in proper condition to be put in the barn; otherwise, not, says Wallace's Farmer. Clover hay must be drier than either timothy or wild hay. We have never tested this on our own farms, but we have seen enough of it in operation elsewhere to justify us in making this statement. We doubt whether under ordinary conditions it will be practical, as the additional work would have to be done at a time when labor is usually expensive. We do not know of any reason why this hay should not command fully as good a price on the market as hay that has gone through the sweat in the stack.



Prune Peach Trees Low.

The only rule to follow in pruning a peach orchard should be to keep the tree as low-headed as possible, says an expert orchardist; to keep all growth from the inside of the tree, as that growth is away from the light and sun, and therefore weak and unable to bear good fruit. Cut out all the weak limbs and twigs from the inside of the tree, so as to admit the sun and allow a free circulation of air through the tree. Cut back to one foot all the top or upright growth of last year, thus keeping the tree from growing too tall, and enabling it to carry heavier loads of fruit without breaking down, and to resist damage by wind, and allowing the fruit to be gathered with less trouble and expense.

Cattle That Are Immune.

A discovery that may have an important place in the world's history, though of apparent trivial importance in itself, is that native Japanese cattle, under natural conditions, are free from tuberculosis, while cattle imported into Japan appear to be highly susceptible. The significance of the discovery lies in the possibility that an immune breed of cattle may be developed which, of course, would be a big victory in the war being waged against the white plague.

Under the government we bow
And lend a reverent ear,
I'd rather lend it cash, I vow,
And be a financier.
Washington Star.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, etc.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Couldn't See It.

Poe—There is that exquisite creature, Miss Pearlina, over there. Unlock for me the door of hope by introducing me to that mixture of woman and angel.

Practical Friend—Can't do it, my boy; don't know the combination.—Baltimore American.

FITS Permanently Cured.

After first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer, send for Free Book telling how and results. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 933 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Proof of His Availability.

Traveler—I must get to the railway station as soon as possible. Which of you has the fastest horse.

Cabman (pulling a paper from his pocket)—Here, read this! Three years ago I was fined four marks for fast driving.—Unsere Gesellschaft.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Let Well Enough Alone.

These's graft and evil everywhere, And yet, and yet, my brother, This world is good—I would not care Just now to try another! —Bottle Inter-Mountain.

Wash Day.

"Wash day is Monday everywhere," said a globe trotter.

He made a gesture of amazement.

"How strange that is," he said. "We believe in the Bible, the Algerians believe in the Koran, but both of us believe in the same wash day."

"The Germans, the French, the English, the South Americans, the Arabs, the Japs, the Chinese, all have Monday for wash day. G where you will over the world, and on Monday clothes, white and wet from the tub, flap crazily in the wind."

A Great Campaigner.

Congressman Thomas Hedge, of Iowa, holds that Leslie M. Shaw, secretary of the treasury, is one of the best political campaigners in the country. "Nobody ever gets away," said Hedge, "if Leslie gets a chance to address him personally. In one campaign he carried a splendid new watch. After addressing an audience he would circulate among the voters, saying to this man and that: 'I wish you would give me the correct time, I am afraid of losing my train.' Of course, each man complied, feeling flattered at the request. Shaw used to say it was hard on the watch, but he believed the votes he made in this way more than made up."—Indianapolis News.

BUNYAN AND THE UNEMPLOYED

Londoners Who Wanted Work a Bit

Have About Pilgrim.

"That's John Bunyan's house we're coming to," said the stalwart Bedford police constable, striding along at the head of the small army of unemployed the other morning—"seeing them safely off the premises," as it were, says the London Mail.

"Who's 'e?" roared a dozen men from the ranks.

"W'y," ventured a man with a strong Lancashire accent, "e for tinkers' won't 'e?"

"Ay," chorused a dozen more.

"W'y, wot's 'e?' extra special 'bout bein' tinkers?" queried a discontented man. "I be tinkers, too, but nobody's acomin' round lookin' at my 'ouse."

"For two good reason, 'Arry."

"Wot be them?"

"You ain't got no 'ouse t' begin w'it, and y' ain't John Bunyan anyther."

Loud laughter greeted this sally.

"But wot else did this 'ere Bunyan do asides tinkin'?"

"W'y, y' chump, 'e wrote book ca'd 'Pilgrim's Progress' or summat."

"W'y, then, that be 'a'ret for us, then; we be pilgrims sure enough, an' we be makin' progress, so three cheers for good old John Bunyan!"

The 150 men burst into ringing cheers and resumed their military marching formation of fours.

Convict Betrays Himself.

He had just been released from the penitentiary and had taken a position at a hotel where once in awhile he was assigned to duties which gave him an opportunity of showing people to their rooms. This ex-convict was sent with a man to show him to a room one day and was told where to go. When the elevator reached the third floor, where the room was located, the ex-convict had forgotten the number of the room. He turned to the guest and said:

"Where did you say you looked?"

The expression is a familiar one with the convicts at the pen, who call their cells "locks."

The ex-convict caught himself saying these self-betraying words, and was much embarrassed until he discovered that the guest did not understand him. Now he is careful in the choice of words.—Columbus Dispatch.

Been Round Some.

His manuscript was worn and torn from constant declination.