

THE RED STORM Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER XXV.

A maiden approached the station, and Reynolds and Joel Logston hastened to open the postern for her admittance. It was Innis McKee; she entered, pale and agitated, and asked to be conducted to Captain Boone. Elizabeth, who had hastened to meet her, took her kindly by the hand and led her into the block-house.

"This is Captain Boone," said Lizzy. "Let me breathe a moment; I am excited; my heart beats very fast," returned Innis. "I have come to speak about the treaty proposed by Captain Du Quesne, Girty and others," said Innis, when she had grown somewhat calmer.

"Then you were sent here?" asked Boone.

"No, no! I came of my own accord," answered Innis earnestly.

"And for what purpose, young woman?" inquired the captain.

"To save you all from destruction; the treaty talked of is but a trap to destroy you. If you go out of the fort, you will never come back; you will be seized and perhaps slain on the spot," added Innis with increasing fervor.

"Who are you?" asked the captain, in a more kindly tone.

The young girl hesitated, and then, covering her face with her hands, replied:

"My name is Innis McKee."

"That unfortunate!" muttered Joel to himself.

"Alas, sir, why should I attempt to conceal what is so well known? The perjury of my father fills me with shame. The plot is simply this: When you go out to make your terms with Du Quesne you will be seized and not allowed to return to the fort. A large party of warriors will surround you and effectually cut off retreat. The principal men being captured, the station will be greatly weakened and forced to surrender, when a horrible scene of butchery will follow. Knowing this, I have hastened hither, in order to prevent a catastrophe so dreadful."

"You have acted nobly, and all these helpless women and children will thank you; and not only they, but these gallant men, who are their natural protectors," said Boone feelingly.

"Don't you know anything of the two young women who were carried away by Girty?" asked Joel.

"I have seen them," returned Innis. "Perhaps something can be done to liberate the girls," suggested Joel.

"I think so," replied Innis.

"The affair of the treaty must first be attended to," resumed Boone, recovering his wonted serenity of expression.

"Knowing as we do their intentions, I think we may safely meet them, under certain conditions."

"Name them," said Fleming.

"Send them word that we will meet them sixty yards from the block-house. In the block-house we will station our sharpest shooters. If they attempt to seize us, let them shoot down the first who lifts a hand."

"Very good," said Logston.

"They'll object to meet you within sixty yards of the fort," said Reynolds.

"Then we will not attempt to treat with them," returned the pioneer. "Now the next question to be decided is, when shall we meet them?"

"To-morrow morning," said Reynolds, "for by putting it off to that time, we may have a more quiet night, and obtain some rest."

"The idea is a happy one," rejoined Mr. Alston.

"Mr. Reynolds, take a white flag, mount to the top of one of the cabins, and tell them we will meet them to-morrow morning early, in order to fix the terms of a treaty," added Boone.

The night which followed was by no means a quiet one, as the pioneers had hoped; for there was much firing and bravado on the part of the savages. In the morning the overtures of Girty were renewed, and considerable parleying ensued. He said Du Quesne was at the present time absent, hurrying up the reinforcements and cannon, but would be with them by noon. Girty affirmed, moreover, that Du Quesne left highly indignant that his merciful offers were so obstinately and foolishly rejected; and the moment of his return would be a signal to batter down the works, and let four hundred furious savages upon them.

The scene that would inevitably follow, he would leave to the imaginations of the good people of Boonesborough.

"If you have any regard for me, cap'n, I hope you will let me fire," said Logston, in a persuasive tone.

"Be patient, Joel," returned the captain.

"The measure of his sins is full and running over," added Logston.

Girty ceased speaking, and nothing of importance took place on either side until a little past noon, when he again appeared, with the announcement that Du Quesne had returned, and the cannon and reinforcements had reached them. The noble captain had commissioned him to say that the following persons would be permitted to leave Boonesborough before they would commence the assault, which would be final and decisive, and result in the total destruction of the station, viz: Mr. Alston and family, Mr. Fleming and son, and any relatives of Eliza Ballard who might be there, save Bland Ballard, the scout. These generous and humane terms he advised the above-named to accept, as they held out the only chance of life that now remained.

He pledged his word solemnly, that not a single shot should be fired while they were leaving the station, and the very best treatment should be extended to them.

"Gentlemen, do you hear this offer; you are at perfect liberty to accept or reject it," said Daniel Boone.

"Do me not the gross injustice to imagine that I shall listen to such a proposal for a moment," replied Mr. Alston, quickly.

"I'd rather stay and perish where I am," said Fleming, with an honest glow of indignation. "When I leave Boones-

borough, I'll leave it just as the rest do; I never left my friends in the hour of trouble, and by the help of God I never will," he added.

"But your families!" resumed Boone. "We will share the fate of our dear neighbors and defenders!" exclaimed Mrs. Alston and Mrs. Fleming, simultaneously.

"Noble souls! noble souls!" cried Captain Boone, passing his stalwart hand across his eyes.

"Who's comin' out?" cried Girty.

"Not a single soul, you contemptible creature!" said Joel.

"To prayers, then, every one of ye, for the sun of your lives is settin', and won't never rise on ye ag'in. Let your dyin' speeches be short, or many on ye won't get off from your knees afore your scalps'll be called for in a hurry. I reckon most on ye'll be loth to lose 'em!" retorted Girty.

Joel again entreated the captain to let him fire, but with no better success than before.

Girty had disappeared, and in about an hour McKee came out and affirmed that Du Quesne, still considerate and merciful, had finally concluded to accede to their most unreasonable terms, and would meet them within sixty yards of the fort, when he and the principal chiefs and leaders of the expedition would hear what they were willing to do; and it was arranged that the meeting should take place immediately.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Captain Boone stationed his men in the block-house to command a view of the parties, and where they could cover them with their rifles.

"If they lay hands on us and attempt to detain us, fire, and we'll willingly incur the risk of being hit. And mark me, remember Girty and Du Quesne!" said the pioneer, when, with his two companions, Fleming and Logston, he was ready to leave the fort.

"I think it would be well," said Joel, "for each of us to conceal some kind of a weapon under our hunting frocks. I've an idea that we shall feel the need on 'em afore we get back."

"It is well thought of," replied Boone. "Our hunting knives will answer the purpose."

Enjoining it upon the men to observe well their instructions, the gates were opened and the three men passed out; and their friends who remained watched their footsteps with intense interest. They were met within the specified distance by a numerous party, among whom were three Frenchmen, Girty, McKee and several chiefs.

"That does not agree with my notions of a friendly and honorable treaty," said Reynolds, who, with his rifle at a loop-hole, was observing all that was transpiring. "There are too many there; they mean no good; keep a sharp lookout."

A discussion of considerable length now ensued; and so far as those at the station could judge by appearance, everything was going on in the most amicable manner. But Reynolds did not relax his vigilance; he declared that on this occasion he would not be deceived by Indian cunning and French duplicity; and the settlers being left under his command, he ordered every man to cover with their rifles the bodies of those nearest the captain and his associates and not to take their eyes for a single moment from the sights.

The wisdom of this advice was soon apparent. The good humor of the Frenchmen and the principal warriors seemed to increase. Innis McKee drew near to Reynolds and looked eagerly forth.

"They will shake hands soon," she said, "and that will be the signal for seizing them."

Innis stood pale and anxious at a loop-hole; for she had at that instant caught a view of the form of her father, and he was very near Captain Boone. Reynolds quickly perceived her agitation and guessed the cause.

"Don't fire at McKee," he said, in a low voice to his comrades.

"I thank you very much!" exclaimed Innis; "for I know he does not deserve mercy at your hands."

"The service you have rendered us, fair Innis, justifies you to consideration," replied Reynolds.

"Alas! he is so different from what I wish him to be, that his death could scarcely shock me more than his life; and yet I cannot see him within range of my rifles without a feeling of horror. Look! look! they stretch forth their hands!" cried the maiden.

Instantly the women screamed with alarm, for they beheld the captain and his men seized by the savages; for the moment they had extended their hands they were grasped by the powerful warriors, who attempted to drag them away.

A desperate struggle had already commenced when the sharp crack of more than a dozen well-aimed rifles scattered their enemies like autumn leaves. The athletic pioneers dashed down those nearest them and ran toward the fort under a heavy shower of balls.

Andrew and Ebony, who had been stationed at the gate for that purpose, opened it in haste, and the brave men threw themselves in, bleeding from a few slight wounds, and panting with exertion.

"Well done, my gallant boys!" cried the captain, as he precipitately entered the block-house. "That fire was a leveller."

"They fell down strangely," said Mr. Fleming.

"Little Turtle has gone under, I rather reckon," added Joel, casting from him a knife stained with deep crimson spots.

"You've made a fine treaty, I suppose," said Alston, with a smile.

"We will leave you to draw your own inferences from what has just happened," replied Fleming.

"Did you see Captain Du Quesne?" asked Mr. Alston.

Captain Boone colored, and seemed embarrassed and ashamed.

"Yes, we've seen him! we've seen him!" exclaimed Logston, emphatically. And then, as if to divert his thoughts from the subject, he trotted on Vesuvius' tail, putting him into a towering passion and making him more than ever anxious to worry Andrew and Ebony.

"The fact of the case is," said Boone, seriously, "that our friend Logston believes he has made a discovery. Captain Du Quesne and Monsieur Le Bland are the same."

"The same?" cried Alston, turning pale.

"Identically the same," returned Joel, with a scowl.

"It cannot be! it cannot be!" he exclaimed. "What do you think, Captain Boone?"

"I am of Joel's opinion," replied the latter.

"And you, Mr. Fleming?" resumed Alston.

"I'll venture to make the assertion that if Du Quesne were to die this very moment there wouldn't be such a man as Le Bland on the face of the earth."

A dark frown passed over the usually placid face of Mr. Alston. "If this is indeed true," he said at length, "this very hand shall punish the perfidy of the villain!"

"Perridin! I don't get my eyes on him fast!" muttered Joel, while Vesuvius growled in concert, and Andrew and Ebony withdrew to the further part of the fort, influenced by the most prudent motives.

Boone remarked that it was certain Du Quesne, notwithstanding all the vapors of Girty, had no cannon, and therefore he should not think of surrendering, as he was of the opinion that they could not take the place without ordnance.

(To be continued.)

THE SINNER'S CHANCE.

A story which comes from the Contemporary Review has a bearing considerably broader than the mere facts of the case; for the negro who is the central figure was possessed of a quality not infrequent in white offenders, too—the ability to magnify the note in his neighbor's eye until the whole community forgets that he has a beam in his own.

He had stolen the proceeds of a collection that had been made for the benefit of the minister, and the church had decided to try him. The meeting was crowded. The preacher presided. After a statement of the charges, the accused man had a chance to be heard. He went forward and took the place of the preacher on the platform.

"I ain't got nuffin to say fo' myse'f," he began, in a penitent voice. "I's a po' mis'able sinner. But, bredren, so is we all mis'able sinners. An' de great Book says we must fergib. How many times, bredren? Till seven times? No, till seventy times seven."

"Now I ain't sinned no seventy times seven, an' I's jes' go' to suggest dat we turn dis into a fergibness meetin' an' ev'body in dis great comp'ny dat is willin' to fergib, come up now, while we sing one ob our dear ole hymns, an' shake ma han'."

Then he started one of the powerful revival tunes and they began to come, first those who had not given anything to the collection and were not much interested in the matter, anyway, then those who had not lost much, and then the others. Finally they had all passed before him except one old lady. She stuck to her seat. Then he said:

"Dar's one po' mis'able sinner still lef', dat won't fergib, she won't fergib."

She was the old lady who had contributed the largest sum.

"Now, I suggest," he went on, in a gentle, reasonable voice, "that we hab a season ob prayer on 'gib dis po' mis'able sinner one mo' chance."

So after they had prayed and sung another hymn the old lady came up, too.

PAIN KILLED BY BLUE RAYS.

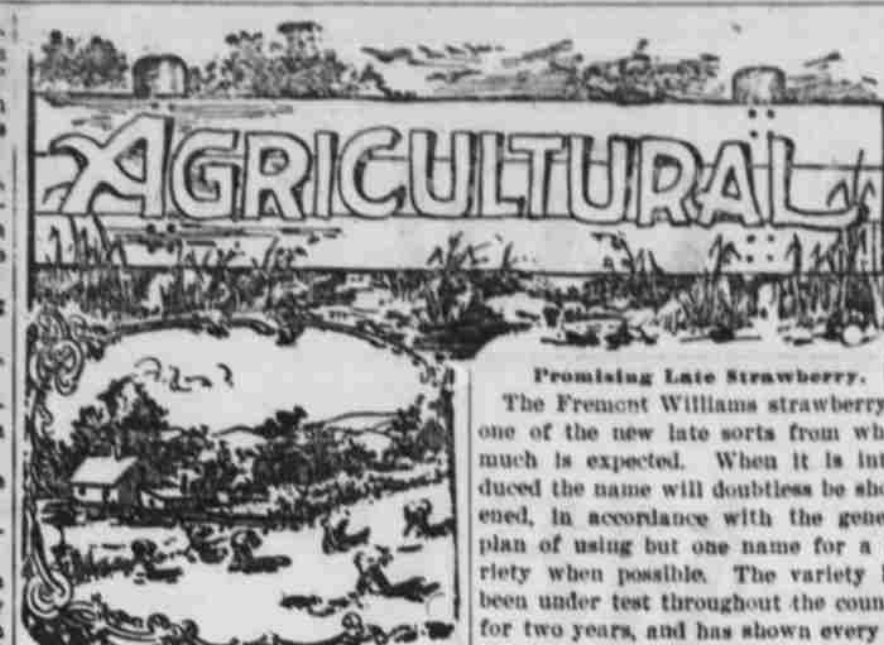
Color May Prove Valuable as an Anesthetic in Surgery.

Interesting experiments with blue light as an agent for producing analgesia, or insensibility to pain—the discovery of Prof. Redard—have been carried out by Dr. Harvey Hilliard, anæsthetic to the Royal Dental Hospital of London, and by a well-known Geneva dentist.

In an article in the Medical Times and Hospital Gazette Dr. Hilliard states that he found that the blue light had on himself "a most distinctly calming influence; a desire to close the eyes and sleep is experienced, and after some minutes sensibility to pain is lessened. For instance, the difference between light pressure made with the tip of the little finger and a needle could not easily be detected and surgical needles could be pushed into the face, lips, gums and arms and blood drawn thereby without actual pain being felt unless a still deeper pressure was exerted."

"I believe the presence of a blue lamp suitably placed might give satisfactory results in the treatment of insomnia owing to its calming influence, and I have tried it with some benefit in one case. Similarly in the restlessness of infants suffering from mild illness and in asylums in cases of mania it is conceivable that blue light rays might be of value. This view is supported by the fact that red light has been found to have a beneficial effect upon smallpox, as it is inimical to the vitality of the germs of that disease."

Dr. Hilliard gives instances of the utility of the blue rays in the case of the extraction of teeth. One man said that under its influence he felt no pain when a molar was extracted and returned to have two others removed by the same agency.



Flowers for the Gardening Beginner.

To make his flower garden a continual delight, the amateur should study the characteristics of the flowers he grows and see that each serves a purpose. If he loves fragrance, noctitana affinis, with its abundant star-shaped white flowers, is excellent, and a fragrant novelty which presents a striking contrast to this is noctitana Sanders, with deep pink, almost red flowers. These, above all, are excellent for borders, planted in front of taller growing shrubs.

For a bed where a mass of yellow is desired, golden California poppy is useful. It must be sown where it is to bloom, as it does not transplant well. Its flowers are not adapted for cutting. For side and back fences clumps of single and double hollyhocks in mass are good. A flower which grows nearly as high as the hollyhock is radbeckia golden glow, which produces a wealth of golden flowers good for cutting. It is a good plan to devote the space in front of one fence to dahlias and cosmos, for these are sure to please the most fastidious flower lovers. The cactus and decorative forms of the dahlia are becoming more and more popular every year. The tubers may be stored in the cellar in winter like potatoes. If there happens to be a sunny exposure in the garden, plant a few pompon chrysanthemums, which are hardy. They will give an effective display of tiny flowers in the autumn. The Drummond phlox are exceedingly pretty, slow growing annuals, exceedingly showy in mass. In warm and exposed situations they last but few weeks in bloom.

Coops for Small Chickens.

A farmer's wife writes: The coop I use, shown in sketch, is much better if made of pine. It is made in three separate pieces, the roof and bottom being removable. The roof projects over the coop on all sides, but much farther in front and back. This is to keep rain from beating in. The roof boards are nailed to two narrow pieces, which are just the length of the inside of the coop, and are placed far enough from the front and the back to fit inside the coop. The cracks are battened.

The floor, d, is made to slip in at the back like a drawer. This coop is very easily sunned and cleaned on account of the removable floor and roof. The 8-inch board at the top in front has holes bored in for ventilation. A wooden button on top board and a 2-inch strip at the bottom holds on the frame of wire screen which is used stormy days when the chicks are too young to run out, and on warm nights, at other times a slatted wooden front, b, is used.

I make this coop in two sizes—a single coop 20 inches square, 24 inches high in front and 16 inches in the back, and a double coop is 30 inches long and 24 inches wide. A removable lath partition, c, divides it.

Don't Forget the Lettuce.

Lettuce plants that have been wintered over in the cold frame should be planted at the earliest possible date in spring, and a sowing of the seed should be made at about the same time. Many kinds of vegetables will yield good returns on land but moderately enriched, but lettuce can only be grown to perfection in very rich and heavily manured ground. Plant in rows twelve or fifteen inches apart; plants should be set eight inches apart in the row, and the seed sown in drill and when large enough thinned out to about eight or ten inches. Give clean and thorough cultivation. Varieties of lettuce are exceedingly numerous, and the selection of a few good kinds is not without difficulty.

The New Flax Industry.

An industry new at least to Minnesota has been introduced during quite recent years. It relates to the manufacture of flax straw into binding twine. Professor Shaw affirms in Orange Judd Farmer that one of the finest features of the new industry is that it will tend very much to lessen waste on many farms of the west. Nowhere probably in all the United States has the sin of waste prevailed to such an extent as in the western and north-western states. Flax straw was almost a complete waste. The greater number of acres devoted to the growth of flax the greater was the waste.

Cleaning the Coops.

Scalding with hot, strong soap-suds will cleanse the filthiest coop, and if when thoroughly dry it is whitewashed with a wash containing a good amount of carbolic acid the lice and mites will be dead or gone for the time being, and you will then have the work under control and by constant care can keep free of the pests.

Fertilizing an Orchard.

Nothing is better for fertilizing an orchard than raw bone meal and potash, says an expert orchardist. The bone will have nitrogen enough for the orchard in soil, and the phosphoric acid will become soluble by degrees as the trees need it. The principal need of your sandy soil in apples is potash, for not only is such a soil usually deficient in potash, but apples take a large amount from the soil. We would apply 400 pounds per acre, mixed 350 pounds of muriate of potash. Then mow the orchard and use the cut grass as a mulch for the trees. In short, keep the orchard for apples alone, and devote all that grows on the land to the trees.

Plow Run by Trolley Wires.

Electric plows are used with considerable success in Italy, two power cars being stationed at each side of the field with wire cables between. The current is obtained from trolley lines. The plow is pulled by the cables from one side of the field to the other, the current being cut off when it reaches the end of the furrow. The plow is double ended and can be run either way with ease. One man manages the plow and another each power car. The three men and the machines plow from seven to fifteen acres per day.

Hampshires and the Bacon Type.

At the last International I was much amused at the discussion in various quarters as to whether the Hampshire swine are of the bacon or lard type. The individual who calls Hampshire swine bacon animals has not yet learned the A B C of what the term bacon means, remarks Professor T. W. Shaw in American Agriculturist.

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UNCLE BILLY'S SHADE.

He Used It as a Test of Human Nature.

"I should think, Uncle Billy, that that crooked window-shade would drive you wild," Evelyn said, stopping a moment at the door.

"I don't admire it myself," Uncle Billy remarked, cheerfully, "but you see the hem is torn, and needlework not being my forte—" But the last words were spoken to empty air. Evelyn had vanished. "She probably," Uncle Billy mused, "has seventeen dearest friends to see this afternoon."

Five minutes later his sister appeared. "That shade is a disgrace, Billy," she said. "Why don't you get a new one?"

"Couldn't match it, and it seemed a pity to throw away three good shades just because one of them needed a few stitches."

"I suppose it would be extravagant," his sister acknowledged. "Well, if you'll bring up the step-ladder some morning I'll try to get it fixed. I came in to ask you—" and then the talk drifted to other matters.

In the course of the afternoon Uncle Billy had two other callers, Cousin Caroline, who was visiting the family, and said that if it were her house that shade would be mended at once, and Trude, who said nothing about it because she did not notice it.

A week went by, and the crooked shade was still crooked, and Evelyn sympathized, and her mother said that she must get time to mend it, and Cousin Caroline smiled significantly, and Trude had not yet discovered it.

"There remains," Uncle Billy meditatively remarked one morning, "only Polly."

The next day Polly came home. That first evening she spent chiefly in hugging the family and talking, but early the following morning she appeared at her uncle's door.

"Uncle Billy," she asked, "do you like crooked shades?"

"Not particularly," Uncle Billy replied.

Polly flashed across to the window. "Torn hem," she commented; then to her uncle, "Suppose you take it down?"

Uncle Billy, after a stupefied moment, meekly climbed a chair and took it down. Polly dashed away with it, and Uncle Billy heard the whirr of the sewing-machine; in two minutes she was back. "There you are!" she announced, cheerfully.

Uncle Billy looked at her. "Now why did you do it that way?" he asked, plaintively.

"What way?" Polly echoed.

"Why, make me take it down and put it up. This shade has been waiting a week for somebody to fix it. I had planned a reward for the one who should mend it, but of course I expected her to do the whole business. Now as far as I can make out, I'll have to give the reward to myself, for on fair-minded girl could expect anything for a mere two minutes' work."

A queer look came into Polly's eyes. And he expected me to go and get the step-ladder, while he, an able-bodied man, sat and laid traps for poor human nature. Thank you, Uncle Billy!" and with a saucy courtesy she was gone.

"The experiment," Uncle Billy chuckled to the shade, "was more successful than I foresaw."—Youth's Companion.

Not a stenographer.

"I understand that you have a new typewriter."

"Yes."

"Did you succeed in getting a bright one?"

"Yes, it's nickel-plated."—Houston Post.

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