

# The Novelette.

NUMBER 108.

CONTAINING THE STORY, COMPLETE, OF

## ROSALTHE:

—OR—

### THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY.

A TALE OF WESTERN LIFE.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

ILLUSTRATED.



JOEL LOGSTON'S ADVENTURE.

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ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT.

NUMBER 108.

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ALLAN NORWOOD'S INTERFERENCE WITH LE BLAND.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.]

## ROSALTHE :

—OR—

### The Pioneers of Kentucky.

A TALE OF WESTERN LIFE.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

#### CHAPTER I.

ROSALTHE ALSTON.—LE BLAND.

THE vast forests of Kentucky had reverberated to the sound of the woodman's axe. The tide of population was flowing towards that wild and picturesque country which had been represented by those who had explored its fertile levels, as another Eden.

A fort had been erected on the southern bank of Kentucky River by Daniel Boone, that daring and indomitable man whom no dangers could appal and no difficulties discourage. At the distance of eight miles from Boone's fort, and one from Salt River, Captain John Harrod had built a second fortification, while Colonel Logan had raised a third at St. Asaph's, in Lincoln county. The few adventurous settlers that had penetrated into that country were continually harassed by savage foes, not unfrequently incited and led on by Frenchmen and British Canadians.

Bold men worked in the new clearings with

arms by their side, and became soldiers from necessity. The thrilling scenes that were of daily occurrence at that period, eclipse the pen of romance, and imagination is surpassed by startling reality. The shrill war-whoop grew strangely familiar to the ears of the pioneers, and the shafts of destruction, hurled from the rifles of ambushed enemies, were continually striking down friend and neighbor.

The red men beheld the daring approaches of the white settler with alarm and furious indignation. Aided by the British posts at Detroit, Vincennes, and Kaskaskia, the Indians began a war of extermination against the determined trespassers on their hunting grounds. Against Boonesborough, in particular, was their hostility directed. At the period when the fury of the savages was at its height, and all the arts of Indian warfare were brought into active operation, our story commences.

A few rods below the Salt Lick, near which a fort and stockades had been erected by Daniel Boone and his associates, there was a highly romantic spot, half shut in by trees, and in the month of May (the period in which our romance exhibits its opening scene) was an exceedingly pleasant locality; for a great variety of flowers, mosses and lichens luxuriated there. In agreeable profusion. A grassy glade sloped down to the water, and gentle eminences, and rocks overgrown with verdure, formed very acceptable seats for those who might feel disposed to linger there to enjoy the tranquil beauty of nature in her spring vestments.

We have directed the reader's footsteps to that then quiet and dreamy spot, in order to call his attention to another object fairer and more agreeable to the eye than the thousand flowery forms of vegetable life that were trembling and nodding in the early breezes of morning.

A young lady, in the summer of maiden loveliness, occupied just such a place as imagination most naturally suggests, and would desire her to occupy: she was reclining upon a mossy knoll, and the waters of the Kentucky (that voiceless witness of so many striking events) was flowing at her feet. She had gathered violets and evergreens, and a wreath of the latter bound her brows with a careless grace, while the former she was leisurely forming into a bouquet with lichens and the earlier buds and blossoms of the season. Her face was uncommonly attractive, and her figure, so far as one might judge of it, in the attitude she assumed, very symmetrical in its outlines. The hand and foot, those useful appendages to the human form, so much admired (when of classical mould) by connoisseurs in female perfections, were faultless, so far as size and delicacy of proportions were concerned.

Of the several features of the face, and the expression of the whole conjoined, we cannot very well speak, for they were so perfect in all respects that we feel a want of appropriate terms to do justice to the subject. That common figure of the blending of the lily and the rose, was perhaps never more felicitously illustrated than upon the fair cheeks of Rosalthe Alston.

The soft, pensive expression of the eyes, and the sweet light of intelligence that streamed from beneath the pencilled lids, were enough to fix the beholder's attention in a steadfast and admiring gaze.

It will not be wise for us to dwell long upon the mere externals of our heroine; therefore we will proceed to those matters, events, and incidents calculated to develop and display those internal graces, without which physical beauty ceases to be attractive.

The sound of human footsteps upon the river's bank caused Rosalthe to assume a different attitude, and cast hurried and alarmed glances around her; for no doubt the consciousness that she had been imprudent in venturing so far from the fort, was vividly impressed on her mind. It was not deemed safe, at that time, for females to venture out of sight of the stockades, and that consideration generally governed their movements—the boldest seldom overstepping the specified bounds. Rosalthe had, in this instance, as on several other occasions, violated, in some degree, the established custom; for, from the spot where she had been reclining, the stockades were not visible, although a few steps would render them so.

The cause of Rosalthe's alarm was directly apparent; a man appeared in the glade, and, without hesitation approached her. The young lady drew the folds of her light scarf hastily about her person, and was on the point of leaving the spot with considerable precipitation, when the intruder addressed her, in a voice not wholly redeemed from the accent peculiar to Frenchmen:

"Stay, mademoiselle! Why should you fly at my approach, or exhibit so much perturbation of manner? Am I indeed a savage? Is my skin red? or do I seek youthful maidens in sylvan bowers to do them harm?"

Rosalthe paused a moment before she replied, and was obviously somewhat annoyed and ill at ease.

"Excuse me, Monsieur Le Bland," she said, rather coldly, "if my fears appeared somewhat excited, and my manner hurried, for I did not expect—that is, I had no reason to suppose that my pleasant meditations in this agreeable retreat would be interrupted upon."

"I am, then, it would seem, to be regarded as an intruder?" asked Le Bland, in a tone less courtly than at first.

"No matter, sir—let the subject pass, if it be not pleasing; I seek no cause of disagreement," returned the lady, with a smile.

"Neither do I, fair Rosalthe; your frown of displeasure would make me miserable," said Le Bland, earnestly.

A scornful smile played for an instant over the rosy lips of the lady; Le Bland observed it, and contracted his brows.

"Coldness may not quite crush me," he added, "but contempt I never could bear."

"The old theme, Mr. Le Bland; the old theme," returned Rosalthe.

"It is a theme never old with me. Small streams may be turned aside into new channels, but large and swiftly flowing rivers cannot be easily diverted from the deep channels which they have worn in the earth and in the solid rock. Is this with the human affections; when they become fixed and strong, they cannot be changed, or trained to flow in other directions."

"I have more than once begged you to spare me conversation of this nature; be good enough to change the subject, or I leave you," replied the maiden.

"I have sought you, Mademoiselle Alston, to

lay bare my heart before you, and ask you to see the treasures of love that are garnered there—that are hoarded there for you—you only; but your impatient gestures, your curling lip, your rebuking glances, forbid me to proceed. I dare not adhere to my purpose; my tongue grows mute, my words find no utterance—they flow back in unspoken sorrow upon my despairing heart."

When Le Bland had given utterance to these sentiments, he bent his head as if in profound grief, and fixed his gaze steadfastly upon the ground.

Miss Alston gave him a searching look, and seemed to gain intuitively a deeper insight into the character and objects of the man before her, whose words distilled so sweetly and smoothly upon the external ear. She trembled and grew pale, as if her fears were struggling with her fortitude.

"I am glad you have done, and you could not better evince the good sense which I have always given you credit for possessing, than by so doing. I will now return, and hope you will enjoy the beauty of this pleasant morning and of this lovely spot, as truly as I have done."

"Not yet, mademoiselle—not yet; I have other matters to discuss which require your earnest attention. I refer to the dangers which environ and menace you on every side. The red men of the wilderness are gathering in great numbers to march against Boonesborough, and level it with the dust," returned Le Bland.

"Whence had you this information?" asked Rosalthe, quickly, fixing her dark eyes penetratingly upon the Frenchman.

"From one of my countrymen whom I accidentally met while hunting yesterday," answered the latter, calmly.

"Who incites our savage foes? Who supplies them with arms and ammunition, and who sometimes leads them to battle?" interrogated Rosalthe, with increasing earnestness.

"I know what you mean," said Le Bland, coloring. "I am aware that it is reported that the British posts at Detroit, Kaskaskia, and Vincennes, aid and encourage the Indians in their movements against Boonesborough, Harrodsburg, and Logan."

"Do you not know that to be the case, Mr. Le Bland?" asked Miss Alston, with considerable energy of tone and manner.

"I do," answered the Frenchman, after a moment of reflection.

"Then why not speak openly, and call things by their right names. Let us have no concealments and subtleties, but speak boldly and truthfully, and confront the danger, whatever it may be. If you have acquired by any means knowledge that concerns the safety of these young settlements, let it be plainly and manfully uttered," added Rosalthe.

"You possess much shrewdness and courage for a lady," observed Le Bland, with a smile.

"During my stay at Boonesborough, I have learned that among the rustic maidens that are destined to smooth the way for the flowing tide of population and civilization, there exists the true spirit of heroism. But still, mademoiselle, this country is too rude for you; you were destined for another sphere of life—to grace the highest circles of refinement."

The Frenchman ceased, and then added, as if speaking to himself:

"No; yonder rough cabins are not for you. It were wrong to immerse you for life in these wild forests, where the war-whoop of the red man forms a dread chorus for the howl of the wolf and the dismal hootings of the boding owl."

"My resolution to dare every peril with my natural guardians and protectors, is as strong as human will can make it," said Rosalthe.

"Promise me, at least, that you will lock this secret in your own bosom, and reflect on what I have said for four-and-twenty hours," continued Le Bland, considerably agitated.

"Spare me your compliments; and let it suffice that I am well content with my lot," returned Miss Alston.

"To the subject under consideration: I have heard, from undoubted authority, that Captain Du Quesne will soon appear before Boonesborough with a large body of savages, to demand its surrender."

"And what will be the consequence if Daniel Boone refuses to yield to such an unreasonable demand?"

"The consequences will be that Du Quesne will hurl his savages against Boonesborough, and take it by storm; the slaughter will, in such a case, I fear, be indiscriminate. And now comes the most important part of my business; it is to earnestly request you to go to Harrodsburg, and stay until after this tragedy, for such I am certain it will be, is enacted."

## CHAPTER II

ALLAN NORWOOD.

LE BLAND paused, and waited anxiously for an answer; but Rosalthe remained silent.

"Will you go to Harrodsburg, Mademoiselle Alston, in order to escape the fate in reserve for yonder brave but infatuated families?" asked the Frenchman, seriously.

"And leave my dearest friends?" said Rosalthe, calmly.

"And leave your dearest friends," repeated the Frenchman, deliberately.

"Your motives may be excellent, sir; but I reject your counsel. I will not go; I will remain and share the fortunes of those I love, whatever they may be. If your plans of mercy cannot be extended to all, they are not schemes of benevolence to me. But I would not appear ungrateful. I thank you for your kind intentions."

"You have answered without reflection. Reconsider the subject, and be guided by the voice of cool reason," resumed Le Bland, with increasing vehemence.

"Alas! My decision is final," said Rosalthe, preparing to leave the spot.

"It is not—it must not be!" cried the Frenchman, emphatically. "I cannot—I will not consent to such a sacrifice!"

"I cannot understand whence comes your intimate knowledge of the contemplated movements of the Indians, and their French and British allies," said Rosalthe. "Neither can I fully appreciate the motives which can induce you to offer safety to me and to no others. You have been, for a period, the guest of the settlers, and Captain Boone, my father and others have treated you with kindness and true hospitality; why not go to them and make known the danger that is hourly drawing nearer and nearer?"

"There are many reasons that shape my actions, which I cannot explain. I am not at liberty to open my lips to one of those whom you esteem so highly, on the subject of our conversation; but a strong, an irresistible desire to save you, to pluck you from the general ruin, has induced me to give you a word of timely warning. It remains with you to determine whether you will perish with those destined to death, or live with those whose days are not numbered by painted warriors."

"My resolution to dare every peril with my natural guardians and protectors, is as strong as human will can make it," said Rosalthe.

"Promise me, at least, that you will lock this secret in your own bosom, and reflect on what I have said for four-and-twenty hours," continued Le Bland, considerably agitated.

"I will make no promises, if you please," answered the young lady.

"How vexatious! how perverse!" exclaimed the Frenchman, petulantly. "Mademoiselle, you must listen to reason; you must be rational; you must promise to keep my secret, for at least twenty-four hours."

"Not for an hour," returned Miss Alston, and directed her steps towards the fort; but Le Bland placed himself before her, and barred her further progress.

"Pardon me, lovely mademoiselle, but I am so unfortunately placed, that I am compelled to insist that you will pledge me your word to remain silent in regard to Captain Du Quesne and the advance of the savages, for a short time; the period I have named will do."

Rosalthe quailed before the stern glances of Le Bland, and would have called for assistance had she dared; but the terror which the Frenchman's singular conduct inspired, sealed up her lips. When she timidly raised her eyes to his, they gleamed upon her like a basilisk's, and shrieking from him, she exclaimed:

"I promise; let me pass."

"It is well; be careful that in some unguarded moment you do not betray the secret," rejoined Le Bland, in a milder tone, but without moving from her path.

"This is annoying, sir, and it becomes you as a guest and a friend," said Miss Alston, whose perturbation momentarily increased, and was now mingled with some just indignation.

"I prevent you from going, that I may ask your forgiveness a score of times, fair Rosalthe. I will do severe penance for this liberty, I assure you," replied Le Bland.

"Stand aside, sir, if you are a gentleman," said a voice that made Rosalthe's heart beat with gladness. Turning her eyes towards the spot whence the warning voice proceeded, she beheld a young hunter at the distance of a few yards, with a rifle in his hand, a powder-horn and ball-pouch slung at his side, together with the usual accompaniments of such a calling. The stranger's face was somewhat flushed with resentment, and his eyes (they were dark and penetrating) were fixed sternly upon the Frenchman.

Le Bland, who appeared chagrined and displeased, stepped from Rosalthe's path, bowed as she passed, and then turned towards the hunter with an expression that might be construed into anything rather than approbation.

With a smile of contempt he scanned him from head to foot, and then remarked, as if his words were intended for no ears save his own:

"A knight of the deerskin hunting-shirt—a specimen of the infant chivalry of Kentucky." Then raising his voice:

"Young fellow, what may be your business with me?"

"I have no further demand to make of your courtesy, sir," replied the hunter, looking after the retreating figure of Rosalthe.

"Extremely modest and ingenuous youth!" exclaimed the Frenchman, ironically.

The young man favored him with a furtive glance, which might admit of various constructions, and then followed the form of the maiden again with his eyes.

"May I take the liberty to inquire by what particular combination of letters you are usually known?" added Le Bland.

"The condescending monsieur wishes to know my name; it is Allan Norwood," replied the hunter.

"Did it ever occur to you, excellent Allan, that meddling with other people's affairs is not

always safe and profitable business—that it sometimes results in broken bones, and other highly disagreeable consequences?" said Le Bland, knitting his brows.

"I have some knowledge, proud Frenchman, of what belongs to a gentleman. I know how to defend my honor, and punish impertinence," rejoined Allan.

"You are there, are you? You carry it bravely. I'll humor your mood, my doughty rustic, and though you are not my equal, I will meet you on equal terms. Have you pistols, worthy Allan?"

"I have, and you may take your choice of the pair," answered the hunter, calmly.

"Let us walk yonder, then, out of hearing of the settlers, and adjust this little affair. I trust that your business matters are so well arranged that nobody will be the loser if you should by any strange chance be called into another state of existence," said the Frenchman, blandly, with his peculiar smile.

"You give yourself unnecessary trouble, gentle monsieur. My earthly affairs are well looked after, and I have, happily, nothing to think of in that regard; so lead on," returned the hunter, in a quiet way.

"One thing more, if you please: have you visited the confessional recently?" resumed Le Bland.

"I confess daily, sir—confess to the Father," said Allan, impressively.

"All right, then," responded the Frenchman.

The two now diverged from the river's bank, Le Bland leading the way. Pushing aside the bushes at every step, and passing over some pretty rough ground, they soon reached a large growth of wood, free from underbrush and brakes, and finally emerging from that, stood on the border of one of those beautiful levels, characteristic of the country. The spot was verdant with a kind of prairie grass, interspersed with laurel, and various indigenous plants. In one direction it stretched away and extended quite to the river, while in others it was spanned by forests of maple, oak and beech, or margined by the humbler furze, hazel and willow.

The sun had climbed so far into the heavens that its brightest rays lay along the plateau and kissed the most modest blossom that had expanded its petals to the morning air.

Allan paused to admire the natural beauty of the spot, and the Frenchman, standing at a short distance, observed him askance. While the parties stood thus, a small bird alighted on a willow bush at about the distance of ten paces.

"I'll trouble you for one of those pistols, sir," said Le Bland, quietly.

Allan instantly complied with his request, and gave him his choice of a brace of well-furnished pistols, with rifle barrels. The Frenchman took one of them, and remarked, with his usual courtliness of style, "that he was considered a very good shot, but want of practice had unfitted him for nice shooting."

With these words, and smiling again, he raised the weapon, fired without much apparent care, and the bird fell dead.

"Rather clumsily done for me. I should have shot his head off; but it is all owing to want of practice. Be good enough to load it, young man, and we will soon finish this business," added Le Bland, carelessly, but at the same time glancing stealthily at Allan to observe the effect of his shot.

"It is one thing to shoot a bird, and another to shoot a human being," replied the hunter, coolly. "Such a feat does not surprise me; I have done as much myself. But there is one art

in which I have never been emulous to excel; I allude to the art of dissimulation."

"Rash and foolish boy! you have provoked your fate. Your tone and manners are highly offensive, and add greatly to the sin of your first rudeness," retorted Le Bland, more angrily than he had yet spoken.

"I care not for the loftiness which you affect; I only remember the cause of this quarrel. You offered an insult to a young and beautiful maiden; who she is, what her name and station, I know not, neither does it concern our present purpose. I appear here as her champion, and will abide the result, whatever it may be; so proceed, and waste no more time in useless words," answered the hunter, firmly.

"I will pace off the ground. How many paces shall it be?" asked Le Bland.

"Suit yourself; I am not particular," was the ready rejoinder.

"Well, since you are so easily satisfied, I will pace off the distance between where I now stand and the spot where yonder bird lies."

Allan assented, and Le Bland measured the ground by paces; and then walking back to his former position, said with his accustomed smile, and with a look that might have awed most men, situated as Allan was:

"You can stand, if you please, just where the bird was perched a few moments ago."

Allan felt the terrible significance of his antagonist's words, and understood the meaning look which accompanied their utterance; but he was too bold and proud to object to the arrangement, and accordingly took his place where the poor bird lay dead, rent and shattered by the Frenchman's unerring aim.

"Who will give the signal to fire, since we have no seconds?" asked Allan.

"I will arrange that, although it may not be *à la mode*. I have an alarm-watch which strikes any given time, by a regulated movement. I will set it so that it will strike in precisely two minutes."

Le Bland drew a repeater from his pocket, and proceeded to set it with much nonchalance. When he had done so, he hung it by the chain upon a bush, so that it was about six paces from each when both were at their respective places, as mutually agreed upon.

"Now," added Le Bland, in a voice more harsh, and with an expression more stern, "we have only to await the motions of the repeater; the instant of its striking will be the signal to fire; and during the interval, you can reflect on the position in which your folly has placed you."

Norwood made no reply to the remark, which sounded to him very much like bravado, but thought of the fair lady for whose sake he had involved himself in a deadly quarrel. Both parties were now silent, and heard distinctly the monotonous tickings of the watch. Our hero, although he prided himself upon his skill in the use of fire-arms, was fully aware of the critical position in which he was placed. The bird which lay bloody and broken before him, was sufficient proof of his adversary's skill. But it was too late to evade, with honor the quarrel into which he had been led; so commending himself to Heaven, he fixed his eyes upon Le Bland, and awaited with singular calmness the strokes of the repeater.

A minute of deathless silence had elapsed, when the Frenchman suddenly dropped his weapon, and exclaimed:

"*Le diable! le game is up!*"

Norwood instinctively turned his gaze towards the spot upon which Le Bland's eyes were fastened, and perceived a man of a figure bold and

striking. He was dressed in deerskin hunting-shirt and leggings, and his feet were encased in the Indian moccasins so much in vogue among white hunters at that period. His head was covered with a low-crowned hat, with the brim, which was not very wide, rolled up at the sides. His tunic, or hunting-shirt, was ornamented about the skirt and sleeves with a leathern fringe, as were also the lower portions of the leggings. The tunic was fastened together nearly to the chin, and over that part which covered the neck, a collar, somewhat deficient in starch, according to modern notions, was carelessly turned. A large, leathern wallet hung upon his right side by a broad strap passed over his left shoulder. The handle of a hunting-knife, the blade of which was thrust into a sheath under the wallet, was visible, while in his right hand he held a rifle.

"'Tis Daniel Boone!" cried Le Bland. "Put up your pistols, and we will defer this business until another time; for I do not wish to incur his displeasure."

Allan mechanically placed his weapon in its accustomed place, and Daniel Boone approached toward them.

"Mr. Le Bland, what means this?" he said, sternly, letting the butt of his rifle fall heavily to the ground.

"Pantomime, sir; nothing but pantomime," replied Le Bland, somewhat disconcerted by the reproving glances of the far-famed forester.

"Let it end thus, sir, for we want no more bloodshed than absolute necessity requires. I perceive that there is a quarrel between you and this young stranger; but drop it here, and let it go no further. If you are wise, you will take my advice, for I assure you that your friends at the settlement yonder are not numerous."

The Frenchman reddened, and for a moment was embarrassed by the sharp tones and keen glances of the pioneer.

"As you will, Captain Boone. I yield to your cooler judgment," he said, at length.

Boone stood for a few seconds as if lost in reflection, and then turning abruptly to Allan, added, with much frankness:

"Come with me, young man, to Boonesborough. You appear to be of that class which we need at this crisis; you shall be welcome to hunter's fare."

This honest and open invitation made Norwood's heart beat with pleasure, for he trusted he should again see the fair maiden for whose sake he had dared the proud Frenchman's ire. He accepted the invitation as frankly as it was given.

"Will you go with us?" asked the pioneer, addressing Le Bland.

"Not now; I will follow presently," replied the latter. Daniel Boone and Allan Norwood then walked towards Boonesborough, while the Frenchman, giving our hero a threatening glance, moved slowly away.

### CHAPTER III.

#### INTRODUCTION OF NEW CHARACTERS.

ALLAN NORWOOD, with a few hardy adventurers, had floated down the Ohio and Kentucky rivers in boats, and reached, after encountering innumerable perils, the vicinity of the new settlements. Leaving his comrades to refresh themselves after nights and days of toil and danger, our hero took his rifle and sallied forth to explore the country a little, and learn how near they might be to Boonesborough and Harrodsburg, of which he had heard so many strange

things in his native State, when he accidentally became a party to the scene between Rosalthe Alston and Le Bland, the immediate results of which are already known.

Allan was the son of a wealthy farmer, and had received, all things considered, a very liberal education. Naturally bold and adventurous in disposition, he felt a strong repugnance to any of the learned professions which his friends had talked of, and could not be induced, by logic or argument, to embrace either of them.

He longed for a life of activity, and declared that he would rather enter the American army as a private soldier than to spend the best part of his life in the study of a profession which might be, after all, of doubtful utility, and to the dry details of which he could never fully adapt himself. Accounts were daily reaching Ohio, through various channels, of the sufferings and romantic adventures of Daniel Boone, Benjamin Logan, John Harrod, and other pioneers; and those remarkable stories, not at all exaggerated, doubtless made Allan conceive the bold design of penetrating to that wild region, to share in the excitement and danger of a backwoodman's life.

This resolution being formed, and a plan of operation matured, the requisite material, in the shape of enterprising young men, was speedily found to co-operate with him, and the perilous undertaking was achieved.

As Allan walked towards Boonesborough with its daring founder, he could not refrain from observing him with deep interest; and he truly appeared to him, if to no other person, the most remarkable man of the age; for he had explored alone the mighty forests of Kentucky, braving singly the fury of the exasperated savages, who followed in his footsteps day and night to destroy him, and prevent him from carrying back to his countrymen the history of the most delightful country under heaven. But thus far he had escaped the deadly hostility of the wily savage, and the man of sleepless nights and weary days, ordained by the hand of God to carry life and civilization into the distant wilderness, now stood beside our hero with firm foot and lofty brow.

Norwood more than once thought to ask him about the maiden whom he had seen, but feared that his manner might betray how deep an impression her beauty had made upon him. To see a being of so much grace and refinement, in a country not yet redeemed from the grasp of its primal inheritors, was something which he had not been prepared for, and consequently took him by surprise; and his active mind had now food enough for meditation and speculation.

To him it appeared that his life as a forester had commenced most auspiciously; for had he not interfered to save the fairest female from insult that he had ever seen, and incurred for her the most imminent peril? He had unquestionably, and felt that he had been singularly fortunate. It now remained for him to learn who she was, what relation the Frenchman called Le Bland sustained to her, and whether her affections were already engaged.

When the parties reached Boonesborough, Norwood paused to examine the manner in which it was constructed. It consisted of a dozen cabins, built of heavy logs, ingeniously interlaced at the ends, and separated from each other by portions of the same material. These cabins formed one side of the fort, being highest upon the outside, the roof inclining inward. Strong stockades were raised around these at a suitable distance, and in the angles of the cabins, block-houses of the most substantial kind were

erected. These projected about twenty inches beyond the outer walls of the cabins and stockades, and were amply provided with loop-holes, that the garrison might prevent their enemies from approaching too near, to assail the works.

Allan, after making these observations, remarked "that the whole must have been a work of considerable labor."

"You are right, young man; and it was not only a work of much labor, but a work often interrupted by sudden attacks of the savages. It reminded me of Nehemiah repairing the walls of Jerusalem, when his workmen wrought with one hand, and held the spear in the other," replied the pioneer; and then led the way to a large gate of slabs, upon which he struck a few blows with the butt of his rifle. Directly footsteps were heard, and a voice asked:

"Who dar?"

"It is one of our colored fellows," remarked Boone to Allan, and then replied to the negro's reasonable inquiry.

"It's me, Andrew."

"I doesn't know any sich white feller," was the immediate response.

"Come, don't keep us waiting—hurry," rejoined Boone.

"Dat you, Massa Boone?" asked Andrew, in a more respectful tone.

The forester replied that it was; the negro opened the door, and the parties entered the enclosure. Allan glanced at Andrew while he was closing the gate, and perceived that he was considerably advanced in life; his woolly hair being gray with age, though his figure was not bowed down by the weight of years.

"A faithful, but rather eccentric fellow is Andrew," observed Captain Boone. He then lifted the rude latch and ushered the young hunter into his cabin. A respectable looking female met him on the threshold, whom he introduced to Allan as Mrs. Boone. A young woman of eighteen or twenty he presented as his daughter, Elizabeth. Norwood had entertained a hope that the maiden whom he had seen in the morning might prove to be the daughter of the famous pioneer; but when his gaze rested upon Elizabeth Boone, although she was fair, he could not so far master his feelings as to realize no disappointment at the discovery. A lad of about fifteen years was engaged in cleaning the tube of a rifle, and was the forester's son.

Captain Boone informed his family that his guest, who was from the State of Ohio, had come to examine the country, and hoped he would receive such hospitality as their poor dwelling could afford; to which Mrs. Boone responded in an appropriate and kindly manner, and set about making preparations for dinner.

While the meal was being prepared, Allan proceeded to relate the particulars of the morning's adventure, to which his host listened with earnest attention.

"Did you hear any portion of the conversation that passed between the young woman and the Frenchman?" he asked.

"I am quite certain that I heard the latter refer to some danger of an imminent and pressing kind that menaced this settlement, or the neighboring one, and I am confident that it had relation to the former."

"And you say, moreover, that he wished to extort a promise of some kind from her?" continued Boone.

"It was that which caused me to interfere in her behalf; and the promise of secrecy I doubt not had reference to the danger which threatens you and yours," rejoined Allan.

"This matter may be of the greatest impor-

tance to us, Mr. Norwood. Were there any names mentioned, that you can remember?" resumed the forester.

"Let me recall the scene more vividly, if I can," said Allan, pressing his hand to his forehead. "Yes, a name was mentioned which I now recollect. Du Quesne, I think it was."

Daniel Boone sprang from his seat with a sudden and angry impulse, when Allan pronounced the name of Du Quesne.

"Du Quesne, did you say, sir?" he exclaimed. "Then there is indeed danger, for he is an instrument to do us harm. The Indians will rally around him to crush us, and sweep us from among the living. I have heard his name; he acts under the authority of the British posts, and has been active in distributing arms and ammunition among the savage tribes."

"Allow me to inquire who this Le Bland is who came so near sending a bullet through my body?" rejoined Allan.

"That question is not easily answered, young man; I confess myself unable to reply to it with certainty, for the simple reason that I need information on the subject myself. The person to whom your inquiry refers came among us about four weeks ago, and received the friendly treatment that we always make it a rule to extend to all who visit us. His ostensible object was to examine the lands in this part of the country, with a view to making a final settlement, if he was pleased with the result of his explorations. He was not very popular among our people at first, on account of being a Frenchman; but the suavity of his manners overcame that objection in a great measure, with the majority, though many still look upon him with distrust. Sometimes he has been the guest of Mr. Alston, and he has also spent some time with me. He is now the guest of Mr. Fleming, who occupies the third cabin from this, on the right as you enter. He has managed to make himself peculiarly agreeable to Esquire Alston, and that he loves his handsome daughter Rosalthe, is no secret among us. But his tender sentiments are not blessed with a return; and it's my firm conviction that the girl fears him. What the secret of his influence is, I have not been able to discover."

"Does Mr. Alston favor the pretensions of the Frenchman?" asked Allan, earnestly.

"Most decidedly; for Le Bland has the art of appearing very agreeable where he wishes to make a favorable impression; and you may be assured, sir, that for such a rare prize as Rosalthe, he will put forth all his powers. Esquire Alston was formerly a man of wealth, and could and did indulge in the luxuries of refined life. He also has indubitable claims to a noble ancestry. He married into a distinguished family, and his daughter received an education far superior to that which usually falls to the lot of young ladies. Having lost most of his wealth by an unfortunate investment, he no longer felt a desire to remain where he could not find means to support his accustomed manner of living; consequently he turned his attention to this new country, and had the courage to dare the dangers of a pioneer's life."

"This explains why this excellent family is at Boonesborough, and the occupants of an humble cabin a few doors from this. If Esquire Alston (we call him 'Squire'), has any weak point, it is that his sweet daughter should marry a gentleman, and this Le Bland sustains the reputation (in his estimation), of being one."

"But I have no sympathy for him," added the pioneer, after a pause. "I mistrust his motives, and, to be brief, dislike him."

"Well, didn't I tell ye so in de first place?" exclaimed Andrew, who had been gradually working himself towards the parties, during the conversation.

"Go away, darkey," said Boone, good naturedly.

"I never seed sich a feller sence I's a nigger. He am eily as a fox, and I've seen him wink his eyes at Missy Lizzy," added Andrew.

"We must get Andrew some spectacles, so he can see better," said Elizabeth, with a smile.

"What fur I want specs, when I can see now jest as well's I used to could ten year ago?" returned Andrew, somewhat offended at the allusion to his visual organs.

"Andrew is a regular genius," observed Captain Boone, looking pleasantly at the African's shining face. "He is a poet, an improvisatore, a musician, and a singer; he knows a little of everything, and is, in fact, a clever sort of a blockhead, who will do very well while he is watched, and just as he has a mind to when he is not. You can trust him as far as you can see him, and sometimes further."

"Dat am berry great praise, but one ting you fo'git; I's very familiar wid de state ob de politics ob Kentucky, an' de circlar motion ob de hebenly lumbaries," said Andrew.

The conversation was interrupted at that moment by the entrance of Simon Kenton, a man whose name is honorably mentioned in the annals of Kentucky history.

Although considerably embrowned by exposure to the sun, his face had a frank and honest expression which served as an immediate passport to the good opinion of Allan. The brief ceremony of introduction had scarcely been finished, before another individual, who will figure somewhat in our story, made his appearance in the cabin of the pioneer. The character referred to, was no less a personage than Joel Logston, a man of extraordinary muscular power, and of whose wonderful exploits tradition is yet eloquent. He was followed by one of the largest and ugliest-looking dogs that ever aspired to the friendship of a human being.

On account of the explosive and fiery nature of his disposition, his master had bestowed upon him the name of *Vesuvius*. Vesuvius was, we are sorry to say, a snappish and fretful cur, given to sudden, violent, and dangerous eruptions of the lava of wrath, when it became imperatively necessary for all within a certain area to withdraw themselves speedily, to escape instant worryment with tooth and nail. This ungentle mastiff always walked about six inches behind Joel Logston, except when engaged in his favorite pursuit of hunting; for on these occasions he was invariably in advance of everything in the shape of quadruped or biped.

Vesuvius seldom if ever erected his large, shaggy ears, and obstinately persisted in carrying his caudal extremity in that drooping manner in which penitent dogs sometimes do, when convicted of some high offence.

Joel Logston was quite as celebrated for his marvellous narrations and extravagant style, as for his physical strength. No man at the three settlements could tell, with such incomparable self-possession and coolness, such stories as he did, which no person living could be expected to believe. With this strong proclivity to exaggeration, was combined a rough drollery and good nature that made him at all times a very agreeable companion. If Joel had any malice in his heart, it manifested itself whenever occasion offered, in putting Andrew in mortal fear, by causing Vesuvius to show his teeth, and make various hostile demonstrations towards him. In this innocent pastime Logston took great de-

light. Nor was Andrew the only subject of these curish persecutions; Mr. Alston's colored man, Esquire Ebony, was another martyr to Joel and his mastiff.

We shall only remark in this place concerning Esquire Ebony, that he was the most pompous and self-conceited of any gentleman that ever inherited a dark skin; and had, moreover, such a strong propensity for fine clothes, that he had in many instances been known to don his master's best coat, by stealth, in order to appear to good advantage, on an evening, or an hour, in the eyes of Miss Aurora Lemons, a fair mulatto girl in the service of Mr. Fleming.

While Allan was partaking of the substantial hospitality of the pioneer, in the form of excellent venison and other wholesome and palatable viands, Logston amused all parties by relating one of his recent adventures, in which he asserted with much modesty of manner, that he had no doubt slain fourteen Indians with his own hand, besides doing to death a litter of bears of six months, with their sire and dam. For the truth of this reasonable statement he appealed to Vesuvius, who answered by a short, sharp and expressive yelp, and then flexed his fiery eyes upon Andrew in such a threatening manner that the latter, feeling sure that an immediate attack was meditated, retreated to the farthest corner of the room, rolling his eyes in great alarm.

Simon Kenton, though a braver man in the hour of danger never held a rifle, sat silent and reserved as a young maiden; but Allan observed that his eyes sought the neat figure of Lizzie Boone, as she moved lightly about the dwelling. Our hero flattered himself that he was shrewd enough to perceive how matters stood with Kenton with regard to the pioneer's fair daughter.

While these parties are discussing subjects of vital importance to the well-being of the new settlements, we will turn to other scenes.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### STAR-LIGHT AND WHITE-CLOUD.

ROSALTHE returned to the fort much perplexed and agitated by the singular conduct of Le Bland. Notwithstanding the high place which he occupied in the estimation of her father, she had never valued him as an acquaintance, or sought his friendship; on the contrary, she had never felt at ease in his society, and rejoiced when he was no longer an inmate of their humble dwelling. The cause of her aversion to the insinuating Frenchman she could not herself understand fully; but it was not the less genuine for that reason. Encouraged by her father's good opinion, he had made declarations at various times, of the nature and tendency of which she could not affect to be ignorant, or unapprehend. Rosalthe, on all such occasions, had given no words of hope, and with a careful regard to his feelings, endeavored to make known her sentiments without wounding his pride.

But it displeased and annoyed her excessively to perceive that he steadily persisted in affecting not to comprehend her meaning. In addressing her, and especially in the hearing of Mr. and Mrs. Alston, he always assumed an easy and confidential manner, which implied that matters were all understood between them, and there need be no attempt to conceal what must eventually be well known.

This deceit and assurance on the part of the Frenchman had succeeded in misleading the minds of the parties alluded to, and it was a piece of presumption that she could not overlook



or pardon. Her silence and embarrassment were construed to mean exactly what they did not signify, and as sufficient evidence that her affections were engaged.

She had resolved more than once to speak with her parents on the vexatious subject, but somehow her courage always failed when the moment to test it arrived; so the unpleasant theme was postponed from day to day, in hopes that something in her favor would soon transpire, or that delay would strengthen her determination to do so.

Being thus situated, it will be well understood that her dislike rapidly increased, and ripened into positive repugnance. The conduct and character of Le Bland were, to our heroine, deeply mysterious, sinister, and dangerous, and she feared him as much as she disliked him; for her own nature was frank, open, and above dissimulation.

Rosalthe was of that susceptible and sensitive mould, that she seemed to acquire knowledge of a person's character by being brought in contact with him, or her—a species of intuition quite common with her sex, and which rarely, if ever, misleads. As a consequence of the annoyances and suspicions to which she was daily subjected, she became less cheerful, and far less happy than was usual with her.

The conversation which had transpired on the bank of the river, as already related, appeared abundantly confirmatory of her fears and untold suspicions. To the young stranger who had so opportunely appeared to assist her, she felt truly grateful; but the reflection that she had possibly involved him in a quarrel with a dangerous man, added much to the anxiety of her mind.

She had noticed, as she glided by, the dark and malignant expression that the hunter's warning words had called instantly to his face, despite the smile of contempt that curled his lips, as if to mock at what all other men held sacred and dear.

The information which he had given in relation to the movements of the Indians against Boonesborough, did not surprise her so much as it would have surprised many others who had studied him less, and confided in him more unreservedly. It revived all the strange misgivings which she had long felt in regard to him. The secret was one of the deepest importance, and yet she had promised not to betray it to those whom it most intimately concerned. She was on the point of making known the state of her feelings to her father, in respect to Le Bland, when he commenced speaking highly in his praise, dwelling particularly upon his gentlemanly manners, and the frankness which characterized him in every act of life.

"I esteem him," added Mr. Alston, "for his numerous good qualities—for the kindness of his heart, for the dignity and refinement of his manners, and for all those noble traits which constitute true manhood."

Rosalthe felt her blood mounting tumultuously to her cheeks, and tears of regret filling her eyes. She was much pained that a man of her father's discrimination should be so egregiously deceived in the Frenchman's character and pretensions. But she was misapprehended; for Mr. Alston, observing her confusion, attributed it wholly to another cause, and remarked, with a meaning smile, that "she need not be confused about the matter, for he fully appreciated her feelings, and should not reproach her for anything that might have passed between Mr. Le Bland and herself, of whose honorable intentions he was entirely persuaded."

And to make Rosalthe's position more mort-

ifying, Mrs. Alston observed in relation to the subject of her husband's eulogy:

"That he was a very pleasant gentleman, and she hoped her daughter would be so fortunate as never to form any acquaintances less respectable; and she should not object to her preferences when they were so judiciously made as in the present instance."

Mr. Alston then hinted that he was a man of wealth, and was about to make large purchases of land lying on the opposite bank of the Kentucky River. He stated that the idea was a good one, and would prove exceedingly profitable, inasmuch as it would doubtless quadruple in a few years the capital invested. The scheme was such a noble one, and the prospect of realizing an immense fortune so promising, he should himself embark in the enterprise, so far as his reduced circumstances would admit. Monsieur Le Bland had capital enough, so far as that was concerned, and he was not one to refuse a friend a favor, but always the first to offer it.

Much more Mr. Alston said to this effect, and was in excellent spirits, while his mind was obviously teeming with visions of untold wealth. Rosalthe perceived at once that her father's mind was filled with a splendid bubble, which would burst sooner or later, and end in cruel disappointment, or at least the subject presented itself to her in that light. Whether her fears magnified the danger and trial in reserve for her and himself, time only could prove; but it was plainly apparent to her that the wily Frenchman exercised almost unbounded influence over her father's movements.

It appeared to her that the time had come to speak boldly, and reveal all that her promise did not oblige her to lock within her own bosom. But the question instantly forced itself upon her mind, "what had she to reveal, save that which she had promised not to divulge for twenty-four hours?" She could assure her father that he had completely mistaken her sentiments in respect to Le Bland, and that she disliked him with more real intensity than she was supposed to love him; but so far as any absolute proof of his dissimulation was concerned, she saw that she had nothing to offer.

While thoughts of this nature were passing rapidly through her mind, the door was opened by Ebony, the colored servant, and the subject of her thoughts entered the cabin. He glanced quickly from one to the other, greeting them with his accustomed suavity. He took a seat near Mr. Alston, and conversed with him in that peculiarly agreeable, easy, and confidential manner which had so won upon his esteem.

Rosalthe could overhear but little of what was said, but she often caught such words as "land, loans, investments," etc., which induced her to believe that the land speculation was the one under discussion.

Le Bland finally arose and approached our heroine, and said to her in a low voice:

"Pardon my earnestness this morning. My desire to save you from what appeared a pressing danger, made me, I fear, somewhat rude. I am happy to say now that I was not correctly informed in regard to Captain Du Quesne, and his intentions. You may sleep in safety, fair Rosalthe, and rest assured that there is one who will shield you from Indian cruelty. I grant that it was ill-timed, and almost reprehensible, to offer to snatch you alone from the general ruin which I then believed to be so near. I should have known that your fond heart would cling tenaciously to the dear friends that surround you; but my reason was rendered less clear by the overwhelming thought that you

were in deadly peril. Believe me, Mademoiselle Alston, I speak the truth, without dissimulation."

"Then you free me from my promise?" returned Rosalthe.

"No, gentle Rosalthe," he answered, with a smile, and in his most engaging tones, which well-nigh had the power of making one change his opinion who had already determined that he was a villain. "I cannot absolve you from your promise; for speaking of the subject might produce unnecessary alarm. Moreover, I design to make further investigation of the matter, and learn the real extent of the danger, if any exists, when your father shall be duly and properly informed of everything; for he and I are on such confidential footing that there can be no secrets between us. Take your accustomed walks as though nothing had transpired, being careful not to go too far from the fort, and I promise not to interrupt you, or speak in relation to any subject not agreeable to you. Deal with me fairly and truly, and you shall not have occasion to regret it, I assure you."

The Frenchman did not pause for a reply, but giving Rosalthe one of his warning glances, which never failed to terrify her, immediately left the cabin.

On the following morning Miss Alston left the fort as she had been in the habit of doing for some time, previously taking the precaution, however, to have Ebony accompany her. This procedure was not the result of thoughtlessness, on the contrary, of much reflection; for she wished to test the sincerity of Le Bland's promises, and give him another opportunity to make further disclosures, that she might, if possible, gain a deeper insight into his character and intentions, and afterwards be governed according to circumstances.

The step cost her considerable self-denial, and it was not without many misgivings that she walked towards her favorite retreat. She gave Ebony his instructions as she proceeded.

"You may go yonder," she said, pointing towards a hazel thicket, not far distant, "and remain there until I am ready to return."

"Yes, missus," said Ebony.

"And, do you hear, Ebony? do not on any account go further; and be sure to come when I call," added Rosalthe.

"Dis child will be dar afore soon," returned Ebony.

"Very well; do not forget your instructions." "I neber fo'git; I'll be sure to disremember eb'ryting," said the negro, confidently.

"Do as I bid you, and I will reward you suitably," added Rosalthe.

Exquisite Ebony renewed his protestations of faithfulness, and with a greater sense of security than she had expected to feel, Miss Alston entered the glade, and seated herself upon the river's bank. That she felt somewhat nervous at first, and had vague apprehensions of hearing the footsteps of Le Bland, was quite natural; but soon the dreamy murmurings of the waters, the gentle sighing of the winds amid the trees, lulled her spirit into tranquillity and forgetfulness of danger.

In that quiet seclusion from disturbing causes, she reflected with calmness and clearness of judgment, upon the circumstances of her position, and endeavored to mark out a course of action dictated by prudence and duty.

While occupied in this manner, a soft touch upon the arm changed the current of her meditations, and caused her to rise to her feet quickly, and turn an alarmed look towards the intruder.

The object that met her gaze is worthy of

some description. An Indian maiden, in the summer of womanhood, with a figure queenly in its proportions and bearing, stood before her. Her features were of marvellous regularity and beauty, but so proud and lofty in their expression, that Rosalthe, though startled at her abrupt appearance, could not repress an exclamation of admiration. Her eyes, which were dark and lustrous, were flashing with excitement. Her style of dress was by no means contemptible, but both picturesque and graceful, being ornamented in its different parts according to the arts of her people.

The two maidens stood *vis-a-vis*, the one defiant and haughty, the other wondering and alarmed. The steady gaze of the Cherokee girl was imperious, angry, and yet curious, and she moved not a muscle, nor relaxed a tinge of her sternness, while she studied every line of Rosalthe's fair face.

When she had subjected our heroine to this ordeal, which made her tremble, she spoke with impassioned earnestness:

"The daughter of the pale-face is fair, but she is weak; she has won that which she cannot keep, and which belongs to another."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Rosalthe, recoiling before the threatening glances of the Indian maid.

"What do I mean?" cried the latter, energetically. "How dare the pale-face be so bold, and look so innocent, when I know how black her heart is?"

"I am still dark—I understand you not," said Rosalthe.

"Wabuma (attend thou), and let the just Monedo judge between us. A white man came to the lodges of my people; his eyes rested upon the face of Wassahauza (an Indian term signifying *star-light*), and it pleased him. The pale-skinned was wise, and knew how to speak softly, and say pleasant things. Star-Light listened, and her foolish heart was taken captive by his smooth words; she spurned the love of Otter-Lifter, the noble young chief, and all her eye-light shone upon the deceitful child of Machinito."

The Indian girl paused, and struggled with her emotions.

"Wabuma! daughter of the white man, listen while I speak the wrongs of Wassahauza, of the red race of the bold Cherokee. The sun arose and set on her love, and the moon smiled upon the happy maiden. But the heavens grew black—a storm was in the skies, the heart of Sholska (Smooth-Tongue) was bad and full of lies. He went up to the big wigwam of the pale-faces, and whispered the same fair words to Wabahnokwot (the White-Cloud) that he had spoken to Star-Light. The White-Cloud listened to the soft speeches of Smooth-Tongue, and her heart beat with the same wild hopes that had filled the Cherokee maiden with joy. They met here on this spot, where the sun shines warm and bright, and the waters murmur with a pleasant sound. Foolish trembler, what do you say to this strange tale?"

Star-Light ceased, and looked disdainfully at Rosalthe, whose cheeks were pale, and whose whole form was agitated.

"My red sister is speaking of Le Bland, the wily Frenchman!" she said, when she had recovered sufficient composure to speak intelligently.

The Cherokee girl laughed sardonically.

"You are deceived—your wrong me!" exclaimed Rosalthe, earnestly.

"Mimo Monedo! Do I not know it? Have I not come to brush away the cloud that has obscured my sun?" cried Wassahauza, indignantly.

"Be silent and hear me," returned Rosalthe, with all the firmness she could summon to her aid. The White-Cloud does not love this Smooth-Tongue; she fears him, she shuns him. There is no sweetness in his tones for the daughter of the pale-face. She has no eye-light for the man whose heart is bad, and whose speech is full of guile."

"One pale-face has filled my ears with falsehoods, and I'll have no more; I believe they are all alike. No, no! your fair words, and fair skin, and fair looks cannot deceive me!" retorted Star-Light.

"I will make solemn oath to what I say. I will call upon the sacred name of the good Monedo!" cried Rosalthe, with touching earnestness, laying her hand upon the maiden's arm.

"Sholska swore by the good Monedo, and yet he was false—false as the evil Machinito himself," replied Star-Light.

"What can I do, then, to convince you? I despair of doing so," said Rosalthe, much moved.

"The White-Cloud must go with me," replied the Cherokee, sternly.

"Go with you? O no, I cannot!" cried Rosalthe, more alarmed than ever.

"Bahneenah! 'tis a passing sound—you can and must glide down the waters and walk the wide forests with Wassahauza."

The Indian girl took Rosalthe's arm, and pointed significantly down the river.

"You are one of my sex—you are a woman, though your skin differs from mine in color; then in Heaven's name, show the pity of a woman!"

"Who talks of pity? It is idle talk. Come with me, where the Smooth-Tongue shall behold you no more; I have stayed too long already," was the unyielding response.

"Nay, if you insist, I will call for assistance, and some evil may befall you," said Rosalthe.

"Speak but a single word above your natural voice, and this blade shall stop the heart's music forever," added Star-Light, drawing from beneath her Indian vestments a knife, and placing its polished point to Rosalthe's heaving breast.

"And can it be that one so fair, and one who can speak so wisely, has a nature so cruel? If I must feel a victim to your jealous fury, strike, and let me perish here near those who love me!" she cried, presenting her breast boldly to the gleaming steel.

The threatening features of Wassahauza relaxed something of their sternness.

"Cease to fear—I will not harm you. The White-Cloud shall float back again in safety; come away," she said, in a milder tone.

"Now you are fairer and gentler; relent still more, and let me go in peace," entreated Rosalthe, with clasped hands and beseeching look.

"Hush, silly maiden; no more words; you have my promise. Do not resist me a moment longer, or I may change my mind," replied Star-Light; and passing her arm within Rosalthe's, led her away down to the bank of the river. A light birch canoe was drawn up among the reeds.

"Get in," said Star-Light.

Rosalthe looked once more imploringly towards Wassahauza, and then obeyed; the latter quickly pushed off the frail vessel, and then took a seat in the stern, and using the paddle adroitly, urged it rapidly and silently down the stream.

When Rosalthe cast one long and lingering look backward, and realized that she was being borne from home and its dear associations, her heart was overwhelmed with inexpressible anguish. Of what agonizing fears would her friends become the victims when she should be missed and sought for in vain? Who would

solace a father's grief, or check a mother's anxious tears? What conjectures would they form—what clue would guide the daring companions of Boone upon her tracks? What sign had she left to direct pursuit? What fate was in reserve for her, and what reliance could be placed upon the Indian girl's promise?

While thoughts of this nature whirled through her brain, she wondered whether the hunter who had interfered in her behalf on the previous day would feel any regret when he heard that she had suddenly disappeared, and could not be found among the living or dead. At that moment it was no more than natural that such an idea should occur, and mingle with other reflections that crowded upon her. No sympathy appeared upon the countenance of Star-Light, as she plied the polished paddle; she sat proudly taciturn, and gave no indications of the strong emotions which had so recently shaken her queenly figure.

The parties swept along so near the southern bank that the tall oak and chestnut stretched their green boughs over their heads, while their giant forms were reflected in the waters beneath the voyagers.

Rosalthe struggled to regain her firmness, and partially succeeded. She changed her position in the canoe in a manner that would enable her to see her strange companion, and study her appearance more particularly than her fears had yet permitted her to do. She was endeavoring to imitate the stoicism of Star-Light, when the latter suddenly changed the direction of the canoe, putting it further into the stream.

"Lie down in the canoe!" she exclaimed, waving her hand imperiously; "lie down, if you wish gentle usage and a safe return."

Rosalthe mechanically obeyed, and Star-Light instantly threw a blanket over her, that laid at her feet.

"Now keep quiet, for I see one yonder who must not look upon the face of White-Cloud. It is Otter-Lifter, the brave young chief of the Cherokees," added Star-Light, in low tones, dropping the paddle more softly.

Half suffocated with contending emotions, and yet striving to bear her fate with heroism, Rosalthe lay motionless in the birchen vessel, and felt it leaping to the dextrous strokes of Star-Light.

#### CHAPTER V. THE DISCOVERY.

"You dar, Ebony?" said Andrew, in a loud voice, looking in every direction where the individual might be supposed to be. "You dar, I say, you collud feller?"

Exquisite Ebony, who had been sleeping very soundly for the last hour and a half beneath a hazel bush, aroused by the cries of Andrew, rubbed his eyes lazily, and answered, with a yawn:

"Am I whar?"

"Am you anywhar?—dat's what I mean," replied Andrew.

"Oh course I is. Go 'way, common nigger," returned Ebony.

"Don't go fur to guv yerself airs, but ax me do question I'm gwine fur to tell yo. Whar's yer young missus?"

"Don't be too familiar wid de higher classes. Dat question am not reverential to dar case," responded Ebony, loftily.

"I hab de honor, you igh'ant darry, ob representin' at dis time Missy Alston, and she am berry worried about de young missus," added Andrew.

"Dat young lady am under my 'special' 'tection," replied Ebony, with great dignity of manner.

"Dat am berry likely, when I doesn't see her nowhar, an' you hab been locked in the arms of Moris like de seven sleepers," retorted Andrew.

"Speak, and tell me where Rosalthe is, without delay, if you know," said Elizabeth Boone, who had accompanied Andrew from the fort, where the protracted absence of Miss Alston had occasioned some alarm.

"She went down dar," said Ebony, pointing with his finger, "and guested dis child to stay here till she call me."

"How long ago was that?" said Miss Boone, anxiously.

"My watch am run up, and I habn't wind him down yet," rejoined Ebony.

Without waiting to interrogate Ebony further, Elizabeth ran to the spot indicated, but the object of her search was not there. She then called her name in a loud voice, but echo alone answered.

Matilda Fleming and several others now joined Miss Boone, and Rosalthe's name was repeated again and again; but her familiar voice gave back no response; the voices of the anxious maidens died away unanswered in the forest. Misgivings became certainties, and fears, confirmed realities; some misfortune had indeed befallen Rosalthe.

Ebony, finding that his mistress was really missing, and smarting under the reproaches of Andrew, and of conscience, stood stupefied with terror and remorse; for it were unjust not to say that he was truly attached to his mistress. The enormity of his crime, in going to sleep, and allowing her to be carried away by the savages, or to be lost in the woods, as the case might be, now appeared to overwhelm him with guilt, and it is possible that some well-defined fears of the consequences of his neglect of duty had something to do with his apprehensions. Miss Aurora, moreover, hinted that his conduct was shameful, that he was an unfaithful servant, and stood high as a candidate for various unenviable flagellations. "Poor Ebony felt this to be the 'unkindest cut of all,'" the white portion of his optics grew fearfully large, and his whole expression unhappy.

While all the parties stood gazing at each other in sorrowful silence, Allan Norwood approached and inquired the cause of so much evident consternation, when he was immediately put in possession of all the facts known to them. The young hunter heard the news of Rosalthe's disappearance with a feeling of sadness not easily described. His footsteps had turned in that direction, encouraged by a vague hope that he might perhaps have the good fortune to see once more the fair object of his thoughts since the previous day. The pleasant fabric which his active fancy had reared fell to the earth a mass of ruins. The sweet enchantress, whose wand had reared temples of bliss, had disappeared, and doubtless he should see her no more. Her face might never again diffuse happiness and sunshine among her friends, and her fate might remain forever a mystery.

Mr. and Mrs. Alston, Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton and Joel Logston now hastened to the spot, the first feeling all the anxiety of fond parents.

"It's of no use to stand here, looking at each other," said Boone. "The girl has gone, and it is an easy thing to tell what has happened to her."

"I reckon you're right about that, captain," returned Joel Logston. "The red-skins have

spirited her away, and that's the long and short of it. It wont do no good to mince the matter; the truth might as well come out first as last."

"Fly to save my child! Why do you linger here?" exclaimed Mrs. Alston, in tones of grief.

"There isn't a man here but will do his best. Vesuvius, look round and see if you can tell which way the gal's gone," said Logston.

Vesuvius perpetrated a sound between a growl and a bark, made a furious pass at Andrew, which caused him to retreat so suddenly that he fell over a heap of brushwood, and then putting his nose to the ground, made, apparently, a thorough exploration of the spot, emitting, from time to time, dissatisfied yelps.

"The dog is at fault," said Allan.

"He never was at fault in his life," retorted Logston.

"He seems to be puzzled now," observed Simon Kenton.

"That cretur knows more nor all of ye about sich things. He'll find an Injin trail where the rest on ye wouldn't mistrust that a sparrow had passed along. He goes by the scent. It's instinct; and instinct does what the biggest education can't, you see," replied Joel, and then added, by way of encouragement to the animal, "Go it, Vesuvius!" which so incited his hostility to the human species that he instantly made another furious sally at Andrew, which caused that gifted person to aver that he (Vesuvius) was a disgrace to the whole canine race, and the bane of his own (Andrew's) existence.

"You shall smart for this, my lad!" said Mr. Alston, looking angrily at Ebony.

"I think he was not much to blame," observed Miss Boone, touched with the mental distress of the black.

"Here comes Monsieur Le Bland," said Alston.

"Let us hear what his opinion is."

Every eye was now turned upon the Frenchman as he approached, and not one of the parties, save the Alstons, seemed to hail his advent with pleasure. Allan watched his countenance and demeanor closely, to see how the news affected him; he observed, also, that Captain Boone, Simon Kenton and Joel Logston regarded him with keen and observant glances.

"My dear Alston, what means this sudden grief and consternation?" exclaimed Le Bland, grasping Mr. Alston's hand warmly.

"Rosalthe," said the father, with choking emotions, "Rosalthe—my darling—has disappeared—gone!"

"Mon Dieu!" cried the Frenchman, "what do you mean?"

"The fact is," said Logston, "the young gal has been carried away by the Ingins."

Le Bland looked hurriedly from one to the other, and Allan perceived that his face grew deadly pale.

"If he's acting a premeditated and studied part, it's very good acting," thought our hero.

"How long since this happened?" asked Le Bland.

"It is about two hours since she left the cabin," said Mrs. Alston.

"She must be pursued and overtaken," suggested the Frenchman, quickly.

"Yes, my dear Le Bland, let us pursue her!" exclaimed Mr. Alston.

"Believe me, Mr. Alston, I shall take immediate steps for the recovery of your daughter," said Daniel Boone, with a contemptuous glance at the Frenchman.

"Leave this matter wholly to me," resumed Le Bland, eagerly. "I understand the ways of the Indians, and perhaps I have some influence among them."

"I can't see how you know any more about the ways of the Ingins than that man there," said Logston, pointing at Captain Boone. "He trod the sile of Kentucky afore a Frenchman heerd there was such a place; and as for your 'influence,' I don't see how it can be that you have any among the aboriginal reptyles of this country."

"Will you leave this matter wholly to me, I ask again?" continued Le Bland.

Mr. Alston looked hesitatingly from one to another, and saw the scowling brows of his neighbors with alarm.

"No!" thundered Daniel Boone, striking the butt of his long rifle upon the ground. "No; this affair shall be trusted to those to whom it rightfully belongs; it concerns me and my faithful friends, and it shall pass into no other hands while I have any authority here. This is your answer, sir. You are at liberty, of course—and so is any other man—to look after the young woman, and do all in your power to recover her; but you have not the right to prevent others equally interested from doing the same."

The Frenchman bit his lips with vexation.

"You see how it is, my dear friend; I would gladly oblige you in this, as in all other things; but I can do nothing," said Alston, somewhat displeased at the evident coldness manifested towards Le Bland.

"Every man feels it his duty to assist youth and beauty in distress, and in this case, there is not a man at one of the three settlements who will not risk his life freely and willingly," added Boone, emphatically.

"We have no reason to distrust either your zeal or your ability to direct it to a successful termination," said Mr. Alston, earnestly; "and I trust there will be no dissensions among us to prevent a speedy and unanimous action."

"Forgive me, if my anxiety for Rosalthe's safety has carried me too far," said Le Bland, taking Mr. Alston's hand.

"I hope there aint no deceit about that cretur, but sometimes they as hides can find," muttered Logston. "If I was certain on't I'd make Vesuvius worry him to death."

"Come, friends—all—let us return to the fort and make instant preparation to pursue the savage captors and wrest from them their fair captive," said Boone.

During the latter part of this conversation Allan Norwood had moved silently away from the parties, and walked along the bank of the river. As he was proceeding slowly, looking for some indications of an Indian trail, Vesuvius ran by him with his nose to the ground, and did not stop until he had gone quite down to the water's edge; he then seemed at fault, smelled among the reeds, swam into the water and barked.

Attracted by his conduct, Allan carefully approached the spot. Upon making a critical examination of the reeds and shrubbery, he perceived that they had been bent down and trodden upon, and immediately concluded that a light boat or a canoe had been drawn up there and launched again. The young man, quick in his decisions, and deeply in earnest in whatever enterprise he engaged, spoke kindly and encouragingly to the dog, and proceeded down the river at a more rapid pace. Vesuvius looked after him a moment, as if doubtful in which direction his duty lay, and then followed, keeping close to the water's edge.

The singular request of Le Bland, to have the whole affair of the pursuit of the Indians, and the recovery of Rosalthe, committed exclusively to his hands, had not been without its influence

upon Allan. It had aroused all his energies, and caused him to feel justly indignant that the Frenchman's assurance should extend so far. In consequence of this feeling, and the impression which Miss Alston's beauty had made upon him, together with some other reasons which it is not necessary to mention, he resolved to make every effort in his power to unravel the mystery that now hung over the fate of the maiden.

Had he paused to reflect more deliberately upon the subject, it is very probable he would have been less hasty, and waited to act in concert with Daniel Boone and his friends; but youth is ever impatient of delay, and our hero pressed forward, full of sanguine hopes and daring projects. The image of Rosalthe seemed more deeply impressed upon his heart; her voice yet lingered like remembered music in his ears; her dark eyes and sweet expression were recalled, and came at his bidding to enchant him more completely.

He moved on like one in a dream. Rosalthe was in danger, it is true; but had not fortune so ordered it that he should be her deliverer? Had he not read of such things an hundred times in books? Did not every person living know that truth is stranger than fiction? The matter, in his mind, was settled. He was young, strong and daring; he would find the Indian trail—if the Indians were indeed concerned—follow it with the cunning of a veteran woodsman, discover her, at last, in a position of great danger, and save her, after achieving unheard-of exploits.

Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, or Joel Logston, would have reasoned rather differently and seen things in another light, unquestionably; but they could not have drawn more vivid pictures than did Allan.

When the mind is occupied with great and hopeful subjects, time flies quickly; and an hour with Allan was such a mere fragment that it passed unnoticed; although during that period he had walked several miles through a portion of country so delightful that it called up the idea of another Eden, planted upon Kentucky River. Allan stopped, and leaning upon his rifle, contemplated the beauty of the scene. A low, warning growl from Vesuvius caused him to turn his eyes in another direction. An Indian was standing beneath the spreading branches of a patriarchal oak. Allan's first impulse was to cock his rifle; but the Indian calmly pointed to his own, which was reeling against the tree within his reach, and the young man felt assured that his intentions were not hostile.

The red man was the first to speak.

"Son of the pale-face, fear not. Had Otter-Lifter intended you harm, you would have ceased to live already; for his eye has been on you for along time," said the Indian, in very good English.

"I feel that the words of the red-man are true," replied Allan, adopting the style of speaking characteristic of the Indian races.

"Wa-wa; whence came you, and where do you go?" asked Otter-Lifter.

"I am from Boonesborough," said Allan, at a loss how to answer the other question.

"Very great man is Boone," returned the Indian.

Allan replied that he was.

"My white friend has not told me where he is going?" observed Otter-Lifter.

"One of our young maidens has disappeared from the fort," said Norwood.

"Ugh! The pale-face is hunting for her?"

"Yes."

"And you suppose that some of my people have stolen her away?"

"That was my thought," replied Allan.

Otter-Lifter looked searchingly at the young hunter, and said:

"Men who have red skins can tell truth as well as those who have white. If one of your maidens has been carried away by any of our people, it is something unknown to me."

Allan could not help being struck with the noble bearing of the Cherokee. He had heard him spoken of by Captain Boone as one who contemned and despised the cruelties of his race, and he felt that he had good reason to congratulate himself that he had fallen in with a chief so celebrated for his love of justice and humanity.

"You are in danger here," added Otter-Lifter. "Return to the big wigwam, or you will perish by the hands of my warriors. Go, pale-face, go in peace, and tell your people that there is one among the red nations that loves mercy."

"You speak like a great chief," said Allan; "but how can I go back without the maiden?"

Her friends are sad; all hearts are heavy at the great loss."

"Wa-wa! Otter-Lifter has spoken. He knows nothing of the pale-face's maiden. Is it not enough?" replied the Cherokee, with dignity.

"We know that she has disappeared," answered Allan, "and Boone, the man with the big heart, is preparing to seek her. He is cunning as a fox when he follows the trail of his enemies, and strong as a lion when he raises his hand to smite them."

"What has that to do with me?" retorted Otter-Lifter, somewhat impatiently.

"It is possible that some of your warriors have carried her away without your knowledge," returned Allan.

"Ugh! then they shall carry her back," said the Cherokee, grimly. "I would fain live in peace with the pale-faces, although they are driving us from our lands and destroying our glorious hunting-grounds."

"There is," returned Allan, after a pause, "a Frenchman at the big wigwam, who talks, it is said, of making large purchases of land. Do you know him?"

The Cherokee frowned, and again looked searchingly at Norwood.

"My white brother is inquisitive; he speaks of that which does not concern him. What cares Otter-Lifter about the Frenchman's schemes? If he is treating for lands, is the chief of the Cherokees a woman, that he should tell all he knows to every one that asks him?"

"I meant no offence," said Allan. "It was only yesterday that the Frenchman had a talk with the missing maiden, and he used language that I liked not."

"He is called among my people Sholska, which means Smooth-Tongue, in our language," replied the Indian, with a disdainful smile.

"Why do you not live at peace with the white settlers?" asked Allan, who perceived that nothing could be learned of the chief in relation to the subject nearest his heart.

"Cast your eyes over this beautiful country," replied the Cherokee; "it belongs to the red

\* Otter-Lifter was a remarkable man. He had raised himself to renown as a warrior without ever having killed women, or children, or prisoners. His friend, his word and his rifle were all he cared for. He said the Great Spirit, when he made all the rest of the animals, created man to kill and eat them, lest they should consume all the grass; that to keep men from being proud he suffered them to die also, or to kill one another and make food for worms; that life and death were two warriors always fighting, with which the Great Spirit amused himself.—History of Kentucky.

men, and they love it as they love the blood in their own veins; but the white men come and say, 'This is our country; you must go away and let us possess it in peace.' And this is why the Indians fight. They struggle for their own, which the God of nature gave them. But what will their resistance avail? Nothing—noting! The graves of their kindred will be trampled upon by the foot of the white stranger; their great forests will fall, and the homes of the red race will be found nowhere—nowhere on the face of the wide earth; the pale-faces and their fire-water will sweep the Indians from among the living nations."

Otter-Lifter sighed, and without another word walked swiftly away. Norwood gazed after him a moment, and then turned to retrace his steps to the fort. He had accomplished about two-thirds of the distance, when, feeling somewhat fatigued, he sat down to rest a moment, and the dog crouched on the ground beside him.

Suddenly Vesuvius started up and sniffed the air, and at the same time Allan caught a glimpse of a human figure moving hurriedly among the trees. He immediately concealed himself behind a log as well as he could, and putting his hand on the neck of his canine companion, by dint of threatening looks and gestures, kept him still.

The figure approached, and proved to be that of a white man. Allan was about to rise from his place of concealment, when another party appeared, and caused him to forego his purpose. The second comer was an Indian, who instantly joined the first, and the two advanced to within a few paces of our hero.

"Where is Smooth-Tongue?" asked the Indian, rather indifferently.

"Hasn't come. I've been waiting a long time," replied the white man.

The Indian made no reply, lighted his pipe and began to smoke; but his white companion seemed by no means so patient.

We cannot do better, in this place, than to give the names of the two men without further preface. The white man was Silas Girty, an individual well known to the settlers of Kentucky. He was a faithless, treacherous fellow, celebrated for nothing save being friendly to the Indians, and inciting them to acts of aggression and cruelty. He led many of the attacks that were made upon Boonesborough and Harrodsburg. His companion was a chief of the Miamis, called the Little-Turtle, a character also mentioned in the annals of frontier warfare. The relation existing between Little-Turtle and Girty will become evident as we proceed.

"Are the Miamis ready to make an attack?" asked Girty.

"The bold Miamis are ready; they are always ready when the war-whoop sounds along the border," said Little-Turtle.

"I have seen the Wyandots—they are ready also. Why should there be any more delay about the matter? For my part, I don't see no use in it; every hour that goes by without being improved, is an hour lost. People will say that we make war like women, and not like men."

"The chief of the Miamis is ready to lead his warriors to battle. Let the Wyandots come on, and we will level the big wigwam with the dust."

"You talk well; you are a wise chief; but the Frenchman comes not according to his appointment."

Girty and Little-Turtle waited a short time longer, and then walked from the spot. Allan arose hastily from his place of concealment, and returned to the fort without loss of time.

## CHAPTER VI.

## STARTLING DEVELOPMENTS AT THE FORT.

WHEN Norwood reached the fort, he found Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton and Joel Logston ready to go in search of the missing maiden. Le Bland stood near, with brow overcast and sullen. He gave Allan one of his peculiar looks, as he joined them, and honored him also with his characteristic smile, which to Norwood was particularly offensive.

"Imprudent young man! why did you leave us?" exclaimed Boone.

"I would see you alone, sir," said Allan.

"This way, then," replied the pioneer. "Now I will hear you."

Allan without further delay proceeded to relate circumstantially all that he had heard.

"A white man and an Indian," repeated Boone, thoughtfully. "I have it," he added; "the first was Silas Girty—a man, to use scriptural phrase, 'full of subtlety and mischief!'"

"The Indian was of small stature, and chief of the Miami," said Allan.

"He is called Little-Turtle, and is a dangerous fellow. They spoke of an attack, did they?"

Norwood replied in the affirmative, stating as much of the conversation as he could possibly remember.

"The Frenchman referred to was no doubt our amiable friend yonder," continued the pioneer, looking towards Le Bland. "I have long suspected him of playing a double game like this. Leave him to me; say nothing of this matter, and we will see what can be done. He had an appointment with Girty and the Miami chief, no doubt, but did not think it prudent to go. I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Norwood; you have rendered an important service to me, and to all the settlers. You have commenced nobly the life of a pioneer."

"But what do you think of Otter-Lifter? Can his word be relied on?" asked Allan.

"It is my opinion that it can. If he has assured you that he knows nothing of Miss Alston, I am for one inclined to believe him," said Boone.

"What, then, can be accomplished? In what direction shall we look for the young lady?" continued Allan, earnestly.

"Those are difficult questions; they perplex me."

"And something must be done immediately," resumed Allan.

"I know it; but our position is critical. If a number of us leave the fort in search of Rosalthe, that very moment will probably be the signal for an attack by our enemies," replied Boone.

"Girty himself may have had something to do with this affair," added Allan.

"The Miami chief, also," said Boone.

"Nor would it be strange if yonder Frenchman knew something of this outrage," returned Norwood, in a suppressed voice.

"I have had such suspicions," returned the pioneer; "but I don't know—time will set us right."

Boone then made a gesture for Kenton and Logston to approach, Le Bland being at that moment busily engaged with Mr. Alston.

The information which Allan had brought was briefly stated, and for a short space not a word was spoken by either party, each striving to find out by some mental process what was best to be done.

"It's my opinion," said Joel Logston, at length, "that the Frenchman had better be done for."

"What do you mean?" asked Captain Boone.

"Make an end on 'im at once, that's what I mean," replied Logston.

"What do you think, Kenton?" asked the captain.

"Watch him, and shoot him down on the first appearance of treachery," replied Kenton.

"And what is your opinion?" continued Boone, turning to Allan.

"I concur with Mr. Kenton. Although the evidences of his treachery are strong, they would not seem to warrant the summary measures proposed by our friend Logston, to whose judgment I feel inclined to pay due deference."

"You are wrong, all of you!" exclaimed Logston. "Why not stop the mischief while there's an opportunity to do it? What satisfaction can you get when he's brought the Wyandots, and the Miami, and a lot of his own kind down upon us in sufficient numbers to eat us all at two bites? How can you help yourselves then? What on earth will he care for your watching after he's done just what he wants to do? Why not put a stop to it now? Thrust him into one of the block-houses and keep him there."

"There is much reason and good sense in what you say, Joel," returned Captain Boone, thoughtfully. "You are about right, I believe, all things considered. What say you to shutting him up, Kenton?"

"That will suit me just as well, and a little better, captain; so shut him up, by all means."

Norwood felt convinced that the plan suggested would be the most judicious, and expressed himself accordingly.

"I am sorry that anything of this kind should have happened among us, but I can see no way to avoid it now," said Boone. "Mr. Alston will feel deeply aggrieved, and discredit the whole story of his treachery. But what's the use to falter when duty points the way, and the lives of all are depending on promptness of action? Kenton, you and Logston may cage Le Bland as soon as you please. Put him into the block-house, and leave him to his pleasant reflections."

"It'll be the best job I've done for a twelve-month," said Joel.

The Frenchman and Mr. Alston were conversing earnestly when the parties approached.

"There has been too much delay about this business!" exclaimed Le Bland, turning towards them.

"That's just what I think," replied Joel, drily, laying his great hand on the Frenchman's shoulder. "Come with us, my lad."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Le Bland, the blood suddenly forsaking his face.

"This way," added Joel, tightening his grasp, "this way, my gentleman."

Mr. Alston looked at Captain Boone, then at Allan, and then at Kenton, every feature expressing supreme astonishment.

"I see that you are surprised, Mr. Alston, but it is necessary that this person's liberty should be curtailed, at least for the present," said Boone, calmly.

"And he may thank his stars that it's no worse than that," added Logston, dragging the Frenchman away.

"I am not only surprised, but indignant," replied Alston.

"I am sorry that you feel so about it; but I am doing only what my conscience approves," returned Boone.

"Tell me my crime. What base villain has slandered me?" cried Le Bland, struggling vainly in the hands of Logston.

"Treachery is your crime," returned Boone. "It's false! You can prove nothing," retort-

ed Le Bland. "That young fellow has a personal spite against me because I chastised his impertinence to Miss Alston no longer ago than yesterday. I dare say you can find the truth of my assertion written upon his shoulders in good round characters."

Allan's cheeks grew red with rage, but he disclaimed to contradict such a falsehood.

"You are too hasty, Captain Boone; you are doing foul injustice to Monsieur Le Bland. He is my personal friend; I know him well. This young man has wronged him, for he is doubtless smarting under my friend's severe discipline," said Alston, with much earnestness of manner.

"Mr. Norwood don't look like a man who would receive the kind of discipline you speak of very patiently," observed Boone, surveying with a smile Allan's stalwart proportions.

"It is not bone and muscle that makes men strong, sir; it is the right—the right, sir, makes the weakest arm strong," returned Alston. Then turning sharply upon our hero, he said, sternly, "Confess, young man, confess your error."

"What shall I confess, sir?" asked Allan, calmly.

"That, actuated by jealousy and malice, you have shamefully maligned this brave gentleman," replied Alston, in the same severe manner.

"Sir, I cannot understand you," said Allan, proudly.

"Who knows this young man? Who can vouch for his truthfulness?" resumed Alston.

"Those who came with me to Kentucky, and would willingly vouch for my veracity and honor, are now at Harrodsburg," said Allan, who perceived that all were looking to him for an answer to the questions proposed.

"He is a worthless adventurer!" exclaimed Le Bland, "and I trust I shall again have the pleasure of chastising his arrogance."

"Don't be too free," said Logston, giving his prisoner a hearty shake.

"I have already heard something in relation to this person," added Alston, pointing to Norwood. "My friend has spoken of him in a way that leaves little doubt on my mind in regard to his character and intentions."

"Take him away," said Boone, motioning to Logston and Kenton.

"I will confer with you privately on this matter, and give you such reasons for my conduct as will, I think, induce you to absolve me from blame, and change your opinion," added the captain, while the two foresters led Le Bland to one of the block-houses.

"This is unadvised—this is injudicious," continued Alston, still unconvinced.

"You do not know this man, my dear friend," replied Boone, soothingly.

"Who knows him better than I? Am I not deeply in his confidence? Is there not an amicable relationship existing between him and my family?" retorted Alston.

"I know all that you know, and much more. Le Bland is a false-hearted knave; as you will learn to your cost; and as for your daughter, she never liked him; but, sir, she feared him," said the pioneer, firmly.

"Strange infatuation!" exclaimed Alston.

"Andrew!" said Boone.

"Yes, massa," replied the negro, presenting himself.

"You are to keep watch of Monsieur Le Bland, and see that he does not escape from the block-house. Take your gun and keep guard at the door."

"Shall I shoot him, massa?" asked Andrew.

"Not unless he tries to escape," was the reply. "I'll do dat ar," said Andrew.

"See that you do, if you value your skin; for look you, darkey, our lives are all depending on it," added the captain.

"Lor, massa, how you does talk; I ken do it jest like nuffin. You ken trust dis chile as far as you ken see him."

"And not much further," said Boone to himself. Turning to Mr. Alston, he resumed, in a serious voice, "Trust my judgment for this time, and do not imagine that I am actuated by unworthy motives. If I am doing any person the least injustice in acting as I am, I will be the first to confess my error when it becomes fully apparent. I never took pleasure in wronging any human being, and I am getting too old to learn many new tricks now. This Le Bland I know is a personal friend of yours; but he is no true man; he is a spy—a wolf in sheep's clothing, and all the time he has been with us he has been in correspondence with our enemies. Hark! Let me assure that Rosalthe can tell you more of him than you would like to hear."

"I dare say you mean well, Captain Boone. I have no reason to distrust your friendship; but it does appear to me that some enemy has done this."

As Mr. Alston spoke, he looked askance at Allan, who well understood what he meant.

"You wrong the young man, sir, my word for it you do; and the time will come when you will confess your error. This very day, Mr. Alston, this good friend of yours had an appointment with Silas Girty and the chief of the Miami; and I should not be surprised if we were surrounded by Indians and Frenchmen before the sun has sunk in the west. I tell you we are in danger; but I do not fear it for myself—it is of our women and children I am thinking."

"Have I not a father's heart, also? Am I not at this moment suffering all the agony that a parent's heart can feel? Is not my darling torn from me by savage hands? O, Captain Boone, let us recognize these differences, and hasten after my daughter," replied Alston, in a voice husky with emotion.

"All that mortal man can do shall be done, and yet the fort must not be left without defenders," returned the forester.

At that moment there was an energetic knocking at the gate opening into the enclosure of the stockades where the scene just described had transpired. Ebony was ordered to undo the fastenings, and a strong, resolute-looking man, with a rifle upon his shoulder, entered.

The individual who appeared was Bland Ballard, whose services as a spy during the early history of Kentucky will never be forgotten. His bold step and firm bearing proclaimed him all that he had the reputation of being—a daring, trustworthy and efficient man, fitted for great emergencies and vicissitudes of frontier life.

"Ballard, I am glad to see you," cried the pioneer, grasping the hand of the scout. "What news have you? What of the Indians? Any new movement?"

"Well, cap'n, you'd better stop and get your breath," said Ballard.

"The fact is, we are rather excited here, Ballard," replied Boone.

"Should think so; but you'll be likely to get more excited by-and-by, I reckon, if nothin' in the course of water breaks."

We will here remark, en passant, that everything, either past, present, or future, was spoken of and referred to as something that had broken, was at that time breaking, or was to break at some future period.

"That's just what we're afeared on," remarked

Logston, who had executed his commission, and was now waiting further orders.

"There's Ingins!" said the scout, mysteriously; "there's no doubt but there's Ingins!"

"Unquestionably," returned Boone, drily.

"There's Ingins, unless something breaks."

"In course," said Logston.

"And there's another kind o' varmints called Frenchmen," resumed Ballard.

"How many?" asked Boone.

"Well, I should naturally say the woods were full on 'em, to speak after the similitude of a figure 'cordin' to scripture."

"There'll be fighting, then," said the pioneer, musingly.

"That's about the English on't—that is, unless somethin'—"

"Breaks!" interrupted Logston, with a mischievous snarl.

"Sartinly," said Ballard. "The fact o' the case is, we must shut ourselves up, here, and hold agin the nateral heathen of this sile to the very last, and longer, if possible."

"You may shut yourselves up as fast as you please, but I rather expect I shall take a turn round these here parts, to see what's goin' on; because, you see, I don't like to take nothin' second hand like," said Joel Logston, biting off a very ungenteel plug of tobacco.

"No, no, Joel, it won't do," remarked Boone, gravely.

"I should naterally say so," added Ballard.

"Joel Logston wasn't never none o' your scared kind o' folks—he wasn't," rejoined Joel.

"We all know it, Logston, and therefore we can't spare you. We shall want you to do some of your nice shooting," remonstrated Boone. But Joel, when once resolved upon anything, would always have his own way, and, notwithstanding all that could be said by way of remonstrance and entreaty, he mounted his horse and rode away.

## CHAPTER VII.

## JOEL LOGSTON'S ADVENTURES.

LOGSTON crossed the new clearings, and took the narrow footpath leading to Harrodsburg. He had proceeded about two miles, when he was loudly hailed as follows:

"Stop there, you Joel Logston; I want a few words with you."

"Hullo! Who the deuce are you?" exclaimed Joel, reining up his horse.

A man with high cheek-bones and downcast eyes, dressed in Indian style, emerged from the bushes and stood before Logston.

"I'm glad I've met you," said the man; "it may be the means of saving much trouble, you know."

"No, I don't know it," retorted Joel, calmly.

"But you see you will, old feller, when I explain all about it," replied the other.

"Perhaps!" rejoined Joel, laconically.

"I'm Silas Girty," said the man.

"And a mean-lookin' scamp you are," observed Logston with perfect self-composure.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Girty, with a scowl.

"Get out with your infernal Ingins nonsense," responded Joel. "You aint an Ingins, nor aint fit to be one."

"Be careful, my fiery lad, because you'd better bear in mind that you're in a rather ticklish position about now."

"I aint afeared."

"Hear what I've got to say, and it'll be better for you in the long run."

"I never run," said Joel.

"I've come agin Boonesborough with a great army, and mean to take it; nothin' this side of t'other world can save it; but I'd rather they'd give in and knock under without fightin', for you know Ingins can't be restrained when they git a taste of human blood; they have a nateral hankerin' for blood," resumed Girty.

"What terms do you offer, providin' they'll give in without comin' to hard knocks?" asked Joel.

"Why, I'll let 'em all, big and little, young and old, march out of the country unmolested. Aint that are merciful, magnanimous like?"

"Uncommon! But what are you goin' to do with Harrodsburg?"

"Sarra it the same; cruelty's no part of my natur'."

"I'm beginnin' to like you," observed Joel, with a curious expression.

"You're a game chicken, Logston. I've often heered on ye, and if you'll join us, I'll give you a thousand acres of prime land as soon as we've druv out Boone and his fellers, and all the rest on 'em."

"Now that's what I call generous!" exclaimed Joel.

"So it is, Logston; it is the generous policy that tells in all military leaders, and I've lately added it to my other virtues. But there's one thing I e'en almost forgot to mention. The fact is, I'm not a married man, and to come right to the pint, and to speak out manful like, there's a gal up there to the fort that has made a monstrous effect on me."

"What's her name, Captain Girty?"

"Eliza Ballard."

"Who?" asked Logston, with a sudden start.

"Eliza Ballard," repeated Girty.

"Bright gal, captain, bright gal!" exclaimed Joel, with forced composure.

"I know she is. I've watched her when she went down to the spring of water. But I've got two strings to my bow, my boy; if I shouldn't succeed with Eliza, there's Fleming's darter, as pretty a creature as ever the sun shone on. So between the two, I expect my heart wont git entirely broke down."

"When the Ballard gal's married, I hope I shall be present at the weddin'," remarked Joel, sentimentally.

"I'll make sure on't by askin' ye now. And hark! Jine me in this affair, and I'll say fifteen hundred acres of land instead of a thousand."

"Say two thousand, Captain Girty, and I'm your man."

"Well, I don't care; it wont make no great odds; so two thousand it is."

"Give me that bread-hook o' yours," said Joel, cordially extending his hand.

"Here 'tis," responded Girty; "I shall live to see you a rich land owner yet."

"A lot about six feet by two, perhaps," muttered Joel.

"Nonsense, Logston."

"I'll carry your terms up to the fort and do the best I can; and I'll speak a good word to Miss Ballard, for she's a beauty; captain, without varnish or whitewash."

"I shall depend on you, Logston. I knew you was my man, if I could only see you face to face; and really, it seems as though Providence brought us together."

"It does so," returned Joel. "I reckon I'll ride down to Harrodsburg first, come to think it over," he added.

"I wouldn't advise you to do that. The woods aint quite safe in that direction, at this time," said Girty.

"I'm good for any number of 'em."





JOEL LOGSTON'S ADVENTURE.

"There's a Frenchman up to the fort, I believe!" remarked Girty, carelessly.

"Yes there is, and I reckon he ain't fur from the kingdom," replied Logston, with a knowing wink.

"Has he talked with you about—"

"Time and agin."

"Is he sick, or anything?"

"Yes; he's got a heavy tech of the fever and agger."

"All right," said Girty, a great weight evidently removed from his mind.

"Hold here—jest another word about Eliza Ballard," said Joel, leaning towards Girty, and making a gesture for him to present his ear.

"There's the place I hear with," said Girty, thrusting his head towards Joel. "Fire away."

"Take that, you sneakin' renegade!" cried Logston, planting a stunning blow exactly into Girty's "hearing place," that fairly lifted him from the ground, and landed him head foremost in a heap of brushwood beside the path, where he lay motionless, with his heels in the air.

Joel cocked his rifle and pointed at him, but dropped the muzzle, saying:

"It won't do; the report would perhaps stir up a million of red-skins. Lay there, you infernal good-for-nothin', while I give you my honest!" he added, looking contemptuously at the motionless figure of Girty. "You ain't nobody to speak on; you're a vile critter; you're a despicable turncoat; I don't know nothin' bad enough to call you. If I had a knife I'd scalp ye, hang me if I wouldn't, so your own mother wouldn't know you! Talk about Eliza Ballard, will ye? Give me two thousand acres of land! O, you snipe! you mud-turtle! you unmerciful coward! you double-distilled villain! That's my blessin'. Come away, Vesuvius; don't touch the dirty critter—a dog is known by the company he keeps."

And having concluded his "blessing," and his well-meant advice to Vesuvius, Logston put spurs to his horse and left the spot, while Girty

remained in the unenviable position we have described.

The woodsman galloped briskly towards Harrodsburg, his indignation mounting higher at every step. Several times he was on the point of turning back to despatch the worthless object who had dared to aspire to the hand of Eliza Ballard, a young and comely maiden, upon whom his own affections had been placed for a long period. But second thought (which adage says is the best) displayed the imprudence of such a procedure.

"To think," muttered Joel, "that such a scamp should try to entrap such a lovely girl as Eliza! It makes me feel ugly all over; I was a fool that I didn't make a final end of the boasting blackguard."

The last period of Logston's soliloquy was scarcely uttered, when the crack of a rifle saluted his ears. His horse staggered a few paces and fell, severely wounded. Before Joel could disengage himself from the saddle, a rifle-ball whistled through his hunting-shirt, grazing the skin, producing a plentiful effusion of blood. The hardy forester, lulured to scenes of danger, was on his feet in an instant, firm and self-possessed, casting keen and rapid glances around him to discover his foe. The smoke from their rifles was curling gracefully upwards, but they were invisible, having hidden themselves behind trees. The quick and searching eye of Joel was not long at fault. In reloading his gun, one of his enemies exposed a portion of his body. Logston fired, and the savage cried out and fell. Another Indian immediately rushed from his hiding-place with a loud yell and uplifted tomahawk. The woodsman clubbed his rifle; his assailant instantly stopped, and hurled the weapon in his hand with such precision that it would have been fatal to him, had he not with cat-like agility sprung aside, thus avoiding it.

Logston now rushed upon him, thinking to despatch him by a well-aimed blow with his clubbed rifle; but the wary savage anticipating

his intentions, in every instance, managed to elude his furious blows. The conflict went on in this manner for a considerable time, with no advantage on the part of Joel. Finding that this kind of warfare was of no avail, and that he was wasting his strength in vain, he threw away his rifle and closed with his adversary in a hand-to-hand struggle, which was to cease only with the life of one or both.

Logston grasped the athletic savage in his snowy arms and dashed him to the earth, but found it quite out of the question to hold him there; for he was nearly nude, and his skin was so unctuous that he could easily slip from beneath his opponent.

As neither was armed, the struggle was long and desperate, Joel continuing to throw his antagonist to the ground, and he contriving, as often, to slide from his grasp. Thus they exhausted their strength, without giving or receiving any fatal injuries.

The forester, perceiving that his muscular powers were rapidly failing, adopted a new plan of offensive operations. As often as the savage attempted to arise after he had hurled him to the ground, he dealt him a blow just under the ear that knocked him down again. This change of tactics operated admirably, and the Indian's swollen and battered face soon gave tokens of its efficiency; his energies were fast failing, and his efforts grew less vigorous. At length a blow, well directed and powerful, caused him to lie motionless, and Joel was about to grasp his throat and strangle him, when he perceived that he was silently and stealthily endeavoring to get his knife from its leathern sheath.

Logston seized the weapon and plunged it into the Indian's bosom. He expired with a hollow groan, and the woodsman leaned against a tree, panting with exertion, to rest after the conflict.

Casting his eyes toward the spot where the other savage had fallen, he perceived that he was still living, and with heroic firmness had succeeded in reloading his gun, although it was

evident from his movements that his spine was broken. The wounded and wretched though determined being had not sufficient command over his disabled body to sit upright long enough to fire; but as often as he attempted to present his gun, he fell forward upon his face; and again struggling with unconquerable spirit, which neither pain nor danger could subdue, braced himself up with his weapon for another trial.

Upon the face of the writhing warrior there was depicted such an expression of mortal hatred and impotent fury that even Logston shuddered as he staggered away from the spot.

"Miserable cretur!" he exclaimed. "Your back's broke, and you can't never git over it; so I'll leave you to fight it out with death the best way you can; but you'd better be dead a hundred times."

Joel's horse had gotten upon his feet again, and did not appear to be seriously injured.

"We ain't worth much, neither on us, I reckon," added Joel, addressing the animal, and caressing his neck affectionately. "But you must try to get me to Boonesborough some way or other, for if you've noticed it, I've had a pooty hard time on it with the copper-skins."

At that stage of the woodsman's apostrophe to his horse, a cry from the wounded Indian attracted his attention, and looking in that direction the cause was at once apparent. Vesuvius, who previous to the fight had scented a deer and followed him some distance, had now returned to search for his master, and seeing the wounded savage sitting upon the ground, instantly attacked him; for, like his master, he had an unconquerable aversion to the red race.

Springing upon the ill-fated being, the dog sunk his sharp teeth into his throat, and with continual shakings, draggings and bitings, worried the life from his body.

"You should have been here afore, you lazy feller," said Joel, reproachfully, as Vesuvius, having shaken the last spark of vitality out of the Indian, stood over him growling hoarsely, and watching with vigilant eyes for some sign of life, that he might have a reasonable excuse for another attack.

"Don't sarve me another sich trick," added Logston, as he mounted his horse and turned his head towards Boonesborough.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE SEARCH.

THE heart of Allan Norwood was not weak and irresolute, but strong in its resolves, and firm and persevering in the execution of its purposes. The placid countenance, and the quiet and unobtrusive air of Allan, when nothing had transpired to arouse him to action, might have misled many persons in regard to his real character, and they would not have felt disposed to give him credit for so much energy and daring as he truly possessed; but could such individuals have seen him in moments of danger, when his sterner nature was awakened, they would have changed their opinion, and regarded him as a young man gifted with high and noble qualities.

The events at Boonesborough, in which Providence had made him an actor, called out the latent powers of his mind, and stimulated him to prompt and decisive efforts in regard to Rosalthe. Immediately after the departure of Logston, Captain Boone summoned some of the most experienced of his little garrison around him, to learn their respective views in relation to the course most proper to pursue under existing circumstances. All agreed, that, considering the

great danger, that menaced Boonesborough, every arm that could wield a weapon was needed in its defence; but notwithstanding, they deemed it their duty to make every effort in their power to rescue Mr. Alston's daughter.

Rosalthe, being fair and amiable, had won the friendship of old and young among the hardy pioneers; accordingly her case elicited much sympathy, and every one was anxious to serve her. Those capable of bearing arms, about twenty in number, would gladly have seized their rifles and rushed to the rescue, had they not feared an immediate attack by Girty and the Miami chief. It was finally decided that two or three persons of experience should steal quietly from the fort, to find the gentle maiden.

Kenton, Ballard and Allan immediately offered their services. Some of the older settlers hinted that the latter was not sufficiently experienced in Indian arts to venture upon so hazardous an enterprise; but Allan could not be induced to change his determination.

All realized how important the services of Captain Boone would be in such an undertaking, but none were willing that he should leave the fort, because his experience might be of more use than anywhere else, in case of a general assault.

Ballard affected to regard our hero with considerable contempt, for he prided himself not a little on his skill in woodcraft, and did not wish to be considered on a level with those less expert, who had perchance never followed a trail, or slain an Indian.

"If this Ohio feller goes with us, we can't expect that anything good will be likely to happen," he said to Kenton, in a voice sufficiently loud for Allan to hear.

"Why not?" asked Kenton.

"He's got no knowledge of these kind o' things. He wouldn't know an Indian trail from a rabbit-path. And as for rifle shootin', I don't suppose he could hit the bigness of a man at fifty yards, in firing as many times," said Ballard, ill-humoredly.

"Perhaps you underrate his abilities," answered Kenton.

"That ain't by no means probable!" retorted Ballard. "I'm called the shrewdest reader of human character in Kentucky. I don't often make mistakes in them kind of matters. The chap is too quiet to be anything; he's got no courage, and if he has, he hasn't skill enough to follow a trail. As sure as he goes, somethin' will break!"

"Quiet your apprehensions, sir," said Allan, approaching the scout. "Do your own duty, and if I fail to discharge mine, the blame will not be attributed to you."

"That's all very well," replied Ballard, unabashed. "I've heered people talk just so afore, and then be off in the time of danger."

"Come, Ballard, don't be hard; you'll wound the young man's feelings," interposed Kenton.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Ballard, imitating the short, guttural sound peculiar to the Indian tribes. "I reckon his feelin's ain't much finer nor mine nor yours. I ain't disposed to put my reputation on a level with a green hand like him."

The cool and contemptuous manner and insinuating language of the spy thoroughly aroused the indignation of Allan. He felt that time enough had been lost already, and that it was highly incumbent upon them to act without further delay. Keeping down, with a strong effort, the feelings of wounded pride and impatience that were rankling within, he stepped forward and laid his hand upon Ballard's shoulder,

and closing it until the fingers seemed sinking into the flesh, said in a hoarse whisper:

"Cease this foolish bravado; or, if you must quarrel, wait until we are outside the fort, when we will settle it like men."

The features of the scout grew pale, and then flushed with anger; he threw a savage look at Norwood, and grasped the handle of his hunting-knife.

Simon Kenton instantly seized Ballard's arm, and wrested the weapon from his hand.

"Are ye madmen?" cried Boone, who appeared at that moment, and saw what was taking place. "What means this? Why are ye wrangling? Is there not fighting enough to be done, without cutting each other's throats?"

Kenton hastened to explain the cause of the quarrel.

"Ballard, you are always too fast," added Boone. "Your ill-nature will cost you your life, ultimately; but I will risk this young man with you. No more delay—off with you, and do the best you can."

Everything being in readiness, the gate was opened, the trio took leave of their friends, and left the fort, followed by the prayers and good wishes of all who remained.

They proceeded down the river, the scout leading the way in sullen and ominous silence. It was evident that he had not recovered his temper, and was brooding over the scenes that had just transpired, with feelings and intentions far from amicable. He fully resolved as he strode on, that Allan should not accompany them, but return to Boonesborough, or dispose of himself in any other manner he saw fit. With lowering countenance, and determined air, he stopped, and turning to Kenton, addressed him as follows:

"You've heered my opinion about that young chap from Ohio, and I mean to abide by it, and set up to it. He may go any way he pleases, and do what he pleases, but he can't go with me—that's settled."

"This is folly!" exclaimed Kenton. "I will vouch for Mr. Norwood's courage and address."

"Well, if you like him, you can go with him, and we'll part company," returned the scout, doggedly.

"Recover your temper and be a man again," added Kenton.

Allan had gained sufficient knowledge of Ballard's character to enable him to understand that prompt and decided action was required.

"You have seen fit," said Allan, "to insult a stranger in a manner that is unpardonable; nevertheless I will bear no malice, if your conduct in future be such as one man expects, in decency, from another. If you wish to be on friendly terms, I am ready and willing; but if, on the contrary, you wish to fight, you will not find me unprepared."

"You look like it!" was the laconic rejoinder.

"You are unreasonable!" remonstrated Kenton, in a mild tone.

"We'll part company," added the scout.

"We shall thwart our own purpose, I fear, if we do that," continued Kenton.

"Enjoy thinking so; but here we separate," resumed Ballard.

The scout being naturally of a very obstinate disposition, it was impossible to change his determination; accordingly he shouldered his rifle and walked away, thinking, doubtless, that Kenton would follow him; but in this he was mistaken; Kenton remained with Allan.

"Let him go," he added; "he's in one of his contrary moods, and won't listen to reason. What shall we do?"

"Keep along down the river," replied Allan.

"What do you say to taking a boat?"

"That would be the very best thing we could do, if we had one," answered Norwood.

"There is one concealed in the bushes yonder; so we'll soon be afloat," said Kenton.

The little vessel was dragged from its concealment, and the two young men were soon gliding down the river. Norwood had not forgotten to inform his comrade about the circumstances of finding the spot where a canoe had evidently been drawn up, and of the strange conduct of Yeevius. For several hours they silently plied the paddles, always keeping close to the shore.

They had reached a place where the river made a sudden sweep to the left, and was much wider, when a man appeared on the opposite bank, and besought them in an impassioned manner to come to his assistance.

Simon Kenton paid no attention to his entreaties, which astonished Allan very much, whose ear was ever open to the cries of those in distress.

"What do you want?" asked our hero, touched with pity by the frantic entreaties of the unknown, and, apparently, greatly terrified individual.

"I've escaped from the Wyandots; they are after me, and I cannot cross the river; come and take me off, if you're Christians," returned the man, who continued to run along the shore, wringing his hand, as the boat passed on.

"Let us take him into the boat," said Allan.

Kenton smiled, and shook his head, and the man redoubled his cries, protesting that the Indians would soon recapture him if he did not succeed in getting across the river.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Norwood.

His companion smiled again.

"I'm absolutely starving—I'm torn and bleeding all over!" added the man on shore, in piteous accents.

"Come, my friend, this is unlike you!" continued Allan, to the impassive Kenton. "Are you not touched by the terrible fears and miserable condition of the wretched man?"

"Not I," said Kenton. "That distress is not real; it is an infamous plot to allure us to the other side. That white scoundrel is backed by a score of red-skins, no doubt!"

"Are you really in earnest?" asked Norwood.

"Perfectly so," replied Kenton.

"Then send a bullet through the treacherous rascal, in Heaven's name!" exclaimed Allan.

"That's the way I intend to assist him—out of the world," added the other.

"You are laying a trap to deceive us," said Kenton, ceasing to use his paddle.

The fellow on shore solemnly protested that he was not, but was acting in perfect good faith.

"How many Indians are there up in the woods behind you?" resumed Kenton, laying down his paddle.

The man swore that there was not one there to his knowledge; but that he expected every moment the woods would be full of them, when he, unfortunate fellow, would perhaps be burned at the stake, the subject of tortures impossible to describe.

Perceiving that the boat had stopped, and partially changed its direction, the impostor increased his outcries.

"Now, back water a little, and keep the boat steady," whispered Kenton; then addressing the fellow in distress:

\*Plots of this kind were of frequent occurrence on the Ohio and other large rivers, and were often successful.

"If we go ashore, you promise to play us no Indian tricks?"

"Not a trick," was the reply; and the white impostor called heaven and earth, and the Maker of both, to witness his truthfulness.

"Turn the boat quite round, head to the opposite shore, so as to bring you between myself and him," said Kenton in a low voice.

"What if he should prove to be no impostor after all?" remarked Allan, in a low voice.

"Nonsense! Look! I can see a painted face peeping from behind a bush. Steady—as you are. When I have fired, drop your paddle and let fly at the Indian, if you can get a chance."

The little boat now lay quietly upon the water; and before the man on shore perceived what was intended, Kenton raised his piece and discharged it.

The white man fell—scrambled to his feet—and fell a second time. Allan had kept watch of the red-face behind the bush, and the instant Kenton fired, seized his own rifle and followed his example with all the celerity and precision of a practised hunter. The painted visage disappeared, and a loud war-whoop resounded through the forest.

"You see I was right," said Kenton. "You have flushed your fellow outright, and the white renegade has got what he went for in a hurry."

"His distress seems to be more real now," observed Allan, as the wounded man attempted to recover his feet for the third time with no better success than before.

While Norwood was speaking, several savages appeared on the bank of the river, and our two friends were saluted with a shower of balls.

"Load your rifle," said Kenton, coolly, "and I will pull up close to the shore, and get as far out of range as possible. Several of their balls, you see, have touched the boat."

Simon bent smartly to the paddle, and the tiny vessel shot rapidly through the yielding waters. The young hunter reloaded his rifle, while the bullets of the enemy occasionally whistled past his ears, splintered the boat, or, their force being spent, fell harmless a few feet from them, into the water.

Allan now proposed that they should go ashore, leave the boat, and strike into the forest.

"Not yet," replied his brave comrade; "let us see what they will do."

"Several of them are at work in the water; I wonder what they are doing?" said Allan.

"They have doubtless sunk a canoe there, and are now raising it; they intend to follow us."

"You are right; they are dragging a birchen vessel from the water."

"If there is more than one of them, we are lost," resumed Kenton.

"Fortunately for us there is but one, and it will contain but four or five at the most. I think we can manage that number."

"We must sink the canoe; for if we allow them to cross, our chance of escape will be a small one indeed. So keep cool, and let us see whether they intend to pursue us, or go directly across."

"I hope they don't intend to cross, for then we shall have enemies on both sides of the river, in which case they can riddle us with their balls."

"There they come; pull away," added Kenton, who had just finished loading his rifle.

The canoe had left the opposite bank, and was now rapidly approaching, propelled by four savages.

"They are Miami," observed Kenton; "we must sink them."

"But how? Rifle-balls make but small holes;

we might perforate the bark in a dozen places below the water-line, and not effect our purpose."

"We have been trying some experiments at Boonesborough, lately, with balls linked together in this manner," replied Kenton, holding up two bullets fastened together by a small chain about eight inches long.

"These balls, when projected from the rifle, separate the length of the chain, and at the distance of one hundred and fifty yards, will pass through a board an inch in thickness. So you perceive that it will not take many such shots to sink one of those canoes, for they are not much thicker than brown paper."

"An excellent device, my friend," returned our hero.

"I hope you have driven home one of those kind of missiles, and have one or two to spare."

"I am ready," said Allan, a moment afterwards.

The Miami swept towards our friends with loud cries, thinking to terrify them, and render resistance less effectual.

"I don't care so much about destroying the poor wretches, as I do about sinking the canoe," added Kenton, in a suppressed voice. "Let us get the first fire, if we can. Do you fear them?"

"I never was afraid in my life," said Allan, coolly.

The words had scarcely left Norwood's lips, when a shot from the savages cut a button from his hunting-frock.

"That was very well done," remarked Kenton.

"Perhaps they will improve on it," replied Allan, with a smile.

"I hope not! Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Kenton, earnestly. "This won't do!" he added, as another shot passed through Norwood's cap, and a third lodged in the paddle he was holding.

"They are near enough; let us have a shot—it's our turn now. Fire at the canoe, and you can't help doing damage."

Both took steady aim, and the Indians, anticipating their intentions, endeavored to screen themselves by dodging their heads down into the canoe.

"That will only make it worse for them," said Kenton; and then both fired.

The result fully equalled their expectations; the fragile vessel was so badly cut that it immediately filled, and the Indians leaped into the water, some of them severely, if not mortally wounded.

In a few seconds the canoe sank. Then the terrified Miami made a great splashing in the water, while those on the bank yelled with rage. The two young men grasped the paddles, and used them with such effect that in half an hour not an enemy was to be seen or heard.

"What shall be done now?" asked Norwood.

"I think we had better land and sink the boat."

"That is my own opinion; for on shore we may find a trail; but the water keeps its secrets, and effaces at once the track of the voyagers it has borne on its bosom," said Allan.

Having landed, they filled the boat with large stones, and sunk it. The sun had gone down, and darkness pervaded the mighty forests.

"Come," said Allan, "let us go."

"Go where?" asked his companion.

"Anywhere," replied Norwood, hesitatingly, "to find Rosalthe Alston."

Kenton, who had seated himself upon the bank, arose and attempted to follow Allan, but staggered a few steps and fell.

"My dear Kenton, you are wounded!" exclaimed his companion, running to the heroic woodsman, and raising his head from the ground. But the gallant fellow made no reply; he had fainted from loss of blood.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

"ARISE!" said Star-Light.

Rosalthe lifted her head languidly. She had lain in the canoe she knew not how long. The voice of the Indian girl recalled her from a state bordering on unconsciousness. She looked around her like one dreaming, and wondered where she was; but in a moment she caught up the broken thread of memory, and the occurrences of the last few hours passed rapidly through her mind. She turned her gaze towards the skies, and perceived that the sun was far past the meridian, which fact assured her that considerable time had elapsed since she had sunk down in the canoe.

While she was making these observations, the birchen vessel touched the shore.

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

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

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

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

Rosalthe was aroused from an uneasy slumber (produced by exhaustion, no doubt), and food set before her, which many persons more fastidious in those matters than the dwellers of the backwoods would not have complained of. Of these viands she partook without hesitation, resolved to appear as unconcerned and heroic as possible before her strange companion.

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

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

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

"I swear," returned Star-Light.

"By the Great Spirit?" continued Rosalthe.

"By the Great Spirit," added Star-Light.

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

"White-Cloud is proud," said the Indian girl, after a pause. "She is vain of her beauty; she

fears that these colors will destroy it, so that Smooth-Tongue will no longer love her."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Let Star-Light and White-Cloud be friends," returned Rosalthe, in a kindly tone.

The maiden made no reply, but taking Rosalthe's hand, led her from the lodge.

"There is a village not far from here," said the former, when they had walked a short distance. "You will be safe there, for you shall dwell in my lodge, and I am the daughter of a powerful chief. You must not try to escape, for that might bring evil upon you. I will tell our young men that you come from our cousins, the Wyandots, on account of a young chief who loved you, but whom you despised. This tale will account for your appearance among us, if you follow my directions. Speak to no one, and leave the rest to me."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"My no cloud darker than that ever came between Otter-Lifter and Star-Light," replied the chief, pointing to Rosalthe.

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

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

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

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

"This White-Cloud," said Star-Light.

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

The three maidens being seated before the fire, did little else, for a time, than to throw furtive glances at each other.

The beauty of Rosalthe seemed to fix the attention of Monon in a particular manner, and the former judged by her looks that she had great difficulty in believing that she was, really one of a different race.

Presently Star-Light and her sister began to converse in the Indian tongue, and being somewhat familiar with the language, Rosalthe soon perceived that they were talking about a white captive that one of their war-parties of young men had taken at Harrodsburgh. This riveted her attention, and she listened with breathless interest to all that was said, understanding, occasionally, a few words. Her sympathies were more completely enlisted in the subject, when she learned that the prisoner was a young girl, and already condemned to death.

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

"But has not Otter-Lifter, or your father, power to save the poor girl?" inquired Rosalthe. Star-Light made no answer, but looked steadily at the fire.

"Did not the Great Spirit intend that the pale

and red faces should be perpetually enemies?" asked Monon.

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

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

"I know it; but it is wiser to lead men by the gentle influences of love, than to bend them to his purposes by force," returned Rosalthe.

"Who can tell his purposes?" said Monon, thoughtfully.

"I wish it had pleased the merciful Monado to have gifted me with eyesight so strong that I could look into the strange country where people say we shall go after death," observed Star-Light.

"For what object?" asked Rosalthe.

"That I might see how the Great Spirit governs the souls of men there, so that we could imitate him on the earth," she replied.

"We know he is impartial, and works in wisdom for the good of all," added Rosalthe.

"Yes, he is good," said Monon, "because he gives us the strawberry moon, and the corn moon, and the buffalo moon, all in their season, and never alters his mind and changes them."

"If he is so good, why does he let the people do wickedly—make war, and kill each other? Why does he suffer the poor white girl to be burned with fire, and allow others to lie and deceive?" said Star-Light, with much bitterness of manner.

"Perhaps he will not permit this girl to suffer. He may avert her fate," replied Rosalthe, quite earnestly. "Promise me that you will make an effort to save her," she added, with fervor.

"Lie down and sleep, White-Cloud," returned Star-Light, coldly.

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

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

Rosalthe lost no time in obeying; she arose and followed her from the lodge, while Monon remained sitting by the fire. Without a word being uttered by either party, they approached the spot where the unfortunate captive was waiting the execution of the sentence which had been pronounced upon her, by her judges.

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

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

Star-Light passed on, stepping lightly within a few inches of the unconscious watchers. Making a gesture for Rosalthe to imitate her example, she glided into the lodge. The prisoner was sitting near a smouldering fire, her hands and feet tightly bound with thongs of deer-skin. She looked up with an exclamation of astonishment as Star-Light entered; but the latter placed the index finger of her left hand upon her lips, and with the other pointed significantly towards the place where the warriors were sleeping.

The instant that Rosalthe caught a glimpse of the sorrowful face that was turned towards her,

she sprang forward and embraced the doomed maiden, exclaiming, "Fanny Harrod!"

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

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

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

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

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

#### CHAPTER X.

##### LE BLAND'S ESCAPE FROM THE FORT.

JOEL LOOSTON reached Boonesborough much exhausted from loss of blood; but he was not so weak as to be unable to give a very extraordinary account of what had transpired. His vocal organs were in suitable order to relate the manner in which six of his enemies attacked him upon the right, while nine more were advancing upon the left, three in front and heaven knows how many in the rear, because he had no eyes in the hinder portion of his head; therefore he could not be expected to know.

One thing was certain; Joel gave living evidence that he had triumphed over his assailants; for his own return was proof positive. The woodsman did not forget to render proper praise to that intrepid animal called Vesuvius; but believed that he could safely affirm that he had supped on warm Indian, of his own slaying.

Leaving the redoubted veteran of the forest to have his wounds dressed, and to refresh his energies by sleep, we turn to Le Bland, whom we shall find safely shut up in one of the block-houses.

The restraint which had been imposed upon the Frenchman's actions proved by no means agreeable. He felt that he was in danger, and that many of his plans were likely to fail.

His solicitude for his personal safety was blended with the utmost indignation. He attributed all his present difficulties to young Norwood, and firmly resolved to be fully revenged upon him. He paced the rough floor of the block-house till near midnight, devising plans of escape and retaliation.

The pioneers were in their cabins, and the Frenchman was the sole occupant of the structure. The door which opened into the enclosure was guarded by Andrew, who was soon to be relieved by Exquisite Ebony. That it would be possible to corrupt the simple black, and escape, was an idea that naturally enough crept into the

mind of Le Bland. The result of this conception was the following conversation between the parties:

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

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

"Am dat yon a spokin'?" said Andrew.

The prisoner answered in the affirmative without delay.

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

"And why not, Monsieur Andrew?" asked Le Bland, suppressing his rage.

"Kase circumstances am berry changed since mornin'; I occupies a different station in society."

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

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

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

Le Bland was on the point of giving utterance to some very bad language, but managed to restrain himself by a monstrous effort.

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

"Stop dat talkin', dar; I'm gwine to decompose some poetry," returned Andrew.

"Le Diable!" exclaimed the prisoner, whose patience was nearly exhausted.

"What will rhyme wid 'skios,' you French feller, in dar?" asked Andrew, after a short silence.

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

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

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

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

"Mon Dieu!" cried Le Bland. "You are a poet; you have drank of the waters of Castalia."

"I never takes nulla stronger nor egger fortis and whiskey," replied the African.

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

"You'd better decompose siffin for Missy Alston! heah! heah!" retorted Andrew, with a loud guffaw.

"The foul fend fly away with this stupid nigger!" said the prisoner to himself, "I can do nothing with him."

"Andrew, you are a poet and a man of feeling," resumed Le Bland.

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

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

"Money!" exclaimed Andrew, eagerly.

"Yes, Andrew; good, hard, silver pieces."

"Dat alters de circumstance. Poke out der

money frow der hole," responded Andrew, readily.

"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 frow de door," was the rejoinder.

"Get me an axe, then, and let me out 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 de currency," said the negro.

"Well, the axe?"

"I'll tell you whar to find one," said Andrew.

"There's one here, then?"

"Yes, massy; but you can't find it, 'less I tell ye."

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 he 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 axe 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, for the discovery of the axe would appear more the result of accident than any conveyance on their part.

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? If they heard the noise, would they be likely to suspect the true cause of the disturbance? The experiment was at least worth trying, and he resolved to risk it.

After considerable searching, aided by the faint light shining in at the loopholes, and by the sense of touch, he discovered a place where his operations promised to be most successful. But the first blow resounded so loudly through the empty structure, and among the adjacent cabins, that he threw down the implement in despair.

"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."

"The best thing you can do! 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; for he had made some brilliant additional improvements to his poetical tribute to Dinah's optics.

"De nightgales war singing loud,  
De moon was walking frow de cloud," etc.

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 far as he was able, whether he could reasonably expect any immediate assistance from Mr. Alston.

The result was satisfactory; he soon discovered that Exquisite 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.

"Here's Massa Alston," said Ebony.

"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.

"You speak truly; but you are aware that no efforts of mine were wanting to protect you from this indignity?" asked Alston.

"I freely admit you spoke in my favor; but is speaking all that friendship demands in such a case as this? Is not action also required?" asked Le Bland.

"I am ready to work with you heart and hand; but what can I do? When and where shall my services begin?"

"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 approving 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 the flames mounting to the skies."

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

"Is it not so with me, also? Am I not a lover? Is not Rosalthe the being of my idolatry? Who talks of grief? Who complains of sorrow?" returned Le Bland, with impassioned earnestness.

Mr. Alston was deeply affected, and although he had done all in his power to prevent his friend's imprisonment, he really began to feel that he had done little or nothing. Here was an excellent gentleman who was deeply enamored of his daughter. His daughter had been stolen by the savages, and the anxious lover was prevented from flying to the rescue by an unjust imprisonment. Was it strange that he resented the injustice which had rendered him inactive, while the object of his adoration was in deadly peril? No; all this was natural. Any man similarly situated would have exhibited the same impatience—the same burning solicitude—the feverish longing to be at large.

Mr. Alston was subdued. All resistance to the plans and purposes of the wily Frenchman were gone. He stood outside the block-house, looking more like a condemned and guilty person than did the individual within. He was ready to pronounce judgment against himself. He reflected upon the gigantic schemes which had danced through his brain, teeming with visions of unbounded wealth. Should all these grand speculations be allowed to fail? Should he shamefully desert the man who had raised up the golden fabric? The answer came to him in a powerful *no*—not for a moment. He would stand by him through slander and detraction, through imprisonment and danger.

"My excellent Le Bland, what shall I do?" he asked, at length.

"You ask me what you shall do? Do what your better nature is bidding you at this moment. Do what love for your child, and love for common justice demands. 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 falsehoods 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 upon 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.

"There's one subject which you have not mentioned," observed Alston, thoughtfully.

"And what may that be?" asked Le Bland.

"You have not reflected that it is exceedingly hazardous for you to leave Boonesborough. Our red enemies have been, as you know, unusually active of late. To venture forth at this time, seems like rushing to certain death. In my anxiety for my daughter, and sympathy for you, I had entirely lost sight of that most important fact."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "Do you imagine that I would shrink from any danger when duty calls me to act. You do not yet know me. Nothing is so dreadful to me as the thought that Rosalthe is exposed to insult and death. All other considerations fade from my mind. For her I would dare all things that can menace or affect the safety of mortal man."

"But stay yet a moment," added Alston. "You are unarmed; let me run to my cabin and get my rifle."

"Never mind it, my good Alston. I have many friends who"—Le Bland checked his speech, and left the remainder of his thoughts unexpressed.

"You ask me what you shall do? Do what your better nature is bidding you at this moment. Do what love for your child, and love for common justice demands. 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 falsehoods of concealed enemies. Act, and act quickly. Your friend demands it; your daughter invokes it."

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"And what may that be?" asked Le Bland.

"You have not reflected that it is exceedingly hazardous for you to leave Boonesborough. Our red enemies have been, as you know, unusually active of late. To venture forth at this time, seems like rushing to certain death. In my anxiety for my daughter, and sympathy for you, I had entirely lost sight of that most important fact."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "Do you imagine that I would shrink from any danger when duty calls me to act. You do not yet know me. Nothing is so dreadful to me as the thought that Rosalthe is exposed to insult and death. All other considerations fade from my mind. For her I would dare all things that can menace or affect the safety of mortal man."

"But stay yet a moment," added Alston. "You are unarmed; let me run to my cabin and get my rifle."

"Never mind it, my good Alston. I have many friends who"—Le Bland checked his speech, and left the remainder of his thoughts unexpressed.



Alston, in his eagerness and agitation, did not notice the circumstance, but continued to insist that he should wait until he returned with the rifle; and he reluctantly complied.

Alston hastened to procure the weapon; but when people are most in a hurry, their facilities matters the least. The powder-horn was misplaced, and the ball-pouch could not readily be found. The few minutes which Le Bland had to wait, appeared to him an age. Alston came back at the very instant when his friend's patience was failing; and the 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 XI.

### BOONESBOROUGH INVADED.

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. The stars were obscured by clouds, and only a few, at distant points, twinkled faintly in the firmament.

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; leaping from their beds in terror at the sound of the terrific war-whoop, they have met death unarmed, and without resistance."

"You speak truly; I know it by many bitter experiences. I have seen houses on fire, and heard the shrieks of women and children when the flames were leaping from their dwellings, and when the murderous hatchet was suspended over their heads. I have been in battles here and elsewhere; and I have been in infant settlements that have been surprised by the ruthless savage. I know well that this is the hour of Indian maraud and treachery."

"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 of them kind. I can't sleep when there's any danger, or any reasonable prospect of a fight. Isn't it so, Vesuvius?"

The ill-natured looking cur responded to this friendly question by a spasmodic growl.

"You made terrible work with the Indians, didn't you, dog?" added Logston, in the same confidential manner; and Vesuvius condescended to yelp again.

"He's a knowin' varmint," resumed Joel. "He can tell when there's a red-skin within half a mile. I really believe that he'd bark in his sleep if one of the painted critters should even look at Boonesborough!"

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 wont have to answer for much sin of that nature," 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.

"Mr. Fleming, go and order the men to come out silently, and without confusion," said the captain.

"It will be best," returned Fleming, and hastened to obey orders.

"I s'pose you've got that Frenchman safe enough," continued Logston.

"Certainly; he's in the block-house, just where you put him. I had a long and serious conversation with Mr. Alston in regard to him, but failed to awaken him to a sense of the danger to be apprehended through his agency. He is determined to see nothing wrong in him; and nothing but proof positive will ever convince him of Le Bland's duplicity."

"Silas Girty and the Miami chief could tell him enough about it, I rather reckon," answered Joel, drily.

"I have not the least doubt of it," returned the pioneer. "But observe the dog; he is growling more in earnest. There is certainly some danger."

"If I was goin' to die the next minute as is a comin', I should say and stick to it, there's Ingins not far off."

The settlers now began to leave their cabins and gather about their leader in silence, as they had been instructed. 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 such 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. Calm your anxieties as much as possible, that you may better administer comfort to your companions in affliction."

"Yes, I must try to bear up like a man," returned 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.

"We differ on that point, unfortunately; but we shall see. The French have assisted and encouraged the savages more than once, and I see not why the report that Du Quesne is marching against us at the head of a large body of savages may not be true," said Boone.

"Time will solve all these questions. A great explainer is Time; he gives us the keys to all mysteries, eventually," resumed 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 towards the block-house where Le Bland was supposed to be yet in durance. Dusky figures were seen upon the 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 any had anticipated.

But no eyes were more fully dilated with surprise than Mr. Alston's; he was almost paralyzed with what he beheld; he felt that he had been guilty also of a breach of trust, and in some respects, acted unworthily; but he did not even dream that his friend Le Bland had anything to do with what was transpiring before him.

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-house, 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 bold pioneer rushed towards 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 levelled from the several loop-holes completely covered Boone and his men. A few of the more determined 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, that 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 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 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 wound dressed—"this is the work of your Frenchman."

"I am still incredulous," replied Alston.

"Where is Andrew?" inquired Captain Boone.

"Here, massa," answered Andrew.

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

"Yes, massa."

"Are you sure?"

"Bery sure, massa Boone; 'kase he spoke to dis child."

"What did he say?"

"He axed if de moon am riz," replied the colored man, a little confused.

"Did he make any attempt to escape?" continued Boone, sternly.

"He spoke 'bout dat ar subject."

"What did you say to him?"

"Dat I's bery tired and couldn't tink to listen to no low remarks."

"Are you sure you said that?"

"Dat's de natur' ob de observation."

"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 jingling of silver coin was distinctly heard.

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

"Nuffin but nails, massa—not a single ting," 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.

Of the fact of Le Bland's escape, and the means employed, Andrew, as the reader is aware, knew nothing, and could give his master no information at all upon that subject.

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.

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

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 the most practicable, and was not favorably received. 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 with complete success, and every Indian within the block house was slain, or put *hors du combat*.

The struggle after the parties entered the building was brief, but sanguinary, and the shouts of victory in one block-house was 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 the women and children. Wives and mothers thought of the husbands they had lost by the hatchet, by the well-aimed ball, by the knife, or the more lingering death of torture. Fair young maidens thought of their lovers, and little children clasped their mother's 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 silver or gold; it is more precious than diamond dust. Fire only when you see a mark, and the noisy, bragging rascals will soon keep at a proper 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 upon 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 him.

"I think I've seen that French feller," added Joel, when the two had gone a little apart, out of hearing of their companions.

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

"Because I saw a face that looked like his, notwithstanding the point that had been laid on it. I was loadin' 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 thought, that a man who has received so much kindness at our hands can be so villainously ungrateful and treacherous; and yet I am disposed to believe that you are not mistaken," replied the forester.

"And to think that he should pretend to set his heart on such a girl as Rosalthe Alston," added Joel.

"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 from which they obtained this indispensable fluid was situated in the rear of the fortifications, at the foot of the eminence upon which they were built. There was a well-beaten path leading to the spring, 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, and all agreed that it must, in some manner, be procured before the enemy made another attack.

"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."

"And it appears to me that is not all that is intended," returned the captain. "They would, if possible, cut off their return to the fort."

"There is something more than that to be considered," remarked young Reynolds. "If any considerable number of us go out, they will make a desperate effort to enter before the gates are closed."

While Reynolds was speaking, a brisk firing was commenced on that side of the station furthest from the spring.

"You speak wisely, young man," said Boone, quickly. "The firing that has now commenced is only intended to distract our attention from the true point of attack. The gates must not be opened, for it is evident that they are expecting that we naturally enough feel desirous of obtaining a supply of water from the spring, and have taken measures accordingly."

"I think that female wit can free you from this dilemma," said Matilda Fleming, with blushing cheeks. "We women cannot do so much in battle as you, because nature has given us an organization less strong; therefore our lives, at this time, are not worth so much as yours; it shall be our duty, then, to go to the spring and procure water. If we go calmly, they will naturally conclude that their ambuscade 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 very good and judicious one," observed Mrs. Boone. And Mrs. Fleming and all the females said the same.

After many objections were made by the men and 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, as they descended the slope and advanced with unfaltering footsteps towards the spring, near which they were sure scores of their deadly foes lay concealed.

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 and ill-concealed anxiety.

"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 selfish 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.





INNIS MCKEE RELEASING THE CAPTIVE SCOUT.

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE SCOUT AND INNIS MCKEE—"SOMETHING BREAKS."

BALLARD, after parting with Kenton and Norwood, struck out into the forest in a south-eastern 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 for the rescue of the maiden.

"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 creter behind every bush, and no man could safely say his life was his own for the next three seconds. He won't never go back to Boonesborough with a whole skin; sumphin' in the course of nature will naturally break."

Having arrived at this sage, and to him self-evident conclusion, the scout paused to deliberate upon the object of his present mission, and the ways and means most likely to ensure success. In a short time he moved on again with a more assured step, having no doubt decided upon some particular course of action. He traversed beautiful woodlands, lying in uniform and graceful swells, where the wild grape-vine mounted gigantic trees, and where innumerable flowers breathed their perfume to the balmy air.

He heard the hum of busy bees luxuriating among countless petals redolent with sweetness, and the cheerful songs of a great multitude of birds. The agreeable aspect of all he saw, and the harmony of all he heard, chased away the moroseness of the scout. Born as he had been in a new country, and passing the larger portion of his life beneath the open heavens, he had become in his simple way a devoted lover of nature.

Ill-humor gave place to tranquil enjoyment, and he moved along in a happier and better frame of mind.

He now left the rolling lands, and entered a rougher region which stretched away to the base of some high hills. It was near the hour of sunset when Ballard reached the hills; and the great and beneficent dispenser of light and heat was darting his departing rays upon their wood-crowned summits. 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 yielding 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 hill-side, a few steps beyond, and the spot was overgrown with grape-vines and hazel, while the slight footpath tended in that direction and 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—for it was quite certain that it was now inhabited, or had recently been. 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, in order to see what lay still beyond

him, 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 towards 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 leaped against a large rock (which formed the entire side and roof of the cave) with a cleft at the top which allowed the smoke to pass out.

The flames soon 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 should 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 that your name is McKee, the bosom friend of that villainous piece of human nature called Silas Girty," said the scout.

"Draw it mild, or I may make an end of you on the spot!" answered McKee, savagely.

"You've always been a spy upon our movements, and your death has been resolved upon 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 a conversation so uninteresting, and accordingly turned his attention towards the two females. One of said females, and the eldest of the two, was obviously of the Indian race; while the youngest was evidently her daughter. Both were clad in the costume of savage life; the youngest was about eighteen 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. McKee's wife appeared less lovely in the estimation of the scout; for she manifested less compassion for his unfortunate condition, and had numbered twice as many years as the former.

When McKee had finished his supper (which he ate 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 whiskey—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 cheering 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. But, despite all the indifference of the fair half-breed, he could not help feeling attracted towards her.

"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 whiskey, and liked it so well that she tasted again, repeating the operation with marvellous alacrity and every sign of enjoyment. This was just what Ballard had anticipated, and he regarded her persevering efforts to drain the bottle with much interest; for if she became helplessly intoxicated, he doubted not but he could prevail on the daughter to assist him to escape.

Mrs. McKee 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. Ballard's greatest fear was, that McKee would return before the whiskey had wrought its effects; and he turned his eyes with

painful anxiety towards the entrance of the subterranean abode.

Mrs. McKee's utterance grew thick, and her conversation incoherent; she finally sunk upon the earthen floor, completely overpowered, and soon her heavy respiration gave evidence that she was unconscious.

"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 towards her mother, but made no reply.

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

Innis sighed and 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," said the scout.

"Why did you come here?" asked the girl.

"I blundered in by mere accident. One of our young women has been stole away by the Indians; I was tryin' to find her when I stumbled into this curious place; you know what happened to me arter that. I can't be called no great friend to your father, because he and Silas Girty stir up the Shawanese, Cherokees and Wyandots, against the new settlements; and they kill our young men and carry off our maidens."

"They do wrong—they do wrong!" exclaimed Innis, clasping her hands.

"Yes, pretty Innis, they do wrong," said Ballard.

"I have often told them so," returned the girl. "And you did right," added the scout.

"Girty is a bad man," continued Innis.

"He's a renegade!" returned the scout.

"I am very unhappy," added the maiden. "I know that the young women 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, earnestly.

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

"There is your rifle," said his benefactress.

"I see it; but I don't feel as though I could go without sayin' a few words that seem to be pressin' up from my heart. You have saved my life, and I thank you for it," returned the forester, with much feeling.

"You had better hurry away," said Innis.

"I've been a lookin' at you for a good while, as you sat by the fire, so pensive and melancholy like, and somehow or other I took a fancy to you," added the scout, with some hesitancy of manner.

"I'm such a half savage that I don't see how anybody living could be pleased with me," replied Innis, weeping.

"If anybody else should dare to call you a half savage, I reckon they'd never do it again in my hearing," returned Ballard, emphatically.

"The fact is; you suit me exactly, and I hope you'll excuse me for sayin' so. You see I'm a plain-speakin' man, and I say what I mean and

mean honest. I don't want to make you blush, nor be forrad on short acquaintance; but if you shouldn't take a likin' to me, I'm sure that in the course of natur somethin' will break!"

The bold scout laid his hand on his heart, as if to intimate that the "somethin'" which might be expected to "break," was in that particular locality.

"Do go, Mr. Ballard, for I don't feel as though I ought to stand talking with you here. It's not likely we shall meet again," said Innis.

"I should feel very sorry if I thought so, because I shan't never forget your handsome face. I shall think about you when I'm in the wilderness all alone; in the day time, when the sun is shinin' on the flowers, and in the night time, when the moon and stars are lookin' down on my lonely campin' ground. You may think this sounds kind of strange and wild like, secks' as we never met afore, but such things has happened often, as I have read in books."

"I should like to hear you speak in such a pleasant way if you wasn't in so much danger; but I had rather you would go, as my father may return at any moment, and Girty may perhaps come with him," resumed Innis.

"I will go, but I shall come to see you again," said Ballard, moving towards the open air. The scout paused, and turned once more towards his benefactress.

"I hope this affair won't get you into any trouble," he added, thoughtfully.

"Don't think of me; I shall do very well," returned Innis, hastily.

"If you should ever want a protector, or feel the want of a friend, let me know it, and I'll go through fire and water to serve you," he added; and invoking a hearty blessing upon Innis McKee, he gilded quietly out of the cavern, and the cool free air of heaven kissed his brow.

As he hurried from the hills, he forgot the dull ache occasioned by the blow upon his head, and thought only of the renegade's daughter, whose beauty had quite conquered him. He resolved to seek her again at the earliest opportunity, and do all in his power to make a favorable impression upon her young heart.

However incongruous it may appear to the reader, it is true that the scout muttered to himself as he moved along, "that he knew when he set out something would certainly break." And this reflection seemed a source of great comfort to the woodsman, for it deepened his faith in the strength and acuteness of his intuitions.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE TRAIL.

ALLAN NORWOOD raised Simon Kenton from the ground and discovered that the blood was flowing from the sleeve of his hunting shirt. He instantly bared the left arm, and found that a ball had lodged in it just below the left shoulder. He then proceeded to bind his handkerchief tightly about the limb, in order to stop the profuse hemorrhage. Kenton soon revived, and sturdily protested that the wound was a mere scratch, and that he should have no difficulty in going forward according to their original intention. Allan suggested to him the propriety of returning to the station; but to that proposition he would by no means listen. He said that he had undertaken the enterprise with a full determination to carry it to a successful issue, and would persist in it as long as he felt able to follow a trail.

A fire was then kindled, and a choice piece of venison which they had brought with them,

cooked for their evening meal. Kenton's wounded arm had ceased bleeding, and he professed to feel much refreshed, and in good spirits. He proposed that they should proceed towards a Cherokee village which was situated in a southeastern direction. If Rosalthe had been carried there by any of the war parties, the greater portion of the distance was probably accomplished by water, which would effectually baffle pursuit in the ordinary way; consequently to learn anything of Rosalthe, providing that she had been thus abducted, the chances of success would be greatest to take the nearest way to the village, and trust to circumstances and their own resources for the rest.

Allan and Kenton accordingly acted in agreement with this idea, and again resumed their way; and the moon coming up anon, lighted up their forest wanderings. Sometimes our hero felt hopeful, and at others depressed; sometimes his heart warmed with earnest zeal that could scarcely brook restraint, and caused him to quicken his steps to such a degree that his companion could with difficulty keep pace with him; and then again, the enterprise he had undertaken looked so unfavorable in all its aspects, that he was ready to throw himself upon the earth in despair.

Rosalthe! how musically the name sounded in his ears. He loved to hear it everywhere pronounced in the rough tones of the forester. Who is so bold as to affirm that there is not music in a name? Whose heart has not been stirred by the combination of certain letters, forming a single word? Who will not confess to the soft impeachment? Those who do not are unlike the bold Allan, for he acknowledged it in all his thoughts.

Before morning Norwood perceived that his comrade began to falter; his foot pressed the soil less firmly; he gave evident signs of exhaustion, and his breathing grew hurried. His baggared features and tollsome tread checked the impatience, and excited the pity of Allan.

"This is not right!" he exclaimed, stopping suddenly. "You are exerting yourself beyond your strength."

"I believe," said Kenton, faintly, "that the blood has started again."

Norwood hastened to examine the wound, and found that the handkerchief had been displaced by his exertions in walking, and the bleeding had commenced anew, and was very profuse. The handkerchief was again adjusted, and they were on the point of moving on, when the bark of a dog attracted their attention. Kenton leaped to his feet, and laying his right hand heavily upon Allan's shoulder, said in a tone that sent the blood upon its way with a quicker impulse:

"That is an Indian dog; we are pursued."

For a moment the two young men looked at each other in silence.

"What shall we do?" asked Allan, at length. "Nothing remains for us but to run for our lives, and break the trail," replied Kenton.

"Let us lose no time, then. I fear more for you than for myself; your strength may fall on account of that unfortunate wound."

"When my strength fails, then you must leave me to my fate," said Kenton, calmly.

"Never, while I have life!" exclaimed his companion. "It were shame indeed for me to abandon a brave man in the hour of his most pressing need. May Heaven save me from that heinous sin."

"It often happens thus; the disabled are often left to their fate in cases of disastrous retreats," answered Kenton.

"Yes; such things have transpired in numberless instances; but I hope never to be a witness of such a misfortune," replied Allan.

"The soil is hardest away in that direction; so let us on, and leave the red devils behind, if possible," added the other.

The young men now exerted their utmost strength to evade their savage pursuers, but occasionally the bark of a dog admonished them that they were still unsuccessful.

"We never can elude them while that dog is after us," said Kenton, at length.

"That's my own impression," replied Allan.

"We must wait till he comes up, and shoot him."

"That will be a dangerous experiment, for the Indians are probably not far behind him."

"It's our only chance; so you may go on; I will stop and despatch him."

"Rather reverse that proposition, for I am in better condition than you."

But Kenton would not change his resolution, and Norwood protested that he would not leave his side. Both the parties stood perfectly still, and the dog came on at full speed.

"I will stop his barking," observed Allan, cocking his rifle.

"Take good aim," said Kenton, anxiously.

"Be calm; I am always self-possessed in the hour of danger. I am called a good shot, also."

Our hero took deliberate aim and fired at the dog; he fell, and they heard a rustling among the leaves, produced by his death struggles.

"Twas coolly done," remarked Kenton.

"And now let us change our course once more. When you find strong grape-vines that have climbed tall trees, lay hold of them and swing yourself forward as far as possible, in order to break the trail. I will set the example."

They had gone but a short distance from the spot, before an opportunity offered to try this experiment. Kenton grasped the vine with both hands, as well as his wounded arm would permit, and swung himself forward a distance of several yards, and striking upon very rocky soil, his feet left no perceptible imprint. Allan followed his example, with similar results, and then both ran for life, for they heard the savages approaching.

All the various artifices to baffle pursuit were resorted to; but when the parties paused, ready to fall down with exhaustion, the sound of the savage horde came faintly to their ears through the intervening distance.

"I cannot continue this much longer," said Kenton. "My strength is failing rapidly."

Norwood entreated him to do his best, and they continued their efforts; but with no better success.

Kenton then sat down upon the ground, and declared that he was unable to go any further.

"Go on," he said, with extraordinary composure; "you may yet escape; but if you try to save me, both will perish. I will await here the coming of the Indians. My rifle and pistols are loaded, and I shall kill the first that appears. Yes, I shall have the pleasure of three good shots before I die."

Without making any reply, Allan placed his ear to the earth and listened with breathless interest. He heard approaching steps, and knew the elastic, bounding tread of the red men. He grasped his rifle firmly, stood a moment in thought, and looked earnestly at his friend.

"I beg of you, Mr. Norwood, to leave me; there is yet time for you to elude these ferocious, savage hounds. I shall perish, but I have always expected to die in some such way; I made up my mind to it long ago. If you should live to see Lizzie Boone, tell her that—that I thought

of her even when death was staring me in the face."

"My dear Kenton!" exclaimed Allan, "I would not desert so bold and heroic a comrade for a thousand worlds; no, not to save my life. Trust to me, and we will both escape, or fall side by side. My plan is formed; proceed as fast as you are able, and I will soon overtake you!"

"But this generosity is madness; by giving your life to yonder yelling demons, you will not prolong mine five minutes—scarcely as many seconds!" cried Kenton.

"I do not value existence so lightly that I am willing to throw it away without a chance of success. So go forward, in Heaven's name!" said Allan.

"I will," replied Kenton, sorrowfully. "We may never meet again; farewell!"

With tearful eyes and heart melted and subdued, the forester arose to his feet, and making a desperate effort, staggered on with a speed that surprised Norwood. The latter watched his lessening figure until he could no longer be seen, and then threw himself upon the ground among the rank shrubbery. He laid his rifle beside him, and drew his hunting-knife from his belt. The light, bounding footsteps which he had heard, came more distinctly to his anxious ears. He summoned all his constitutional coolness and courage to his aid. He had risked his life upon the correctness or incorrectness of a single idea.

By the sounds which he had heard, he judged that one of the pursuers was far in advance of all the rest; if that conclusion was just, he could wait for the foremost savage to come up, and then slay him on the spot. In the event that there should prove to be more than one, it would only remain for him to do the best he could, and leave all to the Great Disposer of events.

To the acute senses of the hunter, still more palpably came the vibrations of the agile steps. Allan's eyes were turned with intense interest towards the spot where a painted face, or faces, were expected to appear. One moment more of breathless expectation, and a gigantic Indian sprang into view. He was darting onward like a bloodhound, panting with exertion. In his right hand he held his gun, and his eyes were fixed with fearful eagerness upon the trail, casting occasionally keen and sweeping glances into the forest beyond.

He came on; he was flying past the spot where the bold hunter lay; the latter bounded up, leaping upon the savage like a young lion—the hunting-knife flashed in the first faint beams of the morning, and then sank deep in the red man's breast. A hollow groan was given to the gentle winds, and the pursuer had run his race. The athletic limbs quivered an instant, and all was still again—not a footstep was heard in the wide woodlands.

Allan thrust the crimson blade into its sheath, cast one look at the quiet outlines of the body, and then left the spot with confident and assured yet hasty tread. He overtook Kenton, who was dragging his exhausted frame along with indomitable energy and perseverance. When he heard steps behind him, he turned about and cocked his rifle, thinking the savages were upon him; but saw instead the resolute face of our hero.

"My dear Norwood!" he cried, while large tears rolled down his sunburnt cheeks, "I never expected to see you again on earth. What have you done?"

"I have slain the leader of the pursuit; I have sent him on the eternal trail that no warrior ever retraced."

"You have done well; the next half hour will decide this question of life and death," returned Kenton.

"I know it; now lean on me, and we will baffle them yet. Here is a brook; we will walk in it—it may break the trail."

By Norwood's help Kenton was able to proceed. Every ruse was resorted to; they doubled on their own tracks; they changed their direction many times, and when the sun was an hour high, no sound of pursuit could be heard, and they began to hope that the savages were at fault, or had abandoned the enterprise altogether.

It was now imperatively necessary that Kenton should rest. While looking for a place suited to that object, they discovered an Indian lodge, which proved to be uninhabited. Of this they immediately took possession. To the surprise of both parties, they perceived that a fire had recently been kindled there, and several articles of comfort were left; among which were several pieces of venison, some mats, a few undressed deerskins, etc.

Allan hailed this discovery as a singular piece of good fortune, and instantly set himself at work to minister properly to the wants of his friend. He dressed his wound as well as he could, searched for a spring, brought him cool and refreshing water, and then arranged the mats and deerskins, and prevailed upon him to lie down and endeavor to recruit his exhausted energies.

Kenton complied, making efforts during the time to induce Norwood to leave him there, and put a safer distance between himself and the Indians, who might possibly be on their trail.

Our hero was, of course, deaf to these suggestions; and in a short time had the satisfaction of seeing his comrade sink into a deep and tranquil sleep. He then kindled a fire, and moving about softly, like a careful nurse, commenced cooking as well as the case would admit, some of the venison so providentially provided.

While Allan was engaged in this manner, a human figure darkened the lodge door. The unexpected visitor was an Indian maiden. When she beheld our hero, she drew back with an exclamation of surprise.

"Come in," said Allan, perceiving she was in doubt.

The tones of the young hunter's voice seemed to re-assure her, and she advanced a few steps into the lodge.

"What does the pale-face seek here?" she asked, with a dignified air.

"I don't know that it would be proper to make you my confidant," replied Allan, with a smile.

"Confidence sometimes makes friends," added the Indian girl, in excellent English, though somewhat loftily.

"I know it, daughter of the red man," answered Norwood.

The maiden made no rejoinder, but stood, with her large, dreamy eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Are any of your people with you?" asked Allan.

"I am alone; are you afraid?" replied the maiden.

"Not of you, certainly," said Norwood, with a smile.

"Why are you so near our village?" inquired Star-Light, for it was she.

"A young maiden has disappeared from the station on the Kentucky River," rejoined our hero, resolving to trust her with the object of his mission.

"Is that all?" asked Star-Light.

"Is not that enough?" returned Allan.

"Such things often happen. But why do you seek her in this direction? Do you lay this new sin at the door of the Cherokee? Is the red-face always at fault? Did the Great Spirit make them a nation of thieves?"

"I said not so; but we seek that which is lost in all places where there is a possibility of its being found. Is it not so?"

"Wabuma!" exclaimed Star-Light, energetically. "Know that the White-Cloud is safe; she will return again to Boonesborough before the next moon. Go back and tell her friends so."

"What strange thing is this you say?" cried Allan.

"Am I speaking to the winds, that you do not understand? Are my words so idle that they do not interest you? I said that the white maiden was safe," rejoined Star-Light.

"Where is she? Let me see her—let me speak to her!" cried Allan.

"What is White-Cloud to you?" asked Star-Light, coldly, looking steadily at Allan.

"O, she is much! I think of her and dream of her!" exclaimed Norwood.

"And does she dream of you?" resumed Star-Light, in the same tone.

"Alas, no! She does not even know me."

"Hooh!" (an exclamation of contempt.) The pale-face has been drinking fire-water," said Star-Light.

"I am impatient to know more. If you really speak truly, lead me to Rosalthe," added Norwood.

"Wa-wa! I should lead you to your death. You would never return to the great fort to say that the pale maiden lives," returned Star-Light, emphatically.

"Rosalthe is a captive among your people—how then can she be safe?" asked the young man.

"That is known to me and not to you. I will tell no more," said Star-Light.

"You shall, by heavens!" cried Norwood, starting to his feet.

"The daughter of the proud Cherokee fears nothing. She is willing to make the friends of the White-Cloud glad by sending them word that she is safe; but should you torture her with fire she would tell no more," replied Star-Light, drawing up her person majestically.

The dignified and assured air of the Cherokee maiden, conjoined to her beauty of feature and form, arrested Allan in his purpose. He stood before her irresolute and embarrassed; before he had recovered his self-possession, Star-Light had glided from the lodge, and disappeared in the forest.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### SCENE AT THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

WE return to Rosalthe. She clasped her hands and looked imploringly at Otter-Lifter, who stood motionless in the path.

"What would Star-Light and her cousin of the Wyandots do?" asked the chief, coldly.

"White-Cloud and the maiden they call Star-Light do not like cruelty; they seek to save this pale-face captive from death," replied Wassahanza.

"And was not Otter-Lifter worthy of the confidence of Star-Light and White-Cloud?" replied the chief, in a tone of mild reproach.

"Otter-Lifter of the red race of the Cherokees is humane; but this captive was not taken by a war party of his, and he might have feared to

offend the young warriors who brought her away from Harrodsburg," answered Star-Light. "Wassahanza speaks of fear; when was Otter-Lifter afraid? When did he fail to raise his voice against cruelty? Who can say that he ever tortured a prisoner, or made war on women and children? Not a person living!" said the chief, with dignity.

"Then why does such a gentle-hearted leader stand still when his help is needed? Does he not see this trembling girl suffering the terrors of death? Has he not a hand to use, as well as a tongue to talk?" exclaimed Star-Light.

"The speech of Star-Light is bitter; she wounds the heart of the chieftain who is ready to die in her service," returned Otter-Lifter, mournfully.

"My fair cousin means not to wrong her friend, the bold Otter-Lifter. She speaks thus because the danger is pressing," said Rosalthe.

The Cherokee chief gave Rosalthe a searching glance while she was speaking.

Fanny Harrod had recovered her consciousness, and stood clinging to Star-Light and our heroine, awaiting with feelings which cannot be described the decision of her fate. Hope and fear struggled by turns in her bosom, and held her in the chains of suspense too dreadful to imagine. When Rosalthe had first seen her in the lodge, she had resigned herself with the calmness of despair to the doom which appeared inevitable; but since a ray of hope had reached her, the love of life had returned with all its legitimate power.

Miss Harrod was by no means a weak, irresolute character; but her position, it will be perceived, was one to try the strongest nerves; for there were but two sides to the momentous question. The dark side was unrelieved by a single gleam of sunshine—it was to return and meet death by a process from which the most firmly organized mind shrinks with a shiver of inexpressible horror; the other side of the subject was life and all its sweet enjoyments.

She fixed her burning eyes on the placid face of Otter-Lifter in silent agony of spirit; for she felt, and truly, that it was he who was to decide her fate. There was a short period in which no words were spoken. The captive read no emotions of pity in the features of the chief; he gave back her appealing look with one apparently as impassive as hers had been earnest. A faint smile at length played over his lips; he spoke, and Fanny and Rosalthe bent forward to catch his words with breathless attention.

"This white maiden," he said, slowly, "this white maiden is—"

"Is what?" exclaimed Rosalthe, no longer able to control her intense anxiety.

"Is condemned to death," added the chief, in the same tone.

"Heaven preserve my senses!" murmured Rosalthe to herself.

"Yes, the Pale-Lily has been condemned to death by the ordeal of fire; but—"

"What!" cried Rosalthe, with quivering lip and trembling voice.

"But she shall live!" added Otter-Lifter.

"It is well," said Star-Light, loftily.

"She shall live," repeated the chief, "even if the sum of her freedom be the life of Otter-Lifter. Yes, he will perish, before a single hair of her head shall be scathed by the devouring fire."

The chieftain paused, and turning more fully toward Star-Light, asked:

"Is it enough?"

"It is enough," replied the Indian girl.

"This way," continued Otter-Lifter. The latter moved on, and the three maidens followed

him without question. Leaving the little village, he led the way to the deep and dark forest, through the umbrage of which the pale moonlight with difficulty crept. He stopped at length a few hundred yards from the encampment.

"Stay here," he said, "till I return," and immediately left them.

Rosalthe was now about to reveal herself to Miss Harrod, but Star-Light sternly bade her be silent.

"If you would save her, be silent," she said. Though this was a restraint which she could not bear without much effort, she felt the necessity of obedience. Fanny Harrod was an intimate and valued friend, and she longed to throw herself into her arms and tell her all; but that could not be thought of under the circumstances in which she was placed.

Miss Harrod, who now began to feel somewhat assured of escape, felt a strong desire to know who the delicate Indian girl was who had embraced her and called her by name.

The time of Otter-Lifter's absence seemed long indeed to the expectant captive. A thousand fears and wild conjectures had birth in her mind. Perhaps the chief had been detected in his purpose, and the plan had failed. It was possible that he had not sufficient influence among the other chiefs and warriors to save her, and innumerable other fancies of this kind passed in quick succession through her mind to revive her terrors.

Star-Light appeared to fathom her thoughts, and said:

"He will not fail; he never breaks his word." These brief sentences cheered the heart of Miss Harrod.

After the lapse of half an hour steps were heard approaching. Fanny and Rosalthe simultaneously uttered a cry of surprise and alarm; for, instead of seeing Otter-Lifter, they beheld half a dozen warriors mounted upon horses. Star-Light remained calm and undisturbed.

"Peace! peace, foolish maidens! Otter-Lifter is with them!" she exclaimed.

Rosalthe looked again at the advancing Indians and beheld the chief in the midst of them, leading a horse. She kissed Miss Harrod's pale cheeks, and wept for joy. Without speaking, Otter-Lifter placed Miss Harrod upon the animal which had been provided for that purpose. The chief then turned to the young men.

"Conduct this maiden to Harrodsburg," he said, in a voice of command. "Otter-Lifter has pledged his word that she shall live and return to her friends. Go; and remember that your lives shall answer for hers, if harm befall her."

"Come here, Star-Light," said Fanny, in a subdued voice. The proud Indian girl stepped to her side, and Miss Harrod, bending forward, imprinted a grateful kiss upon her lofty forehead.

"It is all I can give you," she added.

Star-Light smiled faintly, and seemed to look lovingly at the young girl. For a moment her haughty beauty was softened into a mildness almost angelic. Standing as she did, with the dim rays of the moon shining upon her upturned face, she caused Rosalthe's thoughts to wander to that unknown period far back in the forgotten years of the past, when "the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair."

"It is well that you have been called Star-Light, for I behold reflected from your starry eyes serene rays of mercy and truth!" said Miss Harrod, enthusiastically.

Wassabauz gazed fixedly at Fanny, and her expression became more benignly soft.

Otter-Lifter gazed at her with a kind of mute idolatry discernible in his eloquent eyes, and

then turned abruptly from the scene, as if afraid to trust himself longer.

Star-Light moved slowly away, and Rosalthe took Miss Harrod's hand. When the latter stooped to kiss her forehead, she half-formed the resolution to whisper her name; but a single glance at the changed and gentle expression of Star-Light made her reject the idea; and in an instant Fanny and her escort were moving off towards Harrodsburg.

Rosalthe threw her arms about Star-Light and embraced her tenderly; all her unfavorable impressions were completely removed by the recent scene.

This spontaneous act of friendship the Cherokee maiden neither repelled nor encouraged, but suffered it as a statue of marble might receive the same indications of gratitude. The parties returned to the village, Otter-Lifter leading the way in silence.

It was on the ensuing morning that Star-Light visited the lodge where the interview already mentioned took place between her and Allan Norwood.

There was a great commotion at the village when it was known that Fanny Harrod had escaped. A council was immediately called to determine what should be done. While they were gravely smoking the pipe, as an indispensable preliminary, Otter-Lifter appeared among them. One warrior arose and advised that the warriors be punished who had been appointed to keep watch over the captive, which duty they had not faithfully performed. Another recommended that a small war-party be instantly despatched in pursuit of the captive.

A young chief next arose, and said that so far as he could learn, the young woman had been liberated by some man of influence among them; for, upon examining the adjacent forest, he had discovered a fresh trail, produced by some half a dozen mounted men. Moreover, some of their young braves were missing, and it would therefore seem as if they had been sent to conduct the young woman back to Harrodsburg. He hoped the wise chiefs would examine the matter, and see who was the guilty party.

During this speech murmurs of applause were heard from every portion of the council-lodge. When the fiery chief had ceased speaking, and resumed his seat, Otter-Lifter arose calmly to his feet, and looked deliberately around upon the faces of the assembled chiefs and warriors.

The eyes of every chief in the council were fastened upon him. At length, gathering up his majestic form to its full height, in a calm, impressive voice, he deliberately gave utterance to his thoughts:

"Our nation," he said, slowly, "in the past was a great and powerful one; its warriors were as numerous as the trees of the forest, and its young maidens were as plentiful and as fair as the flowers. The glory of the Cherokees is passing away; their numbers have diminished—their power is being broken. They could once make war alone, and feel assured of victory; but now they are obliged to seek for allies among other nations! Why is this? Why are the Cherokees and other red races of men fading away from the earth? Why do they not increase in numbers until they are like the rocks and mountains that cannot be moved? I will answer, and my words shall be uttered in wisdom. The Great Spirit is angry with his red children because of their cruelties! He hides his face from them because they show no mercy; because they have slain helpless children, and tortured men and women with fire. The whole human race is but one great family, of which the Great Spirit is the

father. He looks down upon his red children, and perceives that they are cruel—that they kill the innocent, and torture the young and the fair; and in his displeasure he will smite them until the arm of their strength is fully broken, and they shall not be able to make war any more.

"This is the curse that hangs over the red sons of the forest; this is the rod that will humble the Cherokee to the dust. Let us then learn wisdom from the past, and study to be merciful as well as brave. When we have learned to conquer by our generosity as well as by our arms, then we shall be indeed irresistible. I have never loved cruelty; I have never slain women and children; I have never put my prisoners to the torture. My soul scorns to do so; it is unworthy of men, and it is a custom that is destined to pass away.

"It was my hand that liberated the young white woman. I rejoice that I did so, because it is a deed that will give me pleasure whenever I think of it. I sent away the Pale-Lily under an escort of my warriors; and by this time she is far beyond pursuit. If these wise chiefs and these brave warriors are angry, let them turn their displeasure upon me. I am strong, and can die like a man; but she was a weak young girl, whom it was our duty, as brave men, to protect, and not to inhumanly torture. I have spoken."

Otter-Lifter sat down, and there was a deep silence among the chiefs and warriors. At length a chief who had more than reached the period allotted to human life—threescore years and ten—arose and said, in a voice of deep solemnity:

"The young chief has uttered words that have reached my heart. The spirit of Monedo rests upon the young man; he is worthy to be a chieftain among the red children of the Cherokees. I shall pass away, and the grave will hide me; but he will live to be great, and his name will be known among the nations. Young warriors and chiefs, imitate the bright example of Otter-Lifter; it is the advice of an old man whose way is towards the receptacle of death, and to whose eyes the scenes of the happy hunting-grounds already open."

The old man took his seat, and the assembled warriors were deeply affected. The current of opinion was changed. The council broke up; the warriors and chiefs pressed around Otter-Lifter to shake hands with him and speak some words of applause; for their nobler nature had been touched, and the man "who cared only for his word, his rifle, and his honor," was never so popular among his people as then. It is thus that a noble act frequently raises the actor in the estimation of those, whom, in all human judgment, it would have deeply offended.

About the same time that the above scene was transpiring, Star-Light and White-Cloud were walking in the forest, upon the margin of the Indian village.

"I have seen one of your people," said Star-Light.

"Where?" asked Rosalthe, eagerly.

"Near," returned the Cherokee girl.

"Who was it?" returned our heroine, looking anxiously at her companion.

"A young man, and he was seeking you."

"Describe him," said Rosalthe.

"He was tall and handsome, with black hair and eyes," returned Star-Light.

"Did you speak to him?"

"I did," returned the other.

"Did you ask him his name?" rejoined Rosalthe, with an earnestness that she made no attempt to render less apparent.

"I cared nothing for his name; but I told him

to go back to Boonesborough and tell your friends you were safe, and would be with them before another moon."

"I thank you for that," exclaimed Rosalthe.

Before the Indian girl had time to reply, a rapid footstep was heard, and Allan Norwood stood before the maidens. The suddenness of his appearance caused Rosalthe to recoil a few paces, but Star-Light remained unmoved.

"What brings you here? Have you worn your scalp so long that you have got tired of it, and wish to lose it?" asked Star-Light.

"I have come to seek the maiden I spoke of; and I will never go back till I know what her situation is, and I have some proof that you have told me the truth," replied Allan, firmly.

"I never speak falsely; it is the pale-faces that lie!" she replied, with dignity.

"I demand proof!" returned Norwood.

"Again I ask, what is the young woman to you?" said the Indian girl.

"She is much—everything, and yet nothing," answered the young man, with much feeling.

"That is strange! much, everything, nothing;—the young man has taken much strong water," replied Star-Light, with a contemptuous curl of her lip.

While this conversation was going on, our heroine stood partly behind Star-Light, partially concealed by her person; and the effect of the young man's words may be imagined by the reader. She had no difficulty in recognizing him as the man who had interposed to save her from the impertinence of Le Dand. She stood like one spell-bound, and listened to his words with intense interest.

"She is much to me, because I love her; and nothing to me, because she does not know me, and reciprocate the sentiment which a single chance meeting called up," he added.

"You have met her then? Why did you not tell her this pleasant story?" resumed the Indian maiden.

"I did not even address her," said Norwood. "I gazed upon her beauty only a moment, and she passed away from my sight like a fair but delusive vision of the night."

"And you were so foolish that you could not forget her! When our young men love the maidens, they go and tell them."

"I have already told you that she disappeared suddenly," said Norwood.

"You will tell her this pretty tale if you find her?" added Star-Light, looking at him with a scornful smile.

"Not until she is safely restored to her friends," replied Allan, firmly.

"Wabum! listen—let your ears be open—the White-Cloud already loves!"

The young hunter grew deadly pale, and pressed his hand to his forehead, as if it were stricken with a sudden pain.

Rosalthe's fortitude gave way; and the intensity of her emotions overpowered her; with a faint cry she sank into the arms of Star-Light; and her perceptions grew so confused, that the past, present and future were mingled in chaotic confusion.

#### CHAPTER XV.

INNIS MCKEE—BOONESBOROUGH FORMALLY SUMMONED TO SURRENDER.

INNIS MCKEE cast a lingering and anxious look at the scout, and then languidly resumed her seat by the dim and fitfully blazing fire. She reflected upon her own isolated and friendless condition. She wondered if the woodsman

really felt an interest in such an untaught being as she felt herself to be. He had given utterance to sentiments that sounded most pleasantly to her ears; she had never had such words addressed to her before.

While she recalled his earnest manner and subdued tones, she felt herself less reached, and encouraged a trembling hope of a brighter future, to come at some very distant day. The kindly words of the scout were like so many notes of music elicited from what appeared to her, the disordered harp of human society.

Innis mused on; but her truant thoughts finally reverted to a less agreeable theme. That her participation in the scout's escape would bring down upon her head her father's displeasure, was an object upon which she could feel no doubts. The name of Ballard was well known to the Indian tribes; his services as a spy had been such as to make him a dreaded enemy. McKee and Girty had good reasons to fear him; his extraordinary skill in learning their plans, and in evading pursuit, was a subject often talked of both by white and red men. Associated with Ballard were several others (who had been selected by the settlers at Boonesborough for their courage and address), who acknowledged him as their head, and the director of their movements. Many plans had been laid by Girty, McKee and the Indians to entrap Ballard, but they had all failed; and accident or chance had at length accomplished what art and stratagem had failed to do.

However much Innis might dread the consequences she did not for a moment regret what she had done. Restless and uneasy, she sat until the clouds were crimson with the dawning. Her mother awoke from her heavy slumber and looked about the dim and gloomy cavern with a dull and vacant stare. She saw Innis sitting abstractedly and silently in the same place and in the same position where she had seen her on the previous evening, before her senses had been overpowered by the intoxicating beverage.

Her eyes wandered mechanically to the spot where Ballard had been left by her husband; her apathy was gone—she was fully awake.

"He is gone," said Innis, in answer to her startled and inquiring look.

"Gone where?" asked Mrs. McKee.

"Where he lists—he's free," replied Innis.

"And you—" Mrs. McKee paused, as if afraid to finish the interrogatory.

"Assisted him," added the girl.

"Minno Monedo!" exclaimed Mrs. McKee.

No more was said by either party. Mrs. McKee produced a pipe and exhaled column after column with Indian stolidity; and Innis endeavored to imitate her indifference.

"This mode of life does not please me, and I care but little what happens," said the latter, after a long interval of the deepest silence.

Mrs. McKee made no rejoinder, but buried herself in the fumes of the tobacco.

"The young women at Boonesborough lead a better life: they have been taught many things which I know nothing about. I shall go there and see them, perhaps."

Innis ceased speaking, for she heard her father's footsteps. The color forsook her face, and she instinctively pressed closer to her mother's side. But the latter remained unmoved, and continued to emit dark wreaths of smoke.

As McKee drew nearer, however, and his steps resounded through the subterranean dwelling, she threw down the pipe, and folding her arms, calmly awaited the storm.

The renegade's eyes wandered quickly to the spot where he had left his victim.

"Where is he?" he asked, with a brow already clouded with wrath.

"Gone!" said Mrs. McKee, briefly.

"Gone!" he repeated, as if not fully comprehending such unwelcome intelligence. "When, and how?" he added, frowning fiercely.

"He's a brave man, and I gave him his liberty," replied the Indian spouse, in the same tones.

McKee's nostrils dilated with fury; he retreated a few steps and drew a pistol from his belt.

"I have borne with your Indian perversity and cunning long enough; I will rid myself of such an evil hag!" cried the renegade.

"Hold! stay your brutality!" exclaimed Innis, advancing until the levelled weapon covered her own person. "I alone am guilty of this deed; these hands released the scout while she slept."

Innis stood erect and firm before her father; she seemed like an accusing spirit sent to rebuke his wickedness; her form did not tremble nor her voice falter.

"You!" said McKee, and returning the pistol to his belt, he raised his hand to strike.

"Beware!" cried his wife, in a threatening voice; "be guarded in what you do. Remember that my father is a powerful chief among the Shawanese. I have only to lift my finger thus, and you will be swept from the face of the earth. Strike, if you dare!"

The man's arm sunk suddenly to his side. Fear for his own safety restrained him from acts of unmanly violence; but the demon was still raging within him.

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

"It is for my interest, I tell you!" added McKee, violently.

"Hooh!" exclaimed his wife, contemptuously.

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

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

"The Indians have promised it to him when Boonesborough, Harrodsburg and Logan are levelled 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 Shawanese, and the Cherokees."

"Accursed prophesies of evil! What will stop your dismal croakings! your boding voice always 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 Quene have already attacked it with hundreds of Indians."

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

"Croak on!" he retorted, angrily. "Croak on like an owl, and make yourself hoarse with your evil sayings, and see what it will amount to. Innis may make up her mind as soon as she pleases, to take Girty for better or for worse; for we've talked it all over between us, and decided on it. So mark what I say, both of you."



With these words and 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 always has been able to defend itself; why shouldn't it now?" replied her mother.

"The odds are so great against it, that it don't seem to me possible," resumed Innis.

"Long-Knife (Daniel Boone) is there, and he is a very great warrior; the station can't be destroyed while he's alive."

"But it may be taken by stratagem."

"Possibly," rejoined Mrs. McKee.

"In that event, what would be the fate of the women and children?" asked Innis, earnestly.

"Some would be slain on the spot; some would be taken prisoners, and die on the long march; and others would perish by torture."

"It's dreadful to think of!" continued Innis.

"We'll go up there and see what they're doing," said Mrs. McKee.

"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 referred to; and to which it is necessary that we should now return.

We left the bold pioneers awaiting 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 all 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.

"Pause, Joel! reflect, listen to reason."

"I hear only the shrieks of those females," rejoined Logston. "I listen only to their calls for help. Let me go—I am desperate!"

"And if you go with those who are 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.

This view of the case seemed to have some weight with Logston, and he stood irresolute.

"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 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 towards 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."

"They don't know what I know," replied Logston; "they haven't any idea what the girls were stolen away for. But I heard Girty talk about it myself, and I know the fiery trial that's in reserve for the poor young creatures."

"Some way of escape will be provided for them," resumed Boone.

"Perhaps so; I feel pretty sure that neither of the girls will ever consent to throw themselves away upon such a vagabond; they've got too much sense for that," returned Joel.

"Rest assured of it," added the pioneer.

"All this trouble has come of that 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 upon us ever since he's been here, and you'll all find it so."

"Such remarks, Mr. Logston, are extremely offensive to me," said Mr. Alston, who had heard Joel's last observations.

"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 nothin' 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 his man, and what he was doin'. Your Frenchman talks a great deal about makin' his fortune on Kentucky lands; and I know very well how he expects to get them. The lands he has so much to say about are right here where we stand; and if ever he gets 'em 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 Indians against the white stations."

"Le Bland has had my friendship and esteem; nearer relationship, it is well known, has been talked of; and I still find it impossible to believe all the dark reports which I hear of him. I hope you will all 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, which surprised the settlers not a little, for their foes were very numerous.

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

"I should like to speak a word to yonder boasting rascal," said Reynolds to Boone.

"Speak on," replied the latter, with a smile. "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 renegade, recreant to all that is noble in the human character; we know you as the enemy of women and children—such a monster of wickedness, and as a blood-stained villain." The name of Girty will be spoken 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 scores or two of hickory sticks with which we intend to sally out and whip you out of the country as we would thieving curs."

Reynolds's sarcastic speech put the renegade in a towering passion; he poured forth a volley of oaths that proved him a proficient in the art of profanity.

"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.

"Are you there, my fine lad?" asked Girty.

"How does your head feel?" rejoined Joel.

"It will never be well till yours is out of sight. I shan't soon forget that mean trick you served 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 Logston, menacingly.

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

"I wish you was under the ground," added Joel, impatiently.

"No doubt; you're thinking about the two girls, perhaps," replied the renegade.

"I am!" thundered Joel.

"O, the wind eats in that quarter, does it?" said Girty, with a laugh.

"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 the consequences, if he was not more careful in his speech; he there-

foreprudently 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 XVI.

### THE SIEGE OF BOONESBOROUGH.

REYNOLDS and Mr. Fleming were in the block-house nearest the river. Andrew and Exquisite Ebony were standing within a few feet of them looking cautiously through the loop-holes. 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; a few brief hours would decide the fate of Boonesborough.

The attention of the pioneers was suddenly attracted by an exclamation of surprise from Exquisite Ebony.

"What now?" asked Daniel Boone.

"Will yer look dar?" said Ebony.

"Where?" inquired the forester.

"Why dar, rite afore yer eyes."

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

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

The pioneer again looked 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?"

By this time many anxious eyes were gazing upon the river.

"By heavens! I understand it all!" cried Boone. "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."

"And we are no better than lost men," observed Alston, with a sigh.

The pioneers looked gloomily at each other; they thought of their wives and children; brave men wiped away the tears, that, perhaps, were never guilty of the like 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.

"Gorra mighty! dey's gwine to let loose old Kentucky!" exclaimed Andrew, with dilated eyes. "De women folks wont have to go arter no more water," observed Ebony, philosophically.

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

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

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

"We can have our choice, then, between fire and water," added Fleming.

"Or we can have both," retorted Joel.

The women and children had by this time learned what was going forward, and every part of the fort resounded with cries and lamentations. Husbands 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 another," 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 now able to judge, the term of our earthly lives is drawing to a close. I must certainly regard it in this sad light, unless some means can speedily be devised to thwart the hellish ingenuity of our enemies. I enjoin upon you all to be calm in this terrible emergency. The women have once proved themselves heroines since this siege commenced, and I doubt not they will again. This is no time for grief and tears; such demonstrations discourage the men, and our fair companions should rather strive to produce a contrary effect, and stimulate them to deeds of greater daring. Let the women and children all take shelter in the block-houses, 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, shovels, etc., that can be found, and hasten to the enclosure on that side towards 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 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."

In a short time ten or a dozen sturdy men were at work with picks and spades, and the dirt went merrily over the stockades.

"They are still digging; the water grows muddier," said Fleming, who with Boone and the rest remained in the block-houses.

"If they were not sheltered by the bank, we would soon make them scamper away," returned the pioneer.

"There's a burning arrow upon the roof of one of the cabins," said Fleming.

"I will go and put it out," added Daniel Boone's son, who was yet but a mere lad.

"You'd better not; I will go," replied Fleming.

"I am younger than you," answered young Boone. "I am not afraid."

"Stay, my son; I prefer to go myself!" cried his father, nervously, more willing to expose himself than his son.

"Your life is worth more than mine," said James.

"For my sake—for your mother's sake!" cried the captain earnestly; but before he had finished the sentence, James was running along the roof of the cabin, exposed to the enemy's fire.

The old veteran of the wilderness stood watching his boy with a terrible anxiety for the result, which no heart but a parent's can understand. He heard a discharge of fire-arms, and the balls that whistled about his son seemed to wound his own person. James stooped down, and with his foot extinguished the flaming arrow, while a literal shower of lead cut the air, and perforated his clothes in many places. The fire being out, the bold boy turned to retrace his footsteps, when a ball too true to its aim struck him upon the breast, and he fell amid the shouts of an hundred ambushed foemen.

The pioneer staggered and groaned as if his heart had burst, and would have rushed forth to cover his son's body with his own, had not Fleming held him, while Joel Logston, regardless of danger, leaped out upon the roof, raised the fallen youth in his athletic arms, and bore him to the block-house.

The shaft had been well sped—the wound was mortal. Joel laid the lad down gently upon the floor. The bereaved father bent over the dying boy in tearful agony, and taking up King David's lament, cried out in the bitterness of his wounded spirit:

"My son, my son, would to God I had died for thee!"

For a space all stood silent, too much affected to speak.

"Be a man, cap'n; be a man," said Logston. "Ah, Joel, things have changed since I bade you master your griefs," said Boone, in a choked voice. "This makes two darling sons and a brother that I have lost by savage hands."

"Others have felt the same heavy losses," said Mr. Alston, covering his eyes to shut out the affecting spectacle.

"James, James! my dear boy! look at me; it is your father that calls!" cried the captain, frantically.

Contrary to all expectations, the boy opened his eyes languidly and smiled faintly.

"He lives! he lives!" exclaimed Boone.

"Don't hope," said Joel. "The brave boy has got his death; them drops come from the heart."

"Unhappy father! unhappy father!" added Boone, kissing the pale lips of his son.

"He's gone to speak," added Joel, and all bent eagerly forward to hear what he would say.

"I'm going, father," said James.

"I cannot give you up," replied the father, with a groan.

"Where's mother and Lizzie? I must see them before I go," continued the dying lad.

"It will break their hearts—it will kill them!" cried Boone. "I would I had never lived till this fatal hour."

"Be brave, dear father—we shall meet again," resumed James.

And now ensued a scene so tender and affecting that the stoutest heart turned away unmanned. The boy's mother and sister had come to gaze upon him their last, and to share his agonies quite down to the rolling river of death.

"It's all over now—the pain of dying is past—the darkness has disappeared, and the light flows in. Farewell, loved ones—I go—I go; I go to the land where there are no warfares and fightings, and where God himself shall wipe all tears from all faces."

The boy smiled and died; and an expression of serene joy inexpressible lingered sweetly upon his young face.

"I have done struggling with destiny," said Boone, in heart-broken accents. "I yield now to my fate; I relinquish all earthly hopes. I shall command no longer among you; this last



blow has destroyed my manhood. Choose a new leader, and leave me to my private griefs," he added, sadly.

"No new leader will we have," answered Joel. "My voice will be heard no more in battle," replied Boone.

"Daniel, Daniel!" exclaimed Mrs. Boone, in a voice of solemn earnestness, wiping away all traces of recent tears, "is this like you? Have you ceased to be the iron-nerved man chosen by God to people this wilderness? Are you not to these heroic men what Moses was to the Hebrews? Will you falter now when the hopes of all are centered upon you?"

The hardy pioneer still stood irresolute, his eyes fixed sadly upon the body of his son.

Mrs. Boone approached and laid her hand softly upon his arm. "Daniel, it is Rebecca that speaks. Arouse yourself! shake off this unmanly despair! Women and children appeal to you for help."

"You are right, Rebecca; I must master myself," answered the forester, like one just awakening from sleep.

"Here is your rifle, Daniel," added Mrs. Boone, placing the trusty weapon he loved so well in his hands. The touch of the faithful steel, and the beloved voice of Rebecca, seemed to bring him to himself. He passed his hands over his forehead, and his spirit was once more alive to the sound of battle.

"To your posts, men!" he shouted, and with a firm step he walked round the works and reconnoitered the enemy.

The settlers continued the defence with great obstinacy, shooting down all those who had the hardihood to show themselves within gunshot of the fort. When the night set in, the digging was still progressing, judging by the muddy hue of the water; and the inhabitants of Boonesborough remained in suspense until morning, expecting hourly to hear the spades of the enemy in their underground approaches.

With the first light of the dawn eager eyes were turned towards the river. The sun came slowly up, and they discovered to their joy that the project had been abandoned, for the water rolled on clear and tranquil. Whilst the oldest of the pioneers were speculating in regard to what new mischief might be expected, another flag of truce appeared; but it was not borne by Girty.

"Who is he?" asked Mr. Alston.

"It is McKee, the friend and counsellor of Girty," said Joel Logston, handling his rifle nervously, and looking wishfully at Boone.

"No Joel; it won't do," replied the latter, in reply to the woodsman's earnest look. "He deserves death, but let us respect the flag, and not set a bad example for our foes."

"It's very hard," answered Joel, "that we can't give such wretches their deserts when they are within our reach. Just think of the mischief they two rogues have done us first and last, off and on."

"Too true, friend Logston; but it is the best policy to forbear, and look after the general good. To slay him under such circumstances would provoke our enemies without any particular gain on our part."

"Hullo, there, you fellows in the fort!" cried McKee, stopping and waving his flag.

"What's your business?" asked Captain Boone.

"Captain Du Quesne has sent me to invite you to make a treaty," answered McKee.

"What kind of a treaty?" asked the captain.

"One that will be greatly for your advantage," replied McKee.

"In what respect?" continued Boone.

"In several; to prevent bloodshed, and save the lives of your women and children."

"A great deal you care for women and children!" muttered Logston, biting his lips with impatience.

"You know Du Quesne and Girty have got a great army, and will soon succeed in destroying this little station; they can sit down before it and starve you out, if they can't do any other way," added McKee.

"That remains to be proved," retorted Boone, quietly.

"Du Quesne says he has killed enough of you, and is very willing to save the rest from the fury of the Indians. He wants you and three or four of your principal men to meet him and some of the chiefs outside the fort, where the terms of surrender will be arranged in a very friendly manner."

"We are afraid to trust such fellows," said the captain.

"You don't do Du Quesne justice; he really wants to do you a good turn; for he knows it will be impossible to restrain the savages when they get the upper hand."

"What do you think of what this fellow says?" asked Boone, addressing himself to Alston, Reynolds, Fleming, Logston, and others.

"It is my opinion it would be well to consider the subject; it may possibly be for our advantage, the enemy exceeding us so greatly in numbers," replied Alston.

"They are treacherous rascals; you can't trust them," said Fleming.

"It's indeed a dangerous experiment," added Reynolds.

"It's a trap laid to catch us; let us stay where we are," said Logston.

"Go back and tell Du Quesne and Girty that we will consider the matter and give them an answer in one hour," continued Daniel Boone, addressing McKee.

"I hope you'll come to your senses, by that time!" retorted McKee; he then returned to his friends again.

Considerable debate now followed; some of the settlers opposed the measure proposed by McKee, and others were strongly in favor of it. The subject was discussed with much warmth. While the matter was under consideration, Elizabeth Boone had been standing at one of the loop-holes of the block-house in which the pioneers had assembled. The aperture was on that side opposite the river, and commanded a view of the large forest on the right of the recent clearings.

The firing had ceased long before in that direction, but knowing that their foes were full of artful devices, Miss Boone resolved to keep a good watch upon that point, while the men were deliberating in regard to the proposed treaty. She was thus laudably employed, when she beheld a female figure emerging from the woods.

"What do you see, Miss Boone?" inquired Joel Logston, who perceived by her eagerness that some object attracted her attention.

"A female who appears desirous of approaching the fort," replied Lizzy.

"It's a young gal!" exclaimed Joel; "and she seems timid like about comin'."

"Perhaps it's an Indian in disguise," said Reynolds.

"Look and see," returned Joel.

Reynolds did as requested, and blushed at his own awkward suggestion, for it was easy enough to see that the person cautiously approaching was a young and pretty maiden.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## AN INTERVIEW IN THE FOREST.

"Go!" said Star-Light; "I hear footsteps." But Allan still lingered, looking inquiringly at the unconscious form of Rosalthe.

"My cousin is ill; she will soon recover; be gone, I say!" added Star-Light, impatiently.

The sound of footsteps aroused Norwood to a sense of danger, and turning from the singular scene, he plunged into the forest.

The next moment Monon stood beside Star-Light.

"The young pale-face I spoke of has been here," said the latter; "he has talked of White-Cloud until her soft heart was moved; but her strength is coming again."

"What did he say of White-Cloud?" asked Monon.

"*Minnawau!* 'twas a pleasant sound; he talked of love," returned her sister.

"She sighs—she breathes—she comes back again to earth," resumed Monon.

"It would be better for her to stay in the land of dreams," replied Star-Light, thoughtfully. "The world of shadows must be better than this."

Rosalthe opened her eyes and smiled faintly upon the two maidens.

"I have been weak and foolish," she said.

Monon pressed her hand slightly, and no other answer was made.

"Is he gone?" asked Rosalthe, timidly.

"Never to come back," returned Star-Light.

"Is he a prisoner?" exclaimed Rosalthe, grasping Star-Light's arm nervously, while the paint upon her cheeks failed to hide the sudden pallidness that overspread them.

"Peace, silly maiden!" said the Indian girl, with a smile. "The white hunter is safe."

"Thank Heaven!" ejaculated Rosalthe, and blushed at her own earnestness.

"Leave me alone a few moments, and I shall soon collect my confused thoughts, and recover my calmness," she added.

"Do not try to escape," said Star-Light.

"I will not," replied our heroine.

The Cherokee maidens moved slowly away, and Rosalthe's wish was gratified: she was alone. Like one in a dream she stood gazing at the beautiful scenery around her; but her thoughts were not occupied with what she beheld; she was thinking of Allan Norwood, and the words which she had heard him utter. To her the declarations which he had made were far from offensive; she could not but confess to herself that she had experienced a secret pleasure in listening to his earnest avowals. Her situation had been indeed a singular and in many respects a trying one. She had been obliged to hear a sincere declaration of the tenderest of all sentiments; and also to remain unknown to the person who had risked his life for her.

The late excitements through which she had passed, the thought of home, and the new love-dream that was opening so romantically before her youthful vision, rendered her feelings so intense that her physical system had for a moment yielded to the overpowering current. The balmy breezes blowing upon her brows reanimated her being; her fortitude and courage revived, and with a more tranquil step she walked among the wild flowers and green plants that margined the narrow footpath that wound its verdant way through forests of lofty oaks.

Rosalthe's dreamy meditations were disturbed by the hurried tramp of a horse's feet. She stepped quickly from the path; but not before the horseman was in sight, and had caught a



SEIZURE OF ROSALTHE AND MONON BY ORDER OF DU QUESNE.

glimpse of her person. Our heroine became faint with terror, for in the advancing horseman she recognized Le Bland; and she most cordially hoped that she should not be known, but pass for just what she seemed in externals—an Indian maiden.

"Is it you, Star-Light?" said Le Bland.

Rosalthe partially turned her face towards the Frenchman without making a reply. He immediately discovered his mistake.

"Ah, no; it is not Star-Light; but upon my word, one quite as pretty," he added.

Rosalthe dared not trust herself to make a rejoinder, fearing her voice might betray her; she therefore imitated the coyness and taciturnity highly characteristic of the race to which she apparently belonged.

"Although I mistook you for Star-Light, in good faith I am but little disappointed. What matters it! Come, girl, where is your tongue? Be not coy, but social—if you know what that means—I am in a mood to chat awhile with some one of your complexion."

Rosalthe raised her hand and pointed significantly toward the village.

"You mean to say that I shall go my way; but I am not disposed to obey you."

Rosalthe assumed an air of offended dignity, and looked in another direction.

"What are you called, my wild beauty?" asked Le Bland, urging his horse close to her side.

The easy impudence of the Frenchman began to have its effect upon Rosalthe; but she wisely controlled her feelings. She pointed once more to the path he had been pursuing, and then with a frown passed her fingers round her temples, describing very accurately the circumference of the scalp-lock.

"That they dare not do!" exclaimed Le Bland. "Not one of your race would presume to harm a hair of my head. And why should they wish to? Am I not one of them? Do I not espouse their cause, and lead them on to battle against

the white stations, that the red tribes may possess their lands in peace? No; my pretty flower of the wilderness, I have nothing to fear. I will be gallant if thou wilt be loving."

With an expression of the deepest scorn upon her countenance, Rosalthe turned from Le Bland and walked hastily away. He dismounted and followed her, when Star-Light, who had been an unseen witness of the meeting, stepped from her hiding-place and confronted him.

The Frenchman stopped, and for a moment lost his assured air and easy self-possession, and appeared confused. Star-Light stood erect and calm, perfect mistress of herself. Not a muscle betrayed disappointment, jealousy, or anger. With folded arms she waited for Le Bland to speak.

"Well, you really startled me at first," he said, with a careless laugh.

Star-Light smiled scornfully, but made no answer.

"All you red maidens are in the same ungenteel mood to-day, I believe," he added.

The face of the Cherokee girl grew more unfriendly in its expression.

"Come, come, Star-Light, give me a better greeting; you know I have been dying to see you," resumed the Frenchman, in tones more insinuating.

"I believe not the tale," said Star-Light, coldly, in reply.

"I will tell it to you so sweetly that you cannot help believing it," continued Le Bland, in his most agreeable manner.

"Say on, and you shall see, Smooth-Tongue," answered the maiden.

Her cold, calm manner disconcerted even Le Bland; but he quickly recovered his accustomed assurance.

"I have hidden from the great fort on purpose to sun myself in the soft light of your eyes," he resumed. "See; my horse is panting with exertion."

"Where have you been so long? Why did

you not come for eye-light before?" inquired the Indian girl.

"Because, light of my life, I have been suspected and shut up like a captive, which delayed the fulfilment of my designs somewhat; but I escaped from Boonesborough, and have attacked it with a great army."

"Why have you attacked the white station?"

"To drive them out of the country, so the red men can possess the whole."

"I believe Smooth-Tongue lies!" said Star-Light.

"What says my eye-light?"

"My people call you Smooth-Tongue; they do well; for your speech is smooth, and your ways deceitful. Begone! I love you no longer!" continued Star-Light with energy.

"This is strange! what evil thing have I done to offend the light of my eyes?" exclaimed the Frenchman, much astonished at what he heard.

"Go, Smooth-Tongue, go! The Great Spirit has opened my eyes to your deceitfulness. Your voice is no longer music, your smiles no longer sweet. My heart will warm toward you no more; it will be colder when you are near. I have no more eye-light for Sholeka; the past has melted away from my soul like the dews which the morning sun dries up. Away, and hiss your falsehoods in the ears of the pale-face maiden."

Le Bland stood silent and confounded.

"Star-Light will smile no longer upon Smooth-Tongue," added the Cherokee girl.

"Some one has amused himself by telling you lies," said the Frenchman.

"If a spark of love ever animated the heart of Star-Light, she has crushed it as she now crushes this fair flower."

While the maiden was speaking, she placed her foot upon a beautiful wild flower and remorselessly crushed it.

"Thus has it been, and thus ends it all!" she continued, bitterly. "But your own hour of darkness draws near; the Great Spirit seems to whisper to my soul of a sudden death, and an

unwilling journey to the land of shadows that leth towards the west. I see the figure of justice mirrored in the sunny sky; it holds a bow in one hand, and a quiver of arrows in the other. Let Shoiska tremble! Let his heart become weak and his cheeks grow pale!"

Star-Light ceased speaking, raised her finger warningly, and instantly glided away, followed by Rosalthe, who had been a party to this strange interview.

Le Bland stood rooted to the spot, and made no attempt to detain the maiden. \* \* \* Allan Norwood retraced his footsteps to the lodge where he had left Simon Kenton. He found the latter sitting at the door, patiently awaiting his return.

"What tidings do you bring?" asked Kenton, immediately.

Allan related what he had heard and seen during his recent interview with Star-Light.

"This seems to be rather a mysterious affair, but I trust it will end well," said Kenton.

"How does your wound feel to-day?" inquired Allan.

"Much better; I have been into the forest since you left me. As I returned (which was but a few moments ago) I struck a trail which I feel a strong desire to follow."

"Is it far from here?"

"Less than a mile," returned the woodsman.

"If you think the exercise will not irritate your wound, lead the way; I am ready," answered Norwood.

The two friends having carefully examined their weapons, set off in the direction where the trail had been discovered.

"This is the spot," said the forester, after a short and silent walk through the woods.

"The tracks are quite easily seen, although they follow a beaten buffalo path," he added.

"It appears to be the trail of a party on horseback," observed Allan.

"Yes, and not less than six in number. Let us go on a little way."

The hunters moved forward some distance, examining the trail minutely. An exclamation from Norwood induced Kenton to ask what he had discovered.

"The imprint of a white man's foot."

The forester was quickly at Norwood's side.

"You are right, for the feet too instead of in. The next question that naturally arises, did he belong to the party, or was he a prisoner?" resumed Kenton.

"By the signs," returned Allan, "I should say that he was a prisoner; for you observe that tracks commence here, and by walking a few steps in this direction, I imagine I discover some indications that a struggle or scuffle took place. In this spot the grass and wood-plants are trampled considerably."

"Correct again," said Kenton. "The unfortunate white man was doubtless tied to one of the Indians' horses and compelled to keep pace with them; for as I proceed, I perceive that his steps are very long, like one obliged to run."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Allan, with a sigh. "It's a pity we couldn't do something for him," added Kenton, looking wistfully at Allan.

"Only wish your arm was well," resumed Allan.

"Never mind that; I feel like a new man to-day," replied Kenton.

"There are two of us, and probably as many as half a dozen of the enemy," continued Norwood, musingly.

"You have the same ideas about this matter that I have. I'm glad you have, for I always like to assist a fellow-creature in distress. I

think, with boldness and cunning combined, we can do all we feel so strongly inclined to."

"Let us follow the dictates of humanity," responded our hero, warmly. "So well armed as we are, if we can surprise the party, the work will easily be accomplished, and a fellow-being saved, perhaps, from death."

"Such feelings are honorable, and accord well with my inclinations. The trail is fresh, and you may be assured that we shall not go far before the affair will be decided in one way or another. This business requires caution, and in its execution, we must be, in the Bible phrase, 'as wise as serpents.'"

The sentiments of the young man being the same upon the subject, the pursuit was immediately commenced. It is well known that to follow an Indian trail requires all the sagacity and skill of the most practised woodsman. At the period of which we are writing, a thousand arts were employed to evade pursuit, when some successful foray upon the white settlements had been made; but luckily in this particular instance, no uncommon precautions had been taken; the trail was distinct and bold, as if no pursuit was expected or feared.

The greatest danger, as Kenton justly remarked, was not that of losing the trail, but of coming so suddenly upon the party, that they themselves would fall into their hands. Accordingly, bearing this important item in mind, they proceeded very slowly, never speaking above their breath, and never treading incautiously upon the dry twigs.

The prediction of Kenton that the party was not far off, proved true. They had followed the trail about an hour when the neighing of a horse was heard. The young men crept forward upon their hands and knees, resolved at all hazards to learn how far their conjectures had been just.

"There they are," whispered Allan, as sheltered by a thick network of grape-vine, he obtained a full view of the party.

"They are Shawanese; one, two, three, four, five, six in number. Yonder are their horses; but where is the white man?" returned Kenton.

"Look to the left of that fellow who is in the act of lighting his pipe, and you will see him," replied Allan.

"Right, right! I see him, and if I can trust the evidence of my sight, it is Ballard the scout!" said Kenton.

"It is no other," answered Norwood, scarcely able to repress an exclamation of surprise.

"He's a lost man, if we don't save him," added Kenton.

"I believe they are making preparations to kill him now," resumed our hero.

While Allan was making this remark, two of the savages approached the spot where the unfortunate scout was lying bound, and compelled him to arise. He was then led to a small tree and firmly lashed to it with a wild grape-vine. One who appeared to be the chief of the party now approached Ballard with a tomahawk in hand.

"They mean to make quick work of it," whispered Kenton.

"Yes; there is not an instant to lose. Let us fire and then rush upon them with our pistols and other weapons; take the one on the right of Ballard, and I will pick off the one on the left. Are you ready?"

"All ready!" said Kenton.

The savage with the tomahawk raised the weapon to deal a deadly blow; but a bullet whistled through his heart, and he fell at the feet of his victim. At the same instant the one nearest him shared his fate.

"Come on, my men!" cried Allan, at the top of his voice, and followed by Kenton, flung himself among the astonished survivors, discharging his pistols with effect. Two more fell, and the others received severe wounds, but succeeded in making their escape. Before a minute had elapsed, the two young hunters were masters of the field.

With his knife Norwood quickly liberated the scout. He looked at his deliverers a moment, and then taking a long breath, said solemnly:

"I knew somethin' would break!"

"Your top story would have been broken by this time, I reckon," returned Kenton, pointing significantly at the savage nearest him, whose hand still held the handle of the tomahawk in the rigid grip of relentless death.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### NEW PHASES IN THE LIFE OF ROSALTIE.

THE deportment of Star-Light was more friendly after her return to the village. The reasons for this change were to be attributed to the occurrences of the day; we mean those relating to Allan Norwood and Le Bland.

Our heroine's emotions while in the presence of the former, and her evident repugnance to the latter, had produced a favorable impression upon the jealous Indian maiden.

Rosalthe took advantage of Star-Light's mood, to refer to the promise which she had made to conduct her back to Boonesborough. The subject gave no apparent displeasure, and the assurance was given that the matter should not be long delayed.

Rosalthe was much surprised at the calmness exhibited by the Cherokee girl, when she obviously felt so deeply on the subject. That the Frenchman had made the strongest professions of love to her, there could be no ground of doubt; and that Star-Light still distrusted his sincerity was equally sure.

"What does White-Cloud think of Smooth-Tongue?" she asked, abruptly, upon the morning following.

Rosalthe felt that it was her duty to deal truly and frankly with Star-Light; she therefore replied that she considered Le Bland a dangerous man, to whose protestations of love or friendship it was not safe to trust; that, if he had professed to love her (Star-Light), the truth compelled her to say that he had not acted in good faith, for during the last few weeks he had not ceased to persecute and render her miserable with his avowals, to which she could not listen without the very deepest repugnance.

While Rosalthe was making this statement, Star-Light kept her eyes fixed searchingly upon her. When she had ceased speaking, her companion shook her head and smiled faintly.

"And White-Cloud is sure that she has no happiness in the words of Shoiska?" replied Star-Light.

"Very sure," said Rosalthe; "his society was not agreeable to me from the first; and when I began to be suspicious that he was leagued with our enemies, I not only disliked, but feared him. I have told you this before, but you would not listen."

"The spirit of the lying Machinito is in him. Gozha Monedo!—the clouds of the sky grow dark; they are heavy with storm and tempest; I hear his *diawawana* (passing thunder) in the air."

Star-Light's eyes flashed, and her chest heaved with emotion as she spoke.

"Let my red sister be strong," replied Ro-

saltie. "Let her soul rise above sorrow. Smooth-Tongue is unworthy of her thoughts; therefore let her forget him. Otter-Lifter is brave and humane, and his heart sighs for Star-Light."

The maiden made no answer, and soon after Rosalthe and Monon left the lodge and walked into the forest together. They had gone but a short distance from the village when they were again met by Le Bland. He assumed the same easy, assured and arrogant tone which had characterized his conversation on the previous day.

"Yesterday you were coy; to-day I trust you will be kind," he said.

"Our cousin of the Wyandots talks but little," replied Monon.

"So I should think," added the Frenchman. "She seems to be a perfect mute. Is the gift of speech denied her?"

"She speaks to those who please her," replied Monon.

"Indeed!" said Le Bland, drily.

Monon did not think it proper to make any reply to this not very gallant rejoinder.

"I would speak a few words to you," continued the Frenchman, again addressing Rosalthe, but in a more respectful tone.

"Speak on," she replied, disguising her voice as much as possible.

"What I would say is for your ears alone."

"I am willing that this person should hear whatever you may wish to communicate," replied Rosalthe.

For a moment the Frenchman was silent; a significant, sarcastic smile played over his features.

"Think; reflect one single moment. Is there not some secret connected with your present situation which you might not wish to be known in certain quarters?" replied Le Bland.

"None in which I wish you to feel interested," returned Rosalthe.

"You are injuring your own cause," resumed Le Bland.

"I do not wish to have any further conversation with you," added our heroine.

"There is a place called Boonesborough," said the Frenchman.

"Who does not know it?" replied Monon.

"There is a family there by the name of Alston," he continued.

Our heroine made no rejoinder, but felt herself trembling in every limb.

"Mr. Alston had a fair daughter whose name was Rosalthe."

"I know what you would say," replied Rosalthe. "I know the words that hang upon your lips for utterance. What my present situation may be, it cannot be bettered by you, I would not trust myself with one who has proved himself so recreant to all that is honorable."

"You speak proudly and bitterly, Rosalthe Alston. Captivity has not turned your haughtiness and intractability of spirit. I find you just the same—but more cold, if possible. It was your father's wish that you should cultivate a far different deportment towards one who is but too willing to be your slave."

"Monsieur Le Bland, the time has passed when such language could be received with even the semblance of courtesy. Since your true character has been revealed to me in the light of day, and there can no longer be doubt in relation to that subject, I shrink from you with unspeakable repugnance."

"It has come to this, then?" exclaimed Le Bland. "You speak out at last; you throw

aside the filmy mask imposed by respect to your parents, and stand before me as you are; and I cast off mine. The period of dissimulation has gone by forever. Gentle speech and the soft fooleries of love cannot affect you; I must woo you as the gallant knights of the olden time sometimes wooed fair ladies—by sterner arts."

"I cannot for a moment doubt your inclination to commit any species of villainy, since you have betrayed those who have loaded you with kindness. Alas! those most dear to me may already be bleeding in savage hands! Boonesborough may even now be wrapped in red hot flames."

"Yes; Boonesborough is invested by a great army. Du Quesne has sat down before it; it is threatened by fire and water. Many of its defenders have fallen. All faces there are as white as those of the sheeted dead; all hearts feel the icy touch of despair. Women and children are quaking with horror; tears flow like rain; cries and prayers go up to Heaven like a burden of terrible agony," said Le Bland.

"And you, the author of this great wrong, can speak of it calmly?" cried Rosalthe.

"I can."

"I would that I could see this Captain Du Quesne," added our heroine. "I would throw myself at his feet and entreat him to have mercy on the helpless and the innocent."

"But little would you move him," replied Le Bland, with a sarcastic smile.

"He could not resist the appeals of mercy; his soul is not so hardened."

"I know him better than you."

"If he can bring such misery upon Boonesborough, he is not a man; he is a fiend!"

"He was ready to fire the station when I came from there."

"Merciful Heaven! how cruel is the heart of this man!" exclaimed Rosalthe, deeply moved.

"There is yet a solitary hope of saving Boonesborough, although invested by four hundred savages, led on by Du Quesne, and stimulated by the arts of Girty and McKee."

"What is that solitary hope?" asked Rosalthe.

"It is a hope as slender as the finest thread ever spun into the web of the spider's web."

"Name it—be quick!"

"It is a hope fainter than the breath of the dying zephyr."

"This suspense is dreadful; it fills me with horror."

"It is a hope as distant as the far-off planets; as cold as the frozen ocean."

Rosalthe clung convulsively to Monon for support, looking wildly at Le Bland.

"It is this; if you will listen to the wishes of your father (and duty to parents is strictly enjoined in the Book of books), the army shall be withdrawn from Boonesborough," said the Frenchman, calmly, bending upon Rosalthe a keen and penetrating glance.

"Merciful Father! can this man be trusted?" she exclaimed.

"No, no! The bad Monito is with him," Monon said, earnestly.

"It is terrible to think of being this man's wife!" added Rosalthe, wringing her hands.

"And is there not something equally appalling in the fate of Boonesborough?" asked the Frenchman, whose hopes in this new device momentarily grew stronger.

"I doubt your power to do this. Bring me face to face with Captain Du Quesne," returned Rosalthe.

"You have your wish; I am Captain Du Quesne," answered Le Bland, drawing himself up proudly, and smiling coldly at the amazed

expression that passed over the face of Miss Alston.

"You Du Quesne!" cried the latter. "Ay, Miss Alston, I am that monster," was the ironical rejoinder.

"It only required this declaration to make my repugnance complete. If you have no other conditions to offer, Boonesborough must indeed perish!" returned Rosalthe, in despairing accents.

"Think of all those you love; have respect to the gray hairs of your father—to the cherished wishes of the kindest of mothers."

"Dare you hold such language, in the face of heaven, and in the sight of God? Do you feel no fear?—do you not tremble at your own enormity?" replied our heroine.

"You talk like a woman; I have gone too far to recede. I feel no remorse, none of the lashings of conscience you speak of. I have but one desire—one absorbing wish—that swallows up all other thoughts—the ambition to call you mine—to know that you are indissolubly connected with my destiny—that fate itself cannot take you from me!"

"I am not so silly as to be deceived by your protestations; I know the baseness of the heart from whence they spring. If my life would redeem Boonesborough from the danger that now threatens it with annihilation, I would willingly yield it; but this other condition you talk of is too horrible."

"To know the danger to which your friends are exposed, you must go with me; you must look upon the painted faces; you must witness upon their red visages the impatience which they feel to dip their hands in gore. If the spectacle does not move you, you are composed of sterner material than I imagine."

"Go with you? God forbid! I would not look upon the doomed station!"

"But I shall not consult your wishes; you shall see Boonesborough assailed with fire and sword, and behold the destruction of all the inhabitants by hands that know no mercy!"

Du Quesne gave a shrill whistle, and three savages appeared, who instantly seized the two maidens. Both called for assistance; but their cries were immediately stopped, and they were placed on horseback. In a few minutes they were moving off through the forest at a rapid rate in the direction of Boonesborough. Monon bore her fate with stoical firmness; but Rosalthe, less resigned, sighed for the gentler captivity of Star-Light, from which she was being conveyed, to a condition which might prove a thousand times more wretched.

On the way Du Quesne informed her that a small party which had accompanied him to the Cherokee village, had been attacked on the previous day by Simon Kenton and Norwood; the fellows, he said, who had officiously interfered with his affairs on several occasions. Some of his faithful allies, he added, had been slain, and a prisoner of much importance set at liberty. To punish such an audacious outrage, he had instantly despatched a messenger to Boonesborough for a larger party, which would pursue the offenders until they overtook them, when strict justice would be meted out.

He then referred to his imprisonment at the station, attributing the same to the agency of Allan, who had artfully contrived to poison the minds of his friends against him. In the most unequivocal terms he vowed the destruction of Norwood. His escape, he averred, was a thing impossible, when it was considered how many warriors he could let loose upon him. The wilds of Kentucky were not large enough to admit of

his hiding himself away from his wrath. He would send so many savages after him that they would be as numerous as the trees of the forest, provided the party he had already despatched did not succeed.

These menaces Rosalthe was obliged to hear in silence, and it added not a little to her unhappiness to think that Allan might soon be in the power of her persecutor.

"How mutable are things human!" thought Rosalthe, as she pursued the way towards the fated station. "How uncertain is the future!—how weary the journey of life, when circumstances conspire against us. Yesterday elated with hope, to-day cast down with despair!"

#### CHAPTER XIX. THE TREATY.

THE 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 Lizzie. "Let me breathe a moment; I am excited; my heart beats very fast," replied Innis.

"No wonder," said Joel. "It's a mystery to me how you managed to get here alive."

"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?" returned 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 from 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's unfortunate!" muttered Joel to himself.

"And you have risked your life to tell us this!" exclaimed Elizabeth, embracing Innis warmly.

"Ah, what is life to me!" she replied. "What pleasant hopes does it hold out?"

"Sure enough," added Joel, in the same tone, "with such a father!"

"Be silent, Joel," said the captain. "Now, Miss McKee, be good enough to tell us the particulars of this plot; and in so doing you need not implicate your father unless you choose."

"Alas, sir, why should I attempt to conceal what is so well known? The perfidy 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 they only, but these gallant men, who are their natural defenders," said Boone, feelingly.

"Do you know anything of the two young women who were carried away by Girty?" asked Joel.

"I have seen them," returned Innis. "What is their condition?" inquired Mr. Fleming, anxiously.

"Why do you ask their condition, when you know into whose hands they have fallen?" asked Innis.

"Too true—too true!" exclaimed Mr. Fleming, turning aside to hide a tear that glistened in his eye.

"Alas, my child! my child!" cried Mrs. Fleming.

Captain Boone sighed, and pressed his hand to his brow.

"Do not give way to despondency," said Mrs. Boone. "This is no time to weep for the dead, or grieve for the living. Let us think only of the general good. Have I not cause of sorrow, also? Could I not weep with you all? Hath not the hand of death touched me?"

"Cheer up, wife—cheer up! Trust in him who doth not willingly afflict us," said Fleming, in a calmer voice.

"Perhaps something can be done to liberate the girls," added Joel, thoughtfully.

"I think so," replied Innis.

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

"Let us hear your opinion," said Mr. Alston.

"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."

"Go on," added Alston.

"In the block-house we will station our sharpshooters. If they attempt to seize us, let them shoot down the first who lifts a hand."

"Very good," said Logston.

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

"Then we will not attempt to treat with them," returned the pioneer.

"If they should accede to this, who will go?" asked Mr. Fleming.

"I will, for one," replied the captain.

"And I, for another," said Fleming.

"I'll go, for a third," added Logston.

"No more will be necessary," said Boone.

"Now the next question to be decided is, when shall we meet them?"

"To-morrow morning," said Reynolds, "for by putting it off till 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.

"What shall I do for a flag?" queried Reynolds.

"Take my handkerchief," said Elizabeth.

"Thank you," responded Reynolds, with a smile.

"Tie it to your ramrod, and you'll have as good a flag of truce as ever a man stood under," suggested Joel.

After the lapse of a few minutes, the clear voice of Reynolds was heard hailing the enemy. He delivered his message, but it failed to give satisfaction; they would not consent that the meeting should take place within so short a distance of the fort.

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 that 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 the signal to batter down their 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; but he (Girty) could not reasonably be blamed, for he had done all that mortal could to avert the dreadful calamity; he had even shed tears of compassion, when he thought of the poor women and children, not one of whom would ever see the sun rise again. He had always been a merciful man, notwithstanding the many slanderous reports that had been circulated in regard to him. He differed from the people of Boonesborough in "political" sentiments; but great and good men had differed on these subjects ever since the creation of the world.

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

"Be patient, Joel," returned the captain.

"The measure of his sins is full and runnin' 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 reinforcements and cannon had reached them. The noble captain had commissioned him to say that the following persons would be permitted to leave Boonesborough before they commenced 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 persons 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 of treatment should be extended to them.

"Gentlemen, 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 Boonesborough, I'll leave just as the rest do; I never left my friends yet 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.

"Where such a spirit prevails, no enemy can conquer," said Reynolds, enthusiastically.

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

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

"To prayers, then, every one of ye, for the sun of your lives is a settin', and wont never rise

on ye agin. Let your dyin' speeches be short, or many on ye wont 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 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.

Captain Boone, therefore, as previously determined upon, stationed his men on that side of the block-house which would 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.

"If we effect nothing more, we can at least learn whether they have really got cannon and reinforcements," he added.

"I think it would be well," said Joel, "for each of us to conceal some kind of 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 gate was 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 seen 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 look-out."

A discussion of considerable length now ensued; and so far as those at the station could judge by appearances, 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 the 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 was to 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 its 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, justly entitles 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 your rifles without a feeling of horror," she added.

"Such feelings do you no discredit. Mercy, kindness and affection seem to be natural to the female heart," resumed Reynolds.

"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 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 towards the fort under a heavy shower of balls.

Andrew and Ebony, who had been stationed at the gate for that purpose, opened it in all 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's 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 have 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 pained and embarrassed.

"Yes, we've seen him! we've seen him!" exclaimed Logston, emphatically. And then, as if to divert his thoughts from the subject, he trod on Vesuvius's 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 singular discovery."

"He's famous for discoveries," returned Mr. Alston, somewhat ironically.

"Yes, I am," said Joel, dryly.

"Friend Joel has discovered on this occasion," added the pioneer, calmly, "that 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, gravely.

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

"I'll venture to make the assertion that if Du Quesne were to die at this 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 countenance of Mr. Alston. "If this is indeed true," he said, at length, "this very hand shall punish the perfidy of the villain!"

"Pervidin'! I don't git my eyes on him fast?" muttered Joel, while Vesuvius growled in concert, and Andrew and Ebony withdrew to the

farthest 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.

#### CHAPTER XX.

##### END OF THE SIEGE—HAPPY CONCLUSION.

THE ensuing night set in dark and stormy. A fine, misty rain distilled from the gloomy clouds, and fell continuously upon the earth. The enemy, fatigued with their past efforts, had ceased to make hostile demonstrations, and were evidently resolved on resting until morning.

Captain Boone, having placed a guard, had prevailed on the weary defenders of Boonesborough to lie down and sleep, to strengthen them for the contingencies of to-morrow. The pioneer had himself lain down for a couple of hours, but at eleven o'clock arose and walked around the works to see that all was safe, and to take care that the guard was duly relieved and vigilant.

As he was passing the gate, he heard a gentle knocking upon the outside.

"It is some Indian trick," thought Daniel; "but I am too old a bird to be caught with chaff."

The captain paused and listened, and the knocking continued.

"Who knocks?" he asked, at length.

"Bland Ballard," was the reply.

"Doubtful," said Boone.

"There are three of us," added the voice.

"Let the other two speak," returned the pioneer.

"Simon Kenton," said another voice.

"Allan Norwood," added a third.

"It's all right," resumed the scout. "There's no Injin trick about this."

"So I begin to think," answered Boone, undoing the fastenings of the gate.

"No three men were ever more welcome to any place!" he continued, as the parties entered.

"You've had a fine time of it here, I reckon," said Ballard.

"The hand of sorrow has pressed heavily upon us," replied Boone, sadly.

"I knew in the course of nature that some confounded thing or other would break!" added the scout, sentimentally.

"How has it fared with you, my lads? What news of Miss Alston?"

"It has fared but indifferently with us," rejoined Allan.

"Been continual breakages?" said Ballard.

"Our enterprise hasn't by any means proved an entire failure," remarked Kenton.

"Miss Alston, we have every reason to suppose, is safe, although in the power of Le Bland," observed Allan.

Mr. Alston, who had also been walking about the works, heard the name of his daughter mentioned, and hastened to join the parties.

"It appears," continued Allan, "that your daughter was carried away by a jealous Indian maiden, who intended her no serious harm."

"But where is she? Where have you left her? Why have you not restored her to my arms?" exclaimed Alston, deeply moved.

"Softly, softly!" said the scout; "we have done all that men could do. We haven't been afraid to risk our lives in her service."

"The Cherokee girl," resumed our hero, "had witnessed an interview between her lover and your daughter, which excited all her jealousy and



hatred, and was the cause of her sudden and mysterious disappearance."

"But who was the Indian maiden's lover?" asked Alston, a new light streaming in upon his brain.

"He was called while here Le Bland."

"Good heavens! The weight of my folly and stupidity will crush me to the earth!" cried the unhappy father.

"Before I made this important discovery, Miss Alston had been found by Le Bland, and carried away. We pursued him with hot haste; but he reached his friends, who are keeping you besieged here, before we could effect a rescue," said Norwood.

"This young man has acted nobly," added the scout, with great warmth. "He has saved my life, and Kenton's also. I abused him at the outset, and I'm sorry for it; he's as brave a young feller as ever walked, and I'll make my words good again a dozen, armed with any kind of weapons whatever. If there should be any sort of blame attached to his name now or hereafter, this year or next, or the year after, I don't care when, I warn everybody in particular that in the course of nature somethin' will break!"

"It is no more than what justice demands, to say that all the success that has attended this enterprise, is due to Mr. Norwood," said Simon Kenton, with manly frankness. "He has been coolest in the hour of danger, and his active mind, and fertile imagination, and physical daring have been the first to open a way of escape. I say, with Ballard, that he has conducted himself with a wisdom and prudence beyond his years, and deserves the warmest thanks of Miss Alston and her friends."

"We've got good news for you all," resumed the scout. "Otter-Lifter is coming to your aid at the head of his warriors, and is now close at hand."

"And we called at Harrodsburg," added Allan, "on our return, and Colonel Harrod is coming with two pieces of cannon. I think we shall not only be able to make good the defence, but defeat the enemy and rescue Miss Alston."

"We have only bad news to tell you in return for these glorious tidings," returned Boone. "Matilda Fleming and your sister Eliza, Mr. Ballard, have been carried off by Silas Girty, and are now in his hands."

"If we can only get them two cannon into this place afore sunrise, and Otter-Lifter reaches us with his warriors, it's my opinion there'll be a confounded breakage!" exclaimed Ballard, knitting his brows, and grasping his rifle nervously.

"As much as that!" said Joel Logston, who had joined them in time to hear the last part of the conversation. "I feel pretty certain that I shall make my breakfast on about a dozen of 'em, more or less, take 'em as they run, off an' on, by-and-large, and so on to the end of the subject."

The news which Allan and his companions had brought soon circulated through the station, awakening new hope in every heart. The most experienced of the pioneers doubted not but the cannon could be brought to the fort under cover of the thick darkness.

"We shall have to go out and reconnoitre a little, and see which will be the safest way to bring in the big dogs," said the scout, referring to the cannon.

"It's rather a delicate piece of work," added Kenton, "but the darkness of the night is greatly in our favor. Be on the watch, captain, to let us in." With these words the three men left the station once more, and glided away, while

their friends awaited their return with a suspense which can only be imagined by those who have been placed in an analogous position.

In a little time Ballard came back to say that the enemy had relaxed their vigilance, being, doubtless, tired out with the length and obstinacy of the siege; that twenty men from Harrodsburg were at a short distance from the fort with the ordnance, which they would now endeavor to drag into the station.

The rain was descending in torrents, and the night, though more inclement, was more favorable than ever to their purpose. After incredible toil and exertion, the efforts of Colonel Harrod were crowned with success, and the much coveted cannon were at last safely lodged in the block-house, which commanded in the most perfect manner the enemy's position and favorite point of attack. Every heart was gladdened by the sight of the formidable engines of destruction, and the brave company who came with them. They were immediately loaded with grape-shot, the terrible effects of which when fired into a body of men, are well known to those at all acquainted with the art of war.

This being done, they were properly placed, and pieces of canvas thrown over them to hide their frowning muzzles from observation of the enemy, when they should recommence offensive operations on the morrow.

The scout was both surprised and pleased when he discovered, among the females, the pretty figure of Innis McKee; and the particulars of her appearance at the station, as related by Joel Logston, gave him genuine feelings of admiration and satisfaction. He affirmed, in the hearing of Allan and others, that she was without question the finest girl in the whole world, and he stood ready, then and there, to make good the assertion.

Soon after Ballard had freed his mind by making this important statement, he was observed in earnest conversation with Miss McKee; that is, as earnest as his embarrassment would allow of; for the scout on this occasion did appear to have lost his usual boldness, and in the estimation of Kenton and Elizabeth Boone, he was really awkward at times, bashful and hesitating. Before the dawn of day, Allan and his two friends had related their several adventures since they left the fort; while those who remained, in their turn, rehearsed what had transpired during the siege.

It may be a fact worthy of note, in this connection, that Simon Kenton had much to say to Elizabeth Boone; but as nobody took the trouble to listen, we regret that we shall not be able to explain it all to the reader. It was remarked, however, by Joel (the fellow ought to have been minding his own affairs), that Miss Boone's pale cheeks thereupon assumed a ruddier glow.

The subject of Miss Harrod's capture and singular return to Harrodsburg was then spoken of, as the news of that event had not reached the station. As soon as the name of Fanny Harrod was mentioned, the attention of young Reynolds was instantly fixed upon the speaker. With changing color and varying emotions he listened to the tale, and exclaimed:

"Thank Heaven!" in such an emphatic tone, when he heard the happy termination of the affair, that all eyes were instantly turned towards him.

"She's safe now, my lad!" said Colonel Harrod, in a low voice to the young man.

In answer to this assurance, Reynolds pressed the colonel's hand warmly.

"It would have been impossible to have kept him hived up here, if he had known that Fanny

was in danger," remarked a man from Harrodsburg, to Allan.

"He's somewhat sentimental towards the young woman, I suppose," observed the latter.

"Sentimental don't seem to be exactly the word; but he's very fond of her company, and people say that something will come of it by-and-by," returned the settler. \* \* \*

The morning so anxiously expected by the inmates of Boonesborough dawned brightly and clearly at length; anon a few random shots from the enemy told that they were also astir. Presently the firing ceased, and Girty once more, and, as he said, for the very last time, hailed the fort. Captain Du Quesne, he went on to state, whose forbearance he considered really surprising, had a few more words to address to the unfortunate people of Boonesborough. Some of the young women belonging to the station, had, unfortunately, fallen into the hands of his friends, the Miami; the names of these unhappy captives were as follows: Rosalthe, Matilda Fleming, and Eliza Ballard; all of whom would be put to death, providing the station did not immediately surrender unconditionally. Captain Du Quesne had seen an intimate friend of Mr. Alston, whose name was Le Bland, who entreated him (Alston) in the most earnest manner, to advise Captain Boone to yield without further delay.

These, Girty added, were the last offers that Du Quesne would make, and he would allow them half an hour to think of them.

Captain Boone replied that they did not wish to think of such a proposition for a moment; and Captain Du Quesne was at liberty to do his worst without delay. Moreover, if he (Girty) appeared before them again, he would instantly be shot down, if he stood upon as many flags as he could hold up.

This reply sent the notorious white man off in a great rage, and the pioneers perceived by the unusual bustle, that preparations were being made for a grand assault.

"I wish to speak a few words to Du Quesne before the attack is made," said Alston.

"You are at liberty to do so," replied the captain.

Mr. Alston immediately availed himself of the permission, and with the flag which Reynolds had used, presented himself to the enemy in a conspicuous place, and signified his desire to communicate personally with Du Quesne, the leader of the expedition. After some demurring and a multitude of excuses, Du Quesne reluctantly appeared and demanded to know what was wanted, since all his merciful overtures had been rejected.

"I wish to say that I know you; and knowing you, hold you in the deepest abhorrence," replied Alston. "You came under my roof like a villain, as you are, under an assumed name, and in an assumed character. You won my confidence, and thereby had it in your power to do me the greatest possible injury. Henceforth the name of Le Bland will ever be associated with all that is infamous. As the only reparation which you can now make to a deeply injured father, I ask the restoration of my daughter, and those young women whose names have been already mentioned."

"Give your resentment to the winds, and attend to the safety of yourself and family. Come over to me with your wife, and instead of a dreadful scene of slaughter, there shall ensue a wedding; your daughter shall become Madame Du Quesne, and you shall own half the lands on the southern bank of the Kentucky River—all that portion included in the purchase of Major Henderson," returned Du Quesne.

"I would rather see my daughter slain in the manner already threatened, than to witness such a consummation as you have the hardihood to speak of!"

"Come in, come in!" exclaimed Boone. "Let us waste no more time!"

Du Quesne now attended to the arrangement of his forces without further delay, for he was both angry and disappointed at his ill success. The present disposition of his army was most favorable to the use of the two pieces of ordnance.

"He is dividing his red rascals into two large parties, in order to attack us at two points at the same time," said Colonel Harrod.

"I think it would be well to open fire upon them while they are so compact," said Boone.

"Otter-Lifter, who is doubtless concealed in the forest yonder, will attack them the moment he hears our fire," observed Allan.

"Let me point one of those gnus, if you please; I belonged to an artillery company once," said Alston.

"He stands right at the head of the column there," whispered Joel Logston, in his ear. "Bring down the sight fair and square upon him, as you would level a rifle."

Mr. Alston looked deliberately along the gun, and Joel, obeying the motions of his hand, adjusted it to his satisfaction. Reynolds stood near, holding a blazing brand; Alston stepped back and gave him a significant look; the next instant the block-house shook and trembled to the thunder of cannon, and the head of the column sank down, while yells of consternation arose from many savage throats, and rent the air with discord.

The pieces had been well aimed, and did terrible execution; before the enemy had time to recover from their first panic, both the cannon had been discharged the second time, while the sound of musketry on the left, told that Otter-Lifter had commenced the attack.

"To the rescue of the maidens!" shouted Allan Norwood, and followed by thirty gallant Kentuckians, he rushed from the fort.

Du Quesne had fallen at the first fire, and Girty was trying to rally the Indians. The quick eyes of Joel Logston singled him out.

"Here's for you!" cried Joel, and the crack of his rifle reverberated up and down the green banks of Old Kentucky. The infamous renegade staggered and fell, to rise no more till the tramp of doom summons all men to judgment.

The tall figure of Otter-Lifter with his warriors was seen struggling for a brief period in the midst of the flying savages; and then joined by the Kentuckians, the enemy were routed in all directions.

The siege of Boonesborough was ended; and Otter-Lifter announced in a loud voice that the maidens were rescued. The body of Du Quesne was found among the slain. The victory was complete, and the joy consequent upon the successful termination, though subdued by the remembrance of their losses, was deep and heartfelt. Rosalthe and the other maidens, unexpectedly restored to the arms of their anxious friends, expressed their thanks to their deliverers with grateful, eloquent looks, and tearful, expressive eyes.

Allan Norwood grew rapidly in the good opinion of Mr. Alston, and an intimacy of the most tender and interesting nature soon became apparent between him and the fair Rosalthe.

Early in the following spring, just as the flowers were expanding, she consented to make him the happiest of men. And thus blest to the summit of their hopes, we leave them to glide calmly and blissfully down the ever-rolling stream of life.

Star-Light gave her heart, finally, to Otter-Lifter, and kept, thereafter, his lodge-fire bright. Among Norwood's visitors none were more truly welcome than the humane chieftain and his Star-Light.

As for young Reynolds, it is not written in the chronicles of Old Kentucky, that he was so fortunate as to persuade Fanny Harrod to become Mrs. Reynolds? And upon the next page is it not also written that Bland Ballard, the scout, offered his hand and varying fortunes to Innis McKee, and was accepted? It is very certain that something of this kind should have been made a matter of authentic record, if it was not; and possibly it was lost with other important missing archives of the "dark and bloody ground."

Joel Logston did not long defer his happiness, but was wedded to Eliza Ballard sometime during the year, although we do not now remember the precise date.

It would be well to remark, perhaps, that McKee was never heard of after the siege, and was probably among the slain.

Of Daniel Boone we feel that it is unnecessary to add more. His name is so intimately associated with the history of that flourishing State, where he passed a great part of his remarkable life, that it needs no eulogy from our pen to add to its renown. He was the first and most distinguished among the Pioneers of Kentucky.

#### GERMAN TOYS.

Say a horse three inches long is to be fabricated. A block of soft pine-wood is prepared, and cut into a slab three inches thick, by perhaps fifteen inches in diameter: the grain running in the direction of the thickness. Out of this circular slab a circular piece is cut from the centre, possibly six inches in diameter, leaving the slab in the form of a ring, like an extra thick India-rubber elastic band. While this ring is in the lathe, the turner applies his chisels and gouges to it in every part on the outer edge, and on both sides. All sorts of curves are made, now deep, now shallow; now convex, now concave; now with single curvatures, now with double. A looker-on could hardly by any possibility guess what these curvings and twistings have to do with each other, for the ring is still a ring and nothing else; but the cunning workman has got it all in his mind's eye. When the turning is finished, the ring is bisected or cut across, not into two slices, but into two segments or semicircular pieces. Looking at either end of either piece, lo! there is the profile of a horse—without a tail, certainly, but a respectable good horse in other respects. The secret is now divulged. The turner, while the ring or annulus is in the lathe—a Saturn's ring without a Saturn—turns the outer edge into the profile of the top of the head and the back of a horse, the one flat surface into the profile of the chest and the fore legs, the other flat surface into the profile of the hind legs, and the inner edge of the ring into the profile of the belly and the deep recess between the fore and hind legs. The curvatures are really very well done, for the workmen have good models to copy from, and long practice gives them accuracy of hand and eye.

An endless ring of tailless horses has been produced, doubtless the most important part of the affair; but there is much ingenuity yet to be shown in developing from this abstract ring a certain number of single, concrete, individual, proper Noah's Ark horses, with proper Noah's Ark tails. The ring is chopped or sawn up into

a great many pieces. Each piece is thicker at one end than the other, because the outer diameter of the ring was necessarily greater than the inner; but with this allowance, each piece may be considered flat. The thick end is the head of the horse, the thin end the hind quarter; one projecting piece represents the position and profile of the fore legs, but they are not separated; and similarly of the hind legs. Now is the time for the carver to set to work. He takes the piece of wood in hand, equalizes the thickness where needful, and pares off the sharp edges; he separates into two ears the little projecting piece which juts out from the head, separates into two pairs of legs the two projecting pieces which jut out from the body, and makes a respectable pair of eyes, with nostrils and mouth of proper thorough-bred character; he jags the back of the neck in the proper way to form a mane, and makes, not a tail, but a little recess to which a tail may comfortably be glued. The tail is a separate affair. An endless ring of horses' tails is first turned in a lathe. A much smaller slab, smaller in diameter and in thickness than the other, is cut into an annulus or ring; and this ring is turned by tools on both edges and both sides. When bisected, each end of each half of the ring exhibits the profile of a horse's tail; and when cut up into small bits, each bit has the wherewithal in it for fashioning one tail. After the carver has done his work, each horse receives its proper tail; and they are all proper long tails too, such as nature may be supposed to have made, and not the clipped and cropped affairs which farriers and grooms produce.

This continuous system is carried faithfully through the whole Noah's Ark family. One big slab is for an endless ring of elephants; another of appropriate size for camels; others for lions, leopards, wolves, foxes, dogs, donkeys, ducks, and all the rest. Sometimes the ears are so shaped as not very conveniently to be produced in the same ring as the other part of the animal; in this case an endless ring of ears is made, and chopped up into twice as many ears as there are animals. Elephants' trunks stick out in a way that would perplex the turner somewhat; he therefore makes an endless ring of trunks, chops it up, and hands over the pieces to the carver to be fashioned into as many trunks as there are elephants. In some instances, where the animal is rather a bullet-headed sort of an individual, the head is turned in a lathe separately, and glued on to the headless body. If a carnivorous animal has a tail very much like that of one of the gramivorous sort, the carver says nothing about it, but makes the same endless ring of tails serve both; or they may belong to the same order but different families—as, for instance, the camel and the cow, which are presented by these Noah's Ark people with tails out from the same endless ring. Other toys are made in the same way. Those eternal soldiers which German boys are always supposed to love so much, if made of wood—for the soldiers are also immensely in request—are turned separately in a lathe, so far as their martial frames admit of this mode of shaping; but their muskets, and some other portions, are made on the endless ring system. All this may be seen very well at Kew; for there are the blocks of soft pine, the slabs cut from them, with the grain of the wood in the direction of the thickness; the rings turned from the slab, the turnings and curvatures of the rings, the profile of an animal seen at each end, the slices cut from each ring, the animal fashioned from each slice, the ring of tails, the separate tails from each ring, and the animal properly tailed in all its glory.



## AT THE OLD FARM-GATE.

BY GEORGE RANCORP GRIFITH.

Down at the old gate, arm-in-arm,  
We think to-night of the magic charm  
That drew us there in love's bright noon,  
To pledge the lasting, solemn boon,  
With kisses fond and dear embrace,  
That sacred made this trying place—  
Far from the scenes of hate and feud,  
Where we may stray in gentlest mood.  
The same sweet air seems floating now,  
Whose fragrant balm refreshed the brow;  
The row of apple trees a-bloom,  
Shed now as then their rare perfume;  
While songsters' carols, blithe and clear,  
In merry concert greet our ear.  
Still gloriously the King of Day  
Smiles all around this hallowed way.  
The verdurous field, and soft, clear sky—  
Can fairer prospect meet the eye?  
Swift-winged bees 'mongst flowers whir,  
The insect world is all astir;  
And Elsie greets with loving smiles,  
That won me first by yonder stile.  
Her bonny eyes are just as fair,  
Nor naught their depths have known of care,  
As first with saucy glance met mine  
Their glow in early girlhood's prime.  
Her rosy lips still tempting are,  
Nor time their bloom can ever mar.  
And so we here the vows renew  
That proved our love sincere and true,  
Though shadows deepen, still remain  
Till stars bedeck the heavenly plain,  
And with her calm, benignant light,  
Queen Luna ushers in the night;  
Then slowly turn we from the spot;  
No change from memory's page can blot,  
Nor all of earthly glory fade,  
The happy hours at that old gate!

## STRATAGEM.

BY NEIL CLIFFORD.

JEREMIAH had one daughter passing fair; so had Squire Havens, the richest man in one of the northern counties of the Empire State. Fannie Havens was like a multitude of other Fannies, a wilful little strategist when necessity, namely, the successful working of her own plans, required it. "Many Jasons came in quest of her," for, though not exactly "a golden fleece," she was heirless-apparent to many golden eagles, beside being a very charming creature. It was a difficult matter to tell towards whom her affections set most truly; for her smiles were so equally and unsparingly bestowed that each was kept in a suspense that was half delight, half torture. She kept a full score on the tenter-hooks of alternate hope and despair, and enjoyed it, with all the zest of a woman, spiced with mischief and coquetry. Don't understand from this that she was cruel. It was only a supreme disbelief in their professions of undying love that prompted her pretension of utmost confidence in them for a season, in order to bring them to a sudden and mortifying period. Her spirit and behaviour show something of moral delinquency; but you, reader, nor I, nor Fanny, cannot lay claim to perfection.

Perfect people are either taken to heaven immediately, or else they are left here to be great bores to the rest of humanity; for the rest of humanity don't care to be placed alongside, on account of violent and humiliating contrast. It is painful to live in sight of a perpetual rebuke.

I have said that she made no seeming difference in her treatment of suitors. There was, however, a conscious partiality in her heart towards one, though she did not as yet choose to let him into its secrets. We shall only speak of two individually. The remaining eighteen, after being dalled with for three or four months, were, at length dismissed, with a very sweet and decided no. Solomon Grip, of the two, was her father's choice, as he possessed the only three things that he accounted virtues, wealth, the faculty of getting, and the faculty of keeping. Squire Havens had said in the most positive tone that no other should have the handling of his moneybags, and that Fannie should become his wife, or remain single. Fannie looked very artless, very sweet, very docile, at that particular moment.

"Father, I won't marry any one, you are unwilling I should marry; and I don't mean to leave you this long time yet. I must learn to be housekeeper, and ever so many things. You don't want to get rid of me very soon, do you?" she asked, stroking his rather low, wrinkled forehead.

"No, Fan, not this year. You are a good child," he answered pleasantly, gratified with her ready acquiescence in his cherished scheme.

Had he been quick to observe, a curious side glance and the decided lift of her head might have given him an idea that there was somebody else to be suited; but, like many men, he was blind to feminine ways and embryo rebellions.

I would say here, by way of digression, that women as a class would make better diplomats than men, because naturally more cautious and secretive, in spite of the laugh that so habitually comes in when anything is said about the latter characteristic. Women carry their ends, not from more intellectual or physical force, but, because they approach persons and things in so many ways that cannot be guarded against.

The old gentleman had entertained fears that she might throw herself away on some poor scoundrel—by poor, meaning penniless. After the above conversation, he rested easy and secure, as Fannie knew he would.

The squire was on the most familiar footing with Solomon Grip, who, for brevity's sake, was called Sol. Grip by his fellow-townsmen; and he lost no time in telling him what a willing and obedient daughter he had.

"It's all understood, Sol. my son," he said, paternally; "but I wouldn't trouble her by talking about it this year. You can afford to wait, as you know she'll be yours in the end."

"Well, you see, squire, I have been afraid that Jack Noble was getting the start of me. I do not want that spendthrift scapegrace to bring Fannie down to 'love in a cottage.'"

"Never you fear, Sol. She likes to flirt and have a little fun with the boys; it is natural to womankind, and there's no harm in it, as long as it don't go any further."

"Well, I shan't worry now, as I have your word and hers, that she shall be mine."

"Not mine, thank fortune!" said Fannie in an aside, shutting her little blossoms of teeth

closely together. The wicked girl had been an intentional, though concealed listener to the foregoing colloquy.

"I am not to be deeded at pleasure, and without my consent. We shall see what we shall see. Sol. Grip, indeed, for my husband! the old fossil! He is only fit for the collection of Agassiz. Why don't he redeem his broken troth, and wed Arabella Pryor, the girl he jilted years ago?"

The story soon got about, as stories will, that Sol. Grip and Fannie Havens were engaged; and as no one took any trouble to dispute it, it received universal credence. Jack Noble was in a towering passion when he heard it. Instead of submitting to his fate, as another man might have done, he went directly to Squire Havens, to quarrel with Fannie. Without paying any respect to ceremonies, he stormed into the sitting-room, and found her its only occupant.

"So you are going to throw yourself away on that old hard-fisted Grip, are you? I thought you were a girl of more sense!"

"Why, Jack, what a passion you are in, to be sure! One would think I had committed some heinous crime, to see you and hear you."

"You have, Fan; a crime against purity and truth, against your sex, against me."

"How against you?"

"Because you of right belong to me."

Fannie did not like this rough wooing, this cool appropriation of herself any better than you and I would. She had a beautiful programme of a love declaration arranged in her mind, as many moonstruck youths and maidens have; and to have it all knocked out of shape in this style, was not to her taste.

"How of right, Mr. Noble? You have more assurance than most men have when they woo."

"Of right, because you are suited to me and my needs. Don't stand about the assurance. You know it as well as I."

"And because I am suited to you and your needs, you claim me without leave. You have a new fashion of winning a wife, sir. I wish you all success in obtaining her," she said, ironically.

"What will you have, Fan? I love you, and you love me; and where is the use of going a roundabout way to say it?"

"No use whatever."

She answered coldly, for she was too deeply offended at present to answer otherwise.

"Fannie, you don't belong to the region of perpetual snow and ice; then why are you so frigid?"

"It is possible for one to become acclimated."

"Nevertheless, Fan, you belong to me, and you never shall marry Sol. Grip. I'll carry you off forcibly first."

"I shall marry him if I please, Jack Noble, and you cannot prevent me;" and tears began to flow very fast.

"Don't, Fan. Marry me, and I'll try to make you as happy as you will make me."

"I am promised, Jack Noble," she said, with a perverseness induced by anger and disappointment.

He said not another word, but went from her in sorrow and bitterness, such as a proud man feels whose best love has been rejected by the woman of his choice. Fannie instantly regretted her hasty words, for his happiness was dearer to her than all the world. She had banished the courage, the glory, the hope of happiness from her presence; and it was a

question if she would ever be able to win them back. She had come to a dark and desolate place. The weeks would pass drearily without him, for she thought he would no longer visit her. In the last conclusion she was mistaken. Jack Noble continued to drop in now and then, and he doubtless had his reasons therefor; but he was no tender by-play, no commerce of soft glances going on as of old. Mr. Grip, too, was almost always present at these interviews; and this fact, perhaps explains Jack's presence. At least Fannie thought so; and to be consistent, in her perversity, she carried on a desperate flirtation with Sol. Grip, who cast many a glance of triumph on poor Jack, who, to all appearances, was totally oblivious. Things went on in this course till the end of the year, when Sol. Grip, backed by the squire, insisted on a speedy union. Fannie was in a desperate strait. She had been waiting like Micawber for something "to turn up," but found she must turn up something herself. She determined to go to Jack, state the case, and ask his assistance. A few moments after, he heard a hesitating tap on his office door. He saw she was humble and confused.

"What can I do for you, Fannie?" he asked.

"Father says I must marry Sol. Grip next Thursday evening; and I have acted so badly the past year, that I don't know how to get clear of it without trouble. I am resolved I won't have him, if the world tumbles to pieces, as a consequence, I hate and loathe him so. Can't you help me, Jack?" she asked, appealingly.

"If you dislike him, why did you give him your troth-plight?"

"I never have."

"What, Fannie! You told me you were promised."

"So I was, but it was without my consent. It was my father's work."

"I'll help you, if you'll be my wife."

"You have never asked me," she said, with a becoming pout.

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes."

"Do you love me?"

"As well as I ought."

"What a bat's life I have been leading the past year! I have been a fool."

"I won't gainsay it."

"Why did you not enlighten me before?"

"Because you annoyed me, and I wished to avenge myself by annoying you."

"You punished yourself as well."

"Granted. I did not count the cost until very lately. But can we arrange a plan to defeat Sol. Grip, and at the same time not offend my father? I have no wish to pain his heart or incur his anger."

"I think we can."

The joint plot was fashioned; and the progress of the tale will develop it to the apprehension of the reader. Time, persons and circumstances favored its successful operation. The village where these events took place was a thriving one near the Canadian frontier. Moreover, it was in the autumn of 1864, soon after the raid into Vermont, when the inhabitants of our northern towns were more or less excited and alarmed on account of anticipated trouble with rebels in Canada. Armed guards were kept out every night, and suspicious persons were arrested, who were thrown into jail if they did not give satisfactory accounts of themselves and their business. Under this condition of things, many

laughable incidents would, of necessity occur, especially if the guard chanced to be fond of a practical joke.

As may be guessed, Solomon Grip was not one to attract many friends. His intellectual development was meagre, while his organs of marvellousness, acquisitiveness and secretiveness made him superstitious, miserly and hidden. Combativeness was small, and he was therefore cowardly. As has been hinted, in his younger days he had been engaged to Arabella Pryor; but his niggardly soul shrank finally from burdening himself with a portionless and weakly bride. Meantime as he had treated her, it was thought that she still regarded him with tenderness as some foolish women will still love the men to whom they have early devoted their wealth of affection. They have no power to take back what they have so freely given. Arabella, with the ready facility of girlhood, had deified him, then worshipped; and when he jilted her, she palliated the offence, and then generously forgave.

Jack and Fannie were pretty thoroughly acquainted with the human material upon which they were about to work; and if they do not take just the most upright course, you must not blame me, but imperfect humanity. Jack had a chum, as all Jacks have, who, for the sake of friendship and fun, would undertake any little service in his behalf. Of course Fred Randall was let into the secret, and, to oblige his friend, he left his counter in the city, and, for a time, became errand-boy and assistant in Jack's law-office. Soon after, Sol. Grip received an anonymous note warning him to beware of Jack Noble, and advising him to keep his own counsel in reference to his connubial affairs. The advice was not needed, for Solomon Grip was naturally close-mouthed.

Fannie, for the remaining days, was demure and submissive, except in one particular; she insisted on a private wedding. To this her father was opposed, but his objections were ultimately overruled, and Fannie was allowed to have the smaller details her own way. As a result, only some half dozen intimate friends were present to grace the occasion, beside the immediate actors and the officiating clergyman. Among them was Jack Noble, with the light of a coming joy, an expected triumph beaming from his features. The hour arrived, but strangely enough no bridegroom made his appearance. The squire became uneasy. Five, ten minutes went by. The clergyman drew out his watch, the guests stared, the squire looked out of the windows, and then abruptly trotted up to Fannie's room. The gipsy was bathed in tears, for she was one of those women who can command a shower at will. The squire was indignant.

"Fan, he's a rascal. He don't deserve a wife."

Another shower of crystals was the reply. Ten minutes more, and still no Solomon. The squire looked like a thunder-cloud.

"Fan, he shan't have you. I never knew he was unpunctual before, the rascal. I am glad I have found it out before it is too late—the villain! Why, punctuality is the very gold of life. If he lingers now, he will linger in other business transactions. This is paragonically the business transaction of all others that should be attended to at the moment—the old rascal."

A bright little walf of a smile dimpled her cheek, but she concealed it in her handkerchief and sobbed.

"But, father, how am I to bear up under this shame (sob, sob) that has been put upon me?"

"I'll thrash him!"

"That won't help me any. O, what shall I do?"

"Stay. There is Jack Noble. Would you have him?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Yes," hesitatingly. "It will show better to the world; and Sol. Grip will know that I can do without him. Perhaps Jack won't care to take his place," she suggested.

"Yes, he will."

Jack was called in.

"That villain has insulted us, Jack. You asked me for Fannie the other day; and if you hold to the same mind, she shall be yours as soon as you please. That rascal!"

"Is the bride willing? Shall it be so, Fannie?" asked Jack, taking her hand.

"Yes," she said, while a blush blossomed on her brow and cheek.

A slight explanation was made, they went before the minister who speedily ratified and made legal their treaty of confederated life union. Meanwhile what was taking place in other quarters?

Solomon Grip donned his best suit of homemade gray, drew on a pair of white cotton gloves over a pair of ungainly hands, and started to fill his appointment, his mental eyes dazzled by a double vision of a golden head and golden eagles. He had to pass the street on which Fred and another person, an accomplice, were doing duty as guards.

"Halt there!" called out Fred, in an authoritative tone.

"Let me pass."

The point of a bayonet came suddenly against his person. Cold steel was an argument that quieted him.

"Who are you, and where are you going?"

"I cannot tell you; but I am a townsman," he replied, guardedly. He had a vague suspicion that Jack Noble was in some way the cause of this detention.

"Well, sir, you must go to the lock-up, until you can give a better account of yourself."

"My business is pressing. Let me go."

"So is mine. Come along." Soberly against his will, he was dragged to a temporary guard-house some three quarters of a mile distant. It was growing serious.

"I tell you to release me. If you don't I will prosecute you."

"See here, old gentleman, your threats don't frighten me. It is my duty to arrest suspicious persons."

"I am not a suspicious person. I am Solomon Grip, merchant," he said in his extremity.

"So you are coming to your senses. How am I to know that such a gallowa-looking man as you, is speaking the truth? Where are you going?"

"To Squire Havens's."

"That's answered like a man. What is your business?"

This cross-questioning called a passion up to gnaw at his lip, but seeing the grave face of his tormentor, he sent it to kennel.

"I'm going to marry Squire Havens's daughter."

Fred put his hand to his nose in a most disrespectful way and laughed.

"You look like a marrying man!"

Many other words passed between them, for Fred was bound on gaining time. Nearly two hours had passed ere Solomon could pre-

sent himself at the squire's door. The reception he met, and the surprising news he heard from the domestic, by no means inclined him to enter, and he went home. He was much "tumbled up and down in his mind," as John Bunyan hath it, and, upon retelling, gave himself up to meditation, if not to prayer. The pale shadow of Arabella was daguerreotyped on his mental retina, which was succeeded by the bright and saucy image of Fannie. Then came Justice, stern and calm with a balance. By some mysterious process she detached his soul from his body and tried to weigh it; but it did not so much affect it, as the lightest thistle-down. He looked at it. It was mean, meagre and barren as selfishness could make it. No noble action had ever enriched it. He was in a strange, half-clairvoyant state. It was midnight. He was suddenly aroused by a sepulchral voice, measuredly repeating his name.

"Solomon Grip, Solomon Grip, your last days of grace have come."

His gaze was frozen with helpless fear, as a tall, white-robed figure presented itself at his bedside. For several moments his tongue refused to do its office.

"Who are you?" he gasped, in a hoarse and chattering way.

"The avenger of woman's wrongs. Is there no dark sin in the past that haunts you? Are there no broken vows you remember?"

The perspiration and paleness made his face frightful.

"You mean Arabella. What would you have me do?"

"Repair the wrong which you did in your youth."

"How?"

"At the altar."

"And if I do?"

"I will leave you in peace."

"I promise," whispered Solomon.

"Amen." Keep it, or beware," and the ghost vanished.

For the information of the reader, we will say that fear and an awakened conscience caused him to seek Miss Pryor, and humbly beg her to allow him to fulfil the vow made her years before, to which she assented. Ever after, when the supernatural was alluded to in his hearing, he was observed to turn white, which indicated a vivid remembrance of his midnight visitor. Who it was, we will leave the sagacious reader to guess, after giving him a few particulars. The house in which Solomon Grip resided with his aged mother was easy of ingress and egress. There was a trapdoor opening from the kitchen into Solomon's chamber, and as fortune would have it, directly under his bed. It had formerly been used as an entrance-way, before the building had undergone repairs, and a staircase been introduced. These facts, together with the main details of Solomon's former engagement, were poured into Fred Randall's attentive ear. A faculty of mimicry, a love of fun, a sheet, a ladder, and activity, did the rest. Mind we do not say it was Fred. We only suspect. If you are given to superstition, you may believe with Solomon Grip that it was a veritable spectre.

As may be supposed, the double marriage was the town's talk for a week. The innocent squire does not even yet thoroughly comprehend it, though he has a shrewd idea that he was in some way used as a tool. Our play is ended for the public; and we therefore drop the curtain.

## THE DESERTED HOMESTEAD.

BY EDWARD P. NOWELL.

Decayed and brown the old house lonely stands  
Beneath the elm-tree's flecked and shifting shade,  
Denoting Time's imperative commands—  
That earthly things but bloom to early fade.

The great square chimney with its gaping top,  
The windows looming like lithe spectres grim,  
While summer evenings' stealthy shadows drop,—  
Their peak-like fragments render them less dim.

The mossy eave-roof of its shelter shorn,  
Whose fissures wide the spider strives to close;  
The hingeless door, reclining, seems to mourn  
Its long-lost friend, the fragrant climbing rose.

Within, the creaking floors a tale relate  
Of vanished scenes now with the Past entombed,  
When all these rooms re-echoed with the prate  
Of those whose hearts to claim no care presumed.

Unfeeling Time! what changes hast thou wrought  
Within this dwelling, all forsaken now,  
In which the worthy parents early sought  
With traits of truth their offspring to endow.

Where are the members of this household good,  
Who erstwhile gave these rooms a pleasing guise;  
Who by their footsteps, where the tables stood,  
Wore thin the floor and made the nails uprise?

\* \* \* \* \*  
Down by the winding wall a willow waves,  
The ivy clings around a modest pale;  
In this enclosure lies a line of graves—  
You home yields all to that "within the veil."

The little ones were smitten by the stroke  
Of careless maladies, and borne away  
O'er death's cold, sullen stream, which wholly broke  
The mother's heart upon that fearful day.

Like Rachel mourning for her loved and lost,  
Refusing comfort from her Ramah friends;  
So was this mother on the ocean tost  
Of bitter sorrow, which no solace lends!

But Death, the sable sovereign, loosed the cord  
Which bound the broken-hearted to her grief,  
And all her tears were dried when with the Lord  
She knelt, adoring him who brought relief.

Alone the stricken father walked on earth,  
Alone he lived beneath his humble roof;  
Yet not alone, since of the second birth  
His heart in resignation gave the proof.

The dear Redeemer dwelt with him below,  
And gave him faith and trust, with calm content;  
Life's river flowed where fruitful fig-trees grow,  
His peace was sure because 'twas heaven sent.

Thus age crept on the head of this good man,  
And with the precious Bible on his knee,  
He sat upon his door-stone, where began  
The life beyond time's rough and stormy sea.

Thus was he found—his head bowed o'er that Book,  
Which was his rod and staff in life and death;  
His face wore heavenly smiles, as though he took  
And kissed the Saviour's hand with latest breath!

## ODD NOTIONS AND OLD ONES.

Would a Catholic telling his beads, or a forgetful housekeeper tying a knot in the corner of her handkerchief, imagine that they had anything in common with the South American quipus, or the Indian wampum-string? Yet they have; for rosary, wampum-string, quipus, and the exchequer tally, are all cousins-german. Darius made a quipu when he took a thong and tied sixty knots in it and gave it to the chief of the Ionians, that they might untie a knot each day, till, if the knots were all undone, and he had not returned, they might go back to their own land. Le Boo made a quipu when he tied a knot in a string for each ship he met on his voyage, by which to remember its name and country; and so did his father,

Abba Thulle, when he tied, first thirty knots to remember that Captain Wilson was to come back in thirty moons, and then added six more, as six moons' grace beyond. In Polynesia and the Eastern Archipelago quipus are still in use; and forty years ago the tax-gatherers of Hawaii kept their records in a manner rivaling the Peruvian intricacy of cord and knot. The herdsmen of the Puna, the high mountain plateau of Peru, still register their farm stock on quipus. The first branch shows the number of their bulls; the second of their cows—divided into milch cows and dry; the next registers their calves according to age and sex; then come the sheep, in several subdivisions; then the number of foxes killed, and the quantity of salt used; and lastly the particulars of the cattle that have died. On other quipus they knot down the produce of the herd in milk, cheese, wool, etc. Each heading is indicated by a special color or a different twined knot. In the old times the army registers were kept in the same manner. One cord knotted down the slingers, another the spearmen, another the clubmen, others the battles gained and lost; and in each town were special officers—quipus readers, or knotmen, as they were called—whose duty it was to attend to and read these public records. There are still some Indians in the southern provinces of Peru who are familiar with the historical quipus; but they keep their knowledge a profound secret, especially from the white men. It was a task of no small difficulty to read the quipus, even for the initiated; and as Mr. Taylor says, the deciphering had generally to be accompanied with an oral explanation to start with, as to what special fact or record was referred to, and whether the string meant cows or men, fies or foxes. This given, the rest was comparatively easy; though indeed, each cord had its own meaning, and certain colors represented fixed circumstances—as red for soldier, yellow for gold, white for silver, green for corn, and so on. The Peruvian quipus were very massive. Von Tschudi says he has dug up one weighing about eight pounds. Rather a heavy set of tablets to carry in one's pocket on a hot summer's day!

We all know the old stories of how certain arbitrary kings, loving knowledge and desirous of improving the linguistic acquirements of the time, shut up sundry infants with dumb nurses, then waited for the first intelligible word, to determine which was the original language of humanity. Psammetichus, king of Egypt, took two children whom he caused to be tended by a silent keeper and suckled by goats. Their first word was bekos, meaning in Phrygian "bread," but, by natural imitation, the bleat of the nanny-goat their long-time mother; however, the imitation was set aside, and the Phrygian language declared to be the oldest in the world. The Great Mogul, Akbar Khan, shut up twelve babies and twelve deaf and dumb nurses together; but when the children were twelve years old, and all the learned had assembled to hear their first utterances—a Jew to judge if they spoke Hebrew, an Arab Arabian, a Chaldean Chaldean—to the mortification of the conclave they would not speak at all, but expressed themselves in signs and gestures—which after all constitute the original language of man. This theory would not suit the prejudices of all, notably of that hot-headed Welshman who nearly murdered one of our ablest archaeologists because he doubted that Adam and Eve spoke Welsh.

## HEATHERSTONE.

BY L. VELONA STOCKWELL.

In the valleys, and over the hills, the rare October sunshine lay in royal splendor. The crimsoning maples felt its subtle power, and flushed into deeper scarlet, even the scarred and blackened trees, smitten by the early frosts, seemed to stand redeemed and beautified under the autumn sky.

Margaret Brand looked out of the window from the school-house under the hill with a longing sigh. The children were unusually noisy and restless this afternoon, and it was so inviting out of doors. But the clock over the desk pointed to only three, so there was a full hour yet for her patience and her strength. She turned resolutely away from the window, and called out a grammar class.

"Take the third sentence, Mary," she was saying, when a shadow darkened the window, and an instant afterward a heavy rap came upon the door.

"Squire Heatherstone's Jim," some urchin whispered; which assertion was verified, when the teacher opened the door.

"The squire sent me to bring you up to Heatherstone. His wife is dying, and wants you," the man said.

Margaret stared at him in amazement. "Wants me, did you say? There must be some mistake. I have never seen the lady."

"I don't know about that, but you are the one she wants. Can you come now?"

"If they want me, yes."

She stepped back into the room, dismissed her scholars, and in five minutes was whirling over the road in Squire Heatherstone's carriage.

Heatherstone was the country seat of a haughty family, and though Margaret had often wished that she might step inside its walls, for curiosity's sake, she had hardly expected to be summoned there in this manner. It was entirely unaccountable. She forgot the beautiful day, in her surprise and wonder. The squire's wife had been an invalid for years, and rarely left her home save to journey to the city in the winter, and return to Heatherstone in the summer. Gossiping rumors had long been afloat of her staidness and pride, of her coldness and arrogance, but how true these rumors were, none of the villagers knew, or cared to know, for that matter.

Margaret remembered these stories, and as she neared the place, her heart misgave her. She hoped they meant no harm in sending for her there. She had never spoken a word with one of them in her life, though she had often seen the squire and his son as they rode about the village. The son was a gay, handsome fellow, fond of sporting, boating and the saddle, and those who knew him said, passionately devoted to his mother. Margaret shivered involuntarily as the carriage passed through the entrance to the grounds, and the heavy iron gate clanged behind them. A strange feeling that her fate had been barred in with the clanging gate, and was closing about, past all release, came over her.

Edward Heatherstone came down the steps as the carriage stopped, and opened the door for Margaret to descend. His eyes were red and swollen with weeping, and Margaret saw that he was too full of agony to speak. He led the way into the house and to his mother's

door. There he stopped. "She must see you alone," he said chokingly, and left her.

Margaret went in, all in a tremble, and stood by the bedside.

If there had ever been haughtiness and pride in the face before her, it was wholly gone now, and meekness and contrition had taken their place.

"I am glad to see you," the sick woman said in a whisper, extending her hand, when her attendants had left the room. "It is late to right you, but better that than never—better that than never."

"Never mind," she said, as Margaret opened her lips to speak. "Don't interrupt me. You are unprepared for this, I know, but my strength is going, you see. I have not much time left. Sit down here and listen."

Margaret sat down beside her, as she went on. "I am your own aunt. You are an orphan, as you supposed, but you were orphaned long before Jacob Brand and his wife died. They were no relation whatever to you."

Margaret gasped for breath.

"Are you faint? Drink this cordial upon the stand. You will need more strength than you have before I am done," she said, as Margaret hesitated.

"Your father and mother died when you were an infant, leaving a large property to you. If you were out of the way it would be mine. We were pressed for money then, and I took you myself to Jacob Brand and persuaded him to adopt you without letting him know who either of us was. He consented to take you as his own, after I had taken my oath that your own parents were dead, and that you should never be molested. Then I gave out that you were dead. No one has ever known this but myself until to-day. I meant to have died with this secret in my own heart, but I could not. All we have belongs rightfully to you."

The wretched woman covered her face with her hands, but Margaret did not stir—she seemed stupefied, utterly.

After a moment or two she went on again.

"This is not all, Margaret. You have seen my son?"

Margaret bowed her head.

"I want you to marry him. I told him what I have been telling you, before you came, and he cannot bear to have our race reduced to poverty—do not blame him—or to see his mother disgraced as she must be if this is made public. If you refuse to be his wife the Heatherstones are ruined." Her voice had grown quite clear, but it was one of the most abject entreaty.

"You are kind and noble, I have heard. Have pity upon us, and answer yes."

Margaret's face was ghastly.

"Let me go home for one hour," she said. "I will come back then, and tell you. I cannot think here."

"I might be dead then!" the woman said wildly. "I dare not give you so long. Half an hour is enough, and too much if you are going to ruin us by saying no."

"May God so deal with me as I deal with you," Margaret said solemnly, and went out. She rode back to her boarding place like one in a dream. What could she do? How decide? If her wealth and happiness were to be purchased by others' ruin, why have it at all? Had she never known this, it would have been better. But she did know it, and it would not be human for an ambitious woman—for Margaret was ambitious—to re-

fuse to receive what was rightfully her own. But Edward Heatherstone! There was another, not exactly her betrothed, for no words had ever passed between them, though they had been very dear to each other, who was off in Western wilds making a fortune, perhaps for her. Perhaps! Margaret shrank back at this.

However, in half an hour she came out of the house, with a face white as white could be, entered the carriage, rode back to Heatherstone, and in twenty minutes after her arrival there, was Mrs. Edward Heatherstone. By the next morning it was all over the village. Everybody was ablaze with wonder. Such a thing had never been heard of before, and no one would believe it until Margaret clad in the deepest black rode beside her husband to Mrs. Heatherstone's funeral. After that it was not to be contradicted, though the whys and the wherefores none ever knew.

Three years afterward, Margaret's old lover came down from the West—after his bride, the people said. Fortunately he had been told of Margaret's singular marriage, before reaching his native town, so the curious ones did not witness his agony if there had been any.

Margaret saw it though. Poor Margaret! He sent her a note, saying he should see her once more, and telling her if she did not, or could not appoint a time he would come in broad daylight, and before her husband's face.

Margaret was dreadfully frightened, but she named a time when her husband would be away, and in the long drawing-room at Heatherstone, the two who had been lovers once met again. What passed at that interview neither ever told, but the next day Robert Paul returned to his Western home, and Margaret went on with her gay life as before. It was said, however, upon good authority, that she grew sadder and sadder as the years went by, until she gained the reputation of being "the handsome woman who never smiled."

One dreary winter's day ten years afterward, a grand funeral cortege came up from the city, bringing the remains of Mrs. Edward Heatherstone, and buried them between Jacob Brand and his wife, in the village churchyard. She had refused utterly to be placed in the Heatherstone family vault, and so the coffin, with its silver mountings, was lowered into the plain earth as she had directed, and the grave was tufted over like any common grave.

Before her husband had time to have a monument erected as he had intended, some other hand had caused a broken column to be placed over her grave, of the most costly Italian marble, and upon its base these words inscribed—"In heaven mine."

## WOMAN'S LAUGH.

A woman has no more bewitching grace than a sweet laugh. It leaps from her heart in a clear, sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on by her airy laugh—now here, now lost, now found? We have. And we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business; and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing through the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the ill spirits of the mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns the prose of life to poetry, and flings showers of sunshine over its darksome hour.



TROUT FISHING.

## THE TROUT.

The trout, in disposing of its spawn, follows the identical rules which govern the salmon in this important process. He runs up rivers, and torrents, and brooks, in the months of September and October, and seeks out the most retiring water flowing over gravelly bottoms for this annual operation. The leaps the trout will take

when ascending the rivers in autumn are really quite astonishing. If we examine even the smallest rivulet or burn which runs into any good trout stream, we shall find it full of small trout fry, the produce of the spawn which the parent fish had, under the pressure of apparently insuperable difficulties, contrived to deposit. A trout of a pound weight will often clear a leap

four feet high. The period of the year in which trout are in the finest condition varies in different countries and rivers. If the winter has been open and mild, the trout will be in fine order earlier than if there had been long, sharp frosts and heavy falls of snow. In June and July, they are generally supposed to arrive at their highest perfection in strength, richness and flavor.



GROUSE SHOOTING.

## RUFFED GROUSE SHOOTING.

The Ruffed Grouse—Pheasant, or Partridge, as it is variously called—builds its nest early in May. This is placed on the ground, at the root of a bush, old log, or other sheltered situation, well concealed with leaves. The eggs are from nine to fifteen in number, of brownish white, without spots, and nearly as large as those of a

pullet. The young leaves the nest as soon as hatched, and are directed by the cluck of the mother very much in the manner of the common hen. The Grouse is in the best order for the table in September and October. At this season they feed chiefly on whortleberries, and the little aromatic partridge berries, the last of which give the flesh a peculiar delicate flavor.

The drumming, as it is usually called, of the Pheasant, is another singularity of this species. This is performed by the male alone. The sound is produced by striking its sides with its stiffened wings in short and rapid strokes, somewhat in the manner of the domestic cock but much more loudly, and with such rapid motion as to cause a rumbling sound like distant thunder.



## THE TRAPPER'S ESCAPE. A STORY OF INDIAN SUPERSTITION.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

### CHAPTER I.

"THAT'S somethin' more'n beavers bin prowlin' around here," said Ben Hardy to his companion, as he returned from his morning examination of his traps.

"What now, Ben? Anything strange? Perhaps it was a bear?"

"More the natur' of er painter, I should say. But they wont catch me sleepin', I kin tell them."

"Was it wolves?"

"Wal, yes, sorter human wolves!" and the old trapper indulged in a silent laugh, at what he considered a striking comparison.

"You don't mean Indians, Ben?"

"I don't mean anything else. I saw the print of the moccasins jest as plain as I kin see you."

"How many was they?"

"That's er question that haint easily answered. They know how to hide their trail and step in one er another's tracks so well, that it would puzzle a lawyer to tell onything about it."

"But there was more than one?"

"I conceit so by ther marks; and they haint er prowlin' around fer no good."

"I suppose they want to steal our traps?"

"And maybe a scalp or two, jest to keep ther hands in."

"Perhaps we had better pull up stakes and be off, then. I have no fancy for being roasted or skinned alive."

"Nor I neither, but I haint er goin' ter be scared away. Trappin' is ter good around here. I don't know of er another place like it in the hull territory. Let's have some breakfast."

A well-trained and often-tried trapper was Ben Hardy. One perfectly familiar with the red man. With his companion, Will Forest, it was different. Though a strong, bold man, he was yet in his novitiate as regarded wild-wood life, this being his first winter away from civilization. Much, therefore, had he to learn of the manners and customs of the Indians; much of the peculiar signs by which their presence was known. The scalp-knife and tomahawk—the war-whoop and the torture-post were to him known only by hearsay.

For miles along the river their traps had been set, and although Hardy had visited them in the morning, it was necessary to rebait them before sundown. But the sun lingers not long in that northern latitude, especially in winter, and hardly had noon passed, before they took the trail. Trap after trap was visited, and found unmolesied. If Indians had been there, surely their object was not plunder, for none had been stolen, and in some, game was found. Once or twice, Hardy thought he discovered something suspicious, but unwilling to alarm his companion, held his peace. In safety, and without anything to seriously awaken his fears, they returned to their little cabin.

"By ther big beaver!" said Hardy, "thar have bin visitors here since we left him."

"You are dreaming, Ben," replied Forest.

"Who could have been here?"

"Ther same red scoundrels that visited ther traps this mornin'."

"Indians again, Ben! How do you know?"

"Yes, Ingins; and they had er dog with 'em," and he pointed to a clearly defined track on the sand.

"Pshaw! That's the track of a wolf's foot. I have seen it a thousand times."

"So have I, and I expect to ergin, but it haint no more er wolf's than it is your'n."

"Why, ther track is almost the same. So near, indeed, that even old hunters don't pretend to tell the difference."

"Ther more fools they! I know that ther haint but er little difference, and er unpractised eyes wouldn't discover it. But remember what I tell yer, and you'll allers be able to tell which is which. *Er dog leaves ther print of his nails, and er wolf don't, though they have the same spread toes when they run.*"

"But about the Indians being here? I see no signs."

Nothing had been taken—nothing tampered with. Even the little flask of liquor—that great, almost irresistible temptation of the red man—that had been left upon the table by accident, was unemptied. This, more than anything else, was a puzzle to the trapper. How an Indian could restrain his appetite, was more than he could understand. With a perplexed brain he took a draught, and was about to continue his investigation, when he heard a low growl, and saw a pair of eyes flashing upon him from under the rude bunk where he slept.

"Come out, yer serpent!" he exclaimed, as he brought his rifle to his shoulder, and cocked it for instant use.

"Huh!" and a tall, young Indian crept slowly out, followed by his dog, and springing to his feet, stood like a bronzed statue.

"Wal, red-skin, what ar yer sneakin' here fer?" demanded Hardy.

"Pale-face, hark!" and he went to the cabin door, and listened long and anxiously. Then, as if satisfied, he returned, seated himself upon the broad hearthstone, drew from his pouch his pipe, lit it, and smoked in silence, waiting, after the manner of his tribe, to be questioned.

"Wal, what der yer want? What did yer come fer?" asked Hardy, when he thought he had waited sufficiently long for even Indian etiquette.

Slowly his guest took the pipe from his mouth, and handed it to the elder trapper, who, in his turn, passed it to Forest. For a little time they smoked in silence. Evidently the business of the visitor was of a perplexing character.

"Out with it," continued Hardy. "Speak up like a man, and tell us what you want. Ar yer hungry?"

"Food has not passed the lips of Way-wass-i-mo for two suns."

"Haint had nothin' ter eat for two days, and yer name is Lightning, is it? Wal, yer shant go hungry out of this ar cabin, though yer look smart enuff ter earn yer own livin'."

"My brothers are upon the trail. They are hunting me to the death," replied the Indian, without taking the least notice of the insinuation of the trapper.

"Goin' to kill yer, ar they? Bin doin' somethin' ergin the law?"

"The red man returned from hunting—he heard the voice of Nee-bin, the squaw who would soon be his wife, calling for help—his knife was in his hand—it is red with the blood of one of his own tribe."

"Somebody imposin' on yer squaw, and her name was Summer, so yer jest killed him?"

Served him right, tu. I'd have done ther same thing. But ther tribe ar arter yer fer the murder?"

"Day and night they will be upon the trail until the blood is avenged."

"Yes. I know that's yer custom, and if they don't catch you, somebody else will have ter suffer. But yer trying ter escape? I don't blame yer for that, neither. Life is sweet ter us all. However, I might git inter trouble by hiding yer here."

"The pale-face is not false?" replied the Indian, pointing to his still smoking pipe—that bond of friendship and brotherhood among all of his race.

"Never yer fear. I haint er goin' to give yer up. I'll hide yer so that all the Ingins in the world couldn't find yer. But this ar dog must be got out of ther way. He'd soon show them whar you were."

Unfastening his wampum belt, the Indian tied it around the neck of the wolf-like animal, led him to the door, spoke a few words to him, and bade him begone. With long, powerful bounds he disappeared, and once more the two were seated, side by side.

"Now, Lightning," said Hardy, "you must have something to eat and drink, and then we'll hide yer till mornin'."

"The blanket of night has been thrown over the sun," replied the Indian. "Like a star, the light of the pale man's fire can be seen from afar," and he pointed to the flame Forest had kindled.

"That's true, but it wont du to put it out. These red-skinned brothers of yours would think somethin' was up, ef we did anything out of the common run. But I'll fix things all right."

Lifting the broad stone that formed the hearth, Hardy disclosed a cellar beneath, filled with food, skins, and even weapons, and continued:

"Git down thar, and eat and sleep. You'll be jest as safe as er bug in er rug, and ef anything should happen, you'll find yer way out of er back door. Jest creep erlong until yer see daylight, and you'll find yerself on ther bank of the river, close to whar my dugout is tied. Take some food with yer, and my boat, and be off jest as soon as possible. Yer see, Lightning, I am a good friend ter yer, and at ther same time don't want ter lose my scalp. Down with yer, but fust tell me whar yer dog has gone?"

"To the wigwam of Nee-bin."

"To tell her that yer safe? Is that it?"

"With her own hands she worked the wampum. She will know that I am in safety when she sees it again."

"You're er cunning' chap, but git in. You kin hear every word that's said, and so will know when it is time to run. Here, take er drink fust."

The Indian secreted, the trappers began their usual preparations for supper, talking, meanwhile, in a low voice. Well Hardy knew that he had undertaken both a difficult and a dangerous task; but he had perfect self-reliance, and although the Indian made no mention of the fact, knew that he had once saved his life. Perhaps a white man thus situated would have boasted of it, and made it a claim for protection. Not so the Indian. He trusted to the memory of Hardy, and would not have reminded him of it, if he had driven him from the door, though he might have sought revenge in the future. But the trapper was not the one to forget or leave a

favor unreturned. From the first, he had determined to save Lightning, although he had ignored even the knowledge of his name.

Busy over the fire, apparently absorbed in cooking, he was yet listening and watching. For a time, nothing occurred to arouse any suspicion in his mind that there were any lurkers without. But cautiously lifting his head from time to time, he at length saw the face of an Indian pressed against the window-pane, and intently looking within. In an instant, his mind was made up how to act, and stepping to the door, flung it wide open, and called aloud:

"Come in, brother. Supper is ready. Stop and eat before you go home."

Taken completely by surprise—caught in the very act of peering within, the Indian could not but comply. To refuse, would have been contrary to the usual custom, and have shown that his object was that of a spy. A skillful diplomatist as well as a warrior, he at once accepted the invitation, and without any appearance of hesitation, entered, and sat down to the rude table. Meanwhile, various plans were floating through the brain of the trapper. First, he thought of plying him with whiskey, so as to render him insensible. But that was instantly rejected. It was far too scarce and costly an article to be wasted in such a manner. Then he thought of questioning him with regard to his being there at that time of night; but that, also, was discarded. But little if any truth would be contained in the answers he would receive, and while still undecided, the Indian pushed back, and stepped towards the door.

"You haint er goin', brother, until yer smoke?" said Hardy, proffering him some tobacco.

"My dog is hungry. He has been all day hunting without food. I must feed him," and he opened the door, and whistled loudly. Rapid glances passed between Hardy and Forest. Both were convinced that he had friends without, and that he was signalling them, but what the purpose could be, they had no means of determining.

"Ter dog has run away," said Hardy, seeing that none came at the call. "Better come in and have a smoke. You'll find him home when yer git thar."

"I hear his footsteps in the leaves now," replied the Indian. "He will be here very soon."

"And I should think thar whar er hull pack of 'em," answered the trapper, as the sound of heavy tramping was heard. "Er hull pack, and here they ar, by the big beaver!"

With the sound, a dozen armed warriors, savage in feature, savage in nature, and savage in paint, rushed into the little cabin. A dark band, and intent upon a dark purpose.

"Way-wass-i-mo?" questioningly exclaimed every lip, after looking around in vain for the absconding Indian.

"Who?" asked Hardy, counterfeiting ignorance.

"He whom the pale-face calls Lightning."

"How should I know anything about him? Do yer think I keep er Ingins tavern?"

"He has been here," replied the leader of the party, looking Hardy full in the face.

"The tongue of the Long Knife is not travelling the trail of truth. From his wigwam the dog of Way-wass-i-mo went out, bearing his wampum girdle. See?" And he held the trinket aloft.

"Wal, what of that?" coolly questioned

Hardy, though in his heart he anathematized the innocent animal.

"His hands are stained with the blood of a brother. He must die."

"Better catch him fust, hadn't yer?"

"With the red man, blood never falls to the ground unrevenged. One has gone—another must take his place." And the Indian stepped up to Forest, and laid his hand heavily upon his arm.

"Yer don't take him," exclaimed Hardy. "Take me, and be blessed, but yer can't have him."

"The hairs of my brother are few as the leaves on the trees of winter, and white as its snows. The Manitou will soon call him to the spirit-land. The hand that did the deed was young. One like him must take his place."

"Have no fears for me, Ben," said Forest, for the first time breaking the silence.

Resistance was out of the question, and with ill will, Hardy saw his companion led away. But hardly had he passed from sight, before he raised the door of his secret cache and called for the Indian, resolved that he should give himself up. But he called in vain. The Lightning had followed his advice and fled.

### CHAPTER II.

GREAT was the rejoicing at the village of the red man, when the warriors returned with a prisoner to take the place of the one who had fled from what they considered just vengeance. Every preparation possible was made to give eclat to the torture, and though many a young squaw looked lovingly upon the handsome form of Forest, yet none would outrage the feelings of the community by claiming him as a husband and saving him from death, even though she had a right so to do. For any other crime, hundreds would have battled for the prize. As it was, they could only sigh for him in vain. Only one other contingency by which he could be saved remained. The mother of the murdered man might adopt him as her son, but in the stern vindictiveness of her savage heart, she would be the first one to send an arrow quivering through his brain. From his old friend and companion Hardy, he had little to hope. What could his single arm do against a nation?

Still there was something in his bearing that both baffled and surprised his captors; something that forced them to admiration. Never before had they seen one, even of their own race, who looked so coolly at death. As one going on a pleasant journey with friends, he laughed and joked with them as they walked along. Used as the Indians had been to see white prisoners quail even at their presence, they could not understand his actions, and commented, wonderingly upon it, as they led him towards the prison wigwam. No counterfeited bravery could thus sustain him. All felt that it was not bravado.

Through the long line of men, women and children, Forest marched, still unconcerned. Still the smile and light word was upon his lip; still his face was unblanched by fear.

"The pale-face will quail," they muttered to each other, "when he is bound to the post, and the fire is lighted. When death is afar, all are brave."

Confined within the prison wigwam, and guarded beyond the possibility of escape, Forest was left to his own thoughts. That they were pleasant ones, any one who had

been watching him would have determined. Securely fettered as well as closely watched, with not a friend near save the old trapper, and he powerless, it was somewhat strange that he could thus make light of the horrible death he knew to be awaiting him on the morrow. Once or twice, the guards, as they looked within the wigwam, saw him seated upright—then a moment afterwards he stretched himself at full length, and was apparently fast asleep.

How long he slumbered Forest never knew, but a light touch called him suddenly to himself, and much to his astonishment, he saw an Indian woman bending over him, with her finger pressed upon her lip to indicate silence. How she came there—who she was—puzzled him for a moment, and then he determined that it must be the betrothed of Lightning.

"Nee-bin?" he questioned, in a whisper.

A nod of the head was her only answer, as she knelt beside him, and loosened the deer-skin thongs with which he was fettered. Then having effectually secured his attention, she answered his query in words:

"I am Nee-bin, but as you value your life, do not know me as such. There is a poor, half-crazy girl in the village. I have secured her for a time, and am now playing her part."

"That may be so, but why should you interest yourself in my fate?"

"You may trust me. You have been kind to, and have saved Way-wass-i-mo;" and she turned her head aside, as the hot blood flushed up her face, though her tawny skin defied the heat flower to show its crimson leaves.

"How do you know that I had anything to do with saving him?"

"I have seen him."

"Seen him? It is impossible!"

"It is truth. Has the pale-face yet to learn that when the buck wanders, the doe will be found upon his trail?"

"If you have seen him—where is he?"

"The ways of the warrior are hid, like the night-bird. He may hover very near, unseen. But I must not linger here. As the girl they think me, I can come and go at will. Should they find me out, my life would suddenly come to the end of its trail."

"What did you come here at all for?"

"The warrior told me to whisper in your ears that you should not die."

"I know that better than he does. But he will not save me. I can save myself."

"Then the pale-face is a Medicine?"

"Perhaps so. Have you anything more to tell me?"

"My story is told now. Hark! I must go now," and she commenced singing a low, plaintive measure, and passed out of the wigwam just as one of the guards entered.

"What has that crazy thing been doing here?" he asked, as he looked to see that the bonds had not been removed.

"Crazy, is she?" asked Forest, determined to carry out the deception. "I thought something was the matter with her. She is harmless, isn't she?"

"She would not hurt a robin."

"I'm glad of that, for I wouldn't like to be here tied hand and foot, and have a crazy woman wandering around."

Satisfied with his examination, the Indian again left the wigwam, and the captive resumed his recumbent posture and apparent sleep. But apparent only it was. Sleep failed to touch his eyelids with her leaden wand, and



quick-footed dreams failed to glide within the chambers of his brain. Of the chances of escape—of life, he thought for a time, and then truant fancy wandered to a dark-eyed and dark-haired girl that was waiting, watching for his return.

A rude log cabin, covered in the summer hours with running roses, situated upon the bank of a mirror-like lake, and framed with sturdy trees, rose before him. The hour was sunset; the latest crimson and golden glories flushing the world. In the shadows of the maples stood two forms—side by side, beat two hearts. Words of love and parting were upon their lips—plans and promises for the future upon their tongues. Then, as if a thunder cloud had swept before the sun, the life panorama changed, and he saw himself a prisoner, and she, that fair and idolized one, heart widowed before she was a wife.

For a long time (long, for in such an hour life is not to be measured by the creeping hands upon the dial, but by heart throbs—not by the sands dropping through the glass, but by the pulsations of the soul) Forest lay there, mind-tortured. Then again he slept heavily. But his slumber was not to be dangerous. If angels watch around our pillows when brain, sight and hands are laden, they should have been with him to guard and to save.

On the opposite side from where the watchers had gathered and sat noddingly, the bark covering of the prison wigwam was gently pushed aside, and an aged squaw crept within. What was her purpose was easily to be surmised. The stern determination upon her face, and the bared knife grasped convulsively in her bony hand, told the whole story. The mother of the murdered man thirsted for a bloody revenge, and fearing escape, would anticipate the hour of torture and become the executioner. With her own hand she would send the pale-face following her son to the country of spirits.

With quick, though noiseless movements, she reached the side of the sleeper. The deep drawn breath told how little of resistance she had to fear, and the arms thrown above the head left the heart free for the blow. A muttered curse upon him who had robbed her of a son, and the sneaky arm was raised—the fingers clutched more firmly the keen-edged steel, and then, even as it was descending, the would-be murderess was hurled backward, and the form of the counterfeit crazy girl was seen bending over the prisoner.

With angry words the red squaw arose and ordered the girl away. But even had she complied, the dark purpose of her heart was thwarted, for simultaneously Forest awoke and the guards entered. Sullen and baffled, the woman retired to watch for another opportunity, and Nee-bin with a whispered, "Sleep no more, or wake in the land of spirits," also departed.

Dogging the steps of the old woman, the betrothed of the Lightning followed until she saw her safe in her own wigwam. Then she hastened to look after the girl whose part she was playing, and greatly to her surprise found that she had escaped. A crushing blow was this to both her hopes and her plans, and instinctively she tore off her disguise and hastened to meet her lover for advice and assistance.

Concealed at a little distance the Lightning waited her coming, and eagerly listened to her recital. With kind words he praised her for saving the life of Forest, and avowed his

determination to return and give himself up sooner than have a hair of his head injured.

"He must not die for the red man," said the young warrior. "The blood of chiefs runs in the heart of Way-was-i-mo. It must never be tinged with shame."

"But Nee-bin?" questioned the girl, looking up earnestly in his face.

"When the warrior has gone she will mourn for him. On the thither shore of the river of death he will wait for her. They will be happy in the hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit."

"When the eagle has gone, his mate pines. When the dove dies, the partner of his nest broods in sorrow. Nee-bin will go with her lover to the spirit land."

"You! It cannot be. At the stake and amid the fierce flames my battle song will be heard telling how little the red man fears death. You must wait until the Manitou calls."

"The daughter of the red man will not live," was her whispered answer, as she bowed her head upon her hands.

For a long time, in his kind though rough way, the warrior endeavored to console the girl. Believing her love to be passionate and true, he offered no consolation for the future save that which should come beyond the grave. Once or twice there came to the lips of the girl words, which, if spoken, would have urged an immediate flight for both, but she crushed them down as unworthy of him, of her, of her race. And yet how could she see him go to a horrible death without an effort to save? How could she realize the justice of the deed? What had he done that he should die for? Saved her he loved from dishonor—that was all. Did the Manitou curse him for the act? Ah! brain and heart are the same in all of her sex, and even the strong warrior wondered not when she drew herself upon his breast and wretched her arms about his neck and begged him to find some means of escape.

"And leave the pale-face to die?" he asked, sadly.

"No, no, but—"

"But it must be so if I flee. His blood must flow—his flesh be given to the flames, and my name be ever coupled with that of coward and traitor."

"But is there no hope—no chance for safety?"

"None! He or I must die."

"Yet he said," she continued, a flash almost of joy illuminating her face, "he said that he was a Medicine, and could save himself. Let him do so, and you—I—all will live."

"Grit," he replied, somewhat sternly, "would you tempt me to my ruin? At the hour of torture I will be at the stake to die, and—"

"I will be there also!"

"You?"

"If one dies, both will. When the flames are the thickest I will spring among them. I will wrap my arms around you as I do now, and you cannot break my hold. Together will we go through the dark valley—together enter the sunshine beyond."

"Nee-bin, darling, I beg you to think better of this. Think—"

"I have spoken!" And she remained mute to all his caresses, and all his entreaties that she would not also become a sacrifice.

In the dark hour that mantles the coming of day they sat in the thicket of the forest;

sat, wanting yet fearing to part, for when and where should they meet again? But separate they must, and when at length they tore themselves away, she fled like a startled deer for her wigwam, and he buried himself still more deeply in the forest.

### CHAPTER III.

Long and anxiously the old trapper sought for the Lightning, but without avail. Cursing as he was, the Indian was still more so, and had hid his trail beyond the possibility of discovery. Still he plodded on through the forest, cursing his ill success, the red man in general, and the traitor warrior in particular, until morning dawned and he knew that the hour of execution was drawing nigh.

"Somethin' has got ter be done," he said, as he hastened towards the spot where his companion was confined, "somethin' has got ter be done ter save the boy; but by the big heaven I don't see how I kin. They won't take me in his place, and I can't find that runaway Injun no whar. I only wish that I had him by the nap of his neck. But thar is thar boy, and they ar gitlin' ready ter torture him."

Carefully guarded in the centre of the little Indian village stood Forest. Stripped to the waist, his fine form was revealed to advantage—the white skin showing more pure by contrast with the dark ones that surrounded him. The head, firmly set and well poised, was held erect, the first breath of morning lightly lifting the curls from the forehead. Flushed was the cheek and firm the glance of the large blue eyes. There was no pallor of fear there. Even the old trapper Hardy, well as he was acquainted with him, was astonished at his bearing—astonished that any man could make thus light of approaching death. Pressing forward to seize any opportunity that might be presented for escape, he was seen by the prisoner and at once called to his side.

"You here, Hardy?" he said.

"Wal, yes. I couldn't stay away, though ter tell thar truth I don't see how I kin help yer, boy. I've bin er scoutin' all this blessed night ter find thar ar Injun, Lightning, but can't do it, nohow."

"What did you want of him, Ben?"

"Want of him!" echoed the astonished trapper. "Want of him? Why, ter take yer place."

"What for? He is safe, isn't he?"

"I reckon, but you haint."

"So you think they will kill me?"

"Sartinly. Don't yer see they ar bringing wood ter burn yer?"

"But they won't do it, Ben."

"You talk jest like er fool. Better be sayin' yer prayers than to be makin' er brave of yerself."

"But I tell you I shall not die."

The conversation, interrupted by the warriors who came forward to bind the prisoner, was not renewed until all the preparations for torture had been completed. Then Hardy again approached with tearful eyes, and asked Forest if he had no dying request to make—no word to send to the settlement.

"I've done my best to save yer, boy," said the old man, as he wrung his fattered hand, "done my best, but it haint of no use. I've offered ter die in yer place, but they won't let me. I did think of makin' er fight of it before I stood by and saw yer murdered, but thar red devils have taken all my arms away

from me. See, they haint even left me er knife."

"It matters not, Ben. I thank you for your kindness, but would not let you die in my place even if the Indians were willing."

"But you have some word to send home?"

"I'll take the message myself. I shall be going that way in a day or two," replied the prisoner, with a smile.

"I can't bear ter hear yer talk so. It's unnatural for er man standing with one foot in the grave ter be laughin' at death."

"But have I not told you that I am not going to die?"

"Perhaps yer think Lightning will give himself up and save yer? I did think so myself once."

"I tell you I can save myself."

"Don't be too confident."

"Then, if I should fail, snatch a rifle from the hands of some of the Indians, and shoot me through the heart before the fire begins to burn my flesh. Will you do it, Ben Hardy?"

"I—I—shoot you!" gasped the trapper, between sobs he was vainly striving to keep down.

"Certainly. It would be an act of kindness."

"Er I do, may I be blessed, for yer see—"

Forced to stand aside by the warriors, Ben Hardy's explanation was lost to the world. Taking his position against a tree where he could see all that was passing, he stood more like a statue than a man, waiting the end. With taunting words and gesture the savages danced around their victim—playing cat-like with their prey. But if they expected any symptoms of fear, they were sadly disappointed. Still the smile was on the lips of the prisoner; still the flush upon brow and cheek; still the fearless light in his eyes. With their knives ready for the throwing, with their strong-headed arrows strained upon the bow-string, with the fagots piled, and ready for the firing, he yet quailed not.

"The pale-face is a great brave," they whispered each to the other; "but when the hot tongue of the flames is lapping up his breath, and the red coals broiling above his heart, he will grow faint and whine like a young squaw."

"That time will never come," replied the prisoner, defiantly.

"Let the torture begin," commanded the chief.

"Beware, red man!" came in tones of thunder, as if from the clouds. "The Great Spirit is angry with you."

Astonished by the interruption, the hands that were raised to hurl the knives and send the arrows deep into the unprotected flesh, dropped as if paralyzed by their sides. The voice of the Manitou speaking to them as they had never heard it before, thrilled their very hearts with terror. For a time all was silence—all fear. Then, as nothing occurred to startle them, their natural blood-thirsty dispositions again took entire possession of their breasts, and the most reckless clamored for the torture. But before a step was taken, before a knife could be raised or an arrow re-strung again, the voices rang in their ears, but this time as if from the ground beneath their feet.

"Why dare you tempt my anger? Fear you not my curse? Disobey my will, and when your cornfields are blasted, when the sweet brooks are dried up, when the game flies afar, and your wives and little ones beg

in vain for food, when your enemies triumph over you, and the black flocks of smallpox and pestilence stalk through your villages, call upon me for help, and see how I will answer."

Great as was the effect upon the warriors, it was far more so, was terrible, upon the medicine man. Like one suddenly stricken with palsy he stood trembling, with open mouth and fixed eyes for a time, and then fell insensible to the ground. He who had practised upon the superstitious fears of his fellows for many years, was overawed by a master power—stricken dumb by a mystery that he could not fathom. Ago and hot blood had done the rest, and when they raised him, a hollow groan escaped from his lips. It was the last lung-beat, and the old man was dead.

Meanwhile, and during the confusion, the Indian girl Nee-bin had not been idle. When the attention of all was turned from the prisoner, she glided swiftly behind him and released him from his fetters. None except the old trapper Hardy had seen her, and their consternation was greatly increased when Forest kicked aside the fagots, and stepping to the side of the chief, demanded whether or no he was free.

"Free? The great Manitou has claimed thee as his own. You are his child. Go. The hand that is raised against thee is accursed."

"Free! free!" rang from every lip save one, and all gathered around the late prisoner to do him honor. The great Manitou had spoken both from the clouds and the earth in his favor, and who dared dispute the fiat?

All but one were his firm friends for life, and that one was the mother of the murdered man. Screaming at the top of her voice, croaking like a carrion buzzard, she came, demanding justice.

"When Way-was-i-mo is found, then may she ask for revenge," replied the chief. "Until that hour let the squaw be dumb."

"Way-was-i-mo is here!" replied a strong, manly, fearless voice, and the young warrior, painted and decked as if for a holiday, entered the circle, and took his place at the stake.

"In the name of goodness what did you come here for?" demanded Forest and Hardy in a breath.

"The name of a son of a chieftain must not be coupled with shame. Let the fire be lighted. I am ready for the torture. Long have I been watching, and had not the Great Spirit given freedom to my pale brother, these hands would have done so. Come, sharpen your knives, strain your arrows to the head, and light the fire. Way-was-i-mo fears not death! He knows not the meaning of the word."

Eager for revenge, the aged squaw sprang forward, knife and torch in hand, but the chief laid his hand heavily upon her, and rendered her powerless.

"Not by the hand of a woman must a warrior die. Nobly has he redeemed his honor. Freely he gives his life for another. He has acted the part of a man, and shall die as one. Nothing of disgrace must come to him in death."

"But why must he die?" asked Forest.

"It is the law of the tribe. His own blood must pay for that which he has shed."

"He was but protecting the honor of his wife."

"She was not his wife."

"In a few days she would have been so. In the eyes of the Manitou it is the same."

Many of the bravest and best of the nation

favored this view of the matter, especially as they were still fearful of the interference of the Manitou. But the law had never been broken—there was no precedent for the act of mercy. Then, too, the cries of the soulless mother were ringing in their ears, and she could not be quieted.

Against all odds, the two trappers still fought for the life of the Indian, but in vain. Vainly, also, they strove to purchase his life, and with sad hearts they saw him bound to the stake.

"Er thar Manitou is a good spirit he'll save that ar feller's life," said Hardy.

"And he will, in the same manner that he saved mine," replied Forest, as he turned away, called by a new outbreak in the encampment.

True to her word, the betrothed of the prisoner stood by his side, with her arms firmly clasped around his neck, vowing that if he suffered she would die also. Never before had such an exhibition of woman's love been seen in the tribe. It was a sight they were not prepared for, a feeling they could little understand.

"Tear them asunder!" thundered the chief. "The girl to her wigwam and the warrior to death."

"If one dies, both must!" came in a ghastly whisper to all ears, but from whence, all were puzzled to decide, until those who stood nearest to the dead Medicine declared that though his lips moved not, the sound issued from his body.

"If it be so," replied the chief, "if indeed the dead can speak, then man must listen and obey, for it is the voice of the Great Spirit. Listen."

"Way-was-i-mo must not die," again was heard issuing from the stiff and ashy lips of the dead Medicine. "Like the pale face he must go free."

Without waiting a decision the old trapper released the Lightning and his wife, and before the tribe could recover from their terror the four were on their way to Hardy's cabin.

Perhaps there were some doubters among the red men as to the interference of the great Manitou, but against the superstition of the tribe they wisely held their tongues. To the young warrior and his betrothed the mystery was never explained, but the mind of the old trapper was enlightened a short time subsequently, and he was fully posted as to the power of a VENTRILOQUIST.

### THE FIG AND THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Mr. Gossee, in the history of the birds of Jamaica, gives an amusing account of the mocking-bird. The hogs are, it seems, the creatures that give him the most annoyance. They are ordinarily fed upon the inferior oranges, the fruit being shaken down to them in the evening; hence they acquire the habit of resorting to the orange tree for a lucky windfall. The mocking-bird, feeling nettled at the intrusion, flies down and begins picking away at the hog with all his might. Fiercely, not understanding the matter, but pleased with the titillation, gently lies down and turns up his broad side to enjoy it. The poor bird gets in an agony of distress, pecks again and again, but only increases the enjoyment of the luxurious intruder, and at last is compelled to give it up.

It is a far easier task to deceive ourselves, than to deceive others.

## A SUMMER AT ALDERVILLE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

WHAT whim induced Atheline Herne to renounce a fashionable watering-place, and the society of her aristocratic friends, and bury herself in the savage precincts of the little country town of Alderville? Her friends wondered, perhaps she wondered herself; but not being one of those who feel bound to give voice to every emotion, the oracle was mute.

It was simply a freak of hers. Perhaps away down in her great heart she was weary of the selfishness, the frivolity, the glitter and show of fashionable life, and longed for the pure, true friendship of nature. She remembered, years ago, when life was fresh and new, how she had spent a summer in the country. She recalled the smell of spruce and pine when the summer sun was hot—the murmuring, dreamy music of the brook winding through green pastures—the bleat of the white lambs on the high hills—and the patient, brown-eyed cattle, driven up the dewy lane by the whistling cowboy. She was sixteen then; now she was twenty-five; old enough to feel a thrill of pleasure in the prospect of living over again a sweet past.

Atheline had had some love phases. They had affected her lightly, simply because her best nature had never been touched. The golden apples had changed to dross in her hands, and left no pain behind. Sometimes she thought she was not like other women—that with loving she had no part. Pride kept her from the sensation of emptiness when she looked into her heart.

The middle of June found Miss Herne quietly settled for the summer in an old farmhouse on the banks of the Merrimac. Free of all fashionable restrictions, at liberty to dress in calico, and wear her rippling brown hair in a net, guileless of rats and waterfalls, Miss Herne was beautiful, and an heiress in her own right. Her near relatives were all in the world beyond, and there were none to place upon her any restraint.

Mrs. Marshall, with whom Atheline boarded, had been an old friend of her mother's, and took a kindly interest in the girl's welfare. Just interest enough not to be burdensome—not to make it seem officious; for there certainly is an extent to the degree in which people may be interested in us if we are to be rendered happy by it.

The Marshalls were quiet people; they had passed their lives on the farm where they now resided, and which, for the beauty of its location and surroundings, stood without a rival.

Miss Herne slept late the morning after her arrival at the farm. When she opened her window to let in the fragrance of the sweet air, and the music of the birds, the beauty of the morning struck through to her heart, and she felt she had the power to do. She knew that the sovereignty of nature, but she had never looked down upon the sturdy farm-laborers who went whistling away to the fields in striped frocks and blue overalls. What a pity, she thought, to have to confound the sweet smell of crimson clover and daisies roses with the overalls and striped frocks.

Atheline was a haughty patrician. This half contempt for the lower classes of society was a part of her education; she was not to blame, perhaps, for her prejudices. She had been taught to regard the contemptible dis-

tinctions of society as second in sacredness only to her religion.

She went down to her late breakfast in a pink wrapper, with all her shining hair hidden away in a gold-colored net. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes bright with looking out over the dew-wet fields.

While Atheline discussed the nice breakfast set before her by the careful hands of Mrs. Marshall, Mr. Marshall read to her from the morning paper. He was interrupted by the entrance of one of the farm hands.

"Shall we hoe the corn in the Hanson lot?"

The voice that uttered the question was deep and mellow, but it grated on the sensitive ear of Miss Herne, and she glanced up at the speaker with an expression of annoyance on her face. She met the eyes of the man fastened upon her; not in admiration, but with the cool scrutiny one bestows upon an indifferent stranger. Miss Herne flushed slowly, and was desperately angry with herself when she felt the blood creeping hot to her cheek.

The face beneath the rough straw hat was brown as a berry, but the eyes were unusually fine, the features good, and the bronze hair and beard soft and shining as floss silk. Besides, he was tall, slender and muscular—altogether a man to be depended upon.

Atheline scorned herself for looking at him, and wondered if she was expected to eat her breakfast with that country loon looking on. Mr. Marshall, good old soul! felt called upon to do something in the case.

"This is Miss Herne, Vert. She was wishing for water lilies only a little while ago. It is rather early, I suppose; do you think you could find any for her?"

"I will make the attempt if you wish me to, sir," Vert replied, never once looking at Atheline.

In spite of her cool self-control, she felt the slight. He would do his master's bidding, but not at her pleasure, and she silently determined that if the lilies came with ever so subtle a fragrance in their golden hearts, she would not notice them. Miss Herne was doing a very unwise thing; suffering herself to get indignant with this man, and thus allowing him to occupy her thoughts.

At dinner a slender glass full of lilies stood beside her plate. The dreamy odor almost made her dizzy with delight, but she would not look at them until Mrs. Marshall directed her attention. Then she simply replied:

"Ah! yes—they are early—are they? How nice your peas are, Mrs. Marshall."

As the days passed, Atheline saw Vertner Fales very frequently. He was Mr. Marshall's chief adviser, and took his meals with the family. He never spoke to Miss Herne, never seemed to be aware of her presence; and though she said to herself every day that she would go away from the farm on purpose to be rid of his society, still she did not go.

One fine evening she started to walk down to the village. It was full two miles, but Miss Herne was a good pedestrian. She had not gone far when a carriage stopped at her side, and looking up she met the dark, brilliant eyes of young Fales.

"Will you ride down?" he asked her.

"No," she answered, shortly and ungraciously enough.

"Ah?" He did not repeat the invitation, only gave the sleek farm horses the rein and went on. A few rods ahead, he stopped at the cottage of the Widow Morgan. Nellie,

her pretty, golden-haired daughter, was gathering honeysuckle in the yard.

Vert said something to her, as Atheline swept down the road, and very soon the carriage, with Nellie beside the handsome driver, dashed past Atheline, enveloping her in a cloud of dust. Atheline said that night to Mrs. Marshall:

"Is it the Widow Morgan's cottage down by the willows?"

"Yes. She lives there all alone with Nellie. She is the belle of the village."

"The widow?"

"No dear, Nellie. She has the pinkest cheeks, and such pretty, yellow curls. I wish you could see her!"

Atheline shrugged her shoulders.

"Blonde beauties are not to my taste. Dear me! how very close the air is!"

Two days afterward, Miss Herne went off by herself for a ramble in the woods. In truth, she spent a great deal of her time in solitary wanderings among the shadows of the pasture groves and beside the river. She spent the afternoon pleasantly, gathering wild blossoms, and near sundown she seated herself on a fallen tree to arrange her treasures.

A couple of colts started out from the brush-wood, and with the shy yet ardent curiosity of their race, they began making advances with a view to a closer acquaintance. Atheline was city bred, and of course she had an idea that all animals in a pasture were to be regarded as savage, and with a quick bound she reached the top of a high stone wall, intending to leap down on the other side. But on the other side there ran a wide, deep ditch, nearly full of water, and she dared not make the leap. And to go back the way she had come was impossible, for the frisky colts were putting their heels into the air in a way extremely terrific to a woman with nerves.

Vert Fales was mowing just beyond the ditch, and directly he glanced up. An amused expression came into his face. Atheline could have forgiven anything but that. And that, never! He bounded forward, reached up his lithe strong arms, and taking her down carried her to the firm ground beyond. How crimson her face grew!

"How dare you?" she cried, hotly.

"You looked uncomfortable. If you are offended, save your anger for some one who will appreciate it."

He took up his scythe and resumed his labor. Atheline hurried home, at war with everybody. She ate no supper, and went to her room at eight. She tried to think herself disgraced by the free touch of that country clown. The hands he had held so close thrilled under the cold flash of their diamond rings; the cheek his soft hair had brushed glowed red as wine.

Miss Herne wondered what was the matter with her that she could not sleep. The night was so warm! She put her wrapper round her and sat the hours before the dawn away by her chamber window. When she went down to breakfast she found a copy of Mrs. Browning's sonnets on her plate; the very book she had wished for yesterday at dinner; and on opening it, a little slip of paper fell out. And written on it were the words:

"I spoke rudely to you yesterday; I am repentant. Forgive me."

Although she had never seen his chirography, she knew that Vert Fales had written it. She tore the paper into shreds, shut the book and tossed it among the papers on a

side table; mentally vowing never to look inside it so long as she lived.

Do not, I beg of you, get the impression that this heroine of mine was bad tempered; she was only proud, and angry with herself for seeming in any way interested in a vulgar laborer.

Before the week was out, she had learned enough of Vertner Fales's history to force her to respect him. His father had been a wealthy merchant, but through the villainy of friends had been reduced to poverty. He had died shortly afterward, and left a fragile wife and two sons—Vertner and Juan. Vertner was in college at the time, within three months of graduation; but he left at once, and devoted himself to the sad task of comforting his mother. Without the means to pursue the study of the profession he had chosen, he had given it up, and engaged himself as a day-laborer on the farm of Mr. Marshall, where his remuneration was sure. He had toiled early and late, besides doing copying for a city register, in order that he might be able to defray the expenses of his brother at the university where he was studying for the ministry. For Juan Fales was a youth of rare promise; but alas! he was blind!

Atheline heard the whole story, with many touching little additions, from Mrs. Marshall; but she listened with apparent indifference, and did not remark upon it when the old lady had finished.

A few days afterward, Vertner Fales was surprised by receiving from the treasurer of the M— University a receipt in full for the two years' expense yet remaining to complete his brother's tuition.

On writing to the gentleman he had only been able to ascertain that the amount of the receipt had been paid by a person to the treasurer unknown, who stated that it was done by one strongly interested in the education of the blind.

Vertner was mystified, but a great weight was lifted from his shoulders. He could now give his mother some comforts of which she had been denied, and which were essential to her enjoyment. And seeing her so much happier, he went about with a lighter heart, and the people at Mr. Marshall's wondered what had made such a change in Fales. Atheline said nothing, but had she chosen she might have explained the mystery.

The summer wore away. It was very delightful at Marshall Farm; Atheline grew more attached to the place every day. But her city friends were impatient to welcome her return, and so the last day of August came, and she was to leave Alderville on the first of September.

Toward sundown she went for a walk in the south pasture where the asters grew. It was a long walk, and the sun was sinking into a mass of ink clouds low lying in the west, before she was ready to return. The wind muttered dolefully in the pine trees; it was falling dark very fast, and along the line of black clouds she caught the glimmer of lightning. There was a shower gathering.

She hurried on, her hair tumbling about her shoulders in rippling masses, her scarf lost, and her bare neck swept by the electric wind. She caught the first hoarse peal of thunder soon, and directly a cold drop of rain fell on her forehead. It was useless to attempt to reach the farm by the road before the tempest should set in, and there was no house nearer. A moment she stood still in

despair. Then suddenly it flashed upon her, she could cross the river on the railroad bridge! It would lessen the distance more than one-half, and she had the utmost confidence in her ability to keep a steady head. Not once did she think of the evening express train, which was even then due, so anxious was she to reach home before the storm broke.

She flew toward the bridge. It was a high, narrow structure, spanning the stream at the narrowest point, while underneath the water roared like mad over the sharp rocks. Beneath the ties which upheld the rails was a sheathing of zinc to protect the timbers from moisture, but hardly equal to the duty of supporting the weight of a human being. Atheline paused a moment on the verge of the bridge to steady her nerves, for she saw that she must step from tie to tie in order to cross. She took the first step, and then she heard a shout, "Go back instantly! The train has whistled for Lock's Cross Roads!"

She recognized the voice before she looked up to see Vertner Fales standing at the opposite end of the bridge. She kept on boldly.

"Good God!" he cried, "are you mad?"

Still no answer, but the same quiet advance.

There was a roar behind her she knew was not the roar of the river; a red light from the signal lantern flashed across the water; she heard the sharp whistle to down breaks, and realized her danger. Just then Vert Fales stood face to face with her; his eyes burning down into hers. Only a second, and he had crushed her down upon the timbers, prone between the rails, and thrown himself beside her.

"Be still, on your life!" he whispered, hoarsely; and then!

She felt the red hot breath of the locomotive sweep over her; fire seemed all around her; the frail fabric beneath shook fearfully; she strove to rise, but an iron hand held her.

One terrible moment of agonizing suspense, and then the fearful roar of the train was passing into the distance, and once more the free air swept the face of Atheline.

Vert Fales lifted her up and bore her swiftly and silently across the bridge. She made no resistance now; she let him hold her closely as he pleased, for she remembered that but for him she would now have been in eternity.

The rain was falling in torrents. Vert took off his coat and wrapped her in it, and led her to a dense thicket of spruce just on the river bank, which afforded a partial shelter. Atheline found voice first.

"Mr. Fales," she said, with emotion, "how shall I offer you my gratitude?"

He looked at her, but did not speak. Beneath his eyes her face flushed red as June roses. The revelation came to her fully, then. She knew why she had felt so angry with herself whenever she had thought of Vertner Fales. She knew why she could never trust herself to speak of him or even think of him in the presence of others.

For an instant there was a fierce struggle in this proud woman's heart, and then love thrust pride back. He came close to her and took her hands in his.

"Dare I ask it?" he said, passionately; "Atheline, in spite of all, I love you, and dare I ask a return?"

"No," she said tremblingly, "you may not ask it, for—it is already given."

"Kiss me, dear; I shall realize my great happiness better."

She touched her lips to his, forgetting that she was kissing a poor farm-laborer; ignoring what her friends would say when they knew that she loved a man who wore a striped frock.

Early in the winter, Miss Herne's dear five hundred friends were electrified by the return of their favorite, accompanied by her husband, a man who rapidly made his way upward, until, at length, he held the highest office in the gift of the State.

## THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

The picture on page 50 represents a famous Greek mythological legend, to this effect:

In very ancient times there lived in Thessaly, a king and queen, named Athamas and Nephele. They had two children, a boy and a girl. After a time Athamas grew indifferent to his wife, and put her away, and took another. Nephele suspected danger to her children from the influence of the step-mother, and took measures to send them out of her reach. Mercury assisted her, and gave her a ram, with a golden fleece, on which she set the two children, trusting that the ram would convey them to a place of safety. The ram vaulted into the air with the children on his back, taking his course to the East, till when crossing the strait that divides Europe and Asia, the girl, whose name was Helle, fell from his back into the sea, which from her was called, the Hellespont—now called the Dardanelles. The ram continued on till he reached the kingdom of Colchis, on the eastern shore of the Black Sea, where he landed the boy Phryxus, who was hospitably received by Eetes, the king of the country. Phryxus sacrificed the ram to Jupiter, and gave the golden fleece to Eetes, who placed it in a consecrated grove, under the care of a sleepless dragon.

Meanwhile in Thessaly, in a neighboring kingdom to that of Athamas, and ruled over by a relation of his, the king Eson, tired of the cares of the government, surrendered his crown to his brother Pelias, on condition that he should hold it only during the minority of Jason, the son of Eson. When Jason was grown up and came to demand the crown from his uncle, Pelias pretended to be willing to yield it, but at the same time suggested to the young man the glorious adventure of going in quest of the golden fleece, which it was well known was in the kingdom of Colchis, and was, as Pelias pretended, the rightful property of their family. Jason pleased with the thought, forthwith made preparations for the expedition. At that time, the only species of navigation known to the Greeks was small boats or canoes hollowed out from trunks of trees. When Jason employed Argus to build him a vessel capable of containing fifty men, it was considered a gigantic undertaking. It was accomplished, however, and the vessel named Argo, from the name of the builder. Jason sent his invitation to all the adventurous young men of Greece, and soon found himself at the head of a band of bold youths.

The vessel, propelled by oars, for sails and masts were not yet invented, left the shores of Thessaly and first made land at the island of Lemnos, thence crossed to Mytilene and then to Thrace. Here they found the sage Phineus, and from him received instruction as to their future course. It seems the entrance of the Euxine Sea was impeded by two small rocky islands, which floated on the surface, and in their tossings occasionally came together, crushing and grinding to atoms any object caught between them. They were called the Symplegades, or Clashing Islands. Phineus instructed the Argonauts how to pass this dangerous strait. When they reach-



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ed the islands; they let go a dove, which took her way between the rocks, and passed in safety, only losing some feathers of her tail. Jason and his men seized a favorable moment, plied their puns with vigor, and passed safe through, though the islands closed behind them, and actually grazed their stern. They now rowed along the shore till they arrived at the eastern end of the sea, and landed at the kingdom of Colchis.

Jason made known his message to the king, Eetes, who consented to give up the golden fleece to Jason, would yoke to the plough two fire-breathing bulls with brazen feet, and sow the teeth of the dragon, which Cadmus had slain, and from which it was well known that a crop of armed men would spring up, who would turn their weapons against their producer. Jason accepted the conditions, and a time was set for making the experiment. Previously, however, he found it prudent to plead his cause to Medea, daughter of the king, and by her aid, for she was a potent sorceress, he was furnished with a charm by which he could encounter safely the

breath of the fire-breathing bulls and the weapons of the armed men.

At the time appointed, the people assembled at the grove of Mars, and the king assumed his royal seat, while the multitude covered the hill-sides. The brazen-footed bulls rushed in, breathing fire from their nostrils, that burned up the herbage as they passed. Jason advanced boldly to meet them. His friends, the chosen heroes of Greece, trembled to behold him. Regardless of the burning breath, he soothed their rage with his voice, patted their necks with fearless hand, and adroitly slipped over them the yoke, and compelled them to drag the plough. The Colchians were amazed; the Greeks shouted for joy. Jason next proceeded to sow the dragon's teeth and plough them in. And soon the crop of armed men sprung up, and wonderful to relate, no sooner had they reached the surface than they began to brandish their weapons and rush upon Jason. The Greeks trembled for their hero, and even she who had provided him a way of safety and taught him how to use it, Medea herself,

grew pale with fear. Jason for a time kept his assailants at bay with his sword and shield, till finding their numbers overwhelming, he resorted to the charm which Medea had taught him. Seizing a stone he threw it in the midst of his foes. They immediately turned their arms against one another, and soon there was not one of the dragon's blood left alive. The Greeks embraced their hero, and Medea, if she dared, would have embraced him, too.

It remained to hull to sleep the dragon, and this was done by scattering over him a few drops of a preparation, which Medea had supplied, and which operated like chloroform or sulphuric ether. He snorted once or twice, then shut those great round eyes, that had never been known to shut before, and turned over on his side, fast asleep. Jason seized the fleece, and with his friends and Medea accompanying, hastened to their vessel, before Eetes the king could arrest their departure, and made their way back to Thessaly, where they arrived safe, and Jason delivered the fleece to Pelias, and dedicated the Argo to Neptune.

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