

BOYS, READ THE RADIO ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER

PLUCK AND LUCK

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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Price 8 Cents

DANIEL BOONE'S BEST SHOT; OR, THE PERILS OF THE KENTUCKY PIONEERS.

*By AN OLD SCOUT.
AND OTHER STORIES*



As Boone was coming along the savage aimed a blow at him with his tomahawk. Boone swung his rifle around and aimed it at the redskin. Fearing to get shot, the lad sank under water and swam away.

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On account of the increased cost of labor and materials we are reluctantly compelled to raise the price of this publication to Eight Cents a copy, beginning with this issue.

Daniel Boone's Best Shot

OR, THE PERILS OF THE KENTUCKY PIONEERS

By AN OLD SCOUT

CHAPTER I.—A Curious Meeting.

It was the year 1775. Major Daniel Boone, after having served with much distinction in colonial Indian wars, was on his way with a few hunters and soldier companions to explore and survey the Wild West, following the great but then unknown Ohio river. His exploits in Virginia had already made him famous as an Indian fighter, and therefore he found no difficulty in getting followers. He had nearly reached the borders of what is now the State of Kentucky, and being surrounded by watchful fiends who regard his intrusion into this hitherto undisputed territory with savage jealousy, the entire party had of course to be continually on the watch to guard against surprises.

One afternoon, while his party was pretty well scattered, Boone saw a movement in the bush some twenty rods in advance, and before he could bring his rifle to his shoulder, he saw a body dart behind a tree. Quick as a flash Boone sought another tree, and waited. Taking off his fox-skin cap, he placed it on the end of a short stick, and thrust it just a little beyond the side of the tree, so that his enemy could see it, hoping thereby to draw his fire, after which he could rush upon him before he had a chance to reload. But his enemy refused to be caught in that trap, and Boone began to get disgusted. Finally he ventured a quick look from behind his tree, when, lo! he saw what appeared to be the head of his adversary projecting far enough beyond his tree to present a good target.

"The wily rascal has caught my trick," muttered Boone. "He wants to draw my fire. That is strange! I never heard of an Indian's knowing enough for that before. I must be cautious. Guess I'll call in my men," he added, discharging

one of his pistols, which was always a signal for an immediate gathering.

As he did so his enemy stepped out from his concealment.

"Hello!" he cried.

"Hello to you!" replied Boone, also stepping out.

"Varmint or white man?"

"White! Advance."

"Waal, goldurn my sister's cat's tail, if I didn't think so," replied the stranger, advancing.

Boone quickly saw that he was a white hunter whom he had mistaken for an Indian. He carried a long rifle, and was followed by a dog quite as homely as he was himself, while on his side hung an extraordinary large powder-horn, such as hunters used to carry. Daniel Boone advanced to meet the stranger, and received his proffered hand.

"Waal, goshtermighty, ter think we tuck each other fer varmints! How de du? Fust white man I've seen in three months. My name's Shank Shingle; they used ter call me Roarin' Shank Shingle away back in Varginia, but I'm right tickled ter see yer, I am; by goshtermighty! Who be ye, an' whar der yer claw from?" he rattled off so fast that Boone could get no chance to put in half a word.

"I am Colonel Daniel Boone, of Virginia."

"Great snakes!" exclaimed Shingle, starting back and looking at him. "Yer don't say so?"

"It is very true, my friend."

"Hello! who's there?" he asked, seeing first one and then another of Boone's company coming in.

"These are my men."

"Great snakes! Out fer game?"

"Well, mostly anything that comes in our way;

but my chief object is to survey the West, and drive back these accursed redskins."

"Waal, I'll be flushed in the pan!"

"What are you doing so far away from civilization?" asked Boone.

"Waal, sorter enjoyin' myself killin' Injuns an' other game. I'm Roarin' Shank Shingle, I am, an' I've been a hunter ever since I could lug a gun. I kill game for felts an' meat, an' I kill Injuns for fun."

CHAPTER II.—Boone's Companions.

The company had by this time gathered around, and stood looking at the stranger. Boone introduced him to them, and then laughingly explained why he had fired the shot to call them together.

"How far West have you been?" asked Boone.

"Waal, not more'n ten miles, I guess."

"Will you guide us that far?"

"Will I! Colonel Boone, I've allus been a grut admirer of yourn, an' if yer'll let me I'll go anywhar with yer," replied Shinkle.

"Good!"

And "good!" the entire company echoed, for they somehow liked the ungainly hunter.

"Well, it is agreed, then, that you are to go along with us, is it?" asked Boone.

"Yes, I'm with yer, colonel."

"Have you a camp near here?"

"Waal, I did have until 'bout a week ago, but the varmints got inter it one day when I was out, an' they skinned it of all my skins an' traps. I'm a-hankerin' ter get 'em back."

"Well, perhaps you may do so."

"An' I'm sorter runnin' short of powder an' ball. Got any?"

"Oh, yes, we have plenty of both, so rest easy on that score! "Now, show us a good place to camp for the night, as we have had a long tramp to-day."

"Waal, yer can't find a much nicer place than whar my ole camp war."

"Very well; lead us to it."

"Right sharp, I reckon," replied Shingle, shouldering his long rifle, and starting to go on.

Then stopping suddenly, as his dog came up alongside of him, he said:

"Bergosh! I sorter forgot somethin'. This is my dorg, Chaw; best dorg for b'ars an' Injuns ever knowed. He can smell 'um for a mile, an' is sure death when he lays ahold," and as he said it, three or four other dogs belonging to the party growled a welcome to old Chaw.

This introduction over with, Shingle led the party to a ford in the stream, and along on the opposite bank for about a mile to a spot beautifully situated, where he once had a camp, but which the Indians had despoiled, and there they set about entrenching themselves. Boone's company comprised other queer characters besides Roaring Shank Shingle, and among them was one Bill Whiner. For instance, Bill was a croaker of evil. Something dire and dreadful was continually going to happen. The whole company was sure to be surrounded and destroyed by the savages, and yet on the eve of danger he was one of the first to go to the front.

Then there was Lank Pete (if he had any other

name nobody knew it), who was certainly a brave hunter, but the stories of his exploits, as told by himself, were very hard to swallow. But the youngest member of the party was Todd Barry. He was scarcely more than fifty years old, but a brave youngster, and a hunter of considerable experience. He had obtained permission to accompany Col. Boone in his expedition, hoping to discover some trace of his mother, who had been carried into captivity by the Indians while he was but a mere child, and his father had been slain by them at the same time.

By the time they had supper prepared it was nearly dark, and the leader ordered the campfire put out, so that it should not attract the attention of any prowling savage who might be lurking in the neighborhood.

"That's a goshdurned good idee, colonel; but du yer know how I work it campin' out alone?" asked Shank Shingle.

"No. How?"

"Waal, I sit up an' smoke an' keep watch, an' let Chaw snooze till I get tired an' he gets rested, then I lay down an' he keeps watch till mornin'."

"Golly, I should call dat yer a dog-watch," said Thump Moses, who had been a sailor once.

"Hist!" came at that instant from Daniel Boone, and instantly every member of the party seized his rifle, and peered eagerly all around them in the evening gloaming.

CHAPTER III.—A Night of Anxiety.

For a moment not a word was spoken by any member of the party, but had it been daylight they would have been ready for any emergency.

"What war it, colonel?" asked Shingle, in a whisper.

"I heard a twig break somewhere out there in the woods," he replied.

"How is it, Chaw?" he asked of his dog, who stood beside him.

The animal gave a little whine, and started out into the darkness.

"If thar's varmints round there, he'll find out, right sure."

Presently he returned and, singling out his master, uttered to him a peculiar whine—low, but well understood.

"Chaw my breeches, but it's so," said Shingle.

"What?"

"Thar's Injun varmints a-hangin' round here," he replied.

"I was sure of it," said Boone.

"A lot of them thar Speckl's, I reckon," said Shingle.

"Speckles? I never heard of a tribe by that name before," mused Boone.

"Waal, that arn't kersactly thar right name, but they mostly look speckl'd when they get on thar war-paint, an' I call 'em Speck'ls, for short. They know me," he added.

"Are there many of the tribe?"

"Don't know; but I've seen a purty smart lot on 'em in my time. They have a village somewhere down the river, and thar big chief's name is Black Bear."

"Well, keep quiet for a few moments and let

me scout a while," said Boone, starting out into the darkness all alone.

"Goshtermighty, boys, he's a good one!" whispered Shank Shingle, but it was not news to them to learn that their leader knew no fear.

Bill Whiner uttered a groan.

"What's the matter, Bill?" asked one of the company.

"Matter! Why, we shall all most likely be filled full of arrows and scalped before daylight," said he, mournfully.

"Oh, I guess not, Bill," said another.

At that instant, and without making the slightest noise, so light of foot was he, Boone came in among them again.

"Well?" was the general query.

"I am convinced that the rascals are prowling around us in the woods, and have most likely found out our camp before this, and will undoubtedly swarm upon us before morning," said he.

"There! didn't I tell you?" moaned Whiner.

But Boone, who knew him well, paid no attention to what he said.

"Waal, colonel, what der yer propose?" asked Shingle.

"We shall all be slaughtered," moaned Whiner.

"They have undoubtedly spotted our camp, but to reach it they have got to cross the ford."

"That's so, colonel."

"How does the land lay this way?" he asked, pointing back from the creek.

"Rather uppish."

"And wooded?"

"Yas, an' some fallen trees an' bowlders."

"And beyond that?"

"The creek again."

"Any fords?"

"Nary ford, colonel."

"Very well. Men, secure your traps and follow Shingle and I as quietly as possible. Keep well together; it is only a short distance."

Boone, closely accompanied by Shank Shingle, led the way up a slight incline, followed by the others in single file. Reaching an advantageous spot not more than fifty yards away from the camp, he halted, and took a careful look back and around him. The camp was situated on what was really an island, encircled by a creek about a mile in length, starting from and returning to the Ohio river; but was accessible only by a ford. Boone walked a few rods further north, and was presently rewarded by seeing the light from some luminous clouds reflect upon the waters of the ford with sufficient brightness to enable him to see the Indians if they crossed it.

"Make yourself comfortable here, men, but see that every rifle is ready for action," said Boone, and they threw themselves upon the ground.

Shank Shingle, however, resumed his sentry duty, being at the same time a trifle nervous for fear he had led the company into difficulty. Boone seated himself upon a rock and kept his eye upon the ford.

"Yu're in command, Colonel Boone, but don't yer think if we should scatter round the ford that we might keep ther varmints back?" asked Shingle, respectfully.

"Perhaps so; but there is no shelter there, so we will try another way if they come," said he quietly.

But presently the moon was obscured by clouds,

and hardly any light fell on the ford. This would be the time, Boone knew full well, that the Indians would take to cross it if they came at all, and so he watched, carefully. Nor was his judgment at fault, for presently he began to distinguish dark moving figures making their way over the creek, and so roused his men, several of whom had fallen asleep. About fifty savages followed each other over the ford, and Boone could see that they formed noiselessly after reaching the bank.

"Men," said he, "we must not all fire at once, or they might rally while we were reloading and make us trouble."

"Of course they will," sighed Whiner.

"I will fire first, and the one next to me in line next, and so along down the line, each man reloading quickly," said Boone.

The Indians gathered, and clutching their tomahawks, rushed upon the deserted camp, giving vent as they reached it to a most unearthly chorus of yells. They fell upon it like fiends, but finding no one there to slaughter, they stood for an instant in confused amazement. Only for an instant, however, before the sharp crack of Daniel Boone's unerring rifle rang out upon the momentary stillness, and the chief of the disappointed band of savages uttered a piercing yell, and bounding into the air, fell dead amid his astonished warriors. The moon came out just then, and hardly had the fierce yell of the savages spent itself in echoes through the forest than Shank Shingle's rifle picked off another of them.

Crack! bang! a regular fusillade of deadly fire came from the dark woods, and a savage fell at every shot, until, completely demoralized, those alive turned and fled towards the ford. But all were not destined thus to escape, for Boone and his men followed close upon them, picking them off in the moonlight, until scarcely a dozen succeeded in regaining the opposite bank. It was a complete victory, the first one that Daniel Boone ever won in Kentucky, and even Bill Whiner congratulated him on it, although he had fought as bravely as any of them had after the first shot.

CHAPTER IV.—Death of Black Bear.

It was nearly morning now, and there being no further apprehension of the savages, the men lay down for a few hours' rest, leaving the watch to the dogs. Morning revealed a ghastly sight, for as many as thirty painted devils lay prone upon the ground in death, or were wounded so badly as not to be able to escape. After breakfast they again took up the line of march, following the trail of the retreating savages, some of whom they found were mounted on horses from seeing the tracks of their hoofs.

It was Boone's intention to penetrate into the very fastnesses of this tribe of red devils, for by this time he was fully convinced that they were the ones who had robbed and murdered so many western Virginia settlers, carrying many of them into captivity, especially women, and these it was his especial mission to rescue, if such a thing were possible.

Less than a day's march brought him to a vil-

lage of fully one hundred lodges, this being their chief place and the residence of Black Bear, the story of whose many infamies has chilled the blood of many a heart. Colonel Boone secreted his company in a thick woods over against the village, but separated from it by the Ohio river, and then started out alone to reconnoiter. It was a favorite trick of his to have an Indian disguise always with him to put on when occasion required, and on more than one occasion it had served him well in connection with his knowledge of most Indian dialects.

Crossing the river on a raft, he made his way stealthily to Black Bear's village, where he found the chief and squaws in great grief over the news of the very defeat that he had given them the night before. This was extremely fortunate for Boone, for they were almost entirely off their guard, and he was enabled to penetrate further into the village than he otherwise could have done.

Black Bear finally worked himself into a great rage, and began to tell what he would do. He would call all his warriors together, put himself at their head, and exterminate the whites who had dared to enter his territory. But while this red fiend was working his threats into grandiloquent praise of himself, of what he had done and proposed doing, Daniel Boone was taking a survey of the village, for the purpose of satisfying himself whether or not there were any white prisoners held there.

He had of course to move with caution, but before long he discovered that there was a white woman held by Black Bear in worse than bondage, and he instantly resolved to liberate her. By inquiring of some Indian children, he soon learned where this woman was, and made his way to the lodge, it being one belonging to Black Bear, and near to his royal residence. He entered the lodge, and saw the white woman in a most abject condition, guarded by two old crones of squaws and a medicine man. She looked up, but did not recognize him as a white man.

"Are you a prisoner?" asked Boone, stopping in front of her, and the sound of his voice so thrilled her that she nearly fainted.

"I am," she finally said, "even worse than a prisoner, but who are you?"

"A white deliverer in disguise. Will you fly with me?"

"Yes—but—are you certain that——" and she hesitated, tremblingly.

"Quick, now, if ever! Are there any horses here?" asked Boone, quickly.

"Yes, there is one just back of here that belongs to Black Bear," said she.

"Then be ready to mount with me, and I will take you away from this," said he, going quickly from the lodge.

Back of it he found a tethered horse, large and spirited. He had no trappings, save a halter made of withes. But without stopping to think, but knowing that he could manage anything that he could mount, he unhitched, and threw himself astride of him before the animal was aware of what was being done. But as he wheeled him towards the lodge where he had left the prisoner, he heard wild war-whoops only a short distance away, and saw a crowd of warriors, headed by Black Bear, rushing towards him.

"Quick," he cried to the woman, and then, catching her by the hand, he lifted her upon the horse behind him.

The Indians were by this time close upon him, and giving the horse a resounding slap, he started toward the river like a wild wind, closely followed by the Indians. Reaching the river-bank only a few rods in advance of his pursuers, he urged the horse, that seemed on the point of bolting, and he finally plunged into the water and struck out for the other shore.

The Indians were assembled in large numbers on the river bank, and arrows showered around Boone fearfully, while the woman nearly fainted from fright. Black Bear had plunged into the water, and had reached a rock in the stream, and was now waiting with tomahawk in his hand to hurl it at Boone when he passed him. Assuring her that all would be well if she only kept up, he turned partially around, and unslinging his rifle, he took deliberate aim at Black Bear and fired. The savage chief threw up both his hands fell into the water, while consternation seized his warriors.

CHAPTER V.—Boone Rescues Mrs. Barry.

The death of Black Bear produced great terror among the Indians, and they started to retreat in a panic.

"Macamama!" was heard on all sides, meaning "King or great chief of the fire-stick."

They had evidently heard of either Boone or Roaring Shank Shingle, and the fatal effect of their rifles which they called "fire-sticks," and this almost miraculous taking off of their chief, who had braved the arrows and tomahawks of a hundred battles, led them to believe that this wonderful "Macamama" was with them.

But there was a bold young chief of the tribe, a son of Black Bear, named Ojibbewa, who quickly leaped into the breach. He had performed some marvelous feats of war and hunting, but he was naturally lazy and inclined to a life of ease and idleness. More especially had he shirked both war and the chase since the capture by his father some two years before of a beautiful white girl, some twelve or fifteen years of age, for, having fallen madly in love with her, he remained almost continually in her company, guarding her and waiting, as he said, for her to get old enough to marry, yet greatly to the disgust of the Indian girls.

But when his father fell dead before the unerring rifle of the white invader, his hot blood was roused, and leaving his white captive in charge of an old medicine man, he started out to rally the warriors. "I am now your chief—follow me!" he cried, and then uttering a shrill war-whoop, he succeeded in staying the rout. A wild war-whoop answered his rally, and a rush was made for the waiting canoes. Daniel Boone in the meantime had gained the opposite shore in safety, where his men were in waiting to receive him. The captive white woman was so greatly overcome by excitement that she could scarcely stand; and murmuring a prayer of thanks, she sank upon the ground. But she was once more with friends, and their kindness soon restored her.

"I am Mrs. Barry, captured ten years ago at Mill Creek, Virginia," said she.

"Mother!" exclaimed Todd Barry, rushing frantically towards her with outstretched arms.

"Mother?" she asked, looking at him, astonished at being thus addressed by a seeming stranger.

"I am your son—Todd Barry."

"Oh, my boy!"

And the next instant they were locked in each other's embrace.

"You had a purty clus call, colonel," said Shank Shingle, addressing him.

"Yes, but I am used to such things. In order to deal with an Indian you must be as sly and daring as he is," he replied, modestly.

"B'gosh! that's so. Yer aren't sure of the pesky pizen varmints until they're stun dead."

"Ah! what's this?" asked Boone, seeing the fleet of canoes starting out from the other shore.

"B'gosh, they're comin' for us!"

"That's right," said Boone, lesurely loading his trusty rifle.

"Right!" moaned Whiner, in a tone of great dejection.

"Yes; for they couldn't afford us a better opportunity of picking them off than they will in coming for us in this manner."

"Goldarn 'em, yes," said Shingle, "an' if they tumble inter ther water it'll save us the trouble of buryin' 'em."

CHAPTER VI.—Another Battle On the Ohio.

"Come, men, get into good positions and don't waste any powder," said Boone, at the same time setting them the example by going into a clump of bushes, where he would get a good view of the approaching enemy without being seen by them.

Ojibbewa's canoe led the fleet, and he was standing in the bow with his bow and arrow ready, and his war paint and plumes gleaming in the sunshine, and altogether he was a striking figure, seeming to inspire confidence in the breasts of his warriors. Three rifles spoke at almost the same instant, and three of those warriors wildly threw up their hands and gave vent to wildly echoing shrieks, and one of the crews was capsized by the commotion.

"Thar's half a dozen on 'em put to soak," said Shank Shingle, reloading his rifle.

"Hist!" came from Boone, and not another word was spoken. The upsetting of the canoe and the killing of three of its occupants produced great consternation in the others, but the ringing voice of Ojibbewa was heard above the confusion, and after a few moments' delay the canoes again began to make headway for the shore. Five other rifle-shots rang out upon the air, and every bullet had done its work. Again there was consternation among them, and a dozen arrows went flying towards the little clouds of powder smoke, but they fell harmless, while every second or two a rifle would send its leaden messenger into one or other of the canoes, and the slaughter was fearful. But Ojibbewa still stood unscathed, as though the bullet had not yet been molded that was to end his career.

Finally Ojibbewa's canoe touched the shore, and he leaped upon the sand, waving his big

tomahawk and beckoning his men to follow. A dozen or so leaped from the canoes and started to obey their chief, discharging a shower of arrows and then uttering wild war-whoops. But one by one they fell before those unerring rifles, and finally Ojibbewa, tomahawk in hand, and leading a charge up the incline for a hand-to-hand contest, fell, badly wounded. He raised himself, however, and urged his men to follow up the charge. But seeing him fall completed the panic, and those who escaped the bullets broke, and ran back to their canoes to escape.

"Curses on you, cowards!" cried their chief, and by a powerful effort he dragged himself after them and got into one of the canoes.

And still those rifles cracked until the two canoes (all that got away from the shore) were out of range, and of that band of more than two score of savage warriors scarcely a dozen of them lived to reach the other shore.

"Waal, I'll chaw powder if that isn't a right smart harvest of varmints," said Shank Shingle, as he and several others started for the shore for the purpose of securing the abandoned canoes.

"Who is that chief? I thought I killed him."

"But this one is Ojibbewa, Black Bear's son," said Mrs. Barry.

"Ah, I thought so."

"And he has got a beautiful white girl in his lodge that was stolen from somewhere, and says he will marry her as soon as she is a year older; but now he keeps her a close prisoner."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Boone. "Then we must rescue her."

CHAPTER VII.—Jealousy of Tafta.

Finding that with a little repairing the war canoes abandoned by the Indians could be made available, they at once set to work on them. Meantime there was the wildest consternation in the Indian village when they saw the few warriors returning in such a demoralized state, and even before they reached the shore preparations were being made by the squaws and old men for flight. Ojibbewa saw this, but made no effort to stop it. Indeed, he would have been powerless to do so had he attempted it, for panic had seized every member of his band. His first thought was of his white captive, Edith Dalas, known among the Indians as the Pale Lily, and he hurried to his lodge as fast as his wound would permit him.

On leaving her to put himself at the head of his warriors he placed her in the charge of an old Indian squaw and a medicine man, with instructions to guard her in any event. And they had proven true to their trust, still standing over her amid the panic and awaiting for the chief to return.

"All is lost," said he as he entered the lodge. "My people fly, and I can but follow them. Come, and we will find a home where the accursed destroying paleface cannot ferret us out."

She held back and resisted.

"Come along, or I will murder you!" said he, raising his tomahawk above her head.

"Mercy!" she cried.

"Yes, if you come with me—death, if you resist. You shall never return to those cursed whites. I love you, and would sooner kill you than part with you. Come."

He dragged her along, followed by the old squaw and the medicine man, to where he supposed his horse was tethered, but to his infinite disgust and disappointment he could not find him.

"My horse!" he cried, turning to the suaw.

"The white chief stole him, and swam the river with the great chief's white squaw," said she, falteringly.

"And he was on my horse when he killed my father?" he asked, excitedly.

"He was."

"Ah, then the Great Spirit will avenge me," he cried. "Death will overtake him. The spirit of the great Black Bear will take possession of the horse, and the white fiend will fall. Come!"

And seizing her again by the arm roughly, he hurried her away in the wake of those who were sullenly leaving their homes. On they fled, and before nightfall had gained the hills, where greater security was to be found, and when Daniel Boone and his men crossed the river to follow up their victory, they found nothing but empty lodges and the few rude utensils that had been left in the hasty flight of their owners. And here Boone resolved to tarry for a while to rest and prepare to follow them, for the thought of their possessing a white girl was more than he could endure without trying to free her.

Ojibbewa and his tribe found a safer encampment in the hills, and in place of the rude lodges made of skins which they had been obliged to leave behind them, he showed them how to build lodges of logs, such as the white men built, as he had seen them in their raids. In a week or so he had constructed one for himself and his white captive, and others, ruder and smaller, grew up around it, until it looked once more like a village.

"Ah, the balls from their firesticks cannot hurt me through these logs," said Ojibbewa, as he took possession of his new lodge. "But the white man will follow at my heels. He wants the Pale Lily; but I will die with her before they shall have her. I will secure her here, and if they follow and overpower me again, I will burn her alive. Yes, they shall never have my Pale Lily; nor will I die first. She shall die first, and then, if needs be, I will follow and join her in the spirit land, where they can never reach us."

But there was another and more watchful foe on his trail. A beautiful Indian maiden named Tafta was deeply in love with Ojibbewa, and knowing that he scorned her and had vowed to wed the Pale Lily made a fiend of her. The fierceness of her race was in her heart, and the death of the white girl was the only thing that would appease it. But Ojibbewa knew her so well that he kept a close watch on his Pale Lily. Tafta, however, was not to be balked by his watchfulness. She knew of one who could, and would, take her from him if he only had a chance, and she resolved to find the great white chief, and, if needs be, guide him to Ojibbewa's lodge, where he could secure and take away her hated enemy.

So she stole back over the trail they had taken from their deserted village, hoping to find Daniel Boone and speedily end the business. In this she was fortunate, for Boone and his company, after resting and recuperating a while, were now

out again, having taken the trail for the same purpose that she had sought him.

CHAPTER VIII.—A Daring Deed.

Roaring Shank Shingle chanced to be in advance of the party, acting the scout, and he came suddenly upon the intrepid Indian girl.

"Waal, goldarn my flint!" said he, looking at her as she approached him, "it's a golnation good-lookin' squaw. I won't waste no powder an' lead on her, if she don't kick up behind. Hello, gurl!" he cried to her, in Indian dialect.

"Are you the great white chief with the deadly fire-stick?" she finally asked.

"Me? I'm Roarin' Shank Shingle, I am. I'm ther rantin', tearin', pizen lifter for Injuns. I'm all wolf an' half hoss. I've killed more Injuns nor ever you seen in my time. I'm——"

"Did you kill Black Bear, the great chief?"

"Waal, no. But I've kill lots of you skunks in my time," said he, knowing who she meant.

"Will you take me to the white chief?" she asked.

"Take yer ter him? Got any weepins?" he asked, wheeling her around as if to search her.

"No. I am all unarmed. Take me to him."

"Waal, say, now, yer a purty nice-lookin' squaw; won't I do as well?"

"I want the great white chief."

"Oh, yer du, hey? Beats all natur how all fired particular these squaws are gettin'," he muttered, and then addressing her, he said: "He'll be along presently; you can wait here."

This she understood, although she was ill at ease the while. But she sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree to wait. Shank Shingle took a seat beside her, and began to make love to her. But he soon found out that he had caught a Tartar, or a wild rose with any number of thorns, and he gave it up just as Boone and his party came upon the scene.

Tafta and Mrs. Barry were known to each other, and conversed for some time in the Indian dialect before she addressed Daniel Boone. Then she told him where Ojibbewa had taken up his new quarters, and offered to conduct him to his lodge, provided he would take the Pale Lily away from him. This of course he agreed to do, and the march was at once taken up under her leading, for Boone had inquired so far into her story, and Mrs. Barry had confirmed so much of it, that he had full confidence in her. And so the lead went on for at least five miles, until finally they came to a trail leading up into the mountains, where they halted, and Boone continued alone with Tafta.

It was now twilight, and he had given orders for his men to go into camp, assuring them that he would soon return. But the Indian maiden, Tafta, was not the only one who loved Ojibbewa, for there was another, quite as comely, who loved him equally well, although hating both Tafta and the Pale Lily. Boone followed Tafta's lead until it brought them within sight of Ojibbewa's lodge, and here he stopped to reconnoiter the situation. And it was during this time that the other Indian girl, who had discovered them, went to Ojibbewa's lodge and told him that Tafta had be-

trayed him, and that the white men were even then surrounding his new home.

"If that is so, they shall go away empty-handed. I have everything prepared," said he chief, at the same time pointing to his white captive, who lay bound to a stake in the ground that formed the floor of his cabin.

"Oh, love me and let the Pale Lily go," said she, pathetically, "for she is all they want."

"Begone! We will go to the happy hunting-grounds together!" he cried, springing towards her.

She fled in terror; but by this time others came in to confirm her story of the enemy being near, and even surrounding him.

"Ha, ha! the chief and the Pale Lily will escape them yet," he cried, at the same time striking a light from his flint. "Away, all of you. You are cowards! We will die alone!" saying which he applied the light to some inflammable materials that he had procured, and the flames began to crackle and dart out their fiery tongues.

Edith Dalas, bound and helpless, comprehended the situation, and struggled terribly with the thongs that bound her, uttering at the same time the most heartrending cries of anguish and alarm, while Ojibbewa, like a fiend incarnate, piled the burning knots around her, and then threw himself upon the funeral pyre. The frightened Indians gathered around, and looked with terror upon the scene, believing their chieftain mad.

Presently there was a wild agitation in their midst, and the next instant Daniel Boone, closely followed by Tafta, burst into the cabin. Comprehending the situation, he drew his huge hunting-knife and cut the cords that bound the lovely victim; and while Tafta struggled to save Ojibbewa from the flames, the bold hunter threw the fainting captive over his shoulder and leaped through the flames, and, in spite of the Indians, was speedily lost in the darkness with his burden. The struggle between Tafta and Ojibbewa was a terrible one. He seemed to have lost his head wholly, and not to understand that his victim had been taken away, and when morning came their blackened remains were found among the smoldering ruins of that hut. But Edith Dalas was safe.

CHAPTER IX.—Boone Rescues the Pale Lily.

Daniel Boone's return to camp was so soon after his departure that it would scarcely have occasioned comment had he not borne in his arms the still inanimate body of Edith Dalas. At first it was thought that she was Tafta, the Indian girl who had gone away with him, for so far as dress was concerned she looked more like an Indian than a white girl. But the moment the light of the campfire fell upon her face, they saw that it was ashen white, and strangely beautiful. Boone placed her tenderly upon the ground, and his men gathered around.

"It is the Pale Lily," said Mrs. Barry.

"Yes, it is she, and luck enabled me to snatch her from the very jaws of death. Look to her, Mrs. Barry, for I can scarcely make out whether she is living or not," said Boone.

The motherly woman placed her ear to the bosom of the girl and listened.

"No, she has only fainted. Bring some water, Todd," she said, addressing her son.

The water was brought and sprinkled in her face freely, and after working over her for nearly half an hour, she finally opened her eyes. She recognized Mrs. Barry, and uttered a shriek, as though she believed it had all been a dream, and that they were still in bondage. But gazing around and into the faces of white friends, she gradually became undeceived.

"How are you now, Edith?" asked Mrs. Barry.

"Oh, I am better now. But where are we?" she asked, looking wildly around.

"With friends."

"Oh, the fire! the fire!" she cried, and then sank down again, sobbing.

"She means the fire that Ojibbewa kindled to burn her to death, rather than part with her, and from which I rescued her," said Boone.

"Poor child, I am afraid it will result in a brain fever," said Mrs. Barry, bending over her tenderly.

"Let us hope not. She will feel better after a night's rest," said Boone, and then they made her a comfortable bed of boughs and skins, and Mrs. Barry paid special attention to her.

Then the men gathered around the hero as he sat on the ground to eat his supper, and listened to the story of the capture, but told with so much modesty that it was robbed of half its force.

"To-morrow we will make a raid on the remainder of the tribe and wipe them completely out, for I am convinced that they are the fiends who have made so many raids into Virginia, killing and capturing our people, and burning their homes," said he, leisurely.

"Yes, rot blast 'em, let's wipe 'em out," said Shank Shinkle, removing his pipe from his mouth.

"Oh, yes; you are always encouraging him to get into more trouble," said Whiner, mournfully.

"Trouble! Gosh rot it, yu don't call it trouble to kill them skunks, do yu?" asked Shank.

"Well, no, it would not be, provided they would not strike back. But some of us might get wiped out ourselves, trying to wipe them out."

"Oh, rot!"

"Don't mind what Whiner says," said Boone, smiling. "He is like a timid Quaker when there are no Indians around, but when it comes right down to square fighting of them, he is there all the time."

"No, I don't like to fight," said he.

"And I don't like to dispute you," replied Boone, "but I don't want a better man than you are."

"Waal, gosh darn a man that growls at his meat an' likes it all the time," said Shingle, at which the others all laughed. "Thar's my dorg, Chaw, he wouldn't do that—would yer, Chaw?"

The dog, who had been around sniffing at the fallen Indians to see whether they were all dead or not, ran up to his master on hearing his name mentioned, and with a low growl, and his looks seemed to say "No."

"Well, you wait a while."

"What for?"

"For something to happen."

"How?"

"By fighting these Indians. They'll murder the whole lot of us yet, see if they don't."

"Waal, yu can let 'em murder yu if yu want

tu, but I'll be everlastingly hornswaggled if I'm goin' tu let 'em fool round me that way," replied Shingle, shaking his head.

The fact was he couldn't get used to Whiner nohow. He couldn't understand how a man who was always predicting misfortune and disaster could prove himself the good fighter that he was, or why he should have joined such an expedition. But the others knew him, and did not heed his prophecies. Thump Moses, the negro cook, had by this time got everything ready for breakfast the next morning, and the different members of the company were now scattered around or hunting for soft spots on which to sleep, while Mrs. Barry was watching over the still unconscious Edith Dalas.

"Lank Pete," an old hunter, and one of Boone's most valued men, was on guard, and slowly the events of the day faded away in slumber.

Daniel Boone took a quiet look around, as was his custom before lying down for the night, to see that everything was right. Edith Dalas was sleeping and breathing very low, but the motherly woman was watching her. The moon was shining on the river, and a calm, such as is always felt in solitudes, dwelt upon the scene in all its silent majesty. Lank Pete was seated on a rock with his rifle between his legs, and his faithful dog crouched at his feet, but with ears no keener than his.

"Have you got a good view of the river?" asked Boone.

"Yes, colonel," replied Pete.

"Well, just keep your eye on it, for I would not be surprised if some of those fiends would try to recapture their canoes."

"All right, colonel."

"How would you like a horse, Pete?"

"A hoss?" asked the astonished hunter.

"Yes; one of those Indian's horses, such as I captured."

"Oh, first rate."

"I noticed that the Indians had several, and I think we will appropriate them to-morrow. Perhaps there will be one for each of us and the ladies."

"Hope so."

"We could move much faster with them, and they can find good forage, so long as we keep near the river. Good-night," and he stole away into the deep shadows of the trees.

CHAPTER X.—A Little Fun.

All save Pete were asleep by this time, and Daniel Boone was soon lost in the same delicious rest that the silence brooded over there. And the night would have passed quietly enough, had not Thump Moses, who was sleeping near to Shank Shingle, set up a wild snoring that woke up several of the sleepers, and roused the ire of Roaring Shank Shingle at the same time.

"What in thunder's that?" he asked, coming up to a sitting posture.

"It's Thump Moses snoring," said someone.

"Waal, I'll thump Moses if he don't stop his goldarned old tife," replied Shingle, and at the same time he threw a chunk of turf that he pulled up, hitting the darky on the mouth.

That music suddenly ceased, and Moses sat up and looked wildly around, while he spit the dirt from his big mouth.

"Who dar—who—who frow dat?" he asked, while the others laughed.

"I did, goshdarn yer black skin."

"Wha' fo' you frow dat at me?"

"Stop that snorin' or I'll set my dorg on yer. I will, by thunder."

"Who sno'?"

"Yer did. Now tie a string around it," said Shank, again lying down.

But in a few minutes his nose-music was raging again as loud as ever. And this brought several other protests beside Shingle's, and they pelted him with whatever they could lay hands on first. This created so much disturbance that Boone was aroused, and, learning what the trouble was, he ordered him to find another place to sleep, so far away that his trumpet would not disturb the other members of the party. And so the night wore away, and morning, bright and beautiful, illuminated the scene. Thump Moses was astir before any of them, and the camp-fire sent its smoke curling up among the tall tree-tops, and its cherry crackle roused the rested sleepers.

Boone's first thought on waking was of the "Pale Lily," and on going to where she and Mrs. Barry were quartered apart, he found that she was greatly improved, and gave every indication of rapidly recovering. Breakfast over with, Boone assembled his men, telling them something of what he intended doing, and an hour later they were on the trail of the Indians, leaving Mrs. Barry and her girlish charge to keep camp. They soon came upon the redskins, but they were in such a state of demoralization on account of the misfortunes that had overtaken them that they made only a feeble resistance, and that without any chief or leader. The squaws even made a fiercer fight than the warriors did. But the result of it all was that the entire remnant of this band of vipers was swept out of existence, and the long list of their murders and outrages duly avenged.

The conquering avengers found about a dozen horses, half broken and wild, for the most part, but so valuable that they were all taken back to their camp, and each man became the owner of a horse. This was a new era to them, for up to this time they had fought their way into the heart of Kentucky on foot, and of course it was a great change to them, although several of them had been in the Colonial dragoon service. As for Roaring Shank Shingle, the animal that fell to his lot was quite as much of a character as he was himself; quite as skinny and homely as either he or his dog was.

"What are you going to name him, Shank?" asked Lank Pete, who had fortunately got a fine-looking animal.

The entire company stood around with their newly acquired animals, and were having a pretty good grin at Shank Shingle's catch. Even Thump Moses managed to get a good horse, and felt delighted to think that he would no longer have to "tote" the camp utensils on his back, and there was a grin on his black mug that made him glow out like a lighthouse in a fog.

"Waal," said Shank, in answer to the question

put to him by Lank Pete, at the same time looking the horse over carefully, "he ain't ther purtiest critter I ever seen. In fact, he aren't much purtier than Chaw is. But he looks as though he could chaw grass an' hurbage right smart."

"Well, he don't look as though he had been chewing much lately," suggested Pete, and then there was a laugh from all hands.

"No, I guess he's had browse for grub, so I'll call him Browser," said he.

"That's a good name," suggested several, and so the horse was christened.

"Waal, Browser, how'd you like it?" asked Shingle, patting his lank sides familiarly.

He evidently did not like it, for as Shank touched him, he uttered a wild whinny, laid back his ears, and sent out out hind legs viciously. They just missed the head of Thump Moses, who stood there grinning, and even the wind from the kick made the darky turn a backward somersault. Then there was a laugh on Thump. He picked him-self up and looked wild. That grin of his had entirely faded away.

"Did he hit me?" he asked.

"Hit you! Are yer alive?"

"Guess so. 'Don' fine no bones broken," he mused, feeling himself over carefully.

"Waal, then yer can bet that Browser didn't hit yer," said Shingle, laughing.

"Golly, better name him High Kicker."

"I will if yu'll let him kick yu once."

"No, sah, I'se got no such interest in de namin' ob yer hoss," replied Moses, shaking his woolly head and looking grave.

"Now I like him all ther better, because he's a kicker," said Shank, again patting the animal on his spare ribs, which caused him to lift his hind parts again and send out his heels as wickedly as before.

"Why so?" asked somebody.

"'Cause I kin teach him ter kill Injuns," said he, but not knowing then what possibilities were in the animal.

And because he was ugly of looks and disposition, Shank Shingle loved him far more than he would have loved a gentle horse, and he at once set to work to make friends with and to train him to be even worse than he was. And thereby hangs a tale.

Daniel Boone was deep in the problem of how to dispose of the two females he had rescued, but after thinking the matter over, and wishing to communicate with the authorities of Virginia in reference to his future movements, he finally concluded to mount the two on the most gentle of the captured animals, and to send them back to the Old Dominion in care of Todd Barry. And this he proceeded to do, feeling certain that no hostiles would be met with, and so the next day the young man bade them all good-by for the present, and set out to conduct his mother and the Pale Lily back to the homes from which they had been cruelly separated for so many years.

CHAPTER XI.—Shank Falls Asleep.

After sending home the rescued females, Daniel Boone continued his way down the Ohio river, mapping and surveying as he went, for he was a civil engineer, as well as a pioneer ex-

plorer and Indian hunter. The annihilation of Ojibbewa's band left that part of the country comparatively free from troublesome Indians, but Boone knew, from what he had learned, that there were savage bands further down the river, and that three or four of the most powerful tribes living between where his band now was and the then fabled Mississippi river were at war with one another, and he knew enough of the savage Indian nature to know that it was a war to the death, and extermination of the vanquished.

But there were many miles before them yet before they reached the land of bloody struggle, and so they crept slowly on, keeping one or more men two or three miles in advance of the main body, while to the right and left the pickets were spread out sufficiently to prevent a surprise by any straggling band of Indians. The third day of the march it happened that Roaring Shank Shingle held the position of advance guard. He had finished the breaking of his horse, and worked up his bad points until no one save himself dare go near the animal, and even he was rather careful how he did so, although when once on his back he was all right. Chaw, his "purp," as he called him, was, of course, along with him, and so still and quiet was everything, and so little did the existing events of his life affect him, that he finally became exceedingly sleepy.

He nodded his head every once in a while, gradually getting sleepier every few minutes. He tried various ways to keep awake. He sang songs, talked to his dog, slapped Browser on his ribs until he nearly threw him over his head by his vicious kicking up behind, but he could not shake off his hunger for sleep.

"Hornswaggle my pelt, but I don't see what makes me so confounded sleepy. Wish to thunder I could run across a varmint—maybe it would sorter wake me up. But this is a sleepy part of ther country, anyhow? Wonder if thar's Injuns all over it? Wonder how far the colonel's goin', anyhow? Don't care much, only I'd like tu know. Got nobody tu go back tu, so I may as well keep on till I find a place tu jump off. Wonder how far 'tis tu ther jumpin' off place, anyway. They say this 'er world is round, an' if it is, why, if we keep on we'll get back tu whar we started from. That'll sut me good enough. But I wonder how big ther goldurned thing is, anyway?"

These musings, however, did not keep him from being sleepy, and finally, being unable to stand it any longer for fear of falling from his horse, he dismounted, tethered the animal after watering him at a brook, and then lay down to sleep, knowing that he was fully three miles in advance of Boone and the party, and that he could get rid of this oppressive sleepiness before they came up although, really, when they should overtake him it would be time to go into camp, and he would be relieved. So he slept. Utterly worn out, he quickly fell asleep, and soundly.

The horse stood a little ways off, and where he could browse and help himself to the tall, luxuriant grass that grew around, and the dog, Chaw, being quite as tired as his master was soon forgot his usefulness—so far as a watchdog was concerned. This was something Chaw seldom did. Shank Shingle snored, and so did his dog, and even while the horse was eating

he looked ugly, and seemed to want to kick something. Half an hour rolled by.

An Indian in the meantime had struck Shanks' trail, and cautiously followed it. With the stillness of a cat he crept up to where he was sleeping. Shank's rifle was leaning against a tree at whose base he was lying. The cunning Indian saw it, and at once recognized it as one of the dreadful "fire-sticks" with which the whites so scourged their race. He looked at it with longing eyes. And he resolved to possess it, feeling sure that if he could succeed in doing that, he could not only kill the white hunter, but secure his horse and dog. So he stole up so softly that his movements did not even arouse the dog, and succeeded in securing the coveted "fire-stick."

Then, with a wild war-whoop, he aimed the rifle at Shank Shingle, who sprang to a sitting posture, thoroughly alarmed.

"Gosh all thunder!" he exclaimed.

"Indian killee white man," said he, as at the same time he tried to fire at him.

But being unused to such weapons, he had got the rifle on the half-cock, and, of course, could not fire it.

CHAPTER XII.—Roaring Shank Shingle Has An Adventure.

Shank saw this, and his dog also saw that there was one too many in the party, and made a dive for the Indian's leg, fastening to it with a business grip.

"Sic him, Chaw!" cried Shank. At the same time he made a spring toward the savage, with the object of getting possession of the rifle.

But the Indian had no notion of giving up his prize, and without manifesting the pain that the dog's hold must have given him, he continued to retreat backwards, striking wildly at Shank with his war-club. But he backed a little too far in the wrong direction, which brought him within range of the horse's hind legs. And Browser proved himself equal to the occasion, for the next instant both the Indian and the clinging dog were sent kiting over the tops of some bushes, landing all in a heap a dozen feet away.

Chaw was knocked out of his hold by this unexpected "raise," but showed himself a good second to Browser by instantly seizing the Indian by the throat, and holding him to the earth. Shank Shingle was not slow in following up his advantage. He sprang after the Indian, but the blow he had received so unexpectedly had knocked the rifle out of his grasp. Catching it up, Shank Shingle was not long in settling the business, and adding one more to the list of his slaughtered "varmint."

"Gosh darn yer pelt, yer come ther nearest a downin' Roarin' Shank Shingle that ever a pesky redskin come yet. Skin me, if it wouldn't er sarved me right if he'd a shot me. I'd no business tu go tu sleep, anyhow, an' if he'd er only got that hammer at full cock I should never have waked up. B'gosh! I wonder what he thort had riz him when he got that kick from Browser. What did yer think, Chaw, when yer went up with him?" he asked, laughing, and patting the homely dog's head.

The dog didn't exactly laugh, but he cocked one

eye over to the horse just as though he understood the question he could not answer.

"Good boy, Browser," continued Shingle, going over towards the horse.

But those wicked hoofs went up again, just as though he had not had exercise enough yet, and had just as lief practice on his master or his dog as on anything or anybody else.

"Whoa, yu goldarned teeterer. 'Peers tu me yer all-fired light behind tu-day. Don't yu know who yer best friends be?"

The horse gave an angry whinny or a neigh, that as much as said he didn't care a snap whether he had friends or not. Chaw sat down on his haunches and looked at him, while Shingle pulled up a large bunch of grass and attempted to come to an understanding with the animal that had rendered him so great a service.

"Don't be so gosh-darned upish behind. Yu'n I are all right. If I can't kill varmints, yu can, an' if yu'll stick tu me, we'll share scalps."

But the horse appeared to care more for the fresh grass than for the proposition, and so opened his cavernous mouth for it, nearly taking in Shank Shingle's hand while doing so.

"Look out! Guess I'd er better named yu Appetite while I war about it."

At that instant his dog started up and growled ominously.

"Hist!" said Shank, looking earnestly in the direction the dog was looking. "What is it, Chaw? Varmints?"

The dog wasn't that kind of a dog that wagged his tail to indicate "Yes." On the contrary, he uttered a low growl, which Shank readily understood to mean that there was danger lurking near. Quickly as possible he reloaded his rifle, primed it and stood listening to hear anything that might appear suspicious.

"Gosh-darned if I don't think we've got down inter another nest of red varmints. The pesky woods seems full on 'em. Wish Colonel Boone and the others would come up."

Seizing his dog by the strap that was around his neck, he held him back, and stood in the attitude of listening. The dog growled, and even the horse snorted as though conscious of danger, but Shank Shingle kept perfectly cool, and tried to peer into the surrounding thicket. While standing thus, the woods rang with blood-curdling yells, and the next instant a shower of arrows, seemed to come out of the interveiling leaves.

CHAPTER XIII.—Shingle Captured.

Roaring Shank Shingle stood with rifle cocked amid the shower of arrows that seemed to come from an unknown source, expecting every moment to receive a charge from an unknown number of savages. Nor did he have to wait long before a crowd of Indians burst through the thicket and rushed upon him. Quick as thought his trusty rifle laid the foremost low—the chief—and then drawing his hunting-knife, he stood like a hero at bay to receive them, while Chaw, his faithful dog, sprang at the foremost, and soon had him by the throat, down in the leaves. Three of those savages bit the dust before Shingle was over-powered, which he finally was by the crowd that set upon him.

And then there arose a war-whoop that rang through the wild wood like an air-borne terror. They believed they had captured the great red man's terror, the chief of the fire-stick, and great was their delight. Even Chaw was respected on account of his association, and even though his fangs sent a warrior to his rest, he was at length secured, as was the horse Browser. The chief had fallen, but the thought that they had captured the great White Terror made the savages wild with delight, and that delight found expression in the wild and blood-curdling war-whoops that startled the primeval solitude. They took away his arms and bound him securely to a sapling, after which they danced around him, flourishing their tomahawks and war-clubs, chanting some wild war-song, and striking at him with their weapons.

"Gol darn yer red picters! yer're got me now, I guess. Wonder where Boone is? Wonder if he'll be here in time to hear me croak?" mused Shingle, while this demonstration was taking place.

The terrible shrieks of their war-whoops, as they danced and circled around him, were enough to drive a man wild, and had Shank Shingle been other than he was, he would have weakened from fright and despair. But he knew no such feeling as fear, and he understood enough of what the savages were saying to know that his doom was most undoubtedly sealed. This, however, was a different tribe from what they had heretofore encountered. They were even more war-like, but they had heard of this wonderful pale-face whose "fire-stick" had slain so many of their race, and now that they had him in their power, they were determined on revenge, and he understood it.

Two or three of them examined his rifle cautiously, as though to find out what it was and in what its terror consisted. They crammed an arrow into the barrel, and then pointed the rifle to see if it would go off and kill somebody. They even pointed it at him as they danced, but of course it was harmless, which they could not understand at all.

"Bad spirit!" they cried, at the same time pointing to Shingle in connection with his rifle, a part of which they supposed him to be.

Then, after performing their war-dance, they began to bring fagots and dry leaves, which they placed around him.

"Oh, b'gosh, this means a roast," said Shingle, as they began to pile the wood up around him. "I should ruther croak bleedin', gol darn their red skins. But I don't s'pose they'll let me have a word to say 'bout it, even if 'tis my funeral, ther darned heathen."

The wood was piled high around him as he stood bound to the tree, and the fifty or more warriors yelled and jabbered around him or shook their tomahawks close to his head. Shank did not fear death; he only objected to being roasted, and so he spat in the faces of several of his tormentors, hoping to exasperate them so that they would brain him instead. But such an indignity had no weight with those brutal savages, so he fell to swearing at them and calling them all the vile names he could think of, but all to no purpose. The pile was finally completed and one of the warriors knelt down with his flint to start the fire of death.

"Gold darn your skin! If I only had a chance I'd open yu an' skin that ere heart o' y'urs, and see how much blood it contained," said Shank, addressing the wretch who was setting the fire.

"White face smoke good ashes," replied the warrior, striking at his flint again.

"Waal, that's what yer can't make. Yu're tu mean tu make white ashes if yu did burn. What's ther matter? Can't yer strike a light?" he asked of the Indian who was working his flint.

"Fire no come," muttered the Indian, and Shingle started in to make him believe that he could not start a fire to burn the great pale-faced warrior of the "fire-stick."

CHAPTER XIV.—A Bloody Surprise.

This proved to be a happy thought, at least for the moment, for the Indian became so much impressed with the idea that he lost control of himself, and actually could not produce a spark of sufficient strength to set fire to the dry leaves. Shank swore at him, and blackguarded him the worst way, and finally another Indian drew forth his flint, and proceeded to ignite the dry leaves which would set fire to the whole pile. And this one failed. The leaves would not ignite. Another Indian with his flint and punk tried it. Sparks scattered from the stricken flint, but for some reason or other they would not ignite the leaves. This occasioned much comment and astonishment among the Indians, and all the while Shingle was abusing them roundly.

"The paleface a 'Hi!" cried one of the Indians, meaning that he was a mysterious person with power.

And Shank was just smart enough to catch the idea. Knowing a little of their language, he made himself solid. He abused and adjured them. There was a panic just about to break out among those astonished Indians, when a young warrior sprang to the front with his match and punk. The spark he struck ignited. In an instant the flame caught, and began to crackle through the dry brush.

Then the Indians took heart, for they saw that the paleface chief was not able to put out the fire. A wild war-whoop went up, and the most terrible phases of the Indian nature were instantly shown. The fire caught and began to grow towards the prisoner. But just then arose a sensation, and next to it the victorious Indians began to fall, as the sharp cracks of rifles filled the air. Daniel Boone and his men had caught up with their scout! A moment sufficed to show him the situation. Shank Shingle was a prisoner. Naturally, the only thing to do was to head off the Indians and rescue him.

Then came in Daniel Boone and his men, like avengers. Bullets flew in all directions, and down went first one and then another of the triumphant savages, until they finally broke and scattered everywhere. A quick rush, and the fire-brands were thrown away, although not until Shingle had been considerably scorched.

"How is it with you, Shank?" asked several of his comrades, as they unbound him.

"Waal, b'gosh, I aren't cooked quite done yet; but, gol darn ther skins, they got 'bout as near tu a roast as I want tu come," said he.

"How did it happen?" asked Daniel Boone.

"Waal, it sarves me right—gol belt my head if it don't."

"Why so?"

"I got asleep, by thunder."

"Asleep!"

"Shank Shingle asleep?"

"Yes, b'gosh. Don't know what natur' come over me, but I got so confounded sleepy that I had tu get off my hoss an' have it out, for fear of breakin' my neck. An' these pesky varmints come on me in a swarm."

"Well, it was a close shave," said Boone.

"Shave! Singe, I should call it."

"Yes, and it would have been a roast if we had been a minute later."

"That's so, by thunder. Whar's my hoss an' dorg?" he added, looking around.

"Here they are."

"All right?"

"They seem to be."

"Good, by thunder! I didn't care half so much for myself as for poor Chaw," said he, patting the homely animal's head affectionately. "They caught us both napping that time, didn't they, beauty?"

"Now we have to look sharp for these fellows, for they are undoubtedly a band of rovers belonging to a large tribe living somewhere around here, said Boone, who had been examining the dead bodies of the Indians. "Let's push on a little ways further and go into camp, but we must keep extra watch," he added, riding in advance.

"Waal, I'll bet they don't catch me snoozin' agin, anyhow," said Shingle, once more mounting his horse.

CHAPTER XV.—Boone and Shank Shingle Go Reconnoitering.

Thus far Daniel Boone and his men had fought their way into the wilds of Kentucky, strewing the earth with the dead bodies of those who had cursed it so long. But his mission was not slaughter entirely, for he never was the aggressor in the fights he had with the Indians, but only chastised them for their inhuman cruelties to white settlers. He was the advance-guard of that great civilization that was to follow in his tracks. He was there to subdue the savages and prepare the way for coming greatness—in short, a Pathfinder. And he was fortunate in the men he had under him, every one of whom partook of his own brave and indomitable spirit, and each one an adventurer like himself.

Around their campfire there was always merriment, especially since the advent of Shank Shingle, for he was full of humorous stories and sayings, and in all respects the life of the company. Even the burns he had received at the hands of his natural enemies failed to subdue his good humor, and he kept his companions laughing for hours after they had eaten supper and lay around the campfire. Daniel Boone was himself on guard that night, for he always made it a point to take his turn at picket duty with the others, and his men were smoking, dreaming, or telling stories, as they sat there in the light of the campfire, forming a rough but striking picture.

Bill Whiner was even laughing at something Shank Shingle had said, forgetting, for the time being, his weakness of prophesying evil, while Thump Moses stood outside of the circle, wearing a grin as big as his head. Shank was speaking of his adventure with the Indians only a few hours ago.

"Why, gosh blame my skin, them varmints can't cook any better nor Thump Moses can," said he, turning the laugh on the darky.

"Golly, Marser Shingle, I gen'ly gets my meat better done than dey got you," replied Thump, roaring at his own joke.

"Waal, when I get ready to be cooked, I think I'd rather have you for ther cook than them pesky warmints—gosh darn 'em!"

"But say, Marser Shingle, mus' I wait till you gets ready fo' to be coked afo' I shows what I can do?" asked the negro.

"Yes."

"Den I fink I shall be too le to cook. Ya, ya, ya!" he roared again.

But before the noise of it died away Daniel Boone strode into the light.

"Thump, shut up that infernal gap in your head. That laugh of yours can be heard as far as a musket-shot."

"Yes, Marser Boone," replied Thump, at the same time looking very foolish.

"Anything up, colonel?" asked one of the men.

"Well, I may be able to find out, if this loud laughing ceases. But there seems to be a band of them away off here to the north, and they are either having one of their religious dances, or they are laboring under some other sort of excitement," replied Boone.

"Can you hear 'em?" asked Shingle.

"Not distinctly. But let us have silence in camp. Come out with me, Shingle."

"All right, colonel," he replied, quickly.

"That is, if you feel like it," he added.

"Oh, I'm all right, an' if I warn't, it would make me so if thar's varmints round," said he, getting up from the ground and calling to Chaw, who lay asleep near by.

Shingle followed his leader out into the darkness that surrounded the campfire, and the other gazed inquiringly into each other's faces.

"Wonder what's up?" asked Lank Pete.

"Ah! there's no knowing what is up," said Bill Whiner, falling again into despondency. "Here we are in the darkness—in a country we know nothing about—and perhaps we are surrounded by thousands of savages. Think of that! What would our few rifles be in the face of so much odds? Oh, I have warned the colonel about this recklessly plunging into the bowels of an unknown country, but he pays no attention to me, and the result is we shall all probably be eaten or burned by those terrible people. Why, there may be millions of them, and the few we have seen only stragglers."

"Oh, we can fix 'em," said Pete.

"If they don't fix us first."

"Waal, if dey get de bulge on Colonel Boone, I'se ready fo' to go up in de glorious chariot," said Thump Moses; and, thinking it very funny, but remembering Boone's injunction against loud laughter, he proceeded to go into what seemed to be convulsions, in order to do justice to the funny

business, and at the same time not to make a noise.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Pete.

"I war laughin', sah."

"Laughing!"

"On de inside ob myself, sah, so as not to make a noise, sah."

"Oh!" said several, and then there was some more inside laughing.

CHAPTER XVI.—The Jubernanesy.

As Boone had said, there was evidently some excitement among the Indians, and large numbers of them were unquestionably in the vicinity, and on the same side of the Ohio river. A curious murmur, such as comes from swarms of locusts, would every now and then reach their ears, and then there would be shouts and grunts, but no war-whoops, showing that they were not on the war-path, or even indulging in any war-like ceremony.

"What do you make of it, Shank?" asked Boone.

"Waal, colonel, them's varmints," said he.

"So I believe; but what are they making that strange, monotonous noise for?"

"I've heard somethin' like it afore."

"Well, what about?"

"It's a sort of a way they have out here of layin' witches an' bad spells."

"Evil spirits?"

"Yes, I guess that's it."

"Perhaps they are working up a charm to operate against us?" suggested Boone.

"Waal, I guess we can knock the tar outen any spells that Injun varmints can get up, but the pesky critters are doin' somethin', sartin'."

"Hark! there it comes again. It interests me, for I have never heard it before," said Boone.

"I've hearn it once or twice before, but I allus found out that they war darnation scar'd 'bout somethin'."

"Well, we may find out what the trouble is in the morning, but I guess they will not molest us tonight. At all events, you go back and take a sleep. Pete will relieve me when I get tired."

"But I don't mind staying with yer, colonel. In fact, my burns smart so that I don't think I can sleep."

"No, you need rest."

"All right. Hope I may get it," replied Shingle, going slowly away.

The night passed slowly, and occasionally Boone would hear that mysterious murmur in the distance, now swelling loud, and then dying entirely away, like the moaning wind that surges through the pine-trees. Morning came, and with its earliest dawn the distant murmurings became louder, and it was not long before the advance of a regular stampede of frightened Indians came in sight.

Boone and his men stood ready to repel any assault, but it soon became evident that the fugitives were in no fighting mood, and, on the contrary, appeared to be as much frightened at seeing the white men whom they stumbled across accidentally in their wild flight as they were at whatever cause was creating the panic among them. Boone and his men were completely as-

tonished, none of them ever having witnessed such a strange stampede before.

"What on earth can be the matter with them? They act crazy," said Boone.

"Waal, I reckon the devil's arter 'em, an' it's 'bout time, b'gosh," said Shingle.

"I half suspect a trick in this," said Boone, at which Whiner groaned audibly.

"Not the slightest doubt of it, and we shall all be massacred. Oh, why did we ever come out here where the woods are filled with demons?" he moaned.

"This may be a ruse to surround us; so let's mount and ride through the circle, if they are drawing one around us," said the bold leader, springing upon his horse.

There certainly was a possibility that they were intending just such a thing, but with sturdy hearts they followed their leader, having perfect confidence in his ability to extricate them from any dilemma. But before they had ridden many rods, they met another band of fleeing Indians—bucks, squaws, and papooses.

"Stop them!" cried Boone.

"I'll stop one of 'em, b'gosh," replied Shank, firing at one of the foremost, while the others spread out for the purpose of rounding them up.

They certainly were not on the war-path. With a sudden yell the Indians turned and fled in another direction.

"Jubernanesy!" could be distinguished among their yells.

"Jubernanesy!" echoed wildly through the woods as they continued their flight.

"Jubernanesy!" screamed terrified squaw and frightened buck.

"Jubernanesy!" hissed the brave, as he darted for cover.

The sight was the strangest one they had ever seen, and becoming convinced that the Indians were not hostile, but simply panicstricken from some cause or other, Boone cried for a halt. His men rode up to him as the cries of "Jubernanesy!" died away in the wildwood.

"What can this mean?" he asked.

"Waal, I've hearn tell 'bout that before," said Shank Shingle.

"About what?"

"This yar Jubernanesy."

"Who or what is he, she, or it?"

"Waal, colonel, yu know I said a little while ago that I reckoned the devil war arter 'em?"

"Yes."

"Waal, I've hearn tell that Injuns away off here in ther wild west had an evil spirit they call Jubernanesy—a sort of a terrible critter with horns as chaws up whole tribes on ther varmints," replied Shank.

"And I think I have heard of a tradition like that, too," mused Boone.

"Waal, by thunder, I reckon we'd better hunt him up an' get him tu jine us."

"Yes, and he might kill the whole of us!" moaned Whiner. "I believe in devils."

"So do I—in these red devils."

"Waal, b'gosh, I don't see what's ther use of they havin' a boss devil," said Shank, as though to his mind each one was enough of a fiend to act independently.

"Well, let's move on cautiously, and perhaps we shall be able to get an insight into this mystery,

for mystery it certainly is," said Boone, leading the way again.

By this time it was daylight, and the sun was gilding the tops of the tall cotton-wood trees; but the Indians seemed to have vanished before it like the shadows, and even the faint murmurs of their frightened cries could no longer be heard, so the whites pushed on.

A mile or so further on they came upon a deserted Indian village, consisting of about a dozen lodges, and everything gave evidence of hurried abandonment. But the strangest and most unaccountable thing of all was the dead bodies of a dozen or more braves, each one of whom had been scalped, and a bloody cross made with a knife glared ghastly from the swarthy breast of each of them. The whites dismounted and examined these bodies. They had all of them been killed with a huge hunting-knife, but beyond the ghastly cross there was no key to the tragic meaning.

They rode all about the place, and finally came upon an old, decrepit squaw, who in her infirmity had been left behind to die. Boone at once approached her, and although she probably expected death, she sat as stolid as a rock before him.

"Where have your people gone?" he asked, in a dialect he thought she might understand.

"Scattered like leaves," said she.

"Wherefore?"

"The Great Spirit has sent the destroying Jubernanesy among us."

"Where is he?"

"Gone in pursuit. There is his work," she added, pointing to the slain warriors. "He always puts that mark on those he slays," she added.

"Men, there is something more in this than fancy. Let us push on and see what the destroyer is like," said Boone.

"Yes, and get destroyed ourselves," said Whiner.

"Nonsense. Let us clear up the mystery, and see who and what this Jubernanesy is."

"Yes, yes," they all cried, following Boone from the deserted village.

CHAPTER XVII.—A Frightened Darky.

In every direction Boone and his men found evidences of the Indian flight; but the most terrible of these were the warriors whom they came upon here and there, each served in the same way, first killed with a knife, then scalped, and lastly the terrible and significant cross of the avenging Jubernanesy slashed on the swarthy breasts of his victims. The strangeness of the thing excited both Boone and his men. But Whiner would have it that they were riding straight to destruction, and loudly bemoaned the fate that was taking him further and further away. But even the most resolute of them were thoughtful as they rode along the ensanguined path of this terrible destroyer. Whatever it was, man or devil, it surely possessed prodigious strength, for to all appearances he simply seized his victims and slew them without opposition on their part, or his terrible presence must have terrified them so greatly that they were powerless in his hands.

"What can it be, and what does it mean?" mused Boone, as he rode slowly along.

Finally, they seemed to come upon the last victim, for after that there were no further evidences of struggling, and no more dead bodies. But where was this mysterious and terrible avenger? Had he completed his work and fled to his habitation, or was he really a demon, not of the earth, who was bent on destroying those cruel savages? No one could answer the question, and as the day was nearly spent by this time, they concluded to go into camp for the night. But the usual jocularities were missing. Even Roaring Shank Shingle was much more thoughtful and reserved than any of them had ever seen him before, and as for Thump Moses, the colored cook, he was so nervous that he didn't seem to know what he was doing.

"What is the matter with you, Thump?" asked Daniel Boone. "You act like a crazy man."

"Well, now, fo' de Lord, massa, I done gone knows but I is crazy," he replied, seriously.

"What about?"

"Oh, good Lord!" and he rolled his eyes skyward.

"What's the matter?"

"I—I done speck dat we am near de bad place, marser."

"Well, you needn't let your meat burn on that account. I thought you wasn't afraid of the devil, anyway."

"Marser Boone, it am all berry well fo' to say you amn't 'fraid ob de debil when you isn't quite so near to him as we am now."

"Nonsense. Attend to your cooking," said Boone, turning away to smile, for the looks of that scared darky were enough to make a horse laugh.

Each man had attended to his horse, and, by the time their simple meal was cooked, they were ready and anxious for it. But for the most part they partook of it in silence, for the coming darkness, on top of what they had seen, was quite enough to give each one food for thought and mental speculation. But after their pipes were lighted, they indulged more freely in conversation. Thump Moses, however, kept very close to the ground, and continually cast alarmed glances into the surrounding woods, in which the light of the campfire woke up fantastic shadows.

"There he is!" cried Shingle, who had beforehand informed the others that he was going to scare the darky.

And that was just what he did do.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord," he cried, and nearly tumbled over in his fright. "Who—whar—whar am it?"

"Whar's what?"

"You say dar he is."

"Oh, I meant you," replied Shingle, laughing, and the joke did much to restore good humor.

Daniel Boone and Lank Pete were out on picket duty with their dogs.

"Golly, how you scar' me!" said Thump, rolling his eyes wildly around.

"Do yer think it's ther devil?" asked Blackberry Jim, addressing the darky.

"Fac', I do, marser."

"Oh, well, yer shouldn't be so skittish on that thar account," said Shingle.

"Why not?"

"Because he's bound ter have yer some day, so

yer might as well make his acquaintance now, and p'raps he'll go light on yer hereafter."

Thump's eyes protruded even further, but he made no reply. But he was a terribly scared man.

CHAPTER XVIII.—An Indian As a Guide.

The following morning they broke camp early so as to take advantage of the cool of the day, the weather being very hot. Every evidence of the ill-feeling of the previous night seemed to have passed away, although Thump Moses evidently had no extra love for Shingle's dog Chaw. But Shingle told him that it only showed how very bad his snore must be when a dog objected to it. They had arrived now to nearly the central portion of Kentucky, about where Louisville now stands in her glory and beauty, and it was Boone's intention to leave the Ohio river soon and start southward. The terrible fright that the Indians had received from the mysterious Jubernanesy had evidently driven them further down the river or into the interior, for during the next two day's march they came upon none of them, although they occasionally struck a trail they had left in their hurried flight. They found plenty of game, which enabled them to live well, besides smoking a quantity to take along in case of emergency, and all along the banks of the wild Ohio the grass grew in great luxuriance for their horses, that by this time had become much more tractable than when taken from the Indians.

Even Shank Shingle's Browser began to get a little flesh on his bones, and to not look so much like a wild walking brush-heap as he did at first. And while they were thus making their way into the bowels of the wild west, Boone was fulfilling his mission, and making quite accurate surveys of the river and its tributaries, as well as the general physical geography, much of which has never been improved upon by modern surveyors. At the end of the next day, however, they came upon a wounded, starving Indian, who appeared to have received a severe arrow-wound in some battle with another tribe, and to have been left there to die alone.

Now, those brave men, although hating that accursed race, would never strike a fallen one of them. On the contrary, Boone reassured him of his friendship, and gave him food. Indeed, it was nearly time to camp, anyhow, and he concluded to do so, hoping, by kindly treating the wounded savage, to learn something from him worth the while. So, with his own hands he bound up his wounds and won his confidence. But what was his surprise to learn that he was one of the tribe that had been stampeded by the mysterious Jubernanesy, but having been wounded the day before in a battle with another tribe, he went as far as he could, and then fell down stolidly awaiting death or the coming of the terrible Indian scourge, Jubernanesy.

"Who and what is this person?" asked Boone, addressing him in his own dialect.

"The Evil Spirit. He has killed hundreds of our tribe, and will never relent until the last one is scalped and receives that fatal knife and the terrible mark," said he, with a shudder.

"And do you expect to die by his hand?"

"Yes. None of us will escape."

"What have your tribe done wrong that this vengeance is pursuing you?"

"Black Snake, our chief, many moons ago killed many palefaces."

"Where?"

"Away to the north beyond the river."

"Sarves ther blarsted varmints right," said Shank Shingle, who, with others, was getting hold of as much of the lingo as possible.

"And you think the Evil Spirit is following you for that?"

"Yes."

"I should sooner call it an avenging good spirit," said Boone. "Have you ever seen this evil one whom you call Jubernanesy?"

"Once," he replied, with a shudder that was strange in an Indian, who does not fear death. As he said this they all gathered nearer.

"What is it like?"

"Ough! Some like Indian, head like buffalo."

"Part man and part buffalo, eh? Well, that corresponds with what we have heard of him," said Boone, turning to his men.

Corresponds with what the preachers describe as the devil," said Bill Whiner. "How do we know what sort of a race of beings we are going to meet out in this unknown country?"

Without noticing Whiner's remark, Boone again addressed the wounded Indian.

"How long has he been pursuing your tribe?"

"Many, many moons. Sometimes in fire he comes upon us."

"Does he speak?"

"Many have seen him, but no one ever heard him speak."

"Well, he must be a queer creature," mused Boone, evidently puzzled.

"Can't be the devil, nohow," said Shingle.

"Why not?" asked Whiner.

"'Cause I've hearn tell that he had a wonderful gift of gab. Got ther best of old Mother Eve, I've hearn tell."

"Ah! but the Good Book says he has the power of assuming many forms."

"Oh, it am de debil fo' sho!" said Thump.

"Well, I should like to see this strange being," said Boone, at which Thump and Whiner groaned, "but I dare say they exaggerate greatly."

"Not much chance for that, if he's the real Simon pure Old Man in Black," said Lank Pete.

"Oh, I have found that these creatures exaggerate everything that in any way surprises them. But, from what we have seen, we know that it is nothing of an ordinary nature. Will you go with us and be our guide?" he asked once more, addressing the Indian.

"Will you protect me from the Evil Spirit?" he asked pathetically.

"Yes, if you are true to us."

The Indian drew his stone knife, and went through the pantomime of killing himself if he did not prove true.

"Very well, I will take care of you; but you must wash off that war-paint."

This did not seem to please him.

"Otherwise the Jubernanesy might see and recognize you."

This had the desired effect at once, and he went to the river to wash his swarthy body, that was stained in all sorts of rude and horrible ways,

making him look quite as hideous as any of his kind. This idea of having an Indian for a guide and associate did not please the men at all, for outside of the hatred they bore the race, they feared his treachery, Whiner being especially loud in predicting misfortune on his account. But none of them understood the Indian nature so well as Boone did, and he assured them that he would trust his life with this one especially, under the circumstances. So the next day they moved on down the river, and about noon came upon a live trail which the Indian assured them was that of Black Snake and the remnants of his tribe.

This was not particularly pleasing intelligence, although Boone knew well enough that the tribe was in no condition to fight, and could most likely be placed easily under subjection, more especially as they stood in such mortal fear of even a worse enemy than the white man was. So he resolved to push on and overtake them before night, if possible, being assured that they were not more than five miles in advance. This, however, was no easy matter, since it was evident that the tribe was yet in a panic and was moving very fast. But after riding an hour or more, they were suddenly startled by confused voices ahead of them, seemingly approaching nearer. The Indian guide placed his ear to the ground and listened. Yes, they were approaching, and the voices were those of squaws and old men.

"What does it mean?" asked Boone, while his men instinctively sat ready for the worst.

Suddenly the Indian started with terror depicted on his face. He had understood the cry.

"Jubarnanesy! Jubarnanesy!"

For a moment he stood speechless, and then a crowd of men, women, and children, demoralized warriors and braves, began to appear in the woods in front of them.

"Jubarnanesy! Jubarnanesy!" Boone and his men could now hear plainly, and when the terror-stricken savages saw the mounted white men, they cried, "Fire-sticks!" and darted off in every direction, except towards them.

The Indian guide stood a moment as if in terror and not knowing what to do, and then uttering a wild yell, he darted into the thicket, and was almost instantly lost to sight.

CHAPTER XIX.—A Mysterious and Terrible Avenger.

Boone and his men were almost paralyzed, and the next moment were fully so when they beheld this strange being—the Jubarnanesy—coming towards them with the speed of a wild horse almost, pursuing a chief whom they instantly recognized as Black Snake, from descriptions of him. The Terror they also recognized, and from what they had heard of him, it required stout nerves to keep them from joining in the flight. But they sat still on their horses, with their rifles ready for instant use, although their aim certainly would have been bad just then. It did not seem more than an instant, when Black Snake, evidently seeing the white foe in front of him, turned at bay and stood ready, with poised tomahawk, to receive the terror that had pursued him so long.

"Evil Spirit, I fight you to the death!" they heard him shout, as he turned.

In an instant the Jubarnanesy was upon him like a mad bison, and knocking aside the chief's half-paralyzed arm and its weapon, he seized him by the throat as though he had only been a cat, and bore him to the earth, only two or three rods from them.

"Mercy!" cried the chief.

"Mercy! Yes—such as you have shown to others; such as you showed to mine. Hist! One moment, before I send you to darkness and your master. Do you know me?" he hissed, at the same time pulling off the buffalo-head and horns, and showing a white face.

The prostrate chief uttered a terrible cry.

"Behold who your Jubarnanesy is! Walter Blackwell, whose wife and babes you mercilessly slew five years ago. I have been on your track ever since. I have slain scores of your villainous band, but you have escaped me until now. Now my vengeance is complete!"

Saying which, he plunged his uplifted knife into his heart, and the next instant held his reeking scalp aloft, laughing wildly, and evidently oblivious to all else around him. Boone and his men were so paralyzed by this strangely bloody drama, so quickly enacted before them, that they sat spellbound.

"Ha, ha, ha! Wife and children, you are avenged, and now I come to meet you!" the strange man cried, and then fell to the ground.

By this time Boone had partially recovered his senses, and urged his horse forward to the spot, followed by his men. The man was not yet dead, and Boone at once dismounted and raised his head.

"Ah, is it you, Sarah?" he asked, wildly.

"Speak to me, sir," said Boone, kindly.

"No, no, it is not her soft, sweet voice, nor her tender touch," said he, slowly opening his eyes. "No—no, it is a white man!" said he, abstractedly.

"Daniel Boone."

"Ah! I have heard of you. You are a noble man for having slain so many of these red devils. You helped in my vengeance," said he, faintly.

"And who are you?"

"Walter Blackwell that was—a dying wreck that is. That wretch that lies quivering there murdered my wife and little ones, and since then I have scarcely known who or what I was, save a mad avenger. I have pursued him and his, from that time until now, over this vast wild country, and have made myself a terror to his race."

"Indeed, you may well say that, sir."

"But now my work is accomplished. In summer heat and winter snow, I have followed, hoping for this hour when I could seize the vile Snake by the throat and finish my work. Bury me, but do not let them know I am dead, for I want the terror I have created to follow them until the last one is extinct."

"But you are not going to die, sir," said Boone, encouragingly.

"Yes, I—I felt the long-stretched cord of life snap when I took his life. I have been mad these many years, but when that cord snapped, my senses returned, so that I might know I had died fully avenged. No, not fully, for the lives of all

his race are not worth even one of those he robbed me of. But—I—say one little prayer for me as I go—for—yes, yes, I am going, surely going. I hear the voices of my dear ones on the other shore calling me. Do not let them know I am dead. Say—say—ah!” and with one convulsive gasp, the terrible enemy of the Indian straightened himself in death.

CHAPTER XX.—The Jubernanesy Buried.

A more startled and serious group of men was never seen than was that of Boone and his companions as they stood there contemplating the dead avenger, who had so strangely gone out of existence after slaying the last man, the chief of his tribe, who had so cruelly wronged him. All mystery was cleared away now, and instead of the demon they had almost become to believe this Jubernanesy to be, they found him to be a white man like themselves, made insane by cruel wrongs, and in that condition making himself a terror to the savages of the West, and especially to Black Snake and his band of red fiends. It was some moments before either of them spoke. Not a sight or a sound of a red man was there now, and they were undoubtedly still flying, in the belief that their Evil Spirit was in pursuit of them.

“What a strange tragedy has its ending here!” said Boone, the first to speak, but not a word was spoken in reply, so affected were his men. Had their Indian guide remained, he would have felt himself disenthralled, but fear hurried him away with the others. And yet the strange occurrence has been seen by several skulking Indians who loitered around to see what came of it, and seeing the white men standing over the fallen terror, their impression doubtless was that these strange beings of the deadly “fire-stick” had slain their Evil Genius, they possessing the power to do so, which the red man did not.

“Is he really dead?” one of them asked.

Daniel Boone knelt and placed his hand over the Jubernanesy’s heart, and feeling no indication of life, he placed his ear there.

“Yes, he is dead,” said he.

“But what killed him?”

“Alas! that is known only to God. But he has undoubtedly been kept alive for years by his thirsting his arch-enemy, the reaction—the excessive joy, you might say—snapped the life-chords, that had been drawn and kept in such a high degree of tension for so long.”

“Yes, that must be it,” they all agreed.

And yet, what a strange tragedy it was! How unexpected, and how unlike anything else they had ever seen or heard of.

“Well, it is over with now, and death ends the wild whirlwind of his life. But he is one of our race, and we must give him a decent burial and leave him to rest here in the wildwood, amid the scenes of his sorrows and triumphs.”

With scarcely a word, those brave men set to work digging a grave. It was quite a task, with only the simple implements they had to work with, but finally they hollowed out a rude grave, about three feet deep, into which they placed the body, together with the buffalo’s head he had worn, and which had inspired so much terror in

his foes. Then, without a prayer—without a word, almost—they threw the earth back over him, and in a few minutes all that was mortal of the unhappy pioneer was buried from sight.

They battered down the earth with their feet, and then strewed dry leaves over it, so as to hide it from the Indians, should they ever come upon the grave, and then their work was done. They little thought of the horrible scene which was to be enacted on that spot later on.

“Now, then, let us get away from this weird scene as quickly as possible,” said Boone, at the same time leaping upon his horse.

“Yes, yes, for it haunts me,” said Whiner, following his example. And still without speaking, that band of aggressive pioneers mounted their horses and rode away, leaving that lone grave to the requiems of the pine-trees that towered above it. As before stated, one or two Indians more brave than their fellows had skulked in the forest long enough to see the encounter between Black Snake and their terrible enemy, and to see the fall of that enemy, which they naturally ascribed to the white men. And they also saw them dig the grave and bury him, as they supposed. They made up their mind to find out, too. But fear held them in check, not knowing but that it was some trick on the part of the Evil Spirit. In the Indians’ simple belief, they were confused. They called back their scattered companions. Either the white men must be spirits, as they believed the Jubernanesy to be, or they could not have overthrown him, and they believed that he had the power of rising again. For this reason they gathered around in a wide circle, not daring to approach the spot, and all night long they watched and speculated upon the strange event.

CHAPTER XXI.—The Indians Dig Up the Jubernanesy.

The next morning they held a solemn pow-wow, and the medicine-man of the tribe consulted with the Great Spirit. And his deliberations culminated in the following manner:

“He is dead! The Jubernanesy is dead,” he cried. “The Great Spirit tells me so. There is no more to fear from him. He is in the ground; go and jump upon it!” and the old man led the way.

But the Indians seemed loath to follow, although they did so timidly. The fear that the Evil Spirit might burst the bonds of its grave, and dash suddenly upon them for destruction, held them back. And as they hesitatingly approached, they beheld the dead body of their chief lying there cold and stark, and this added to their fear. But the medicine-man kept up a wild yelling, as with long jumps he approached the grave. And finally he reached it, when, pausing a moment, he gave a wild war-whoop that resounded through the forest like the clarion-call of a fiend, after which he leaped upon the grave and began to jump up and down upon it, yelling. The others watched him for a moment, and seeing no spirit arise, became more bold, and gradually closed around where their medicine-man was performing his incantations. Finally one after another ventured to join him, while those who stood

around set up such a yell as might come from the infernal regions. Then they joined hands and began to dance and circle around those who were leaping and shouting upon the new-made grave, and seeing no Evil Spirit arise, they finally concluded that it was really dead, and became more bold. Such an orgie was never seen before. It was horrible. Terror had left them, and all of the fiend in their nature began to reassert itself. One after another the Indians who had fled came upon the scene, and joined in the diabolical barbaric orgie of hatred. Higher and higher rose their voices, wilder and wilder became their gesticulations, until they lost even the little semblance they had to human beings. Squaws returned and joined in with the bucks, and the wild shouts drew back a large number. Finally they began to tear up the earth with their bare hands. They were going to exhume the body. Like veritable hyenas they shouted and howled as they threw the earth away. Deeper and deeper they still dug, and, if possible, they became each moment wilder. At length they reached the body, and unearthed the face, at which they started back in affright. They did not recognize it as the face of the dreaded Jubernanesy. It was simply the face of a white man. They evidently expected to find a body with a buffalo head on it. True, they had never gazed on the real face of their tormentor, and were astonished not to find the buffalo head and horns. But they were by this time wrought up to such a pitch of excitement and fiendishness that they cared nothing for what they did. So, seizing the dead man, they dragged him from his grave, and in doing so unearthed the buffalo's head. With a glad yell the medicine-man seized it and placed it on the head, hiding the face, and reproducing the apparition so accurately that they instinctively fled like frightened sheep. Their old fear had come back to them. They stood a moment gazing back upon the terrible figure, with the cry of Jubernanesy on their tongues.

"Fools!" cried the old medicine man, who saw through it all now. "This thing that has terrified the Indians so long is but a white man wearing a buffalo's head over his own. Shame on us all! He has frightened us like women, and slain us like toads. He was no Evil Spirit; he was an evil white man who hated the red man, and has sent many of them to the happy hunting ground."

Then arose one wild yell for revenge, and those infuriated savages became frantic in their terrible rage.

"Burn—burn!"

"Tie him to tree!"

"Beat him with clubs!"

"Fire arrows into him!"

Such were a few of the savages' exclamations. Withes were cut by ready, anxious hands. They seized the inanimate form that had so long been their terror, and stood it up against a tree, to which they bound it. And then each shot an arrow into it, after which they piled fagots and wood around it, and set it on fire. The flames were quick to catch and leap, while the Indians enacted the death dance, hand in hand around the fire that was consuming all that was left of their mysterious enemy. Another such wild and terrible scene was never seen on this continent, and

never will be. Men, women, and children could not glut their triumph sufficiently. Squaws and children brought dry branches and threw them upon the fire, while the braves and warriors continued the dance. They even danced until some fell from exhaustion. But finally the terrible spectacle came to an end, only, however, when the whole mass was reduced to embers and coals, and the flames leaped up the pine-tree like red signals of triumph, and crackled in the boughs that so lately sang requiems over the dead. Then followed yells of rejoicing, and they started on a run back to the village they had the day before so hastily deserted, leaving their dead to the beasts of the forest.

CHAPTER XXII.—Kindness Not Forgotten by an Indian.

Boone and his men had occupied that same deserted village the night before, and had moved southward that morning, intending to bear to the west, to the country through which the Green River flows. During the next three days they met with no Indians, and the country was more beautiful and luxuriant than any of them had ever seen before. It seemed unmolested, Boone continued his surveying at leisure, while his men had little else to do than to hunt, fish, play cards, and enjoy themselves as they pleased. It was a jovial party as well as a brave one, and even Bill Whiner forgot to growl and to predict ruin and extinction to the entire band. The indications were that they would not meet any considerable body of savages until they came upon another river, and it looked as though nothing but pleasure was promised them. It looked that way. It was simply a calm preceding the storm which was to follow. It is said by old hunters that the Indians of the Far West are far behind their ancestors in the art of inter-communication. There used to be, in Daniel Boone's time and before it, a crude but potent signal code among them, by which means they could impart important facts very rapidly from one point, or from one tribe, to another. The truth of it was shown in this instance, but in what way it was done has never yet been fully determined, for before the fire of their orgie and sacrifices had fairly died out, the news of the death and utter destruction of their Evil Spirit seemed to have flown on the winds, and at once warriors and runners were sent for confirmation of the unlooked-for news. It was wonderful, but the news of it seemed somehow to fly in every direction, and in an almost incredible short space of time the village over which Black Snake so lately held sway was swarming with returning fugitives or members of other tribes or communities, some of them twenty-five miles away. The inhabitants of the village knew at once that the white men with horses and "fire-sticks" had camped there the night before, and were not long in ascertaining the direction they had taken. A son of Black Snake, a young warrior of great bravery and daring, and who had christened himself Red Snake, now became chief. He had been away to the north with a hunting party, returning just as the fugitives came back, to learn for the first time of his father's death. But the fact of the death of the Jubernanesy was the most important of all. It not only put new life

into the young chief, but into the warriors and people generally. It was, in fact, a subject for rejoicing for all of the tribes dwelling on both sides of the Ohio river, and the orgie began at the grave of their destroyer was continued for two or three days, during which most abhorrent and disgusting rites were indulged in by all. The old medicine man who had led them to attack the grave of the Jubernanesy led in all these terrible performances. Showing them that he was simply a disguised white man, and that all palefaces were the natural foes of the red man, and should be slain at any hazard, and at any cost of life.

"They are powerful fiends, and with their fire-sticks are set upon us by the Evil Spirit," he said, while haranguing them. "They come from beyond the rising sun, and if not stopped and slain will sweep the red men off into the happy hunting-grounds and take possession of his country. We must be watchful, and slay them as fast as they come."

"Yes, yes!" was the sentiment of the response from the savages, who were dancing, shouting, and flourishing their tomahawks above their heads.

The medicine man continued:

"Our new chief will guide you on the trail of the white men who have gone from here. They must be slain, or they will bring more here, and become too strong to be met."

And then followed a war-dance; the warriors and braves of his own tribe, as well as visitors from others, circled around the new chief, Red Snake, uttering the most unearthly yells and showing in savage pantomime how they would fall upon their enemies and exterminate them. It was an easy matter now to get them upon the war-path. This dreaded enemy had been slain and burned, and there was nothing now to fear but the "fire-sticks" of a handful of white men almost in their midst. The red men were mad with lust for blood. Red Snake was also anxious to show them that he was a worthy successor of his father, and cheered them on by rehearsing beforehand the bloody things he would do upon the whites. In this way a hundred or more warriors were armed, and got ready to follow in the tracks of Daniel Boone and his band, leaving the village in the care of the squaws and a few old men and boys. The next day they started, full of hope and high expectations, each with his war-paint on, so as to look as terrible as possible, taking the trail and following it rapidly after the unsuspecting whites. Meantime, the Indian whom Boone had befriended, but who joined in the stampede when the cry of "Jubernanesy" was again raised, had returned and taken part in the orgie that was to commemorate the downfall of their terror. But when he learned that Red Snake and his band were to follow Boone for the purpose of overwhelming him with numbers and slaughtering the entire company, he could not forget the kindness that had been shown him, and so he stole out of camp some hours before daylight, resolved on giving Boone warning, as it was without doubt the most formidable expedition that would be formed against him. It is an old saying that an Indian never forgets a kindness or an injury, but they are so nearly human that this is not always so. As a rule, they are just as apt to turn upon the person who does them

a kindness as upon one who does them an injury.

But there are exceptions, many of them noted in history, and this is one of them. The faithful and friendly Indian, knowing the trail Red Snake would take, struck into another and a shorter route, until some distance from the village, when he at once drew upon Boone's trail, and followed it with all the speed he was capable of. In the excitement incident to the preparations for the expedition against the whites, his companions did not notice his absence. It will be remembered that he had been wounded and left to die when Boone came upon him, dressed his wounds with his own hands, and fed him, and no being on earth possessed of less dogged endurance than an Indian could have made the progress he did under the circumstances. Perhaps the knowledge that a savage band was following in his rear had something to do with keeping him and urging him on; for he knew that if he fell on the trail he would be at once suspected of treachery, and slain.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Daniel Boone's Shot.

So, for two days and nights, with the berries he picked as he sped along almost for his only food, he ran upon the trail; and when he did finally relax his speed, from sheer exhaustion, he knew by the evidences of the trail that he was close upon them. Some of Boone's men might even then be within the sound of his voice, and so soon as he could regain his breath sufficiently he placed his hand upon his mouth and gave a war-whoop. His cry was heard at once. Roaring Shank Shingle happened to be out hunting, accompanied by his dog Chaw, and his keen ear was the first to hear the ominous yell.

Shingle and his dog started at once in the direction of the war whoop. Walking cautiously along for several rods, he came to a little opening, and there saw the exhausted Indian seated on the trunk of a fallen tree. He watched him for some moments, and becoming convinced that he was alone, and not on the war-path, he approached and recognized him. The Indian was delighted to see him, although neither could understand the other; but by gestures he convinced him that he had important news for Colonel Boone, and Shank at once conducted him to the camp, where he again fell, utterly exhausted with his long run. He was immediately surrounded by the little band of pioneers. Boone knew at once that the poor savage was the bearer of some important intelligence, and ordered a small measure of rum for him, after drinking which he recovered somewhat, and told the story already known to the reader.

"Well, men, the news is that Red Snake, the son and successor of Black Snake, at the head of a hundred warriors, is marching on our trail for the purpose of extermination," said Boone.

"Oh, no doubt of it. They'll have us this time and no mistake," moaned Whiner; but nobody took any notice of him.

"They found the body of the Jubernanesy that we buried, dug it up, and burned it."

"Ther pesky snakes!" hissed Shingle.

"And finding, after all, that he was only a white

man, they have become bold, and are now marching upon us with all their warriors."

"Oh, of course," groaned Whiner, turning away and looking as though about to cry.

"Well, men, this means business for us, and because there is so many of them we must go to work and construct some sort of a fort behind which we can be secure from their arrows, every one of which is poisoned; so let's at it," said Boone, resolutely.

And as resolutely did his men respond, even Whiner, although looking so solemn and sorry, lending a hand, as usual. Fortunately their camp was on a knoll which was covered with boulders and fallen trees, just such a spot as Boone always chose if he could find it, and with axes and levers they soon had a square of logs and boulders rolled into shape that would, at all events, protect them from the arrows of the enemy, while they could lie in shelter and pour forth deadly shots. Into this they gathered their horses and food, devoting every moment to strengthening and perfecting their rude fort (the first one ever built in Kentucky), so as to withstand quite a siege. All that day they worked, and well into the night, with their rifles lying handy by, and when morning came Boone was satisfied.

Breakfast and rest were the next things in order, after which the horses were attended to, and the men sat down to await events. The Indian had made himself very popular with the pioneers by his conduct, and he had also helped the best he could in preparing for the battle. It was nearly noon. Every few minutes he would go down by the brook that was near by, and placing his ear upon the ground, listen in Indian fashion for sounds of the foe's approach. Finally he ran back to the fort and announced that they were coming—close at hand. Every man of the little band grasped his rifle, determined to fight to the death if necessary. Soon they heard the sounds of the approaching "varmints," as Shingle called them. The thick intervening forest prevented them from being seen until near; but there was not a sign, save the improvised fort, that the whites were near them. But Red Snake was not long in making out the situation, and then his swarthy warriors began to deploy to the right and left until they had entirely surrounded the fort, at a distance of about ten rods.

The young chief was easily discernible on account of his feathers and wampum, and he was everywhere, encouraging his men. He was set upon wiping out the handful of hated whites at whatever cost. Daniel Boone was as calm as ever in the face of this outnumbering crew of savages, and gave the few orders he had to give in a quiet undertone easily understood by his brave men. Presently Red Snake uttered a war-whoop, which was evidently a signal for attack, for the next moment the solitude was pierced with that war-whoop repeated by his warriors, and the next witnessed a flight of arrows.

"Let them empty their quivers, and then they will become bolder and show themselves," said Boone, to his men.

The shower of arrows kept up for some five minutes, and enough of them were buried in the logs of the fort to have sent a hundred men to the land of shades. Finally, getting no response

from the fort, Red Snake gave another ringing war-whoop, and brandishing his battle-axe above his head, called on his warriors to follow him to a charge. Again that terrible war-whoop reverberated through the primeval forest, and throwing aside their bows, the savages started to follow their chief.

"Go it, Shingle," whispered Boone, who was stationed next to him on the right.

"Darn my skin, I couldn't a-stood it much longer," replied Shank, drawing a bead and bringing down a brave.

"Follow by turn!" said Boone, and then the rifles began to crack—each of them doom to some redskin.

A dozen or more of them bit the earth before they broke, which they afterwards did, stampeding back to the cover of the forest. The rest was just what Boone and his men stood in need of, and it enabled them to get entirely ready for a second onslaught, if it came. Red Snake was furious at the conduct of his warriors, and applied to them the most scathing epithets, even slaying one of them with his own hand for being the first to turn. This did not make him popular by any means, for, in truth, the warriors were all afraid of those terrible "fire-sticks," more especially when they could see only the flash from between the logs of the fort, upon which the arrows fell harmlessly.

"Cowards, squaws!" he hissed. "You must charge over that pile of logs, and encounter those white devils hand to hand, and I will kill the first man that offers to retreat," said he.

Then, uttering another war-whoop like a savage bugle-blast, he led the way out into the clearing, and started up the hill, determined on climbing over that rude fort and attacking the whites with his superior numbers and crushing them in a hand-to-hand struggle.

The woods rang again, and Red Snake came charging up towards the fort. Boone meant to kill him if he could. Boone drew a bead upon him. There was a quick, sharp report, and that boastful tyrant chief went down, stone dead.

But there was no pause for comment or compliment. A dozen rifle-shots followed Boone in quick succession, and seeing their chief fall, the Indians turned and fled in great confusion. The victory was complete, for those demoralized savages never stopped until they reached their village, and they were never known to attack the whites ever afterwards. Boone and his men remained in the fort for two or three days after the battle, but finding no further indication of hostility, they broke camp and continued their southern course unmolested.

Altogether, Daniel Boone spent two years in Kentucky before the whites from Virginia, Ohio, and North Carolina began to arrive and settle. He was their friends and protector, and had so thoroughly subdued the savages that they were glad to live in peace with them. And when he found the white settlers were getting numerous enough to take care of themselves, he accepted another commission from the government to survey that part of the country now known as the State of Missouri, and down into Mississippi.

Next week's issue will contain "OLLIE, THE OFFICE BOY; or, THE STRUGGLES OF A POOR WAIF."

CURRENT NEWS

GRASS TOWELS IN PETROGRAD

Bundles of dried grass and flax are sold in the streets near the public bath houses, to be used as towels by the bathers. They cost but a penny or so, and are thrown away after use. Foreigners take their own towels, for while the grass serves its purpose well enough it is found to be too ticklish for their tender skins.

HIGH HEELS ROT PAVEMENT

Paris pavements are very largely of wood and deteriorate very rapidly. When the cause was sought by the city engineers, it was found that the heels of women's shoes were largely responsible. The feminine shoe heels are so narrow at the base as to be almost points, and these penetrate the wood, punching holes in which the water settles, thus rotting the paving.

U. S. LIFE INSURANCE 55 BILLIONS

The American people, with a total of more than \$55,000,000,000 life insurance in force, are more heavily protected than the rest of the world together through a new yearly record during 1923 of \$11,719,000,000 paid in insurance, Edward D. Duffield, President of the Prudential Insurance Company, said at the opening of the seventeenth annual convention of Associated Life Insurance Presidents at the Hotel Astor.

J. V. E. Westfall, Vice President of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, said only 10 per cent. of the brain power of this generation is at work. In presenting the need for more universal education he asserted Thomas A. Edison has added \$15,000,000,000 to the world, and that any trained mind will give to the world more than its owner receives.

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CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"Don't be afraid, sir," Burns said. "Anny man of me name will be sure to keep an eye on the rascal and not let him get away, though I do be saying that he don't have the look of a malefactor. I might say that he do look as honest as myself."

"But you have been a convict, Burns," laughed Dick.

"Through no fault of me own, sir. Thim Rooshans would take away anny man's character."

"They can't take away yours now, Burns, for you are under the protection of good Americans and are safe."

"I hope so, sir, but I won't feel entirely so till I'm out of the country. Is it Russia all the way to Vladivostock?"

"No; we go through Manchuria, but the Russians made a grab at that and claim it now."

"They'd claim annything, be the same token," growled Burns, "but they'll not claim me."

On Monday, having been a week on the road, they arrived at a town among the mountains where there was a fort and a convict station, a number of soldiers making their appearance as the train stopped at the station.

The leader came forward with a number of his men and began to ask questions as some of the passengers came out.

"Look out, Burns," said Dick, who was with the Irishman in the smoking compartment. "These fellows may be after you."

"Unless I am greatly mistaken they are, sir," said Burns. "I know them, though it is a far way from here that I saw them last. However, don't be afraid, for I am not going with them."

The soldiers came up to the compartment, and one of them opened the door, Dick saying, impatiently:

"Well, what do you want? We are a private party of Americans, and we have our passports and everything in good shape. Don't you know that this is a special train?"

The captain shook his head and then looked fixedly at Burns and said something to him in Russian.

"What gibberish are you talking to me?" replied the other. "I don't know your heathen language. What is he saying, me boy?"

Burns knew very well, for the man had asked him if he was not an escaped prisoner who had taken the train at Krasnidarsk or near it.

His appearance was greatly changed since then, but it was evident that some one had telegraphed

ahead that he was on the train, as the officer looked very hard at him and put more questions. Then Mark Topping came up, as Burns pretended utter ignorance of what was being said, having one of the stewards with him.

"What is the matter?" Mark asked the officer, the latter shaking his head and speaking in Russian, at the same time pointing to Burns.

The officer asks who this man is," said the steward.

"A great detective," said the young millionaire. "He is in pursuit of a noted malefactor and expects to find him in Vladivostock. Give the fellow a cigar. He does not suspect Mr. Burns, does he?"

Burns at the same time seemed not to know a word that was said in Russian, and those who watched him did not see the first gleam of intelligence on his face when the captain accused him of being an escaped prisoner.

The steward said he was not, and Mark protested that he was a detective, but the Russian, not satisfied, ordered his men to level their pieces at him.

"You won't do anything of the sort!" cried Trix, who had been an interested spectator of the scene, suddenly taking from her coat a little silk American flag which she carried in her pocket.

In a moment she spread this across the Irishman's chest, and said, in a tone of defiance:

"Fire upon that flag, if you dare!"

The officer signaled to his men to lower their muskets and turned to Mark, addressing him in Russian.

"I don't know a word you say," said the young millionaire, "but I say this, that if you dare to fire upon that flag you will get yourself and your precious czar into more trouble than you imagine. Come on; we don't have to stop at this place. Get a move on you!"

Mark waved his hand to the engineer, the guards hurried the passengers into the compartments and shut the doors, the engine gave a toot, and in a moment the train went on, leaving the officer and soldiers outside on the platform.

"It's much obliged I am to the young lady," said Burns, when they were moving on at a rapid rate, "but the fellow was not sure of me after all. He had his min watching me like a cat does a mouse, but sorra a bit could they make out of me, and he's in doubt now whether I speak Russian or not."

"Miss Trix saved the day," laughed Dick.

"Of all the tricks I ever saw, hers do be the best," said Burns.

They went on through the mountains at a good pace, winding in and out and seeing new wonders at every turn, Burns saying at length:

"They are posted strong at this place, for manny a man has escaped and got down into China or into Manchuria, and now they are keeping a watch on places like this. I have heard from others how they have been brought back when liberty was in sight, and I made up my mind that I would not be one of them."

(To be continued.)

GOOD READING

BALSA-WOOD FOR REFRIGERATORS

Much lighter than cork, and composed of thin-walled air cells, balsa is an ideal heat insulator. This wood is shipped from the tropics as a deck-load on fruit steamers and is used in cold storage plants, refrigerator cars and in household refrigerators. In the latter case balsa wood forms the framework and insulation in one, a thickness of two inches of it being used throughout. The insulation is then lined inside and out with five-sixteenths of an inch of artificial stone having mangasite as a base.

A MACHINE TO MEET THE RABBIT PLAGUE

One way to deal with rabbits, the great Australian plague, is to dig up their burrows. This however, is largely a loss of effort, for the rabbits reopen the burrows as fast as the workers can destroy them—if not faster. Mr. E. K. Bowman, of Wargundy, has invented an interesting apparatus that attacks the problem from the other side. He fills up the holes instead of digging them out, and he does this by machine. Roughly speaking, what he has is a tractor that carries two tanks, one of earth and one of water. The earth is kept replenished by a digging element attached to the machine. The earth from the one tank and the water from the other are mixed by a revolving concrete mixer, and passed down a chute, from which the mixture is directed into the burrows. After drying, this mixture sets like cement; and the animals make no effort to reopen the burrow.

A "MYSTERY BOTTLE" THAT FORECASTS THE WEATHER

An hermetically sealed bottle filled with what looks like a mixture of red sand and yellowish liquid, known to be at least three centuries old, it attracting the attention of French scientists, as it is reputed to be the only infallible weather prophet extant. The bottle is in the possession of an aged Brittany farmer, in whose family it has been handed down from father to son for ten generations.

When it is going to rain, the solid particles gather in round clusters, and when snow is coming white flakes appear, while if hail is on the way, the entire mixture becomes viscous.

These auguries are so accurate that farmers for miles around telephone the owner of the magic bottle when they wish to make certain that their crops will not be damaged by another day's delay in the fields.

The French Academy of Science is sending a committee of chemists to study the strange vial, but the farmer says he will not permit it to be opened, fearing that exposure to the air may change the chemical nature on which the phenomena depend.

A similar bottle owned by the man's grandfather burst with a loud report forty years ago when a September hailstorm was followed by a snowfall that turned into a light drizzle.

ANCIENT CANOES FOUND IN JERSEY

A dredger at work on Lake Witteck, near Butler, N. J., brought to the surface recently three well preserved cedar bottoms of sunken canoes, which, when examined recently by Prof. Foster H. Saville of the Museum of the American Indian of the Heye Foundation, were attributed to the ancient Ramapo Indians and were believed to have belonged to some pre-Colonial period. Professor Saville said that the canoes might easily be more than 1,000 years old.

One of the bottoms was intact, the other two were incomplete. The sides and inner structure on all were missing. From the proportions of those parts found Professor Saville estimates that the canoes would transport about twenty-five persons and were probably for war purposes. One argument advanced for their antiquity is that the cedar used in the canoe bottoms vanished from New Jersey long before the advent of the white man.

Lake Witteck originally covered but about 50 acres. It was probably used, according to Professor Saville, as a portage station by the Ramapos. When a dam was built it increased the size of the lake several times. Lake Witteck is in the New Jersey peat belt, and the raising of the water level in the lake caused portions of the peat bed, which formed the bottom, to break loose and rise, forming floating islands.

The canoe bottoms were found in one of these floating islands which the dredges were removing from the lake. The peat has a great preservative quality, according to Professor Saville.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

GROUNDING

If you haven't water pipes in your house, a good ground can be made by driving a galvanized pipe four or five feet into moist earth.

MOUNT TUBES IN A VERTICAL POSITION

Always mount vacuum tubes in a vertical position. If they are placed horizontally the heated filament will have a tendency to sag and come in contact with the grid, making the tube useless.

BEWARE OF PASTE

Never use acid paste as the flux for soldering taps to coils. When heated, the paste will flow between the turns, penetrating the insulation and form a high frequency leak between the turns. In many cases it has short circuited the turns. Use rosin core solder throughout.

CLEAR RECEPTION

Here is a wrinkle worth trying.

Did you ever listen in for a few minutes before breakfast? If you never have, try it some morning when the alarm clock was a little early. The air is remarkably clear, and there are just enough stations working to make it interesting. There is a sprinkling of 1's, 2's and 3's, an occasional 8, and even some distant boiled-owl of a 9 saying "GN go to sleep now."

LOOPING FOR TAPS

When forming loops for taps two or three tight turns are sufficient. Excessive twisting might cause a break at the twist, and it would be hardly noticeable until the coil has been wired into the circuit.

When soldering leads to the loops, do not exert an unnecessarily heavy pull on the lead. The wire on the winding form will stretch, and the adjacent turns will become loose.

Always test a coil for continuity after the winding has been completed. This will preclude any possibility of wiring a coil with broken leads into the circuit.

VIBRATIONS CAUSE INTERFERENCE

When some sets are in operation a ringing sound is heard in the phone if the least jar affects the cabinet or the table on which the set stands. The ringing continues for some time after the table has been jarred. Such a noise makes tuning impossible, especially when the signals are faint.

These microphonic noises, as they are called, are caused by the tubes amplifying the mechanical vibrations, and the elements of the tubes, chiefly the grid, are also set in vibration by the jar. The practical way to eliminate this ringing annoyance is to cushion the tube socket and mountings on strips of sponge rubber or light springs, so the mechanical shocks will be absorbed and not be transmitted to the tube. Heavy felt is sometimes used in place of rubber. Never

mount the detector or amplifier tubes directly to trouble in this respect, depending upon the support given to the grid plate and filament.

The cushioning effect is likely to be lost if rigid wire is used to connect the tube sockets. Flexible wire should be employed because it will not transmit vibrations like a solid conductor. Many of the new tubes on the market are very susceptible to mechanical vibration, and in some cases even a pencil dropped on the table will create the ringing noise.

RADIO WAVES TRAVEL WESTWARD

In the two-way transatlantic broadcast test just concluded the complete programs of several American stations were heard each night in England, but the reception of English stations here was weak and in most cases so uncertain that complete proof is lacking. Because the real reason for the difficulty in getting messages from England is not fully understood, conjectures have covered every phase of radio theory. The reason given by the greater number of engineering authorities can be found in the quality of equipment used in England.

It is worthy of note that the United States stations heard across the Atlantic were all equipped with a high grade of transmitter, the result of years of intensive research work by eminent engineers. Some broadcasting in this country has assumed tremendous proportions. The development of the transmitter has been altered to keep pace with the quality of programs and the demands of the radio audiences.

In England, on the other hand, broadcasting is a much more recent industry and because of the stringent laws there, has developed much less rapidly and decisively. As a result the transmission of the concerts is not carried out as efficiently as here and the quality of both programs and the transmission are far below those enjoyed nightly by radio enthusiasts in America.

Yet even in this statement there is a contradiction for station 51T at Birmingham is completely equipped with apparatus of American design with microphone to antenna switch. The same transmitter is used at 51T that is being used nightly and with such satisfactory results at WOR, WEAf, WHAB and WDAR. These latter stations are heard regularly in England, but the same set does not cross the Atlantic from east to west.

These peculiarities of radio transmission and reception which make the industry so interesting to the army of "fans" are no more strange than the discoveries of engineers of Marconi in the Antipodes. Equipped with special direction finding loop aeri-als, these experts stationed in New Zealand, eight to twelve thousand miles from the high powered transmitting stations of Europe and the United States, were surprised to note that the code signals had their own preference as to the direction of travel. Some of the messages preferred to travel several thousand more miles around the world in one direction rather than

take the shorter direct route. Whether this phenomenon is caused by the action of the sun as it travels around the earth, or can be laid to deposits of metal, is a problem that the engineers are even now working on. Perhaps in the answer to their problem will be found the solution now interesting the amateurs in this country and Europe: Why do concerts travel west to east easier than from east to west.

RADIO PARTS

Some of the terms used in radio are long enough to frighten the beginner. He hears words like "potentiometer," "rheostat," "variometer," and is sometimes discouraged at the very start. They are really harmless.

He hears others talking about radio frequency and audio frequency and promptly becomes submerged in a sea of words that he cannot even begin to comprehend.

The word "potentiometer" is probably the longest and most confusing word of the lot. The word sounds a lot worse than the actual instrument, which is nothing more or less than a very high resistance, which is used sometimes in circuits. It frequently comes in handy in the set, and is also called a stabilizer, because it actually will stabilize the circuit. It balances the current to the best advantage, and a slight change will sometimes improve the received signals much.

Every battery, be it a dry or wet cell, furnishes what is called direct current. The other kind of current, usually in the electric light circuit, is alternating current. Direct current means the current all flows in one direction, while in alternating current it changes at intervals. This is called frequency. Thus we have in your lighting circuit, "110 volt, 60 cycles A. C.," which means that 110 volts is given at 60 alternations a second. The frequency in this case is 60 cycles, the words meaning the complete change from positive to negative and back again. Positive and negative are two terms which denote in which direction the current flows and, as explained above, in alternating current it flows alternately in both directions, while the battery has a flow of one direction only.

Because alternating current flows in both directions, it cannot be used in the delicate apparatus used for receiving radio signals and music, and it cannot be used for charging up a run-down battery. In the former case, unless elaborate apparatus is used, it will cause a loud hum in the head receivers and the set will not operate, while in the case of the battery, it will take out just as much as it puts in and will in time ruin the battery. For this reason use a battery charger or rectifier, which changes the alternating current into direct current.

A test for determining the polarity of a battery is to connect wires to the terminals and immerse the ends in a glass of water containing a small amount of salt. The wire that bubbles is always the negative or minus side. If this is done with the lighting current, connect an electric light in series with one wire, otherwise a fuse will be blown out. If bubbles form on both wires equally, the current is alternating and cannot be used for charging.

RADIO FREQUENCY GIVES DISTANCE

Ordinarily there is little to be gained in the addition of one stage of radio frequency amplification to a regenerative receiver, but in some instances such as the Reinartz tuner, the added stage appears to give the set the final touch to make it the most selective apparatus of its type.

Amateurs have been reluctant to try radio frequency in conjunction with regeneration since usually the two have refused to combine with any great success. Particularly was this true with the transformer type of coupling. With the improvements in tuned radio frequency and especially in the apparatus developed for these interstage couplings the usual drawbacks have disappeared.

Many radio enthusiasts have read that radio frequency amplification could not be added to a Reinartz because the latter circuit was based on a periodic or untuned primary. The premise was wrong, although the latter fact was correct. The primary is untuned, but the secondary is sharply tuned by tap switches and the 23 plate condenser. If the argument had held any weight the conclusion still would have been wrong for the simple reason that the radio frequency coupling device handled the output of the tube and not the input.

An excellent receiver with a high sensitivity and an unusually high degree of selectivity can be assembled by combining the plain Reinartz tuner, one stage of tuned radio frequency amplification and one stage of good audio frequency amplification.

The interstage coupling by which the tuning is accomplished should consist of a variometer containing at least sixty-five turns on rotor and stator respectively. The variometer should be selected by its radio characteristics. The clearance between rotor and stator should be as small as possible. The wire should be as large as will allow the required turns to be placed within the available limits and the substance out of which the frame and rotor ball are made should be either of thoroughly dried nonresinous wood, or composition having low high frequency losses.

If it is found impossible to secure a variometer with the full number of turns it is not advisable to attempt to increase the tuning range by inserting a condenser across the entire instrument. In general it would be best to give up the idea rather than work with the makeshift.

The tube for the radio frequency stage plays a far more important part in the action than is usually credited to it. Not every type of tube and not every tube in a suitable type will be found to work properly. Instead of amplifying the high frequency impulses fed to the tube through the secondary of the Reinartz, the tube elements being so close together act as condensers and merely pass the impulses straight through, short circuiting the regular tube action. If this circuit is worked out, it will be wise to experiment with an assortment of hard tubes until the best one is found. Then and only then will the full measure of results be secured from the single radio frequency stage.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, JANUARY 16, 1924

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

A HUGE RUBBER TREE

What is believed to be the largest rubber tree in the world stands in the Brazilian territory of Acre, on the frontier of Bolivia. Its stem is 27 feet 2 7-10 inches in circumference at the base. For 120 days every year this colossus gives twenty-two pounds of rubber a day. At present prices this brings in a fair interest on about \$50,000 to its owner, a family of seven Seringueiros.

WAS PAID FOR BEAR'S BITE

Frank B. McDaniels of Corcord, N. H., a former policeman, received \$1,050 in settlement of a suit he had brought against Raymond W. Gordon of Indian Head for injuries received when a trained bear owned by Gordon bit him. The case was marked for trial in Merrimack County Superior Court but was settled out of court.

McDaniels asserted that he was among others watching the bears and that a small girl offered one a bottle of "pop," that the bear sprang at her and he jumped in and pulled her out of reach, whereupon the bear turned on him and bit him severely on the arm.

GOOD ACTING WINS PARDON

Because W. A. Reeves, a British veteran of the World War, proved to be a good actor in the recent musical comedy given in Sing Sing to the outside public, the State Board of Parole, which had refused to release him last month, decided to set him free. Warden Lewis E. Lawes, who liked the talent shown by Reeves in the prison show, was among those who urged his release.

In the show Reeves played the rôle of a former Sing Sing prisoner who had just been released from prison and who, when tempted, not alone decided to reform himself but tried to reform other crooks. He has overstayed his minimum sentence for embezzlement of funds of his employer.

BLIND JESUIT INVENTS WAY TO TRISECT ANGLE

Credit for working out the simplest method yet devised to perform the feat of trisecting an an-

gle goes to Rev. Henry J. Wessling, S. J., according to the professor of mathematics and astronomy at Woodstock College, Md.

The trisection of any angle presents some difficulties even to the experienced geometrician, and there are several methods now in use to accomplish it. The Rev. Edward C. Phillips, S. J., the professor who made the announcement, aroused much interest when he added the fact that Father Wessling, the inventor, is totally blind.

The exact method by which the trisection is obtained is rather technical and difficult to explain. The fact that it was developed by a blind man makes it sufficiently remarkable in itself.

Father Wessling lost his eyesight while a student of chemistry at Canasius College, Buffalo, when an unforeseen explosion blew out his eyes.

LAUGHS

Visitor (lifting little Irene)—Goodness, Irene, but you are solid! Little Irene—Course I am. Did you think I was plated?

Host—Why did you strike my dog? He only sniffed at you. Visitor—Well, you don't expect me to wait until he tasted me, do you?"

"Yes, I was awfully fond of that girl, and I believed her to be perfect; but I saw something about her last night that made me ill." "What was that?" "Another fellow's arm."

Doctor—Well, Matthew, did you take those pills I sent you yesterday? Patient—Yes, doctor; but couldn't 'e do 'em up in something different? Them little boxes be terrible hard to swallow.

He—I'm going to Morienbad to take the waters and thin down a bit. She—Why, aren't you thin enough? He—No; I've just had a dozen shirts made, and they fit me too tightly round the neck.

Sachs (to friend in restaurant)—Well, and how's business? Friend—Splendid, splendid! Why, I can't even get my meals at the right time. Just see what I'm eating now. It's my breakfast of yesterday.

A boy who had been absent from school for several days returned with his throat carefully swathed, and presented this note to his teacher: "Please don't let my son learn any German today. His throat is so sore he can hardly speak English."

"I don't see why people come here for their health!" growled Barker. "It strikes me as being very unhealthy!" "It is now," said the landlord. "So many people have come here for health and got it that our supply has been exhausted."

"Johnny, here is another note from your teacher. He says I might as well take you out of school. You are quite hopeless." "It ain't me, mamma. I hope to be big enough some day to lam the everlastin' daylights out of him!"

INTERESTING ARTICLES

JAPANESE LIKE ICE-CAKED MORSELS

An American steamship captain recently presented Japanese royalty with a large salmon frozen in a cake of ice. Greeted with awe and wonder by the thousands of daily visitors to the imperial household, the idea has developed into a fad throughout Japan. Butchers, fish dealers and grocers display in their windows various forms of sea life encased in a solid ice cake.

WORLD'S BIGGEST FILM STUDIO

The largest moving picture studio in the world soon is to be erected in the borough of Queens, the ownership to be co-operative.

Arthur S. Friend, president of Distinctive Pictures Corporation, who is the principal promoter of the new plant, after a careful survey, has decided that pictures can be made here cheaper and more effectively than in Hollywood.

Richard A. Rowland of the First National Company will take part in the project, and Samuel Goldwyn, E. L. Smith of Inspiration and Henry M. Hobart of Distinctive will be part operators.

The site of the plant, not yet made known, will be "within twenty minutes of the theatrical district," and it was added it would allow the erection of a series of studio units providing at the outset for nine stages.

Actual construction will begin within sixty days. William O. Hurst, studio expert, has completed the plans.

INTERESTING ITEMS

Sapphires comprised nearly two-thirds of the value of gem materials produced in the United States last year.

A German aviator with a gigantic monoplane plans to attempt a transatlantic flight from Spain to Halifax with a stop at the Azores.

Before a fire brigade can start for a fire in Berlin, Germany, the members must all fall in line in military fashion and salute their captain.

Glasgow has begun to provide its policemen with warm food and tea when on night duty by installing a number of electrically heated plates in signal boxes at a number of points easily reached.

A watch made entirely of ivory—works, hands and case—is the production of M. Henri Houriet, of Chaux-de-Fonds, Switzerland. The material employed was taken from a billiard ball. The watch keeps good time, varying only about a minute a month.

A Windsor, Kansas, man found a swarm of bees in a locust tree in his yard. He sawed off a limb and fastened a hive there, but the bees declined it and continued filling the hollow tree with honey. Wishing to secure the crop, the owner cut down the tree eighteen inches from the ground. The stump was full of honey. Then he sawed the tree three feet higher and got a barrel of honey. He sawed again four feet higher and the honey extended almost to the end.

Recently, while the chief of police was hunting in a wood near Szatmar-Nemeti, Austria, he discovered a cave, and, after proceeding some way

in comparative darkness, almost stumbled over a man absolutely covered with hair. There was something so unnatural, so weird and other-world-like about the man that a feeling akin to fear seized the police officer. The man looked for all the world like a beast. Immediately the gendarmes were summoned, and they proceeded to drag the man by force into the daylight. He fought like a tiger, scratching and biting the gendarmes dangerously. At last he was conveyed, amidst a scene of the utmost confusion, to the hospital. Here it was discovered that his name was John Labanez, and that he had lived for twenty-seven years in the cave and fed upon plants. The discovery awakened considerable fear among the superstitious country folk.

HOW LIGHTHOUSE LIGHTS ARE OPERATED

When you see a modern lighthouse flashing its pencil-like beams many miles across the sea you instinctively remark:

"What a powerful light a lighthouse must have!"

But if you looked inside the lamp-house at the top of the white tower you would be astonished to see only a tiny silk incandescent mantle, no larger than four inches high and only three inches across.

The mantle is made of the finest silk it is possible to produce.

With this tiny mantle it is possible to get a light equal to 2,100 candle-power. The fuel which is used is shale oil, which comes from Scotland, and is specially prepared for the purpose. The oil is vaporized into gas by means of heat and air pressure. So economical is the apparatus that it gives this tremendous light-power for an hour on two and a quarter pints of oil only.

Although 2,100 candle-power is very powerful, it would not be strong enough to penetrate thirty miles across seas, and to do this powerful reflectors must be used.

These reflectors are built up of hundreds of pieces of cut glass called prisms. These are each of a triangular section, and are long and curved in shape, something like the ribs of a human being. The gas-mantle is surrounded by these prisms, and they are arranged so that they reflect every particle of light through two bull's-eyes fixed at the opposite side. So cleverly are they arranged, and so intensely do they magnify the light, that the illumination has a strength of 700,000 candle-power when it passes out of the bull's-eyes and is thrown across the seas. This vast mass of cut glass is cemented into a circular steel frame, and the whole weighs 3½ tons. This steel frame revolves slowly when the lamp is lighted, so that the lighthouse flashes one or two beams every minute or so. This is done by an automatic machine.

This 3½ tons of glass and steel runs in a bath of solid mercury or quick-silver. Mercury is used to make it revolve smoothly, and so easily does it revolve that a girl can push this heavy mass around with the strength of her little finger.

PLUCK AND LUCK

HERE AND THERE

EYES SHOW STATE OF HEALTH

The latest method of determining the condition of a patient's health is through a close examination of the eyes. A prominent physician recently lectured before a group of students during which he told them that he could always determine the condition of a patient's blood by the color of the iris, the lighter the color, the clearer the blood and vice-versa. Various other parts of the body had a given area in the iris and the condition of the various parts of the body could be ascertained by the eye.

POTATOES IN GERMANY GOING BAD

Frederick William I had a hard time introducing the potato into Prussia. He forced the invalids in the charity hospitals to eat them, and used his army in compelling the peasants to plant the tubers. And to-day the government is having a hard time holding the republic together because of the lack of potatoes in many sections, and their extremely high price. Many Germans who have provided themselves at great cost with enough potatoes for the winter are horrified to find they are not keeping well. Agriculturalists predict all the potatoes will spoil.

CAPTURING THE HUMMINGBIRD'S SHEEN

The brilliant metallic lustre and beautiful iridescent colors of the hummingbird's throat, long the despair of artists, have been captured at last and transformed to canvas.

Frank Bond, chief clerk in the Land Office in Washington, is the man who has accomplished this feat. His process is patented.

His invention "relates to a process of reproducing in pictures the natural lustre or sheen of the feathers of birds or other objects, so that such pictures not only will be faithful reproductions of the natural colorings of the birds, but also of the lustre of their plumage."

Mr. Bond has given several private exhibitions of his paintings and has attracted the attention of many artists. He has painted seventeen species of American hummingbirds and the most difficult parts to picture, the throat and certain areas of the crown, were brought out in all their natural beauty.

Broadly speaking, the process is based on the reflection of light through properly colored transparent material laid on the canvas and afterward traced with characteristic feathering. By this method the metallic sheen is reproduced almost perfectly.

HOW PRISONERS ESCAPE

There never has been so good a foundation as people suppose for the stories that abound in romance about prisoners tunneling through stone walls and under the ground with no tools but a dull case-knife or something of the kind. Of course such things have happened, but they are as much out of date as the other incidents of the Monte Cristo school of novels. The boring through or under the walls of a well-built modern

prison would be about as possible as to go gold-mining successfully in a quartz ledge with no tools but a steel pen. The only practical method now is to get past the guards, either by an artifice of bribery or by a bold dash. This is occasionally done, even now, when prison discipline has been carried to that point where it is almost impossible to outwit the guards.

It is exceedingly difficult for prisoners to establish communication with outside confederates, though there may be other convicts whose terms are just expiring, in which case of course, it is comparatively easy.

To smuggle clothing into a prison, however, is almost an impossibility without the connivance of some keeper, guard or citizen, for everything that is brought inside the place is examined carefully by one or more of the keepers, and the convicts are not allowed to see it until it is examined. Then, of course, anything like proper watchfulness at the entrance of a prison would block such a plan.

One case of this kind, however, was plotted carefully and carried out successfully. It caused a great hue and cry at the time, and no similar case has been known since.

An obvious expedient, which seldom succeeds for a number of reasons that are equally obvious, is the bribing of a keeper. It was tried successfully, however, in 1873, by "Jim" Brady, alias "Albany Jim," and by "Billy Miller." Brady was a bank burglar who had returned from prison, and Miller was, at the time mentioned, serving a ten years' sentence as a hotel thief. They offered one of the prison guards a one-thousand-dollar bill to aid them in escaping, and he took the bribe. They got away successfully and were out for considerable time before they were rearrested, which both were eventually in New York City. Brady was caught by a detective from headquarters, but he would not surrender when called on to do so and jumped through a window in the effort to escape again. The detective shot him as he jumped, and then captured him without difficulty. The keeper's complicity with the escape had already been discovered, and he was tried and convicted of the offense and sentenced to five years in the State prison himself.

One of the famous escapes from Sing Sing was that of May 14th, 1875, when four men working near the cut in the prison grounds through which the railroad passes dropped from above on a locomotive. They were armed with dummy pistols, which they had made of wood, and with these they threatened the engineer and fireman, frightening them so badly that they jumped off. One of the four understood engines well enough to start this one up, and after uncoupling it from the train ran two miles at full speed. Then they jumped off and scattered through the country. They were all caught and returned to prison. One was Peter McKenna, a "life man," and another was William, alias "Shang" Hawley, who was serving a five years sentence for burglary. The other two were Steve Boyle, a "butcher cart chief," and Charley Woods, a burglar.

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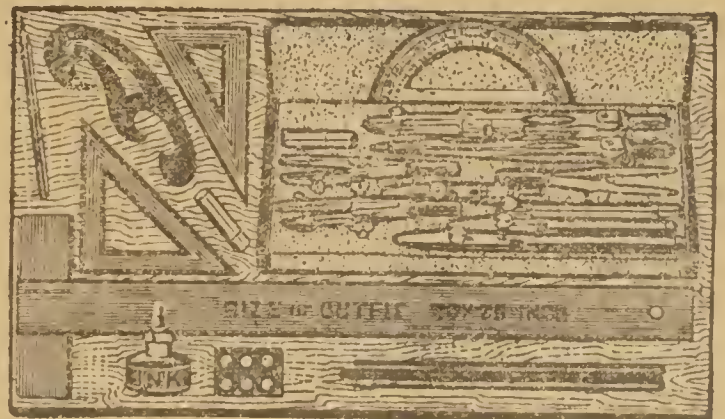
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"After the plants have grown to a size that a goose cannot step over them, the entire flock is headed at one end and driven down the middle, a goose to a middle, and they will stay on their own row eating the grass until they reach the end.

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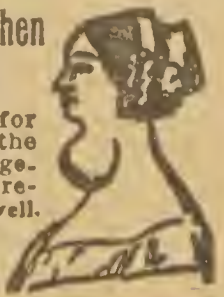
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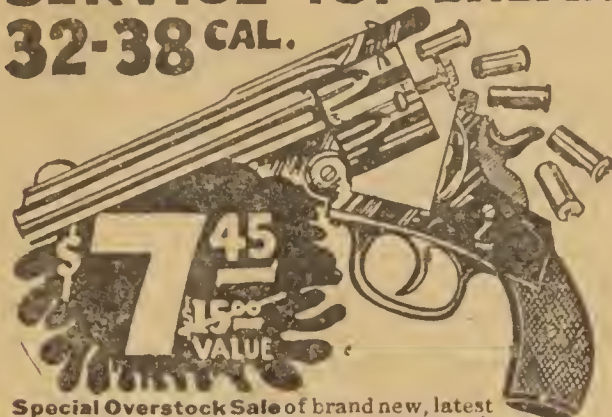


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