

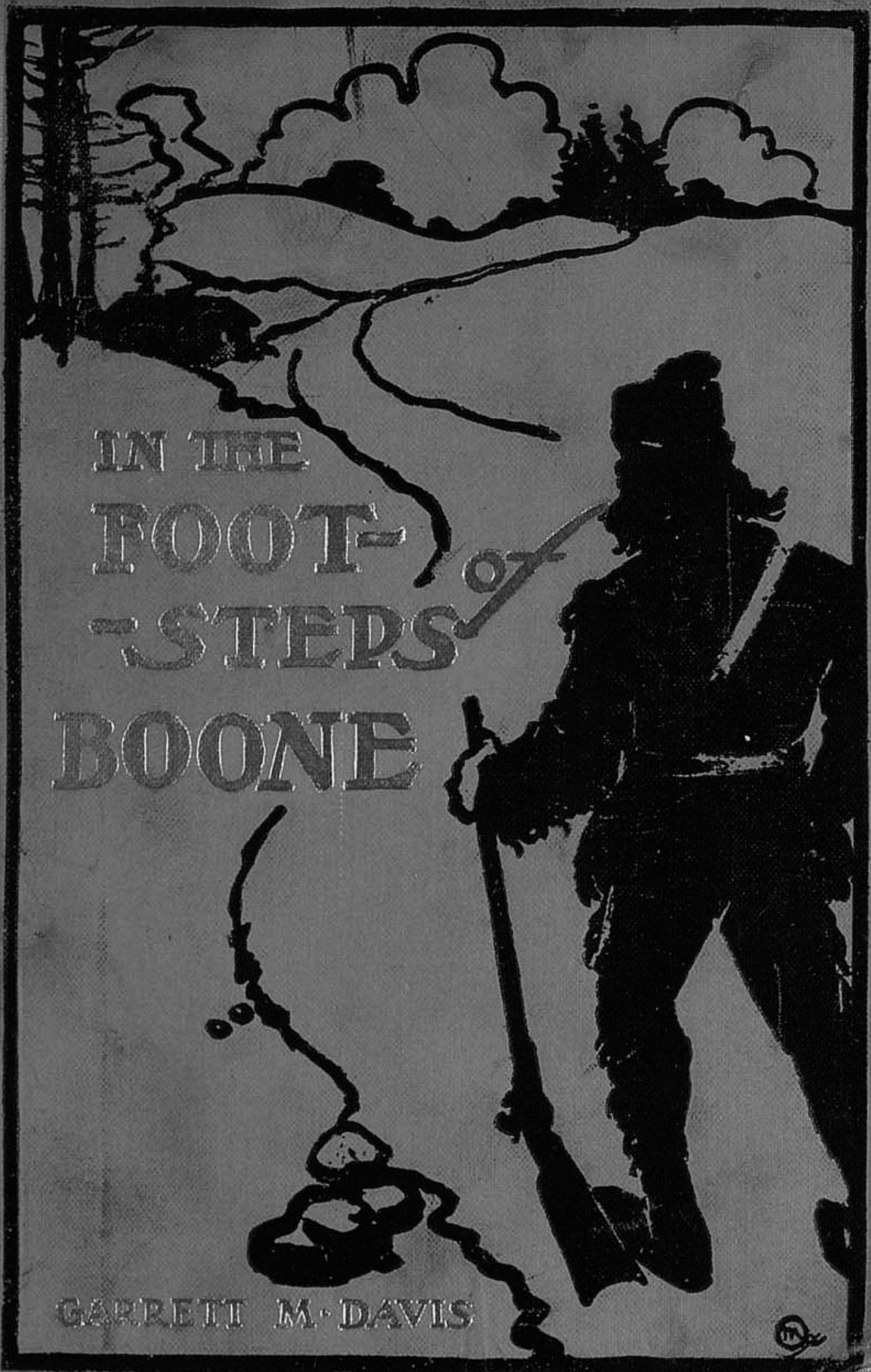
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GARRETT M. DAVIS

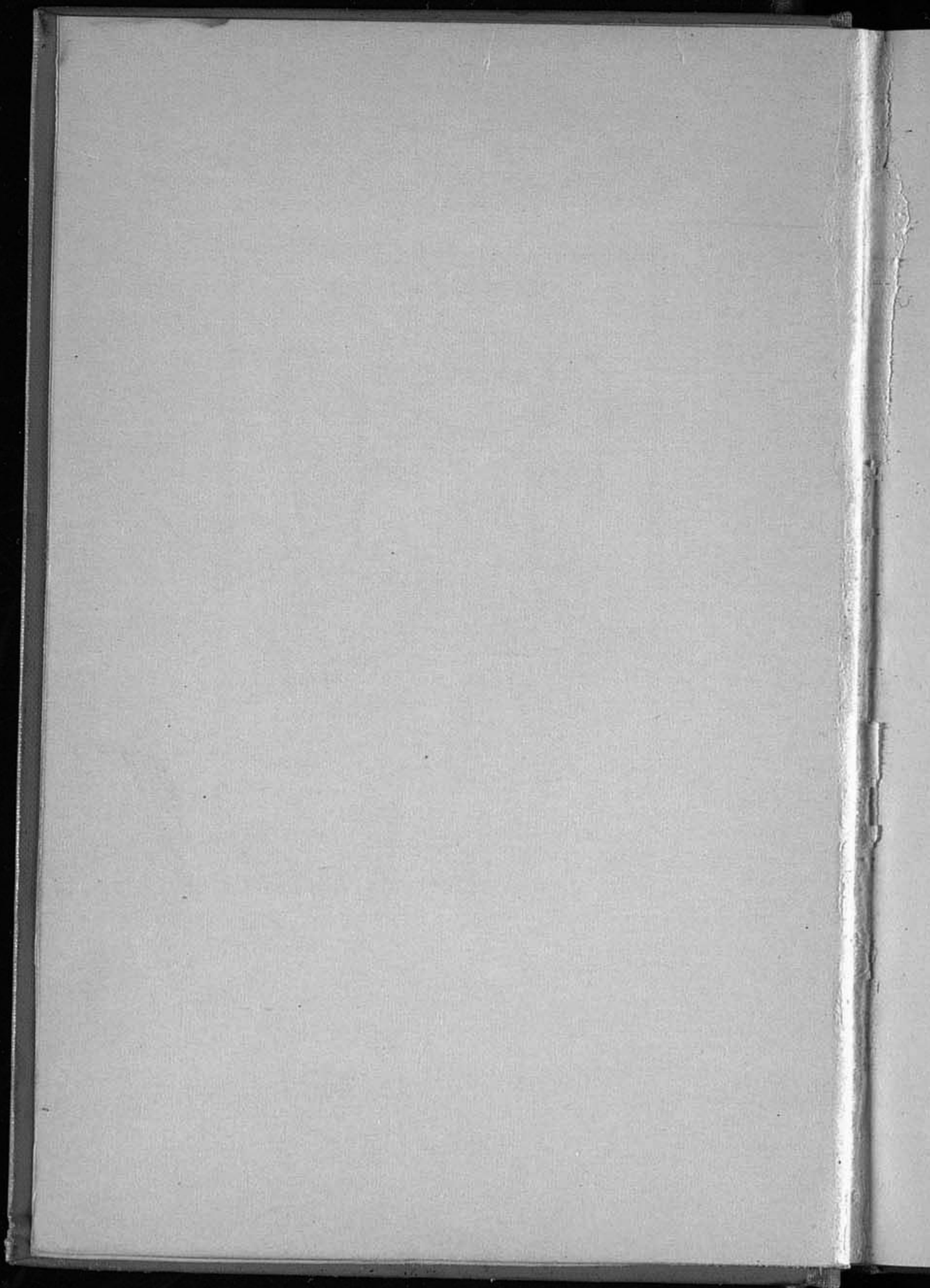


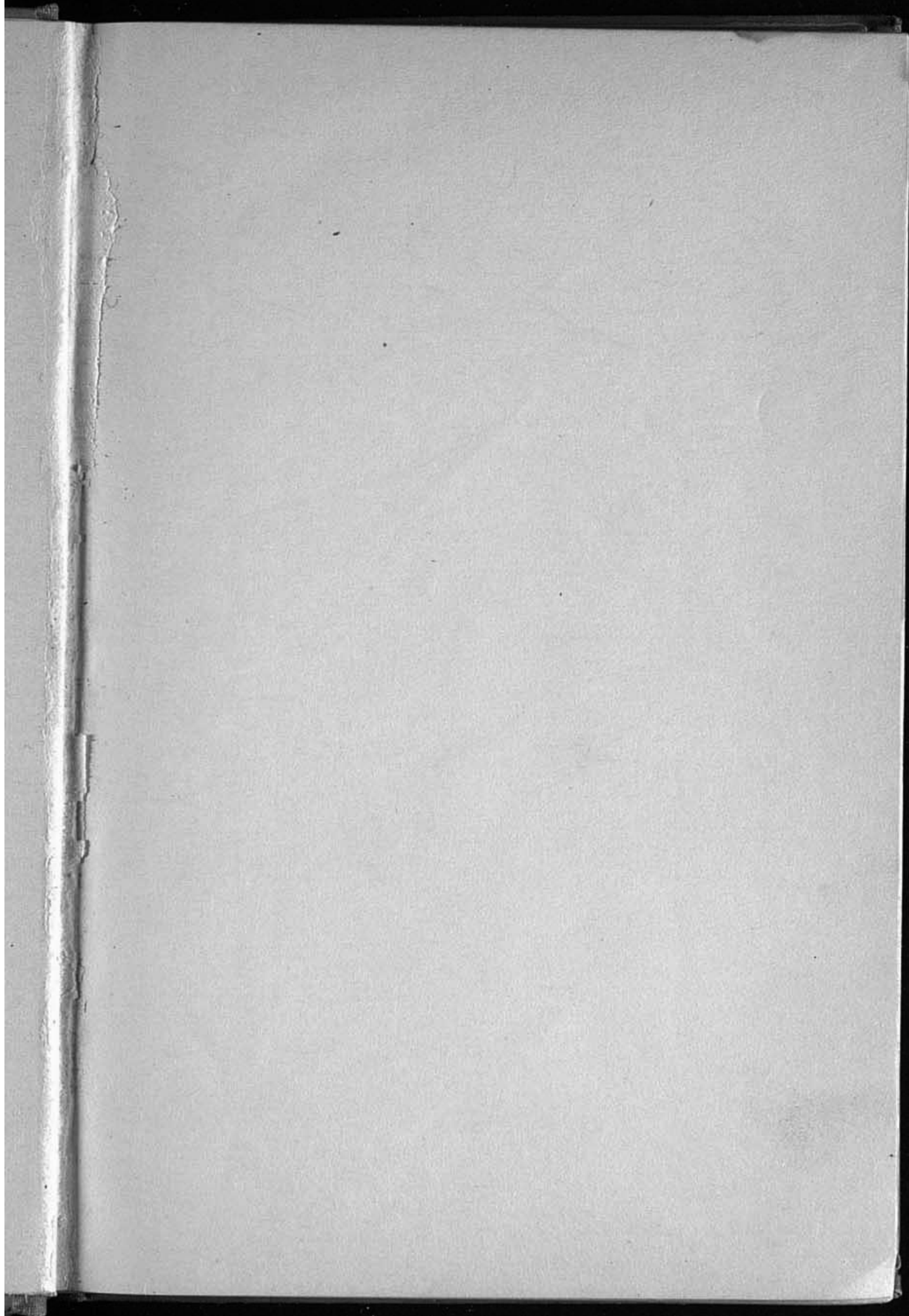


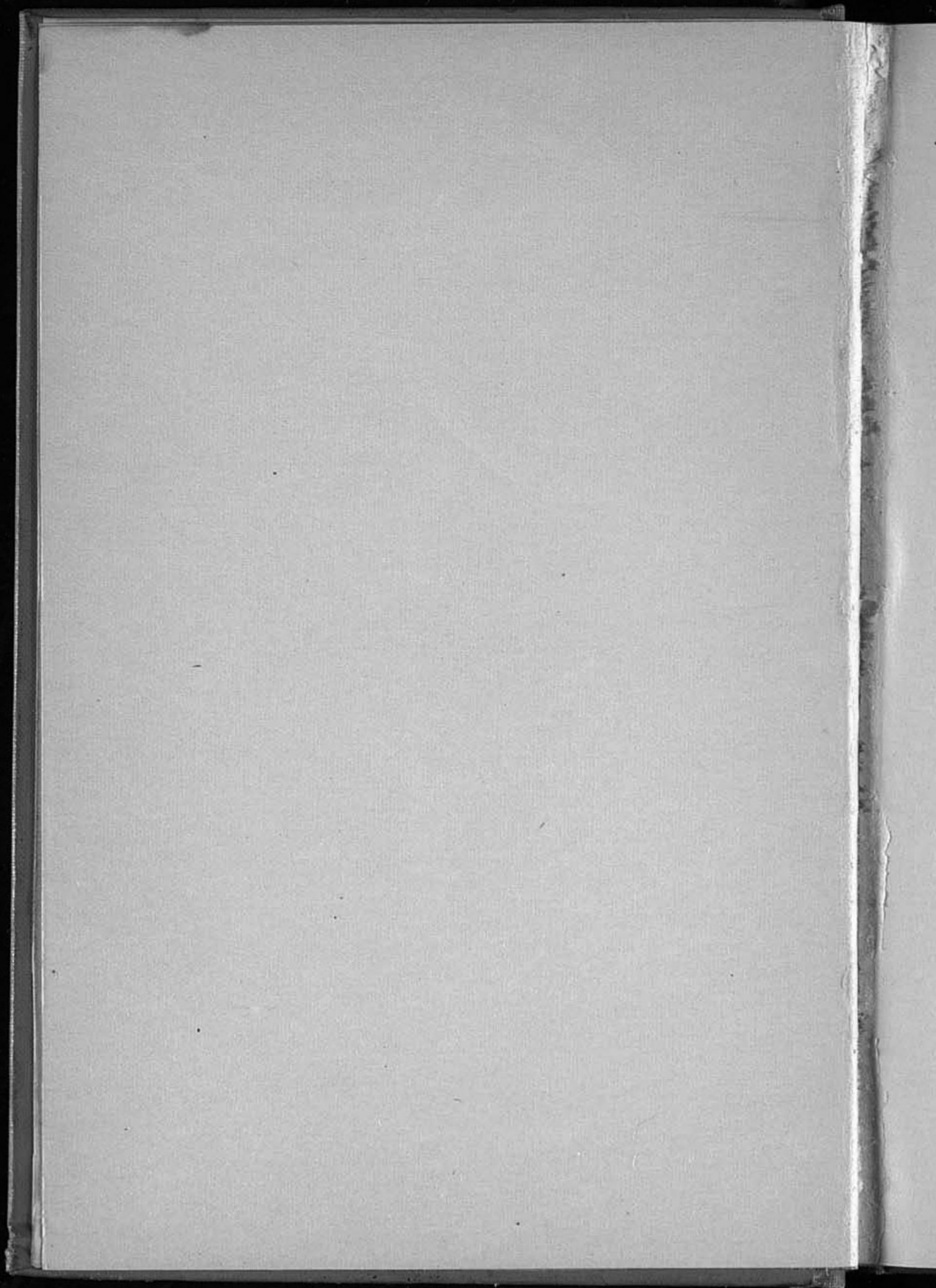
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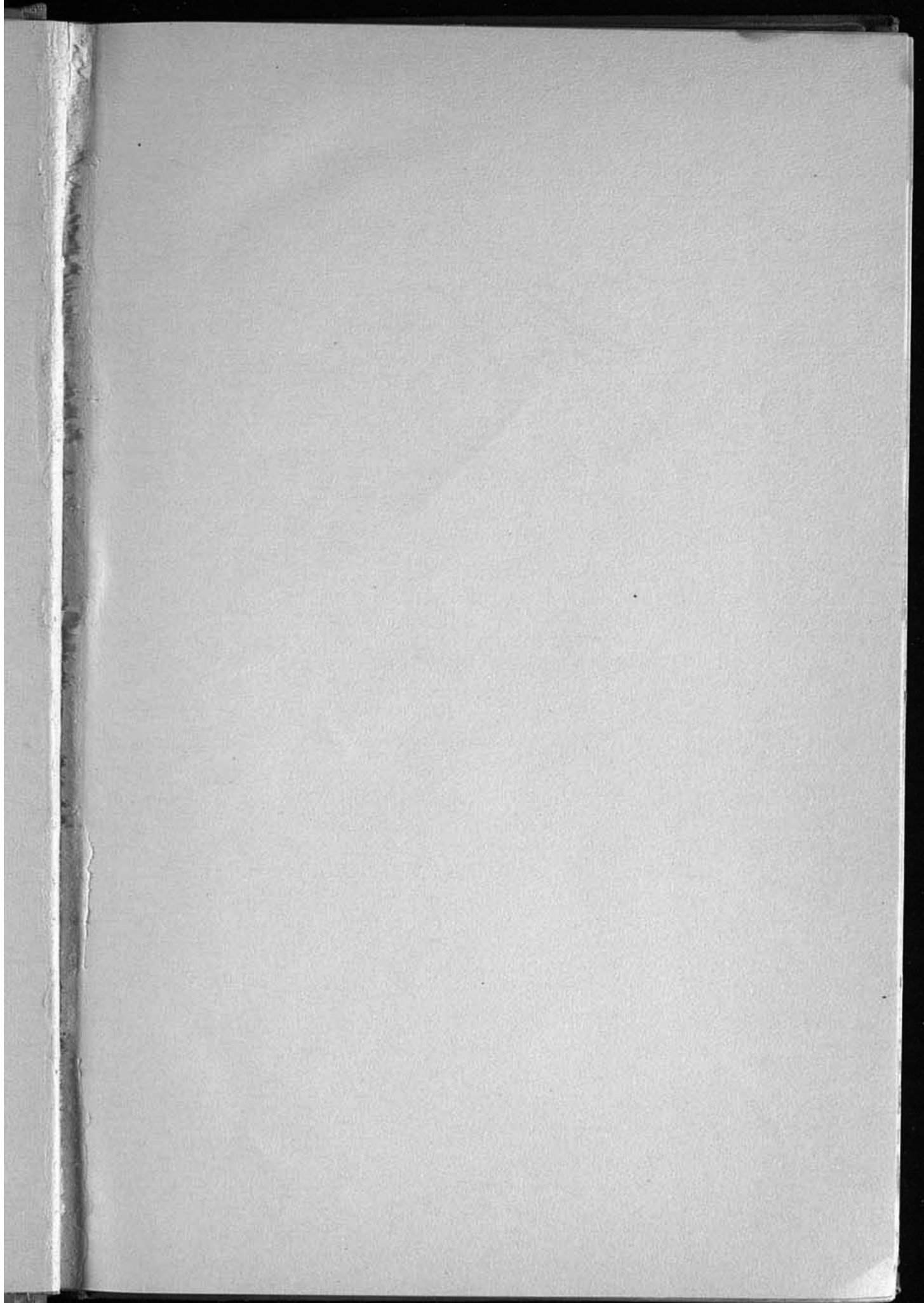
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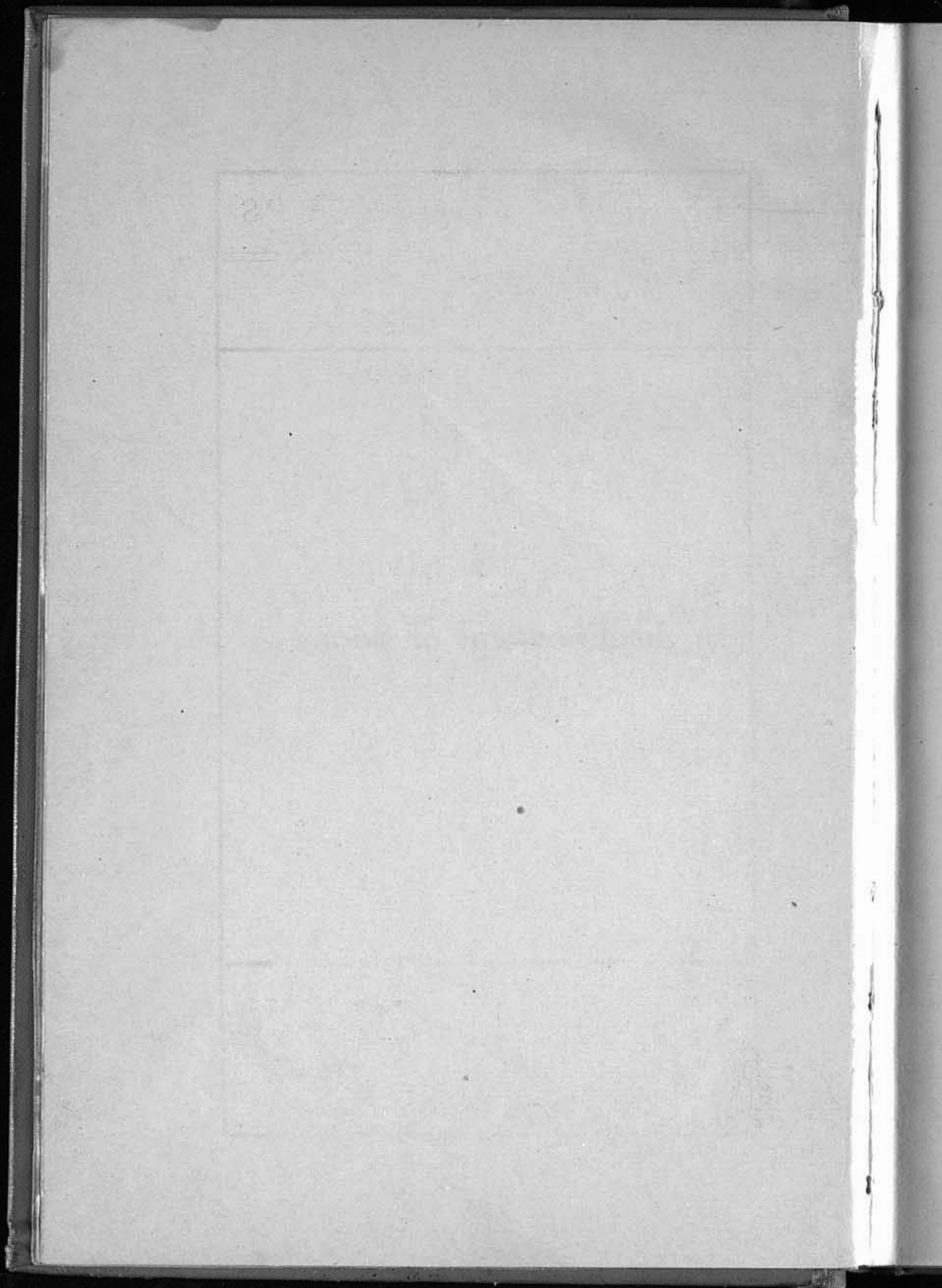








In the Footsteps of Boone



IN THE FOOTSTEPS  
OF BOONE

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF  
PIONEER DAYS IN KENTUCKY

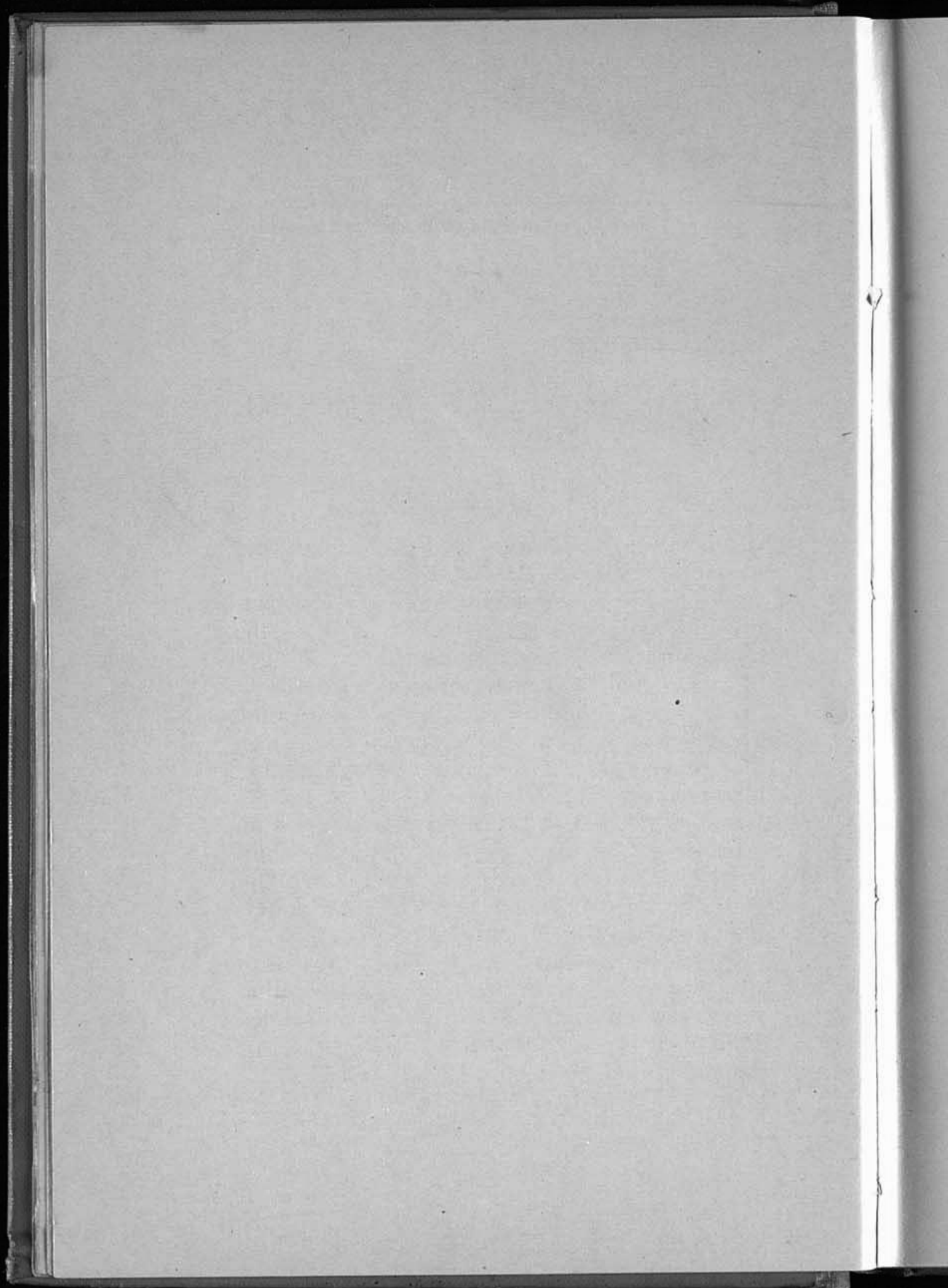
GARRETT M. DAVIS

WASHINGTON, D. C.  
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431 ELEVENTH STREET  
MCMIII

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BY  
GARRETT M. DAVIS

*To E. R. D.*

*The woman who has piloted my life-boat  
sheer of full many a quicksand and shoal*



## IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF BOONE

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### CHAPTER I

On a slight elevation of ground, looking westward, while his mind traveled into the future and his imagination endeavored to picture the land lying on the other side of the mountain range, stood a youth in the full vigor of young manhood, presenting an example of manly beauty quite common at that day in the great valley of western Virginia, walled in on the one side by the Blue Ridge and on the other by the Alleghany mountains.

As he stood with his left arm resting at an acute angle on the muzzle of his long, slim-barrelled rifle, his chin thrust forward and supported by the arm, he might have been an interesting study for an artist.

In his belt, which was tied behind, was a strong, well-sharpened knife, cased in its leather sheath, hanging at his left side. Suspended from his right was the indispensable hatchet or tomahawk.

His hunting shirt was of dressed deer skin, the bosom being constructed in such a manner as to serve as a wallet in which might be carried bread and jerked meat sufficient to last for several days, and the tow with which to wipe his rifle barrel.

His leggins were made of the same material, and these, with the cap of fur surmounted by a buck's tail, completed his attire.

Of course the powder horn and bullet pouch in the front part of the belt were not wanting, for he was prepared to start on a long and venturesome journey, and he had just taken a last look at the familiar scene before night set in.

I have thus described him at length, for it is predestined that those who follow this story to the end shall know him better than at the beginning of it.

On the morrow he and two companions would make an early start to join a company under the command and direction of Captain James Harrod, who had started from Pennsylvania with a few followers, recruiting his ranks in Maryland and Virginia, until it now numbered some forty men. They were about to journey down the Ohio seeking a location in which, eventually, to make homes in that new land beyond the mountains.

History tells us that at this time, 1774, the country along the James River in Virginia was well settled and that civilization had even pushed its way into the Shenandoah valley; that



wealth and a degree of luxury and refinement distinguished the life of the people in many parts of the old colony, and that education was found in no small degree among the inhabitants of the towns and in the families of the landed proprietors.

The owners of vast estates were the almost absolute rulers of their respective domains, as were also the smaller landed gentry in lesser degree, though they had their Governor and House of Burgesses to make and execute the general laws. Of course the majority of these were well content and satisfied with their surroundings so far as they had to do with their social and domestic concerns, nevertheless the spirit of adventure was still alive among them, and in many instances the desire to better their worldly prospects was pretty lively in their midst, especially among the younger sons and among those whose lines had been cast in less pleasant places. Thus it happened that there were those, not only in the colony of Virginia, but also in the neighboring colonies, who were from time to time induced to undertake the perilous journey further westward into that comparatively unknown land, and among the earliest of them was Captain Harrod and his little party.

Let us pause a moment, standing by the side of the young man in hunter's garb, and turn our eyes to the west also.

Through that distant range of mountains and up toward the north the beautiful river, the

Ohio, cuts its way and seeks the bosom of the Father of Waters. Down toward the south, beyond our vision, the rocks have been rent asunder and the mountains stand aside to let the van of civilization pass. Beyond the misty blue of this mountain wall, which broadens for many miles to the rolling country beyond, the army of progress has later found a land flowing with milk and honey, and has pitched its tents along cooling streams and laid its paths in pleasant places.

Good Queen Bess never added a rarer gem to her royal diadem than that land which later on the mother, Virginia, gave to the sisterhood of States and called Kentucky.

Had I the pen of a poet and were the Muses propitious, I might picture to you in words the beauties of the majestic forests, the graceful windings of the frequent streams, the sparkling of the waters in the sunlight, the varied tints of the myriad flowers, the wave-like motion of the blue grass, the wonders of this land which stretched from the mountains, over hill and dale, through forest and plain, abounding in lovely landscapes, blessed with a soil rich in promise, beneath whose bosom lay untold wealth in undisturbed profusion; this land stretches even until it reaches the great artery which runs through the body of this great country.

Here, shortly before the period at which this story begins, Dame Nature ruled with a sway

whose calm was only disturbed by the visits of her own children in human form, armed for the chase or for the deadlier conflict with their own kind.

We know not for how many hundreds of moons these forests had echoed to the shout of the Indian hunter as he pursued the panting deer, or for how many years the Red warriors had here met in the death struggle.

Even in those days it seems to have been a border land, a land set apart and distinct, one over which no people or tribe exercised exclusive sovereignty, a land waiting to be claimed.

If it were permissible in a story like this to linger and speculate, one might wonder indeed at the hints found buried in the mounds scattered over this great hunting ground of a more advanced civilization, and of one of greater antiquity than that found to exist among the North American Indians since the white man first made his acquaintance. But we dare not pause for fear that the fascination of the subject might cause us to forget our story and thus incur the displeasure of the patient reader at the outset.

Into this land came first from the East, from across the mountains, a few venturesome spirits from the white man's settlements, hunting, prospecting, and sometimes trading with the Indians, and thence returning whence they came, with pelts, with stories of adventure, and with wonderful tales of the beauty of the country and of the fertility of the soil. Later others

came who essayed to take possession and claim sovereignty over this unoccupied territory.

Among the first of these was a man from Old North State, in the prime of life, whose intrepid spirit and sterling character made him a conspicuous leader among the sturdy pioneers and endeared him to his associates in the dangers of the life here. The history of Kentucky would be incomplete did not the name of Daniel Boone appear conspicuously in its pages, and no story told of those early days would be true unless he figured to some extent at least in the telling of it.

Around that name clings a halo of romance, and when we attempt to read between the lines that chronicle the events of his remarkable career, the imagination fails to add much of interest to the actual facts.

As the dweller in that fair land today walks on the firm but springy turf and looks out over the panorama of tobacco field, of corn and of wheat, of wooded hill and grassy plain spread before him; as he sees in it all, a land of plenty and peace, his heart swells with a natural pride and he knows that it is good to dwell therein. Should his mind chance to take a retrospective glance and begin to make comparison of the things of the past and present; should he allow his eye, in imagination, to follow the pages of the history of his State, one after another, beginning some hundred or more years ago, the legend, the story, the romance, and the song of

pioneer days would all centre around the name of Boone, typifying in his mind the pioneer settler of Kentucky, and the picture of the hermit life in the cave in the cliffs of the Kentucky River would come very vividly before him, the cautious and silent tread of the moccasined feet as the hermit went forth in search of game for food, or visited his traps set to snare the fur-bearing animals, the sharp report of his rifle sending its message of death, the cunning and strategy which avoided the unequal conflict, the hardships endured and the difficulties overcome, the predominance of the domestic traits of character, of the love of family which prompted him in the face of all dangers to bring his wife and family from the old home to dwell with him, the father-love which induced him in the midst of savage foes to bear the stricken form of his son in his own stalwart arms to a place of safety where he might die on that father's breast and feel the sympathetic heart-throbs as his life passed away; that same love and courage which at another time sent him forth from Boonesborough fort to rescue a daughter from certain shame and death, the sound opinion and advice which found rugged expression and caused his words to be listened to in the first council of the embryonic Commonwealth; the strong, honest and manly character which placed him among the leaders in those early days not only in war, but in peace, all this and much more would

come before his mind's eye, and in his heart of hearts stands a monument erected to the memory of the heroic men and women who crossed the mountains and found a land of promise and left it a rich heritage for all time to their children and to their children's children. Yes, this monument and the names inscribed on it are a part of the heritage, and it is of these early days and of these people that I wish to tell my story.

It is not my desire or province to trace the historical or political events which culminated in the admission of Kentucky as a State into the great American Union; but merely to follow the general course of events as they have a bearing on the lives of a few individuals dwelling in that section of the country which is within the territory out of which that State was formed, as we see them in the daily walks of life, and as illustrating the progress of events and the advancement of civilization in that land.

It is the mission of the historical novel as the author understands it—and he dares entertain the hope for this little story, that it may fairly claim a small interest in such mission—to tell of individual happenings in such manner as to be consistent with the general progress of events, to keep pace with the times and thus to illustrate, in individual instances, the manner of living, the character of the people as influenced by surroundings and existing conditions during

a given period of time and in a particular locality, so that the reader may be induced to take a more personal interest in the narrative and retain a more lasting impression of facts than could be expected of him from reading a merely historical or chronological statement of them.

If the pen of the narrator is skillful enough to make the reader feel that he has a personal acquaintance with the actors in the scenes depicted, and that they are real flesh and blood, living, moving fellowmen and women, having the same passions and ruled by the same ambitions as ourselves, it seems to the author that this would so fix his sympathy and interest that he would not easily forget the things told of them, and that thus, in pleasant form, he would be studying history.

## CHAPTER II

June Stone, the young man we left standing leaning on his rifle, had heard of the adventures of Boone and his brother, he had listened with bated breath to the stories of hair-breadth escapes from the Indians, had learned of the abundance of game, of the beauty of the country and of the fertility of the soil, had become enamored of the accounts of the freedom of the life, had learned with absolute certainty that almost any quantity of land could be obtained without any appreciable expenditure of money, had listened to these things until his very soul was imbued with the idea that here was his chance.

Being a young man of a thoughtful turn of mind he looked far into the future which was somewhat rose-tinted just then perhaps, nevertheless one in which he thought that he could see enough of practicality to bring his hopes within the realm of possibility; but he had experience enough in his pursuit of game and in the occasional encounters with the Indians temporarily in that section of the country to know



that it was an arduous and dangerous undertaking which the little band of men was about to begin, still, like the others, he was willing to risk it.

The next day Stone and his companions joined Captain Harrod, and the party began their march down the Ohio to what was even then known as The Dark and Bloody Ground. After some little time they reached a point on the Ohio River where Louisville now stands; but shortly concluded to move further into the interior, induced to do so on account of the proximity of the Indian tribes dwelling north of the river, and being fearful of the ease with which these savages could come down upon them in numbers and interfere very materially with any little domestic arrangements they might make in that immediate neighborhood. So they proceeded to seek a place of comparative safety, and went south and east until the vicinity of Salt and Dick's Rivers was reached, and here they pitched their camp and determined to stay. Here, near a large spring, they laid off the first town in Kentucky, and began the first permanent settlement, though they were before a great while forced to abandon it until March, 1775.

Harrod then returned with another party, bringing with him, however, some of those who had followed him hither the year before, and among them our acquaintance, June Stone. During the spring they began the erection of

cabins, assisting each other in the work. For the sake of safety they were forced to build their houses very near each other, and for convenience each man was allowed a lot of ground consisting of half an acre on which to build his cabin, with an out lot of five or ten acres attached. When these cabins were completed they were joined together by stockades, thus forming a fort which was quite formidable against attacks with small arms.

Some of the men went into the woods near by and began to fell trees and prepare the logs for the sides of the houses and cut the clapboards for the roofing. The sound of the axe and the crash of falling timber was heard from early morning until darkness drove the toilers to the camp fires and into the temporary huts. During these busy days many a mighty monarch of the forest bent its proud head and fell prostrate at the feet of those sturdy pioneers, submissive to their will.

Stone was in stature somewhat below the medium height, with broad shoulders and wide chest, very compactly built, with muscles of steel and well-formed limbs.

Being skilled to some extent in the rough carpentering possible in the circumstances, he and a man named Beatty were chosen to complete the inside work in the Captain's house and to make the furniture for the same. So after the material for the house had been gotten together and the "house raising" accomplished and the

roofing put on, Stone and Betty first carefully prepared a clapboard to serve as a door and placed it in position. They then made a table, which consisted of a split slab supported by four round legs set in auger holes. Afterwards some three-legged stools were made, which, although not quite so comfortable as the Morris chair of today, answered every purpose for which they were intended. The two young men then made a bed and placed it in position. This was done by putting a fork of a young tree, cut to suit, with its lower end in a hole in the floor and its upper end fastened to a joist, and placing a pole in the fork with one end through a crack in the wall. They then crossed this with another and shorter pole, with its outer end through another crack in the wall, and put boards from the longer pole with the other ends of the boards resting in a crack in the wall at the end of the house. Upon these boards they put a sack filled with dry grass and leaves, to serve as mattress, and spread several blankets over this, making a bed whose invitation to tired limbs was not to be resisted.

Not yet content with what they had done, they proceeded to put up pegs in various places along the walls on which to hang different articles belonging to the household arrangements, also making a rack for the rifle to rest in, and shelving for the few knives and forks and dishes which the Captain had brought with him. When it was all finished they showed it, with

much pride, to Captain Harrod, who was much pleased with their efforts in the house decorating line. He had just returned from a short hunting and prospecting tour, and had brought back with him, tied to the skirt of his saddle, a nice mess of squirrels, so he invited the two boys to take dinner with him the next day. They did dine with him, and he served them a very appetizing stew. In such manner the men worked until all were housed and the best arrangements possible made for their comfort.

As time went on the little town received accessions from the older settled parts of the country. Traders came, bringing with them for barter and sale, certain articles appertaining to the more civilized life in the east, so that in a few years the settlement was in quite comfortable circumstances and began to wear an air of importance. In fact, three years later it had a population of two hundred souls, of which number twenty-five were women; and a number of children played in the streets and around the block house, or fort, and carried water for their mothers from the spring quite near the town, and I have no doubt some of them often lay in ambush around the spring and surprised the others with a sudden rush upon them, while they rent the air with the mimic war whoop of the savages. Stone and Beatty being both unmarried men, built themselves a cabin, in which they lived together for companionship.

Captain Harrod was a man of commanding appearance and of undaunted courage, and was

the acknowledged leader in this little community for a long time, not only by unanimous choice, but by the logic of events. He was gentle as well as brave, and all complaints were made to him, and all disputes referred to his arbitration. The men all loved and respected him for his noble traits of character, and June Stone had become very much attached to him. Harrod recognized in Stone much that attracted him, and Stone loved him as his friend, his councilor, and his leader.

Physical strength and courage were no where and at no time more necessary or more respected than among the pioneers of Kentucky; and when these virtues were united to soundness of judgment and coolness in the face of danger, when resourcefulness was shown in vexed situations, they met with prompt recognition. Both Harrod and Stone possessed this combination, in different degrees perhaps, still each saw it in the other and thus they were mutually attracted.

Captain Harrod was fond of hunting and of the chase, and spent much of his time in the woods, where Stone was frequently his companion. From one of these trips Harrod never returned, and it is believed that he met his death at the hands of the Indians, but this was some time afterwards.

All the while that the cabins were being built, timber was being prepared with which to erect a fort, and certain men were detailed to begin the building of it. Corn was also planted during this year, and some of the settlers brought

their wives and families to Harrodstown, which was the name given to this little settlement. We find the names of Mrs. Denton, Mrs. McGary and Mrs. Hogan among the first females to take up their residence at this place. There was but one other town in Kentucky at this time which could rival it, and that was Boonesborough, where Daniel Boone, with his family, had located.

Harrod was absent from the little frontier post, which he had started in 1774, until the next year, as we have stated. In fact, the place was practically deserted until the next year during the summer.

Stone and Beatty both returned with Harrod and remained in Harrodsburg, and put in a crop of corn together. They often hunted together, sometimes going as far as the Blue Lick Spring in search of buffalo, which were then plentiful in Kentucky, being attracted especially to that neighborhood by the salt which is a part of the composition of the water of this spring, even today so celebrated throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The buffalo was desired as game on account of its usefulness as food, and because its hide could be utilized in various ways to subserve the comfort and necessities of the early settler. These two companions became very expert hunters of the animal, and it was interesting to note the tactics employed by them, almost invariably with marked success. They would,

for instance, approach as near as possible to the herd at the lick, jumping from tree to tree, from rock to rock, from bush to bush, crawling noiselessly, stealthily as they approached, until they were in fair rifle shot, and then each picking out his animal, almost simultaneous shots would ring out on the air, and the now frightened herd would start at breakneck speed down the incline toward the river, or in another direction and into the woods. But just as quickly the two hunters, who were both swift of foot, would start in pursuit, running well up with the herd along its side, firing and loading and firing again as they ran, bringing down an animal at almost every shot, until they were outwinded and the maddened game dashed out of sight and into safety.

They very seldom, however, killed more than they thought that they could carry away with them, although sometimes they could only cut out the tongues and take them back. Their return was always welcomed by those left at home, for the meat was distributed among the more needy of their fellow townsmen after reserving sufficient for their own needs. In fact, the best hunters were often sent out from the various settlements to procure meat for the post. It was for only three or four years that the buffalo stood this kind of treatment, and then he crossed the Mississippi and returned not again in numbers to Kentucky.

### CHAPTER III

During the winter work was commenced on the fort, for which the men had been preparing material for some time, and it was completed early in the spring of 1776.

Stone and Beatty were still living together, and had the previous summer planted a good-sized crop of corn, and had in fact extended their farming operations considerably. Their crop being gathered and put into the log crib and covered with a roof of boughs and corn stalks, and their garden truck put into the cabin, June bethought him one morning that a piece of nice juicy venison steak would not go badly; so he suggested to his companion that one or both of them should go forth and try to kill a deer. Beatty had some chores about the house he wanted to finish that day, so it was decided that Stone should procure the meat, if possible, and that Beatty should cook it when it was brought in. Deer and wild turkeys were plentiful then and June did not anticipate much difficulty in procuring something for the larder. He was a splendid marksman, and by this time



knew the country for miles a round the settlement, and was also a great hunter and usually a very successful one.

He was now the proud possessor of a horse, which he often rode on his excursions to the woods. This animal he had trained to stand wherever he left him and to come to his master when whistled for, which arrangement was very convenient, especially after the game was shot and must be taken sometimes a long distance to his cabin. On this particular morning he mounted his horse, laying his rifle across the animal's crupper, and started on his quest. A slight snow had fallen the day before so that the game could be easily tracked. The Indians had not been seen or heard of in the vicinity for some weeks past, and this was one reason that June had for venturing forth alone.

It was a little before daylight when he started up Salt River, where the ground was somewhat broken, and where he thought the younger growth of the trees would afford many excellent resting places for the deer seeking a night's lodging beneath its branches and among the still standing tuft of grass. Here, too, some of the leaves were still green and the young twigs retained their sap, on which the deer might make his early breakfast before washing it down with the water of the convenient stream.

He rode on and on, crossing and recrossing the river, which was not very deep, never going more than half a mile from its banks, first on

one side and then on the other, keeping a sharp lookout for game and also against surprise by the savage foe who might be lurking behind some tree and waiting even then to pounce upon him. He continued to travel in this way until he had left the settlement some five or six miles behind, when he dismounted and began to hunt more cautiously. Presently he came upon the bed lately occupied by a deer. It was now broad daylight, and in the snow he saw the tracks of the animal leading from place to place where it had stopped to graze, until they finally led to the river, and following cautiously he soon came in sight of a fine buck standing with his forehoofs in the water and in act of drinking.

June was well hidden by a clump of bushes, and peering through them and along the barrel of his rifle, he took deliberate aim just a little behind the left shoulder. At this moment his horse, which he had left standing when he had begun following the trail, gave a neigh, and the deer startled, at the unusual sound, quickly raised his head and sniffed the air suspiciously, at the same time giving a stamp with his forehoof.

Ah, he was a magnificent sight as he stood thus a moment before darting off, but he never consciously lifted the other foot, for at this moment the leaden messenger of death entered his heart, and if he heard the sharp report that heralded its flight it was too late to have given him warning. He sank noiselessly to the

ground, with one reproachful glance from those big, pathetic eyes, as June leaned over him, and they closed forever.

There is not much room for sentiment in the life of a frontiersman, but June used to say that he never looked into the eyes of a dying deer without regret, and without thinking of some innocent child. Who stops, though, to think of the pathetic eyes, or the harmlessness and innocence of the victim, when the excitement of the hunt is on, or when the white tail of the deer is seen rising and falling amid the brown leaves of the scrub oaks as the animal bounds from place to place in his headlong flight? Or who pauses before pressing the trigger after the eye has glanced along the barrel of the gun and has sought the spot covered by the sight? It is after this that reflection comes.

June whistled to his horse, and the faithful animal came trotting up, apparently very much interested in the result of the shot. Throwing the carcass of the deer across the horse's crupper, June sprang upon his back and started to return home.

After he had proceeded some distance, and was probably within two miles of the settlement, and while riding leisurely along over an open piece of ground not a great distance from the river, through a small valley formed by the ridges between which the river ran, the sharp crack of a rifle shot sounded, coming apparently from the rise to the right about fifty yards

off. The next instant June's horse plunged forward and fell, bringing his rider down with him. In the fall his rifle was loosened from his grasp and fell to the ground just beyond his reach. At the same instant an Indian came running down the incline toward him, with knife in hand, having thrown his rifle to the ground as he ran.

Almost simultaneously another Indian started on the run toward June, with his rifle, still loaded, in his hand. With exultant whoop he came on from the bank of the river behind which he had been hiding. Evidently both Indians thought that Stone had been wounded, and they could see that his rifle was not in his hand. But as a matter of fact he had not been touched, though his horse had been killed.

As quick as thought Stone took in the situation. He must recover his own rifle and try to dispatch, first, the Indian who still had possession of his, and then resort to the knife and grapple with the other in a hand-to-hand encounter to the death.

It seemed a desperate chance, but June was in a desperate strait. He must act quickly; one moment's hesitation would be fatal. No thought of surrender or of entering a plea for mercy came into his mind for a moment. He knew too well the character of the foe he had to deal with, knew that any such plea would be useless, and that surrender meant the loss of his scalp, so he determined to sell his life, if must be that, as dearly as possible.

It is something we all know, some of us from what we have been told and from what we have read, others of us from what we have experienced, and still others of us from all these sources—that the human mind acts with lightning-like rapidity on occasion in great crises, in moments of mortal danger, and we have been told that when death is close upon us we recollect many things long forgotten.

We are told that all the little mean things we have ever done pass in panoramic view before our mental vision, and that some of the good things we have done are seen also. We remember the prayer, even the rudest of us, that we used to say at our mother's knee; we again feel the touch of the kind and loving fingers as they were wont to stroke our hair or tuck the bed clothes tightly and snugly around us; and the nightly kiss, too, some of us—oh, thank God! yes, many of us do. And her prayer, which hovers around our lives, alas, is sometimes almost the only benediction we have known. "Now I lay me down to sleep" was the prayer that arose to the Great White Throne from the lips of the buffalo hunter on the Western plains, as he lay in the dust beneath the flashing eye of the enraged and wounded bull, the points of the murderous horns just touching his breast. Can we say that this was not sufficient? At any rate, it saved his life.

With an effort as quick as it was effectual, June Stone extricated his foot from its entanglement with the body of the horse and the carcass of the deer, and reached far out and grasped his rifle. Then rapidly turning onto his stomach and resting on his elbow, he raised his gun and took aim at the Indian who still had his rifle, and pulled the trigger. They were only about twenty feet apart now, and the weapon in the hands of Stone and that in the hands of the Indian flashed fire at the same time. The Indian jumped high into the air at the report, gave a yell of rage and pain, and then came down in a heap to the ground, almost within arm's length of the white man. The Indian had not stopped running when he shot, so he missed his mark. Stone knew, of course, that his rifle was now of no use against the other Indian, as he would not have time to reload it, so casting it aside he sprang to his feet and jerked his hunting knife from its sheath. The Indian who had fired the first shot was now almost upon him, only the body of the horse being between them, and over this he sprang, burning to avenge the death of his comrade. Now the white man and the red man closed in a deadly embrace. The Indian was taller than June; not so compactly built, not more wiry, perhaps, but with this advantage, he was almost naked, and it was difficult to get and hold a grip on his body or limbs. By this time Stone was fighting with desperation, but

was still cool. He was fighting for his life and he knew it full well. The Indian suddenly wrenched his right arm from Stone's grip, raised his knife high in the air to strike home, and the knife descended.

Oh! that terrible moment. The eyes of the savage seemed to dart blue flame and the gleam of triumph shot from them.

Merciful Providence, cannot some intervention save Stone?

As quick as thought he let go the grip of the other hand which he had taken, and fell on his knees. The stroke of the Indian was descending with such force that his own weight carried him over Stone's body, and he fell beyond, and before he could recover himself, Stone was upon him and the struggle was continued on the ground.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Stone now managed to get his knife hand free, and gripped the Indian's knife wrist with his left hand just as the red man made another savage lunge at his throat. The force of the thrust was thus broken and diverted, so that the knife merely grazed Stone's neck, making a break in the skin, which was followed by a stream of blood, and the blade sank into the ground.

Both men were panting and gasping for breath now, and were becoming exhausted with the violence of the struggle; but this was the last effort of the savage, for before his adversary could raise his knife for a second thrust, Stone, by a superhuman effort, and with all the strength left in him, had sunk his blade into the Indian's body between the ribs, and the red man's death song was never sung on this side of the Happy Hunting Grounds.

The Indian whom June had shot was not killed, though terribly wounded, and during the struggle between June and his friend, had



managed to crawl off some distance and load his rifle, and in the only interval in the fight of which he could take advantage, sitting with his back propped against the trunk of a tree, he had shot again at Stone, and had wounded him slightly in the shoulder. After this last effort, being weakened by the loss of blood, he had crawled further off and laid down in the undergrowth to die.

After Stone had dispatched his antagonist he stopped just long enough to wipe the blood from his knife blade and to regain his breath, and then he began to run for the fort. This he reached very soon, though considerably weakened from the loss of blood, and when he reached the gate it was thrown open and several men came forth to meet him.

A pitiable sight he was with his hunting shirt torn almost to shreds and with dirt and mud smearing his leggins and moccasins, and blood trickling down from his neck and shoulders. Anxious and eager inquiries were made, for they had heard the shots in quick succession and were fearful that he had gotten into trouble; but when he told them of his terrible struggle and of his victory they would not believe him, though they could see that he had been pretty roughly handled.

Adventures with Indians were not of such uncommon occurrence as to be wondered at, and deeds of valor were quite frequent, but when June told them that he had defeated two

Indians who were armed with rifles, they thought that he was "jollying them," though they did not call it jollying in those days.

When they had led him inside and assisted in washing and dressing his wounds in their rude but kindly manner, he proposed to guide any such as were really doubtful of his story to the scene of action. Accordingly half a dozen men returned with him in order to receive ocular demonstration of the facts in the case. When they neared the spot where the fight had taken place they saw the dead body of the horse and the carcass of the deer, and also a few paces from them they saw an Indian lying with a gaping knife wound in his side. The body was covered with blood, a goodly quantity which had run to the ground and formed a puddle.

But June had told them that two Indians had attacked him. Where was the other?

"Now," said Stone, "I shot that Indian but I guess I did'nt kill him."

"Look here, though," he continued presently, after having stepped some yards in the direction of the river, at the same time pointing with his finger to the ground, "look at this trail of blood."

The others did look, and they saw and followed this trail, cautiously, for they did not know but that there might be more savages in ambush, or that the wounded Indian might not even yet be waiting for a shot at one of them.

They followed the traces of blood to the tree against which the Indian had propped himself and had shot his last shot. Here there was more blood, the crimson stains tending in the direction of the river, and the ground in places looking as if it had been dragged with some bloody object. From thence the trail led to a small clump of bushes very near the stream, and there they found the body of the second Indian, with no life in it, but with the rifle still grasped in the hands and with the ram-rod partially in the barrel. The Indian had died in the act of reloading his gun, silently, grimly heroic.

We turn our astonished and bewildered faculties from the contemplation of the story of the Spartan youth who would not cry out while the fox tore the flesh from his breast, and strive in vain to understand the stoicism of the North American Indian!

If any of my readers doubts the probability of this story he has but to read the annals of those days in order to find its parallel in authentic history.

June was made quite a hero of after this exploit, for even among those hardy frontiersmen it was not at all frequent that a victory was gained at such odds.

## CHAPTER V.

Let us now turn our thoughts for a time to the contemplation of more peaceful scenes.

Quite frequently there occurred a lull in the tide of war, and the deadly encounter was quiet for a time in the building up of the more homely and domestic institutions, else how could these people have laid the solid foundation on which was built a lasting civilization?

Other venturesome spirits had led the van to different points, and Boonesborough, in Madison county, and Lexington and Bryant's Station in Fayette, had sprung into existence, and later on became noted in the early history of Kentucky; and different parties and individual families had spread out over the country, until gradually, to the north and west, they reached the Ohio.

Of course as the settlements became larger and more numerous and it became safer to dwell in this new country, the wives and the mothers and daughters of these men came to do their part in the heroic struggle of progress in the wilderness.

Harrodsburg had its contingent of the fair sex, and not a few of the cabins showed in their interior arrangements especially, even amid those rude surroundings, the refining touches of feminine fingers. But was there ever a community so rude that its roughness was not diminished by the presence of a woman, its uneven places smoothed down by her magic touch?

Tell me, you reader of history, you student of mental philosophy, you searcher of the human mind and of the human heart, you interpreter of the emotions of the heart and of the causes of its actions, tell me, I pray you, from whence springs love between man and woman? Does environment have anything to do with it or its beginning? Think you that the telling of it by Mark Anthony sounded sweeter to the listening ears of Egypt's beautiful queen, arrayed in gorgeous apparel and reclining on pillows of eiderdown, than it did to the maiden in homespun garments as she caught the words of the same old story told by the man in deer-skin hunting shirt?

One sweet summer evening, just at dusk, after a refreshing shower during the afternoon, June came upon a sight near the big spring, as he was returning from a stroll in the woods, which set him to thinking. On the trunk of a fallen tree sat two figures, one, that of a man, and the other, that of a woman. One arm of the man encircled the form of the woman, the

head of the latter resting on the shoulder of the former.

June paused just a moment to take in the situation, then retraced his steps for some distance, until he was far enough away to make his retreat, undiscovered, to his cabin.

When he had prepared his frugal meal and had eaten it alone, for Beatty had not yet come in, he filled his pipe and sat silently smoking for nearly an hour, when he knocked the ashes from the bowl and prepared for bed.

In a short time Beatty entered the cabin, softly whistling, and began to remove his clothing.

"Hello, George, pleasant weather we are having," remarked Stone in a somewhat matter of fact way.

"Why, old man," replied Beatty starting, "I thought you were asleep. Yes, it is too nice to turn in as soon as dark comes."

Soon after, Beatty was asleep, but June lay awake long after the regular breathing of his companion told that the real things of life had been lost to him in dreamland.

In one of the more pretentious looking cabins not far from the big spring, and connected with the stockade, lived a young woman with her parents. She was very pretty and gentle withal, though plump and rosy and healthy, was admired by all the young men in the settlement, and by the old ones, too, for that matter, and even our friend June Stone had been smit-

ten with her charms to some extent, but he had kept this to himself.

He knew her, though, knew her well; knew every twist and turn of her shapely head and neck, knew her comings and goings, knew that quite frequently she went at dusk to the big spring to draw water and fetch it to the cabin for her mother; so that there was no mistaking the identity of the maiden he had seen at the spring in the gloaming, and he had not been housed with George Beatty for nigh on to two years without being able to recognize him even in the dark.

June Stone had had some education, in fact he was better educated than the majority of his compatriots. He could read and write, had some knowledge of mathematics, and knew something of the history of the Colonies and also of that of the Mother Country. He had even been thrown with some of the best society, occasionally, in the settlements back in the East, so that he was not without his value to the new settlement in its organization and during its growth. He was a man of a thoughtful turn of mind and of many natural gifts, and was always disposed to do the right thing and to bear himself in a generous, manly way toward those with whom he was brought in contact.

Generosity and manliness were not lacking by any means among the early settlers of Kentucky, though they were uncouth and uneducated in the main. Many instances of the display

of the finest traits of character are matters of record, showing the greatest self-sacrifice, of the utmost delicacy of feeling and of self-renunciation. When Stone rose in the morning, the battle with self had been fought and another victory won, the renunciation was accomplished, and when Beatty opened his eyes on the things of this world he was greeted by a hearty "good morning" from Stone.

After they had eaten breakfast and had lighted their pipes and were preparing to go about whatever duties were awaiting them, June came over to where Beatty was standing and extended his hand to him, saying earnestly;

"George I saw you and Mollie at the spring last night; and, old man, I wish you all the happiness in the world."

Beatty was a good deal surprised, and somewhat startled, at the unexpected greeting, for he did not know that Stone had seen so much. He knew, though, that Stone had been quite frequently to spend the evening at Enoch Curry's, and that once or twice June had carried the bucket of water from the spring for Mollie, so that he had suspected that Stone was also beginning to care for her.

George Beatty was an honest fellow, though uncouth and he did not know exactly how to go about broaching the subject to Stone. He would have preferred that there should have been an open and honest rivalry between them, if, as he feared, Stone also cared for her in the



way in which he did; but he also thought that there had not been enough of evidence brought before him as yet to justify him in any such assumption.

As for Stone, what he had seen the evening before was the first thing to convince him that things had taken a serious turn with Mollie and George.

Continuing, Stone said:

“But, George, there is one thing I want to ask you, for Mollie is a nice, honest girl, and I am determined, whether it is my business or not, that no man around this settlement shall trifle with her. I care enough for her for that, and you know me, George, and you know that I am not talking just to hear myself talk, and that I am not threatening either, but that I mean just what I say, and I want to know if you are in earnest in this affair? I am very fond of Mollie, and could have loved her with all my heart, but if she loves you and you honestly love her and mean to do the right thing by her, it is all right, and what I want to ask you—and I think I have a right to ask so much, after having made the admission that I have, regarding my feelings toward her—is, do you mean to marry her?”

At this moment the two men stood facing each other, looking squarely into each other's eyes, and each trying to look into the other's soul. Both were brave and neither flinched.

Not a quiver of the eyelids disturbed the unfaltering gaze of either.

Then Beatty spoke impressively:

"June Stone, you know me, too, and you know that I am about to speak the truth; and you know more, and that is, that no man in this settlement—no, not even you—can ever make me afraid to tell the truth. I do love Mollie Curry, and I am goin' to marry her, if I can. I did not know until last night that I had any chance with her; but now I am pretty sure I have, and I am glad that you spoke, for I have been a good deal troubled lately as to how you felt toward her, and if you and I both loved her, I wanted you to know how it was with me. I wanted to start square and to keep square with you in this matter, and so let her choose between us."

The tightly drawn lines in June Stone's face immediately relaxed, and grasping Beatty's hand he said:

"Just what I expected, George, but I wanted to hear you say so. You can count on me as your friend in this matter."

Then the two men, after a hearty handshake, parted until meal time should bring them together again, with friendship more closely cemented and with greater mutual respect.

Enoch Curry, Mollie's father, with his wife, daughter, and two sons composed the family. They were considered well-to-do. Mr. Curry had entered several hundred acres of land a few

miles from the settlement, and lived, as we have stated, a short distance from the big spring in the settlement at Harrodsburg, in a double-story-and-a-half log cabin. Six or eight months before he had moved there with his family, and they had now made the place their permanent abode. He was very popular, and was one of the men relied on to fashion and to maintain the municipal government and its authority.

Like the rest, he was somewhat uncouth in his speech and manners, but was manly and honest. He was fond of gathering the young men of the settlement around him on summer evenings in front of his door and talking to them on subjects of local interest and on those of larger importance; and, as quite frequently occurred, his pretty daughter was present, for short periods at least, so the young men were nothing loath to stop for a time. Thus it was that Mollie was thrown into the company of the men of the settlement, and became considerable of a belle.

Even the rumors of war with England came to them; and later, when it was ascertained that England had called in the savage hordes dwelling north of the Ohio, who had been so troublesome to the early settlers, as allies, and had armed them against the Colonies, the spirit of liberty and resistance to oppression, which had been inherited from these very English, became very marked among this people.

For a long time the noise of the battle seemed far away, but when Girty appeared at their very doors with his hundreds of red warriors, backed by the authority of King George and the power of the British nation, and when Boone and Kenton, Logan and Trigg, Todd and George Rogers Clark began to bestir themselves in opposition and to call on the settlers to rise in defense of their liberties and their firesides, the discussions became frequent and animated; nor was the rush to the rifle rack long delayed, and the squirrel tails in the caps began to be seen in numbers at the places of rendezvous. I draw attention to these things in order that the reader may understand that my story is not outstripping the pace set by historic development.

## CHAPTER VI.

About two miles from the settlement lived a man who had taken a piece of land and built a cabin on it. He came to that section of the country, nobody knew from whence, not long before the Currys did. He was a man apparently about thirty years old, and spent most of his time alone, often in the woods. He was of an unsociable nature, seldom being seen in the settlement or at the fort. No one liked him, in fact he was looked on with suspicion by many. People could not understand how it was that he was never molested by the Indians.

Several times animals of one kind or another had mysteriously disappeared never to be seen again, but nothing definite enough to connect this man with the disappearances could be found, although various suspicious things had been noted. On one occasion a calf belonging to some one in the town had wandered off into the woods, and those going in search of it had traced it to within a few hundred yards of Smelty's cabin, where the ground was marked

quite deeply with the hoof tracks of the animal, and then it looked as if the ground had been dragged for some distance by the body. There were, however, no blood stains to be seen and the trail ended abruptly in the woods a few yards further on. No other trace of the animal had ever been found.

The men engaged in the search had often traced the deer or the wild turkey in the snow and mud, but their wood-craft was at fault in this instance, and they had to acknowledge that they had only suspicions to go on. So they determined to wait and watch, but there were never any further clues found.

Smelty had several times lately been seen in the settlement, and once or twice he had stopped to listen to the conversation in front of Mr. Curry's door in the dusk of the evening, though he never ventured to take part in it. Society there was not so conventional as to require a formal introduction before it became permissible to speak to individuals, or to take part in general conversations; but Smelty did not want to talk, he wanted to listen. And if it suited his convenience to remain uncommunicative, no one seemed to object.

It was several days after June had come upon Mollie and George sitting together on the log at the spring, that he was returning from the woods, and when nearing the cabin he came suddenly upon a figure hurrying away from that vicinity. Instinctively he stepped to one

side and lowered the muzzle of his rifle, at the same time placing his finger in position on the trigger. The figure which passed him was that of a man with squirrel tail in cap and with gun across shoulder, so seeing nothing unusual in this, June proceeded on his way. He did not at the time recognize the man, and thought no more about the incident.

Several nights after this, when they had crawled into bed, Beatty said to June:

"Say June, Mollie and me were sittin' on that tree trunk by the spring tonight talkin', an' I notice that every once in awhile she'd look aroun' kinder sudden an' skeered like an' she'd be shiverin' when she looked back toward me, an' would sigh as if somethin' was bothering her. I couldn't understand her manner, and so I asked her what was the matter; but she only shook her head. Now I suspect that something has been skeerin' that girl. What do you make of it, June?"

"I don't know," answered Stone; "but we will keep our eyes open and see if we can find out."

Presently he asked abruptly:

"George, was Mollie at the spring before you were?"

George answered:

"Yes, but I don't know how long, exactly."

June began to think and to wander if the man he had seen hurrying away from the spring had anything to do with this matter.

"Yes, by gum," he said, to himself, "it was Smelty. Durn if I wouldn't know that slouch in his left shoulder anywhere; but, dang it all, why Mollie wouldn't look at him. I'll watch him, though, and if I catch him up to any deviltry, there'll be trouble for somebody 'round this settlement, that's all."

June thought it best not say anything to Beatty concerning his suspicions, at least not for the present. He noticed that Mollie did her chores about the house as early as possible, and that she managed to go and return from the spring with her bucket before dusk.

Nevertheless, from this time on he made one excuse or another to be at her father's house or near it and the big spring quite often at the close of day. He saw nothing, however, of Smelty, nor did he see anything further that was peculiar in Mollie's actions.

Time went on and George Beatty became a more frequent visitor at the Curry house. He had at first been rather chary of his visits, for he did not know how the father and mother would take them. At last, though, he began to cultivate the old gentleman's company, and to do little chores for the mother, when he was around, and soon the shrewd old lady began to suspect that the real motive for these little attentions was love for her daughter; at the same time, she liked George for his own sake.

One night, after the children were asleep, and Mollie had gone up to the attic, which was



floored and made into quite comfortable sleeping apartments, Mrs. Curry said to her husband.

"Enoch, have you noticed that George Beaty is coming pretty often to our house lately?"

"Well," answered the old man, "I had not thought much about it; but since you mention it, I believe he has dropped in more than once in the last few weeks."

"Have you ever seen him carrying buckets of water from the spring for Mollie?" again inquired his wife.

"Yes," he answered, "but I have seen June Stone doing the same thing, and Andy Coleman, and several of the other boys, too."

"You did not know, though, that George drops in almost every day, some time during the day, and brings water from the spring for me, and puts my kettle on the fire, and sometimes chops an armful of wood for the kitchen fire, did you?"

"No, I didn't; but George seems to be a nice boy, good-hearted and accommodating," said he.

"Yes," she replied, "George is a nice boy, but you don't think that he wants to be particularly nice to an old woman like me now, do you, Enoch?"

"Look here, Martha," ejaculated her husband—he only addressed her as Martha on rare occasions—"you are good enough and nice enough for any young feller, as far as that goes,

but what are you driving at, I don't seem to ketch on to your meaning?"

"Now, Enoch, you just keep cool, and I'll tell you what I mean. You've got a daughter, ain't you, Enoch; and she is eighteen years old now, and she is pretty, and the young feller that can get on the good side of the old folks knows that he would stand a better chance with her than if he did not stand in with her parents—see?"

The old man started to his feet and began to pace the floor.

"Is that what George Beatty has been coming 'round here for?" he asked in a considerably raised tone of voice.

"Yes," replied the wife, "and that is what they have all been coming around for; but don't talk so loud, you'll wake the children."

"My little Mollie, she's too good and pretty for any of them."

He paused a moment, and then resumed. "But she is a woman; gosh, how time does fly!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Curry, "she is as old as I was when you came a courting me, and it is natural that she should begin to think about such things."

"Has George—or Mollie—said anything to you?" asked he quickly.

"No," she replied, "but I have seen Mollie several times lately take her bucket and go to the spring for water, and George would come

back with her carrying the bucket, and it took a pretty long time to fetch that bucket of water. And then I've seen them together oftener than you have and I've seen that they cared a good deal for each other, or I've forgotten the signs. George is a good, honest, industrious man and he has a hundred acres of land cleared out yonder near the settlement, and he has a good crop in; and, father, we cannot choose who our children shall care for, we can only advise them and try and guard them against making mistakes."

"Well, well, mother," said Mr. Curry, "we'll think it over in the meantime, and wait until the young folks speak. I can't say anything against George, but now let's go to bed, for I've got to haul a lot of wood tomorrow and must be up early."

## CHAPTER VII.

Some days after this Mollie took her bonnet one afternoon and told her mother that she would take a walk out toward Dick's River, where her father was at work with some other men, and that perhaps she would wait and come home with them. "So, mother, you must not be worried if I do not get home early."

"Very well, daughter," responded the mother, "do not stop until you are in sight of the men, and I'll try and not worry."

Mollie's mother knew that George Beatty and June Stone were working with the father on this day, and she surmised that her daughter hoped to so manage it that George could walk home with her; and as everything had been quite peaceful for some time she saw no danger in allowing her daughter to go alone the comparatively short distance to where the men were at work.

The day was very pleasant, though the early fall had come. The sky was blue and without a cloud. Many of the leaves on the trees had

turned to crimson and yellow, and the squirrels were busily engaged in storing away their winter supplies. From that clump of sumach yonder by the little rivulet the song of the red bird came to her ears as she passed along, its plumage being scarcely distinguishable from the bright red berries that topped each branch of the shrub. Occasionally the shrill voice of Bob White, calling his flock together, was borne from a distance, penetrating the softness of the atmosphere.

With graceful motion and agile step, though lingeringly, Mollie made her way through the woods toward her goal, for she was in no hurry, and she loved the woods and the day had a fascination for her. Her thoughts dwelt somewhat on the present, but more on the immediate future, for George had told her that he loved her, and had asked her to be his wife.

Did she love George?

Ah, there came to her a light that had lighted the world for her, and had beautified everything in nature.

Yes, the babbling brook sang to her in rhythmical sounds, it told her in language she could not repeat in word, but which she understood perfectly, that God is love, that everything is love, and that love is everything.

The soft kiss of autumn's breath upon her cheek seemed but a caress from the God of Love. The quiet peace and calm of the day stole into her heart like whispered cadences

from the heavenly choir, and her whole being rose in a grand Magnificat to the author of life.

No, she did not put her feelings into words, she did not even consciously think them; but she felt them, nevertheless, and she lived for the time being in that ecstatic state briefly known to many, and she knew the meaning of love.

But not long was she in this blissful state, for just as she rounded a curve in the pathway she came face to face with a man in hunting garb, with knife and tomahawk and rifle, but with more and worse than these things, with evil eye, and with countenance showing the devilish passion that filled his soul.

She started back apace, and exclaimed with terror in her voice!

"O, is it you?"

She knew the man. It was Smelty.

"Yes, it's me, Missie," answered he; "and now I guess you'll have time to answer the question I asked you at the big spring when that infernal George Beatty interrupted our conversation. Now, will you go with me of your own accord, or will you force me to take you anyhow?"

Terror-stricken, Mollie looked around to the right and to the left, hoping to see some way of escape, but there was none. They were in the woods, where the trees and undergrowth had been but sparsely removed, and at least a half mile from where her father was at work.

Flight was impossible. She thought that she would scream out, but the ruffian anticipating this, now roughly grabbed her by the wrist, and hissed into her ear that if she screamed he would kill her. In order to prevent her from crying out he hurriedly placed one arm around her neck and clapped his hand over her mouth. He then laid down his rifle in the path, and placing his other arm around her waist forced her into the bushes a few steps and sat her on a log lying on the ground, at the same time sitting down beside her and saying:

"Now, my fine lady, will you marry me and leave the country with me, or will you force me to take you without that interesting ceremony? For have you I will, one way or the other! And when Bill Smelty says he'll do a thing, he'll do it, by h-ll!"

She struggled until almost exhausted, and then managed to make him understand that she could not answer him unless he removed his hand from her mouth. This he did, partially, and she asked him what he wanted her to do?

To this he answered:

"Now look here, Mollie, I love you and I want you to be my wife, and if you say you will be, I'll let you go, and we can meet at the big spring tomorrow night, and I'll have two horses there, and then let them ketch us ef they kin."

She had been talking to gain time and to think, and now, as his hand was removed from

her mouth sufficiently, she gave a shriek that could have been heard for miles, and which was heard by her father and by those who were with him.

"Ah, hah!" bellowed the man; "that's your game, is it? Well, I'll have a kiss anyhow—and more than that later on!" and with this he threw both arms around her in a tighter embrace and drew her to him. She struggled now with all the strength of despair. She tugged at his beard and hair and attempted to pull herself from his grasp, but to no purpose.

He was a powerful man and a determined one, and he held on to her, until at last her head sank on her shoulders and onto his arm, and her eyes closed.

Then the villain imprinted his poisoned kiss on her fair cheek, at the same time hissing in her ear, "If you tell anybody about this I'll kill your fine buck, George Beatty!"

But she never heard the threat, for unconsciousness had mercifully come to veil the scene from her senses.

Rapid footsteps were now heard approaching the spot, and laying the limp form of the girl on the ground Smelty took up his rifle and ran into the cover of the underbrush. Just as he disappeared from sight he turned and shook his fist at the rescuers, and defiantly shrieked!

"I'll have her yet!"

It was not more than three minutes from the time the girl had cried out before Beatty,



Stone, and Curry were on the spot. They took in the situation at a glance, and it was the simultaneous thought of the three men that the first thing to be done was to endeavor to revive the girl, so Curry picked up the seemingly life-form of his daughter and bore it to the little stream among the sumachs. The others accompanied him, and in a few minutes more, after sprinkling the cooling water into her face, and bathing her temples and chafing her hands and wrists, she slowly opened her eyes with a sigh, and inquired, "Where am I?" And then, almost immediately, she continued, "O, I know, it was Smelty!"

The two younger men sprang to their rifles and were off in a flash in the direction of Smelty's cabin, leaving the older man with his daughter.

Considerable time had been spent in their efforts to revive Mollie, but it was not long before Beatty and Stone were in sight of Smelty's house.

Usually Stone was more than a match for Beatty in speed, but now love seemed to have lent wings to Beatty's always nimble feet, and this time he outstripped Stone in the race.

Beatty seemed to be very cool, but there raged in his heart a fury and a passion that would have resulted in the taking of life had the opportunity then arisen.

The few minutes spent in bringing Mollie back to consciousness had enabled Smelty to

reach the stable where he kept his horse; to hastily bridle and mount the animal, without waiting to saddle, and to be off toward the woods.

As he entered the forest on one side of the clearing Beatty sprang from it on the other, with Stone a yard or so in his rear. Smelty stopped just long enough to send a rifle ball close to Beatty's head, which was answered by shots from both Beatty and Stone. Smelty, laughing as he disappeared from sight, yelled to them to

"Look out for Bill Smelty; he'll call again!"

The two pursuers now held a hasty consultation, and it was decided that to go after horses would be to lose the game altogether, so Beatty said to Stone:

"June, I'm going after that scoundrel, and if I catch him I'll kill him."

Stone answered.

"Take the trail, then, George, and I am with you."

They started in rapid pursuit. The trail could be easily followed for some distance; then it was lost and again found, always tending in the direction of the Kentucky River.

As has been stated before, both Beatty and Stone were swift runners and untiring hunters, and although it was only a couple of hours before night, they pressed on at a steady gate, Beatty always in the lead and Stone following close at his heels. Up hill and down hill they

went, tearing through the underbrush at times, then jumping the trunks of fallen trees, sometimes tripping over grape vines, again wading streams, but always pressing onward, until at last they neared the majestic cliffs of the river.

It was dark by this time, and they knew that they must reach the river before their game had crossed, or that they must come upon him before darkness set in, else he would slip through their hands altogether.

Ah, iron-nerved and strong men as they were, they were tired now. Their tongues were literally hanging out of their mouths, and their lips were parched and dry, but they did not stop.

The man on horseback would seem to have had all the advantage, and so he had had for a time; but as he neared the river his horse would be hindered greatly by the undergrowth, just as our friends were, only much more so, and the rider would have to make some detours on account of the extreme unevenness of the ground, so that the race was not such an uneven one as might at first appear.

But, as it happened, darkness set in before they had quite reached the water's edge at the bottom of the cliff, and then they knew that Smelty had escaped. They were surprised, however, to hear the neigh of a horse, and soon discovered that Smelty had abandoned his steed and had either swam the river or was in hiding on this side, where it would be impossible to find him.

They noticed that the horse was very lame, and this accounted for its abandonment; they also noticed that the sweat had not yet dried on him, and they then knew that they had not missed the fugitive by much.

The two men had exchanged few words, except in monosyllables, since the pursuit began. Though now twelve miles from Harrodsburg, and night was upon them, they determined to return forthwith. They found that they could utilize the horse by taking turns in riding; so, though disappointed, they began to retrace their steps slowly, and arrived at the settlement before twelve o'clock.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Mollie was all right by the time she reached home, when she was able to give a detailed account of the encounter with Smelty up to the time she lost consciousness.

She also told her father and mother of his meeting her at the spring, and of the timely arrival of George Beatty, whom she had gone there to see, by which Smelty was frightened off. She told them further that the reason she had never mentioned this meeting to George or to them, and had not told of other advances Smelty had made, was, that knowing the unscrupulousness and cunning of the man, she feared that he would harm her father or George, as he had threatened to do, if she did not keep silence.

She knew, she said, that he would have opportunities in plenty to carry out his threats by approaching the men while at work in the woods and shooting from the cover of the bush, and that the shooting would be charged against the Indians. She had racked her brain to devise some means by which to put the men on

their guard without bringing on the very catastrophe which she wished to prevent. She was convinced, too, that Smelty would carry out his threat without delay if she spoke, and she knew that he was watching her. She had thought of speaking to June Stone about the matter and asking his advice and his help; in fact, she had determined to do so this very afternoon, and that was one reason that made her wish to go to the men at work in the woods. Possibly, she thought, this might have been the better way; she did not know. But now events had taken the matter out of her hands. As she told her story the father's brow grew black as night and the mother's countenance took on a look of anxiety and troubled concern. The daughter was sitting at her mother's feet, and when she reached the point in the story where the ruffian seized hold of her and forced her into the brush, she buried her head in her mother's lap and began to sob hysterically.

"Oh! mother," she cried, "it was so horrible and I was so frightened."

"Yes, yes, my child," responded Mrs. Curry, "but you are safe now, thank the Good Lord!" And she fondly stroked the girl's hair and threw her arms around her as if to guard her from harm with those protecting barriers.

The father walked the floor for some time, ejaculating.

"If he gets away this time he had better never show his ugly mug in these part again, d—n him!"

Then turning to the mother and daughter he said kindly.

"Now, mother, you take Mollie and put her to bed, for she needs to be quiet."

"Father," said the girl, "I will lie down, but I can't sleep until the boys come back."

And her father knew that her heart was following the trail of the fugitive, and that in imagination her mind was speeding along with the pursuers. In fact, there was no sleep for any member of that household for some hours that night.

The father chafed because he could not join in the chase, and in truth he felt some anxiety as to the result of the meeting in case the boys came up with Smelty.

He had become very fond of both Beatty and Stone, and he knew that Smelty was a good shot and would fight desperately when cornered. He had no doubt as to what Smelty's fate would be if the boys came up with him at the same time, but still he feared that Smelty might succeed in killing or cruelly wounding one of them before he himself was disabled.

He had seen that in Beatty's eye when he took the trail which meant death to Smelty or to himself should the former be overtaken; and he saw that air of quiet determination in Stone's manner which boded no good for the fugitive. Still, as he paced back and forth in front of his door, he muttered to himself ever and anon, "D—n it, I ought to be with them boys!"

In the meantime the minutes continued to drag their leaden-tipped wings along, and they accumulated and were piled up into hours, until the suspense became almost unbearable.

The sounds in the settlement had gradually subsided and all was quiet within the houses, and still Enoch Curry kept his patrol in front of the door. He was about to conclude that the boys would not return that night, when a dog somewhere in town gave several quick, warning barks, and his alert ear caught the sound of crackling, snapping branches and twigs out by the big spring; and presently the figures of two men came into sight. Curry stood waiting for them to approach, and he knew who they were almost immediately. Both were safe and apparently sound; but what about the horse? Then he spoke.

"Hello, boys, what luck?"

It was Stone who replied.

"The quarry got away, but we captured his horse."

"Well," said Curry, "come in and tell me about it."

So the three went into the house, and threw some logs on the smoldering fire, which soon blazed up and lighted the room quite brilliantly.

While they were talking the mother and daughter came from above to hear the story the boys had to tell; and Mollie, when she saw the two men in comparatively good trim, rushed across the room and threw her arms



around George Beatty's neck and began to cry.

"Hoity, toity!" cried her father; "is that the way you greet your friends when they come back safely to you, my daughter; what are you crying about?"

Mollie replied:

"I am crying for joy, father. I am so glad to see George and June back safe and sound; and I love George, father, and he loves me, and I should have been miserable if anything had happened to them."

"Is all this so, George?" asked Enoch Curry, turning to George.

"Yes, Mr. Curry," responded George; "and more, too, and we want to ask you and Mrs. Curry to let us get married."

"Well, well, George, we'll talk about that tomorrow," said the old man; and then he continued, addressing his daughter. "If you are going to be a frontiersman's wife, Mollie, you must get used to his being in dangerous places. But it is getting late now, and I reckon we had better go to bed and sleep over it all."

After the boys had briefly told their story, and were on their feet, preparatory to taking their departure, he said to them.

"Good night, lads, come around in the morning and give us a more detailed account of your adventures."

Soon afterwards silence again reigned over the little town and over the fort, and the moor

looked down with its cold, unchanging smile on the little doings of men.

A close watch was kept on Smelty's cabin for some weeks, but nothing was seen of him. He seemed to have disappeared as effectually and as entirely as though a message from Beatty's or Stone's rifle had reached him with its prohibition. The two men were hunting together one day in the late fall and passed by the deserted cabin. They entered the building and began to look around to see if there were any indications of its having been occupied lately. They were soon convinced that some one had been there; not so long ago, either, for the blankets were removed from the bed, and in one corner stood a box with the lid raised, with only a scrap or two of rag remaining in it, and every article of appreciable value had been carried away. The men stopped and looked at each other and Stone remarked.

"He's been here, George."

"Yes," replied Beatty, "the scoundrel; you remember he said he'd call again. I wonder when he'll make his last call?"

"Dunno," remarked Stone, "but we've got to be ready for him."

That was a beautiful autumn. The weather was fine even up to the last month in the year. There had been many frosts, and even a thin skim of ice on the stream. The air was bracing, but the sun shone clear and bright in the heavens, and the appetite was good and the heart was stout.

Beatty's love making had prospered, and Mollie's heart was full to overflowing. The mother and daughter were busy from morning until night with needle and scissors and loom and spinning wheel. The passers-by could now hear, often until far into the night, the whir, whir and the droom, droom of the fast revolving circle; or the clamp, clamp of the descending loom as it wove the threads into cloth for the household necessaries.

Busily the preparations were being pushed, for Mollie was to be married ere long, and soon savory odors would be wafted by the breeze and carried to the expectant nostrils of her fellow townsmen. It would have surprised a bride of the present day, and could not have failed to interest her also, to have looked over Mollie's trousseau.

She would have looked in wonder at the linsy-woolsey petticoats into which the predominant colors—red, green and brown—had been woven in checks; at the underclothing of coarse linen, bleached to a snowy whiteness; at the woolen stockings and buckskin gloves; and the heavy, stout shoes meant more for service than for ornament. Perhaps she might sigh as she looked around at her luxuriant surroundings and wonder if, after all, Mollie's was not the better part.

Mollie was to be married with a little more pomp than usual. Her mother was a great

needle-woman and her father was a great hunter, so she was to have a pair of moccasins to wear on her wedding day. The father had spent a great deal of time in tanning a deer skin taken from a fine doe which he had killed early in the season, and the mother had snatched many moments from her other work in which to adorn the foot gear of her daughter with some beads which she had found in an old chest wherein she had stored away many little relics of her own girlhood in the East, and brought with her to their new home.

Do not curl the lip in scorn, my dainty lady with the curving instep and French-heeled shoe, into which your silken hose glides with graceful ease.

When Mollie's dainty little feet—as small as yours, by the way—were encased in the moccasins, and the flaps were tied around the plump and well-turned ankles, with finely-tasseled deer-skin thongs, they were wonders of beauty—at least, so thought George Beatty as she came down to him on the day of their wedding, and that is all that really matters.

Many settlers had erected cabins on the land which they had taken up, so that now in all directions from the town smoke from the chimneys could be seen rising heavenward, and the sound of the woodman's axe was frequently heard by the hunter or the prospector as he passed through the forest.

Since his attachment for Mollie had begun, Beatty had been cutting timber and preparing material with which to erect a cabin on his land, lying about a mile or so from the settlement, in the direction of the Kentucky River.

Those who are acquainted with the locality today know what a beautiful country it is; how magnificent the forest trees, some of which must have looked down on just such scenes as we have been endeavoring to picture; how fertile the soil, how rhythmical the undulations of the ground, and how inviting the cool shades to the weary traveler on a hot summer day, beckoning to him to come and rest upon the velvety green carpet beneath the branches.

And the shades were just as inviting then, though more dense; the soil just as rich and the forests as dear to the heart of the pioneer as to those who came after him.

## CHAPTER IX.

At last the day arrived, and the friends of the bride and groom assembled at the house of Enoch Curry. The preacher, a traveling minister of the Methodist persuasion, was on hand to join the couple as man and wife.

Religious thought and feeling were not very profound in the minds and hearts of the people at that time; but there was a deep-rooted conviction that these matters, as well as some others, must be attended to decently and in order, and among them was the greatest respect and regard for the chastity of their women. Indeed, I may venture to say that this last was part of the heritage handed down from generation to generation.

It was an interesting and unique spectacle which that bright December day presented, when some three score men and women gathered together to witness the mystic blending together of two lives into one.

The men, with rough, but in most instances, kindly faces, were clad in leather leggins and

linsey or deer-skin shirts, with moccasins on their feet and with rifle in hand; the women in linsey gowns and petticoats, and coarse shoes and stockings, with smiles wreathing their countenances.

Each and all had a good will and kindly greeting for their hosts, and best wishes for the happiness of the young couple who were to be the principal actors in this scene.

As many as could crowd in stood with heads bared, and the others outside strained their necks and endeavored to catch a glimpse of what was going on within, or to hear a sound of what was said.

Amid the hush which now prevailed the voice of the minister was heard in clear and ringing tones, "What God has joined together let no man put asunder." The prayer which followed, asking God's blessing on the young couple and on all those present, as well as on all mankind, arose as incense to The Throne above, and on the heads of those who heard it, it rested like a benediction.

After the ceremony was over Enoch Curry stepped in front of the contracting parties, kissed Mollie, gave George's hand a hearty shake and addressed the company as follows:

"My friends, the wedding is over now, and I want you all to step into the other room, where I think you will find something the women folks have prepared for you to eat, and if you can't all get in at the same time, why just wait

a little bit in here or outside, and your turn will come soon, for we've got enough for all."

"And just wait a moment, June," said he, addressing Stone, "did you get the fiddlers?"

"Yes, Uncle Enoch," replied Stone, "Zach and Billie are out there."

"Well," said Mr. Curry, "when you have all had enough to eat we'll have a dance."

Now began the wedding feast. Against one side of the cabin Mr. Curry had built a lean-to kitchen, and here the food was prepared and carried into the room adjoining, where it was spread.

The table was rough and the viands would be considered rather coarse nowadays, but still they were very inviting to the guests at that time, all of whom were blessed with good, wholesome appetites; and Mr. Curry, George and June, and several of the other men, were soon busy supplying them with roast pork and chicken, and juicy slices of venison. Mollie made herself useful to her mother, who, with the help of the two boys and one or more of her neighbor's wives, kept the plates filled with potatoes, and cabbage and other kinds of vegetables.

After every one had finished eating, it being about dark, and as the fiddlers were heard tuning up their instruments in the other room, the younger people began to pair off and to form sets for the four-hand reel and other dances.



Before a great while the fiddlers began to warm up to their work, and during the evening and far into the night reels and quadrilles and jigs followed the motion of their bows in quick succession, and the dancers became heated and excited and more and more energetic in their exertions.

Mollie danced until her cheeks glowed like ripe apples, and George danced and June Stone danced; and when the fun and revelry were at their height, Enoch Curry could not resist any longer, but jumped to the middle of the floor and executed a jig in such a manner as put the younger men on their mettle in trying to equal it.

Now all formality, if it could be said that there had been any before this, was cast aside, and shouts of "Good for Mr. Curry!" "Hurrah for Uncle Enoch, that's the right cut to give it!" were heard from all sides.

Some clapped their hands upon their knees, or kept time by stamping their feet upon the floor, and in the midst of this uproar and of Uncle Enoch's performance, Mrs. Curry walked to the door and stood looking on for a moment in surprise, and then her fat sides began to shake with laughter.

"Well, I declare!" she ejaculated, "just look at Enoch Curry cutting up like a boy."

Mr. Curry now caught sight of her and danced rapidly up to where she was standing and said:

"You see, Marthy, I haven't forgotten how to dance, neither have you." And he took hold of her and led her on to the floor, shouting at the same time to the fiddlers, "A reel, my men, a reel!" and the musicians struck off into a lively reel with renewed vigor.

Aunt Marthy, as she was generally called in the town, entered at once into the spirit of the occasion, and danced the set out with much agility and with much more gracefulness than did Uncle Enoch. When the dance was finished, Uncle Enoch led her to the door and gave her a rousing kiss before he let her go back to the kitchen, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the whole company.

## CHAPTER X.

About ten o'clock, though the music had not flagged, nor the enthusiasm of the dancers either, some of Mollie's young lady friends were seen in whispered consultation in one corner of the room, and presently they approached and took her by the arms and around the waist and forced her out of the room, and were seen through the open door with her ascending the stairs in the opposite room.

Soon after this June Stone was seen to step up to and tap George on the shoulder, and he and two or three other young men led the newly-wedded husband off like a lamb, and guided him up the same flight of stairs which the girls had taken Mollie.

The girls had put Mollie to bed, and the young men, when they had gotten George up stairs, picked him up and laid him by her side and then came down again, leaving the couple alone.

The dancing and the fun still continued, but after a time when the night had passed its zenith, some one suggested that they ought to take

the young couple some refreshments, so into the kitchen a party of them went, and carried up to George and Mollie a generous supply of food, of which they must partake, for that was a part of the unwritten law for such occasions.

Finally the music ceased and the dancers became tired and began to take their leave in couples or in squads, and soon the little town settled to its accustomed quiet and rest.

The silent stars looked down upon the landscape; but theirs were not the only eyes that saw, for from the darkness and the bushes there glared a pair of human eyes, and the hate and desire for revenge which shone from them seemed strong enough to pierce the logs of the wooden stockade which sheltered the now sleeping forms of the newly-wedded couple.

Everything had been put in readiness on George's land for the house raising, so on the second day after the wedding the Curry household was astir early in the morning in order to be on the ground before the friends and neighbors assembled for the occasion.

George and Mollie had selected a spot on the land owned by the former on which to erect their future domicile. It was on a slight rise, which sloped in front and back, and on one side to the bank of a little stream which ran very near to where the prospective house would stand, and around to the rear of it. In this Mollie could submerge her vessels of milk and

patties of butter, and the fresh meat, keeping all fresh and sweet.

In the opposite direction and to the right of where the front entrance to the house was to be, there stretched a level plateau, which George had cleared of trees and underbrush for a hundred yards or more. Just in front and a little to one side he had left standing a magnificent elm which in summer cast its shade over a circumference of many yards. Nowhere, I am quite sure, does this superb tree attain more majestic proportions or bend its branches to the breeze in more graceful motions.

The neighbors and friends were not long in reaching the place appointed, and among them a good many of the women, for it was a holiday occasion, though there was much work to be done, and at night there would be another dance.

Willing hands and sinewy arms lent aid, and by the time the sun had reached a point in the heavens directly above them and one could place his foot on the shadow of his head without stepping out of position, the sides of the house were up. Each log had been placed in position, and the crevices between had been filled with a plastering of clay. The structure was now ready for roofing.

In the meantime the women-folks had the pots boiling, for the fires had been long crackling under them as they hung from improvised cranes or rested on the glowing coals; and sav-

ory odors rose from the meats and vegetables to greet the nostrils of the hungry men. Nor were the ash-cake and the corn-dodger absent from the feast.

There in the primeval forest, far from the refinements of life, on the very outskirts and in the van of that civilization which was to make this the greatest republic in the world's history, our grandfathers or our great-grandfathers, and our grand or great-grandmothers, disported themselves, and jest and hearty laughter went echoing through the forest, and perhaps more than one kiss was stolen from rosy lips by buckskin-moccasined lover.

By nightfall the roof was on, the household furnishings were placed in position, and the lately wedded pair led the dance which was to end the ceremonies of installing George and Mollie into their new home and launch them on their new life.

The dancing continued until near morning, and then with heartiest good wishes the company took its leave.

The next day George and Mollie stood together and looked out over the scene, and George, putting his arm around her waist and taking one of her hands in his strong palm, asked:

"Are you happy, dear, and do you think that you will be content?"

"Yes, George," she replied, "only it seems so still and quiet."

"If you are afraid, Mollie," responded he, "I will ask your father to let one of the boys come and stay with you for a while, anyhow, when I am obliged to be away from the house at work. Don't you think that he would let Al come?"

"Yes," answered Mollie, "I think he would, and it would be nice; but it is not for myself so much that I am afraid. I'm afraid for you, George, and I can't seem to be able to get the thought of that dreadful man out of my mind. June told me that I ought to keep a loaded rifle in the house all the time. He didn't say anything about Smelty, but I know he don't feel easy about him yet."

Presently she went on. "You know he might sneak up on you in the woods and shoot before you saw him."

"Well," replied George, "I don't believe he's anywhere in these parts, but I'll keep a sharp lookout for him."

So the days went on, and the sound of George's axe was heard almost constantly in the woods, and the crash and thunder of the falling trees indicated that he was fast clearing space for a larger crop next year.

The sound of Mollie's voice as she sang at her task was frequently wafted to him while he rested at intervals from his labor. One of Mollie's brothers, either Jimmie or Al, was with her most of the time that winter, and she began to feel quite easy in her mind. Jimmie was

about fifteen years old now and she felt that he was a great protection to her, and June Stone stopped quite often at the cabin on his excursions to the woods in search of game and frequently on returning he would leave a substantial reminder of his success.

Since George's marriage, June had taken more assiduously than ever to the hunt and chase. A kind of restlessness had taken possession of him, and he was rather lonesome.

The cabin in the settlement in which he and George had lived so long together did not seem like the same place. He now often spent several days at a time in the forest, and his soul sought a closer communion with nature than ever before. He even once or twice crossed the Kentucky River and penetrated the country for miles beyond, and found it much to his liking.

When in the settlement he was often at the house of Enoch Curry, who had grown fonder of him than ever. Aunt Marthy had begun to mother him, too, for she saw the restlessness that had taken possession of him lately, and shrewd old lady that she was, she more than half suspected that he had more than a passing fancy for Mollie. Besides she had one of those kindly natures which is always reaching out to help somebody.

During the winter months about the only pastimes the men had were hunting and trapping, which they did, however, not only for sport, but for profit also; so it happened that



Enoch Curry and June took to hunting and trapping together, and they often rode on horseback when visiting their traps, some of which they had placed along the foot of the cliffs of the Kentucky River. One cold morning in the latter part of February the two men started out for quite an extended tour, intending to inspect the condition of their traps in remote places.

There had been several inches of snow on the ground for a couple of weeks, but it had melted so that it only remained in places beneath the shade of the trees and under the bushes. They were within about half a mile of George Beatty's place—there were no roads as yet, only bridle or foot paths—when June suddenly reined in his horse and exclaimed!

"Uncle Enoch, there's a moccasin trail crossing this path, and the foot-print is a big one, too."

At the same time he dismounted and began to peer along the ground, examining the tracks very critically. Presently he looked up to his companion and remarked hastily;

"These tracks ain't George's, nor Mollie's, nor Jimmie's, neither."

He quite often now fell into the vernacular of the locality.

A moment later, while his eyes were still riveted to the prints in the snow, he spoke again:

"They are Indian tracks. I can tell by the way the toes have been pressed into the snow;

and, yes, there's more than one. They have been treading in each other's tracks."

"Come on then, June," cried Mr. Curry; there's no time to be lost," and he started in a gallop toward George Beatty's cabin.

Stone sprang to his horse's back and was soon up with his companion. As they rode, not a word was spoken, but Stone could hear the gritting of Curry's teeth and could see him grip his rifle tighter as they neared the clearing.

When they were within a hundred yards or so of the cabin they heard the report of a rifle, and they urged their horses on faster. Just as they entered the clearing they sprang from their animals and began to run for the house, for a sight met their eyes that filled them with alarm and anger.

Two or three Indians were trying to batter down the door with their tomahawks, and they had succeeded in bursting it partially open, when an axe in the hands of someone within descended on the head of one of the savages, and the axe handle was seen to be clasped in the hands of a woman.

Back of the savages was a white man urging them on.

Both Stone and Curry fired, and two of the attacking party sprang into the air with a wild shriek and fell at the door.

At this moment a shot came from within and also another from the edge of the woods just across the little stream which ran around the

corner of and to the back of the house, and the white man, evidently the leader of the Indians, dropped his rifle with an oath. Our two friends, now with knife in hand, rushed across the open, and at the same time George Beatty scrambled up the bank and started running toward the cabin. Before any of the three reached the house two Indians appeared from behind the building, and one of them stopped and took deliberate aim at Beatty and fired.

Beatty fell to the earth with the blood running from his side.

A shriek of anguish here rent the air and Mollie glided through the door and flew to the prostrate form of her husband.

Stone, being stung to madness by the sight, came swiftly on, and jumping over the bodies of the two Indians who had been shot, rushed on Beatty's assailant. The Indian stood his ground only for an instant, and then turned and fled.

Stone's hunting knife was in his hand, and as the Indian turned he hurled it with all his force and the blade stuck in the Indian's back; and when, still running, he entered the cover of the woods it was still sticking there.

After this the Indians called Stone "Shooting Knife."

Curry was now almost upon the leader of the party, the white man.

"Smelty," he yelled "I know you, you dog, and I'll kill you."

"I know you, too, Enoch Curry, d—n the whole lot of ye; an' I guess I'll git even wid ye this time," replied Smelty.

Jimmie Curry now jumped from the door of the cabin, with a rifle in his hand and as he did so the last Indian on the ground shot at him, but missed his mark.

This shot, however, had the effect of distracting the attention of the father from Smelty, who had been working his way toward the edge of the clearing, and he now took advantage of momentary lapse of interest in his direction to rapidly enter the brush.

Of course all this occurred in a few moments, and now the field was cleared of the enemy, but what were the casualties?

Two Indians lay dead at the door, one with his skull crushed by the axe and a bullet wound in his side, the other with the blood slowly oozing from a gimlet-like aperture in the left temple. One other Indian, and the white man, Smelty had been shot—and then that other Indian with the knife in his back was hurt, too.

On the other side, George Beatty was shot. but was he dead?

## CHAPTER XI.

After pursuing the enemy to the edge of the forest the men came back and were bending over the body of Beatty, when Mollie, looking up with wild and terrified eyes, cried to her father in piteous tones.

"Father, is he dead?"

Then turning again to the prostrate form of her husband she pleaded, "Oh, George, speak to me! Oh, my God, I'll go mad!"

"Hush, my daughter," now spoke Enoch Curry, "hush, and let us take him into the house." As he stooped to lift the body, he shook his fist in the direction Smelty had taken, and hissed between his teeth, "Curse him, I will hunt him to the death."

They bore George into the house and laid him on the bed.

Presently June spoke, after having laid his head on the breast of the wounded man and listened intently for any heart beats.

"Mollie, he is not dead; I felt his heart beating."

Mollie gave him such a look of gratitude and happiness that he never forgot it to his dying day.

Mr. Curry now turned to his son and said :

“Jimmie you catch my horse and go as fast as you can to the settlement and fetch the doctor, and tell your mother to come out as soon as possible.”

Then turning to June he asked.

“What are you going to do, June?”

“Uncle Enoch,” he replied, “I’m going to follow them.”

“Well,” said the old man, “be careful my son, and I’ll follow you as soon as the doctor and Marthy get here.”

Stone was soon following the trail, which he easily found, through the forest in the direction of the river.

In the meantime, Mollie and her farther worked with the wounded man, placing him in as easy position as was possible, using every means within their knowledge and at their command to stop the flow of blood, until at last Jimmie came galloping into the clearing, and was soon followed by the doctor, also on horseback.

Upon examination it was found that the ball had passed through the body and had come out at the back, making a clean cut, just grazing the right lung, and ere long Beatty was breathing with comparative ease.

Other men came from the settlement, with their rifles, ready to render whatever services were in their power, and finally the portly form of Aunt Marthy hove in sight. Her husband met her at the door and assisted her to dismount, at the same time saying:

"Marthy, I'm mighty glad you've come. The doctor says George is all right now, and I'll leave some of the boys here with you and Mollie until I come back, for I must be off right away, June is on the trail by himself."

Jimmie had caught June's horse by this time and was astride his back at the door, with his father's horse also.

"Father," he said, "I want to go with you."

The father, looking at his son for one moment as if taking an inventory of the fighting stock the boy had on hand, did not deny him; and turning to one of the men, said to him:

"Jack Simpson, you get on that horse behind Jimmie and come along." Then addressing the others, he continued, "Two of you boys stay here at the cabin and the balance of you, if you want to, can follow us; but I reckon we'll be enough for them varmints without you."

Then the three together with Mr. Curry, Jimmie and Jack, rode rapidly off into the woods.

All was quiet around the cabin now, and the long anxious hours of the day dragged their weary length along until near its close, when

George opened his eyes and smiled a recognition on those attending him.

A little later on he spoke to the doctor and said:

"Doc, I'm all right; I'm going to get well."

"That's right, my boy, I guess you will," replied the doctor; "but you must keep quiet now."

Presently George spoke again.

"I say, Doc, did I hit Smelty?"

"Yes," replied the doctor; "but you did not hit him quite hard enough. Enoch and June and the boys are after him though, and I expect that Smelty will hear from some of them before they get back, but you shut up your talking now and keep still, if you want to get well."

Beatty obeyed him and closed his eyes.

The night passed without incident, but the pursuing party did not return.

The next day the anxiety became intense; still Aunt Marthy kept nervously at work all the time.

One of the men said to her during the day;

"The boys must hev hed a long chase. That Smelty is a mean rascal, an' a hard one to ketch."

Aunt Marthy did not answer him, and the only way in which she showed that her mind was troubled was in the nervous energy with which she kept constantly busy.

At last, about the middle of the forenoon, some of the men came in and reported that they



had followed the trail until it crossed the river, and then they had stopped and waited until morning, when, knowing that it was no use then following further, they had returned. Stone and Enoch Curry and several others had evidently crossed and had gone on, they thought, but none of the party had seen or heard anything of Stone after he had left the clearing at the cabin. This was better, perhaps, than no news at all, yet the suspense was very trying.

Finally, when nerves were strung to the utmost tension, a party was seen to emerge from the forest and come slowly in the direction of the cabin. One man sat on one of the horses, leading the other, across whose back lay the limp body of a man. The man riding and leading the horse, across whose body lay that of a man, was Enoch Curry, and Jimmie walked by his side, while two other men on foot brought up the rear.

Aunt Martha was the first to see them, and with a queer lump sticking in her throat, she ran to meet them, before they were half way across the clearing.

"Enoch, my man," she cried, while still running, "are you all right?"

"Yes, I'm all right," he replied, "but poor Sam Jackson has handed in his checks, and we have brought him back to bury him decently."

Continuing, he said:

"We caught up with the rascals this morning about ten miles beyond the river. There were five or six of the red devils, and that scoundrel, Smelty, on horse-back. D---n him, it looks as if he had a charmed life; but we killed his horse and we scattered the party, and June is hot after Smelty himself."

"One of the scoundrels shot Sam here, but Zach sent him to his last account. Another one of them had his knife raised to strike home, but that boy of yours caught his arm in time to save your old man, and got his hands cut considerably. Somebody in the fracas, I don't know whether it was Jack or June, whacked the red gentleman in the head with a tomahawk before he could strike again; then they broke and run, with the boys after them, and the last I saw of June he was going into the bushes to close in with Smelty, and I was left standing by myself."

Still continuing his narrative, he said:

"We would have followed June; but we couldn't find his trail after he went into the bushes, and we thought that he might reach here before us."

Then he broke off the telling of his story abruptly with the question.

"How's George, mother?"

Aunt Marthy, as we shall continue to call her and to think of her, told him that George was doing as well as could be expected and that the doctor thought that he would get well.

All these things were told as they were proceeding into the cabin. The two men who had been left with the women had in the meantime hastened forward to hear.

Now Mollie left her husband's side for the first time and came to the door to greet the returning party and to hear something of the story they had to tell. She threw her arms around her father's neck and wept mingled tears of joy and sorrow. Then she went and looked into the face of the dead man, and stooped and kissed his forehead, and a prayer ascended from her heart to Heaven for the rest of the soul that had gone to meet its God.

Aunt Marthy had in the meantime put her arm around her boy Jimmie, and led him into the cabin, where she might cry over him unseen by the others and thank God for his and the other's safe return.

At such price was the beautiful land and the ample comfort—our heritage—purchased.

Oh, men and women of today, as we sit with feet encased in easy slippers in front of the cosy fire and turn the pages of the news flashed from the uttermost parts of the earth, red hot from the mystic wires; or when we hold in dainty finger the bon-bon of artistic confection, or pass among our fellows and hear the exchange of new thoughts and ideas, as we breathe into our lungs the atmosphere of expansion and progressiveness, let us not forget the price of liberty, let us not lose sight of that

dearest, noblest, grandest, most priceless part of our heritage—liberty, freedom, immunity from oppression.

Let us remember always that the spirit of liberty is not selfish; that it abounds in charity, and that its highest conception is found in the command of the Great Teacher of morals, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Weary and worn, June Stone came into the cabin that evening. His first greeting was to Aunt Marthy, "How's George, and how's Mollie?"

Having been satisfied on these points he proceeded to the little stream at the back of the house and began to wash and to make himself more presentable.

Enoch Curry gave him a hearty hand shake, and looked searchingly into his eyes, but spoke not a word.

June understood him though, and said:

"He won't bother George and Mollie any more."

And Uncle Enoch understood him also, and they went into the cabin together to George and Mollie.

## CHAPTER XII.

Long afterwards June told Uncle Enoch that when Smelty and his Indian allies broke and ran they scattered, and that he had singled out Smelty and determined to capture or kill him, or to be killed. He told him that after a chase of about a mile he came up with him, and that they had grappled and had had a mighty struggle for the mastery; that on account of the wound that George had given Smelty, he, June, was getting the best of it, and that the struggle would have been soon ended, had it not happened that just as he had gotten his right arm free and was feeling for his knife, he caught his foot in a grape vine, which trailed close to the ground, and fell on to one knee, at the same time wrenching his grasp loose from Smelty, but that he was up almost instantly with the cold steel gleaming in his hand; that Smelty did not seem to like the looks of it and took advantage of his accident to turn once more and run.

He told Uncle Enoch that he was after him at once, but found that his ankle had been

twisted to such an extent that he knew that Smelty would get away if it depended on his catching him; that he had then stopped long enough to pick up his rifle, and that he loaded it as he ran hobbling along; that Smelty was at that particular time lost to his sight in the bushes, but soon afterwards appeared while crossing a small clearing, still running; that he thought of Mollie and George, and what danger they were in if that man got away again, and determined that he should not get away. He said that he then stopped and took steady aim and fired; that Smelty pitched forward and fell, face downward, to the ground; that, fearing treachery, he approached the place where he had fallen with caution, but found that the man was dead. The ball had gone from back to front, through the heart. He then threw some earth over the body, covering it as best he could, and turning away started for home.

"I was pretty lame by this time," said he, "and that is the reason it took me so long to get back."

The next day all the party, except Aunt Marthy and Jimmie, went back to the settlement, which was now of so much importance that we shall hereafter have to designate it as a "town."

In fact, it had its municipal government, Uncle Enoch being a member of the first town council. In the fall of this year the first court for the trial of law cases convened at this little town.

After a week or ten days George began to mend rapidly, and by the time the warm spring days came he was able to be about again, and it was not long before he was at work about the farm.

Stone went back to his work and to his hunting; and as he had some practical knowledge of surveying he was often called on to lay off the metes and bounds of claims entered or transferred by different individuals.

Of course he visited George and Mollie quite frequently and made himself useful to them in many little ways; and as they were both very fond of him, they were always glad to have him with them.

Still, June was restless. He did not shun the companionship of his kind, but he had been broken up since George's marriage. They were just as good friends as ever, but the idea of comradeship could never be the same again.

A new settlement had been begun the year before, over on the other side of the Kentucky River, and it had already grown to some size. The land round about it was being taken up quite rapidly, and in consequence of this June was called on more than once to survey a piece of land across the river, and so he became acquainted with the little town of Lexington and with the beauty of the country surrounding it.

He and George had before passed through this section of the country on their trips to the

Blue Lick in search of buffalo, and both had thought well of it.

On returning from one of these trips in the fall of that year he had stopped at Beatty's house, and was somewhat surprised to see the rosy face of Aunt Marthy in the door of the cabin, wreathed in smiles, as she greeted him with, "Come right in here, June, I've got something to show you;" and wondering, he followed her into the house. There sat George, also smiling, but where was Mollie?

June was becoming mystified; but glancing over toward the bed he saw her propped up with pillows.

She beckoned to him, and starting toward her he exclaimed.

"Why, Mollie, are you sick?"

She, too, smiled, and all this smiling puzzled him considerably; for to tell the truth, he did not see anything to smile at. If Mollie was sick, they seemed to be in a particularly good humor over it. His kind, if rugged, nature was touched into something like anger and indignation at this apparent indifference to her condition.

"Here, June—" Mollie's voice sounded rather weak and tremulous—"I want to introduce you to Master June Stone Beatty," and as she said this she lifted the cover from a little red face, with squinting eyes and with one tiny fist doubled up and thrust into the baby mouth, which lay on the pillow beside her.



June stopped aghast, but presently broke into a laugh; and then he paused suddenly and a tear dimmed his eye, and very tenderly he asked,

“Is—is it named after me, Mollie?”

“Yes, June; George and I talked it over and we both wanted to call him June—June Stone.”

“Is that so, old man?” asked June, turning to Beatty.

“Yes, my friend,” answered George, and the two strong men clasped hands with a hearty pressure.

June then went over to the baby and asked Mollie to let him see it again, and he stooped and kissed it and silently walked away.

Stone was something of a dreamer in those days, and often he would sit and contemplate the landscape for hours at a time, letting his thoughts travel into the future, until he saw with almost prophetic vision the glorious future of this land; heard the noises rising from the busy marts of trade; saw the ripened grain yielding to the industrious stroke of the sickle and cradle in the hands of the husbandman; saw the smoke rising from innumerable chimneys and the children playing in front of the doors, while the mothers chatted together amid scenes of peace and plenty, and the old men sat before crackling fires and told of hardships and privations and adventure to a younger generation.

Perhaps his prophetic eye saw even further into the future, and the graceful slope of the grassy hill dotted with flocks and herds rose into view, and the mansion and velvety lawn, and stable and glossy coated horse, formed a prominent part of the picture; for we find that even at this early day the love of the horse was a characteristic of the people, and that an act was passed by the first legislative assembly at Boonesborough in 1775 for improving the breed of horses.

Our old friend Captain James Harrod was a delegate to that convention, and mingled his voice in friendly intercourse or debated questions of grave import, with Daniel Boone and his brother Squire, with Samuel Henderson, with Richard Calloway and John Todd, with Floyd and Dandridge and Slaughter, and with others who helped to conquer the wilderness and leave it a garden spot for the generations to come after them.

These men were rough and many of them without much education, but already they were making provisions for the future; they were making laws for the regulating of the relations of individuals composing the mass of the people one to another and to the community as a whole.

They were looking into the future and seeing visions; their actions were prophesying; they were laying the foundations of a State, and they knew it; they were paving the way for the

gallant youth and beautiful maid of a later development and so was every man of them in this broad land who wielded an axe in the mighty forest, or leveled a rifle—as well as every woman who braved the dangers and underwent the hardships of those pioneer days.

Every one now looked forward to, and believed in, the successful termination of their efforts toward civilizing and rescuing this Dark and Bloody Ground from its crude and ungentle condition.

But we shall see that not yet was the red man ready to give peaceable possession.

The months rolled on, and the year 1779 came, fraught with events which have a peculiar bearing on our story.

June Stone had not been merely dreaming all this time.

A life of ease, or even of quiet, was not for the pioneer in those days. Frequent encounters with the savages and adventures with wild beasts were his portion still. A life of almost daily peril filled his cup to overflowing.

June had become enamored of the country across the river, and had selected a tract of land near Lexington onto which he intended to move at some convenient time in the future; so that when Colonel Patterson essayed to interest the good people of Harrodsburg to join him in a project to form a settlement at Lexington, June was one of the first of the twenty-five men from there to accompany the Colonel for that purpose.

By this time Master June Stone Beatty was a pretty good-sized, chubby-faced boy, and bid fair to rival, in the course of years, in hardihood and courage, him for whom he had been named.

Early in the year the party, with Colonel Patterson at their head, left Harrodsburg; but on the day before their departure June went out to visit George and Mollie. He had heretofore taken up a piece of land adjoining that of George, and while at Beatty's cabin he called Mollie aside and placed a deed to the land in her hand, saying:

"Mollie, this is for the boy. I don't want it. I've got more over the river than I'll ever have need for, and this'll do to start the youngster with, I reckon."

"O, June, you are good; but you must not do it," she said. But he stopped her with.

"Now don't say a word, it's all right. I've talked the matter over with George, and you will hurt me very much if you make any objection."

So she said no more, but just threw her arms around June's neck and kissed him.

Kind reader, do you think that she was over bold; that her womanly instinct and feeling of modesty should have prevented any such demonstration of feeling? Her husband saw and approved, and her heart was guilty of no treason to him. No question of conventional-ity entered her mind.

Those people lived very close to nature, and this was but the spontaneous outburst of natural feeling; it was her way of showing her appreciation of a noble and generous act.

Perhaps her grandchildren, taught by the conventionalities of a more advanced civilization ruled by the subtle influence of education and restrained by a more exacting social code, would have refrained from such an outward demonstration. But would they not have felt the same inward workings of the heart?

The pioneers were not without the finer feelings and susceptibilities by any means, but they were above and beyond the reach of those petty jealousies which engender evil thoughts and suspicions, where no evil was, and it is hardly to be doubted that theirs was the truer moral instinct.

Can we doubt—we at least who know the heart of the descendants of these people and are acquainted with their characteristics; we who have come into contact with the Marshalls and Stallards of this country, and have felt the heartstrings vibrate to the music of the "Choir Invisible," or listened to the voice of eloquence from stump and forum and legislative hall; who have seen her sons amid the pomp and glory of military display, or in the din of battle; we who have admired the beauty, both of face and character, of her daughters—can we doubt, I say, that the germ of this growth lay embedded in the pioneer soil?

### CHAPTER XIII.

Soon a blockhouse was begun at Lexington, cabins were built, streets laid off, and things in general assumed an air of permanency.

It was not long before settlements were made in several parts of the surrounding country, and Bryant's and Grant's stations sprang into existence within a few miles of the town. Each of these places where permanent settlements had been made had its blockhouse or fort into which the people might repair in case of sudden danger; and quite frequently the houses were built so as to form part of the stockade.

The land which June had secured, consisting of about three hundred acres, lay about half way between Lexington and Bryant's, and he had built a cabin and begun to clear away the timber and undergrowth from a portion of it for cropping. He worked hard that spring and made much progress.

The years continued to travel in their never-ending cycles, until at length the year 1782 arrived.

June had spent the time very much as had his neighbors—in working, hunting, and trap-

ping. Frequently he had visited George and Mollie, and Uncle Enoch and Aunt Marthy.

Jimmie Curry came over occasionally and spent several weeks at a time with him, and even George and Mollie had been over once or twice, but it had been some time since their last visit; for Mollie was too busy with her increased household duties and other responsibilities to leave home except on rare occasions.

Three or four little ones had to be cared for now, and June, Jr., was playing hunter and Indian fighter by turns around the cabin. Jimmie Curry had grown to manhood, at least in stature, and he and June Stone had become fast friends and comrades.

They frequently visited the neighborhood of the Kentucky River, and scaled its cliffs and explored all its tributaries for miles up and down its course; until the intricacies of its ravines were known almost as well to both of them as the country around Lexington and Bryant's.

Often during these years, June and Jimmie would fill their wallets with edibles and visit their traps, tramp the forests, and hunt the game, until Jimmie had become nearly as good a woodsman as June, and could tell the time of day by a glance at the sun, and could read all the signs necessary to guide him aright in the wildest country, and he could also read Nature's open book with unerring accuracy.

Pleasant days they often thus spent together, and for the most part peaceful ones, for at least for a time, the savage human foe had seemingly forgotten to war upon the white man in these parts, and had retired beyond the hills across the Ohio.

But at last they were about to awake from their lethargy and make one more grand effort to stem the tide of civilization into this land.

The tribes had combined to invade Kentucky, and the Shawanese, the Cherokees, the Wyandottes, the Tawas, and the Pottawatomies had assembled in great numbers at Old Chillicothe, north of the Ohio, preparatory to marching south, and here they were joined by a detachment of British from Detroit.

All the stragglers from these tribes had been summoned to the place of rendezvous, and so, for a very brief space of time the different stations and settlers south of the river had experienced a period of peace and quiet, even from small and roving bands of Indians. But all too soon this state of things was changed, for in August, news reached Lexington and Bryant's that the savages had commenced depredations at Hoyt's Station near Boonesborough, and that Captain Holder had assembled a small force and had pursued them to the Upper Blue Lick, where he had been defeated with a loss of several men. All kinds of rumors now filled the air, and it was asserted that the notorious Simon Girty, at the head of several hundred



Indians, was rapidly advancing into the interior.

This proved to be the fact, but so sudden was the movement, and so unexpected to the whites, that the settlers were hardly prepared to meet it.

In their usual stealthy manner the foe had crept up, to their very doors before their presence was suspected. It, indeed, seemed that now the terrible fate which threatened them could not be averted.

Bryant's Station was situated on a bank which rose gently from Elkhorn Creek, and consisted of some forty cabins facing each other and joined at the end by palisades, forming a kind of court within; but the defenses were sadly out of repair, for the settlers had become negligent, and had been lulled into a feeling of comparative security on account of the cessation of concentrated action against them for some length of time.

The country round about was smiling, the corn in many fields was hardening in the ear, and the cattle in considerable numbers fed on the succulent grass in the clearings, or lazily chewed the cud beneath the shade of the trees on the hill sides and whisked the pestiferous fly from their backs and flanks, while the hot August sun shone down upon the earth.

Jimmie Curry was with June on his farm, and had gone into Lexington on horseback on some errand.

June himself was working around the house. He had been put on his guard somewhat by the reports which had reached him of the nearness of the Indians; but he had not, any more than the rest, dreamed that any decided movement was to be made so soon in the immediate neighborhood. Nevertheless, with his experience in Indian fighting, he occasionally glanced across the clearing in the direction of the forest surrounding his farm with something of an anxious look. It was early in the forenoon yet and he was not expecting Jimmie back so soon, but still he thought that he would feel better if Jimmie were with him.

Other men from the station and vicinity were out and about their several occupations, so that only a comparatively small number of men were in the fort on this particular morning.

On one occasion, when glancing up from his work, he thought that he saw a movement among the trees just beyond the edge of the clearing and nearest to the cabin; and in order to be sure, if possible, he looked intently in the direction indicated, and then he saw distinctly an unusual agitation of the leaves in the under brush.

He did not start up immediately, though the thing looked suspicious, but presently rose slowly and deliberately from his work and passed leisurely into the cabin. When once inside his movements quickened into a nervous energy, and he quickly reached for his rifle on

the rack against the wall, and began hastily to put on his bullet-pouch and powder-horn, and to fasten his belt, with hunting knife attached, around his waist.

Not yet sure as to what caused the slight disturbance in the underbrush, he came cautiously forth from the house and began to approach the point to which his attention had been directed. It was not more than two hundred yards distant from the door, and when he had reached it, pushing the bushes aside, he saw where some of the twigs had been broken. He then proceeded further into the woods, still scanning closely every tree and shrub as he went, until at length he reached a tiny stream which still retained some moisture in its banks, though the bed of the stream was dry.

He had begun to think that he had been needlessly alarmed, but just here, in a soft spot, he saw distinctly the imprint of a moccasined foot.

He stooped down and examined it carefully, at the same time keeping a watch all around, and he knew that it had been made by the foot of an Indian. Then he made his way down to the Elkhorn, which ran past his place, and then he soon discovered unmistakable evidences that a large body of Indians had recently passed along the stream in the direction of Bryant's.

As he neared the station he found that the fields of corn served to conceal many savages,

and that in many places they lay crouched behind the bushes. These he avoided, and making a detour until within a few hundred yards of the station, he started to run for it.

Then the savages rose and began to pursue him, and as they did so they poured a galling fire into the fort, which they had almost surrounded by this time. The rifle balls whistled around him in great numbers as he sped on like the wind.

He saw other men like himself running toward the fort, and then altogether they reached the gates, which were thrown open to admit them, and as they entered the gates closed behind them.

June was well known at the station, and one man seized him and pulled him in, exclaiming, "Hello, June; that was a close call for you fellows!"

The little band within the fort were not to be intimidated, however, although they had been taken by surprise, and the answering shots rang from the loop-holes from full fifty rifles.

The savages now came into full view, and kept up a constant fire upon the palisades for some time, which was doggedly replied to from within.

By this time the scene on the inner side of the stockades was one of animation and excitement; but not of fear or panic. Most of the men in that garrison were seasoned veterans in

Indian warfare, and knew that, though the enemy were in overwhelming numbers before them, they must fight to the death.

Here was presented a picture worthy of the genius of a great artist to paint—the perspiring and powder-grimed faces of the men, those faces set in grim determination and peering along the rifle barrels and through the loopholes, their glances followed by the reports which carried death to many a savage warrior; the return of the empty gun to the women to be freighted with another leaden messenger of death; the bent form of the matron and the maid, as they stooped over the fire with bullet mould in hand; the sight of even the children making themselves useful in this emergency by carrying water to the thirsty men at their posts, and renewing the fire on which the lead was melted ready for the bullet moulds, altogether this picture would have fired the artistic soul to its greatest effort.

After an hour or so of this the fire of the enemy slackened as suddenly as it had begun, and soon after ceased altogether, and they withdrew to the shelter of the woods.

Some little distance from the fort, and quite near the Elkhorn, was the spring from which the settlement obtained its supply of water. On both sides of the creek and up to within a few hundred yards of the fort the enemy had pitched his camp in the woods.

It was now discovered that the supply of water in the fort was exhausted, and it was absolutely impossible to prolong the struggle for even a short time unless water could be obtained.

But how was this to be done?

It would be certain death for the men to undertake to reach the spring. They could not think of trying to force their way through the ranks of the enemy, for in case any of them chanced to escape death the women and children would be left to the mercy of the savages.

Neither of these plans were to be thought of for a moment. Some other must be devised, but what should it be? A council must be held and the matter seriously considered, and something must be quickly done, or all would be lost. So the men got together and discussed this plan and that, but no satisfactory solution of the problem was arrived at. All sat looking despairingly and hopelessly into each other's faces.

At last, a man by the name of Johnson looked up, and spoke to his vis-avis, Mitchell:

"For God's sake, Mitchell, can't you suggest something?"

The man addressed was a stalwart representative of the Anglo-Saxon race; he had fought with man and beast in the wilderness, he had become grizzled in life's struggle, his courage was undoubted and he was respected and looked up to by all who knew him. He was rough

and rugged in character, but he had one exceedingly soft spot in his heart, and that was always reached by his pretty daughter, Maggie. He had thought of a plan by which they might obtain water, but it was a very dangerous one, and one which he was loath to mention; and it was extremely doubtful whether those upon whom it would rest to successfully carry out this plan would consent to undertake it, even if they could bring themselves to ask it of them. At last he spoke, and every one listened breathlessly to his words:

"I don't see any way out of this, unless we can get the women to go to the spring and each one of them fetch back a bucket of water. I know that it is a desperate chance, and I would hate to ask it as much as any of you; but it is the only hope I can see that we have.

"We are in a desperate situation" continued he, "and we have to take desperate chances. The Indians might not fire on the women; but they would riddle us with bullets before we got half way to the spring."

"Look here, Mr. Mitchell," broke in Johnson, "would you let your Maggie go?"

This question touched Mitchell to the core, but he answered almost without hesitation.

"Yes, I would, because I believe it is the only way to save her, and all the rest of the women, from worse than death."

"Then," said Johnson, "by the Lordy! we'll do it, if the women are willing to try; but mind

you boys, every one of you must be ready to leave this fort if anything happens to them, ready to get between the varmints and them, and to stay there until they are safe, or until we are all killed?"

And every man there present swore that he would rush to the rescue at the first sign of hostility, and would fight to the death. And this was no empty boast, for each one would have done as he had promised.

So the women were called into the council, the proposition stated to them, the dangers and risks to be run made plain, as well as the probabilities of success.

When they understood the matter, and what was expected of them, a hush fell on those assembled, and no one responded at first. But presently, amid the silence that hung like a pall over them, the tall and graceful form of a girl glided from among the women and stood erect in front of them, and Maggie Mitchell, with eyes flaming, and with head held high, spoke up:

"I will go, if I have to go alone, for one bucket of water may save the settlement and all the lives in it."

Then Johnson's wife came to the front and volunteered to go, and then the rest of the women seemed to catch the enthusiasm, and eagerly pressed forward to offer to take part in the dangerous undertaking.

And thus it was decided.



Here was displayed the sublimest heroism. There was not one woman in that assembly but knew that an all-merciful Providence alone could save them, but they trusted and braved the danger.

Nothing in the annals of the world's history can surpass the courage here displayed, and very few incidents can equal it.

And when these brave women were ready to start it was thought that something should be done to distract the attention of the savages, if possible, from them; so it was decided to make a feint by way of a sortee from the gate opposite the one through which they must go in order to reach the spring most directly.

Just before the procession of women started forth in the direction of the spring, each carrying a bucket, some twelve or fifteen men issued from the opposite gate and ran toward the forest where a good many of the savages were concealed.

The desired object was accomplished, in some measure at least, for almost immediately numbers of the enemy, with wild yells of triumph, ran to try to intercept and cut off the retreat of the sallying party to the fort.

Our friend, June Stone had been one of the first to volunteer to join this undertaking.

As soon as this little party saw that the object which they had in view had apparently been accomplished, they turned and fled toward the stockades.

Two poor fellows, however, were killed; and another, who was wounded, June carried in on his shoulders.

In the meantime the women had reached the spring and filled their buckets and were retracing their steps.

Ah, think of the suspense of those few moments, as those at the loop-holes and at the gate watched their progress with finger on trigger and scalping knife loosened in the shield ready for immediate use; ready to fire and then to spring.

To them it seemed hours before the buckets were filled. It was as if life itself was being temporarily suspended. The mental agonies in the death struggle could not have been more painful.

But at last, wonderful to relate, the footsteps of the women neared the gate—and then they entered it, and were safe.

Not a shot had been fired at them; not a start on the part of the savages, had been made in their direction; and what is still more wonderful to relate, not one of the women, so far as could be noticed, had quickened her pace by the one-hundredth part of a second.

I do not know how to account for their preservation. Surely the Great Creator must have put into the heart of the American Indian a profound respect and admiration for courage, else how can we explain their non-interference on this occasion?

## CHAPTER XIV.

Maggie's father, when she stepped into the court within the walls, heaved a mighty sigh of relief, and took his daughter into an embrace which he seemed loath to loosen.

Of course the heroic women received their due meed of praise in time, but just now the enemy hidden along the creek in the woods, seeing the men leave the fort, and thinking that they had been enticed to leave the defences on account of the withdrawal of the savages into hiding, rushed out in full force, determined to storm the fort, which they supposed to be now empty of all save the women and children.

So impetuous and rapid was the onslaught that it carried them to the very walls, and in some places they even succeeded in setting fire to the cabins with lighted torches which had been prepared for this very purpose.

On they came, several hundred of them, pressed forward by the very weight of numbers, but not so quickly as to prevent being met by a volley from the rifles of those who had remained in the fort when the whites made their sortee. And with such deadly effect was the fire delivered that many of the warriors bit the

dust, and the attacking party was repulsed and driven back to the shelter of the woods and corn fields.

In an incredibly short space of time, not a savage could be seen from the fort.

Some of the men, assisted by the women and children, had in the meantime extinguished the flames.

The siege continued, with almost constant firing, until sometime in the afternoon, when June, turning to Mitchell, near whom he was standing, said:

"Don't you hear shots over yonder toward Lexington? I reckon the boys are pitching into the red devils from the other side."

"Yes," replied Mitchell, "the men we sent out this morning must have got through all right, but I tell you there's a big lot of Indians out yonder."

Presently he spoke again.

"Listen, June, you are right; there's a fight going on over tother side of that woods."

Even while this conversation was going on, ten or a dozen horsemen came galloping up to the gates. They had ridden through the enemy's lines and on to the fort. They were immediately admitted, and they told how the messengers who had been despatched on horseback from Bryant's had reached the settlement at Lexington, which they found to be deserted by the men folk, who had started to aid in the succor of the settlement at Hoyt's that the messen-

gers had then pushed on and had overtaken the detachment from Lexington several miles from the town, and that they had then altogether turned back, after the situation at Bryant's had been explained; that they were soon joined by a number of volunteers from Boonesborough, who were on their way to Lexington to join in a proposed advance against the Indians, who were known to have crossed the Ohio. They explained that their number was increased in this way to about fifty men, and that they then came upon the savages, who had formed an ambush for them just about a mile from Bryant's, that they had cut their way through, and now here they were.

It seems that the greater part of their number were afoot, and that the horsemen had left these engaging the enemy in a corn field at no great distance away.

With this party of riders came Jimmie Curry, and one of the men told June that the boy had fought like the devil and had ridden like mad, leading the party all the way, while the red devils peppered away at them from both sides.

Stone's heart had a mighty load lifted from it when he saw Jimmie safe, for he loved the boy, and he felt that he was responsible for his safety, since he had been with him when the trouble began.

One of the first questions Jimmie put to Stone was:

"How's Maggie?"

"She's all right, my boy, and as brave as any woman living; or as any man, either, for that matter," answered Stone.

Then he told Jimmie how the women had brought water from the spring, and of Maggie's part in the incident. And Jimmie's heart swelled with pride, and of a great love for Maggie.

All this while the fight had been progressing in the corn field and through the woods, and along the road toward Lexington; and the volley of rifle shots were heard at intervals until the sound of them were lost in the distance. Then those in the fort at Bryant's knew that the balance of the rescuing party had been beaten back.

The attack on the station was continued until the sun went down, when the firing ceased, and Girty appeared in person on the scene. He approached quite near the fort, and sheltering himself behind a stump hailed the garrison and demanded its surrender, stating that he wished to prevent the shedding of more blood, at the same time declaring that further resistance would be useless, as he expected to have cannon within a few hours with which to batter down the defences. In which event, he continued, a terrible massacre awaited the devoted garrison, and that when they were once in the power of the Indians, with the thirst for blood and the desire for vengeance upon them, he

could not control them, and would not be answerable for the consequences.

He was listened to with patience until he had finished, and some began to waiver in their determination to fight to the end, thinking they might rely on Girty's implied promise for protection. But Captain Craig, who was in command; and Mitchell, and Johnson, and Stone, and Jimmie Curry, and others did not trust the words of the renegade leader; and when Girty asked if they knew him, Aaron Reynolds, a young man of the garrison, promptly replied that he was well known; that he, Reynolds, had a dog which so worthless that he had named him Simon Girty; and that there was such a strong likeness between the dog and the man of that name that no one who had ever seen both could fail to recognize it.

Reynolds also told Girty that if he had any cannon he might bring them and be d—d; that if he or any of his naked rascals got into the fort they would drive them out with switches which they had gathered for that very purpose; and that they, too, were expecting reinforcements at any moment, and that the whole country would soon be down on him and his gang of cut-throats, and that the Indians would leave a big lot of scalps to be dried on the roofs of the cabins.

Girty did not relish the language of the plucky young man, and retired, expressing regret for the manner in which his words had

been received, and predicting that inevitable destruction awaited the little settlement.

But the words and bearing of their young comrade had their effect on the doubtful ones, and nothing more was said about surrender.

The night passed peacefully and quietly, and the next morning it was found that the Indian camp was deserted, though the fires were still burning and pieces of meat were found roasting on the coals. The enemy had evidently quitted the neighborhood very suddenly.

Afterwards, and at his leisure, we may be sure Jimmie found time to talk over the occurrences of the preceding twenty-four hours with his Maggie, and may we not believe also that he did not fail to assure her of his anxiety on her account, and of his joy at her safety.

The men of those days were about as quick with their declarations of love as with their declarations of hostility, and it was not thought necessary to prolong the period of courtship beyond reasonable limits.

Young men and maidens of that day did not think it necessary to wait until a comfortable bank account was placed to their credit; or for a brass knocker to be put on "the big front door" before entering into the marriage relation.

It was sufficient that they love each other, and that they were content to work together through the years to the fulfilment of a ripe old age, in the consciousness of a destiny finished in honesty of purpose.



While these events were transpiring word had been sent to Harrodsburg and Boonesborough, and to the men in the vicinity of these places and of Lexington, and as many as possible were hastily assembled, so that within forty-eight hours after the Indians had retired from the neighborhood of Bryant's, a company of nearly two hundred men, all hardy pioneers, was gathered at Bryant's Station, armed and eager for the pursuit of the savages; with John and Levi Todd, and Patterson from Lexington; Trigg from Harrodsburg and Boone from Boonesborough in command, respectively, of detachments from these several settlements. And there was also with them from Harrodsburg, M'Gary and Harlan, and Uncle Enoch Curry and George Beatty had also reported for duty.

A council of war was immediately called, and it was decided to pursue the enemy without waiting for Colonel Benjamin Logan, who was rapidly recruiting more volunteers, and who was, by the way, the commander-in-chief of all the militia in that section of the country, although it had been ascertained that the foe outnumbered them fully three to one.

Shall we pause to view this array of men as it rested there on the banks of the Elkhorn before starting on its way?

There was no such discipline as is now seen in military organizations. In fact, owing to the wild condition of the country outside of the

clearings, and to the character of the warfare in which they were engaged, it would have been impossible to have gone into battle in the approved and orderly manner in which it is done in these days. A compact line of battle, for instance, could not have been maintained, and would have been of little avail against the tactics of the savage foe. Possibly the maneuvers of a party of skirmishers and sharpshooters in front of a modern army would be more akin to the movements and manner of procedure of the fighters of those days, when going into battle in force, than anything else seen on a modern battlefield.

Standing a little apart from the main body of the men, in the shade of a tree, were the leaders talking earnestly in subdued tones. Some were in favor of waiting until Logan had joined them with his reinforcements, others contended that they were sufficiently strong to strike a telling blow at the retreating enemy, and that to delay the pursuit longer would be to lose the opportunity altogether. The men were all more or less versed in Indian warfare, and, among the rank and file, none more so than Uncle Enoch Curry, Mitchell and June Stone.

It was finally decided to endeavor to overtake the Indians ere they had crossed the Ohio, and it was hoped to visit dire punishment on them.

So both horse and foot—mostly horse, however started, and toward noon of the next day

they reached the Licking River, near the Upper Blue Lick Spring, and the Indians were seen on the opposite side of the stream, some of them leisurely ascending a rocky ridge in full view.

Here our little army came to a halt and the leaders had another consultation, for to some of them it seemed a very suspicious circumstance that the savages did not seem at all anxious about concealing their movements.

Daniel Boone, whom all acknowledged had had, perhaps, more experience than the rest, was called upon directly to express his opinion of the situation and to give his council as to what should be done in the circumstances.

He advised either to await the arrival of Logan, whom they could reasonably expect to follow and to overtake them before a great while, or else to reconnoitre and so arrange the little force that it might proceed cautiously, guarding against surprise, before engaging in a general attack.

But before any definite action could be taken on either of these, and similar suggestions from others, one of the officers—one well up in rank in the little army—becoming impatient at the delay, urged his horse into the river, at the same time shouting to those whom he passed:

“Those who are not cowards, follow me; I will show you were the Indians are.”

Such a call was enough, and more than enough, for the brave, but undisciplined men, and almost as soon as his words were spoken the whole body of men were crowding, pushing, and hurrying to cross the river.

The cooler-headed and less impetuous of the leaders sought to restore order, but were borne along with the crowd. However, they partially succeeded in accomplishing this object by the time the majority had crossed.

All too soon, the fight was on, and soon became general, though the commands were isolated to a considerable extent.

The contingent from Harrodsburg seemed to be well in hand, with Trigg at their head, and were fighting nobly.

The little army was now following a ridge, either side of which was bordered with young trees and shrubbery, descending into ravines which flanked the ridge on both sides, and suddenly a terrible rifle fire was poured into it from these ravines.

They had succeeded in forming something of a line of battle along the ridge, extending from well up the same and down toward the river, and the fire of the enemy, though a great surprise to most of the men, was returned with spirit, and the fight continued for a time with some show of stubbornness; but the odds against the whites was so great, and the slaughter so terrific, that the none too compact ranks began to thin out and to waver. Besides,

the savages had succeeded in outflanking the whites and had gotten in their rear, and then it was that the line gave way and soon all was confusion, and each individual sought safety in flight. A mad rush was made for the river, and each one, wild with panic-stricken terror, sought to recross as best he could.

Our friend, June Stone, after the battle on the ridge had become a rout, sought out the company from Harrodsburg, so as to be near his friends, the Currys, father and son, and George Beatty, and he found them and they fought side by side for a time.

They saw Colonel Trigg fall, pierced by a bullet; they heard the savage yell of triumph as their foes jumped from cover and came toward them, tomahawk in hand and raised to strike, and then Stone clubbed his rifle and seized Jimmie Curry by the collar of his hunting shirt, and started with him in the mad rush, the friends being borne along with the tide of struggling humanity endeavoring to escape present danger.

Presently they were brought to a sudden stop, as the faces of a dozen painted savages closed around them. As quick as thought Stone cried out:

"Club your rifles boys, and give 'em h-ll! Now keep as close together as you can."

One poor fellow fell with his head split by a tomahawk, but up and down swung the rifles and fell on the heads of the savages who came

within the radii of the circumference formed by the rotary motions of those handling the guns.

All this happened in a few moments, and then came a leap by Stone, with a cry of, "Now, run for it!"

And away they went toward the river with the Indians in hot pursuit. Stone and Beatty had hunted over this ground and knew something of its lay, and their comrades followed them closely, down ravine, through underbrush and over ridge, and thus the little party soon lost sight of their pursuers, who then went after others of the fugitives. Our friends reached the river and crossed to the opposite side in safety.

Then they stopped and loaded their rifles, and seeing many of their friends struggling in the water, and still others being struck down on the other bank by the bloody tomahawk, they lingered to fire, as did others who had crossed, and thus for a brief space stayed the pursuit and massacre of those in sight and enabled some of them to escape.

But alas, the route had become general; and already Todd had fallen, and Harlan had fallen; and Boone, with his brave fellows, having stood as long as it was possible, stubbornly yielding the ground inch by inch, at last, with half their number slain, gave way and joined in the flight to the river—their commander bearing in his arms the stricken form of his son to a place where he might see him die unmolested.

When a few hundred yards back from the river June noticed that Uncle Enoch was lagging behind and walking rather unsteadily, so he stopped and asked,

"What's the matter, Uncle Enoch, are you hurt?"

"Well," responded Mr. Curry, at the same time, opening the bosom of his shirt. "I reckon they just touched me up a little over yonder, on the ridge."

And so they had, as the blood-stained shirt showed, as well as the little stream trickling down his chest.

"If I can get you a horse, Uncle Enoch, do you think you can make it?" asked June.

"Yes, June, I reckon I can; but horses don't seem to be very plentiful round here just about this time."

Nevertheless June started off in search of one, thinking it more than likely that he would run across a stray animal whose rider had been shot, or one which had been lost in the confusion.

George Beatty and Jimmie stayed with the old man, and soon had his wound bound up with strips from their shirts, stopping the flow of blood to a very considerable extent.

They lay very quietly in the bushes, waiting, not wishing to invite any encounter with the Indians under present conditions. Several times they heard the rustle of the bushes at no great distance from their place of concealment,

an on one or two occasions the sound of running feet reached them.

On each repetition of these sounds Jimmie's finger sought the trigger, but George would lay a detaining hand on his arm.

Almost constantly, for the first quarter of an hour, shots rang through the forest and echoed along the hills.

"Hist, George—look," whispered Jimmie, and as he uttered the words a white man ran panting almost in reach of him. He was evidently about exhausted and could not possibly go much further.

He had not gotten more than out of sight before an Indian in pursuit, with tomahawk in hand, came forging through the bushes.

This was more than Jimmie could stand, and with a real pain in his heart, nevertheless with a mighty desire to kill, he raised his rifle and fired.

The man being pursued had a look on his face which Jimmie never forgot to his dying day. A hunted, despairing, wildly-appealing look in his eyes. He knew that his enemy had him almost in his grasp, he felt the cold touch of Death's finger on his heart already, and he understood that in the solitude of the mighty forest he was to die, without one friendly look or smile to cheer him on his lonely way.

Did you, gentle reader, ever see a litter of puppies drowned? Puppies with their eyes



open, and looking so wonderingly and innocently out upon the world? If so, did you stop to look into those eyes, and what did you see in them? What was it that appealed to you so forcibly and caused you to turn your eyes in another direction?

At any rate, something like that was what Jimmie saw in the fugitive's eyes, and sent the hot blood to his head and maddened him beyond self control.

O, the pity of that look in man or animal!

The Indian was running at so great a rate of speed that when he fell he plunged forward some distance before his face struck the ground.

"Take father's rifle, Jimmie," said George, "and keep under cover, for there may be more of them coming this way."

No more came, however, but in a few minutes June came in sight, riding one horse and leading another.

He had found one of them standing by the body of a white man who had been killed not far from the river, and while returning with his capture he had met Jack Simpson and some others, and when he told them of Uncle Enoch's condition, Jack got down and told him to take his horse, too, as somebody would have to be with Uncle Enoch to take care of him, in case the balance of them got separated from him; and then Jack jumped up behind another man and they started off before anything more could be said.

## CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Curry was assisted to mount one of the horses and George Beatty sprang to the back of the other, then with June and Jimmie walking, the little party started to make their way back to Lexington and Bryant's.

The remaining portion of the small army which had gone out two days before with such enthusiasm and bright hopes was now in full retreat. A large proportion of those who had escaped were scattered, and men, singly or in small parties, were making their way through the forest in the direction of the settlements as rapidly as possible.

That portion of the force which had been brought together after crossing the river moved in a somewhat orderly manner, and had taken a more direct route in retracing their steps. They were met when yet some distance from Lexington, by Colonel Logan, with the force he had succeeded in gathering, on their way to join the main body which had just been so terribly defeated.

Many of the latter were induced to turn back, wishing to wipe out the disgrace of their defeat, and the march against the enemy was once more resumed.

The Indians, too, had scattered and spread out through the surrounding country in pursuit of the different squads or individuals, and not a few of the white men were overtaken and lost their lives amid the shades of the silent forest, or crept away through the undergrowth from the scenes of hand-to-hand conflicts, leaving the prostrate form of the foe for the requiem of the southing winds.

Colonel Patterson's horse had been shot from from under him in the battle, and it was with difficulty that he was making his way among the rest toward the river on foot. His years were against him in this mad scramble, as well as his weight, and it is doubtful whether he would have escaped the tomahawk. The shouts of the savages could be heard drawing nearer and nearer, as he fell behind in the race, and even if he escaped immediate capture or death, it was a long way to Lexington, and he could hardly hope to reach there without assistance.

We can well believe that he thought of his wife and family, as death seemed to be drawing near so rapidly, of the fireside comforts that awaited his return; and we may imagine that he could see with his mind's eye the glad smile of welcome, and feel in anticipation the loving

clasp of her arms as his wife rested her head on his breast and closed her eyes in silent thanksgiving for his safe return.

Ah, must it all be given up, must he no more look out on the broad acres of woodland and field and meadow that were his and theirs, nor ever more gather around the ample fireplace with her and the little ones?

When he had joined this expedition he had left behind a life of comparative ease and comfort; and when his wife had come to Kentucky she had left behind, back yonder where the ever-restless waves of the broad Atlantic wash the shore, a life of luxury and peace and quiet, and he had brought her and his children to this—to what?

The future, up to now, had seemed to hold a great store of happiness and comfort in its keeping for them. Already time had brought many friends to them in this new land. Already around his hospitable board had gathered in friendly intercourse those who wielded the destinies of this adventurous people; and hearty laughter and merry jest had gladdened the heart as the hours sped, without detracting from the serious contemplation and discussion of matters of moment.

Then he thought of how at other times the music of bow and string and harpsichord had quickened the pulses and regulated the movements of the dancers as they bent in the stately yet graceful minuet, or glided between the rows

of pretty faces and stalwart forms in the more exhilarating time of the reel. He recollected that sometimes at these functions the picturesque garb of the hunter would appear, usually to be seen in some remote corner, or at the doors or windows; but more frequently the frilled shirt and the knee breeches were in evidence. And as the wearer of these last bent in graceful deference over the hand of fair maiden clad in silk and laces, and bright eyes looked back coquettishly into eyes that spoke of love, the pride of birth and the polish of education gave distinction to the assembly.

We may be quite sure that all these thoughts came to him and flitted through his mind in rapid succession, as the sound of a horse's hoofs reached his outward ear.

Ah, to what had he brought them? To all this—but if death came to him now, this cruel death here in the untamed forest, it would bring to them a lifelong sorrow. The widowed heart would not forget, and the younger lives would go on with the memory of something pleasant lost to them.

But if he must die, he would die like a man, and make it cost his executioners dear. He drew his sword from its scabbard and cocked his pistol, and prepared to make as good a fight as possible.

But just at this crisis in his affairs a voice reached him.

“Colonel, take my horse, I am young and strong, and I can get along all right on foot.”

Could he believe his ears?

A mighty sigh of relief escaped the Colonel's breast, and he felt as the drowning man feels when some hand has reached him to pull him from the water. Still he hesitated to take what was offered by the young man, for it was Reynolds, the same youth who had defied Girty only a few days before at the siege of Bryant's Station. Life, happiness—happiness not only of himself, but of others as well depended on his acceptance of this offer—years of usefulness, perhaps, full of chances for doing good for his country and for his people; but still he hesitated. Reynolds insisted, and was down on the ground at the Colonel's side in a moment.

The shots and the yells of the savages were drawing ever nearer, and the two could hear the crackling of twigs under running feet—not a moment was to be lost.

Reynolds said no more, but thrusting the bridle reins into the Colonel's hand he darted into the woods and was out of sight in a flash.

There was only one thing to be done now. The Colonel mounted the horse and made good his escape. It was a long and hard ride, but he reached Lexington in safety.

Colonel Patterson did not forget his deliverer, and not long afterwards, when things had

quieted down, he placed a deed for two hundred acres of land in Reynold's hand.

In the years that have come and gone since, this story is told by many a cosy fire in the city which has grown around the site of the old blockhouse and spring, near which Colonel Patterson and young Reynolds lived so long ago; and this deed of generosity and chivalry and its generous acknowledgment is treasured among the precious and noteworthy things in its history.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Enoch Curry and his little party proceeded as rapidly as possible, and though the motion of the horse was very painful to him and often started the blood to flowing afresh from his wound, he would not stop nor make any sign of suffering. And so the night came upon them as they struck the trail of the retreating column, which they continued to follow. They must needs be cautious now, for not only were they liable to attack from the rear; but they might run upon some of the foe who had gone ahead in pursuit of the main body.

Jimmie walked some yards in front, and following him rode Uncle Enoch and George side by side, and Stone brought up the rear. Thus they proceeded for about an hour, probably, without incident, when suddenly the reins of George's bridle were seized and a wild yell broke the silence, and the dark form of a half dozen savages rose from the sides and in front of them.

But as sudden and as rapid as was this movement of the savages, equally as quick was Jimmie with his rifle, and its report rang out on



the air, and instantly the grip on George's bridle was loosened, and the horses, urged on by their riders, sprang forward, and as they passed Jimmie, George made a grab for the younger man's hand, which he was successful in grasping. With this help Jimmie succeeded in keeping alongside the horse until they were well out of reach and sight in the semi-darkness. Of course the Indians were not idle while this was going on, for almost as quick as the riders rushed past them, they sent a volley in pursuit.

Stone's rifle, had in the meantime, stopped one of the pursuers, and thus their attention was distracted and they turned to meet the foe in their rear, the fugitives being lost to sight in the next instant.

Stone was now cut off from his friends and confronted by four savages, who rushed back upon him with tomahawks raised to strike. June clubbed his rifle and met the onslaught with the courage and determination born of desperation.

This unequal combat might have had a different sequel if at this moment other savages had not come running from in the direction in which our little party of friends had been going. As it was, June was soon surrounded, but he still fought on until the leveled rifles of a dozen savages warned him that the game was up.

Ah, he had been trapped this time, but he had enabled his friends to escape.

He threw down his rifle and calmly folded his arms across his breast in token of surrender, and stood erect, looking unflinchingly at his assailants.

They quickly relieved him of his hunting knife, then proceeded to bind his hands behind him. Then they held a short consultation, after which he was given a push and started in the direction which his retreating friends had taken, with an Indian at each side and another directly behind him. In this manner he was forced to travel with them until near morning, when the party halted near a small spring to eat and to rest.

June was given food and water, and allowed to lie down, with his arms still bound. Not a very comfortable situation to be sure, but he was weary and footsore, and he was grateful for even this small courtesy. His thoughts were not pleasant ones, we may well surmise; in fact, he was fast giving way to despair, for he knew full well what his probable fate was to be, though the end might be delayed until it suited the humor and convenience of his captors.

Before very long they were joined by other warriors, some with scalps dangling from their belts; these came and stood over June as he lay upon the ground, and pointed significantly at the scalps and then at him.

Soon a big buck, who seemed to be the leader, gave him a kick, saying at the same time in English, "Ugh, up; walk 'long."

The party was soon on the move again, but this time in an opposite direction from that followed during the night. All that day they traveled at an easy gait, stopping at noon to eat and rest again, and about dark that evening they stopped and built a fire on the bank of a stream, which June afterwards knew to be Cooper's Run, not far from the old Ruddle's Station, in what was afterwards Bourbon County.

Ere long the Indians, lying on the ground some little distance from the fire, which was allowed gradually to burn down to ashes, began to make themselves as comfortable as possible, and to prepare for sleeping, for they had not had any rest for many hours. June lay with an Indian on either side and almost touching him. The Indians knew that there was no enemy near them, and did not deem it necessary to place any watch during the night; and another thing they did not know that their prisoner was the redoubtable "Shooting Knife." He was securely bound between two of their number, and could scarcely move without waking one or both of them, they thought. They felt that he had no chance of escaping, if he should make the attempt; and so did he, for that matter, unless something unexpected

should happen. He lay perfectly still, and almost without conscious thought, for a time, for he was very weary.

The silent stars, peeping here and there through the foliage of the trees, looked down upon him, and one particular star seemed to concentrate its gaze on him and to rivet his attention upon itself, until it began to speak to his mind of life, of hope and of escape. He turned upon his side—there lay the athletic form of a savage within less than a foot of him. He saw the scalping knife in the belt and the rifle laying across the arm in the bend of the elbow, and that their eyes were closed in slumber. He then rolled over on to his back, as if the position he had just occupied was uncomfortable, and as he did so he saw the Indian on the other side of him raise up and prop himself on his elbow, at the same time reaching for his knife.

June quickly closed his eyes and gave a sleepy yawn. The savage was in easy touch of him, and now to make sure that his prisoner was still secure, felt him over; and seemingly satisfied with the result of his investigation, lay back with a grunt of satisfaction. June lay quite still again, but his mind was active, and the thoughts came surging through his brain very rapidly now.

O, if he only had his hands free, then he might make a dash for life.

His wrists, however, were bound together behind his back, tight enough, it would seem, with thongs of buffalo hide, and it was impossible to loosen them. He could not reach the thongs with even the tips of his bent fingers. He tried to do so, but it was useless; and besides the strain in attempting to do it, made the thongs cut into his flesh and gave exquisite pain.

Just on the other side of the fire, at the foot of a tree, lay one of his captors, with his rifle resting against the trunk. He saw this picture in one of the sudden bursts of flame from the fire before it died out entirely—and he remembered it.

The night wore on, and of course, finally came to an end; but June never forgot the agony of mind of those hours.

He thought of Mollie, and George, and of Jimmie, and of his friends back in the settlements, and wondered if he should ever see them again in this life?

Life seemed, ah, so sweet to him now, when he was about to give way to despair, and it might be that he was to die in the morning. A thousand desperate plans by which he might effect his escape flashed through his brain; but, alas, none of them seemed feasible on second thought.

At every slightest movement the tightening of the bands which bound him reminded him

that he could do nothing. In one of his scarcely perceptible, though restless movements, his back came in contact with some hard substance beneath it, too pronounced to be merely an unevenness in the ground. He pressed his form against it—and, yes, it was a stick or stone, and very near to his hands.

He dare not make any sudden movement, for though the Indians beside him were in the deepest slumber of the night, he knew that they would be easily awakened. He became convinced by this time, from the feel of the substance beneath his back, that it was a stick or stone, and he began very cautiously to work his body in such a way that he might be enabled to touch it with his fingers. The stone was only a few inches from the tips of his fingers, but it was no easy job to reach it under the circumstances.

At last, however, he felt it touch his hand, but it seemed that he had been hours accomplishing this, though as a matter of fact it was only a few minutes. Then he raised the small of his back by resting on his elbows and head and the lower part of his body, and moved slowly and deliberately until the stone rested between the fingers of either hand. It was not a large stone, probably about twice the size of a hen's egg; but it had a flat side on which it now rested, and the top edge was sharp and ridged.

Ah, now June had an inspiration, and it flashed on him like a sunbeam in intensity, but like lightning in rapidity. He could, he thought, keep the stone in position with the ends of his fingers, and by the motion of his body, while pressing his weight upon it, saw the thongs in two.

He knew he must work cautiously and as rapidly as possible. So he began the experiment, noiselessly moving his body horizontally from head to foot in such manner as to bring the sharp but jagged edge of the stone back and forth across the thongs. His flesh was torn and lacerated, until at each crossing of the stone against the thongs he was in agony, and the sweat stood in great beads on his forehead, or ran down his temples like drops of molten lead.

He must work on, though; hope was in his heart, he felt the sweet taste of the cup of life come to him anew, and he would not cease his efforts. He might soon be free, he thought; free to lose his life, at least, in the attempt to escape.

But suddenly he ceased to work, and lay perfectly still, for he heard the guttural sound of the Indian's voice beside him, and he closed his eyes and pretended to be asleep.

Ah, was all his labor and suffering in vain, and were his hopes to be blasted just as he felt that he was making progress toward the consummation of his release?

Wait—he listens with nerves at acutest tension, he opens his eyes and steals a glance around. The Indian still sleeps. He was dreaming, and was doubtless wandering in Elysian fields with dusky maiden by his side.

June did not care to disturb the happy vision, if such it was, at any rate; and remained very still for some minutes, and then, having become convinced that slumber had resumed its full sway over the senses of his guardian, he resumed his labors, while murmuring to himself, "Sleep, oh blessed sleep, enfold this thy dusky son in thy mantle, and entice him with sweetest dreams to draw yet closer its folds around him."

Presently—yes—the thong snapped, and immediately June began to feel a pricking, tingling sensation in his arms and in his hands, even down to the ends of his fingers. 'Twas the blood surging back into and through the veins, the flow of which had been dammed up and kept back by the pressure of the thongs.

Now, now for freedom; but no, he must be cautious still. He must restrain himself and take time to think what shall be his next move. He has it—he must secure that knife from the belt of the sleeping savage on his right, first; but he must be careful, he must approach stealthily, using the utmost caution and cunning. Still he lay quietly, mapping out his plan of campaign, as it were. He knows by their regular breathing that the two savages are in the



deepest sleep and that now, if ever, is the time for action.

He feels his wrists and ascertains that they are in their normal condition, save for the lacerating which the stone has given them, and he raises slowly and carefully on his elbow, then slides up closer and yet closer to the savage with the knife in his belt. He looks around, the other Indian is sleeping peacefully; he reaches forth with his right hand and cautiously moves it toward the handle of the knife; he touches it, not a movement on the part of the prostrate form beside him.

And now June begins to pull it very gently from its sheath, and now he has it in his hand—tightly grasped in his good right hand. He has worked out his plan so far, and we shall see how the balance of it was carried out.

The chances were yet almost overwhelmingly against him, but he must risk all now. His left hand moves rapidly toward the throat of his sleeping enemy, and in the next moment he is on his knees, and then his fingers close in a vise-like clasp on the throat of the savage, while the knife in the other hand sinks to the hilt into the Indian's body and through the heart.

It seemed a cold-blooded thing to do, but it was the only way, and there was no time to stop and think about it or to moralize on the subject. A moment's hesitation might have

destroyed his prospects of escape from a horrible death or a degrading captivity.

With a bound, June was on his feet, and as quick as thought leaped over the body of his slain foe and across the embers of the dying fire. Straight to the tree where the rifle stood against it, he ran, and as he passed like a flash he snatched up the weapon.

From the time he rose to his feet until now was but a second, nevertheless the other Indian who had slept beside him was on his feet also, and just as June secured the rifle the Indian fired and the bark flew from the tree past which he ran.

In a moment every Indian was on his feet; but in the confusion of being so suddenly awakened and receiving the hurried explanation of the commotion from the first awakened warrior, June was enabled to gain a start of several yards, and this was a good deal in that thickly wooded country and to a man running for his life.

As we know, June was an experienced woodsman and a swift runner, and he took advantage of every art taught him by experience to evade his pursuers.

The Indians followed him for a mile or more, and many shots were fired in the direction in which it was thought he had taken; but at last, becoming convinced that their late prisoner had escaped them, and being anxious to rejoin the main body of their friends, who

were even then hastening to leave the country, they abandoned the pursuit.

June did not stop until he had placed several miles between himself and the place from where he had escaped, and when daylight began to make its appearance he climbed a large oak tree and hid himself among its leaf-covered branches, and there he remained until he thought that all probability of further pursuit was over.

The savages who had followed him had in the meantime returned to the camp, where they found their comrade still sleeping as they had left him. His soul had departed on its long journey without a sign.

## CHAPTER XVII.

June remained hidden in the tree until the sun was high in the heavens and all signs of pursuit were gone, then he came down and began cautiously and silently to make his way through the woods in a direction which would take him further away from the place where he had lain bound the previous night.

Of course he knew the general direction to take in order to reach Lexington, but for the present he would endeavor to find the stream on the bank of which they had camped so lately and seek a secluded spot where he could safely rest and be near the water at the same time.

He thought that after resting for awhile he would proceed on his way home, and before very long he reached the stream and stooped down to drink of its water and to bathe his swollen wrists and hands.

He was thus engaged when he heard the reports of several rifles in quick succession at no great distance up the stream, and, listening, he was quite sure he could hear the cries of women.

Without further hesitation he ran in the direction of the commotion, and very quickly he came to the edge of a small clearing, and there he saw several Indians, one in the act of scalping a white man whose body was laying prostrate on the ground.

As June raised the rifle which he had secured from the camp of his captors, another Indian fired, and he saw a half-grown boy throw up his hands and fall to the ground. Still other Indians were setting fire to the cabin which stood in the centre of the clearing, and at the same moment he saw a woman rush out at the back of the cabin and run toward the woods in the direction opposite to where he was standing.

Then he saw two savages start in pursuit of her. Ah, how she ran; but she was hindered in her flight by something which she carried in her arms; still, she had almost gained the woods, she had reached the fence which enclosed the cleared ground, and had placed one foot on one of its rails preparatory to vaulting over, when one of her pursuers overtook her and sank his tomahawk into her skull. But what was the intrepid and ever-ready June Stone doing all this time? He was not indifferent, by any means, to what was transpiring in sight; indeed, he was maddened almost beyond control, and filled with rage that was bursting for action and for vengeance; but another

thing had occurred which claimed his immediate attention, for at this instant—while the woman with her baby clasped to her breast (and it was no less a thing that she carried) was endeavoring to escape—another woman came from within and rushed wildly in his direction. And in pursuit of this last one came a single Indian, with hideous war whoop sounding from his distended throat.

The whole scene had burst upon June in a flash, and the enactment of it was carried up to this point in such an incredibly short space of time that it was hardly possible to take it all in, much less become an active participant.

But he would do something now.

He saw beyond the cabin and across the clearing, saw the tragedy enacted in full view, saw the infant which the mother still tightly clasped even until the shadow of death passed over her, saw it snatched from her arms by a second savage who now came up, saw its skull crushed against the fence—yes, and he saw more, he saw and understood the destruction that had been wrought, the home broken up, the ties broken, the lives ruthlessly and wantonly sacrificed to the thirst for blood.

The man and boy were both dead, and the only survivor of this terrible massacre—the young woman—he saw come running nearer and nearer; he could hear the gasping for breath, could see the heaving of her breast, could note the struggle for freer respiration—

and then he shot, shot to kill, shot with a greater desire to kill, with a greater exultation in the idea of being able to kill than he had ever before felt in his life.

None of the other actors in the scene had been aware of his presence until that shot rang out across the clearing, and for an instant the savages did not realize that it was not from one of their friends; and before they took in the situation fully June had taken the young women by the hand and was off with her into the depths of the forest.

The Indians who had captured June had not thought it worth while to remove his belt and powder horn from his person, so that as he ran he had the wherewithal to recharge his rifle, and this he managed to do before they had proceeded very far.

The only words he had yet spoken to the woman whom he had rescued were, "Run, and keep straight on."

Soon—almost too soon—the pursuit of them began, and before they had gone a hundred yards a savage came in sight and fired.

June now ran on some yards further alone, until he had rammed the ball into his rifle, and then jumping from tree to tree, still retreating and guarding the woman's flight and keeping her in sight, he beckoned to her to stop.

After the Indian had discharged his gun at them, he, too, had stopped, and then sought the shelter of a tree, and was now reloading his rifle.

At this juncture June came up with the woman, and hastily said to her:

“Run straight for about fifty yards and then turn to the left, cross the creek and wait for me.”

She started to do as she was bidden, but none too soon, for just then another savage came into sight on the run, and June could hear others in the rear of this one, giving vent to their hellish yells as they came on.

The first Indian had reloaded by this time and came after the second one, who had passed him.

The two of them kept pretty well behind the trees until they were joined by their more tardy companions, and being somewhat emboldened by the increase in numbers, they came on at a rush, exposing their persons in bolder manner.

June now fired and the foremost of the pursuers fell, when he turned and ran.

The fate of their leader in the race checked the advance of the Indians for a moment, and June was enabled to widen the distance between himself and his would-be captors very materially. Instead of turning off on the trail of the woman, he ran straight from his pursuers for perhaps a hundred yards further, and then he turned in the direction of the creek.

The savages could then be seen but indistinctly through the spaces between the trees and were just about to resume the chase.



And now Stone began to show that remarkable speed which had served him so well and so often in the past. He ran, nor stopped to look, scarcely to breathe, until he came in sight of the creek, and then he hastily glanced around to see if he was being closely pursued. He dared not slacken his pace; but, O, if he can only reach the creek before his foes have seen the direction he takes, he thinks that he will be able to throw them off the track.

He did not know how close they were upon him, and could not see them, and having gained the bank of the stream he paused to listen intently for a moment. Not hearing them, he jumped well into the water, thus leaving no track to show the direction he had taken.

He then ran as best he could for some distance in the water up the stream, and eventually came out on the bank opposite the one from which he entered, then continued to follow the stream along this bank for perhaps a hundred yards or more, when he again approached the water and jumped far into it; but still his sometime pursuers did not put in an appearance.

Stone did not know, however, that he had been seen to change his direction in the woods, and that when his pursuers had come to the point where he turned off they had halted, and after talking the matter over, concluded to give up the chase, and that they then went back to look after the companion who had been shot,

whom they found to be in a condition, after some bandaging, to travel; and that then they hastened to rejoin the main body of their friends, whom they knew to be traveling toward the Ohio.

June was in the meantime, as we have said, proceeding as rapidly as possible, at the same time loading his rifle, and walking up the middle of the stream, when a good-sized stick struck the water just in front of him. He looked up hastily and in much surprise, but his alarm was immediately dissipated, for there standing by a large tree a few feet back from the stream stood the woman he had rescued. Once more he looked back and stopped to listen, but seeing and hearing nothing of his enemies, he hastened up the bank and joined her. These two then, so strangely thrown together, at a motion from June, walked rapidly away.

They were very watchful and cautious for some time and only spoke in monosyllables; but when both had become convinced that there was no fear of immediate pursuit, June began to question the woman. He learned from her that it was her sister and her sister's husband with whom she had been living since she was quite a child, and that it was their two children who had been killed with them. She told him further that she had no relatives living anywhere now that she knew of; that her parents died some ten years before; that her brother-

in-law, with his family, had come from the eastern part of Virginia to Kentucky about two years before, and that she had joined them during the last year.

June then proposed that she should accompany him to Lexington, and that he would make some provision for her keeping after they had arrived there, and that if she was strong enough to keep moving they could reach there sometime during the night. The doubt as to her being able to make the journey without a considerable rest came to him as they talked and proceeded on their way, for he noticed that she looked rather frail for a frontier girl, and that the relaxation after the recent excitement and exertion had begun to tell upon her.

He had not noticed her appearance particularly at first, but now he saw that in spite of what she had been through she was fair to look upon. Her dress was of the coarse material in use at that time on the frontier; her head was bare, and her long and abundant hair hung loose below her waist and curled itself into ringlets at the ends, while around her forehead it twisted into tight little curls, which in the shade showed a reddish-brown color, but in the sunshine shone like burnished gold.

You see June was a very observant person, and not without appreciation of the beautiful.

Her features were small and regular; and her nose and forehead, when seen in profile, silhouetted against the blue sky for back-

ground, were presented in almost classic mould. In form she was slight but graceful, and the bloom of youth and health was upon her cheek; and as she moved along June thought of the fawns he had so often seen gamboling in the shades of the mighty forest.

He felt instinctively that she was a being more fitted for the soft luxuries of a more civilized life; that she would be better suited to grace a circle where refinement and education might influence her surroundings than to be subjected to the rude and startling experiences of life on the outskirts of civilization; and he determined, inasmuch as fate had put her in his way, to do all in his power to place her where she might be brought as little as possible in contact with the rougher and more savage aspects of the life surrounding them.

She told June that she would rather that they pushed on as rapidly as they could, saying that she was stronger than she looked to be.

June looked at her again, as if to make inventory of her stock of strength and endurance, and remarked:

"You don't look very strong, but we will go as far as we can without stopping." Then he asked, "Have you had anything to eat this morning?"

"Yes," she answered; "my brother and nephew were out attending to the stock, after we had eaten breakfast, when the Indians surprised them away from the house and their guns."

And then she broke down and burst into tears, the first she had yet shed, and cried out, "Poor Suzanne!"

This troubled June greatly, for like all other men, no matter what their condition, he could not altogether understand a woman's tears. But soon she brushed them away from her eyes and said to him, "I am ready," and they started, for it was not thought safe to remain in the neighborhood where roving bands of Indians might come upon them at any moment.

June felt very keenly the responsibility of having to care for this forlorn girl, and was altogether aware of the increased difficulties of their situation; still he never hesitated as to the course to be taken.

He thought deeply, as they proceeded, of the problem which confronted him, and he determined that when they reached Lexington he would take her to a friend of his, a widow living with an unmarried son, and ask that she be taken in for a few days until matters could be talked over and some more permanent arrangement made.

The Indians had burned the cabin on June's farm when they were in the neighborhood of Bryant's, or he might have taken her there; but with the thought it occurred to him, that even if he had a house, it would not be just the thing to take her there, except in case of emergency and for only so long as the emergency lasted—he an unmarried man and she a young and pretty girl.

Even in those rough times the more urgent of the proprieties must be observed; besides, he felt that she would demur to such arrangement.

There was an unconscious dignity about her, which, besides his instinctive reverence for all womankind and the sorrowful helpless situation she was in, appealed to his manhood and to his better self, and compelled his respect as well as his pity; and he felt that he must learn something more about her in order to know how the better to arrange things for her. Still, though he had been very well educated for those days and had been thrown frequently among refined people back in the East, he did not know just exactly how to put the question which he wished to ask her.

He had noticed from the way in which she expressed herself, that she had had far more education than was to have been expected from the surroundings in which he had found her. So, for lack of a better beginning, he began by asking her name.

"Lizzette," she answered promptly; "Lizzette Dupont, but I feel that we have become such tried friends, even in this short time, that you must call me Lizzette, simply Lizzette."

"All right, Lizzette," responded he, "my name is June Stone, and you can call me June; and tomorrow we will talk things over and find out more about each other."

They had traveled pretty steadily, though stopping quite frequently for short rests, until near the close of the day, when June knew that they were not far from their destination. The young woman had stood the trip remarkably well; in fact, quite as well as June himself, for he had not eaten since the evening before.

He had once or twice in the last half hour seen the smoke curling above the tree tops, and he knew that some settler with his family lived by the chimney from which the smoke ascended; but being anxious on the girl's account to reach Lexington as soon as possible, he had not stopped to ask for food.

At last, very hungry and almost fagged out, they reached the blockhouse; and several dogs having announced their approach to the sentinel, they were challenged, and June gave his name and was recognized, and they were allowed to proceed after a hasty explanation of the presence of the woman with him.

When they had proceeded some fifty yards further, June knocked at the door of Mrs. Bailey's cabin. The door was standing open, and the good woman came from within to the entrance, and as she did so she recognized June.

"Why, June Stone, is that you," she asked; "we thought the Indians had got you this time, sure."

"So they did," answered June, "but they didn't keep me."

Then she said:

"George Beatty an' Jimmie Curry are out lookin' fur you now; an' Mr. Curry, he's in the fort yander, an' my John has gone 'long Cunl. Logan arter the varmints. But, my stars, who are you got thar, June? Ef tain't a woman then I've lost my eyes. Tain't a squaw, is she June, that you've took prisenor?"

"No," answered June, as soon as he could get a word in edgeways; "she is not a squaw, but she is a young white woman I helped to save from the Indians, and she's mighty tired and hungry, and I want you to let her stay here all night with you. Now, come, Mother Bailey"—everybody in the settlement called her Mother Bailey—"let us in and give us something to eat, and, then I'll tell you all about it."

"Come right in, both of you, an' don't stan' there talkin'," said Mother Bailey, and as they entered she put her arm around Lizzette's waist and led her within.

June had whispered to the widow as he passed her:

"Her sister and brother-in-law and the whole family, but she, were killed this morning."

This was enough for Mother Bailey to hear, and this would have been enough to open the heart and arms of any other woman in Lexington, or Bryant's, or any of the settlements, to the unfortunate girl who now entered this humble home.



Mrs. Bailey had been made a widow when her husband had lost his life at the hands of the Indians two years before and she was especially drawn to anyone who had met with misfortune and had had sorrow brought to their hearts by the ruthless savages.

There was not much love in her heart for the noble red man; nor was there, in fact, much admiration among those people generally for his character. They knew of no precedent for the the character, replete with noble and generous deeds and instincts, which figured so conspicuously in the fiction of a later day. He seemed to lay aside his gentler moods and his pity whenever he entered The Dark and Bloody Ground, and his deeds of mercy and generosity were reserved for more favored localities. The experience of the "Long Knives," as the Indians called the early settlers of Kentucky, was that his blade must be driven to the hilt before the tomahawk got a chance to do its deadly work.

So Mother Bailey bestirred herself in order to place before her guests, first the refreshing draught of milk, and a little later on the tempting pone of corn bread and the toothsome slice of cold meat.

While these things were being prepared and eaten, June told Mother Bailey his story of the rescue. Lizzette listened, and answered such questions as were asked her, frequently bursting into tears as the remembrance of the recent

horror was brought freshly to her, until finally Mother Bailey led her to bed and June took his leave.

The next morning Lizzette began to make herself useful about the house, and the two women became rapidly better acquainted while working together—each learning already to respect the other.

By questioning, Mother Bailey drew from Lizzette that her father came of a French Huguenot family, and had emigrated from North Carolina to eastern Virginia, where he had married her mother, who was an English woman; that her father had died when she was about ten years old, and that in less than a year her mother had followed him, leaving an older sister and herself surviving them; that shortly afterwards her sister had married, and that she had lived with her sister and her family ever since, except during the year she remained in Virginia teaching school after her sister and her brother-in-law had moved to Kentucky; that the family were well off at one time and that she and her sister, especially she, had had many advantages of education, and had seen much of the refinements of life, but that they had met with misfortune and had lost nearly all of their wealth, and that as she had no other relatives then living that she knew of and cared anything about, she had followed her sister into the wilderness, wishing to be with those she loved. She also told Mother Bailey of poor

Francois, the nephew who was slain by the Indians, and who was named after her father, of how bright and kind and lovable he was.

“And, oh!” she exclaimed, “he and his father, not dreaming of any immediate danger, had gone out to their work, leaving their guns in the house, else the Indians would never have gotten to us, when the savages made a rush and killed both of them, at the same time attacking the house.”

Then after a few moments pause, as if the whole terrible drama was being reenacted before her mind's eye, she broke forth with,

“Oh, my God, the horror of it all! And then we ran, my sister and myself; we would not have had time to reach the guns if we had thought to try to do so. And then the mad race, with the savage yells ringing in my ears, and the sound of pursuing footsteps coming ever nearer and nearer; the despair, the cry for mercy and deliverance that went up to Heaven from my heart; and then—oh, I shall see it as long as I live! And then—seeing nothing more, I felt my hand grasped in a strong clasp and I was borne away. Was it any wonder, I ask, that I thought that a miracle had been wrought, and that my prayer had been answered in some mysterious way?”

After a moment she continued more calmly.

“I had held my breath, expecting to feel the cruel edge of the tomahawk enter my brain,

but shortly after I knew that my prayer had indeed been answered. That good man who brought me here last night had saved me, and I do not know how I can ever be able to make him know the depth of my gratitude."

At a question from Mother Bailey, she answered,

"No, I did not see my sister die, nor the darling baby either; the little girl had been given to her out there in the mighty forest. No, I thank my God that He spared me that."

When she had shed a few bitter tears, she continued:

"So you see, I am here without a relative on earth, with nothing except the clothes on my back—and what is to become of me, I do not know."

Mother Bailey was sobbing now as if her heart would break, and wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, which usually served to cover her ample lap. The redness of her nose now put to shame the vivid hue of her fat cheeks.

"Well, well, my dear," she sobbed, "you shall stay with me as long as you want to, an' I'll be more'n glad to have you, too. June'll be in afore long an' I reckon we kin make it kinder comf'table for you."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

During the morning June came to the widow Bailey's cabin, according to promise, and as he entered he saw a picture which dwelt in his memory all the balance of his life. There standing before him was Lizzette. She had made herself more presentable than on the previous day, and the rest which she had been able to take had refreshed her considerably. June thought that he had never seen a more winsome sight than this girl presented—this girl over whose head scarcely twenty summers' suns had passed—as she paused in her work of sweeping the floor, resting her bare arms on the handle of the broom, and turned to greet him.

He looked at her in silence for a moment, and then spoke—

“Good morning, Lizzette; how do you feel after your night's rest?”

To which she answered:

“I feel considerably refreshed; but how are you, my friend?” And she looked at him with a pair of deep blue eyes, which seemed to have taken their color from the midsummer sky, the tear drops slowly rising in them as she gave him her hand.

He did not release her hand immediately, but led her to a seat, saying, "Poor little girl," and called Mrs. Bailey.

The good woman came quickly from the kitchen, and the three friends sat down to talk over Lizzette's future.

June began the conversation by saying in a tone of query:

"You say, Lizzette, that you have no relatives or friends to whom you might go?"

"None," answered she simply, but in saddest tone.

"Then," said June, addressing the widow, "Mother Bailey, we must find some place here for her to live."

"June Stone," replied Mother Bailey, "you know she kin stay right here with me as long as she has a mind to; an' tain't because you brought her, either, but because she is a good girl and I love her already, and because she kin be lots of help to me in my work, so you needn't bother 'bout where she's goin' to find a home any more."

"What do you say, Lizette," asked June, turning to the girl.

"I should like to stay with Mother Bailey, if she will have me, at least as long as I can be of any use to her, or until I can find something to do to make my own living, and I will try so hard to help her all I can," responded Lizzette.

So it was decided, for the present at least, Lizzette should make her home with Mother Bailey.

Soon afterwards June took his leave, saying to Lizzette before he went:

"Lizzette, I must go now and look after things on my farm a bit. You know that the red varmints burned my house, and I don't know what other deviltry they may have done; but I will come in a day or so and see how you are getting along."

"You must remember," continued he, "that I am your friend, and I will do all I can to help you. I would ask you to go out to my place, but—" and here he became evidently embarrassed—"but I have no house now, and—and no women folks."

Lizzette answered;

"I understand, Mr. June—mayn't I call you Mr. June—and I trust your judgment. I shall be very content here."

Stopping in the kitchen, he said to Mother Bailey, who had followed him:

"Mother Bailey, I'm a rough man, but I feel very sorry for that little girl in there, and I want to help her and you must help me to do so. She don't look like she could stand much roughing it, and you and me together must make her as comfortable as possible, and contented if we can. I'd give her a home at the farm if I could do it, but you know I can't do that; so you must keep her busy here with you, and I'll do my part. I don't think she'd stay anywhere long, unless she thought that she was makng herself useful."

"All right, June; I understand, and I'll work with you; but I don't think that the little girl is going to be a burden to anybody."

Then he was gone, but stoped at the block-house to see how Uncle Enoch was getting on. He found him about ready to start for his home with Jimmie, who had remained with his father, while George Beatty had hastened to Mollie and the babies.

After finding Uncle Enoch so well, June and Jimmie together went out to June's place. They found that the cabin, with everything in it, had been burned, and that the stock had been driven off or slaughtered, but that his crop of corn was still standing, save here and there where it had been trampled down.

The horse which Jimmie had ridden to Lexington on the morning of the attack on Bryant's, and a few head of hogs running at large in the forest, were about all that was left to him of this world's goods, and with these and his crop and his good rifle he must start in the world again.

It was decided that Jimmie Curry should go to Harrodsburg with his father, and return in a few days and help June rebuild, which he would begin to do immediately.

But first, the timber must be prepared, and as this would take some time, June was in Lexington almost every night, and quite frequently at Mother Bailey's cabin, where, of course, he saw Lizzette.



She, though very sad and sorrowful, was making the best of things, and was endearing herself more and more to the good woman of the house. The days and the weeks went on in their appointed course, and John Bailey and the rest had returned from the expedition against the Indians, which did not extend beyond the Ohio.

June Stone was a young man yet, and full of energy, so that with the help of Jimmie and the neighbors by the time the first snow fell June's new house was finished, his corn crib built, and it was time to gather in the crop.

It was well on toward the middle of November, and Lizzette had been with Mother Bailey nearly two months and a half, when June be-thought himself to invite his neighbors to a corn husking, to which they came to the number of two score or more.

Aunt Marthy Curry and Uncle Enoch, and Mollie and George Beatty were there. Mother Bailey and John and Lizzette came out from town for the occasion, and several more of the boys and girls from Lexington and Bryant's, among them Maggie Mitchell and Aaron Reynolds. The moon was shining brightly in the heavens when they all arrived, the air was crisp and bracing, and within the house the women were busily engaged in preparing the repast to be partaken of after the husking was over.

Without, the corn was heaped up into a long pile, and a large fire was burning to one side; and as the men came up, a bottle containing something with which to warm up and stimulate the inner man was handed to each, and each took a liberal draught of the contents. When all was ready, Jimmie Curry and John Bailey were chosen as captains to pick their men from those present to take part in a contest in husking the corn.

After all had been chosen on the one side or the other, the captains placed a rail across the pile of corn, dividing it equally; then the men mounted the pile, sitting back to back, and began husking, at the same time singing, and pretty soon the night air rang with the chorus.

Soon the pile of ears began to sink in the middle, and one of Jimmie's men gave his body a shove in such a manner as to make many of the ears on his side of the rail slide down on to the side of the pile which fell to the share of his opponents, thus diminishing the heap on his side and increasing the size of it on the other.

Some one of the opposite party cried out, "Bill Smith, you are cheating!"

"It's a lie!" retorted Smith.

In a moment the two men were on their feet and a fight began, which was only stopped by the intervention of the two captains and others, who insisted that the husking should go on.

In a short time the work was resumed, the bottle again passed around, and the men were

singing once more with as much heartiness as ever. Finally there was only a small number of ears left unshucked, for the contest had been close and exciting. It was wonderful to watch the rapidity with which the shucks flew and the clean white ears rolled out.

There was now room for only two or three on either side to actively participate in the contest; the two little heaps on either side of the rail were about equal in size; the two captains were in the midst of the hurry and excitement, handling the corn with nimble, but strong hands, and the partisans of each side were encouraging and urging on each party to renewed exertion, while the women looked on eagerly, interested spectators.

Smaller and smaller grew the heaps of corn, more and more exciting grew the contest, and more vociferous and urgent became the spectators.

It now seemed that either side might be victorious. The minutes dwindled to seconds, and only a few more ears were left.

Jimmie and John were sweating like horses, and working still with all the energy they possessed, and very rapidly.

Ah, but now Jimmie stands erect, and tossing a clear ear on the heap of shucked corn on his side of the rail, cries out,

“Victory, the last ear!”

And John Beatty stops to look up with a half-dozen unshucked ears on the ground between his feet.

Then the men make a rush for Jimmie, and hoist him on their shoulders and carry him around the pile of corn, shouting to the defeated contestants, "Go and learn how to shuck corn!" or, "Don't stop to look at the girls so much next time!" and many other such flings.

Bill Smith's late antagonist now yelled out, "We'd er beat you any how ef that Bill Smith had er played fair; and, by gum, we kin whollop you fellers all the same!"

With this he seized a burning brand from the fire and hurled it at Smith. Immediately his example was followed by others on both sides, until all present had armed themselves in like manner and the fight became general.

Before the thing had proceeded far, however, June Stone stepped between the opposing lines, which had quickly drawn up facing each other, and cried out,

"Stop a moment. I propose that as it is tolerably dark now, we make a rule to use only lighted brands, so that nobody can get hit without first seeing the weapon that hits him."

Everybody readily agreed to this, and so they fought; at first in play, but gradually the fight became more earnest, and would have ended in a good many broken heads if, at a quiet suggestion from June, the women had not cried out that the edibles were ready. Then the captains called the men off, and the whole party went into the cabin, where their zeal soon began to display itself in the rapidity and

energy with which they attacked and demolished the food.

Of course Jimmie Curry had met Lizzette, and so had Aunt Marthy, and both had been made acquainted with her story; and Aunt Marthy and Mother Bailey planned together what they were going to do for the girl. In fact, Aunt Marthy had insisted on taking Lizzette back to Harrodsburg with her for a visit to herself and Mollie Beatty. Mother Bailey demurred considerably to any such arrangement for a time, but finally consented with the understanding that the visit was not to last longer than a week or so, saying:

"It will do the child good, I reckon; an' I musn't stan' in her way."

Nevertheless, she said to June, in an aside, during the evening:

"June Stone, you needn't think that you an' them Curries are goin' to wean Lizzette away from me by sendin' her off with them, just as we were gettin' along so comfortable together. No, sir; I ain't goin' to have it!"

"Now look here Mother," he answered, "I ain't sending her off; I think she would like to go, and don't you think that it would do her good?" And he continued, persuasively: "It won't be for long, and she will come back to you just the same as ever as far as her feelings for you are concerned, and it will be like old friends meeting, you'll be so glad to see each other again. She ain't going to forget you nor

what you have done for her, you can depend on that," and so it was settled, and the old lady said no more.

Lizzette really had a very sweet and lovable disposition and was truly grateful for all the marks of kindness shown her, and still she had that kind of pride which made her determine not to be a burden on anybody. She did not wish to pose as an object of charity, and she would work for her living, just like those around her. She made friends readily and had the faculty of keeping them. Mother Bailey had grown to be very fond of her during the weeks they had been together, and all the young men in the town were already in love with her, John Bailey was her devoted slave. Jimmie Curry, too, had begun to look on her in a brotherly way, and had constituted himself her especial guardian and champion, somewhat to the chagrin of pretty Maggie Mitchell.

Individual character, barring the ruder manners of life and peculiar surroundings, was pretty much then as it is today; subject to the same influences, and the mind and heart were ruled by the same passions, and action was dictated by the same natural laws that they are now.

Maggie, in her homespun dress, beautiful nevertheless, with the thick braids of raven locks coiled around her shapely head, with the flash of her lustrous black eye, was exceedingly comely to look upon—at least so thought the

masculine portion of the community in which she lived; and before Lizzette came her sovereignty of beauty had been undisputed. Not so gentle in disposition was she as Lizzette, but possessing traits of character much to be admired, and more than one man paused that night before dipping his spoon or fork into the stew to gaze in undisguised admiration at the two girls as they moved side by side among them or ministered to their wants.

Both were brave and generous. Maggie better able physically, perhaps, to stand the hardships of frontier life, but with no greater determination of character or spirit of endurance.

Perhaps the difference could better be expressed in this way—Maggie would brave any danger for those she loved; she would be, and had already shown herself, capable of brilliant and heroic action on occasion, while Lizzette would suffer and endure any and all hardships patiently to the end for a principle—and for love's sake.

After all had satisfied their appetites, the older men gathered in groups and began to discuss the various topics of interest to them, and to tell stories of adventure, and some of the young men paired off with the young women, or began to tease those of the girls who seemed inclined to remain together apart from the men; while the older women made arrangements for quilting bees, and talked over the various household and domestic economies.

June had built a larger cabin than the former one, with two large rooms below, connected by a covered but unsided flooring, and had constructed a large room above running the full width of the house; large enough, in fact, by partitioning it off, to serve as two or three rooms, so that the house could readily accommodate several of his guests during the night.

Of course Aunt Marthy and Mollie would remain, and it was decided that Mother Bailey and Lizzette would rest there also.

All the Bryant's Station people had gone except Maggie, and Jimmie was to see her home, she riding behind him on June's horse. So these two were the last to take their leave. Mr. Mitchell, Maggie's father, having gone on just ahead of them.

When Jimmie was mounted, June came forward to assist Maggie up to her place behind Jimmie; but with a toss of her head and a saucy laugh, she grasped Jimmie's outstretched hand and vaulted up behind him, and they rode off, leaving June standing alone and laughing to himself, shaking his head in a deprecatory way. When they had gone a few yards, Maggie, still laughing at June's discomfiture, turned and threw a kiss to him, saying, "Thank you so much for helping me to mount; good-night."

As June walked into the cabin, he said to himself, "She's a saucy little minx, but a fine girl for all that."



Jimmie and Maggie rode on in silence for awhile, each busy with their own thoughts, but presently Maggie asked:

"How do you like Lizette? She's a pretty girl, ain't she?"

Now Jimmie did not relish the question very much, for he really did not know just how he did like Lizette. He had thought that it was only in a friendly way, possibly, until Maggie had put the question to him suddenly; but it set him to thinking very rapidly, and his conscience immediately began to worry him somewhat as to what his real feelings were for her, so he answered somewhat evasively:

"Yes, she is pretty and everybody seems to like her. Mother fell in love with her at first sight."

"That is not what I asked you, Jimmie Curry," said Maggie; "what I want to find out is, how Mr. Curry likes her?"

To which he replied:

"Why, Maggie, I like her, too."

"Well," retorted she, "I thought you did, and they say an honest confession is good for the soul." Continuing in a teasing manner, she said: "You took her over to Mrs. Smith's quilting party last week, didn't you, Jimmie? and you have been seen hovering around Mother Bailey's a good deal lately. How do you think June Stone and John Bailey will like that? Ah, Jimmie, I am afraid it ain't going to be all plain sailing for you."

Jimmie really loved Maggie, and they had been sweethearts for some time, while he was not at all sure that he cared for Lizzette in more than a friendly way, so being fearful that he had offended Maggie he hasten to reply.

"Now look here, Maggie Mitchell, you know that I love you, and that if you'll have me, I am going to marry you just as soon as I can get a piece of land cleared and a house built on it."

Maggie did not seem to be quite satisfied yet, so she replied:

"Yes, but it don't seem much like getting your cabin built, nor your land cleared either, hanging around June's place, and Lexington, and Bryant's all the time. I've understood you to say that your land was over near Harrodsburg; but I guess now Lizzette is going home with your mother, it won't be long before you will be at work on your clearing."

Jimmie met this sally with:

"You know, Maggie, that it is you who have been keeping me around here so much, and that I have been helping June. Now don't be unreasonable, and I'll tell you that father has given me a hundred acres, and I have already commenced to clear it. Lizzette is a very nice girl, Maggie, but I don't love her like I do you."

Jimmie would have emphasized his assertion then and there with a kiss, but as she would not put her mouth over his shoulder when he turned his head, he could not really do so, the

position in which he was situated being taken into consideration. When they reached Maggie's home, however, and she glided down from the back of the horse, he detained her a moment as soon as her feet had touched the ground by placing his arm around her neck, and this time their lips met without difficulty.

After he had released her, she ran toward the house, and stopped on the threshold of the door to throw him a kiss and to call, "Good-night, sweetheart!"

Jimmie rode back in the night, his heart beating very rapidly, yet very tenderly, beneath his buckskin shirt. His last thought before going to sleep was of Maggie, but it was coupled, nevertheless, with one of Lizzette.

The next day Lizzette was going back with Uncle Enoch and Aunt Marthy, and he must needs go with them and get to his work.

John Bailey was out at June's place bright and early to take his mother home and to bid the folks farewell; and when he held Lizzette's little hand in his great rough fingers to say good-by, the big fellow's voice was ludicrously pathetic while saying:

"We'll miss you, Lizzette; don't stay long."

"Good-by, Mr. John," said Lizzette, and she thought that he must have a kind heart, for she saw that tears glistened in his eyes.

## CHAPTER XIX.

There was a lull in the Indian hostilities during the rest of the year, and it was not until far into the year 1784 that they again began to be troublesome. Peace had been declared, before these troubles began, between the Mother Country and the Colonies, and the birth of a new nation had brought gladness to the Western world.

Lizzette went with the Currys to Harrodsburg, and as she entered the little town before dark on the day of her departure from June's place, she was much pleased with its appearance.

The settlement had grown considerably, many families had been added to the population since we visited it in company with June, and it had more the appearance of the older places which Lizette had been accustomed to in the East than anything she had seen in Kentucky.

In fact, during this and the ensuing year there was a great increase in population all over Kentucky, and the next spring a store of general merchandise was opened in Lexington.

The weeks of Lizzette's visit to Harrodsburg sped quickly by, and Mother Bailey was becoming impatient for her return. John had asked more than once when she was coming back. The time seemed very long, indeed, to the poor fellow, and he knew how it was with him. He was hopelessly in love, and did not try to conceal the fact from himself.

And June, what was he doing and thinking during this time? He was living alone on his farm, working and hunting; and dreaming, too, perhaps.

Let us follow him into his cabin, after a day's hunt about this time, and see if we can learn anything of his thoughts from his actions and his words; for, like most people who live a great deal alone, he had acquired the habit of talking aloud to himself, or to the inanimate objects which surrounded him, as well as to his dog and other animals.

In one end of the room was built a large fire-place, and in this fire-place on this particular evening he had started a fire and heaped the logs high upon the flames, for it was cold without and he did not feel like sleeping. Here in front of the fire he sat, with his feet stretched out in front of him in order to feel the heat as the flame brightened up and lighted the room and filled it with the shadows of the scanty furniture.

His dog lay on the floor beside him, with his head between his paws, asleep a great part of

the time, but glancing up ever and anon with wistful eyes into his master's face, as if studying his mood.

June's pipe was held between his teeth, and the spiral curls of the tobacco smoke ascended for some time at regular intervals until they were lost in the darkness above. On a stand within easy reach of his hand sat an empty cup, and on a shelf in the corner sat the bottle from which it had been filled. Before a great while the fire began to die down and the embers made a hot bed of coals on the hearth. June removed the pipe from his mouth and began to speak.

He considered himself an old man now, though he was scarcely thirty, and he was looked on somewhat in that light by his companions and neighbors. He had had many hard experiences and had lived rather a rough life at all times, but especially so in the last few years. Not many of the men by whom he was now surrounded had met with more adventures than he had, or had undergone greater hardships; and thus it was, on account of these experiences and on account of the length of time he had been a frontiersman, he looked older than he really was, and men had confidence in his judgment and looked to him for council and advice in many matters which were usually referred to the older heads among them. He was very quiet and sedate in his manner on ordinary occasions, and very cool and courageous in moments of danger, though quick of action,

and these things had strengthened a belief in his more matured judgment, and consequently he was classed among the older men. As we have intimated, he had accepted the verdict that he was growing old.

He was a man of naturally refined tastes and instincts; and, as we have seen, possessed far more education than most of his compatriots, but the manner of life which he had been living for so long now showed its influence on him, and he had become more or less uncouth in speech and manner.

He had found that in talking with Lizzette he used words and drifted into trains of thought that would hardly have been understood by many of the men and women with whom he was thrown into almost daily contact.

He bent over and patted his dumb companion on the head, and as he did so his somewhat lengthy and curly brown locks fell forward and brushed his forehead.

"Old fellow," he said to the dog, "it's pretty cold out doors tonight and I'm going to let you sleep in here; how do you think that will suit you?"

The dog raised his head and licked his master's hand, and then let his head again fall contentedly between his paws, as if he thoroughly understood what was said to him and was satisfied with the arrangement.

June now threw a log on to the embers, and then settled himself for a reverie. Presently

he addressed himself, or the dog—which was it—in the following manner :

“Yes, I’m getting old ; these rheumatic pains in my legs make me aware of that fact—Ah, I begin to feel that it would be nice to have a little woman to come to when the day is over. What do you think of that, old boy ?” He was addressing the dog directly now.

Then he continued :

“The idea of an old hunter like me feeling lonesome. I ought to be ashamed of myself, but I ain’t.”

This last was meant more particularly for himself.

June had noticed how the young men were drawn to Lizzette, unconsciously on her part, it seemed ; involuntarily on their part, but irresistably, nevertheless.

He had seen how gentle she was, how pretty and how lovable ; and with the feeling of how lonely he was this night came also thoughts of her.

She had begun to recover somewhat lately from the effects of the horrible experience through which she had gone, and the happy smile and the sweet little laugh, which had been wont to make up a part of her charm, returned to her, and rang out quite frequently in the cabin of Mother Bailey as he passed by or stopped to chat.

But another thing he thought he had noticed and that was that every time he came into her



presence a saddened expression shone in her countenance; fleeting it always was, 'tis true, and the large, pathetic eyes would look into his with sorrow. It appeared that the sight of him always brought back to her mind the last scene enacted at her old home on the day he rescued her, and it troubled him greatly, and he heaved a great sigh and spoke to himself again.

"Ah, she's not for such as me; she is too young and beautiful and good. I make her sad, and I am too old to even think of her, anyhow."

Then he rose to cover the coals with ashes for the night, and as he did so the most beautiful dream of his life faded from his mental vision and seemed to be lost in the darkness of the room.

He now removed his clothing and lay down upon his bed, and covering up his head as if to shut out any further sight of the picture his imagination had been painting there in the rude log cabin, while the snow lay silently without and the moaning wind sought out every means of ingress to his place of abode.

But he could not even yet lose sight of the lovely vision, of the graceful form sitting on one side of his fire-place, with the glint of the fire-light touching into gold the folds of her yellow hair—and it was Lizzette; yes, it was always Lizzette.

At last he fell asleep and saw again the hunted, sorrowful, appealing look in her eyes,

and felt that he must clasp her in his strong arms and draw her to him and keep her there and protect her for evermore.

The next morning, if he had had a looking glass and some vanity, he might have seen the face and form of a man, the owner of which should never despair of winning the sincerest love and regard of any—or even the loveliest and gentlest woman he had ever known.

Jimmie Curry worked pretty steadily clearing his land for a week after his return home, and then there was a spell of weather which prevented any outdoor work except such as was absolutely necessary; so that for some days he was compelled to remain in the house and pass the time as best he might. Thus it happened that he was much in Lizzette's company, and they were alone most of the time.

At first their conversation was quite free and unrestrained. Lizzette told him a good deal of her life before coming to Kentucky. He was charmed with her conversation, and before many days he began to feel restless and unhappy when not with her, and uncomfortable, but happy, when in her company; for he could not disguise it from himself that whenever he thought of Maggie a very restless and rather guilty feeling was very perceptible.

He knew that he ought to go over and see Maggie, as it was well understood between them that his marked attentions to her should end in marriage; in fact, he was supposed to be

hastening his work toward its completion, even now, with that end in view. But he put off going from day to day, making first one excuse and then another, to himself, until it began to dawn on him that it might be rather embarrassing for him to go at all. Then, too, he felt that he had begun to care for Lizzette, and it made him uncomfortable and rather ashamed of himself, for he was at heart an honorable lad, and he knew that Maggie was of a very high strung nature and would brook no trifling; still he felt that he was being borne by force of circumstances past the danger line, and he hardly felt able to resist the current.

He had not betrayed his feelings by word to Lizzette, and in fact he did not know that Lizzette had even thought of him in the attitude of a lover. It did seem rather that she was blissfully ignorant of the trouble she was causing for him.

Jimmie wanted to do the right thing, but as time went on he found that his heart was so seriously involved that he must do either one or two things—he must either go to June's without delay, which meant that he would go to Maggie and give up all thought of Lizzette, or must make up his mind to break with Maggie, to tell Lizzette of his feelings for her, and to take the consequences.

He loved Maggie, he thought, still. There was no doubt that he loved her and her alone until Lizzette had come to them. Now he

doubted himself, and this state did not add to his mental comfort. A terrible struggle was going on within him. What would the outcome of it be?

He was certainly drifting into dangerous waters, and seemed to be unable to battle successfully against them. As a matter of fact, Lizzette was profoundly ignorant of these inward struggles and of the profound impression she had made on his heart. Up to this time she had not looked very far into the future to see what might be in store for her; certainly she had not looked on any man with thoughts of love. Some day, perhaps, she would wake to the consciousness that she had found her mate, and then she would be capable of a great love and devotion; but not yet had her heart been knowingly touched.

It was just a day or so before Lizzette's visit was to come to an end that Aunt Marthy proposed that Lizzette and Jimmie should go out to Mollie's and spend the day, and as it happened to be bright and not very cold, the young people readily agreed to the proposition. It was decided that they should walk, the distance not being very great, and both were feeling the need of exercise.

They were very happy as they proceeded and laughed and prattled like two school children let loose and talked and laughed and joked as they skipped along over the snow.

Jimmie seemed to have regained all of his old-time cheerfulness, and to have forgotten the matters which had been troubling him so much lately. As for Lizzette, she was happy in the mere fact of healthy exercise and existence.

The two passed swiftly on for a time, sliding on the snow, throwing it in each other's faces, and filling the air with their joyous mirth; exerting themselves until the blood painted their cheeks the color of ripe pippins.

There was a small stream which they must cross on the route, and it was frozen now with ice thick enough to bear them up. It was not far from George Beatty's cabin, and as they approached, Jimmie became suddenly very quiet and thoughtful. Lizzette asked him why this was so, and he replied:

"You're going home tomorrow or the next day, and we'll miss you so much. Yes, Lizzette, and I'll miss you more than all the rest. You don't know how I shall miss you—and how lonely I'll be."

The tone of his voice struck her as being somewhat exaggerated, and there was something strange in it, something she had never heard in it before; but turning to him she said:

"It is very kind in you to say such things, but I guess you will survive the separation, and then you will be over quite often to see June and Maggie."

As she was saying this, and looking back, she stepped on the ice and slipped, and would

have fallen; but Jimmie was at her side in a flash and had caught her around the waist—and—ah, it was only for a moment—he strained her to him, and looking into her eyes with his face close to hers, he whispered rather than spoke, “I love you,” and kissed her.

She understood now, though startled and surprised, and cried out, more in sorrow than in anger, and in a tone of genuine regret:

“Mr. Jimmie, why did you do that, you hurt me so!”

And he, thinking that she was in physical pain from the pressure of his arm, released his hold upon her.

She then started to move off toward the cabin, with bent head and with tearful eyes, and without another word.

“Lizzette!” cried he, following her, “have I made you angry?”

“No,” replied she, “but I’m sorry this has happened. I have stayed too long in Harrodsburg.”

As she walked on she continued:

“What will your mother think of me—what will poor Maggie think?”

Jimmie was young and a very child of nature, and he already regretted that he had spoken the hasty words. Not that he did not believe that he really loved Lizzette, but he could not understand the way in which she was taking the matter, and he felt that he was still bound to Maggie, at least until she had re-

leased him in so many words; he knew, too, that Lizzette was aware of the relations which existed between Maggie and he. Lizzette's words, "What will poor Maggie think?" had brought instantly and very vividly to his mind a full realization of what his words and action must mean. His position was ten times more difficult than it was before he had spoken.

Maggie would believe him to be a scoundrel and Lizzette would think that he was either trifling with her or that the love that he had declared was not worth much if it could be changed from one object to another so soon and so readily.

He was beginning already to feel very miserable, and was ready to commit almost any folly in his desperation. Lizzette marked his dejection as they walked on, now side by side, and she said to him:

"Forget what you have said and done, and I will forget, too."

Just before she entered the house she said:

"I intend to be very good friends with Maggie, for your sake, Mr. Jimmie; but you must leave me now, and come and take me home tomorrow. I will stay all night with Mollie, but must go home then." Jimmie left very soon after he had greeted George and Mollie and the babies, saying by way of excuse for leaving so soon that he was going hunting that afternoon, but would be out again in the morning to take Lizzette to Lexington.

## CHAPTER XX.

The next morning Jimmie came out to breakfast, after which George led a horse around to the block in front of the house for Lizzette to ride, and soon Jimmie came up ready mounted for the journey.

In the meantime Mollie and Lizzette had bidden each other farewell, and Mollie had obtained a promise of another and a longer visit at some future time, and then little June came running out to where Lizzette stood ready to mount and threw his arms around her and kissed her, for he, like all the other boys, large and small, seemed to have lost his heart to her. Then they were off.

Jimmie was very quiet, and what little conversation was had was carried on in monosyllables. Each of the two felt more or less embarrassed, and a certain restraint made itself manifest. Jimmie had, nevertheless, recognized that in asking him to take her home she had intended to show her confidence in him, and that their old relations should be resumed as far as possible, but he could not yet feel quite at his ease.



With woman's tact, she had seen that this request would show him that she still wished to regard him as a friend and that it would in a manner put him on his honor not to renew his declaration of love, at least for the time being.

Though only a few months older than Jimmie, she regarded herself as vastly his senior, and viewed his outburst of passionate avowal as only the expression of a youthful and passing fancy.

Perhaps she was right, but Jimmie was inclined to resent the implied prohibition which had thus been put on the introduction of the subject, and it made him somewhat sulky. She did not love him, that was certain, for she had been taken completely by surprise when he had spoken, while holding her in his arms; but she was determined, if possible, to keep his friendship, while at the same time she made him thoroughly understand that there could be no question of marriage between them. And besides, she was really very fond of Maggie, and admired her sincerely, and she believed that at heart Jimmie truly loved Maggie; and wise little woman that she was, she determined to treat the whole affair as if it had never occurred and to seek to restore Jimmie's confidence and belief in himself.

"Jimmie," she said, after they had been on the road for an hour or more perhaps, and had left the Kentucky River some distance in their rear, "promise me that you will go and see

Maggie before you go back. I know that you really love her and that she loves you truly, and she will think it very strange if you do not go. I like both of you too much to wish to see either of you made unhappy."

Before he left her he promised that he would go to Maggie.

Mother Bailey received Lizzette with open arms, and John was there to greet her also; and then Jimmie rode off, leading the horse on which Lizzette had ridden.

He slept that night at June Stone's place; but before doing so he went to Bryant's Station to redeem his promise to Lizzette.

When Maggie opened the door to him she started back on seeing who it was, at the same time turning pale to the lips for a moment and then the blood rushed back in a torrent to her head and crimsoned her throat and face.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Curry!" she exclaimed. We thought that you had forgotten the way to Bryant's. My father was saying only today, that he had stopped in at Mother Bailey's to see John on some business and that the good woman was fussing about Lizzette's staying away so long. Now that you have stumbled on the Station, won't you come in?"

As they passed the threshold she said:

"I wonder how you could tear yourself away from home when you had such a pretty girl as Lizzette in the house."

Jimmie walked in with rather a troubled air, for he was in great perplexity. He had not more than half accepted the situation in which Lizzette had placed him, though as he looked at Maggie and felt the influence of her presence, much of his old feeling of love for her came back to him. No, the old love was not gone; it had slipped from his grasp, as it were, temporarily, under great temptation and sudden impulse—but was not dead.

When they were inside, Maggie again addressed him:

“And how did you leave Miss Dupont? It is indeed a great compliment, that you should have taken the time and trouble to come to us under the circumstances.”

She had drawn herself up to her full height now, and as she stood thus before him her beauty was magnificent.

“I brought Lizzette home today,” at length replied Jimmie, “and as I must go back tomorrow, this is the only opportunity I could have to see you.”

“Well, it is kind of you to call,” responded she simply.

Jimmie was nettled and somewhat chagrined at the reception he was having; and still, deep down in his heart, he knew, if she did not, that it was not more than he deserved. He felt that if she knew all she would be justified in shutting the door in his face. He would have liked in all sincerity to have made his peace with

Maggie and to have accepted the conclusion of the affair with Lizzette which she had made plain was her wish; but he did not know how to satisfactorily explain his long absence, and he did not care to make a full confession, so he remained silent.

Neither spoke for some time after this, and both seemed to be trying to unravel some perplexing tangle of thought in their minds. Finally Maggie resumed:

"Jimme Curry, it has been nearly a month since you came near me, and it has seemed to me that if you cared as much for me as you gave me to understand when we last met, you would have been to see me before this."

"But," she continued, "there is one thing I want you to understand, Jimmie Curry, and that is this—if you care for some one else more than you do for me, I want to know it, and I think that you owe it to me to let me know it; and if your staying away means this, why all I have got to say about it is, that you need not trouble yourself about coming to see me again."

Here she paused for a moment, and then went on:

"I am the last person in the world to wish to force myself on anybody, or to hold any one to an agreement which has become distasteful to that person; neither would I try to undermine any girl who you professed to care for—no matter what other people might do."

"Now look here, Maggie Mitchell," Jimmie

at last found words to say, "I know what you mean; but you must not have any such thoughts against Lizzette, for she is a good girl and is a friend of yours; and she don't care any more about me than she does about John Bailey or Aaron Reynolds, or any of the boys."

"Well," replied Maggie, still unmolified, "I'm glad for her sake that she don't—"

"Maggie," interrupted Jimmie, "you know well enough that I love you, but you don't seem to be in a very good humor tonight, so I'll go."

And with these words on his lips he turned on his heels and walked away.

When he was gone, Maggie laid her head on the table and the silent tears, which she would not have let him see for the world, came trickling down her cheeks. She sighed, and whispered to herself, "I wonder if he does love Lizzette? I'm afraid he does." And then she straightened herself up and said aloud, "He shall never know that I care." As she said this there came into her eyes the same look as when she stepped in front of the assembled garrison and offered to fetch the water from the spring in the face of the savage foe.

At this juncture her father came into the room, and walking up to where she was sitting laid his hand gently upon her head and said,

"My little girl is tired, and hadn't she better go to bed?"

But she answered, "No," and rising she made him take a chair she had been occupying,

and then she seated herself on a stool beside him, crossing her hands upon his knees, and said:

"Father," and she looked into his eyes while speaking with an earnest wistfulness, "Tell me something about mother while you and she were young."

The lovelight shone very tenderly from her eyes as she said this, and the rough old Indian fighter, who could refuse her nothing that was in his power to bestow, settled himself down for a long and comfortable talk, and the night wore on apace before they separated.

Not so quiet was Jimmy Curry's rest, and the long hours dragged their weary weight along until near morning before he found surcease from mental struggle and worry. He went back to Harrodsburg and to his work the next day, but spoke to no one of his troubles and perplexities. He was very miserable indeed, and utterly disconsolate for some time. In fact he could only find relief from his thoughts in restless, physical activity, and he spent the remainder of that winter, whenever it was possible to be out, in the woods hunting, trapping, or chopping; refusing to attend any of the dances or other gatherings of the young people in the neighborhood.

His love for Lizzette had not developed into a mastering passion, and thanks to the timely check she had put upon its further growth, by the time Spring had come it had entirely dis-

appeared. He had seen Lizzette but once in that time, which was while he was on a brief visit to June Stone, when she was very friendly to him, but nothing more.

As a matter of fact he had about recovered from his lapse in his allegiance to Maggie, and he began to wish that things were on the old footing, so he determined to gain his old place in her heart, though he had to confess to himself that he did not know how it was to be done.

There was no postal service in those days, and very few letters were written, or ever reached those remote regions, so he could not write to Maggie and ask that he might be allowed to call, as might be done today in the same locality.

Lizzette had tried for some time, unsuccessfully, at first it is true, to be friends with Maggie, and finally she succeeded in gaining her confidence. After this she often spoke to Maggie about Jimmie, telling her what a manly, honest boy he was at heart, so that when one day early in the Spring, Jimmie came to her and asked her pardon for his impetuous behavior in the Winter, and told her also of his hopeless love for Maggie, of the coolness which had sprung up between them, and of the probable cause of it, she readily consented to act as mediator between them. Her efforts were so successful in this direction that a meeting was arranged, when Maggie's father was called in, and Jimmie was afterwards at peace with

himself and Maggie was no longer jealous of Lizzette.

Lizzette's place was now recognized by everyone, and she had her regular duties to perform, besides assisting the teacher in his little school, which was held within the walls of the fort a part of the day. She had really made herself so useful to Mother Bailey, and had so grown into the old lady's affections, that she looked upon her as a daughter.

Mother Bailey often said of her that "she just grew into her love." John Bailey—big, rough, honest John—loved her with all his heart, and the knowledge of that love made him awkward in her presence and miserable when he was not with her. He was always doing little things, in his clumsy, simple fashion, to lighten her tasks, and when she would smile upon him and say "Thank you, John," he was supremely happy, and was more than repaid for any little service which he had been able to render her. In fact he was worshipping her dumbly, but devotedly, during these days.

She would see him looking at her sometimes with such a wistful, animal-like expression that it went to her very soul, and she almost felt like throwing herself into his arms for very pity's sake. It would have gone hard with any man who had ventured to offer her an insult in John Bailey's presence, or even if knowledge of such a thing had reached him.



He would sit in the evening listening to her talk and looking at her until it seemed that he could not bear it any longer, and then he would jump up suddenly and go out into the night; sometimes wandering far into the country surrounding the town, and not returning until he knew that his mother and Lizzette had retired.

At other times he would seem to be on the brink of a confession, but he would break off abruptly in the middle of some casual remark and almost run out of the house. He would then saunter into the tavern, which had lately started in business in the town, and where the prospecting and surveying parties found accommodation, for the demand for land in that section had become very great, and the influx of settlers was large indeed during the greater part of that year of grace, 1784.

On one of these evenings he was passing the tavern about dusk. The weather was warm enough to draw a crowd of young fellows about the outside, and they were talking and laughing together as John drew near, so he was inclined to stop and mingle with them, especially as he saw several of his acquaintances among them; but he noticed that there were others, who were strangers.

He listened to the conversation of first one group and then another, until finally he was attracted particularly to a little group of three or four who stood somewhat away from the others. He noticed that those composing this

group, two of whom were his fellow townsmen, were being entertained by a stranger to him, a well dressed, rather handsome young man, and the frequent bursts of laughter told that his conversation was amusing and agreeable, so John drew near and listened. While doing so he heard this young man ask "And who was the dainty little piece of linsey-woolsey with the golden hair that I saw come tripping so gaily from the store about an hour ago? Gosh, but she was as pretty as a picture!"

"That, why that was Lizzette, I reckon," answered one of his auditors.

"And who is Lizzette?" asked the young man. "I'd like to know. I must see her again—where does she live?"

"She lives up the street yander, at Mother Bailey's" said his informer; "But"—but he looked round now and saw John with a brow as black as a thunder cloud—"Here's John Bailey himself, an' he kin tell you more about where she lives than I kin."

The young man, who was a Mr. Farleigh, and who, by the way, was of a very fine family from eastern Virginia and had come out to Lexington with a surveying party, now turned to John and said:

"Mr. Bailey, my name is Farleigh, and as I am to be in this part of the country for some time I am happy to make your acquaintance."

Then he continued: "We were just speaking of a very beautiful young lady who I had the

pleasure of seeing this afternoon when you came up—your sister, I presume.”

Honest John was not used to this kind of language, and did not know exactly how to take it. It sounded all right, and friendly; nevertheless, he did not like the idea of having Lizzette's name bandied about in any way, so he blurted out:

“No, she ain't my sister, but she lives with my mother, and she's under our protection.” And with this he turned on his heel and walked away.

“O,” was all that Farleigh said, and he too turned and walked toward the door of the tavern.

“Come on, boys,” he called, “I've got something pretty good in my room, and they all went in, and then Laurence Farleigh heard the story of Lizzette Dupont, without interruption, and he was still more determined to meet her.

John went home feeling very uncomfortable and passed a restless night. The next morning he said to Lizzette:

“Did you see them fellers down to the tavern?”

She answered that she had merely noticed a crowd of strangers around as she was coming from the store, but that she had not paid any particular attention to them, and naturally asked why:

“Oh, nothin’, only one of ’em had better eyes than you. He said he saw you yesterday, an’ he liked your looks pretty well, too.”

Of course this only made Lizzette anxious to hear more, for she was intensely human, albeit possessing a very womanly nature and somewhat retiring disposition; but seeing that John was not in the very best of humor she did not question him further at this time.

## CHAPTER XXI.

A few more days rolled around, when, chancing to be in Mr. Wilkerson's store again on an errand for Mother Bailey, Lizzette met Aaron Reynolds, and was talking to him when Mr. Farleigh walked in and stopped to speak to Reynolds, but seeing Lizzette in conversation with him, lifted his hat and was about to withdraw, when Reynolds, who liked Farleigh, introduced him to Lizzette.

Thus it happened that Laurence Farleigh and Lizzette became acquainted, and when Lizzette started to return home Mr. Farleigh walked to the door with her and asked if he could not see her home and assist in carrying the bundles she had purchased. Of course she could not refuse such a gentlemanly offer, and they proceeded side by side to Mother Bailey's cabin door. When there, he lingered at the threshold and talked for some moments. He told her that he had seen her on the street the day before, and had heard something of her romantic story from others; but that he wished to call and get her to tell it to him, as he had

been very much interested in what he had heard, if she would be so good as to let him come and hear it from her own lips.

Lizzette being much pleased with his manner, told him that she would be glad to see him again. A day or so afterwards he called and she told her story to him, and they found out in the course of conversation that they had some mutual acquaintances back in the East. He told her that he would like very much to meet June Stone, of whom she had spoken in glowing terms.

"He must be quite a hero," he said, "and I should like so much to see a real live hero."

"Now," said she, quite seriously, "you must not make sport of him, for he does not pose as a hero by any means. You will find, when you meet him, that he looks much as do the other men in this locality, and that he acts very much like any other man would in his surroundings, except that he is handsomer than most of them, and that he is as good as gold."

"I quite envy him already," returned the young man, "and if you are such a partisan of your friends I hope sometime to be classed among them."

Farleigh came very often after this to Mother Bailey's, much to the disgust of John, and also much to the disturbance of Mother Bailey's peace of mind, for she could not see the good of what she called "Foolin' roun' like that young feller was."

To Lizzette the young man's coming was like a gleam of sunshine on a cloudy day. He brought with him a breath of the atmosphere she had known—a scent of the ocean was wafted to her, a glimpse given back at the things that were gone. She did not ask herself why he was seeking her company, nor did she try to look into the future in order to understand, if possible, the outcome of the pleasant association with him—the present was enough.

She was happy, and no thought of any serious complication, at least on her part, had come to mar the free interchange of thought between them, and his conversation was certainly very pleasant.

As far as he was concerned, he found her charming, superior in education and refinement to the large majority of her neighbors, and her company an exceedingly agreeable exchange for the tedium of his daily tasks. He had thought to while away an agreeable hour or so now and then in her company until it was time for him to strike camp and pitch his tent in other parts. But as the days went on and his work took him further and further away each day, he found himself taking long and rapid rides into Lexington—and for what?

At last he was compelled to admit to himself that it was for the sole purpose of seeing this little frontier girl, to hear the sound of her voice, to see the sunlight rest on her hair and turn it into a golden halo.

He drew his horse up suddenly on one of these return rides and asked himself this question, "What do you mean, Laurence Farleigh, take care or you will go too far." And then he took from the breast pocket of his coat a miniature of a beautiful girl clad in costly raiment, and gazed at it intently for some time, then replaced it with a sigh.

John Bailey was very observant of Lizzette in these days, and he noticed that whenever Mr. Farleigh called there appeared, inexplicably to him, a little touch of color in her hair or at her throat which added something of womanly beauty; perhaps it was a flower here or a ribbon there, or kerchief folded in some graceful and mysterious way and brought over her shoulders and crossed over her bosom. There was something done, some little feminine touch added to her toilet which it did not seem worth while for her to do before, but which added to the effect; and her eye was of a deeper blue. John saw all this and it troubled him, while it charmed him, though he could not explain it.

Mother Bailey became so uneasy that she determined to speak to June about it.

"If they care for each other," he said, "it's all right; but if he's trifling with her, he'd better never have crossed the mountains."

One Saturday afternoon, after Farleigh had been in the neighborhood for a couple of weeks, perhaps, he rode into town, and after making



some purchases at the store he went to Mother Bailey's and asked for Lizzette.

Lizzette was at home, but she was now engaged in kneading some dough for the bread baking, and Mother Bailey answered the young man's request somewhat testily.

"Lizzette is in the kitchen doin' her work, an' if you want to see her you'll have to see her in there, cause she can't stop now."

"She said this in the hope that it would deter him from seeing Lizzette and that he would take his departure without more ado; but in this she reckoned without her host, for instantly Farleigh hastened to say:

"Then, Mrs. Bailey, I'll go into the kitchen, too."

The good woman could not object further, for she had given him an implied invitation to do just what he proposed to do. And as for the young man, he thought that Mother Bailey's invitation had the ring of a challenge in it, and this made him more determined to accept it.

So she only replied:

"Walk in, then."

Farleigh entered the cabin and passed through the house to the kitchen door and stood on the threshold watching the young woman at work.

She stood at a table working the dough skilfully back and forth and round and round in a wooden bowl. Her sleeves were rolled up

above the elbows, showing arms as plump and white as any lady's in the land, and dimpled like a baby's, for she had grown quite robust during the winter.

She was singing to herself while he stood there in the door, and Farleigh thought it quite too pretty a picture to be dissolved by a word, just yet, at any rate, so he kept perfectly quiet. He knew that she was entirely ignorant of his presence.

At last she looked up and glanced around, just as persons are apt to do when the look of another is fixed upon them for any length of time, and she caught such a look of admiration on his countenance that it brought the blushes to her cheeks, and the surprise caused her to drop the bowl.

Instantly he sprang forward to the rescue, and at the same time she bent over to recover the bowl, consequently they reached it about the same time and raised it together from the floor, with the dough still in it, for, wonderful to relate, it had fallen bottom down. And now they stood, each with a hand on either side of the bowl, holding it between them, he with laughing eyes looking into hers, she with the blush of confusion mantling her cheeks and brow, and stammering:

"It was so awkward of me, but you took me so by surprise—I thought it was only John."

And he—well, in some inexplicable way his hand had imprisoned one of hers on the edge of

the bowl—and he just added to her confusion by exclaiming exultantly:

“You are my prisoner now, and I claim part of the dough, having assisted you in rescuing it, and I won’t let you go until you promise me some of the bread you make out of it by way of ransom.”

Then quickly recovering herself, she answered:

“You must have your way, as I am at your mercy, and that means that you will stay to supper with us and receive the ransom.”

“Then,” said he, “you are paroled until supper time,” and he insisted on placing the bowl on the table for her.

When he had done this he said to her:

“Miss Lizzette, you must really pardon me for startling you, but you know you made such a charming picture, and such an interesting study, as I stood there in the door that I could not force myself to speak immediately.”

“But, Mr. Farleigh,” she insisted, “you should have given me some warning of your approach.”

“No, no,” he hastened to reply, “that would have spoiled it all and I would have missed my invitation to supper; besides, I was taken somewhat by surprise myself.”

“Don’t misunderstand me now, I pray you,” he continued, hurriedly. “I don’t mean to say that I was surprised to see you working in the kitchen, or that I don’t entirely approve of

ladies working in the kitchen. I have quite frequently assisted my sisters in preparing a meal, and I was always proud of their proficiency as cooks."

Lizzette soon disposed of her dough for the rising, then led her visitor to the other part of the house and left him in order to make herself more presentable for company.

When Farleigh came into the room at the front of the house he saw Mother Bailey standing at the open door and heard her talking to some one who was on the outside of the house.

"Mrs. Bailey," said Farleigh, "Miss Lizzette and I have set the dough and she has asked me to stay and try some of the ponies at supper, provided, of course, you will let me do so."

"Yes, an' a pretty mess you have made of it, I reckon," answered Mother Bailey; "but we'll be glad to have you eat a bite with us this evening."

Then addressing the person with whom she had been speaking when Farleigh entered, she said:

"Come in, June, Mr. Farleigh is here."

Farleigh then knew that he was about to meet Lizzette's hero. He saw a man, apparently in the prime of life, enter the doorway, clad in moccasins, hunting-shirt and buckskin leggins, with his long-barreled rifle slung carelessly across the bend of his arm, and he recognized that here stood before him one of

those men who had made it possible and worth while for him and men of his profession to be in this part of the country at this time.

Farleigh was no fool, and he liked to study men wherever he saw them, and he now remarked this man with peculiar interest.

Stone was one of the early pioneers of Kentucky; he was cotemporary with Boone and Kenton and men of their ilk, and he had but recently been a participant in some of the most stirring scenes enacted in this part of the world, and of course all this made him particularly interesting to Farleigh.

The cap had been removed from June's head when he entered, and the broad forehead, several degrees whiter where it had been covered than the rest of the face, showed intellect in a marked measure.

"My name is June Stone," he said, as he approached the stranger with hand extended in greeting, "and I am a friend of Mrs. Bailey and her family, and I am glad to meet you, for she has spoken of you quite frequently lately, Mr. Farleigh."

Farleigh was much struck by the purity of the English which June used, as well as with the dignity of his manner and address.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Stone," replied Farleigh. "I have heard something of you, too, and I hope we shall be friends."

"That lays with you, Mr. Farleigh," June remarked quietly.

Farleigh noticed that the keen and penetrating glance rested on him for a moment with something of a warning in it, and that it seemed to take in every detail of his make-up as they proceeded to be seated.

Gradually, though, as they engaged in conversation, which drifted into topics of general interest, the expression became mild and the eyes assumed a very pleasant look.

Before June took his leave it was agreed that at an early date the two would arrange for a rifle shooting match, Farleigh saying that he had heard a great deal of the proficiency of the "Long Knives" with that weapon, as he believed the Indians called the Kentuckians; remarking at the same time that he had seen some pretty good shooting back in Virginia.

Then Lizzette came running into the room like a glad child, and crossing to the older man shook hands with him, exclaiming:

"How do you do, Mr. June, I am so glad to see you; you have been making a stranger of yourself lately."

June took both of her hands in his and held them while he said:

"And how is my little girl? I have been over to see George and Mollie and the babies and only got back a couple of days ago."

He had gotten in the habit of calling her "his little girl" lately, that is—well, ever since

he had passed sentence of "being old" on himself in the presence of his dog that night in his cabin when we caught him building air castles and then deliberately proceeding to demolish them.

Mother Bailey impressed it on him that he must come back to supper with them that evening.

Farleigh noted the look that Lizzette gave June as she stood with her hands in his, and he wondered to himself if she could be in love with the hunter.

## CHAPTER XXII.

After June had left them the two young people conversed on various subjects for some time, until Lizzette said she must go and help Mother Bailey in preparing the evening meal, when Farleigh took his leave, saying that he would go to the store and attend to some matters and return in time for supper.

When he had been gone perhaps half an hour, John Bailey came in, saying to his mother:

"Has that feller Farleigh been here again? I don't like his hangin' roun' Lizzette. Every time he comes to town now he comes roun' here, an' it don't look right to me. If I knowed he meant any harm to her, I'd break his durned head!"

"Now look here, John," replied his mother, "I don't understan' him myself, but he's mighty perlite and kind spoken an' he ain't done no harm yet, an' I don't want you to go makin' any trouble, just yet anyhow. You just hold on and let June an' me manage him."



John said no more, but passed through the house grumbling to himself and shaking his head in a threatening manner at some imaginary object or person.

As he passed through the kitchen where Lizzette was working she smiled up at him, and said:

"I'm glad you have come, John, for I wanted some wood to bake my pones with, and I want to have them extra nice this evening, for we are going to have company for supper."

John's gloomy expression had been dissipated when Lizzette had smiled at him, but by the time she finished speaking the cloud had begun to gather again, and when he reached the wood pile at the rear of the house it was exceedingly black and threatening. He gathered up an armful of wood and brought it into the kitchen and threw it down, not too gently, on the floor near the fire-place; he then straightened himself up and turned to her with an expression she had never seen on his face before, and it actually frightened her.

"Yes," he cried out, "it's all right to have John roun' when you want any waitin' on, but when your fine gentleman from Virginy is hangin' roun' Mr. John kin go—you don't care where!"

Lizzette looked up quickly, taken entirely by surprise and very much hurt, for John had never addressed her in such a way before and she had never seen him angry.

"O, Mr. John, don't look at me that way," was all that she could say.

The full tide of angry passion seemed to have taken possession of him now, and the pent up feelings of weeks burst forth in a torrent of words:

"No, you don't care 'bout nothin' nor nobody since he came here," he went on. "What do you suppose he's comin' here for any way? Is he goin' to marry you an' take you back with him to be a fine lady? Has he asked you to—say, I want to know if he has asked you to be his wife."

Then he paused, appalled at the effect of his hasty words, for Lizzette had risen to her full height, and standing with flashing eyes she seemed to tower above him, the very impersonation of righteous wrath. Only for a moment did she thus stand though, and then a deadly pallor overspread her countenance and she sank into a seat at the kitchen table and let her head drop between her extended arms upon it and began to sob as if her heart would break, but no tears would flow. Now a change as swift as the lightning's flash across the summer sky swept the storm-cloud from John's brow and filled his naturally kind heart with tenderest solicitude. He sprang to Lizzette's side, bending his big frame over her and stroking her hair with his clumsy and toil-hardened fingers, but with a touch as soft as the fall of a child's foot on the snow, and said:

"Lizzette, forgive me, great clumsy fool that I am. Don't you see what is the matter with me; haven't you seen it all the time? Don't you know that I wouldn't hurt you for every acre of this broad land? My God, to save you one tear I would lose my right hand!"

He paused for a moment and then continued:

"Lizzette, Lizzette, I am a rough, uneducated man, an' I don't know how to say fine words; but I can give you an honest love if you will have it."

She looked up into his eyes, her own filled with tears.

Then he resumed:

"I have tried to keep from telling you this, but I just couldn't keep from speaking any longer. When I see that feller with you it just drives me mad, and today when I saw you in here with him I just got crazy. If I thought he meant any good, I wouldn't mind so much, for I know you are too good for me."

Lizzette now raised her eyes again and said:

"Mr. John, I am sorry you feel as you do, for I respect and honor you too much to wish to give you pain, and I know that you have a big, honest heart in you, and that the love you offer me is true, and that any woman might feel proud to have it; but John, I must be honest and candid with you, and tell you truly that I cannot feel toward you as I think a woman ought to feel toward the man she expects to marry."

Then continuing, she said:

"You and your mother have done so much for me that I feel that I would be willing to do almost anything for either of you. You have been such dear, good friends, John—oh, I can never repay you for taking me in and giving me a home when I had no where to go, and when there was no reason for your sheltering me except that in the tenderness of your hearts it seemed to you that that was the only thing to do; but, John, I would not be acting honestly with you if I accepted your love, and I could not deceive you."

She paused here, but presently resumed:

"You must not feel angry with Mr. Farleigh. He has never spoken of love to me, and he has never acted otherwise than as a gentleman in my presence. We came from the same part of the country and we knew some of the same people back there, and it is very pleasant to talk over the old times with him—that is all, John.

"And now won't you promise me," she asked, "that you will still be my friend—God knows I have none to lose—and that you will not speak to Mr. Farleigh about what we have just been talking. Don't you see that to say anything about it would place me in a very embarrassing position?"

How could he refuse to do whatever she desired, with those pleading eyes, tear-dimmed,

looking into his, and his big, tender heart almost bursting with love and pity for her?

Yes, he would be friends with her, and that meant, with such a nature as his, not only allegiance to the fullest extent, but renunciation as well.

As the afternoon drew to a close, Farleigh returned to Mother Bailey's and soon after June Stone followed him.

John had gone off, but returned just before supper was announced, when they all proceeded to the kitchen, where supper was spread, and began to test the merits of the repast.

Farleigh was in high spirits and kept Mother Bailey laughing at his jokes and witticisms in spite of herself, until Lizzette thought several times that she would certainly be stricken with apoplexy. John was rather quieter than usual, and June was making himself agreeable with his stories of adventure, brought out by Farleigh's questions, and by his occasional humorous references to others he had heard.

Lizzette waited on the others at table, and soon brought out the loaves of bread, cooked to an extra nice brown crust.

"Ah, here they are," remarked Farleigh, as Lizzette approached the table with the bread.

"Do you know, Mr. Stone," said he, turning to June, "that I have a vested interest in that bread, a kind of a mortgage on it?"

And then bowing in Lizzette's direction, he asked, "Have I not, Miss Dupont?"

Lizzette blushed, John looked uncomfortable, and June asked:

"How's that, Mr. Farleigh?"

"Well, you see," replied Farleigh, "it is this way. Miss Lizzette was making the dough for that bread this afternoon, when some one came in at the door and made a face at her and frightened her so that she dropped the bowl in which she was mixing the dough, and I, who happened to be in the house at the time, rushed into the kitchen and rescued it from the floor and handed it to her with my most graceful bow. She was so overwhelmed with gratitude that she immediately, asked me to supper, and thus you see I have proven my claim."

"Good!" exclaimed June; "I suppose we all owe you a vote of thanks."

Even John was forced to laugh at the ingenuous turn which Farleigh had given to the incident, though he had seen a portion of the scene enacted; and he began to feel that he might have been inclined to attach too much importance to the incident.

In like manner the conversation flowed on until it was time to leave, when Farleigh managed to speak for a moment alone with Lizzette—and this was what he said to her:

"I must see you tomorrow. I am going away Monday, and will hardly be here again before I return to my home."

He and June went out of the house together, and as they passed along the street, June said to him:

"I have made arrangements to have the rifle shooting at my place on next Saturday; will that suit you?"

"All right," responded Farleigh, "I will be there and will bring one or two of the boys over with me. We break camp on Saturday evening, but I can get the men to wait until next day before starting."

### CHAPTER XXIII.

That night after she had retired Lizzette did not go to sleep for some hours, for she had much to think over.

Her first thought was of John.

“Dear John, what a big, kind, impetuous fellow he is. I wish I could love him as he deserves to be loved and as he wishes me to. I was afraid he was beginning to care too much for me. I do love him as I would a great big brother—but not like he wants me to. But why don't I—why can't I?”

And then she began to dream—dream waking dreams; to dream of a mansion on the banks of the far-away James River, with the sun-light on the water and the broad and grassy lawn dipping its feet in it, and she heard the song of the birds and the lowing of the kine mingled with the voices of the negroes, and she saw the broad acres of field and forest stretching for miles. She heard, too, the voice of the master of all this—and it was whispering words of love into her ear and saying: Lizzette, Lizzette, this is your Virginia home and I am your Laurie.”



And then—and then the spirit of her dream changed and the mangled forms of her sister and her baby rose before her mind's eye, and the wild war-whoop sounded in her ear and the agony of death seemed again to sweep over her—and presently the form of a man rose before her dressed in the garb of a hunter, and this man seemed to stretch out his arms to her, and she ran into them and was saved; and the face of this man seemed to her half-awakened fancy like the face of some "fair god." And then she fell asleep as the vision of the mansion on the James faded away.

The next afternoon brought Farleigh to the Bailey's home again. It was a charming day, one of those early spring days which sometimes come as forerunners, more than hinting at the glorious warmth of the sun and of the softened blue of the sky later on. Even now the buds on the trees and shrubs had burst and the lighter shades of the tender green had been pushed out to gather strength and color from the smiles of the god of day. The little blades of grass had risen from their winter's sleep in the bosom of Mother Earth and were already feeling their way upward into the light and warmth of a new awakening. The bees were droning their song while at work among the earliest blossoms, and the gossiping hens heralded the news of freshly laid eggs.

Everything in nature suggested the awakening of dormant energy, of the starting of a new life, the resurrection morn of dead hopes, the beginning of another one of a new never-ending succession of seasons. On such a day the voice of the earliest flower which trails close to the earth beneath the dead and dampened leaves and only shows its pretty face to those in nature's closest confidence is heard and seen by sympathetic ears and loving eyes; and it smiles and says, "We slept and were buried for a time, but then we awoke and arose, and we live again—and we rejoice in the love which created us, and has created us anew."

Farleigh and Lizzette felt something of this as they stood at the door of Mother Bailey's cabin and looked around them, and presently the young man spoke:

"Lizzette, Miss Lizzette, let us go out into it, let us walk out into the sunshine."

And she answered:

"Yes, let us walk."

Very soon they had left the houses behind them and were strolling across the fields and away from the town.

They did not talk much for a time for their souls were filled with the beauty of the day. Its subtle charm had entered the inner sanctuary of their hearts, and the thoughts of each went away from self and from earthly things and rose and rose until they were lost among the mysteries that dwell beyond that unfath-

omable sea of blue above. Anon they entered the woods, and in its depths, on the bank of a stream, they found a bed of arbutus.

They gathered quite a good-sized bunch of the fragrant blossoms and sat down to rest—and to dream.

Farleigh broke the silence finally:

“Lizzette,” he said, while holding a sprig of leaf and flower between his thumb and finger, “do you know that you remind me of this little flower?”

“What a fancy; but how so, Mr. Farleigh?” she asked.

“Well, I hardly know how to tell you,” he replied.

Presently he resumed:

“You appear to me very much like this flower, hardy enough, perhaps, but which is found where its beauty and fragrance will hardly be recognized, and certainly not appreciated at its true value.”

“Men tread on this little flower,” he continued, “not in wantonness, but in ignorance, crushing out its life, and when it gives out its sweetness in death they only know that something pleasant came in their pathway without in the least understanding or heeding what it was.”

She understood his allusion, and she also thought that she saw, too, to what this kind of talk might lead, and her heart began a quicker pulsation.

She had noticed that he called her Lizzette; but she did not chide him for so doing. It was very generally the custom for persons when they met in that locality and at that day to accost one another by the first name, even among persons of opposite sexes, so she would let this lapse from his usual manner of addressing her pass—today, at any rate, she would not notice it—she was so happy now, and they were to part tomorrow—he was to go away.

Did she care if he went? Yes, she was beginning to fear that she did. She did not reply to him, and presently he said to her:

“Are you happy here—are you quite contented with your surroundings?”

“Why should I not be, Mr. Farleigh?” she asked quickly. “I have friends here who are very dear to me, who have been—O, so kind to me, and I have no relations living and no friends anywhere else. Yes, I am content.”

“But, Lizzette,” insisted he, “would you not like to live again in the same intellectual and social atmosphere and among the same kind of people that you once did? These people must seem very rough and uncouth to you. Would you not like to go back with me in the fall?”

He was undoubtedly being carried away by the force of his feelings now and by the influence of her beauty and gentleness. He was not a dishonorable man by any means; but he seemed to be succumbing to the influences immediately surrounding him. But what of the

memories of the beautiful face which we caught a glimpse of some little time back; what of the sweet girl who was trusting him and waiting for him, perhaps, back there miles and miles away toward the rising sun?

Ah, Laurence Farleigh, you have, I fear, already played, unintentionally perhaps, on the chords of a heart as finally strung as any you have known in your five and twenty years.

Lizzette was attracted to you by your courteous manner, by your bright and witty conversation; she was flattered to some extent by your attentions to her; she has become interested in you—perhaps she has already begun to love you.

The blood now turned Lizzette's cheeks to crimson and then left them as pale as death.

"What do you mean, Mr. Farleigh?" she asked in a scarcely audible voice.

They had both risen to their feet, and as he rose he started toward her exclaiming:

"Lizzette, I'll—" but just at this moment his hand touched the miniature in his pocket and a sudden palor overspread his countenance and his voice died away in a whisper.

With a great effort he continued presently:

"I have a sister—a married sister—older than myself. She has two little girls and she would like to have some one to teach them at home, and I thought that perhaps you might like to undertake to do so."

"You are very kind and thoughtful, Mr. Farleigh," responded Lizzette, "but as you so flatteringly likened me to the lovely but lowly arbutus, I will answer you by following out your own illustration. You know that the arbutus has never been successfully transplanted, and I am afraid that, like the vine which bears this delicate little blossom, my roots have been too firmly grounded in this soil by now to live and give out any fragrance in any other. Shall we walk on now?"

Without intentionally doing so they had taken the direction to June Stone's house, and as a matter of fact they were not very far from his place at the time. It was still early in the afternoon, so they continued to push on without any definite object or particular destination in view.

But the light of that beautiful day had gone out for Lizzette, and Farleigh was no longer at his ease.

He knew that it was only by something very like a miracle that he had been prevented from saying and doing that which would have been an irreparable injury to Lizzette and which would have placed him in a situation which he could not now contemplate without a shudder, for if he had spoken the last word that was on his lips he would have been deceiving Lizzette, no matter how much he did love her at heart, or he would have been a traitor to that other one. He felt that he had begun to en-

tain such feelings for Lizzette—as were not at all compatible with the relations existing between himself and the owner of the pretty face in the miniature; and he had already felt that there was danger in remaining where he and Lizzette would be brought together so constantly—and now he knew that Fate had only saved them both.

Presently Lizzette asked:

“How would you like to go and see Mr. Stone. We are not far from his place now?”

“I shan’t object,” he replied.

They found June sitting in the yard, and as they approached, he arose and came forward to greet them, saying:

“Why, you have given me a surprise party. How do you do, Mr. Farleigh, and how’s the little girl?”

They both answered him that they were very well, and together they all entered the house.

After some little time June proposed that they should go and look over the place, but Lizzette declined to accompany them, saying that she and Tiger would keep house until they returned.

When the men were out of sight Lizzette began to look around the house, and before they had returned she had found a good many little things which needed tidying; so, Sunday, though it was, she added not a few housewifely

touches to things before they had entered the door again.

June's dog had remained in the house with Lizzette, as if he were afraid to leave it in her exclusive possession. Lizzette and he were old friends, however, and they got along famously together now.

When she had finished touching up things a little, she kneeled down and took the dog's head in her hands and said to him:

"Now you must be good to your master and take care of him for me, for you know that you and I love him very much."

And the dog wagged his tail as if to say, "All right," and blinked one eye at Lizzette, indicating that he knew a thing or two as well as she.

She laughed and said:

"I don't know what you are winking at me for, but I understand the wag of your tail."

After Lizzette and Farleigh had gone June looked around and saw what she had done, and heaving a long-drawn sigh he whispered, "God bless her!"



## CHAPTER XXIV.

Farleigh and Lizzette reached Mother Bailey's before the time for the evening meal and he took his leave without entering the house, just taking time to say to Lizzette:

"I hope to see you at the rifle shooting next Saturday, which will be my last visit to Lexington before I go home."

"Yes, I will be there," she answered, and he was gone.

She stood for some minutes looking out into the night, until she was recalled to a consciousness of her surroundings by the voice of Mother Bailey calling:

"O, Lizzette, has Mr. Farleigh gone?"

"Yes, mother," answered she, "he has gone."

Lizzette addressed her as mother now. Mrs. Bailey continued:

"Well, then, come in and help get supper ready. Did you have a nice walk?"

"Yes, mother," answered Lizzette, "and we went to Mr. June's and I straightened up the house while Mr. Farleigh and he inspected the farm and stock."

“That’s right, I am glad that you did not forget him while you were with Mr. Farleigh. June is mighty good to you, my dear, and he sets a heap of store by you, too. I was in hopes you would take to him; but I reckon you are beginning to look a little higher now, ain’t you?” Then she continued, without giving the girl a chance to reply, “You are pretty enough and good enough for the best of them, and that’s a fact; but I am a leetle shy of Mr. Farleigh and you know he’s been comin’ to see you pretty often lately.”

They were in the kitchen now, and Lizzette looked around at the homely and familiar objects and they did seem rather mean and poverty-stricken to her, and the scene with Farleigh in that very room rose before her mind’s eye as she listened to Mother Bailey’s words. She felt now that it was all over and that he was going away and life would be very desolate to her. She knew for a surety in that moment that she had begun to dream of another life away from all this, one in which she would be surrounded by an atmosphere of refinement and comfort—and she also knew that she would miss his bright manner and cheerful conversation, and his handsome face; and she remembered how he had looked at her when he had called her Lizette and had asked her if she would not like to return with him in the fall, but she did not yet understand what had caused him to pause so abruptly and then re-

sume with an entirely different expression on his countenance when it was evident that he used words with a different meaning from that which he had originally intended.

She had felt the change without understanding it, and she was chilled by it and immediately put on the defensive; therefore she had answered him as she had done.

But, O, if he had carried out his first impulse, if he had finished the sentence begun so spontaneously and so vehemently — she thought that, possibly, life would have seemed brighter to her then, more worth living.

She did not reply immediately to Mother Bailey, while these thoughts and many more went rapidly surging through her brain. Then she spoke slowly and deliberately and without apparent effort:

“He'll not come again—he's going away.”

As Lizzette ceased speaking, Mother Bailey looked at her intently and she saw the tears falling silently, and before Lizzette could brush them away, the motherly instinct had carried her to the girl's side and the strong but loving arms were about her, and the voice in low and tender tones was whispering soothing words as to a hurt and tired child.

Ah, in those hard lives and under those rough exteriors, soft hearts were often hidden, and the heroic women of those days were not without the finer instincts of true and tender womanhood.

"My child," said the elder woman, "do you kee so much? Well, then, you shall not be pestered about it. You kin go to bed just as soon as you want to, an' I'll do the work to-night."

Lizzette did not stay to meet John at supper, but went to her room quite early, and to her solitary thoughts.

The next morning she resumed her duties as usual, though she was very quiet for the next few days.

John noticed that his mother was unusually tender with Lizzette along about this time and he felt that something unusual had happened. He could not understand the situation, but when the week had almost gone by and Farleigh did not make his appearance, he began to think that that young gentleman had had something to do with the changed condition of the domestic atmosphere.

He said nothing but he thought a good deal, and he swore to himself that if he could find out that Farleigh had mistreated Lizzette in any way, he would pick a quarrel with him on some pretext or another and then one or the other would certainly get hurt. But he learned nothing further to clear up the doubt in his mind, and Saturday came and with it the time for the trial of skill at rifle shooting, which was to take place at June's place on that day. John Bailey was to take part in it, and Aaron Reynolds, and old man Mitchell, from Bryant's, and June Stone also.

Jimmie Curry had come over from Harrodsburg, bringing Mollie and young June Stone Beatty with him; and Mother Bailey was to be there, and Maggie Mitchell and Lizzette, and after the shooting June was going to give them supper, and if they could get the fiddlers the young people would have a dance.

After these friends and several others of the neighbors had assembled, Laurence Farleigh and two of his companions came riding up, and after the greetings were over, the men folks repaired to an open field not far from the house and preparations were immediately made for the trials of skill.

Mother Bailey had suggested that perhaps Lizzette had rather not meet Mr. Farleigh, but she had insisted on being one of the party, and so it was arranged.

It was presently decided by those interested in the shooting to first try "driving the nail," after some preliminary shooting had been indulged in, and several had shown various degrees of skill by firing at one object and then another as targets. One of the targets was a piece of bark which Aaron Reynolds shot from the limb of a tree far up its trunk and picked up from the ground. This was considered a very fine piece of marksmanship.

A piece of board was then fastened securely against the side of a tree and into this a good-sized nail was driven sufficiently far to make it hold, after which Mitchell and Reynolds

stepped off a hundred yards from the tree, and they two and John Bailey and Jimmie Curry and Farleigh and June Stone took their stations with their rifles. All were good shots, and the object was to try to hit the head of the nail so as to drive it further into the board. One of Farleigh's friends and one of June's neighbors were chosen as referees, whose duty it was to note the effect of each shot and to decide which was the better.

Farleigh was the best shot in his camp and prided himself on his marksmanship at home, and it was not easy to find a man who could beat either Mitchell or John Bailey or June Stone. Each man was to have three shots at the nail, except in case of a tie, when those tying were to shoot until it was decided between them.

Mitchell raised his rifle first, while everyone held his breath waiting to see the effect of the first shot. The sharp report rang out on the air and everyone saw the nail drop.

Had he hit it? What is the matter? Every one is asking such questions.

The bullet had left its mark and entered the board, with hardly a hair's breadth between the hole made by the nail when first driven into the board and the one made by the bullet. It was finally decided that the head of the nail might have been grazed but that it was doubtful. It was evident that the nail had not been driven in tight enough before the shot

was fired and that the shock had jarred it so that it fell to the ground.

Jimmie Curry then missed the nail head by about half an inch, then Reynolds put a ball just between Jimmie's and the nail.

Farleigh's turn came now, and he hit the nail on the head, bending it considerably.

Another nail was put in position, and John Bailey was called on to have a try.

He determined, if possible, to beat Farleigh's shot, so he aimed very carefully and pulled the trigger. The nail was driven a quarter of an inch into the board, but was bent, as was the one that Farleigh had hit, and these two shots were declared to be a tie.

Both men received considerable applause as the result of each shot was announced.

June now raised his rifle and glanced along the long barrel, paused a moment, and fired. The bullet just grazed the nail head. Mitchell looked up in surprise, and Jimmie Curry could not refrain from exclaiming:

"What's the matter, June?"

June merely deigned to reply:

"Didn't shoot true enough, that's all."

Mitchell now drove the nail with a centre shot, and Reynolds clipped a piece off the head at his next effort.

"Hurrah, Mr. Mitchell, that shot can't be beat," cried Farleigh.

So the shooting went on, and June and Mitchell tied. June drove the nail the second time

and Mitchell missed it by the hundredth part of an inch, so June was declared the victor.

Mr. Mitchell declared that he was getting old and was not as steady handed as he once was.

Jimmie Curry remarked that he guessed that when it came to fighting Indians, Mr. Mitchell could hit a buck about as well as any of them. Farleigh and John Bailey tied for second place, but as it was getting pretty dark by now June proposed that they should postpone the shooting until after night and then try snuffing the candle.

The female portion of the company, who had gathered around to see the shooting, now announced that supper was ready, so all adjourned to the house.

Farleigh met all the ladies and was very attentive to Maggie Mitchell, much to Jimmie's disgust, though he did not really have an opportunity to speak to Lizzette during the early part of the evening.

During the heat and excitement of the afternoon Farleigh had hastily thrown off his coat, and in doing so had caught the string which he wore around his neck and which was attached to the miniature which usually lay in the pocket of his hunting shirt, on a button and broken it, at the same time jerking the picture from his pocket, which fell to the ground. But he had not as yet missed it. John Bailey saw it fall to the ground and picked it up, intending



to hand it to Farleigh, who was then in the act of shooting. He placed the miniature in his pocket accordingly, but as it was his turn to shoot next he forgot all about his find, temporarily at least, and it lay there next to his heart.

After supper the men placed a lighted candle in the open, and pacing off as before, except about fifty yards this time, they began to shoot at the candle, endeavoring to snuff it without extinguishing the flame. Several of them succeeded in doing so, and among them was John Bailey, but in this Farleigh could not cope with John, nor with the others, and he had to acknowledge that he was fairly beaten here. This pleased John greatly, and he began to feel more kindly toward Farleigh.

"Well," he said, "you are a blamed good shot any way, and if you stay in Kentucky long enough you'll be as good as any of us."

And then John thought of the miniature.

"I go away to-morrow, Mr. Bailey," replied Farleigh, "and I don't suppose that I will be in Kentucky any longer than sometime in the fall, but I'll practice as much as possible before I do go, for we have some good shooting yet on the James River.

"Well, Mr. Farleigh, I wish you luck; but before I forget it I want to give you a picture you dropped this evening, as I have not had the chance to hand it to you before."

"A picture!" exclaimed Farleigh; and then he began to hastily fumble in his pockets. "O,

yes, I must have broken the string, for it was on a string around my neck."

Just as John was handing the picture to Farleigh, Lizzette came up to them. They were standing within the room, and the firelight enabled her to catch a glimpse of a very pretty face as Farleigh took the miniature.

"Thank you," said Farleigh, "it is mine, and the likeness of a friend of mine back in Virginia."

Lizzette had heard what he told John about wearing the miniature on a string around his neck, and she suddenly remembered the start and the convulsive clutch at his breast pocket when they were in the woods on Sunday, and she remembered seeing the string around his neck, too; then matters began to be plainer to her. She did not think that it could be a likeness of the married sister of whom he had spoken to her then.

## CHAPTER XXV.

It was not long after this that Farleigh and his two companions took their leave.

Lizzette found relief only in constant occupation from the thoughts that troubled her for a time after he had gone, and it was with a feverish energy that she sought and performed the tasks assigned her. She almost regretted at times that Farleigh had not spoken, but then with the light that the incident of the miniature threw upon his relations with her, she knew that it was best that he had not. She knew very well what it meant when he had said that it was the likeness of "a friend of mine."

She knew that it was not a likeness of his sister and that the friend whose miniature he carried so close to his heart must be very dear to him, and she also knew that now there could be no question of love between them.

He had gone without again mentioning the subject of her going back to Virginia with him. The question of her employment by the sister had been only hinted at, and she had made it plain, in figurative language it is true,

that if any such offer was made she would decline it; at least her language was plain enough to prevent Farleigh from taking any further action in the matter—unless indeed she should broach the subject anew and intimate to him that as far as she was concerned negotiations looking to the fulfillment of some such arrangement might be begun between the brother and sister. If such plans were consummated she would certainly be in more congenial surroundings—among educated people, in reach of many of the comforts and luxuries of life. Life would undoubtedly be easier, and the dangers to which she was, like the rest, exposed here on the frontier would be removed, and—she would be near him.

Ah, like some insidious fever vapor; this thought would rise up and mingle with these other thoughts. Never acknowledged was it, but with trembling fingers it was always pushed back to vanish temporarily and then to hover around again and make its presence felt by the aching pain it gave.

By determined effort she summoned other thoughts to her aid and the question was presented to her, what would be her position—her real position—if she were installed as teacher or governess to his sister's children? She would be only a hireling, really a kind of servant, never to be received on social equality with the family or the friends of the family.

She knew the proud reserve and exclusive-

ness of these people. Farleigh would marry the original of the pretty face in the miniature and her position would be unenviable indeed. If she should be so fortunate as to gain their friendship and confidence, it would be in a condescending way that it would be given; she would of necessity be more or less dependent on their charity or good will, so she concluded that it was best that things turned out as they had.

She had the mother-love of the good woman in whose house she lived, and which had been given without stint; the friendship of the big-hearted son of the house, nay, the love of his generous nature, if she would have it, was hers; and the brotherly love and protection and the friendship of that other man, the sturdy Indian fighter who had saved her life; and the love of the little children in the school—all these were hers, and were very dear to her—and she was looked upon as the equal, if not much more, of these people. What more could she wish? The kindness of those among whom she lived appealed to her nature very strongly, and their rough and uncouth exteriors only made their truthfulness and honesty more apparent, and touched her heart to warmth and responsiveness with a peculiar and appealing pathos. By education her susceptibilities had become finer than theirs, perhaps, and she had at least known more of the refinements of life than the most of them; but

nevertheless she had a mind and a heart as well, and she knew the real worth of these people—and she determined to lock the secret of these day-dreams in that heart and let their memory fade into forgetfulness. The Indians were now becoming more and more troublesome and aggressive, frequently committing depredations upon the remoter settlements, running horses off, killing the cattle and sometimes taking human life; in fact, a general uprising was greatly feared. Whenever an uprising of the different tribes did occur an invasion of Kentucky was sure to follow unless prevented by carrying the war into the enemy's country.

Kentucky had by this time been divided into three counties—Jefferson, Fayette and Lincoln.

Fayette County now included all that portion of Kentucky which lies north and east of the Kentucky River from its mouth opening into the Ohio, and following the former stream to its head and extending south to the District of Washington, now the State of Tennessee. June Stone, with others from in and around Lexington and Bryant's, went forth as occasion demanded to the relief of the settlements and to the punishment of the Indian depredators; for he had been elected and appointed as a captain in the militia.

During the next winter he was chosen as a delegate to a convention to be held at Dan-

ville in December, which place was a comparatively new settlement across the Kentucky River, near Harrodsburg, and which had grown to be of considerable importance. At this place had been built the only house large enough to accommodate the court and its business, and on account of its commodiousness it was used for the convention.

The principal object of this convention was to consider the question of a separation from Virginia, this move being advocated by a large majority at this time. But not yet was it accomplished, for in May of the next year another convention was held at Danville for the same purpose, and in order to show the mind of the people there represented it was unanimously resolved that a petition should be presented to the Assembly of Virginia praying that Kentucky might be established as a State separate from Virginia.

After this other conventions were held from time to time for some years before the desired end was accomplished and Congress admitted Kentucky as a State.

During all this time there were two parties, both desiring separation—the one by peaceable means, the other peaceably if it could be done in this way, but by force if need be.

Our friend, June Stone, was of the first-mentioned party, and of course he had his followers, those who were influenced by him—

and among these he had no more devoted follower than John Bailey. John belonged to June's military company, in fact was his first sergeant, and when it came to voting for delegates to conventions he always voted for his captain.

So it happened that June came to be of considerable local importance and somewhat of a politician, not in the vulgar sense of the word, but in that he was called upon more than once to present in the councils of those days the opinions of the people among whom he lived.

Bright and early on the morning of the 26th of December, 1784, Mother Bailey and Lizzette were at June's place, for on that day he was to start to the convention at Danville. He intended to leave home early enough to reach his destination by nightfall so as to be ready for business next morning.

Each of the various militia companies had appointed a delegate to this convention, and June was to make his first appearance as a representative of the people in a deliberative body. Lizzette was quite proud of him, and she and Mother Bailey had taken it upon themselves to make him presentable as far as his personal appearance went. Mother Bailey had washed and ironed a white shirt with a turned-down collar for him, and just before he went out for his horse Lizzette came up to him with a neat



black scarf, which she had purchased at the store, and said:

"Now, Mr. June, you must let me make you a tie, so stoop down so that I can reach you."

As he stooped for her to put the scarf around his neck and under his collar, the brown locks fell over his forehead and brushed her temple.

"Now," she said, "hold up your head."

He obeyed her, and when she had tied the scarf into a neat bow in front, their eyes met, and a swift tide of crimson swept over his countenance and was reflected in a lovely blush which diffused her cheek and neck.

"I think you will do now," said she, as she hastily finished the bow and gave it a last little pat.

He had discarded the buck skin leggins for breeches, hose and shoes, except when engaged in the chase or when on some warlike expedition. On this day he had put on his best hunting shirt over the white one, opened at the throat, and he also wore a hat on his head. He was soon mounted on his horse, with his rifle laid across the crupper, and was ready to start.

The ruffled collar, knee breeches, hose, and buckled shoe were worn by a good many at this time in Kentucky, and not a few persons were seen thus appareled, especially among the spectators at the convention, mingling with those clad in the coarser, but not less picturesque, grab of the hunter.

John Bailey was to stay at June's place until his return, attending to the stock and doing the necessary chores around the house during the latter's absence, which would probably not be longer than the day after to-morrow.

Lizzette was the last to bid him farewell, just before he rode away, and as she stood beside the animal he sat so well she thought him a very handsome specimen of manly beauty and strength.

And she spoke lightly now :

"Yes, you'll do, Captain June Stone." Then with more feeling and seriousness in her tone she continued, "Now go and serve your people in council and show them that you can talk as well as fight on occasion."

"Good-by, little girl," he replied, as he laid his hand very gently, as if in benediction, on her head. "I'll have to speak and act as best I can, according to my lights."

There was certainly a caress in the touch of the hand as it lay where he had placed it, and a pathos and a tone of deep earnestness in his voice as he spoke, and she recognized both.

After he was gone she stood and looked after him until he was lost to sight among the trees, and then she turned and walked slowly into the house with bent head and eyes fixed on the ground. As she entered the door she sighed and murmured to herself, "I could love such a man as that."

The two women stayed and cooked dinner for John, and arranged many little things which they found needed attention, especially woman's attention.

A bachelor's establishment in those days was not noted for its law and order any more than such a one is now. Of course I do not write of those artistic wonders of the present generation which have felt the magic touch of culture and money, and where dwells the gay and fastidious society bachelor swell, but only of the average one.

They cleaned the house from top to bottom and changed the bedding, not by any means neglecting the kitchen in their ministrations, for they polished up the tin-ware, and with the help of John they even swept and cleaned the yard around the house, sometimes working separately, sometimes together, until the whole place put on a different appearance.

June was not a slothful or slovenly man by any means, but woman can always find something to do where man leaves off.

Of course, they laughed and talked and had a pretty good time generally, notwithstanding the fact that they were working all the time.

Lizzette felt lighter of heart than she had at any time since Farleigh's departure. Life seemed lighter to her, and she was doing something for Mr. June, the man who had done so much for her. And too, she wondered to herself why they both had colored so when she

was tying his cravat. She thought that he was certainly a handsome man, and began to count his years, finally concluding that he was not so very old after all.

Mother Bailey would every now and then break forth with some exclamation, and one time, while she and Lizzette were giving their attention to the brightening of the cooking utensils, she made this rather startling and emphatic assertion:

"June ought to get married!" And presently she continued, as if talking to herself, "the balance of the young men are always sparkin' around the girls, but he just watches them and don't seem to care to join in. He makes out that he thinks he is too old for that kind of business. Pshaw, Lizzette, he ain't a day over thirty-one. He ain't much more than a boy. Why my John ain't so many years younger than June."

And then, stopping her work, she looked up at Lizzette and said quite decidedly:

"I tell you, if I was twenty years younger I'd set my cap for him myself. He's got a mighty big heart in him, and he's thrifty, too, and he's got plenty of sense back of it all.

"Sometimes I think," continued she, "maybe he's been disappointed in love at some time, and then again I think that he's got his eye on somebody now. I know June Stone better than most of the folks round here, and he talks

to me a good deal and tells me things that he don't tell everybody."

Then Lizzette asked, more because she thought that it was expected of her to show some interest in the matter than for any other conscious reason:

"And who do you think it is he has his eye on now. I've seen him look at Maggie Mitchell as if he thought that she was pretty enough."

And then, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, she said:

"I've seen him casting sheep's eyes at you, Mother Bailey."

"Now look here, Lizzette Dupont," retorted the old lady, "I'm old enough to be June's mother, but if I was your age I'd find out who it was—and," she continued, with a ring of triumph in her voice, "I b'lieve he'd tell you if you asked him."

"What makes you think that he would tell me?" asked Lizzette.

"Because," promptly responded Mother Bailey, "I b'lieve he'd like to tell you."

"O," ejaculated Lizzette; but she did not press her questions further.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Mother Bailey and Lizzette returned to Lexington during the afternoon, leaving John with June's dog for a companion, with whom he carried on a rather one-sided conversation after they had left.

"She's purtier than ever, ain't she, Tige?" asked he, and Tige wagged his tail in token of assent.

"Thought she cared for that feller Farleigh; reckon she didn't, though," continued he. "Wonder if she cares for anybody? If she does, tain't John Bailey, Tige; no, tain't John. Durn if she ain't a puzzler if there ever was one."

Presently, glancing in the direction of the dog, he said:

"Look here, Tige, if that girl would marry me, I wouldn't swop places with King George, nor with George Washington neither."

Then whistling to his companion he again addressed him:

"Now come on, ole fellow, and let's go and git the cows up and milk them, and feed the

horses, and then we'll go an' git something to eat ourselves,"

With a bark of approval, Tige bounded on ahead of John toward the stable.

On the second day after leaving home June came back, accompanied by Jimmie Curry, who had been to the convention with his father, the latter having been a delegate to the convention from Harrodsburg. Jimmie told John that June had made a speech and had "put it to 'em straight from the shoulder," and that his father and some of the other men had said that June Stone was one of the best talkers and soundest reasoners there.

It must have been a very unique assemblage that Samuel McDowell looked down upon when he wrapped it to order, and the most important thing in its results which the pen of Thomas Todd jotted down was the minute showing the concensus of opinion of those present relative to a separation from the Mother State.

These people had practically fought their way unaided up to the present time, and now felt able to take care of themselves.

But to return with June to Lexington and its vicinity.

It was not very long after this that other merchants followed Wilkinson to the little metropolis, and the town became quite a thrifty business place, controlling the business between

the Kentucky settlements and Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Goods were brought by wagon to Pittsburg and from there by boat to Limestone, now Maysville, from which place they were transported to Lexington and from there distributed among the interior settlements, even as far as into Tennessee.

There could now be found in the stores, iron goods, cutlery, nails, tin-ware, dry goods, drugs, queens-ware, tea, coffee and sugar; sold in exchange, for the most part, for farm products and articles of domestic manufacture.

Money was scarce, and only coin in demand; but many of the men managed to wear the frilled shirt bosom and the women to deck themselves in the ribbons and dress-goods from the stores.

Lizzette had become quite an expert in the weaving of the domestic linen; and June and John Bailey had learned that hemp was about as profitable a crop as they could raise.

Lizzette was enabled to procure from the stores in exchange for her handiwork many articles needful for the adornment of her person and for the beautifying of her surroundings, and June and John found a ready market for their produce. John Bailey, like most of the earlier settlers, had entered a number of acres of land near Lexington, and was farming it while living in the town for safety.



John was right when he told Tige that Lizzette was growing prettier as the days went by; in fact, she was ripening into a beautiful womanhood.

Lizzette had brought several books with her when she came to Kentucky, which had been destroyed when the Indians had burned her brother-in-law's house, but she knew their contents by heart; and Laurence Farleigh had given her a small edition of Shakespeare which he had brought with him into the woods, so that she was tolerably well provided with reading matter as things went in those days. Besides, Mother Bailey had a Bible, and June had given her a copy of *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

Sometimes when June was at Mother Bailey's he would get Lizzette to read to him from *The Pilgrim's Progress* or from Shakespeare, and they would talk over what they had read and exchange many thoughts which came to them after such reading.

Thus they found that they had much in common in their tastes, and these readings and talks served to revive and keep alive their love for the higher and better things in life and to satisfy to some extent their longing for something more than the mere necessities of a purely animal existence.

She had read more and was far better educated than he was and had seen more of the refinements of life, but she found in him a ready response to the beautiful thoughts of the great

bard and a grateful appreciation of and for the explanations sometimes found to be necessary, as well as a great desire to know more.

He had known very little of Shakespeare, and she was pleased, as well as somewhat surprised, to find that nevertheless here was one with whom she could safely trust her most sacred thoughts, induced by their reading, with the satisfaction of knowing that they were understood and respected.

She found in the intimacy thus brought about that he was truly one of nature's gentlemen, and that it was a pleasure to be his literary instructor, as it were.

The feeling of gratitude with which she had regarded him ever since he had come so dramatically into her life was not growing less by any means, but was being put into the background by a feeling of intense personal interest as the man's mind and character were being gradually revealed to her.

Of course she had known his kindly nature almost from the first; his courage she had seen tested and had admired it greatly; she had also seen the instinct of battle hold its sway over him for a time, but she had noticed that it was replaced by a bright smile and softened expression when he greeted a friend and always his modesty appealed to her.

It was only gradually, however, and of late, that she had begun to see the soul of the man

which lay hidden beneath the rough exterior—and it pleased and interested her.

No matter how untutored our lives, how rough our characters, how commonplace our surroundings, how uninteresting we appear to others—unless our natures are sordid, bad—it seems that there will come thoughts, desires, instincts, if you will, which makes us feel that there is something better in life than that which we are getting out of it, perhaps that arouses in us some ambition to effort—and thus it was with June Stone.

Grist mills and saw mills were in operation now on many of the streams, being of course run by water power, so that the people could have their grain ground and made ready for food much easier than formerly and in more abundant quantity. And the lumber for building purposes was put into much better shape than that used in building the first houses.

June Stone, appreciating the advantages of the facilities at hand, began, during the spring of 1785, to enlarge his house and to make it more in keeping with the improved conditions. Flooring—rough still, it is true, but a great improvement on the flattened logs at first used—was put in each of the rooms.

Carpenters there were in Harrodsburg and in Lexington, and coopers so that it was possible to procure better furniture for the house, as well as wooden tubs and buckets for use in

the domestic arrangements of the household—and as we have stated, iron and tin utensils could be had at the stores.

June never neglected his farming operations, in fact he was a pioneer hunter and husbandman combined.

He had begun to take quite an interest in the improvement of his stock also, especially in the breed of his horses. He was considered to be a well-to-do farmer, and he even had some ideas about beautifying his yard since Lizzette had suggested that he plant some of the hardier bloom-producing shrubs.

One day while Lizzette was at June's place, standing in the door-way of the house, she said to him:

"Mr. June, you have fenced your yard, and the grass is looking fresh and green, but I think you need some flowers to complete the effect."

"Now, Lizzette," said he, "what would an old farmer like me want with flowers? I would not know what to do with them and I would not have any time to attend to them."

"An old farmer like you, indeed," said she, testily. "Mr. June, you are not so old as you would like to make us believe."

"Well," replied he with another question, "don't I seem old to you—don't I look old?"

She did not answer this question, but instead she made a proposition:

"If you think you are too old to have flowers, I don't, now; and if you will plant some rose bushes and some hollyhocks and some other kinds of bushes, why, I'll come out and start them for you and look out for them from time to time."

However useless the possession of flowers might have seemed to him, or however cynical he may have been as to his ability to care for them, it was not long before he had laid in a supply of such kinds as she had suggested, and then he went to Lexington for Lizzette to come out and show him how and where to plant them.

"Where do you want them put. Lizzette?" he asked, as he stood spade in hand by her side. Swinging her sunbonnet by the strings, she asked in turn:

"Where do I want them put? Why, Mr. June, they are not my flowers, and I am here to help you and to make suggestions if you wish me to."

"Yes they are yours," he replied; "I got them because you wanted them, and now you must tell me what to do with them, and if you are going to tend them they ought to be yours."

So it was finally agreed, and soon both were very much interested in the work of setting out the shrubs.

After this Lizzette had to go out every few days to attend to her charges, and along toward the middle of June her patience and industry were rewarded by a generous crop of roses.

One afternoon before she left she plucked a nice bunch of them and placed them on June's supper table, whilst he was out of the house, and then she said good-by to him in the yard, and was off with a skip and a song.

June called to her :

"When are you coming out again, little girl?"

"I don't know," she called back; not until you come and tell me that the flowers need me again."

After she had gone June came into the house to prepare his supper, and he found the table spread—and in the center the roses. He stopped before he reached the table and took off his hat as his eyes fell on the flowers, and then he stepped forward and bent his head until his curly locks lay against them, and with his lips he touched their delicate leaves—and then he sank into a chair which had been placed near the table, as if overcome with their fragrance.

He uttered not a word, but sat and forgot to eat his supper, until Tiger put his nose into his master's hand and gave a low, sympathetic, inquiring whine. This seemed to recall June to a realization of his surroundings and to the

duties and responsibilities devolving upon him as a host and master of ceremonies.

He and Tiger then made a very comfortable meal, and while putting things to rights, after satisfying their appetites, June essayed to engage Tiger in conversation by addressing him thus:

“Tiger, don't you wish she was always here to fix our supper table for us, and to put flowers on it, and —yes, and to make the whole place bright?”

And the old farmer, as he called himself, actually gave a hop and a skip toward the cupboard, with a dish in each hand, and Tiger wagged his tail most approvingly.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

A couple of days after this, Mother Bailey and Lizzette were sitting together at work, when Mother Bailey suddenly asked:

"Lizzette, where did you meet up with that Sloan feller that was here last night?"

"Why," answered Lizzette, "I met him at the store several times lately; he's clerking at Wilkerson's store."

"He certainly does dress fine," said the old lady, "but he pears to be most too peart to suit me."

And then she asked:

"When is he 'comin 'round again?"

"He asked me to go to church with him Sunday night, and I don't suppose he'll be around before then. Why?"

"O, nothing, I just had a curiosity to know," replied Mother Bailey.

But presently she spoke again:

"Say, Lizzette, June was here the other day, and I asked him why he didn't get married, an' what do you think he said?—'Don't know, did you say? Well, then I'll tell you. He said:



'may be I will some day, Mother Bailey,' and then he said, kinder serious like, 'I've lived too rough a life and ain't edicated enough to know how to treat a woman, 'an besides I'm gettin' old (an' the rheumatiz bothers me right smart these days,) so I reckon I won't never get married.' "

"I jest laughed right, out," continued she, "and then I straightened myself up an' I says, now look here, June Stone, you've said them kind of things to me before, an' you know what I think about that way you've got of talkin'—but I jest want to ask you one or two little questions: What are you goin' to do with that farm on yourn? What are you fixin' it up for, an' puttin' flowers in the yard an' sich like for, an' what you keep workin' so hard for? Now will you answer them questions? says I.

"An' he says: Mother Bailey, you've been a good friend of mine, ever since I first knew you, an' you've been good to Lizzette, an' I don't mind tellin' you a plan I've got in my head. I ain't got any kin folks as I care about, 'says he,' that is, none that I want to leave what little property I own to when I peg out. My brother back in Virginy is doin' well an' is worth a heap more than I am, an' my sister is married to a good man, an' the old folks is dead, so I want to leave what I have to Lizzette, 'says he.' You know I am very fond of Lizzette, an' she seems kinder to belong to me, like as if I were her father or her gardeen, so

I thought that if she got married that she an' her husband would not mind, after while, comin' out to the farm, an' takin' care of me when I got too old to take care of myself—an' if she never did get married I'd leave the place to her anyhow. Now Lizzette, them are the words he spoke to me, as near as I can recollect, an' you know he talked so nice an' so serious like, that I come mighty nigh cryin' right in his face."

She ceased speakng for some moments and surreptitiously brushed her sleeve across her eyes, and then continued:

"Hump, it makes me mad to see that little jumpin'-jack of a Sloan—and some of them other fellers, with their frill shirts an' buckles on their shoes—hangin' round here. I'll jest tell you what, if I was going to marry anybody I'd marry a man, I would." And with this she started to leave the room.

But Lizzette stopped her, exclaiming:

"Why, dear Mother Bailey, I am not going to marry any of them! They don't come to see me any more than they do the other girls. Mr. Sloan, I know has been out to Bryant's to see Maggie Mitchell several times lately."

And continuing she said:

"I do appreciate the many kindnesses Mr. June has done for me, and as for what you tell me he still intends to do for me, I hardly know what to say about that; it just shows his great, big, kind heart; and I only wish I could do

something to make him know that I am not ungrateful.

When she was alone she said to herself:

"God bless him, he needs somebody to take care of him now, and if he were to ask me to undertake to do so, I think I would try it. I wonder if I love him—I think I do; but he looks on me as a little girl."

Sunday night came, and with it Mr. Jonathan Sloan, rigged out in his best.

He was not a bad looking young man, but very vain, having a specially good opinion of himself, and believing that he was perfectly irresistible to the fair sex. As a matter of fact, most of the girls were more or less flattered by his attentions.

Lizzette had been in his company on several occasions and did not dislike him, though she saw through his pomposity.

He could, on occasions, make himself rather agreeable, and Lizzette felt some little natural pride and triumph in the fact that of late he had seemed to attach himself to her in preference to the other girls in the town.

Fair reader, she was young, she was human, and though a girl of correct principles, she was not altogether exempt from the frailties of her sex.

After returning from church Sloan remained some time, and made desperate love to Lizzette.

She was not simple, however, by any means, and she fenced with him to advantage for some time, parrying his advances with considerable skill; telling him that she had heard that he talked in the same way to Maggie Mitchell and to Bessie Johnston and to all the other girls; teasing him, holding him at arms length, as it were, until he became angry and reckless in speech and maddened to such an extent that he determined to punish her in some way for treating his protestation of love and devotion with such levity, unbelief, and almost ridicule.

At last in great excitement he cried out:

"Then you don't believe that I am in earnest; you don't think that I love you with my whole heart; you won't understand that I want you to be my wife?"

"No, Mr. Sloan," she replied, "I don't take you altogether in earnest. If I thought that you meant what you said; that you really thought that you wanted to make me your wife, I would thank you honestly for the offer to make me such, and would regret, most sincerely, that I should have to hurt you, perhaps, by declining to accept your offer, for I do not and could not love you as a woman should love the man who is to be her husband."

He was, possibly, a good deal more in earnest than she realized, but his vanity was hurt more than his heart. It piqued him a good deal to be refused by any girl, but especially to

be refused outright by this little frontier nobody, as he thought of her now.

He, too, was from the East, and more recently than Lizzette was, and he looked on the people of this part of the country in which he had taken up his present abode as very little removed in point of civilization from the savages.

"Oh, ho," cried he in rage, "you refuse me then, do you, with your fine airs and your fine talk. You must have learned them, from what I hear, since a certain Mr. Farleigh visited Kentucky and has returned to Virginy, neglecting to take you with him; or may be since he has gone you think you can walk over a bed of roses of your own planting into the heart and home of your deliverer from the hands of the Indians—and if not him, perhaps your adopted brother, the estimable John, can soothe your heart into forgetfulness." He was almost shrieking now, "You see, I know something of your history!"

"I see, Mr. Sloan, that you evidently do not know the temper of certain friends of mine to whom you have been referring," responded she calmly and deliberately, "or, if you do understand the character of them in the least, you will make sure that not one of them ever hears of the language you have addressed to me or of the vile insinuations you have flung in my face. And turning she dismissed him with, "I bid you, sir, a very good evening.

And then she withdrew from the room, leaving the young man standing where he was when she had interrupted him in the midst of his tirade, with a look of mingled amazement and resentment on his countenance.

After she had gone he took up his hat and left the house. He had not gotten more than three steps from the door when he felt the weight of a heavy hand on his shoulder, and before he could even turn to see who it belonged to a grip like iron was on his neck, and quicker than thought he was lifted into the air several feet above the ground; then the most excruciating pains, beginning in the region about the seat of his pants, shot through his frame in quick succession, and he was finally flung headlong into the mud of the street.

He lay there stunned for a few seconds and then he slowly roused himself to a sitting posture and began to look around and to feel himself, as if to find out where he was and to make sure that he was all there. Having satisfied himself on these points, he began, with difficulty, to raise himself from the ground. when he was fairly on his feet again, he turned and shook his fist at the house he had just left and began muttering something quite unintelligible to any one but himself. But just at this moment the heavy hand was again felt on his shoulder and a voice sounded in his ear:

"None of that, now," it said. "I heard you in the house, you dog, and I've got a notion to

break every bone in your durn worthless carcass, you little, mean, cowardly puppy."

And now the hand was removed from the shoulder and the voice continued to make itself heard:

"You know who I am, and I tell you right now if you don't beg that girl's pardon for every durn thing you said to her I'll kill you sure's my name's John Bailey. You needn't come roun' again, you jess write it—and' you do it so she'll git it tomorrow."

Then giving Sloan a shove, John warned him in these words:

"Now go; that's all I've got to say to you."

Mother Bailey had heard the high words in the house, though she could not distinguish what was said, and she also heard the young man leave the house and had almost immediately walked to the front and looked out, so it happened that she saw what had transpired between the two men outside.

Lizzette had gone to her room as soon as she turned from Sloan, and John, as soon as he had bidden Sloan to leave, walked around the house and entered through the back door, all of which took place in less than five minutes after Sloan walked out.

Mother Bailey confronted John as he started to his room, and said to him:

"John, I want to talk to you as soon as you have washed your hands."

"Washed my hands," queried he; "why, I wasn't goin' to wash my hands."

"Yes, but you will, son," responded she, "for you've just had a dirty job to do and I know your hands feel kinder dirty."

Then she told him what she had seen and made him tell her why he had chastised the young man.

She did not say anything to Lizzette about it for weeks afterward.

The note of apology came the next day, however, and Mr. Sloan's visits to the Bailey house ceased abruptly.

Lizzette's visits to June's place became less frequent also after this, and it puzzled him very much to account for her seeming lack of interest in the flowers of late.

He watered the rose bushes and loosened the earth around the roots and did the best he knew how to care for them, for a week, and then he began to be seriously concerned, for Lizzette had not been near him during that time. He remembered that she had said that she would not be out again until he came and told her that the flowers needed her attention. The bushes certainly looked rather droopy, notwithstanding his ministrations, so he determined to go into Lexington and tell Lizzette of their condition.

After Sloan had left the house on that memorable Sunday night, her first feeling was one of anger and indignation, later she felt



humiliated, and as she recalled his words the hot blush of shame covered her face and a choking sensation seemed to dam up the flow of blood and to congest it in her throat.

Ah, had she so demeaned herself as to have her actions construed in such manner as he had done? She would be ashamed to go about the town now; she would imagine that everybody she met was looking at her askance, and thinking of her as an unwomanly and scheming adventuress.

She did not see how she could possibly meet June Stone with the same unembarrassed ease as she had done up to this time, or how she could feel comfortable again in his presence.

As far as John Bailey was concerned and her connection with him, she felt that the shaft Sloan had shot, seeking to wound her through John, would fall harmless. But the reference to her connection with Farleigh and the insinuation it carried with it was cruel indeed. O—she had not meant to be frivolous, or heartless, or to seem bold.

And now how could she go to June Stone's freely, as she was wont to do?

The suggestion to plant flowers in his yard and her offer to tend them had been made in frank and friendly interest and in the hope that through them she might be able to give him some pleasure. He had done so much for her—and now to have her motives and her actions so misconstrued, it was really too much.

She was very wretched that night in thinking over recent events, until finally she fell into a troubled sleep.

Next day when she received the note from Sloan the atmosphere seemed to clear to a degree, but she noticed that both Mother Bailey and John addressed her and treated her with more than usual tenderness and consideration; and she wondered if either of them could have heard anything of what had transpired between Mr. Sloan and herself.

Of course she was in total ignorance of the little episode in front of the house in which John and Sloan had figured as the actors. Nevertheless, John knew that the note from Sloan had been received. Sloan's reference to the bed of roses had put a new train of thought into John's head, and he began to wonder if there could be any idea of love between June and Lizzette. But he merely remarked to himself, "Well, I'll be darn."

Mother Bailey had noticed that Lizzette stayed pretty closely in the house for some days, and that she did not go, or say anything about going, to June's place. She was very indignant at Sloan, and a good deal worried over the effect of his words on Lizzette.

On one occasion, while thinking the matter over, she muttered to herself, "It's a wonder John didn't kill him, for he shorely did get a pretty hard fall."

John took occasion to go into Sloan's place of business about the middle of the week, and to say to him privately:

"Sloan, it's all right about the note, and I'm done with the matter if you keep your durn tongue from waggin' about it. But I jess want to give you a piece of advice, and that is this, that you don't want to let June Stone ever hear anything about it, for if you do, I wouldn't give a flip for your chance of ever gitten back to Virginy alive. He's one of the worst men in this part of the country when you git him mad."

And he continued, "Ef I was you an' I heard any talk like that you said to her Sunday night gitten' started roun' town, no matter who started it, I'd jess leave Kaintucky nex' mornin' 'fore daylight."

Sloan assured him that he was satisfied to let the matter drop and to keep it quiet, so John walked out into the street.

Saturday afternon came, and June came also, and stopped at Mother Bailey's.

"Howd'y do," said he, at the same time shaking hands with her; "how is everything and how is everybody?"

"Everybody's well, if you mean Lizzette and John and me by everybody," remarked the old lady.

And then she went on, in an enquiring tone:

"Reckin you've been pretty busy, ain't you, June, being as you couldn't find time to come to see us for nigh on to two weeks now?"

"Yes," he answered, "I've been pretty busy; but I've got my corn laid by now, and I won't be kept so close for a while."

Presently he asked, "Where's John, and Lizzette?"

"O," answered Mother Bailey, "John is knockin' roun' somewhere; he'll be in before long. Come in June, supper 'll be ready pretty soon."

And then she called "Lizzette—O, Lizzette, June's down here, and wants to see you."

"Yes, mother," came Lizzette's voice from in the direction of the kitchen, "I'll be there as soon as I look at the bread."

"Lord bless the child!" ejaculated Mother Bailey, "I thought she was up stairs' mopin, maybe."

A few minutes elapsed before Lizzette made her appearance, however, and then she came and shook hands with June; but for all the world she could not keep from flushing a little when they greeted each other.

June had a habit of looking a person whom he was addressing directly in the eye, and so penetrating was his glance that it was rather disconcerting to a person who was anxious to conceal his thoughts. Lizzette looked into his eyes for a moment and then she let her eyelids drop.

June noticed the movement at once and made mental inventory of it, for she had always heretofore returned his look fearlessly and honestly.

He did not understand it, but he merely remarked:

"Lizzette, you have not been out for a week, and your flowers have missed you. They don't seem to thrive under my care.

"Look here," he continued, and as he said this he took from the bosom of his hunting shirt a rose and handed it to her, saying, "you see it is wilted—you said you were not coming out until I came and told you that the flowers needed you. I thought you were joking at the time but I see you were in earnest, so I have come to tell you that they need you, and to ask you and Mother Bailey and John if you all won't come out tomorrow. The flowers really need your attention badly, and every one of them has bent its head in sorrow because you have kept away so long."

She looked up at him now, but again the tell-tale blush painted her cheeks and brow and she was forced to drop her eyelids for a moment—but only for a moment—and then she seemed to recover herself, and said:

"Why, Mr. June, you are certainly a poet, and as you put your invitation so prettily and plead the cause of the flowers so eloquently, I suppose, if you can induce Mother Bailey and John to accept your invitation, I must accept

in very pity of the flowers, if for no other reason."

John came in presently, and they had supper and enjoyed a very pleasant evening together, and it was definitely arranged that they should all spend the next day with June.

Before he left that night he had a talk with Mother Bailey in the kitchen, while John and Lizzette had betaken themselves to another part of the house.

"Mother Bailey," said June, "something is the matter with Lizzette. I don't know what it is, but she used to think lots of the flowers we planted out to my place, and I gave them to her and she promised to tend them; but she's acted kinder queer ever since I've been here to-night, and she has not been out to my place for a week. Do you know what is the matter—have I done anything to displease her?"

"No, June, you ain't done nothin' of the kind. I think I know what is the matter, but she don't know that I know anything about it."

Now Mother Bailey was a discreet old lady and she did not want to bring about any more trouble, so she answered June in this wise:

"Somehow it got to Lizzette's ears that some people roun' here was talkin' 'bout her bein' at your place so much, and you bein' a bachelor, and a lot of nonsense like that—and somethin' was said 'bout plantin' roses and her tryin' to make up to you in that way; an' you know, June, she's a mighty proud girl and she

wouldn't want people to think that way, so she was kind of ashamed to go ag'in, and didn't know how to tell you what was the matter, I reckon, and thought that it was better for her to stay away until people stopped talkin', any way."

Continuing, she said:

"Now mind you, she ain't said a word 'bout it to me, but I'm jes tellin' you what I have heard an' what I think is the way she's arguing in her mind."

"Ah, is that it," said June; "then I wish that people would attend to their own business and not be making trouble for others. I'd like to get a sight of the man that spoke a word against Lizzette."

Presently Mother Bailey asked abruptly:

"June, why don't you marry Lizzette, then nobody couldn't say a word."

June almost jumped from his chair as he cried out:

"Me, Mother Bailey—me marry Lizzette. Why she would not look at a rough old hunter like me."

"She ain't lookin' at any other rough old hunter roun' here, I take notice—an' I don't think she's likely too, nurther," replied Mother Bailey. "You men brag 'bout killin' bears and fightin' Indians, and doin' a lot of brave things; but after all you are the biggest lot of num-skulls an' cowards I ever saw, you are afraid to ask a woman to marry you, and you ain't

got sense enough to know when she's likely to have you, neither."

By this time her indignation was wrought up to a high pitch, and she said:

"Now look here, June Stone, I want to ask you somethin' and you mustn't get mad at an old woman, who thinks a heap of you, and ain't askin' jes to be meddlin', and it is this—don't you care nuthin' fur Lizzette—you know what I mean?"

"Mother Bailey," answered June, "I would not let anybody else around here ask me that question, but I am going to answer you truthfully. I do care very much for her and I would marry her tomorrow if she really cared for me in that way and would have me."

The flood gates of pent-up feeling being now opened, he continued vehemently, but earnestly:

"I have tried to protect her and help her in whatever way that I could, but I have been afraid, at times, that I would in spite of myself show the real nature of my feelings for her and thus shock and grieve her by that knowledge, but it has been hard to keep from speaking sometimes. I have considered myself too old and rough for her, and did not want her to feel that she was bound to me in any way by gratitude. I want her to feel free to choose for herself and I had determined that I would never speak to her of my love for her."



Mother Bailey broke in here with:

"June Stone, I always knew that you were a good man, if you are a hard fighter; and I know you want to do what is right; but if I was in your place, I'd tell her jes how I felt an' leave the rest to her, and then I'd give her time to think it over. She's a woman now, an' she's a smart woman, too; and she's honest an' she'll tell you the truth about her feelins.."

She paused, but in a moment proceeded with:

"I do wish you could see it like I do, which is that it would be the best thing that could happen to you both. And now I'm done; but I must ask, June—you don't think that I'm a meddlin' where I ain't got no business to, do you? You know that I am a kind of mother to Lizzette, as well as her friend—and yours too."

June answered her very earnestly, and said:

"No, Mother Bailey, I don't consider that you are meddling, and I know that what you have said has been spoken in kindness, and I want to thank you for this little talk, for it has done me good, and I am going to think it all over; for I want, as you say, to do the right thing by the little girl. But now, I must be going, so good-night, Mother Bailey."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

The next day broke on the earth like a glorious reflection of the benign Creator's smile, and the sun looked on fields of ripening grain and tasseling corn, on waving hemp and grassy slope, on leaf-covered tree and blossoming shrub, and kissed away the dew-drop tear that lingered on the face of Nature just awakening from sleep. Already the bird chorus was rising and filling the world with the exultant strains of its grand *Te Deum* as it ascended higher and higher to the Great White Throne.

Presently there arose from a chimney in the town a spiral column of smoke, like an incense to the god of Peace and Plenty; and it was caught up and wafted away on the gentle breeze until it was lost in the blue dome of heaven. Then another and another rose until the brightness of the sky seemed dimmed for a time—and the town was awake.

The wild animal still lingered in the forest around the settlement, but he shunned more and more the strange sights and sounds which met his gaze and caught his ear when he approached the town.

The Red men occasionally stopped to note the signs of a new civilization, and then pass on, casting back a look of hatred, as well as of resignation to the inevitable.

The rude fort and stockades, with the heavy gates, still stood sentinel over the town; but the church further on, and the log schoolhouse over yonder on that slight rise, gave evidence that the inhabitants of this little metropolis and vicinity were turning their attention to other matters than those of war and were beginning to study the ways of peace.

The closed doors of the stores and other places of business only emphasized the fact that the energy and thrift which was resting from its labors on this first day of the week would renew its activity on the morrow.

The regular outline of the streets and the improved appearance of the dwellings along their margins served to remind the pioneer and the hunter that if he wished to remain and become a component part of the community he must quickly assimilate himself to his surroundings and compose his manner of living so as to meet the requirements of the fast-changing order of things.

Many did this, and planted the seeds of genealogical trees in this soil, the branches of which have spread from the parent stem until, even at this late day, their hospitable shelter invites the repose and confidence of those seeking to rest in this land.

Others, feeling that the restraints imposed upon them by the advancing civilization were more binding than they cared to submit to, in their love of personal freedom joined the van which was already moving father westward, and passed on to other scenes.

"Lizzette, Lizzette," cried Mother Bailey, "you lazy girl, get up and come and help to get breakfast; don't you know we are going out to June's today, and that we want to start as early as we can?"

"All right, mother," sounded a voice from the direction of Lizzette's sleeping apartment, "I'm coming."

John had been wielding his axe very vigorously for some little time outside, and he now came in with a plentiful supply of wood for the cooking stove.

Breakfast was soon prepared and disposed of, and about the middle of the forenoon the party of three took the road to the country. When they reached June's place he was in the yard waiting for them.

"How do you do, Mother Bailey; good morning, Lizzette; well, John, old man, I'm glad to see you all, walk right into the house," this was June's greeting to his guests.

Mother Bailey answered for the whole party:

"We are all right, and had a nice walk. You ain't much changed in looks, June, since I saw you last night," said she laughingly.

"No," retorted June, "and I don't believe you have lost much flesh in that time."

After they had talked over the current topics of interest, Mother Bailey remarked that she was going into the kitchen to see what June was going to give them for dinner.

In a few moments she cried out:

"It's all right, June's got everything ready, and nothin' to do but start the fire, so you needn't help me, Lizzette, an' I don't want any men folks a pesterin' roun' me; so you, Lizzette, an' June, go and tend to them flowers— an' you, John, you jes step round and fetch me a bucket of water from the spring."

June and Lizzette went out into the yard, and Lizzette was soon on her knees by one of the rose bushes, which seemed to be the least thriftly of them all.

She took one of the stems in her fingers and the leaves fell scattering to the ground.

"Why, Mr. June, ain't you ashamed of yourself to neglect this little bush so?"

"Now, Lizzette," responded he, ain't you ashamed of yourself for not coming sooner to its rescue? You know that I told you if they got into my hands they would fare badly, and that I would not be answerable for the consequences. You should not reproach me, for I did the best I knew how for them."

"Well, I will not scold you this time, for I am afraid it was my fault more than yours."

"But," insisted he, "why did you stay away so long?"

The question was an embarrassing one under the circumstances. She could not truthfully say that she had not anticipated it, but she had hoped that he would not ask it. Of course she knew all along that he would think it strange that she had so suddenly lost interest in the flowers.

She did not reply immediately, not knowing how to answer him truthfully without telling more than she wished to—and an untruth she would not tell. Then it occurred to her that she must gain a little more time in which to think, so she finally answered him by asking a question herself:

"Did I not tell you that I was not coming out again until you came and told me that the flowers needed me?"

"Yes," he answered, "but you never thought it necessary for me to tell you before when they needed your ministrations."

"Now, Mr. June," she said, "I really thought that the flowers had gotten a start and would not need so much attention, and that if they did not seem to be doing so well at any time, you would let me know."

She thought that she had gotten out of the difficulty pretty well now, but she reckoned without her host, for June knew, thanks to Mother Bailey, that she had not given him the real reason for her staying away, and he wish-

ed for reasons of his own that she would tell him the true one.

Possibly a man in more polished society, on seeing her reluctance, would not have pressed her for a further answer, but would have been content to let her know that he knew that she was fencing? June proposed to be very frank with her, and he wanted her to be frank with him. His was a direct nature, so he questioned her again, in this manner:

“Now, Lizzette, was that the real reason that you stayed away? Isn't there some other which you have not told me yet?”

He was looking at her now with that penetrating glance which had never yet wavered in the face of man or woman, and blushing she returned the look and answered:

“Mr. June, I wish you had not asked me that, but I will answer you truthfully. Yes, there is another reason, and, though it is very embarrassing for me to tell it to you, I will do it. I was afraid that I was coming out here too often and that people might misinterpret my motive and would talk about it.”

She had told him the truth now and he knew it, and his voice took on a very tender tone as he said to her:

“My dear little girl, some one has been saying something to you already. You never thought of this yourself.”

Pretty soon he continued:

"As for myself, I don't care how much people talk, but they must not say anything to hurt you. However, I think that I understand you, and I would not have you do anything that might give the most malicious tongue an excuse for wagging, though you might be perfectly innocent in so doing."

Then he cried out as if he could not withhold the words:

"Lizzette, Lizzette—if you could care for a rough old feller like me, I would ask you to be my wife, and then you could be with your flowers all the time, and no one could say a word against it."

Before Lizzette could frame an answer, Mother Bailey called them in to dinner.

As they walked into the house, he asked:

"Lizzette, will you take a walk with me after dinner?"

And she answered:

"Yes, Mr. June."

After dinner was over and the things washed and put away, Mother Bailey said:

"June, if you'll lend me a horse I'll get John to take me over to Mrs. Smith's. We won't be gone long."

"Why, certainly, Mother Bailey, you can have a horse if you want one; and one for John, too, for that matter," answered June.

"No, June," said she, "I can get up behind John, and we'll travel very well that way. I want to see Mrs. Smith; you know she has not



been feelin' very well lately, so I thought that I'd just ride over and enquire about her."

"All right," said June, "you women folks always have your own way," and then he went to the stable and saddled a horse for the old lady.

After they were gone, June said to Lizzette: "Shall we walk down to the little water fall on the creek?"

When they were seated on the mossy bank near the fall, listening to the music of the leaping waters, he spoke:

"Lizzette, do you know that when I walked into the house the last day you were out here, after you had gone, and found the roses you had placed on my supper table, I felt such a love for you sweep over me that I could hardly keep from running after you and asking you to come back for good. But I restrained myself, and I had time to think over the matter, and to think of you, what a dainty piece of humanity you were, and what a rough and uncouth specimen I was; and I knew that I was not fit for you, that I did not have education and refinement enough, and I felt I would be doing you a wrong if I tried to persuade you to marry me, so I determined to keep silence regarding my feelings for you. But this was not the first of it, though I knew then that I loved you beyond recall and that it would never be any other way."

After a few moments of thought he resumed :

"I did keep silence. I waited, hoping for your sake that something would come of Farleigh's attentions to you; hoping that, if not, then that some one of those here among us, and who was better able than I am to surround you with the comforts and refinements of life, would be attracted by your loveliness and ask you to share it all with him; but when none of these things happened, as I had hoped and planned, or when, at least, you seemed disinclined to accept any such offers, if they were made, and when certain persons had begun to couple our names together, I felt that, in justice to you, I must make you acquainted with the state of my feelings and offer you the honest love and protection of a rough old Indian fighter and trapper.

"And now, Lizette," he continued, "you can do what you please with it. You can reject it, and June Stone will still be your friend, or you can accept it and make me the happiest man this side of the Alleghanys. I never made love before, and I know that I am making a bungle of it; but if you feel that you could be contented with such a man as I am, I know that I'd feel that I'd gotten more of happiness in this life than I could ever deserve, and a good deal more than generally falls to the lot of one man; but I'd try, to the best of my ability, to make you a good husband and to make you happy."

And now she looked straight into his eyes, without a tremor of the lids, and the blue of her eye deepened and filled with the light of a love and trust so beautiful that it illumined her whole countenance; and she threw her arms around his neck and spoke in gentlest tones into his ear.

"I have loved you, June, I think, since the first day I ever saw you—and now—and now I feel so safe and happy—and all the rest is as nothing."

And then, as soft as the sighing of the summer wind, she whispered, "Will you kiss me, dear?"

June pressed her to him and kissed her, for the first time, on the lips.

It was a grown man's virgin kiss of love.

And the glad hours sped on towards the close of the day, and afterwards the moon looked down over pasture and forest, over country and town, as June walked back to his home from Mother Bailey's cottage, and his heart was filled with peace and contentment, and the night air carried the news back to the sea, of a new empire whose star was ascendant in the Western sky.

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