

31. DANIEL BOONE: A FIGHTER OF INDIANS.—II.

1. One December day, towards evening, Daniel Boone and a comrade named Stuart were climbing a low hill when they were attacked by Indians. It was useless for them to resist, for their foes were very many in number.

2. The savages made Daniel and his friend lead them to their camp, and, when they arrived there, they stole everything in it—guns, horses, skins, and food. Then they set the white men free, and ordered them to return to their own people and never again to trespass on Indian hunting grounds.

3. Daniel was very angry at this treatment. He and his friend pretended to return; but they only went to a store where they could obtain guns and powder and lead. Then they set out to attack the Indians who had robbed them.

4. For two days they tracked the Redskins through the forest, and at last caught them up. Hiding themselves in the bushes until

dark, they suddenly sprang out, and managed to regain four or five of the horses which had been stolen from them.

5. They mounted the horses and galloped off; but they had not gone far before the Indians overtook them and captured them once more. They were taken to the Indian village, but were not unkindly treated. For some time they lived in the village, but one dark night they managed to escape.

6. As you may imagine, the journey over the mountains was very toilsome. For months they travelled on, and then misfortune overtook them. While Daniel was away hunting Stuart lost himself. His friend searched high and low for him, but could not find him. He discovered the embers of a fire which the missing man had made, but no other trace of him could he see.

7. Five years later he found the remains of his friend in a hollow sycamore tree. He knew that it was the body of the missing man, for hard by he found a powder flask with Stuart's name scratched on it. How he died will never be known. Perhaps he had been wounded and chased by Indians,



A PALAVER WITH INDIANS.

and to escape from them had hidden himself in the tree where he died.

8. Meanwhile Daniel was left alone. He had neither bread, salt, nor sugar, and no company of any kind, not even that of a horse or a dog. The Indians, he knew, were tracking him; but he was just as crafty as they were, and for many weeks they failed to find his hiding-places.

9. One day they suddenly surrounded him. His only way of escape was over a cliff sixty feet high. He sprang over the cliff, and landed on the top of a tree. He slid down the trunk like a squirrel, ran along the bank of the river, plunged into the water, and swam into safety.

10. Later on, as he was making his way through the forest, his quick ears caught a sound which told him that his crafty foes had headed him off. At once he seized a branch that hung over the path and swung himself up into a tree. Hidden amidst the thick leaves, he watched the Indians pass and repass. After a time they gave up looking for him, and he was able to continue his journey.

11. Some months later he returned home, and led forty men to Kentucky, where they meant to settle down. Driving their herds before them, and carrying their wives and children and household goods with them, they pushed westward. The Indians attacked them, and killed six of the party. Some of the others were missing, and the rest, losing heart, went back to their old homes.

12. Daniel went with them; but he was soon out in the woods again, seeking for the lost men. He found them, and then was sent by a rich trader to make a settlement south of the Kentucky River. This he did, and the new settlement was called, after him, Boonesborough.

32. DANIEL BOONE: A FIGHTER OF INDIANS.—III.

1. One Sunday in the year 1776 there was great alarm in Boonesborough. Men stood at the loopholes with loaded guns, and women and children huddled together in terror. What had happened?

2. Daniel's daughter, Jemima, a girl of

fourteen, along with two friends, Betsy and Fanny Calloway, was missing. They had last been seen paddling a canoe on the river. The swift current had swept them along, and had carried them far from the settlement.

3. Suddenly, as the canoe was driven near the northern bank, five Shawnee braves, who were hidden in the bushes, waded into the water and seized the girls. People in the settlement heard their screams as they were carried off. The youngest child in Boonesborough knew that the Indians would torture them to death.

4. At once the men of the settlement mounted their horses and dashed off to the bank of a river which lay between the Shawnees and their village. Daniel Boone followed on foot with several other men, and soon was on the track of the savages.

5. The girls knew that their friends would try to rescue them, so they did their best to show them the road to follow. They placed broken twigs along the path; they trod heavily, so as to leave footprints; and they dropped scraps of clothing as they were hurried along.



SHAWNEE BRAVES.

6. For forty-eight hours Daniel and his comrades followed the Indians, and every hour they drew nearer and nearer to them. At last, when the savages were about thirty-five miles from Boonesborough, they were overtaken. Boone and his men dashed upon them. Two of the Indians were killed, and the rest fled. The girls, who were unharmed, were rescued, and the party set off for home.

7. You can picture for yourselves the joyful return to Boonesborough. Long before the thirty-five miles of the return journey were covered, swift runners had carried the glad news to the settlers in the fort. When at last Daniel and the girls came within sight of it, they were received with ringing cheers and the firing of guns.

8. Some years later Daniel was captured by his old foes the Shawnees. They asked him to join them, and told him they were going to attack Boonesborough. They also said that he was to lead them.

9. Daniel knew that the fort was weak, and that the Indians outnumbered the white men by five to one. He tried, therefore, to

delay the Indians as much as possible. He advised them to wait until the weather was warmer, and they agreed to do so.

10. After a time the Shawnees wished to torture some of the white prisoners whom they had taken. Daniel begged them not to do so, and they listened to him. The white men were led away, and were sold to the French. Then one of the Indian chiefs, named Black Fish, took a great fancy to Daniel, and treated him as his son.

11. Daniel pretended to be quite content with his lot. He shot game for the Indians, and helped them in other ways ; but all the time he was watching and waiting for a chance to escape.

12. One day the Indians made him "run the gantlet." Do you know what this means? It was a cruel game, in which the Indians stood in two lines facing each other. They then made their prisoner run between them, and as he passed by they aimed blows at him. Sometimes the poor fellow was killed before he reached the end of the lines.

13. Daniel did not suffer much. He ran in a zigzag course, leaping from side to

side, and thus escaping the blows aimed at him. Before he reached the end of the lines he put down his head and, butting at the Indians, knocked down several of them. In this way he "ran the gantlet" with only a few bruises.

33. DANIEL BOONE: A FIGHTER OF INDIANS.—IV.

1. Now let me tell you how Daniel escaped from the Indians. One day, while they were boiling salt, a flock of wild turkeys suddenly flew over them. The Indians all looked up, and instantly Daniel dived into the brush-wood.

2. So skilfully did he hide himself that the Indians could not find him. They searched for many hours, but the crafty white man was nowhere to be seen. As soon as the coast was clear, Daniel started off with all speed for Boonesborough.

3. A journey of one hundred and sixty miles through the forest lay before him. He had no food except such as he could pick up by the way. For four days he

struggled on, and at length saw the fort of Boonesborough before him. He was so worn out that he staggered as he entered the gate.

4. The people looked at him in surprise. They had long thought him dead, and his wife and children had gone back to their old home. Bands of Indians had attacked them, but had been driven off. They were about to come again, and the settlers knew that they could not hold out against their foes a second time. Daniel's return gave them new hope.

5. During the next ten days Daniel worked hard to make the fort strong enough to beat off the attack of the Shawnees. All hands were set to work to repair the walls, the gates, and the blockhouses, and to collect food.

6. At the end of ten days four hundred Shawnees appeared under the command of Black Fish. Daniel and some friends went out to speak with the chief, who said that he was much grieved at the way his "son" had treated him. Black Fish asked him to give up the fort. Daniel replied that every man in the place would fight to the death.

7. Then the Indians tried to seize him and his comrades, and in the course of the struggle Daniel and his brother were wounded. The white men rushed to the fort, and just managed to close and bar the great gate before the Indians reached it.

8. Then the siege of Boonesborough began. The Indians threw blazing torches on the roofs of the cabins, and tried to set them on fire. Happily there had been much rain on the night before, and the wood was too wet to burn.

9. At night they tried to climb the log wall, but the settlers drove them back. Try to imagine the scene—the naked Indians clambering up the wooden walls, the flash of guns from the loopholes, the glare of torches, the war-whoops of the savages, the screams of the women and children, the howling of dogs, and the bellowing of frightened cattle.

10. Day after day the struggle went on, but no living Indian got inside the fort. After ten days the Indians gave up the attempt, and marched away. Four hundred Indians had been beaten by sixty white



THE INDIAN ATTACK ON THE FORT.

men ! Soon afterwards soldiers arrived, and drove them from the district.

11. I am sorry to say that Daniel had much trouble and worry during the next few years. The land which he thought to be his own was taken from him, and he found himself without home or money.

12. Once more he took up his rifle, and set out to seek a living in the wilderness. At eighty years of age he was still a hunter and a trapper. Though he had lost all, he was still sweet and gentle to his friends. Six years later he died.

13. Twenty-five years after his death the people of Kentucky understood what a great work Daniel Boone had done for them. They removed his body from its place of burial, and laid it to rest close by the fort of Boonesborough. There, in the land which he won for white men, this grand old hunter, scout, and fighter sleeps his last sleep.

34. THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

1. There dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the river Dee ;
He wrought and sang from morn to night—
No lark more blithe than he ;
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be :
“ I envy nobody—no, not I,
And nobody envies me ! ”
2. “ Thou’rt wrong, my friend,” said old King Hal,
“ Thou’rt wrong as wrong can be ;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I’d gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I’m the king,
Beside the river Dee ? ”
3. The miller smiled, and doffed his cap :
“ I earn my bread,” quoth he ;
“ I love my wife, I love my friends,
I love my children three ;
I owe no penny I cannot pay ;
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
To feed my babes and me.”
4. “ Good friend,” said Hal, and sighed the while,
“ Farewell ! and happy be ;
But say no more, if thou’dst be true,
That no one envies thee.

120 How Freddy made Lightning.

Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill, my kingdom's fee !
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee ! ”

CHARLES MACKAY.

35. HOW FREDDY MADE LIGHTNING.

1. One sharp frosty evening the children had nothing to do. They had played all the games that they knew, and had read all their story books. Very soon, I think, they would have quarrelled. It was then that Freddy came to the rescue.

2. Freddy was a cousin from town. His father was a doctor, and he had taught him what they call “ science.”

3. “ Now, girls,” said Freddy, “ I am going to make lightning.”

“ Oo mustn't tell stories,” replied Baby, nodding her little head.

4. “ Oh, I don't mean lightning such as you see in the sky. My lightning will be very small; but it will be the real thing, I assure you.”

5. Freddy made us all sit at one side of

How Freddy made Lightning. 121

the table, and he stood at the other side. "Give me your attention, please," he said.

"Oh," cried Molly, in a disappointed tone, "he's only going to give us a lesson. I thought it was going to be something interesting."

"Wait and see," said Freddy.

6. He took three glasses, a tray, a piece of brown paper, and a clothes-brush, and put them inside the fender close to the fire. When they were warm he took them up and put them on the table.

7. The three glasses he arranged in the shape of a triangle, and put the tray on the top of them. Then he began brushing the brown paper very hard with the clothes-brush.

8. When he had done this for a little time he put the brown paper on the tray, and put his finger on the tray for a moment.

9. "Now for the lightning," he said, and he turned the gas low. "Put your knuckle near the tray, Amy," he said. Amy did so, and—would you believe it?—a little flash of lightning jumped between the tray and her knuckle with a sharp crack.

10. "Do it again," we shouted; "it is great fun."

Freddy did so, and then said, "We have been making electricity. It is the most wonderful force known to man. It can do no end of things—light our houses and streets, drive our machines and trams and trains, and send messages right across the world."

36. FREDDY'S TELEGRAPH.

1. You remember, I am sure, how our cousin Freddy made lightning for us. He is a very clever boy, and he is always showing us something strange and new.

2. One night Dad received a telegram telling us that our big brother Bob had been wounded, but that he was not badly hurt, and would soon be better. The telegram came from London.

3. I asked Freddy how it was that the message could be sent from London so quickly. The train takes six hours to make the journey, and the telegram came all the way in less than an hour. I was much puzzled.