

THE RED STORM

Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER VIII.

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

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

"Who knows this young man? Who can vouch for him?" demanded Alston.

"Those who came with me to Kentucky, and would willingly vouch for my veracity and honor, are now at Harrodsburg," said Allan.

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

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

"Andrew!" said Boone.

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

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

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

"Not until he tries to escape," was the reply.

"I'll do that, sir," said Andrew.

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

"I ken do it just like nuffin. You ken trust dis chile as fur as you ken see him."

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

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

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

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

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

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

At that moment there was an energetic knocking at the gate. Elony was ordered to undo the fastenings, and a strong, resolute-looking man, with a rifle upon his shoulder, entered.

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

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

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

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

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

"That's jest what we're afeared on," remarked Logston, who had executed his commission, and was now waiting further orders.

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

"Unquestionably," returned Boone dryly.

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

"How many?" asked Boone.

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

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

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

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

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

"You may shut yourself up as fast as you please, but I rather expect I shall take a turn around these here parts, to see what's goin' on; because, you see, I don't like to take nothin' second-hand like," said Joel Logston.

"We all know it, Logston, and therefore we can spare you. We shall want you to do some of your nice shooting," remonstrated Boone.

But Joel, when once resolved upon anything, would always have his own way, and notwithstanding all that could be said by way of remonstrance and entreaty, he mounted his horse and rode away.

CHAPTER IX.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ugh!" exclaimed Girty, with a scowl.

"Get out with your infernal Inglin nonsense," responded Joel. "You ain't an Inglin, nor ain't fit to be one."

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

"I ain't afeared."

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

"I never run," said Joel.

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

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

"Why, I'll let 'em all, big and little, young and old, march out of the country unmoested. Ain't that ar' merciful, magnanimous-like?"

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

"Savage it the same; cruelty's no part of my nater'."

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

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

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

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

"What's her name, Captain Girty?"

"Eliza Ballard."

"Who?" asked Logston, with a start.

"Eliza Ballard," repeated Girty.

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

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

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

"I'll make sure out by askin' ye now. And hark! jine me in this affair, and I'll say fifteen hundred acres instead of a thousand."

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

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

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

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

"A lot about six feet by two, perhaps," muttered Joel. "I'll carry your terms up to the fort and do the best I can; and I'll speak a good word to Miss Ballard, for she's a beauty, Captain, without varnish or whitewash."

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

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

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

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

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

"Take that, you sneak'n' renegade!" cried Logston, planting a stunning blow exactly into Girty's "hearing place" that fairly lifted him from the ground, and landed him head foremost in a heap of brushwood beside the path, where he lay motionless, with his heels in the air. Joel cocked his rifle and pointed it at him, but dropped the muzzle, saying: "It won't do; the report would perhaps stir up a million redskins. Jay there, you infernal good-for-nothin', while I give you my blessin'!" he added, looking contemptuously at the motionless figure of Girty. "You ain't nobody to speak on; you're a vile critter; you're a despicable turncoat; I don't know nothing had enough to call you. If I had a knife I'd scalp ye, hang me if I wouldn't, so your own mother wouldn't know you! Talk about Eliza Ballard, will ye? Give me two thousand acres of land! O, you snake! you mud turtle! you unmerciful coward! you double distilled villain! That's my blessin'. Come away, Vesuvius; don't touch the dirty critter; a dog is known by the company he keeps."

The woodsman galloped briskly toward Harrodsburg, his indignation mounting higher at every step. Several times he was on the point of turning back to dispatch the worthless object who had dared to aspire to the hand of Eliza

Ballard, a young and comely maiden, upon whom his own affections had been placed for a long period.

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

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

Logston now rushed upon him, thinking to dispatch him by a well-aimed blow with his clubbed rifle, but the wary savage anticipated his intentions, in every instance, managed to evade his furious blows. The conflict went on in this manner for a considerable time, with no advantage on the part of Joel. Finding that this kind of warfare was of no avail, and that he was wasting his strength in vain, he threw away his rifle and closed with his adversary in a hand-to-hand struggle.

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

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

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

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

Casting his eyes toward the spot where the other savage had fallen, he perceived that he was still living, and with heroic firmness had succeeded in reloading his gun, although it was evident from his movements that his spine was broken. The wounded and wretched, though determined, being had not sufficient command over his disabled body to sit upright long enough to fire; but as often as he attempted to present his gun, he fell forward upon his face; and again struggling with the unconquerable spirit, which neither pain nor danger could subdue, braced himself with his weapon for another trial.

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

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

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

"We ain't worth much, neither on us, I reckon," added Joel, addressing the animal, and caressing his neck affectionately. "But you may try to get me to Boonesborough some day or other."

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

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

(To be continued.)

Bobby on the Zebra.

Little Bobby was asked to write a composition on some animal and he wrote one on the zebra as follows:

"The zebra is a hobo horse that don't have to work because it wears stripes. When men wear stripes they have to work harder than those that don't wear them, but the zebra loafs around the zoo all day eating peanuts and doing nothing."

Fired.

"That boss of yours," said Timmild, "is so pompous he always makes me feel ill at ease."

"Strange," replied Potter, "I felt out of place when he was talking to me to-day."

"Yes?"

"Yes, he was telling me I needn't come back after Saturday."—Philadelphia Press.

Where the Bee Is Laid.

The bee of Mexico does not "improve each shining hour." As there is very little cold weather there, no necessity exists for laying in winter stores of honey, and the bee is, therefore, rather lazy than otherwise.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

INCOMPETENCE IN THE NAVY.

HE colliding and grounding in New York harbor of three of Uncle Sam's biggest fighting machines show our navy is not properly officered. From \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000 of the people's money is invested in each of these boats. Extreme care should be exercised in their handling so that the period of usefulness be made the greatest possible. Yet in our own waters, beneath a fair sky and, with a high tide running, these warships had to be grounded to avoid sending one or more to the bottom and, while in this fix, another was rammed.

A sufficient excuse for this inefficiency will be hard to find. Our warships are neither pressed for time nor tide; they can stay at anchorage until fogs and tempestuous seas disappear and until there is water enough in shallow places to get out safely into the offing. Such flimsy pretext as not having a pilot on each vessel or that the water in the channel was at low tide will not answer. The truth is the boats were so close together and going so fast that the slightest interruption in speed was certain to result disastrously. These ships are fitted with every modern device to lessen speed in an emergency but the proximity was such that even these safeguards were unavailable. The Kentucky's sides were rammed so badly that it will require a month to repair the damage. The wonder is that she escaped going down. Only for a quick reversal of the engines in the Alabama the consequences would have been tragic.

The friends of an enlarged navy are cast down by the inexcusable blunder in New York bay. At a time when Congress was being impelled to vote large sums for new warships this collision takes place to throw cold water on their urging. The question at once presents itself: Is it worth while to authorize new ships when those in commission are in incompetent hands? Would it not be wise to spend money to make officers capable and trustworthy before making additions to our naval strength, only to have the new boats served by those unfitted for the task?—Utica Globe.

WE ARE NOT "GOING TO THE DOGS."

ANY have got an idea, from the sensational announcements of measures under way, that the people of this country are engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the great financial and industrial interests.

The people have been pictured as being strangled in the tentacles of hideous octopi until many seriously believe that to be their real condition. That there are wrongs in big business enterprises and in small, there can be no question. That wise remedies might better the condition of all is not to be doubted.

But that this country is going to the demitition bow-woos unless things are promptly turned upside down and inside out is poppycock. The whole business structure rests and has always rested on the conviction that men will fulfill their obligations and deal fairly. This is the foundation of credit. Ninety-five per cent of the total business transactions of this country are carried on, not in cash, but in credit based on that conviction, showing how general it is and how firm.

Confidence, not suspicion, is and must be the prevail-

ing tone of the business world. The proceedings of the bankruptcy court show strikingly that the great majority of business failures are not tainted by dishonesty or dishonor.

We hear more about delinquencies of all sorts than we did when the facilities for gathering news were meager. And every little village and country cross-roads even has its self-appointed oracle, who may not know enough to earn a dollar and a half a day, but who imagines he clearly understands the most intricate mysteries of great business enterprises involving millions of capital and employing tens of thousands of men, and noisily preaches the doctrine that great success is great fraud.

But the broader minded optimist sees that justice, honor and honesty are the normal condition—that they rule as a matter of course in social and business relations. Millions of instances in which they are in evidence never appear under startling headlines of a newspaper. They are far too ordinary to constitute "news."

An honest man creates no sensation as he passes along the street attending to legitimate business, but the thief in custody attracts a crowd.—Des Moines News.

EVIL OF TOO MANY CHURCHES.

AMERICA has too many churches. Towns which might be well administered spiritually by one clergyman or two have six, eight or ten. No one of the six or more congregations can pay for a good preacher. Few of them can pay all the cost of any preacher, however poor. Nor can any one of them pay for all the time of their spiritual leader. So only very young men are to be had, and the demands upon their time cover so wide a territory that preaching must be almost their exclusive occupation and pastoral duties be almost entirely disregarded. One of the clergymen observes tersely and justly: "No business could flourish by that method and few churches can."—Washington Times.

THE TELEPHONE IN THE COUNTRY.

AN important phase of the rural invasion of the telephone has been its perceptible effect on the value of lands. It is on record that two or three years after the establishment of lines through the country districts the prices of lands begin to rise rapidly; immigrants come in with greater freedom; hamlets develop into towns; cross-roads develop into hamlets—and in the meantime quotations for wild and improved lands are steadily advancing. The thing is, of course, too new as yet to permit any broadcast prophecy in this direction, but the healthful trend is already apparent.—Atlanta Constitution.

MARRIAGEABLE GIRLS.

IT is very difficult to say what laws regulate proposals—why some girls attract attention only, while others attract "attentions." There are pretty and popular women to whom nobody proposes; there are plainer ones with whom every second man finds himself contemplating marriage.—Lady's Realm.



Pa Jones'...

"What is the cause of all this barking, madame? What is the cause of all this barking?" exclaimed Pa Jones, as he impetuously rushed in to the happy home and threw his hat and coat on the hall rack instead of the usual spot on the west end of the piano.

"One might think that this house was a klooodle pound! One might think that you were giving an imitation of a canine chorus in the good old dog days! Have you all taken cold at the same time? Did you find a job lot of influenza on a bargain counter, and buy the whole business? I heard you whooping it up a mile down the street! I heard you above the din of the trolleys! There is no mistaking the sweet contralto sneeze of your dear mother! There is no mistaking—"

"Don't get overheated, you nice old yap!" interrupted Ma, savagely throwing her eagle eyes on the esteemed Henry. "There is no use having a rush of blood to the vacant room in your dome! It isn't my fault because we have all taken cold! It isn't my fault because you were so close-fisted that you wouldn't get weather strips for the doors! But it will be my fault if we don't get cured, and that pretty quick! So you just sneak to the 'phone and call up the doctor! He wasn't in when I—"

"What's that, madame? What's that, Mrs. Jones?" was the shoutful interjection of Pa. "Please sing that again so that I can catch the tune! Kindly hum it again so that I will know when to come in on the dance act! Do you think that I am going to encourage a doctor in a game of graft like that? Do you imagine for one moment that I am going to pay a medical geezer at the rate of two dollars a head just to come here and tell you all to dress warm and keep your feet dry? Not on your life, angel wife! Not on your life! I will be the doctor! I will be his squillful nibs! I will—"

"Is that so, Mr. Jones?" rejoined Ma, in a palpitating tone. "Well, don't you think it! Don't you even dream it! You can take all the patent slush wash that you want to, from speckled hair dye down to painless corn ointment, but I want you to distinctly understand that you can't give me any of your coon song and banjo cough cure, even if a thousand testimonials do come with every dose! I am—"

"What's the matter with you, woman? What's the matter with you?" yelpfully responded Pa, with a pretzel look on his pained features. "Don't you suppose that I know how to make cough medicine? Don't you suppose I know the ingredients of a cure that would make a hospital look like the first aid to the injured? Who ever heard of calling in a doctor to tinker a cough when I was a boy? Who ever heard of going to bed with a cold and having bouquets and scented notes of sympathy sent you down on the farm? No one, madame! No one! You simply stay in the house long enough to take a little homemade syrup and then go out and monkey in the snow to keep down the fever! I have had more cold spells than you could find in a Beef Trust refrigerator, and all that my good old mother ever did was to saturate me with kerosene and feed me on molasses and vinegar, and—"

"I can easily believe it, you sweet crook!" broke in the taunting Ma, contemptuously. "You are full of kerosene yet, and—"

"Silence, woman! Silence, lovey-dovey!" thundered Pa, ragedly, glaring at his devoted Mary. "You have said enough! You have sprinkled on a little of the Smith extra! How dare you throw the harpoon into the time-honored methods of my good old mother? How dare you pose as an authority on therapeutics? What right have you—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, shut up, you squawkful quawk!" shouted Ma, with evident annoyance. "You are worse than a chirruping singing society! Why don't you forget your grinch and 'phone for the doctor! Why don't—"

"I won't shut up, dear soul! I won't shut up!" returned Pa, explosively, as he started for the kitchen, followed by Ma. "I refuse to be muzzled! I refuse to permit the Smiths to run the roost! I am the main guy of this gang, and I am going to prove to you the efficacy of my good old mother's medicine. I am going to make you eat crow! I am going to stew up some of that syrup as a matter of vindication! Where do you keep your pans? Norah, get me the molasses! You may also trot out the vinegar! Now, then, Smithy, take a look and get wise to the ways of domestic remedies! You will notice that as these ingredients begin to sizzle I begin to stir! You will—Norah, bring me a hunk of butter and a lump of lard! That's right, now, get a hustle on you and fetch a dash of mustard, some ginger, and—"

"Aren't you a smart old hero?" interposed Ma, sarcastically, as she watched the mixful Henry. "Why

don't you put in a little shoe polish and sand soap? Why don't you—"

"Who is doing this, madame? Who is doing this?" was the snarful rejoinder of Pa. "Who is conducting this laboratory? Who is so kindly exhausting his chemical knowledge to cure your dear mother's cold when she ought to be Oslerized? Why don't you take a sneak? Why don't you vanish like other ghosts? Why don't you attend to your own business, and be thankful that you have a guardian angel named Jones to look after you?"

So saying Pa resumed work on his syrup, and did not deign to notice the bunch of flattering compliments that Ma generously threw at him.

The cough cure was finally cooked to Pa's satisfaction, and after it had been properly cooled and bottled, the amateur chemist seized a tablespoon and smilingly turned to Ma.

"Call your mother, Mrs. Jones! Call your mother!" he effusively cried. "Call little Fido, Sis, Edythe and everybody else who has been contributing to the barkful chorus! But first I will do what no other doctor does! I will take a dose of my own medicine to show you that I have faith in its virtue! You will observe that I pour out a tablespoonful! You will also observe that I fearlessly put it in my mouth and—Wow! Holy smoke! Help, Mary! Help! Turn on the hose! Crack up a ton of ice! Yell for the fire department! Water! Water! More water! I am burning to death! I have taken something that tastes like tabasco! I have swallowed lava from Mount Vesuvius! Run for a doctor, dearest! Run for—"

"It's just good for you, you officious brute!" put in the unsympathetic Ma, with a triumphant gleam in her wifely eyes. "I don't pity you one bit! You haven't got any more than was coming to you! I saw you dumping a pound of cayenne pepper in that cough cure instead of ginger, but I couldn't interfere with the mixture that your mother used to make!"

Pa Jones did not reply at the time. He was too busy sucking water out of the reservoir regardless of microbes. But at the end of two hours, when he felt physically cooler and mentally hotter, the good old family battle began in earnest, and continued until long after a real doctor had prescribed for Mother-in-Law Smith and the other coughful cases.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

We don't understand why the woman who has so much trouble keeping one servant, ever wants to be rich when she would have the trouble multiplied by six or eight.