

THE RED STORM

Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER VIII.

Allan's cheeks grew red with rage, but he disdained 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 stalwart 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 far as you ken see him."

"And not much further," said Boone to himself. Turning to Mr. Alston, he resumed, in a serious voice: "Trust my judgment for this time and do not imagine that I am actuated by unworthy motives. If I am doing any person the least injustice in acting as I am, I will be the first to confess my error when it becomes fully apparent. I never took pleasure in wronging any human being, and I am getting too old to learn many new tricks now. This Le Bland I know is a personal friend of yours; but he is a 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 Elias 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 forester.

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

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

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

"That's just what we're afeared of," 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 of 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 hethen of this side 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 going 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't spare you. We shall want you to do some of your nice shooting," remonstrated Boone.

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

CHAPTER 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 downcast eyes, dressed in Indian style, emerged from the bushes and stood before Logston.

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

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

"Ugh!" exclaimed Girty, with a scowl. "Get out with your infernal Ingin nonsense," responded Joel. "You ain't an Ingin, 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' t'other world can save it; but I'd rather they'd give in and knock under without fightin', for you know Ingins can't be restrained when they get a taste of human blood; they have a nateral hankerin' for blood," resumed Girty.

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

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

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

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

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

"You're a game chicken, Logston. I've often heard on 'em, 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 ginerous!" exclaimed Joel.

"So it is, Logston; it is the ginerous policy that tells in all military leaders, and I've lately added it to my other virtues. But there's one thing I c'annest forget to mention. The fact is, I'm not a married man, and to come right to the p'int, 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; I shouldn't succeed with Eliza, there's Fleming's darter, as pretty a cre-ture 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 on't 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 knew you was my man, if I could only see you face to face; and really, it seems as though Providence brought us together."

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

"I wouldn't advise you to do that. The woods 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 sneakin' renegade!" cried Logston, planting a stunning blow exactly into Girty's "hearing place" that fairly lifted him from the ground, and landed him head foremost in a heap of brushwood beside the path, where he lay motionless, with his heels in the air. Joel cocked his rifle and pointed it at him, but dropped the muzzle, saying: "It won't do; the report would perhaps stir up a million redskins. Lay 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 bad enough to call you. If I had a knife I'd scalp ye, hang me if I wouldn't, so your own mother wouldn't know you! Talk about Eliza Ballard, will ye? Give me two thousand acres of land! O, you snipe! you mud turtle! you unmerciful coward! you double distilled villain! That's my blessin'. Come away, Vespasian; 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, undeterred 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 clubbed his rifle; his assailant instantly stopped, and harried the weapon in his hand with such precision that it would have been fatal to him had he not, with cat-like agility, springing aside, thus avoiding it.

Logston 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 elude his furious blows. The conflict went on in this manner for a considerable time, with no advantage on the part of Joel. Finding that this kind of warfare was of no avail, and that he was wasting his strength in vain, he threw away his rifle and closed with his adversary in a hand-to-hand struggle.

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.

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

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

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

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. Vespasian, who precious 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 sunk 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 don't wear them, but the zebra loafs around the zoo all day eating peanuts and doing nothing."

Fired.

"That boss of yours," said Timmld, "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 Lazy.

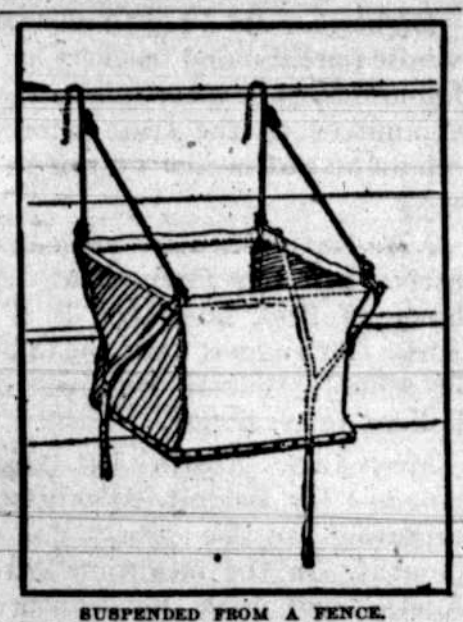
The bee of Mexico does not "improve each shining hour." As there is very little cold weather there, no necessity exists for laying in winter stores of honey, and the bee is, therefore, rather lazy than otherwise.

FARMS AND FARMERS



Feed Bag.

In the illustration below is shown a feed bag which can be conveniently used at any point where the teamster might be. When necessary it can be suspended from a fence or the vehicle wheel, but when these are not available it can be supported directly upon the ground or suspended from the head of the animal. It is the invention of a Texas farmer, and comprises a receptacle for the feed, having a bottom



SUSPENDED FROM A FENCE.

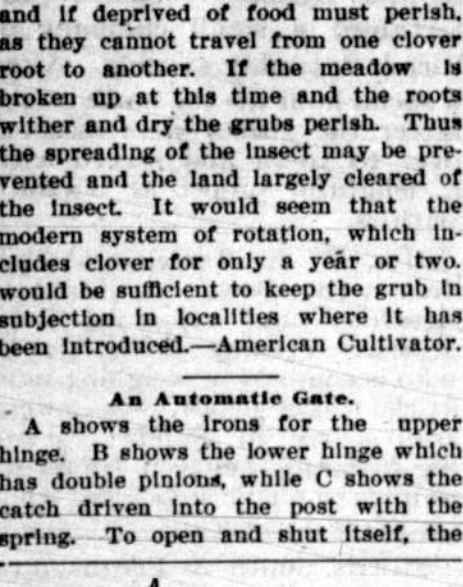
made of wood or sheet metal, sides cut from canvas or similar suitable material and a wire frame sewed into the upper rim. The receptacle will preferably be square, with four loops in the frame, one at each corner. Connected with two of the loops are rods which serve as a support, being formed in the shape of hooks, brace rods connecting the support and the loops in the front of the frame. When not in use the bag can be collapsed into a small space and carried beneath the seat of a vehicle or otherwise disposed. Straps can also be supplied for attaching over the animal's head and suspending the device as an ordinary feed bag.

The Destructive Clover Borer.

The work of the clover borer has proved a serious injury to the clover crop in some parts of the country. It is most destructive in the Middle West. The grub of the borer is a dingy white insect with yellow head and is about one-eighth of an inch long. The grub eats out the interior of the main roots, causing the top to die. The injury caused in this way is often ascribed to unfavorable winters and other causes. About the only preventive measure which seems to give any promise of success is to summer fallow as soon as the hay crop has been removed. At that time the young are immature, and if deprived of food must perish, as they cannot travel from one clover root to another. If the meadow is broken up at this time and the roots wither and dry the grubs perish. Thus the spreading of the insect may be prevented and the land largely cleared of the insect. It would seem that the modern system of rotation, which includes clover for only a year or two, would be sufficient to keep the grub in subjection in localities where it has been introduced.—American Cultivator.

An Automatic Gate.

A shows the iron for the upper hinge. B shows the lower hinge which has double pinions, while C shows the catch driven into the post with the spring. To open and shut itself, the



AUTOMATIC GATE.

gate must be hung about four inches out of plumb, having the lower hinge (B) project out from the post that much further than the upper one. It shuts then just like a wagon rolling downhill. The lower hinge (B) must be eight inches from slot to slot.—Exchange.

Theory on Sap Flowing.

The old theory that sap could not flow, nor top growth take place while the roots of a tree or vine are frozen, has been shown to be faulty by an interesting experiment at the Missouri station. The top of a grapevine growing by the side of a house was drawn through a hole into a warm room, and this top leaved out and made several inches of growth while the roots were tightly locked in frozen earth. The tops store up in their own branches during the fall the cellular energy for the earliest growth the following spring, while the roots are thawing out, hence the theory that early blooming can be provided by heavy mulching over the roots after a hard freeze to keep the sun's warmth from thawing the ground is fallacious. When the sun warms up the tops and the sap starts independent of wood action, the buds swell and eventually burst into bloom.

Milking Machines.

At the National Dairy Show in Chicago a milking machine was on exhibition in practical operation. For a great many years inventors have worked on this problem. Several times it has been reported that the difficulties have been overcome, and that a practical machine was the result. But up to the present time the old-fashioned hand manipulation has prevailed. It is to be hoped that the inventor has succeeded this time, because milking is one of the hard tasks that comes twice a day, Sundays and holidays and all. We have machinery to help out in every other branch of the business, why not in the milking stable?—Field and Fire-side.

Feeding the Hens.

Peas and beans in small quantities are of great value to laying hens. They are so rich in albuminoids—egg producing material.

Testing for Fertility of Eggs.

Eggs are never so fertile in winter as in the warm weather, and all should be tested on the eighth day. A piece of cardboard, with a hole cut out in which to fit the egg, is usually employed to assist the tester, and this is certainly an aid, but by encircling the egg between the forefinger and thumb we shut the light out all around it, and thus obtain the same result. Eggs should be tested in a dark room by the aid of a candle or lamp; hold the egg up against the light, and it will be more or less transparent, according as to whether it is dark or white shelled. Then, if the egg is fertile, looking closely inside the shell, this is the germ which has awakened to life, and is growing. By the eighth day it is quite discernible, but, if the light is good and the operator experienced, fertile and unfertile can be separated about the fourth day, though the eighth is quite soon enough for the average poultry keeper. Dark brown shelled eggs are more difficult to test than white, owing to the shell being more opaque; if any are doubtful put them back and test again the following night. It is well to have a fresh egg to compare with the tested egg, if doubtful about the latter, the difference between fertile and unfertile shows them up more clearly. Be careful the eggs do not get chilled if tested on a cold night. If there are many eggs to test it will pay to have one of the very quick and convenient testers sold by the incubator and poultry supply houses.—New England Homestead.

Convenient Post Puller.

In removing a fence, those having experience know what a slow, back-breaking job it is to pull the posts by digging around them with spade and lifting them out. For the benefit of those having such work to do—and there is more or less of it to do on every farm—I give the accompanying cut and description of a simple little device—not original with me—convenient and worthy of reproduction.

One and two are pieces each 2x4 inches by 5 1/2 feet long. Three is base board one inch by 6 or 8 inches by 3 feet long, well nailed together, forming a crotch 6 inches from end for chain to pull in. Stand the jack about 3 feet from post, leaning against post at top. Hook chain around post at



POST PULLER.

ground and laying it over in crotch of jack, which gives an almost vertical lift.—Homer Shirley, in Michigan Farmer.

Butter Color Poison.

Coloring for cheese and butter used to be made from annatto, but coal tar colors are so much cheaper that probably four-fifths of the coloring matter used in both butter and cheese at the present time is made from coal tar, and consequently more or less poisonous. As in all adulterated food products the argument is advanced that the amount of poison eaten with the butter is so small as to render it perfectly harmless. In fact it is stated that the ordinary consumer of butter would not get more than an ounce of coloring matter in four years. But there is no end to argument—a good talker will make black appear white. The only safe rule is to discard everything in the production of food that has an injurious tendency.

Tuberculosis in Hogs.

A good many cases of tuberculosis in hogs, we fear, can be traced to the creamery, due to the fact that the skim milk has not been heated to a sufficiently high temperature or kept at that temperature long enough to destroy the germs, says Kimball's Dairy Farmer. Ordinarily it is assumed that herds become infected through bringing other animals among them, but the question of tuberculosis infection through the skim milk from the creamery is becoming so serious that it will eventually lead to compulsory pasteurization of skim milk. Indeed, this is now required in some States, notably Minnesota, but the trouble is that the buttermakers do not heat the skim milk hot enough or keep it at that temperature long enough.

King of Norway.

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Feeding the Hens.

Peas and beans in small quantities are of great value to laying hens. They are so rich in albuminoids—egg producing material.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



NOTABLES

- 1421—Henry V. entered London after conquest of France.
- 1556—Treaty for five years signed by Germany and France.
- 1610—Jacob Le Maire discovered Cape of Good Hope.
- 1626—Charles I. of England crowned at Westminster.
- 1640—King Charles I. beheaded.
- 1653—New York City incorporated.
- 1692—Massacre of Glencoe, Scotland.
- 1777—Great Britain granted letters of marque and reprisal against America.
- 1798—Federal Street theater, Boston, destroyed by fire.
- 1807—Montevideo taken by the British.
- 1800—Territory of Illinois established.
- 1830—Independence of Greece proclaimed by allied powers.
- 1835—Attempted assassination of President Jackson at the capitol by L. Lawrence.
- 1848—Treaty of peace signed by United States and Mexico.
- 1855—Trial of steam engine Miles Greenwood, built at Cincinnati.... Gold discovered in Kern river, California.
- 1856—Thermometer registered 30 degrees below in Kansas.... Chilean war steamer Casodon lost; 318 perished.
- 1858—Launch of the steamship Great Eastern.
- 1861—Convention of seceding States met at Montgomery, Ala.
- 1863—Thirteenth amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery.
- 1867—Evacuation of Mexico by the French.
- 1868—Act exempting cotton from internal tax.
- 1872—Massacre of Jews at Ismail, Roumania.
- 1873—Postal franking privilege abolished by act of Congress.
- 1874—London's great fire.
- 1875—The amended civil rights bill passed the House of Representatives.
- 1876—National League of Baseball Clubs organized at Cincinnati.
- 1878—Steamship Metropolis wrecked near Kitty Hawk, N. C.; 100 lives lost.
- 1881—Parnell and Irish associates removed from House of Commons.
- 1884—Baker Pasha defeated by Egyptians near Tokar; loss 2,500.
- 1885—O'Donovan Rossa, Irish patriot, shot by a woman in New York City.... Gen. Gordon killed.
- 1886—Attempt to assassinate President of Ecuador.... House passed Dingley shipping bill.
- 1887—Stanley started to relieve Emin Pasha.... President signed interstate commerce bill.
- 1888—Lick observatory completed at Hamilton, Cal.
- 1889—Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria murdered.... Two million dollar fire in Buffalo.... Dissolution of Panama Canal Company by Paris court.
- 1890—State capital of Arizona removed from Prescott to Phoenix.... Discovery of plot to assassinate Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria.... Wife and daughter of Secretary of the Navy Tracy fatally burned.
- 1891—Dissolution of the Canadian Parliament.
- 1893—Hawaiian commission reached Washington.
- 1894—United States ship Kearsarge wrecked on Roncador reef.... Vagrant, the anarchist bomb thrower, gillotined in Paris.
- 1895—Steamship Elbe sunk and 320 lives lost.... Queen Liliuokalani formally abdicated throne of Hawaii.
- 1897—Pennsylvania State capitol at Harrisburg burned.... Alaska boundary treaty signed.
- 1900—William Goebel, contestant for governorship of Kentucky, shot.
- 1905—United States Supreme Court rendered decision against the "Beef Trust."

OLD WORLD NOTABLES

King Edward recently presented the King of Norway with a magnificent pair of carriage horses.

M. Fallieres, the new President of France, is noted for his devotion to a simple country life.

Sir Walter Gilbey bears the reputation of being one of the greatest living authorities on all kinds of sports.

Sir George Rose, a former English master in chancery, was a famous wit. On one occasion he said to a jury: "Do you not see, gentlemen, that my lord before trying my client has tried a joke and reserved the point?"

The Czar of Russia, who is considerably below the average height of men, is fully a head shorter than his beautiful and majestic Czarina.

Pope Pius is said to be the first pontiff of the Roman Catholic church to indulge in cigars, his predecessors, notably Pius IX. and Leo XIII., having contented themselves with snuff.

The youngest king in the world is Daudi Chua of Uganda, Africa, a protectorate of England. He is now about 8 and holds court seated on a scarlet throne with a leopard skin under his feet and bearing in his hand a toy gun.