

THE STORY

CHAPTER I—Impoverished by the open-handed generosity of his father, Virginia gentleman, young Webster Brond is serving as a scout and say for the army under General Braddock preparing for the advance on Fort Duquesne. He has just returned to Alexandria from a visit to the fort, where, posing as a Frenchman, he nas secured valuable information. Braddock, bred to European warfare, falls to realize the importance of the news Brond is sent back to Fort Duquesne, aiso bearing a message to George Croghan, English emissary among the Indians.

CHAPTER II.—Brond joins his friend and fellow scout, Round Paw, Indian chief, and they set out. On the way they frain the history fraint with the history threatening a young girl, Elsie Dinwold, whom they accuse of witch-craft. Brond saves her from them. The girl disappears.

CHAPTER III—Webster delivers his nessage to Croghan, who expresses unsissiness at the apathy of the Indians to the English cause. Young Colform bullying English soldiers. He worsts a bully n a fight, and finds Elsie Diawold. Brond is sent on a couting expedition to Fort Duquesno, and leaves with Round Paw. Cromit olms them.

CHAPPER IV—They find a French scouting party besieging an old cabin defended apparently by a single man. Brond and Cromit make their way to the cabin. The "man" is Elsie Dinwold A French officer and an Indian break in the door. Cromit kills the Indian and Brond takes the Frenchman alive. Elsie scapes during the fight. Brond's captive is Lieutenant Beaux, with Cromit Brandbook's camp, again taking his way to Duquesne, and to seek Elsie.

CHAPTER V—Carrying out his plan to enter the fort unquestioned, Brond resolves to visit an Indian town which a woman sachem, All the English. The acouts, as French, are plainly unwelcome to Allaquippa. Brond meets a French officer, Falest, whom he had known at Duquesne. Falest is there to win over Allaquippa to the French cause, but he fails. To his astonishment, Brond finds Elisle Dinwold dressed as a man, their Allaquippa to the French under the Brond finds Elisle Dinwold oressed as a man, their Allaquippa to the French Unable to dissuade her, Brond tells her of his mission to Duquesne, and she promises not to betray him. They learn Beauvals has escaped from Cromit and is on his way to Duquesne, Brond realizes he must be stopped.

CHAPTER VI—Cromit comes to Brond while he is waiting to intercept Beauvais, and tells him he has killed the Frenchman after he had escaped from the three return to Allaquieting news of the demoralization of Braddock's army, none of the Enguleting news of the demoralization of Braddock's army, none of the Enguleting news of the demoralization of Braddock's army, none of the Enguleting, and Braddock fercely resenting advice of the "Frovincials." Cromit, separated from his two friends. To come the comed to the come of the Enguleting, and Braddock fercely resenting advice of the "Frovincials." Cromit, separated from his two friends to the English army, Brond and Round Paw reach Duquesne, Brond is made welcome, Beaujeu, commander of the fort, believing him a loyal Frenchman. He learns Beauvais is not dead, Cromit having killed Falest, taking him for the other French of the fort with Beauvais, but it is too late.

CHAPTER VII—At a dinner given.

CHAPTER VII—At a dinner given by Beaudeu to his officers Brond is ecognized and denounced by Beauvals an English spy. He is rescued by tound Paw. With the Indian, and liste, Brond escapes by the river, Elsie aving destroyed all the canoes she ould reach, to delay pursuit. Leaving he water, Brond sends Round Paw rith a message to the army warning f danger of ambush if they take the Turtle Creek" route to the fort. Then, rith Elsie, a great handicap to swift raveling, he takes a different route to a army, in the hope that either dound law, Cromit, or himself, will get hrough safely with the warning.

CHAPTER VIII—Brond realizes a arty of pursuing Indians is on their rail. The girl, having reached the mit of her endurance, has to be carled by Brond. They make for the abin of a trader, Frazier, hoping with is help to stand off pursuers. Reaching the cabin safely, they find Frazier way, but Elise helps greatly creed in

ginia forest ingited, seepard and, terming from a scouting expedition.

CHAPTER IX—Gist repeats Cromit's tale of demoralization among the English regulars. Round Paw Joins the party and they reach the army. Elisie refuses to seek safety in the rear, insisting on taying and sharing Brond's dangers. Braddock ignores Brond's warning of danger. Brond again meets of the same of th

Eliste in the confusion.

CHAPTER X—The provinces are stunned by the news of the disaster. The English army is withdrawn to New York, leaving the province ages, and the confusion of the following the province ages, and the confusion of the fronter. The situation is not releved until General Forbes fights his way through to Duquesne. Then Brond continues his search for Elsie Dinwold, realizing he loves her, and believing his love of the men in the confusion of t

"It was a rifle. We must be mor

"I know a rifle when I hear it

That's what I mean, mister.

I listened and heard it. It was thunder beyond any doubt. I opened the country and scanned the the door a crack and scanned the heavens. There was no storm in sight. "It's up the Monongahela, I told her. "It's so far off I fear we won't get even the skirt of it."

We needed much of it; not only to drench the cabin but to cool the air inside. With the door closed and the stout shutter in place over the one small opening that served as a window it was blood-hot in the cabin. The place was so insufferable from smoke and powder fumes and the heat that I risked a chance shot from the forest by removing the shutter and opening the door. The thunder rolled across the sky again and the girl sighed:

"Let's wish it's a smart one and will

come this way."

I made her drink some water and with a pewter dish bathed her wrists and slim neck. She complained that I was wasting it, and in the next moment was on the point of weeping a she said no one had been kind to her except her crippled uncle, since her mother's death. I brushed back her hair and bathed her forehead and washed the smoke and grime from her face and tried to be very gentle with her. I was beginning to realize what a slip of a thing she was to be participating in such grim tragedies. also appreciated her sturdy spirit.

. Suddenly she drew away from me and rearranged her hair and diffidently said:

"You've been master kind to me, "You've been master kind to me, mister. I wish I was a witch, like folks in Great cove say. I'd change you into a hoss, or a bird, and you'd git clear of all this."

"Sit here, just inside the door, while I stand watch. I've never had a chance to wait on such a brave little woman before."

"Boo! That's fooling," she scoffed, and eyeing me in surprise. "You've been in big settlements. You've seen women, mebbe, who never see a Injun. All they have to do is be brave. If I had a pair of shoes like what some of

them settlement women most likely wear, I'd die fighting to keep 'em." "If we get out of this, you shall have the gayest pair of shoes to be found in Alexandria," I promised, and I thought of Josephine and her love of luxury and wondered how she would have endured the ordeal of being cor-

nered in a trader's cabin at the mouth of Turtle creek.
"I ain't used to have folks give me things," she gravely told me. "We'll have to think about that." Then shy ly: "Is that where you want me to go? To Alexandria, a real big settle-

In truth, I had given no thought as to just where she should go did we scape. Yet how could I give her a pair of shoes in Alexandria if she were not there to receive them?

"If I go back there, yes. I have no home there now. Like yourself, I am

This pleased her and she snuggled

This pleased her and she shugged against my knee and murmured:

"I'm thinking it's mighty good that you're like that—no home. You can build a home anywhere. All you need is an ax and some trees. If you'd had a home, you'd never have come poking round Great cove. Lor's love! What would have happened to me if you. would have happened to m hadn't come along? At Will's creek, too. And in that other cabin, when I run away. And now here."

"You have nothing to thank me for," I sadly told her. "At all those places you name, you have had trouble be-cause I did go to the cove. Now we'll close the door while I take a look at

the woods from the back of the cabin.
The Indians are too quiet to suit me."
I bent down to the loophole and immediately called to her to make sure the bar was firmly in place.

"Another fight," she sighed, "And we was having such a talk!" I heard her reloading her rifle, but did not remove my eye from the hole. Something was slowly approaching the cabin. For a moment I could not make it out, and then glimpsed the top of a feather showing above the strange object. Simultaneously with my discovery, the Indians be-gan firing their guns at the front of the cabin and yelling. I paid no heed to the gunfire and the shouting, for the real menace was where the feather bobbed and slowly advanced. She elbowed me aside and after a

difficulty in keeping it in place and their approach was very slow. Exuling cries resounded from the wood how ineffective had been my bullet.

It seemed to be a very long time that I waited, and finally noted how dark the interior of the cabin was growing. Had I not known the posi-

tion of the sun, I would have said it was later than the twilight hour. "I can't hardly see you, mister," said the girl uneasily. "You look all

the girl uneasily. "You look all humped over like a bear."

There came a flare of light through the loopholes that lit up her pale face vividly, and then a tremendous crash and the cabin seemed to rock under the vibrations. Afraid it was too good to be seemed to rock under the vibrations.

"Not Injuns," she whispered. "I'm thinking I'm scared of these sort of storms."

It seemed impossible that one who had shown such absolute control of nerves could be frightened by a flash of lightning and the rumble of thunder. And yet she was clinging to melike a child, striving to conquer herself, yet keeping her face pressed against my fringed sleeve so as not to see the glare of the boits. I endeavored to soothe away her fears by telling her the storm was our best friend; that it would make the cabin fire-proof, that it would compel the Indians to keep their guns covered and their bow-strings protected from and I afraid to move lest I discover the mean of the same to make no noise, and I noted she had removed the coverings from the guns.

"What is it?" I murmured, a terrible rage sweeping over me as I glared and their bow-strings protected from and their bow-strings protected from and very soon I rejoiced to find she fight, we'd win just by showing our selves. Mr. William Shirley, the general's secretary, is very much disgusted and discouraged at the way things are being managed. He says he doubts our success. But talk like that is all foolishness, of course. If we can only hold out till we reach Duquesne, we'll whip the French easy enough."

Our course was to the head of Sewickley creek, which was but a few miles north of the Thicketty run camp. The night's rest had done the girl much good and she did not appear to have any trouble in keeping up with us. I wanted to carry her rifle, and friend; that it would make the cabilifier-proof, that it would compel the Indians to keep their guns covered and their bow-strings protected from the rain. But as I talked I could feel her wince convulsively each time the

around the rifles."

She found some oiled skins and we wrapped them about our rifles. I opened the door. The water was falling:

"Mister, you've been powerful good skins for read fight f



Great Velocity.

with great velocity. Closing the door, we were plastered against the walls for a moment by the force of the wind.

After a few moments the white man replied:

"I am Gist. Who are you? Speak in torrents and the wind was blowing for a moment by the force of the wind.

I sought to shelter her by holding her close to my side; and leaning against close to my side; and leaning against the storm, we made for the woods. We could not talk and we scarcely could see because of the rain filling our faces. We both realized that such a downpour could not last long. Our progress was slow, but finally I was waist-deep in some cherry bushes. We fought through these and came to dripping trees and entered among them.

The uproar of the storm suddenly lessened now that we were walking

lessened now that we were walking on ancient forest mold and were shel-tered from the wind. Rivulets of wa-ter ran under our feet and there was no need to hide our trail until we were two miles in the woods. We were as wet as two river-rats.

It became strangely quiet in the drip-

for the real menace was where the feather bobbed and slowly advanced. She elbowed me aside and after a glance informed me:

"They've fastened some of the skins together and are holding them in front of them. Wonder if it'll stop a bullet."

I fired my rifle. The moving barricade stopped, and then came on again. The savage, or savages, had

said. "I've fared hard before this and didn't mind it."

I remembered those days when the

and the cabin seemed to rock under the vibrations. Afraid it was too good to be true, I stepped to the small window, set high under the eaves, and looked up to the heavens. I could have shouted aloud in Joy as I beheld the mighty wall of black and slate towering almost to the zenith with its lead-colored draperies dragging on the horizon.

While we had talked and watched for danger the storm had swept down the river and was upon us. The opening grew dusky and it would have been an easy task for the savages to have crawled close in the uncertain light. Again the Thunder-god hurled a spear at the water-serpent and the noise of the contest transcended all earth sounds. A strange moaning ran through the forest-crown and lofty tops bowed and swayed although as yet there was no air moving in the opening.

"Tm thinking it's going to rain," remarked the girl in a faint voice, "Thank God, yes! Stay back there to see they try no tricks," I cau tioned as she came toward me.

The lightning ripped across the face of the clouds, and the girl gave a lit te squeal. I went to her to learn what was the matter.

"Not Injuns," she whispered. "Tm thinking I'm scared of these sort of storms."

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"The thinking it's going to rain," the matter of the propending in the popending in the pop It grew very dark, and without stars to guide us we would have wandered blindly if not for a little run that we stumbled upon and which I remembered flowed parallel to Turtle creek. We took to the water, knee-deep because of the rain, and worked our way upstream by clutching at the overhanging boughs. We finally left the langing boughs. We finally left the craph.

ble rage sweeping over me as I glared about to discover the relentless foe. She shook her head and said:

the rain. But as I talked I could feel her wince convulsively each time the god renewed the ancient strife.

With a deafening roar the rain came battering against the cabin. It was impossible to distinguish an ob-

was impossible to distinguish an object fifty feet from the door. Now was the time for the enemy to attack and cut their way into us and finish us with their belt weapons. Raising my voice about the terrific drumming of the rain, I told the girl:

"We'll go. The rain will wash out our trail. Find something to wrap around the rifles."

She found some olled skins and we's squeeze, and her soft voice was say-

to me. We've made a good fight for it. It won't be awful hard this way. Don't let 'em catch you alive. If I go first, I'll be waiting for you."

I gently pushed her behind me and the spike such at the foot of a way.

ank at the foot of a tree. I drew my ax and knife and placed them beside me as I sank to one knee and gath-ered up the two rifles. Over my shoulder I whispered:
"Don't use the pistol on any Indian.

"We must go faster," said a voice in Delaware, only I knew it was a white man speaking. "They'll follow us very

I shivered with a thrill of hope, but dared not give any encouragement to the girl. I glanced back at her. Her face showed none of the anger I had witnessed at the Witches' Head when she was menaced by the mob. It was placid of expression, and she met my gaze with a little smile of encouragement. We could hear them making their way along the windfall. Sudden-ly they burst into view: two Indians and a white man. One of the Indians ly they burst like and a white man. One of the Indians and a white man. One of the Indians was carrying a fresh scalp fastened to the end of a short rod.

I reached back and snatched the last of the scale of the side of four or five days."

It is just about this time. "He should be several miles south of us and moving parallel to us. To-day is the sixth. It'll all be settled inside of four or five days."

The Water Was Falling in Torrents and the Wind Was Blowing With out:
"If that be Christopher Gist, we are

The three vanished as if by magic.

sharp. My Indians are nervous."
"Black Brond, returning from a scout
to Duquesne. I have a young friend
with me." In Delaware I added, "Tell
your friends we are your friends, and that there is a large band of Pontiac's

CHAPTER IX

The Fatal Errand

This meeting with Gist and his two Indians was most pleasing to us, al-though the Delawares did not care enough for our company to slacken their pace. They ranged ahead while dist traveled with us. He gave us much news. On July third the Indians had refused to go on a scout, but on the following day two had been induced to accompany him. The three of them had advanced to within half a mile of the fort and had been deterred from approaching closer betrouble in cutting through their line."

She tucked her rifle under her arm and myself. They did not know what had happened, but with so much yelling and howling and running into the

where we can make a fire and you and declared the entire red force starting to attack the army. Two dians had sighted Gist and had cha was most musical because it was natural.

"Hard work to drown a witch," she said. "I've fared hard before this and didn't mind it."

"I've fared hard before this and didn't mind it."

I remembered those days when the House of the Open Hand entertained and when beauty must be gently wrapped in water-proof coverings and sent home in coaches. This wild young creature at my side had done a man's work and more. She was made up of the outdoors.

Gist said he and his companions had attempted to follow Turtle creek to its head, where they had expected to find the army, but had been turned back by a large band of savages coming down the creek. They had taken refuge in a windfall and had remained in hiding through the violent atoms. Gist said he and his companions had sent home in coaches. This wild young back by a large band of savages compressive at my side had done a man's ing down the creek. They had taken refuge in a windfall and had remained in hiding through the violent storm.

This delay permitted the girl and me

much good and she did not appear to have any trouble in keeping up with us. I wanted to carry her rife, and thereby aroused her indignation. Almost all the talk was between Gist and me, although I made several at-tempts to get some expression from her. She preferred to keep at our heels and hold her tougue. Once, whil Gist was climbing a tree to look for smoke from the army's campfires, she asked me:
"Does he know I ain't a man?"

"I forgot to fell him. Think I must have been forgetting the truth my-self," I answered.

"Keep on forgetting, and don't tell him," she curtly requested. "I shall never forget how you stood by me and did a man's share of the fighting." I told her, somehow sensing she was displeased at something I had said, or left unsaid.

"Will the army be at Thicketty

run?" she asked.
"No one knows where it'll be," I "No one knows where I'll be, I's sorrowfully replied. "It should be well on its way to the head of Turtle creek. It was at the run two days ago, and I'm afraid it isn't far from there now. If it's moved north we'll cut its line of march. Dunbar's provision train will be stretched out over a long distance. If it is still wasting time at the Run we'll shift our course and find it

"That man Braddock don't know how to lead an army through this sort

now to lead an army through this solid country. He'll git licked."
"You should be ashamed for saying that," I rebuked. "The army moves slowly, but as it goes by the head of Turtle creek it can kill time till snow. flies and yet take the fort. Captain Beaujeu told me at the fort that he could do nothing but run if the creek course was taken.

"Don't go and git mad at me, mister. I ain't used to armies and soldiers. Wonder where that Injun, Round Paw,

Gist came down from the tree and reported haze or smoke a few miles ahead. He was skeptical about its being smoke as the army ought to be n motion and not in camp. The Din-rold girl abruptly spoke up and de-

clared:
"I feel like we was being followed."
Gist looked at her curiously and sked: "Do you pretend to hear and see things that Brond and me can't see,

nor hear?"
"If I was a woman folks would say I was a witch," she gravely replied, meeting his gaze steadily. He glanced back through the shadowy

ds and assured us:

woods and assured us:

"I believe the Indians who chased you two have gone back to the fort.",

"My feeling is that only one or two men are following us," she qualified.

"Younkers often feel that way when in Indian country," he carelessly removabled. marked.
His indifference irritated her, and

she stoutly insisted:
"Some one's chasing us."
"Our danger will be ahead, from
the Indians hanging to flanks of the

army," I told her. "We may have some trouble in cutting through their line."

She tucked her rifle under her arm and trotted along behind us. She had

each time I did so I met her questioning gaze and felt ashamed.

At last I had to admit to myself that her words had put a foolish notion into my head. Of course one might be followed whenever alone in the forest, but as yet there was no evidence that we were being dogged. I fought against the idea, and then told Gist:

"Keep on going. I'll overtake you within the next mile. I'm going to watch our back track for a bit."

He sped on, with the girl running a few rods behind him. I settled down between two trees and condemned myself for giving way to a silly fancy.

My view of the forest was limited, but
I watched faithfully. A slight noise behind me made me duck and twis my head. Instead of keeping after Gis share my spying. I nodded to her and resumed searching the low arches that radiated in every direction from our position. She sank down beside me and clasped her hands about her knees and watched my frowning face rather than the woods.

"You think I'm queer, don't you, mister?" she softly asked.
"I believe you're notional," I retorted. "We'll be traveling after Gist."

"Look!" she whispered.

I was in time to catch a suggestion of motion near a walnut. I watched



"You Think I'm Queer, Don't You, Mister?" She Softly Asked.

the tree suspiciously, and from the

something off to one side.

"I saw it," murmured the girl, resting an elbow on her knee and making ready for a quick shot.

But she did not see it again, nor did Close at hand a low voice called

"'Ha-hum-weh!' My white brother and the witch-woman should be travel-ing like the deer;" and Round Paw the Onondaga stepped from cover and

the Onondaga stepped from cover and stood beside us.

"The witch-woman's medicine told her some one was following us. We waited," I explained.

"She is arendiouanen," he gravely said. "The Wolf runs long and fast from Allaquippa's town to find the army. The bone-breaking man took your talk down the Youghlogeny and will follow up Sewickley creek if the will follow up Sewickley creek if the ghosts of the Hathawekela buried there

do not stop him."

The Hathawekela were the principal division of the Shawnee and claimed to be the "elder brothers" of that na-tion. I had been in Old Sewickley town on the Allegheny, twelve miles above Duquesne, one of their villages. The Onondaga firmly believed that the ghosts of their ancient dead could, if ghosts of their ancient dead could, if they so desired, stop the passing of

either red or white man.

"The man Cromit will reach the army. The Shawnee ghosts will not stop him. They have not stopped the English, who traveled down the Susquehanna, the Conemaugh, and the Kiskiminetas; and their dead are buried along those streams."

"Ghosts place traps," he uneasily

muttered. "They may make a trap for Braddock and his Swannocks." "What is he talking about, mister?" asked the girl as we followed after

nee ghosts waylaying Cromit if he goes up Sewickley creek "I dreamed last night of a dead Eng-lish soldier."

"Then keep it to yourself. If our friend knew that, he would accept it as a warning of Braddock's defeat."

as a warning of Braddock's deteat.

Round Paw caught enough of her
English to be curious, but I did not
interpret it fully and etiquette restrained him from questioning closely.

Gist left a plain trail for us to follow but did not hold back for us to over take him. We did not sight him until within two miles of the army's camp on Thicketty run.

The head of the army was well un-

der way for Rush ereek, an eastern branch of Turtle, but a portion of it was still in the camp as shown by the smoke from the many fires. smoke from the many lives. We fell in with a long line of wagons that was laboriously making its way over the road hewn through the forest by the axmen. I talked with a young wagoner, Dan Morgan by name, and he told me that the army had lost twenty-four hours at Thicketty run.

The Dinwold girl was showing wear-

The Dinwold girl was showing wear iness, and I found room for her in Morgan's wagon. An escort with sev-eral wagons filled with sick soldiers

"We must find a place under a rock | woods the Delawares had taken fright | found myself glancing backward, and | There was a number of women along with the train, but how many I never could learn as their names were no on the rolls. She would have the com pany of her sex, yet I was much de-pressed, and not a little provoked, at her stubbornness. We left her in young Morgan's wagon and went up the line.

The wagon train was alarmed by rifle-fire in the woods; then Cromit ap-peared, trailing his long rifle. He had been mistaken for a French scout and had barely escaped the bullets of some of our flankers. He was but little worse for his hasty travel and grinned broadly on beholding us, and more broadly when the Onondaga refused to shake hands with him.

"Allaquippa's Injuns are hiding in the woods, scared of the French," he all me. "There's going to be a vastly severe wring before we finish this

"We march by the head of Turtle creek. The Indians will refuse to at-tack. The French can do nothing alone," I informed him.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

RAPID WORK IS JELLY ROLL NEED

Any Preferred Recipe for Sponge Cake Is Used.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
Rapid work is one of the secrets of making a successful jelly roll. Any preferred recipe for sponge cake may be used. It should be baked in a thin sheet. The cake must be handled while warm, just out of the pan, or it will break when you try to roll it.



Making Jelly Roll.

Before taking the cake from the oven, spread a piece of waxed paper on the table. Sprinkle it with powdered sugar. Turn the cake out on this, upside down, and trim off the crusty deside down, and trim off the crusty edges on the sides. Spread quickly with jelly or preserves, and begin rolling at the side nearest you. When the cake is rolled up, roll the paper around it and tie it in place so the jelly roll will keep its change. telly roll will keep its shape.

Fried Chicken Always Finds Favor on Table

Select young, plump chicken, wash, draw, disjoint, and cut into pieces suitable for serving. Wipe the pieces

of chicken dry, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and rub well with flour. In a heavy skillet, heat a generous quantity of well-flavored fat to just below the smoking point. First put in the larger and thicker pieces of chicken so that each piece will be surrounded by the hot fat. Partly cover and watch closely to prevent scorching. Turn the chicken as soon as it becomes golden brown. Reduce the heat, and cook until tender, re-move, and drain on brown paper to absorb the excess fat.

To prepare chicken gravy, to each 2 tablespoonfuls of fat allow 2 tablespoonfuls of flour and cook for two or three minutes, stirring constantly. Then add 1½ cupfuls of rich milk. Cooksuntil thickened, adding more salt and pepper if needed. Sprinkle finely chopped parsley over the gravy and serve hot with the chicken.

Walking for Water

Then there is the woman in Maryland discovered by the rural engineering specialists of the bureau of public roads, U. S. Department of Agriculture, who walked a distance of 440 miles a year—equal to the distance between Chicago and Omaha—carrying water from the pump to the house. water from the pump to the house.

There is yet work to be done in emancipating the American farm wife from her slavery to the water bucket.

A Tongue Twister There's no need to light a night light On a light night like tonight. For a night-light's light is a slight light
And tonight is a night that's light.

When a night's light like tonight's light
It's not quite right to light lights

Billy's daddy took him down to the railroad to see the circus unload.
After seeing the elephants, camels,
and other animals unloaded from the
cars, his daddy said: "Well, Billy, I