

The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By HUGH PENDEXTER

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

Copyright by Hugh Pendexter.

WNU Service

CHAPTER X—Continued

I followed the roundabout Susquehanna road and passed by the ruins of many a cabin. It was not the most direct route, but it pleased me to fool myself with the thought I would never continue as far as Alexandria. However, I did persevere, and an astounding thing happened to me and expelled my apathy and left me quivering with a new purpose. The Onondaga would have said it was my orenda working for me. A white man would have said it was luck. It all happened at a hamlet on the Maryland line where a dozen men were listening to a rugged fellow's plea for volunteers to serve as riflemen in the expedition soon to be made against Canada. Weary of war, weary of myself, and finding solace only in my strange dreams, I would have passed by with deaf ears had not his rude eloquence compelled my attention while he cried out:

"Sick of it? Who ain't sick of it? But how will it be stopped unless your rifles help stop it? I tell you we've got 'em running now. You've had a bellyful of fighting? Who ain't? I thought I had a bellyful at Braddock's battle. I've thought I had more'n enough during the last three years. But I've been 'arning all these years; 'arning that if we want a job well done we must do it ourselves. Men, it's the long rifle, and not the Brown Bess what's going to put a stop to the Injun devilities. And if you'll go along with me I'll lead only as long as I can keep ahead. When any other feller can lead faster, he takes my place and I take his orders."

I reined in and stared at the fellow closely. There was something reminiscent in the strong young face. He was quick to see me and my travel stained forest garb, and he called out over the heads of his audience:

"Welcome, friend. You look like as you was used to woods fighting."

"I've had my share of it; from Braddock down to Forbes and much in between."

"But you're not through yet? Your long rifle still shoots?"

"It still shoots. I am not through until the job is finished."

He pointed me out as a wholesome example, and embarrassed me by extolling my high spirit. Whereas I was sick of Indians, sick of hardships, I had but one desire; to spread my blanket back of the Carlisle house and close to the sleepy lap-lap of the Potomac and rest there one night, and perchance dream of Busby and other playmates. I backed my horse away and waited until the young man had finished his talk and had secured half a dozen games or marks on his muster-roll. Then I dismounted and joined him and drew him aside, and said:

"You'll be Daniel Morgan, at one time a wagoner in Braddock's army."

"Dead center. But I don't know you from Adam, friend. You have mighty little meat on your bones."

"I threw you on to a horse at the tower ford of the Monongahela on July ninth, three years ago."

"H—!! I remember. The man fighting beside the tall Injun!"

"There was a young person with you—"

"A gal in breeches. Elsie Dinwold, she gave her name. She had the grit of any man I ever see."

"Had?" I repeated, a deathly faintness stealing through my gaunt frame.

"And still has, I'll guarantee. If she's kept out of danger and didn't get sculped. Lord! But she did try desperate hard to get off that hoss and get back to the fighting!"

"Man, where is she? Where did you leave her? Why don't you say something when you talk?" I cried.

"And I placed my hands on his shoulders and shook him."

He grinned broadly and showed no resentment at my manners.

"Where she is I cannot say. But she went to Alexandria. I gathered from her talk—and she talked mighty little—that some one she used to know, and liked a heap, lived there once. But you'll be signing up as a rifleman for northern work?"

I mounted before bothering to answer him. Then I called back:

"That must come later. I must finish a journey first."

And though it was dark and my horse was weary I rode on.

A skeleton of a man on a worn-out horse. No leisurely riding now I would not have eaten, nor slept, if not for my mount. I had but one desire—to strike into the old postroad and finish the distance at a smashing gallop. The poor brute was badly used up when I left Shooter's hill behind me I reined in.

Now that I had arrived and would soon know all, I experienced a strange timidity. Three years had passed. No soldiers now enlivened Alexandria; and I knew the drowsy calm of the town would never suit her. She had gone away long before this; or—and this was a most disturbing thought—she had found some one who up-preciated her, and had married. Beyond all doubt she had come to the belief that I was dead.

Now that I had talked with young Morgan I could not forgive my stupendous folly in neglecting to seek her on the banks of the Potomac. Yet I had reasoned logically enough—she was never one to seek refuge in Alexandria. She was born of the frontier and border blood was in her veins. She would feel as much out of place in Alexandria as the fair Josephine would feel on the lonely shore of the Monongahela.

I clucked to my horse and I rode down the King's road, and the dust scuffed up by my tired mount's feet lazily drifted on to the meadow grass and settled and spoiled its sheen; just as it had when I watched the grenadiers march up the same road on Braddock's fatal business.

The town had changed none. There were the same slim and fat chimneys the same quaint roofs of different patterns, and the double row of Lombardy poplars before the Carlisle house. There were the windows of the blue-and-white room, where Braddock had drunk his wine and rightly had berated the colonies for their lack of zeal. The new warehouse on Point Lumley, at the foot of Duke street, was complete and already showing the mellow influence of the weather. On the wharf were sev-



"Oh, Mister! You've Come Back!"

eral guns, brought over by Braddock and left behind because of their cumbersome weight. But no gay uniforms decorated the approach to the Royal George and Gadsby's; no guards awed the natives by their precise maneuvers in the market-place.

I dismounted to be less conspicuous, and with my long rifle under my arm led my patient animal to the House of the Open Hand. And here I received a sharp surprise. The garden beyond the gate was trim and orderly. The fountain was cleaned out, and the yellow-topped mustard was destroyed. The roof of the grape arbor had been repaired; and the grounds reflected the tidy content my father had so dearly loved. The place was inhabited.

I turned away, feeling greatly depressed. Now I knew I had come on a fool's errand. The witch-girl—a bit of thislown before the wind—had drifted on. I had no heart to see the front of the house, and would have returned to the market-place to bait my mount and ride away had not a woman emerged from the door to stare at me for a second. I was for hurrying on, but she called me by name and came running after me as fast as her fringes and petticoats would permit.

"I knew you! I knew you, Webster Brown! Your tall figure would betray you anywhere!" she cried, extending both hands.

"Josephine!" I mumbled.

"Missus Hewitt, wife of Carter Hewitt," she corrected, and relinquished my hands to drop me a courtesy. "You must come in and tell me where you have been and what you

have been doing. Mr. Hewitt will be back any time now. He rode to Annapolis."

So poor Busby's message would never be delivered. Relieved of that sad errand, there was no call for me to tarry. I mumbled something about being in a desperate hurry, but she seemed to be possessed even to the point of unwomanliness. For she fairly danced before me, her blue eyes sparkling with mischief; and she insisted:

"You must come in, mister. You just must."

"Why do you speak like that?" I whispered. "Why do you call me mister?"

And I grasped her hands and gripped them till her grimace reminded me I was not handling a red savage.

"No; I'll tell you nothing out here in the road," she cried. "A vestryman will be rebuking us. Besides, it's not comely that you should hold my hands. Come!"

I released her, and followed her under the grinning mask and through the cool doorway. In the hall I halted and cautiously seated myself in a spindle-legged chair, and demanded:

"Now tell me."

"Oh, Webster, it would be so romantic if you weren't so stupidly matter-of-fact. Why shouldn't I call you 'mister'?"

"Josephine, the devil's in you. Have you anything to say or not?"

I rose as if to leave.

With a sigh at having her game cut short she primly began:

"I have a young ward, a refugee from the Braddock rout. She came here in a most scandalous condition—dressed as a man! She gave your name and said you would come to find her. She gave me your name, but she always speaks of you as 'mister.' How is that for mighty respect?"

"And now? Where is she?" I muttered.

"Why, now she should be in the garden, gathering posies for the table. You see Mr. Hewitt bought this place three days after Braddock and poor Busby marched away. He was a confirmed bachelor. He lived here alone until our marriage a year ago this summer. Missus Elsie from the beginning would come here to walk in the garden because it had been your home. It promised a rare scandal. Mr. Hewitt appealed to me in great alarm. I had to marry the poor man, or else banish the wilthing. Now it's perfectly proper for her to walk in the garden as much as she will. I've lost my interest in you, Webster. You know the way down the hall?"

An idiotic question. The door opening into the garden, was the one I had passed through thousands of times in the old days.

"You've been good to her, Josephine. You must have been mighty good to her, or she would never have stayed."

"Rubbish! I couldn't have driven her away. She was always looking for 'mister' to come. She would have made a camp in the garden and lived like an Indian." Then with much sadness she added: "I hate that word—Indian. You understand, Webster—I'm sorry."

"His last words, Joe," I blundered, giving her Busby's message after all. "Go find her," she brokenly whispered. And as I made down the hall I saw her hand traveling up the balustrade, clinging to it tightly to aid her weary feet.

But sorrow was not for me this day. I was selfishly alive with the joy of anticipation. I burst through the doorway as if pursued by Pontiac himself. Next I came to a plunging halt and found myself bowling awkwardly before a dainty creature in flounces and lace.

"I beg your pardon," I stammered. "I was looking for a young lady."

"Oh, mister! You've come back!" she sobbed. And the armful of flowers was dropped and a miracle was worked; for I found the lovely thing in my arms, her voice whimpering over and over: "Oh, mister! You've come back!"

[THE END.]

Writers Turned From Drugs to Authorship

It may seem a far cry from the drug store to literary fame, but throughout the ages there has been a puzzling relationship between the two. Many a youth who has started life in a pharmacy has found, strangely enough, that his real career lies in authorship. Says a writer in the American Drug Magazine, Aristotle was one of the earliest of these. The Greek philosopher, son of a physician, followed his father's footsteps as a youth in those days when doctor and druggist were one. Dante, immortal poet, was a member of the guild of apothecaries in his native Florence. John Keats served as a pharmacist's apprentice and later graduated from Apothecaries' hall. Henrik Ibsen found the inspiration for his "Ghosts" and "An Enemy of the People" while serving for six years in a little Nor-

wegian drug store. And O. Henry, probably the most famous of modern druggist-authors, spent several of his early years in a Greensboro (N. C.) pharmacy.

Males as Loud Speakers

Ask a man for information, says a woman critic in the American Magazine, and no matter what the subject, nine out of ten of them will have a beautiful time enlightening you on it.

But Few Escape

Headache is the one form of suffering which makes all the world feel kin.—American Magazine.

American typewriters shipped to other countries last year were valued at nearly \$21,000,000.



A SECRET

"Santa Claus may be very busy," the tools in Santa's workshop told the new toys, "but he'll be sure to finish you and you'll go to the children on Christmas eve."

"We're sure he'll finish us," the toys now said, "for not only have the tools told us so, but we can see from his dear, jolly smiling face that everything is going to be done."

"He wouldn't be so smiling if he were worried over things not being finished—he is simply very, very busy and that is why he is working so."

For no matter how hard Santa Claus works beforehand there are always so many things that have to be left until the end.

Children then decide what they hope they will get for Christmas and write letters to Santa.

The letters have to be read, and each child, every child, has to have his or her own list made out.

Oh yes, as you can think, there are ever and ever so many things Santa Claus simply has to do the last minute, or rather the last few weeks before Christmas.

"How proud I will be," whispered a Teddy Bear, "if I am put on a tree."

"They say that Santa Claus hangs toys on Christmas trees. But then I would be just as proud if I were put in a stocking."

"How I would love to peep my head out from the top of a stocking, and see the children as they come downstairs early Christmas morning!"

"In fact, I would be proud, no matter where Santa Claus put me, or how he gave me."

"It's a great big and wonderful pride to be a toy made by Santa Claus."



"We Can Be Hugged and Loved."

which is given to a child on Christmas day.

"Yes," said the lamb, "it is, and it is also especially nice to be an animal—that is, a make-believe animal."

"We can be hugged and loved and we can have such a good time."

"It's fine to be any sort of a toy made by Santa Claus," said a game in one corner of Santa's shop.

"It certainly is wonderful to be a Christmas toy, anyway," said a rocking horse in another corner.

"It's nice, too, to be the toys in the city shops," said a train of cars.

"Of course, most, in fact I believe all, the toys in the shop are made by Santa Claus."

"He makes them during the summer months when he isn't so rushed, and then there are a lot of us he has to take around with him—oh packs and packs of us he has to take, so many that I never could count them all."

"It's a pride and a joy to be a toy at Christmas time," said another game. "Especially if we drive right along with Santa Claus."

"Of course he stops and gets many of his own toys in the shops."

"Indeed," said the lamb. "Then why does he put them there? If he has to use them I should think it would cause him extra work."

"Extra work, extra work," laughed the tools, "gracious, Santa Claus loves extra work better than anything in the world at Christmas time."

"And besides, there is a secret about having so many toys in the city and town shops."

"What's the secret?" they all asked. "So that children can see them and can know what they want most for Christmas."

Bedtime in Japan.

When a little Japanese girl goes to bed at night she does not climb into a high bed; instead, she sleeps on the floor. It would seem that this would be a very hard bed, but she has two sleeping mats, a coverlet, and an extra cover in the form of a padded coat. Her pillow is round and made of wood, and is covered with a strip of paper. When the Japanese girl sits down she has two cushions placed on the floor.

Spider Without Anything.

Bobby, eight, and Harold, five, both ran out of the house to take notice of an airplane passing.

Bobby said, "It is just like a big bird going through the sky with an engine."

"That's nothin'," replied little Harold, "I saw a spider go up without anything."

Tongue Twisters.

"See Sam and Sid Sord-fish see sawing swiftly," said Sarah Swift. "Seems somewhat saucy, since sword-fishes shouldn't show such silliness!"

10 minutes ago-



How many people you know end their colds with Bayer Aspirin? And how often you've heard of its prompt relief of sore throat or tonsillitis. No wonder millions take it for colds, neuralgia, rheumatism; and the aches and pains that go with them. The wonder is that anyone still worries through a winter without these tablets! They relieve quickly, yet have no effect whatever on the heart. Friends have told you Bayer Aspirin is marvelous; doctors have declared it harmless. Every druggist has it, with proven directions. Why not put it to the test?

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetate of Salicylic Acid



ASPIRIN



Cuticura Talcum Powder

For the Toilet and Nursery

A Talcum Powder worthy of bearing a name that has become famous all over the world for sustained quality and purity for fifty years. You will be delighted with its fragrant, medicated efficiency as a cooling, soothing addition to your toilet, and as a sanative, antiseptic, deodorizing protection to your skin.

An Ideal After-Shaving Powder.

Sold everywhere. Sample free on request. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. B5, Malden, Mass. Cuticura Soap and Ointment 25c each.

APPETITE IMPROVED

... QUICKLY

Carter's Little Liver Pills

Purely Vegetable Laxative

move the bowels free from

pain and unpleasant after

effects. They relieve the system of constipation

poisons which dull the desire for food.

Remember they are a doctor's prescription

and can be taken by the entire family.

All Druggists 25c and 75c Red Packages.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Since 1846 Has Healed Wounds and

Sores on Man and Beast

Money back for first bottle if not suited. All Dealers.

Libraries for Schools.

Every school in the province of Saskatchewan, Can., is required to maintain a school library, and \$10 for each room in operation must be expended annually in the purchase of books from an authorized list.—School Life.

McMILLAN

WANTS YOUR FURS

Liberal Grading. Big profits for you!

Paying top-notch prices for 50 years. Fur

market booming. Send today for price list.

Trappers' Guide FREE to shippers

McMillan Fur & Wool Co.

Minneapolis, Minn.

WE PAY YOU SPOT CASH

PARKER'S

HAIR BALMS

Removes dandruff, restores color and

Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair

and \$1.00 at Druggists.

Hiscox Chem. Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in

connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the

hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at drug-

gists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

SCHOOL FOR MEN

Training for BUSINESS, TRADES or PROFESSIONS

Enroll any time. Send for literature.

OREGON INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Y. M. C. A. Bldg. Portland, Oregon

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 48-1928.



S.S. Virginia

On

The Recreation Route to New York
via the Panama Canal and Havana

Modern ocean transportation has no finer example than this new liner—the Virginia. With her great sister ship, the California, she establishes new standards of speed, beauty and luxury in Coast-to-Coast travel by sea. Fourteen days to New York.

Every stateroom on the Virginia is an outside room, more than 100 with private bath. Marvelous broad decks for promenading, deck golf, tennis and shuffle board. Children's playroom. Gymnasium. Two open air built-in swimming pools. Beauty parlor. Garden cafe. Unsurpassed cuisine and service.

Maiden Voyage from San Francisco, Dec. 29

The Virginia will alternate with the California and the popular Mongolia in a fortnightly service between California and New York. Carrying First and Tourist Cabin passengers. Next sailings S.S. Mongolia, Nov. 24; S.S. California, Dec. 8.

Panama Pacific Line

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

1333 Fourth Avenue, Seattle

—or Your Local Steamship or Railroad Agent