The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

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Illustrations by
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WNU Service

CHAPTER I

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Beginning the Red Road

The home town looked the same as when I last made for Shooter's Hill, fleeing from the ignominy of being little better than a pauper. It was two years since I had been in Virginia, and there were certain outstanding debts which made it embarrassing for me to return.

While the fairs were being held in May and October, all persons coming to Alexandria would be exempt from arrests and executions. And it was not yet Maytime, and I was back without road-belts, as my red friend, the Onondaga, would style immunity from annoyance. I risked great humiliation, but there are certain things a man must do despite his pride; and I had returned because something larger than my personal welfare was concerned.

However, I consoled myself with remembering that much mountain water had flowed down the Potomac since my hasty departure, and that all the colonies were in the midst of stirring times; that the extravagances of Webster Brond would be forgotten now we were at the throat of France once more.

The coming in of many strangers permitted me to remain unnoticed. So it was that my long leggings, my fringed hunting-shirt with its broad cape, my moccasins and long rifle, my ax beside the hunting-knife in my embroidered belt, gave me assurance against recognition until I should reveal my identity when I delivered my news to Governor Dinwiddie.

It was not from choice that I had left my Onondaga comrade over the mountains and come to town, although the old false pride which had prompted my flight had been washed out by much rough faring and many a desperate plight. It was love for the colony that had drawn me back.

I came fresh from Fort Duquesne and Shanoppin, from the distant Ohio country where the English were but little known, and where the names of Drouillon, Laforce, de Villiers, Jumonville, and others of the French, already were so many war cries among the Indians along the Monongahela and the Allegheny.

Throughout the hurried journey back to Alexandria, I had told myself the past was dead, that "Black" Brond, the forest-runner, was entirely apart from young Webster Brond who had taken such pride in scrawling in his Cheever's Latin Accidence his name with "Gent." affixed.

And now that I was crossing the market-square and was in time to see the Northern Mail, just arrived from Richmond, draw up before the Royal George before continuing its lumbering journey over the king's post-road to the north, I felt the call of my ancestry and turned my steps to the house which my father's love for hospitality and good cheer had lost to me, along with many rich acres.

Some families are unfortunate in coats-of-arms and motoes. My people had been inflicted with the family device of an outstretched open hand. My father by nature was congenial and convivial, prodigal with good cheer. He had only needed the appellation "Brond of the open hand" to complete his impoverishment. So many times had I seen him set forth to dispose of his crops; so many times had I greeted him on his return with only a trifle left of the season's planting! And so many times did I puff up with pride when he explained his light pockets by saying:

"It's a duty we owe the name, lad. We will plant more, but we will never be niggardly."

I thank God he passed out before the crash came, that he never tasted the bitterness, and that it could be I who was forced to escape petty prosecutions by flight into the wilderness. It would have broken his kind heart could he have known my estrangement from my fellows.

It helped me much to find the place deserted. To have seen others there where my father kept open house, would have grieved me sorely. I sent my love through the paneled door and passed around to the high gate and looked into the garden. Like the house, it showed the lack of human occupancy.

The place was a riot of untrained growth where once orderliness and beauty had graced the winding paths. All that was left to remind me of the golden yesterdays was the aroma of the snowy cherry blossoms.

Voices close by aroused me and I turned from the gate. Despite my rough schooling from Lake Erie down to the Falls of the Ohio, my heart went pit-a-patting, just as it had when I wrote her name in my school books.

The fellow with her had been my boon companion. His powdered wig and beruffled shirt, his knee-breeches, gold buckles and silken hose put my travel-stained garb to shame, and I was for turning back to the gate. But I saw a hint of amusement in their curious glances; and, conquering my weakness, I swept off my ragged fur hat with an almost forgotten grace and called myself more vividly to their attention. Busby stared haughtily, as if I were some freakish creature from the unknown wilds. The girl frowned in perplexity; then she recognized me despite my forest dress, and exclaimed:

"Webster Brond!"

Busby stared blankly for a moment, then smiled broadly and cried:

"Curse me if it isn't! Brond of the open hand! Where did you come from? And when did you get back? And why do you wear that Indian toggery?

"Hush!" murmured the girl.

I affected not to hear her, nor to wince under the old title, and explained:

"I bring news for his excellency, the governor. I am waiting for him to return from the Maryland shore. I am from Duquesne, and the country I have covered is ill-fitted for finery.

The shadow of the war was upon us all. Her fair face flushed, and she softly cried:

"You've been to Fort Duquesne, Webster? How romantic! Our General Braddock will soon be there. Of course you will march with him."

"I shall be glad to serve as a scout." For I was in no way inclined to submit myself to stiff-necked discipline.

"Then I may see you along the road, Web. I ride with him," said Busby; and with that touch of superiority he ever wore even as a little chap.

"Joe and I Are to Be Married, Webster, After General Braddock Has Finished His Little Business at Fort Duquesne."

Often had I laughed at his patronizing ways, and often had I forgiven him. Mayhap he caught a reminiscent twinkle in my eye; perhaps he thought I was staring too long and intently at his dainty companion, for he abruptly informed me:

"Joe and I are to be married, Webster, after General Braddock has finished his little business at Fort Duquesne."

I smiled and went through the form of congratulating them, but there was a stab in my heart. Not that I had expected to carry a girl's love in my breast during two years of roughing it—and yet I had hoped. She was crimson and angry.

"You should not talk that way," she coldly admonished Busby.

"I am natural. You're artificial, Josephine," he lightly bantered.

I said: "Surely you feel no foolish delicacy in letting an old friend know of your happiness. Forsooth, I'd have to know now, or not at all. This is my good-by to Alexandria."

At once she was Josephine, the girl I had known. And with wistfulness she deplored:

"I don't like that word 'good-by.' It's the saddest of all words, I think. Everything was so peaceful and happy. And now it's war and soldiers, and all our men eager to march against the French. God give them safe return!"

Could we have but known! Could we have but foreseen the outcome of the next few weeks!

Mistress Josephine made me a little curtsy as a signal for her companion to be moving. Busby was inclined to shade hands and instinctively obeyed his English blood by starting to do so, then contented himself with a ceremonious bow. The little lady saw everything and with impulsive frankness, which ever characterized her kind heart, she advanced as Busby fell back.

Seizing my hand for a brief moment she softly murmured:

"We were very young. I did not know. Look out for him on the march."

And with another hurried little curtsy she was walking out of my life, with Busby mumbling and muttering in her small ear—possibly asking to be told what confidences she had imparted to me.

I silently said farewell to the house of the open hand and turned back to the market-square.

I have said the town was the same; and so it was so far as the yellow, white and red chimneys were concerned, for there was the same proportion of slim and fat ones. But it was in physical aspect alone that the town remained unchanged, for the life of the streets was vastly different. There were cannon along the wharf, and there were cannon hauled up to the post-road. There was a frantic passing back and forth of a new population. As I loitered before the Royal George, I was crowded and jostled rudely by a great bustling of people.

At Gadsby's across the way—built three years before by Lord Fairfax from English bricks—was the same lively animation. Squads of soldiers in scarlet coats—scarlet for an Indian campaign when the forest was all a lush green—were being maneuvered about the square under the hoarse guidance of veteran sergeants. The long rifle I was leaning upon—made by William Henry of Lancaster, soon to be Braddock's armorer—was in decided contrast to the Brown Bess carried by the overseas soldiery. Surely this was the finest army England had ever sent across the Atlantic, and most surely there was nothing at Duquesne to prevent the capture of the French fort.

And yet experience was teaching us of the colonies that the English musket was not an effective weapon in the deep woods.

These soldiers of Braddock's, so confident of overrunning the heads of the Ohio, were not taught to aim their weapons, but to point them in the general direction of the enemy and to discharge them in volleys. We of the woods considered every human target we fired at to be a distinct problem; and God knows the target was small enough when consisting of Huron, or any of the Far Indians, or even the French who had campaigned with the red savages.

There was a rattle of wheels. It was General Braddock, riding in the coach he had bought of Governor Sharpe of Maryland.

I barely glimpsed him, a heavy stolid man, whose strong visage seemed to lower on the gaping onlokers. Then he was gone, commander in chief of all his majesty's forces in North America. He impressed me as being self-willed and self-dependent, and one who would be intolerant of any advice. It was commonly known that he was displeased at the manner in which the campaign was progressing—rather, failing to progress. The capture of Fort Duquesne was not bothering him, but to get his army under way was proving to be a most irritating problem. Nor could one blame him for the needless delays, the lack of funds, the wrangling between the colonies.

But we all knew how General Braddock had failed to comprehend local conditions. He seemed unable to grasp the fact, which we of America all knew—namely, that the great mass of Pennsylvania citizens was opposed to any system of taxation that did not include the proprietaries; and that the Quakers were averse to voting any money for military purposes. He only knew that promised supplies were lacking, that recruits were coming in very slowly, and that the Indians thus far had not joined his army. More than once he had complained to the assembled governors that he was "unable to express his indignation."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

First to See Value of Big Advertising

Robert Bonner, for whom Bonner Springs, Kan., is named, New York publisher, was the first to use full-page advertising; and the first journalist to pay large sums for feature articles.

When Edward Everett was raising funds to purchase Mount Vernon Bonner gave him $10,000 for 52 articles known as the Mount Vernon papers, and a like sum to the fund. He also startled the literary world by buying eight pages of advertising in the New York Herald. When the press room of the New York Ledger was destroyed by fire he inserted in the daily papers of New York, Philadelphia and Boston the following advertisement: "Unless we are burned out more than once a week the New York Ledger will be ready on the news stands of the United States, the Sandwich islands and New Jersey."

His recreation was driving expensive trotters, owning the best in the land.—Griffith Bonner in the Prism.

Prospective Ruin

"Hey, Aaron!" called Abner Appledry, "where you going, all rigged out in your new suit of clothes?"

"Don't tell anybody," replied Aaron Allred, "but I'm going to ask old man Rackett for his daughter's hand in marriage."

"H'm! Looks like a pity to ruin a new suit of clothes that way."

DAIRY

RAISING HEIFER CALF FOR DAIRY

In many sections of the country, where fluid milk is sold and where the T. B. test and scarcity of suitable replacement stock have brought the matter to a head, the raising of heifer calves has become an all-absorbing and important problem to the average dairyman.

On dairy farms where whole milk is sold the feed necessary to raise calves becomes a big problem. T. E. Woodward, superintendent of the United States bureau of dairying experiment station at Beltsville, Md., at the recent annual meeting of the Delaware Holstein-Friesian association, gave some pertinent information on this subject that should prove valuable to dairymen all over the country. He said: "In raising dairy calves I would use skim milk where it is available. The selling of whole milk, however, is not a real objection to the raising of calves, as a calf can be raised on a total quantity of 300 pounds of milk, if the proper milk substitutes are used, and this amount of milk will be given by a good cow during the first ten days of her lactation period.

"A number of calf meals have been tried out at Beltsville, the most successful of which are those that contain animal protein, such as skim milk powder, dried buttermilk, or blood meal. Our experiments tend to show that the milk powders seem more efficient than the blood meal.

"A good calf meal can be made up as follows: Fifty parts of finely ground corn, 15 parts linseed oil meal, 15 parts ground rolled oats, 10 parts skim-milk powder, 10 parts dried blood flour and one part salt. The use of this meal can be started when the calf is about ten days old and can be gradually increased in amount fed, at the same time proportionately decreasing the amount of milk used, until at the age of fifty days the calf will be getting all meal and no milk."

According to Mr. Woodward the above system would be practicable for most farmers in sections where whole milk is sold, and would remove the biggest objection to the growing of their own replacement stock. It is considered that the latter practice is the most satisfactory for keeping the herd free of disease and for building up the production of the herd.

Sterilize All Utensils to Keep the Milk Pure

The thorough sterilization of all utensils in order to keep milk pure is pointed out by W. E. Krauss of the Ohio experiment station in a recent newspaper bulletin. Although only a relatively small number of bacteria are present in milk as it comes from the cow, it is at once exposed to a number of sources of bacteria, the extent of which depends largely on the care in handling and on the utensils used.

In the past, hot water, steam and sometimes just sunshine have been relied upon to sterilize equipment. Steam is very effective when properly used, but many dairies are without a supply. Scalding hot water is effective as a sterilizer, but it must be scalding hot.

Recent efforts to develop chemical sterilizers have been successful and there are now a number of good chemicals on the market.

Among the chemical sterilizers, the chlorine group stand out as suitable. These are nonpoisonous and do not leave an odor. All chlorine sterilizers contain a certain amount of loosely combined chlorine. It is this available chlorine that destroys the bacteria, the effectiveness of the sterilizer depending on the amount of available chlorine present.

Since chlorine sterilizers are unstable they are supplied by manufacturers in concentrated form. They are diluted with water for rinsing, dipping or spraying utensils, after they are cleaned.

Contamination of Milk in Many Different Ways

Bacteria find their way into the milk from various sources. Some may come from the udder itself, where they grow in the milk cisterns and ducts. The greater number, however, come from the dust of the air, the dirt from the udder and flanks, from the milker, and from unclean utensils. Disease-producing bacteria may get into the milk from cows having such diseases as tuberculosis, or from people who handle the milk, who may theselves have contagious diseases or who have been taking care of patients afflicted with such diseases as typhoid fever, diphtheria, and septic sore throat.

Avoid Bad Odors

When the milking is done while the cow is digesting her feed the butter made from the milk is more likely to be tainted with undesirable flavors, especially when the cow has been on thin weedy pasture, pasture in which garlic is present, or when fed moldy or stale dry feed, cabbage, turnips, strong-odored fermenting silage, or other feeds that impart their characteristic odors to milk. This may be obviated by milking just before feeding.

Orchard Information

RIGHT LOCATION FOR VINEYARDS

The best location for commercial vineyards is along the shore of a lake or river. This is because the large bodies of water affect the temperature of the surrounding land, delaying the warming up in spring and retarding the cold of fall; they thereby afford protection from late spring frosts and from those of early fall, according to the New York State College of Agriculture at Ithaca, N. Y.

The outstanding development in vineyard management during the past few years, says Professor Joseph Oskamp of Cornelll, has been in fertilization and pruning. Vineyards making unsatisfactory growth can be improved in vigor and production by annual applications of nitrate of soda. This, applied at the rate of about a third to a half pound to a vine, scattered broadcast in the rows when the new shoots are four or five inches long, gives good results.

The kniffen system of pruning and training vines has distinct advantages with vigorous growing varieties such as Concord. This system requires less skilled labor and less actual work for the whole season. It allows easy cultivation and the vines do not need to be tied during the summer.

The trellis for this method of pruning has two wires on the posts, one about three feet and the other about five feet from the ground. The posts should be eight feet long and should be set twenty-five feet apart, leaving room for about three vines between each two posts.

Proper Care for Spray Hose Is of Importance

There are many years of service in a good spray hose if it is given proper care, but in many cases the hose is never thought of until it is needed. It is then often found to be useless because the rubber has become dry as a result of the hose hanging in a dry shed and when pressure is applied, the hose bursts, writes J. Marshall Porter in the American Fruit Grower Magazine. Also, a good hose is often made useless because mud bees have built in it.

It is a good idea when you have finished with the sprayer to take the hose off and run clean water through it to clean the spray material out thoroughly. Then make a small wooden plug for each end to keep the bees out, coil the hose into a small roll and hang in the cellar, where there is just enough moisture to keep the dry rot from destroying the rubber.

It takes only a few minutes to do this, and one hose treated this way will outwear five that are left on the sprayer in the dry shed.

Sprays and Dusts Quite Irritating to the Eyes

A few years ago self-boiled lime-sulphur was the universal spray for peaches and Japanese plums. Today the dry-mix sulphur-lime spray and sulphur dust have largely replaced the self-boiled spray, says the Indiana Farmer's Guide. Self-boiled sulphur, even though it was messy and required a great deal of time to prepare and use, possessed one advantage over the newer materials. It caused no great discomfort to the user.

Both the dry-mix spray and sulphur dust are irritating to the eyes. It is not unusual for the user of either to suffer considerable pain unless goggles are worn, and goggles are an inconvenience to the operator, especially when spraying.

After one has used either dry mix or sulphur dust, he should before washing scrub the eyelids and eyebrows lightly with a soft brush. After washing use sweet milk in the eyes. A small eyewash cup is necessary.

Horticultural Facts

The two factors which influence the size and vigor of a strawberry plant the most, consequently the yields, are food and water.

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Cultivate strawberries as you would any garden crop, by keeping down weeds and loosening the soil about the plants.

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The marketing of fruit has become a big, complex problem. It is now a world-wide business in active operation throughout the year.

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Don't neglect spraying the orchard because you are afraid of spray residue. Better have sound fruit with residue on than no fruit or worthless fruit without.

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Spraying rigs are somewhat of a big subject. A good one is as important as the right spray. It need not cost a great lot for a small orchard. But get one that will deliver the spray in a fine mist. That's what does the work.

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The cost of grafting is still a serious handicap to the method coming into practical use. Indications are, however, that cheaper methods will soon follow, and in the meantime, grape-growers are urged to give the method a trial on a small scale.

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

For Mosquito Bites
Sting of Bees and Venomous Insects
Try HANFORD'S
BALSAM OF MYRRH
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

New Wonder Wood

There is a new plastic wood that can be molded to any required form and will adhere to the clean, dry surface of wood, metal, or any other material. It dries rapidly and then adheres firmly, can be worked with ordinary wood-working tools, will take nails and screws, and paint, varnish and French polish. In fact, it behaves like ordinary wood, except that it will not warp, crack, blister or peel.

Not His Time to Die

Not everybody who starts to fall down an elevator shaft from the seventh story is lucky enough to land with only minor injuries on the fourth, but that is what happened to Michael O'Hara, twenty-four, of New York. He was working on the seventh floor of a building under construction when he fell down the shaft. He struck a wire cable in the shaft and caromed off on to the fourth landing, escaping with only abrasions and lacerations of the right hand.

One Advantage

"After all, a clay pipe has an advantage over all others," said the man who was born tired.

"How's that?" replied his friend.

"Well, if you drop it on the pavement you needn't trouble to pick it up."—Boston Post.

Just About

"Myrtle tells me she's been offered a name part in Shakespeare. Do you believe it?"

"Oh, I expect it's 'Nothing' in 'Much Ado.'"—Tit-Bits.

It's Just a Habit

Tramp — Mum, I'm desperate. I haven't eaten for three days.

Lady (who has been on a diet)—Nonsense! I felt that way myself at first.—Life.

True

"One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

"Well, we can't all figure in the society column."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Little Joke

Wife (at Willesden)—My husband never says how much he earns; he is really a most funny man.—London Answers.

The Modern Art

Girl—"Does the painting look like me?" Painter—"Oh, I'm way past that stage."

After eight years of civil aviation in England, the British service covers 2,500 miles of air routes in Europe and the Near East.

Children may cry for the moon until they get big enough to want the earth.

Setting an example goes farther than giving advice.

Copy-book philosophy is so true that it seems nonsense to repeat it.

THERE is nothing that has ever taken the place of Bayer Aspirin as an antidote for pain. Safe, or physicians wouldn't use it, and endorse its use by others. Sure, or several million users would have turned to something else. But get real Bayer Aspirin (at any drugstore) with Bayer on the box, and the word *genuine* printed in red:

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid