

The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By Hugh Pendexter

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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SYNOPSIS

Impoverished by the open-handed generosity of his father, Virginia gentleman, young Webster Brond is serving as a scout and spy 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 has secured valuable information. Braddock, bred to European warfare, fails to realize the importance of the news.

CHAPTER I—Continued

Governor Morris further mollified the irascible commander by saying:

"I will send George Croghan a letter, directing him to start belts to the lake tribes. He stands next to William Johnson in comprehending Indian nature and influence over them. If any man can bring in the Delaware, the Shawnee, the Wyandots, the Twightwees, (Miami), and the Piankashaws, it is Croghan."

"When I last talked with Mr. Washington he informed me there were three hundred Iroquois, who left the Ohio last winter, and who are now ready to march with us," said Braddock, his face losing some of its dour expression.

I glanced at Governor Morris and fancied I detected symptoms of uneasiness. He knew what I was thinking, and, while he much disliked at that time to dash any of Braddock's hopes, he announced:

"I regret, sir, that the Iroquois you mention are no longer under our control. Pennsylvania fed them from the latter part of last year until this spring. My last advice from Philadelphia is that the assembly has voted to go to no further expense in their behalf and that the Indians have returned to the French."

It was disheartening news for the leader to hear. I do not know that I would have imparted it had Governor Morris kept silent. And yet it would have been deadly wrong to have blinded the general to the truth of the situation. I could have told him it was too late to send belts to the lake tribes; but as that was my belief and not an established fact my conscience permitted me to keep my mouth shut.

"After all, sir," soothed Mr. Franklin, "Fort Duquesne will fall to General Braddock's veterans and not because of the wavering allegiance of the natives. The tribes are with us today and accept presents from France tomorrow. And on another day they will come back to us. The truth of the matter is, sir, the Indians favor neither English nor French, and would heartily rejoice if the two races would cut each other's throats until not a white man was left in North America."

This speech made an impression, and Braddock agreed:

"Aye, there's sound sense in that. We must depend upon the army. Thank God, the Guards have never failed England and his majesty!"

I will say now that there were but two men in all the colonies of whom General Braddock unqualifiedly approved—young Mr. Washington whom I had known in happier days, and Mr. Franklin. Mr. Washington, despite his youth—twenty three years of age—had been requested to serve on Braddock's staff. He was very bold in opposing the general's plans when he perceived they were based on strategy learned on the battlefields of Europe, but not at all suited to our wild forests and mountains. Mr. Franklin was a magician at expedients, and without any show of bluster could blaze a trail around what appeared to be impassable obstacles.

General Braddock remembered I was still in the room and said something to Governor De Lancey. His excellency asked me:

"Do you believe you could visit Duquesne again and pass yourself off as a Canadian?"

I believe that I could, and said so. Then his excellency proceeded to question me closely as to the physical conditions of the fort. Stepping to the table and using my finger and a pool of spilled wine I indicated the structures and was marking out the twelve-foot stockade on the riverbank when the general curtly interrupted:

"We understand enough of that. We shall learn all the details after we have taken over the fort. You will proceed to the fort and learn if the French have received any reinforcements. As you will travel much faster than the army, you are to secure enlistments among the provincials while traveling to and from the fort."

He dismissed me with a flirt of his thick hand. Governor Morris motioned for me to follow him down the hall, and explained I was to wait while he wrote a letter for me to give to George Croghan. He smiled wearily and murmured:

"None of us will rest easy until the army is under way. It's too bad young Mr. Washington isn't here to make things clear to the general."

"But you have Evans' map?"

"Aye. We have the map," grumbled his excellency.

There are men of high station with whom I feel free to talk, but there was something chilling and repelling

about General Braddock. I almost believed he would blame the bearer of bad news. It was his firm conviction that the best of our riflemen were much inferior to his drill-sergeants. He did not seem to comprehend the difference between fighting in our gloomy forests and on a level open field in Flanders.

His contempt for our riflemen was complete. Tell him they could whip the French and outwit the Indians and he would sneer at them because



"My White Brother Has Come From the Home of His Father."

they were unable to go through their drill. Hyde Park dexterity in the manual of arms weighed more with him than the keenest knowledge of forest lore.

I was peeping the broad stairway with beautiful women from my boyhood's recollections, and was again admiring their imported brocades and velvets and marveling at their fashions in half-dressing when his excellency finished his letter, and announced:

"Here it is, Mr. Brond. See that it gets to Mr. Croghan either by your own hand or by some trusted messenger. Be careful while at Duquesne. We move a bit lamely now, but it'll be the devil's own stew for the French once we get the pot to boiling. Good luck on your travels and bring back your own hair."

I preferred the river bank to the crowded tavern as sleeping place that night. My business from Braddock gave me immunity from any annoyance of the civil authorities, and there were homes of old friends that would have opened to me had I made myself known. I had thought to make my camp in the neglected garden of the Brond house, but the ghosts were too many, and I got no farther than the gate.

Early a stir, I ate at a market-stall on the square near the Horse market. The place was lively with the rolling of drums and the clumping of heavy brogans as the regulars, with wonderful precision, swung into various formations.

The march to Frederick, Maryland, was about to begin. As there was no road from that town to Wolf's creek, Colonel Dunbar would have to cross the Potomac at the mouth of the Conococheague and take the Winchester road.

My business was finished in Alexandria, and trailing my long rifle I passed once more by the house of the open hand, and started north. Clear of the town I stopped on a slight eminence and looked back and watched the cloud of dust red in the sunlight. It hung low and settled on the meadows and robbed the first grass of its rich sheen. I caught the strains of the "Grenadiers' March," and my

heart beat fast at the brave rolling of the drums.

At last the march on Fort Duquesne had commenced, and we were off to have it out with the Frenchmen. And sickening of the dust, I picked up my rifle, struck through a noble grove of oaks and started to find my friend, the Onondaga, Round Paw of the Wolf clan.

CHAPTER II

Der Hexenkopf

After passing through the Blue ridge I felt as if my visit to Alexandria had taken place in a dream. No place here for gay coats and ruffled shirts and stiken hose; and what mockery would the undergrowth make of my dainty lady's exquisite attire!

A buzzard quartered the sky, and I knew there would be many of them before long following the army.

Round Paw of the Wolf clan barely glanced up as I stood beside his small fire, and yet he had discovered me coming or else he would not have been seated with his scarlet blanket covering him from head to foot. I dropped on the ground and laid aside my rifle. He filled and lighted his pipe and passed it through the blue smoke. After a few whiffs I returned it. Finally he remarked:

"My white brother has come from the home of his father."

"My father is a ghost. There is no home for me in Alexandria. My father's house belongs to another."

He was silent for a few minutes, then asked:

"You carry belts for Onas?" (The governor of Pennsylvania.)

"I carry a talking-paper to George Croghan," I told him, tapping the breast of my hunting shirt. "The big chief from over the stinking water has asked me to get men with long rifles for his army. And I have said I would go to Duquesne again. Does the man of the Wolf go with me?"

He rose and allowed his blanket to drop down on his loins. During my absence he had repainted white the paw on his chest, the totem mark of his clan, and he was clad for war. I knew he was eager to be deep in the forests beyond the Alleghenies and was even now ready to start. Although leg-tired I did not unpack my blankets, but signified my readiness to travel. He produced some smoked meat and parched corn for me to eat and after I had finished he made up his travel-bundle, and we were off.

As I walked behind him, as much of an Indian in appearance as he if not for my disheveled hair, I described the gallant appearance of the army as it marched out of Alexandria. His only comment was:

"Big noise. The Swannock—Englishmen—cannot shoot with drums."

I answered that the soldiers would have no chance to use their guns because of the weak condition of the fort and garrison. A year earlier, when Mr. Washington marched out of Fort Necessity, the situation might have been different. Then Duquesne was garrisoned by close to a thousand men under the command of veterans.

Two months had seen a change in conditions. The portage at Niagara had slowed up the arrival of stores from Canada. The horses expected from Presque Isle had not been delivered. The garrison had been weakened by the sending back of troops to Canada.

Those bringing supplies from Canada arrived attired in rich velvets and genial from rare wines, but with their sacks empty. Waste and confusion had blighted the fine spirit of Duquesne's defenders. I had learned this much from Captain Beaujeu who had readily accepted me as a loyal Frenchman.

Round Paw was never a gossip. We had traveled together for two years and there had been many days when he barely spoke. My first met on Lake Erie's southern shore when a pack of Hurons and a few Frenchmen were giving me a hard run and on the point of catching me. It was Round Paw's fierce war cry, the terrible defiance of the Onondagas, and his deadly arrows that had caused my pursuers to slow up the chase, fearing an ambushade.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Simply Couldn't "See" Chow Puppies at \$50

"In front of a fashionably located dog store window containing a display of Chow puppies, I saw two Chinamen laughing and slapping each other on the back in their outbursts of glee. I don't know when I ever saw Chinamen so emotional. Out of curiosity I sauntered near and tried to see what had amused them. It wasn't any cute antics of the Chow puppies, because all were asleep. Finally, I asked one of the Chinamen what they were laughing at. This brought a fresh outburst, but, after gaining control of himself, the one who seemed to have the best command of English pointed to a small sign which I had not previously noticed. It gave the price of puppies as \$50 each. That price was what made the Chinamen laugh.

"Dogs like that in China cost 5 cents—maybe ten cents," one of them explained.

"But how about a trained dog?" I asked. "Suppose it was an extra good dog?"

"Oh, thirty-five cents," declared the more conversational one, and his friend nodded agreement.

"Then what does a cat cost?" I inquired.

"Cat, him cost more," promptly replied my new acquaintance. "Good cat catch mice—cost \$2."—Fred Kelly in Nation's Business Magazine.

Affected Only by Noise
There is always a public in England, perhaps elsewhere, that either does not hear or does not really believe you are in earnest unless you shout.—Disraeli.

No Change in Design
Fish hooks have been made on exactly the same design for 2,000 years.

POULTRY FACTS

POULTRY BREEDS BEST FOR FARMER

Which is the best breed of poultry for the Ohio farmer?

With more than 500 farm flocks on which to base an answer to this question, flocks on which records were kept during 1926 in co-operation with county agents and the agricultural college extension service of the Ohio State university, poultry specialists at the university make this answer:

"There are several things to consider, but probably the most important is the individual whim of the farmer."

Before framing this answer the specialists examined the records and analyzed them in "Analysis of Poultry Profits, 1926," a new bulletin published for free distribution by the agricultural college extension service. Copies of the 16-page bulletin may be obtained from the county agent or the university.

Averages used in comparing breeds of poultry were drawn from records of Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, and Rhode Island Reds. Leghorn flocks constituted 59.5 per cent of those reported, and the average size of the Leghorn flock was larger than for any other breed, indicating that Leghorns are more adaptable to large flocks.

"The Leghorns averaged 13.9 eggs more per bird than any other breed," the specialists point out. "This bears out the contention that Leghorns are better egg producers than other breeds."

"There are exceptions, however, for some of the lowest producing flocks were Leghorns. There was little difference in egg production among the three American breeds, although the Wyandottes averaged 7.2 eggs more per bird than the Plymouth Rocks.

"Cash receipts were less for the Leghorns than for any of the other breeds. This is true despite the higher egg production for Leghorns, and is largely due to increased meat receipts from hens and broilers for the American breeds.

"Total expenses per bird were slightly higher for the three American breeds. This tended to balance the labor income so that it was quite similar for the four breeds. With only 59 cents difference between the high and the low in labor income, it is apparent that there is no practical difference in the profitableness of these four main breeds."

Egg-Shell Material Is Essential for Layers

Oyster shell which is used for poultry is made by crushing the whole shells, after which they are washed three times. Following the washing the crushed shell is dried in rotary dryers, the intense heat of which destroys all foreign and putrid matter, making the shell sanitary and clean. The heating insures freedom from odor and poisonous matter.

After drying the shell is screened into two sizes, for hens and chicks, respectively. The oversized material and dust is eliminated.

The feeding of oyster shell is a good practice in poultry husbandry as the high calcium content provides bone-building material for growing birds and egg-shell material for laying hens. For this reason the material should be available in feeders at all times.

Poultry Hints

Lack of sunshine often causes leg weakness in chicks.

Overcrowding the house causes roup as well as stunted chicks.

The color of the egg shells has nothing to do with the food value of the eggs.

Eggs cannot be produced without nitrogenous food in some shape. Bones are absolutely essential.

Give the young poultry plenty of fresh air without drafts. An open growing coop will do this.

Remember that the hens which lay the golden eggs are the ones that produce them when they bring the highest prices.

A broiler is a young bird weighing less than two pounds. The best prices are received for the plump, well-developed birds.

The products of the great American hen rank fifth in our agricultural products list, and every year more people are realizing that there is money in hens.

The standard weight of the Pekin drake is nine pounds and of the Muscovy drake, ten pounds.

Many breeders sell the Leghorn cockerels when they weigh about one pounder. At this size they are known as squab broilers.

When the hens stop laying they may often be started again by a change of feed, but do not give them much corn in summer, unless, of course, you have cooped them up to fatten for market.

Stable Man Showed Grim Sense of Humor

Add to the true but trying stories of the week the case of the young lady who was most anxious to reach her gentleman friend posthaste. Knowing him to be an ardent horseman and confident that he was riding at the moment, she besought the telephone Red Book. With no more information than the fact that he rode a mount named Molly, she proceeded to query academy after academy.

Eventually, success was to be hers. Nearing the end of her list of numbers, her impatient "hello" was answered by a gruff-voiced stable man.

"Is this the Park academy?" she asked.

"Yep," answered the voice.

"Well, have you a horse named Molly?"

The answer shocked her into speechlessness.

"Sure," said the gruff one. "Shall I bring 'er to the phone?"—Detroit Free Press.

Prince's Simple Life on Ranch in Calgary

The prince of Wales, so they say, is developing an American accent. Seven years of annual association with the cowhands and neighboring ranchers at Calgary, Alberta, where he is owner of the EP ranch, have erased much of his carefully cultivated Oxford enunciation and substituted the drawl of the American Northwest.

The British royal heir even jokes about the change in his speech. A favorite story with him is one in which an American acquaintance explains that the difference between a ranch and a "ranch" is that "a ranch pays and a 'ranch' doesn't."

"But everybody in Calgary knows that the prince runs a ranch and not a 'ranch,'" says Chief Long Lance, a neighbor. "By 8:30 every morning he has breakfast and is out inspecting his cattle and barns. One of his chores is hauling manure in a wheelbarrow."—Los Angeles Times.

Color War in Edinburgh

Following the refusal of some restaurants to admit Asiatic and African residents, not because of their conduct, but because of their racial origin, Edinburgh has a color war that has gotten into the house of commons. The secretary for Scotland was asked to take steps, by legislation or otherwise, to stop the discrimination, and he replied that he did not have the power to intervene and did not think legislation along the line suggested would be practicable. A delegation of students representing the Edinburgh Indian association protested recently to the lord provost of Edinburgh, and the members of the organization refused to take part in the recent charity pageant.

His Experience

"Well, sir," said Dad Drizzle, "the children had got to playing around, the whole darn ten of 'em, I reckon. I wasn't paying no pertickler attention when I heered an almighty yell, and over the fence comes a heifer, blattin' for gosh' sake with three, four arrers sticking out of her body. I gives another yell and darted into the house for my gun, hollerin' 'Injuns! Injuns!' at every jump. I hadn't been offn' the place for so long I'd forgot there wasn't no Injuns no more and just nacherly didn't suspicion the children a-tall."—Kansas City Star.

His Viewpoint

"A very promising young man," we said. "He will do big things."

"We have too thundering many 'going-to-doers' now," said old Festus Pester. "What we need are not men that are going to do, but those that have already done—we need 'didders,' not 'going-to-doers' or 'might-have-doers!' Hurrumph!"—Kansas City Star.

Clothes Outgrown

Wearing the same clothes in which they were married 25 years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dow, of Dayton, Maine, held a reception at their home. The wedding garments were the chief interest, for most of the guests admitted they could not get into the clothes they wore a quarter of a century ago, even if they had them.—Indianapolis News.

Still Going Strong

Mrs. Brown—Do you think they are rich?

Mrs. Jones—Of course they are rich; they're still using last year's car.

Odd Number

Diner—The price for four pigs' feet is only 30 cents. Why are you charging me 60 cents for just five?

Walter—Because that forced us to kill another pig, sir.

Dun—the future tense of due.

LAUNDRESS BENEFITED

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Compensation
Susceptible Policeman (bowed over by fair motorist)—My fault, miss. I ought to 'ave stepped back.

Girl—There, now! If you're not just the sweetest constable I've ever struck.—London Opinion.

When a gossip says "it's all over town," the gossip means that it soon will be.

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