

# The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By Hugh Pendexter

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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### SYNOPSIS

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. Brond is sent back to Fort Duquesne, also bearing a message to George Croghan, English emissary among the Indians. Brond joins his friend and fellow scout, Round Paw, Indian chief, and they set out. On the way they fall in with a typical backwoodsman, Balsar Cromit, who joins them. The party encounters a group of settlers threatening a young girl, Elsie Dinwood, whom they accuse of witchcraft. Brond saves her from them. The girl disappears. Webster delivers his message to Croghan. Young Col. George Washington rescues Brond from bullying English soldiers. He warns a bully in a fight, and finds Elsie Dinwood. Brond is sent on a scouting expedition to Fort Duquesne, and encounters a band of Braddock's scouts. Later Brond and his companions find a French scouting party besieging an old cabin.

### CHAPTER IV—Continued

Before I could outguess him he was up to one of his tricks. Suddenly ceasing his resistance he flopped on his back and carried me with him but managed to escape the grip of my legs and draw up his knees. Then with a violent thrust of his arms and a surge of his legs he sent me flying over his head.

"Put a spell on him! Witch him!" screamed Cromit's voice.

I leaped erect and whirled and set myself to meet the next onset. The force of my fall blurred my vision for a moment, and the Frenchman might have had me had he not paused to jerk a pistol from his belt. He risked all on a bullet, and the weapon missed fire. I ducked the flying pistol and leaped upon him, latched to greater effort by the stinging bump on the top of my head. We crashed together and hugged and tugged like two bears.

I picked him up bodily and hurled him against the logs and he fell to the floor as limp as a sack of meal. But I would have no more tricks, and when he struck I was upon him again. I remember hearing a shrill cry, but there was no time to catch the girl. I mauled the Frenchman about for some seconds before I discovered he was inert and offering no resistance.

As I drew back, thinking I had broken his neck, I was conscious of Cromit puffing and lamenting:

"Thumb forgot you wanted the rogue alive."

My man had no more fight in him and I took time to glance at my friend. He was leaning against the wall and mopping back his bristling hair with hands that smeared his face a deep red. On the floor at his feet was the Indian, killed in a horrible fashion.

"Lor's me! But that was a wring worth the fuss," Cromit panted. "Mebbe it was the spell she put on him when I yelled out."

"H—H! With your bare hands!" I dutily exclaimed.

He proudly held them up for me to admire.

"He was mortal slippery even for a serpent," faintly replied Cromit, "Mebbe if she hadn't witched him—"

"Where is she?" I wildly cried, brushing the sweat from my eyes and quite forgetting the Frenchman as I stared at her empty blanket and to the open door.

Cromit staggered to the door and at once emitted a terrible howl and grappled with another Indian who suddenly filled the doorway. I heard the dull thud of an ax and my friend went down on his knees.

"The bone-breaking man is mad from fighting," said Round Paw, the Onondaga.

Cromit, only slightly stunned by the flat of the ax, slowly gained his feet and stared stupidly at the Indian and rubbed his head ruefully. The Indian sighted my Frenchman and with a whoop would have jumped upon him had I not pushed him back.

"He is my prisoner. He goes to Braddock alive!"

He turned away and betided the savage on the floor. With a yelp of amazement he bent over him and investigated the nature of the mortal wounds. Straightening he lifted his ax in salute to Cromit, then drove it into a log and cried:

"Ye-hah! This is a very brave man who walks through the land with us. They say he has killed a man with his hands. They say his name will be known to many nations that he shall be called 'Raysner'."

"We waste time. There is work for the man of the Wolf. Find me the white girl whom we found in this cabin. It is the girl I fought for at Will's creek, the one who left Der Hexenkopf with us. She was frightened by the fighting and ran away. She must be brought back. And your white brother's legs are weak. She is out there in the woods. She will be caught by those Huron devils. Get her and bring her back if you call me brother."

"She must run like a deer to overtake the Hurons. They have met Round Paw. They say they lost four men to him alone." And he proudly pulled a mass of hair from his belt.

"And there are two dead at the beginning of the woods and one dead outside and one inside this cabin."

"The witch-girl has gone and has taken the light rifle dropped by the Frenchman," declared Cromit. "But she was honest enough to leave my good long rifle."

"She is honest. My orenda tells me not to travel the same path," the Onondaga insisted.

"Then I must go, and my eyes are not sharp like the Wolf man's, nor are my legs strong. And let it be remembered when you would pass me a pipe through the camp smoke."

With a grunt he ran from the cabin. Cromit and I endeavored to learn something from the Frenchman.

"Monsieur, I am a victim of war. But it is all for France," he told me.

"How many were with you?" I asked.

He smiled through his bloody lips and mocked:

"There was another Frenchman with me, who is worth a hundred red men. He will be here soon with some of his children."

I pointed to the dead warrior on the floor and asked:

"Shall I tell my friend to take you talk?"

He gave a look and was unable to restrain a shudder. Then with a shrug of his shoulders he said:

"A Beauvais can die even like that. I compliment monsieur on his French."

Cromit edged nearer, working his gory fingers. I waved him back and spoke in French for my captive's benefit, saying:

"We will leave it to Braddock to make him talk. He has many trophies with his army, and they have curious ways with wayward tongues."

"It will be interesting, monsieur—for your Iroquois. Let us go to them and learn if they can persuade me."

Confound the fellow! One cannot hold a mean grudge against a brave man.

"We will start very soon. Cromit, reload the rifle."

The Frenchman glanced about the room and muttered:

"There was another here, a youth. My children trailed him here after he killed one of our Hurons. He made a very pretty fight, but we should have dug him out if you men had not come."

Cromit called from the door: "Here comes Round Paw. Coming alone. And he ain't in any hurry."

Round Paw glided into the cabin and confirmed what my prisoner had said about his red allies being in a panic. The girl's trail led to the east. He had followed it but a short distance. Beauvais glared at the Onondaga's girdle and muttered:

"So that is why they do not stop their foolish running! What a pity! Poor Dupuy!" In answer to my questioning look he sadly explained. "The brown hair hanging over your d—d friend's hip. Until very recently it was worn by my good friend Georges Dupuy."

"You found a dead Frenchman?" I asked Round Paw.

He touched the bank of brown hair Beauvais went on. "He received the Holy Eucharist before we set out. He told me he should never see the beautiful River again. Poor Georges. I laughed at him and said it was a sick fancy. Voilà! A red savage wears his hair in his belt."

I held a council of war with my friends and we decided to travel over the back trail for a few miles and look for signs of the Dinwood woman. I told Cromit he must take the prisoner back, also a verbal report from me. He strongly objected to leaving us, but a compromise was reached by his agreeing to conduct the prisoner as far as the road-builders' camp, where a guard could take him back to headquarters.

Beauvais volunteered the information that his red force was composed of Potawatomi, and that he had had difficulty in inducing them to scout so far from the fort.

Round Paw did not like my plan, and insisted we should be picking off more of the enemy while fear was gripping them and while they had no French leaders. But I was suspecting

his sincerity in searching for the Dinwood girl. The idea was fixed in his pagan mind that she possessed the evil powers of all sorts of monstrous beings—honnatkon—and it was very possible he had not looked for her beyond the edge of the forest.

So we set forth and traveled until sundown. After the first mile the Frenchman gave his parole not to attempt to escape until I had turned him over to Cromit's care, and I released his arms and we fared pleasantly. That night I drilled Cromit on the few points I desired him to report, and made him repeat it until he had it straight enough. Especially did I warn against the proposed road over Will's mountain, and urged that the valley road be followed. In the morning we cooked squirrels and turkey, and Beauvais ate heartily. When I came to tie his hands his spirits fell and he offered:

"I will renew my parole, monsieur, until monsieur of the Terrible Hands has delivered me into the custody of somebody else."

I gladly accepted it, and explained to Cromit the man had passed his word not to attempt escape until turned over to the road-builders. Cromit was inclined to be incredulous and insisted he would tie the fellow up at night. I explained this condition to Beauvais, who made a wry face but submitted with what good grace he could muster. We separated with a courteous exchange of compliments; then the Onondaga and I once more turned back toward Fort Duquesne.

The girl's trail was easy to follow when we left the cabin, and for a fourth of a mile Round Paw had called my attention to slight signs. Once she had entered the forest she had regained her wood-sense and had concealed her trail with consummate cunning, which meant some deep purpose I had not suspected. However, it was too late to look for her now, for Braddock's business could not wait.

We found three hoops handing on a bush and I dared not look at them closely until the Onondaga pronounced the hair in each to be that of a white man. From what I learned later I believe these to be scalps taken from Chapman's road-builders. We skirted the opening where we had rescued the girl and crossed Castelman's river, which was not more than ankle deep, and soon entered upon high and very wet glades.

Our plan was to scout to the Great crossing of the Youghiogheny that day, a distance of seventeen miles. This section of the country was excellent for surprise attacks and skirmishes. I feared that once the army had advanced this far it would be surrounded day and night by a cloud of invisible foes.

That night we made the Great crossing and camped on the west bank.

### CHAPTER V

#### Wampum!

The rain was beating down on our hiding place when we awoke in the morning. Once we were soaked to the skin we accepted the weather philosophically, even welcomed it; for it reduced the danger of being surprised by the enemy's Indians.

We traveled slowly and cautiously, as our field of vision was limited and blurred by the storm, and there was danger of stumbling upon some Huron or Ottawa camp. With our rifles and Onondaga's bow-string carefully protected from the dampness, we spent a day in covering a few miles. The Onondaga was impatient to make a swift march of it, but my plans demanded that we should not only arrive at Duquesne but arrive untouched by suspicion.

During our second night in hiding I perfected my scheme for entering the fort unquestioned. I proposed to enter Allaquippa's town in the role of a Frenchman. Her devotion to the English was well known, therefore my presence would not be welcomed by her, but her aversion would all the better establish my status among any fort Indians who might be there for the purpose of seducing her Delawares.

From Allaquippa's town I would make for Duquesne. This line of procedure made it imperative that we should not be chased by any enemy scouting party into the Delaware village.

We were following the river and aiming to make Stewart's crossing, eight miles from the hills. Half the distance had been covered when our advance was halted by the crash of a smooth-bore at one side. The heavy ball cut a small branch several feet overhead. I glimpsed a bronzed figure and fired. We advanced warily, and I was chagrined to find I had missed, for there was no trace of the Indian and no blood marks.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Love and Youth Can Always "Find a Way"

Will love find a way? asks the Boston Globe, which then goes on to tell this: The observer had missed his train and was forced to wait an hour for the next. As he walked through the crowd of passengers from an incoming train he noticed the warmth of embrace of a young man and his girl friend. Apparently she was welcoming him home from a long trip. Ten minutes later he saw them in a strange hold as a train emptied its passengers at another gate. As the crowd dispersed, they parted. The boy friend was trailed to the waiting room, where he met the girl, greeted her sunny embrace, and sat down for a chat again. As another train was announced, they again departed. The

#### Needles of Ancient Days

The needles that have come down to us from ancient Egypt are very coarse, but it is certain that finer needles must have been made to make the delicate embroidery produced by those people. Judging by the descriptions of embroidery in Homer, the Greeks also must have had very fine needles.

## ORCHARD GLEANINGS

### PRUNE AND SPRAY FOR GOOD FRUIT

A \$400 return on a \$40 investment was H. J. Miller's experience in the proper handling of his home orchard last season, on a Howard county (Mo.) farm. Spraying and pruning turned the trick.

It cost Mr. Miller \$16.70 for lime-sulphur and arsenate of lead, and \$24 for spraying and pruning. The result was 200 bushels of marketable apples at \$2 a bushel. There were also some other apples of a lower grade.

Mr. Miller had become disgusted with his mature orchard when it failed in previous years to produce a bushel of marketable fruit. So last year he was perfectly willing to cooperate with the county agent, Dan E. Miller, in a demonstration to show the value of pruning and spraying, writes R. R. Thomasson of Missouri, in the Farm Life. Three trees were left as a check and received no treatment. Those three failed to provide enough fruit to justify their existence.

An unfavorable season reduced the yield on all the trees. Even so the demonstration was a success in the eyes of both the owner and his neighbors. "There would have been no apples at all if I had not sprayed," Mr. Miller said. A peck of apples to the tree was sufficient to pay for the treatment.

The neglected home orchard, such as Mr. Miller's, is not only unprofitable, but it takes up valuable space that might be utilized by other crops. Unless the trees are to be taken care of, an ax and a grubbing hoe is the best remedy. But Mr. Miller's solution is still better. He will have a fair-sized deposit at the bank this fall, when it is most needed, and will have plenty of apples for his own use.

### Young Apple Trees Are Rather Hard to Train

Young apple trees are more difficult to train than are young peach trees. Not all the limbs needed for the framework of the tree can be secured the first year. A central leader must be left until the proper number of framework limbs can be secured spaced over four to six feet of height. Seven or eight limbs is all that an apple tree should have. A tree with this number will be easy to keep pruned and it will be a simple matter to have plenty of bearing wood with little effort.

On certain varieties such as Yellow Transparent it will be very helpful in securing a well shaped tree and a tree that begins bearing at an early age if the framework limbs are spread. This spreading can be most easily accomplished by cutting notches in the ends of lath sawed into various lengths and then inserting these laths between two framework limbs in such a way that both limbs will be spread out. This changes the natural growth habit of the Yellow Transparent completely. Without some such artificial regulation the limbs of the trees of this variety go straight up in the air. The trees of this type are all very slow coming into bearing unless something of this nature is done to them.

### Anthracnose Is Common Ill of Black Raspberry

One of the common diseases of the black raspberry is anthracnose, a fungus trouble causing purple blotches on the young canes, also attacking the fruiting spurs. It can be controlled by spraying with lime-sulphur, diluting same two and one-half gallons to fifty gallons of water. Spray again when the young shoots are six to eight inches high, diluting the lime-sulphur solution one gallon to fifty gallons of water. Apply a third spray just before blossoming time using the same solution of lime-sulphur as in the second spray.

### Horticultural Hints

If sufficient spray has been applied to wet the tree evenly to the dripping point any more applied is wasted and may even do harm.

The pear and apple blister mite can be controlled by applying lime-sulphur 12 to 100 any time in the spring before the buds open, according to station authorities.

The apple curculio cuts a small round hole in the surface and then eats out a large round cavity deeper in the fruit in which it places its egg. It will breed normally in the small apples.

Latham, Cuthbert and Herbert are all good red raspberries, and Cumberland and Gregg standard black caps.

Remove the dead wood and ill-shaped branches from shade and fruit trees. Raspberries and blackberries may be pruned just as soon as they show signs of growth.

Many growers fail to have the success they should have with their newly grafted trees because they do not give the trees the necessary care after the grafts begin to grow.

### Should Not Be Ready for "Shell" at Sixty

Many of the finest achievements in statesmanship, literature, medicine and the arts have been made by men of sixty or over. Is not Dr. W. W. Keen at 91 one of the foremost physicians of the world? Edison is at work at 80; the statesman, Arthur James Balfour, 89; Elihu Root, 82; Von Hindenburg, 80; Clemenceau, 86. The astronomer Galileo, the philosopher Herbert Spencer and Lamarck; Browning and Goethe, the poets, Verdi the composer, produced their masterpieces between the ages of 70 and 85. Titian painted at 98. Sarah Bernhardt and Joseph Jefferson acted at 75. Most of the successful generals in the World War were far past the American War department retiring age of 64.

It is certain that productive mental activity is greatest after the age of 40, provided that the health of the individual is good and that cares and responsibilities do not take away his ambitions.—Scientific Monthly.

### Georgia's State Bird

After much excited balloting the brown thrush was selected as Georgia's state bird. The purple martin and red-headed woodpecker were close seconds. The brown thrasher was selected because of his qualities as song bird and permanent resident. The martin is a migrant and not fitted to be a year-round official bird. The woodpecker developed surprising strength particularly among the juvenile voters. They figured an bird as industrious as the woodpecker deserved reward. The brown thrasher is a member of the well-known thrush family, the mocking-bird subfamily.

### Sparrows Are Fewer

According to the Department of Agriculture the English sparrow is declining in numbers in this country, both in cities and in rural districts. These birds were introduced into the United States in the early 1850s. For 30 or 40 years they multiplied rapidly and spread throughout the country. Many people thought they would become a serious pest. But nature seems to have taken them in hand and is setting a balance in regard to them.—Pathfinder Magazine.

### World's Sunday Schools

The Federal Council of Churches says that the total number of Sunday schools in the world is estimated at 347,001. The total membership is estimated at 32,677,611. The total number of Sunday schools in Europe is estimated at 83,386, with 9,100,000 members. The total number of Sunday schools in the United States is estimated at 105,343, with 19,970,000 members.

### Stone Roads in Italy

Practically all highways in Italy are built of stone that is crushed by hand. All day long the peasant laborers sit in the shelter of their sunshades and make "little ones out of big ones." Although the method of road building is very primitive, the highways are excellent when completed.

### Time Brings Changes

The old-fashioned woman, whose wedding ring stayed on her finger from the day it was put on till the day of her death now has a daughter whose ring stays on until she takes it off to put another one on.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Horse Furniture

Mrs. Pester—Nose bag! Indeed! Where do you get that idea? That's a hand-embroidered laundry bag. It's nothing like a nose bag.

Her Husband—That's what I thought. It's a nose bag for a clothes-horse.

### Complimented?

He was no Adonis, but his heart was gold. He presented her with an unusually ugly pug dog on her birthday.

She warbled: "Oh, thank you, Harold. It's just like you, so it is!"

### Perfectly Sweet

"Do you think Liz minded that awful lawsuit she was mixed up in?"

"Why, my dear, I think she rather enjoyed it—I know she told me they had a grand jury!"

### Sedentary Job

At one time dramatic critics used to sit on the stage. Nowadays they merely sit on the author, the cast, the scenery and the producer.—Humorist, London.

### Inexorable Campaigner

"Do you forgive your enemies?"

"I forgive 'em," answered Senator Sorghum. "But I still cherish the belief that they were awful foolish."

The human shrub never brings forth blossoms of perfection.

## What Will you do



## When your Children Cry for It

There is hardly a household that hasn't heard of Castoria! At least five million homes are never without it. If there are children in your family, there's almost daily need of its comfort. And any night may find you very thankful there's a bottle in the house. Just a few drops, and that colic or constipation is relieved; or diarrhea checked. A vegetable product; a baby remedy meant for young folks. Castoria is about the only thing you have ever heard doctors advise giving to infants. Stronger medicines are dangerous to a tiny baby, however harmless they may be to grown-ups. Good old Castoria! Remember the name, and remember to buy it. It may spare you a sleepless, anxious night. It is always ready, always safe to use; in emergencies, or for everyday ailments. Any hour of the day or night that Baby becomes fretful, or restless, Castoria was never more popular with mothers than it is today. Every druggist has it.



### That Would Be New

"I wish I could think of something new for a literary afternoon," sighed Eloise.

"Don't have lettuce sandwiches," suggested Alfred.

### The Proof

Wife—I see that my husband has dried the dishes.

Visitor—How do you know?

Wife—They are still wet.

### On Matrimonial Seas

"He lost his bachelorship!"

"Yes, it was carried away on a permanent wave."

Some fellows couldn't even tell the truth in a diary.

Learning and wisdom are not always on good terms.

## HELPED DURING MIDDLE AGE

### Woman Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Denver, Colo.—"I have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and will take more. I am taking it as a tonic to help me through Change of Life and I am telling many of my friends to take it as I found nothing before this to help me. I had so many bad feelings at night that I could not sleep and for two years. I could not go down town because I was afraid of falling. My mother took the Vegetable Compound years ago with good results and now I am taking it during the Change of Life and recommend it."—Mrs. T. A. MILLER, 1611 Adams Street, Denver, Colorado.



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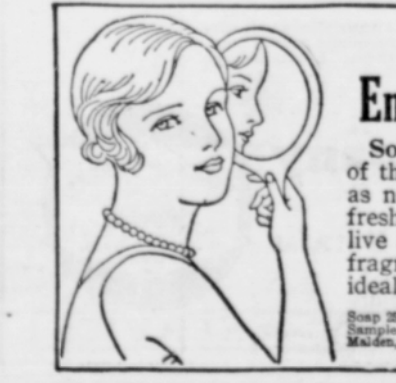
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