

# The Red Road

## A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By Hugh Pendexter

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### THE STORY

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, Ealsar 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 worsts a bully in a fight, and finds Elsie Dinwood. Brond is sent on a scouting expedition to Fort Duquesne, and finds a French scouting party besieging an old cabin in which Elsie has taken refuge. In the ensuing fight she escapes. Brond takes his way to Duquesne.

### CHAPTER V—Continued

This sudden attack sent us half a mile back from the river. We made a wide circuit and I was still disgruntled at my poor shooting when the Onondaga picked up a poultice of chewed sassafras leaves, such as Indian and white man used for gunshot wounds in an emergency. My spirits rebounded, for we now knew my small ball had scored. We saw nothing of the fellow, however; nor did we believe he could be badly wounded.

We camped early that night above Stewart's crossing, taking great care to hide our trail. The Onondaga killed a turkey with his ax and this we heated, rather than cooked, over a tiny fire and ate it half raw.

Still keeping back from the river we crossed Great Swamp creek the next day and suffered much from tiny black flies that were as voracious as wolves in February. Barely pausing to eat a handful of parched corn and what was left of the turkey, we left the disagreeable area and pushed on to Salt lick, or Jacobs' creek.

As Captain Jacobs' town was eight or nine miles back from the mouth of this creek, we ventured to swing in close to the Younghogony so as to give the place plenty of clearance. Hardy had said the village was abandoned, but savages have a way of being where you least expect them, and Jacobs never had left his town because of fear. We covered thirty miles that day, and were very weary when we made camp and broiled some small game over a sheltered fire.

The journey to Sewickley creek was uneventful. No Indians, so far as we could observe, had passed our side of the river. This was not as we had wished, however, for if the scouting party, which had dogged us while we were under Hardy's protection, should keep to the other side of the Younghogony it would necessitate its crossing the river at or near Allaquippa's town. Therefore, we were much relieved, although instantly put on our guard, when we discovered the remains of a recent camp a short distance below the mouth of the Sewickley.

The number of fires, built since the rainstorm, indicated the passing of at least fifty warriors. The trail led north toward Turtle creek, and as there were no signs of scouts being thrown out on the flanks it was plain the band feared no danger and were making a swift march to Duquesne.

We followed the trail for two miles, to make sure no scouts were covering the back-track, then cut back to the Sewickley and traveled up-stream as far as Thicketty run. Changing our course again, we made due west so as to approach Allaquippa's town as if coming from Duquesne.

It was late afternoon and growing dark in the woods when Round Paw informed me:

"They can hear a gun now." After more walking he announced, "They can hear two whoops now."

But we did not make our camp until he said:

"They can hear one whoop now." So we halted in halting distance of the town. Not caring to enter the village until positive none of the scouting party had swung back to pay it a visit, we turned in for the night.

We were awake in good season but took our time in breaking camp. Round Paw used his bow and arrows to good advantage and we dined excellently on small game. I buried the fire and waited while the Indian scouted to the edge of the woods and reconnoitered the village. After some time he stole back to me and said no French Indians were there, and but very few of the Delawares.

I told him to announce our arrival, and he threw back his head to give a loud halloo, demanded by Indian etiquette so that residents could come from the village and lead the stranger in. I clapped a hand over his mouth and he lowered his head and listened. It was very faint at first, then became audible—the thudding of swift

flying feet coming down the Duquesne path. The runner was making no attempt at secrecy. We moved closer to the trail and waited.

Soon the runner came into sight, a tall man with his hair roached like a Huron. He was naked except for his breechcloth and carried no arms. But he did carry that which was of poignant interest to me, a heavy festoon of wampum about his neck.

Round Paw whispered: "A carrier of belts. He comes unarmed. They say he brings French belts to Allaquippa."

Colonel Washington's warning that I must intercept any bloody or war-belts was fresh in my mind, and I loosened my ax. The Onondaga granted a disapproval and grasped my



It Was Akin to Murder to Drop the Fellow.

arm to restrain me, for the office of a belt-carrier was almost sacred, and whether his proffer of war-belts was accepted or rejected he was supposed to have an open road in arriving and departing. I forced myself to think only one thought—the Frenchman's desire to win over Allaquippa's warriors and turn their hatchets against the colonies.

"He must not take the belts to the village," I whispered.

"To kill a carrier of belts will make your orenda weak and sick," muttered Round Paw.

"If coming to us, yes. But he goes to the woman, Allaquippa."

The runner was now close to our position. He ran rapidly and showed no sign of fatigue although I suspected he had kept up the pace since leaving the French fort. It was akin to murder to drop the fellow, but there was much more than my personal feelings at stake. The delivery of bloody belts must be prevented at all costs. Round Paw understood my determination and whispered in my ear:

"Wait. He will pass this bush. Without his belts he will be laughed at. He shall not see us."

He gently pushed me back and moved to the side of the trail and pulled out his ax. I let him have his way, glad to avoid the grewsome duty, but kept my rifle ready to stop the fellow should my red companion make a merr of it. Along came the runner, and when opposite us and within two feet of us, he leaped high and opened his mouth to sound the guest-call. At the same moment the Onondaga slipped into the trail behind him and clipped him with the flat of his ax over the head before he could utter a sound.

The man went down like one dead and before I could offer to give a hand the Onondaga had yanked the wampum free and was pulling me deeper into the forest. The last glimpse I had of the belt-carrier revealed him sprawled out on his face, his head twisted sidewise and his mouth still open.

### Long Oration Spoiled Evening for Senator

A prominent man in public life—a senator, it may be said without fear of embarrassing him—was the principal speaker at a recent banquet. More than that—he was the victim of one of those persons whose duty it is to speak as curtain-raiser to the main attraction of the evening and who forgets himself in his own flow of oratory.

He went on and on and the reporters were getting restless and worried about making the final editions with the principal speaker's important talk. Finally, the senator banded a reporter a message: "How long can you men wait?" He was given the time and then asked in a message how long the gentleman speaking was going to hold the floor. He courteously replied—for it can again be safely said that

We retreated from the trail and ran north and crossed it and turned back toward the village. While we halted to learn if the scene had been witnessed by some early hunter, or if the man had regained his senses, we took time to examine the wampum.

The strings consisted of white beads, alternated with red. The belt was a more pretentious affair, being composed of black and red beads with a hatchet worked with white beads in the middle—a French war belt and handsomely fashioned, and one a neutral tribe would feel honored in having presented even though it could not be accepted.

As no alarm was sounded, we advanced to the clearing surrounding the cabins, and the Onondaga hid the wampum at the foot of a basswood tree. Then lifting his voice he sounded the call and when he finished I shouted in French. After a few minutes two men of middle age slowly came to meet us, and one of them greeted:

"If you are tired from long walking your mats are waiting for you. There is meat in the kettle."

"Our legs were tired but now they feel strong after we have looked at the face of our brother," I answered in the Leni-Lenape tongue.

They made no response to this but turned and led the way to the village. I counted twenty cabins made of small trees, low and roofed with bark. Had I been a Frenchman, I would have felt discouraged over our reception. The presence of warriors was partly explained by those we saw through cabin doors sleeping off the effects of a debauch.

What was disturbing was the glimpse I caught of a white man, dressed as an Indian and wearing a tiny silver hatchet on a neck chain. I had met him before, and his presence in the village made it impossible for me to claim a recent departure from Duquesne. He was earnestly talking to an aged Delaware. The Indian clutched a bottle of brandy in his hand while he listened.

After passing this cabin, our conductors halted before an empty hut and informed us it would be our quarters while in the village. They seemed to be in haste to leave us, but when outside the door, one halted and said:

"Allaquippa, the woman sachem, will ask where you came from."

"Tell her a Frenchman and a Caughnawaga Iroquois have come from a scout to Castleman's river and would rest before going on to Duquesne."

"The path between Allaquippa's village and Duquesne is beaten down very hard by French feet. The Leni-Lenape's moccasins slip in traveling over it. Our sachem says the path is old and worn out," he replied.

"I see a French brother is here ahead of us," I said, ignoring his veiled hint that too many Frenchmen were coming to the village to suit Allaquippa.

He sullenly replied: "He brings much brandy, which is bad. He brings a belt, which is very bad."

So our coup on the red carrier of belts had not stopped the war talk of the enemy from reaching the village. However, the Delaware's open disapproval of us spoke well for the loyalty of the woman to the English. Requesting Round Paw to remain near the hut I departed to look up the owner of the silver ax, and by a bold course disarm suspicion.

When I halted in the doorway of his cabin he glanced up with an ugly scowl, then was slightly perplexed for a moment. Before I could announce myself, he was coming forward to greet me, and exclaiming:

"Monsieur Beland, who was at our fort in the spring! My heart stings to behold you again. I have been in this cursed place two days, trying to get an audience with that old demon Allaquippa. Welcome a thousand times. And let us drink if I can find a bottle these filthy ones have not mouthed."

"Name of joy! I am rejoiced to see Monsieur Falest once more," I genially cried.

We embraced, and he waved me to a keg and requested that I take my ease. His Indian companion rose, still clutching the half-emptied bottle, and staggered outdoors.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# FARM POULTRY

## COCCIDIOSIS CAN BE CONTROLLED

Drugs, no matter how impressive their labels, are of no value in controlling coccidiosis, chick disease that is fully as bad as it sounds.

The poultrymen who regularly every spring lose chicks from this disease might better put their faith in inexpensive sanitation methods and the feeding of milk to control coccidiosis, according to extension poultry specialists at the Ohio State university.

Scientists at the University of California tried these medicines to control coccidiosis: Hydrochloric acid, catechu, a mixture of bichloride of mercury and sulpho-carbolates, potassium dichromate, powdered ipecac and bismuth subnitrate. None of the drugs was effective.

"The disease can be controlled," the Ohio specialists say, "by sanitation and by liberal feeding of milk. The milk helps by producing acidity in the ceca and by stimulating rapid growth. The mash recommended by the University of California is this: Forty pounds of dry skim milk, 10 pounds of wheat bran, 30 pounds of yellow corn meal, 20 pounds of ground oats or barley.

"Start feeding this mash as soon as the presence of the disease is determined. Keep the mash constantly before the chicks in hoppers. The essential thing is to get sufficient milk into the chick and to keep the house and surroundings absolutely clean.

"Sick chicks should immediately be separated from healthy ones. Burn the dead ones."

## More Than One Culling Is Essential in Year

Culling hens is the process of removing from the flock the undesirable, the object being to increase the average egg production of the flock and to retain for breeding purposes those hens which possess superior qualities. While the term culling is usually applied to hens during their laying period, successful poultrymen are constantly employing a system of culling, including the eggs selected for incubation, the young stock at broiler stage, the pullets just before they go into their winter laying quarters, and the males used as breeders. The greatest emphasis in the past has been placed on the laying flock on the basis that the best producers in the past will naturally be the best producers in the future.

The first requirement for successful culling is the treatment of the flock prior to the culling process. Obviously good hens will appear as culls if they have not received proper rations or care. The most expert will be helpless in determining the relative value of various hens unless the hens have been fed satisfactory laying rations in adequate amounts.

## Egg-Laying Difficulty Is Very Easily Cured

It often happens that a hen has difficulty in laying an egg—probably a particularly large double-yolked one. Such a bird is easily detected. Not only is she to be seen visiting the nest again and again without effect, but she is visibly ill at ease, crouching about with tail down and a generally woe-begone appearance. The quickest way to relieve her is to give her two teaspoonfuls of castor oil (by means of a clean fountain-pen filler), and immediately after to pour into the vent two teaspoonfuls of olive oil. This will inevitably result in the egg being passed within an hour or so.

## Like Old Roosts

Pullets learn to like their roosts in the colony houses and fruit trees. After they have been housed for several weeks the weather may be warm and sunshiny, and there is a great temptation to turn out the flock for a few more days of exercise on the range. If this is done, and the pullets have any way of returning to their old roosts, they are apt to leave the laying house some evening, and it is a most discouraging job picking them from the trees.

## Corn Is Important

Good yellow corn is very important in mash and scratch feed. Difficulties experienced with coarsely cracked grains have caused some people to not use it as much as would otherwise be the case. When corn is cracked, it should be sifted and the finer parts put into the mash. The remainder should then be used as scratch grain. If fine parts of cracked grain are not fed in the mash, it will not be eaten and will mold on the floors and other damp places.

## Sun Saps Pep

Exposure to the sun turns white plumage yellow, bleaches yellow and buff plumage, robs black feathers of their luster and turns them brown. The sun which puts life into chickens. If given in continuous doses saps their pep and stunts their growth. Ducks suffer even more. Poults wilt. Whether it be a shelter of branches or bur-lap, or the living shade of bushes and trees, give the poultry a hiding place from the hot sun during the summer season.

# The DAIRY

## LEGUME HAY IS BEST FOR COWS

When the chemist analyzes a feed he finds water, fat, ash, carbohydrates, and protein which are useful to the dairy cow in her feed ration says a circular, "Feeding Dairy Cows," by R. B. Becker, P. C. McGilliard, and John W. Boher, of the Oklahoma A. and M. college.

Proteins are needed for growth. They enter into the composition of muscle, bone, and body fluids, maintain the body, and are used in developing the body of the baby calf, and make milk proteins.

Ash or mineral compounds, lime phosphates, and common salt, are in the blood and digestive juices. They maintain the skeleton, and especially make the ash in the milk. Fats, sugars, and starches are burned in the body to provide heat and energy or are used to build body fat, butterfat, and milk sugar.

Some crude fiber is necessary to give a limited amount of bulk to the feed, and to aid in digestion. However, feeds that contain too large amounts of crude fiber are usually not desirable in dairy rations under average conditions, because more energy is used in digesting a pound of crude fiber in the body than a cow gets from this material after it is digested, it continues.

Feeds commonly used for dairy cows divide themselves naturally into six general classes, such as legume hays, grass hays, farm grains, and oil seed, succulent feeds and pasture crops, milling by-products, and miscellaneous feedings.

If a cow is to be given only a single feed, she will thrive longer and produce more milk and butterfat on a legume hay alone than on any other one thing. It is impossible to even have a cow survive for a long period of time when fed straw or cottonseed hulls alone, or on a ration consisting solely of grains. Even alfalfa hay is too bulky to enable the cow to produce a great amount of milk.

In general, roughages are the main source of lime in the rations of milk cows. Roughages are relatively high in crude fiber and on this account yield less total digestible nutrients than do farm grains. Roughages as a whole are low in phosphates which are needed for bone, blood, and milk, though legume hays contain more than twice the amounts found in grass hays.

## Individual Feed Record Will Determine Profit

Feeding, more than anything else, determines the profit a cow makes. The average cow is fed carelessly. Too often the farmer feeds the same amount to each animal. A cow cannot produce the greatest amount of milk if it is possible for her to produce and do it profitably unless the amount of grain fed her is enough to first meet her bodily needs with enough extra to make the highest yield of milk she is capable of giving.

Increased profits of from 25 to 100 per cent can be secured by any farmer who will adopt the simple method of feeding each of his cows according to her individual production. This means weighing each cow's daily milk production two successive days each month, and then feeding each individual cow a pound of good grain feed each day for every two and one-half to three pounds of milk she produces, if she is of the Jersey or Guernsey breed, and a pound of grain for every three and one-half to four pounds if she is of the Holstein breed.

## Feeding Good Cows Grain as Pasture Is Insufficient

"Grass alone is not enough," declares A. J. Cramer, supervisor of Wisconsin Herd Improvement associations, speaking in terms of summer milk production in Wisconsin.

While a firm believer in the fact that it pays to feed grain to good cows, whatever the pasture conditions are, Cramer insists that this season, with pastures being unusually short, many Wisconsin dairy cows will not receive sufficient nutrients to maintain milk production and body flesh, unless their pasturage is supplemented with grain.

A ration containing about 50 to 75 per cent corn, oats, barley, or hominy will help to maintain the physical condition of our cows, he says. Grass alone will furnish milk, but how long will this heavy milk flow last, without some grain feed to help keep it up, and to hold some of that body weight on our cows? he asks.

To the doubtful one, he suggests trying grain feeding on one or two cows to learn if it pays.

## Silage From Grains

It is fast becoming common practice to use small grains in the making of silage. Any of the small grains may be put into the silo alone or mixed with other crops. Peas and oats form a popular mixture in certain sections of the country. This crop should be cut when the kernel is in the dough stage, also cut fine and packed firmly in the silo. Silage from small grains is usually inferior to that of corn silage, but superior to legume silage.



NURSES know, and doctors have declared there's nothing quite like Bayer Aspirin for all sorts of aches and pains, but be sure it is genuine Bayer; that name must be on the package, and on every tablet. Bayer is genuine, and the word genuine—in red—is on every box. You can't go wrong if you will just look at the box;



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing of Monacostadt, Germany.

## Hay Strewn in Church an Old Village Custom

A curious custom has been observed from time immemorial at Old Weston, Huntingdonshire, in England. The church there is dedicated to St. Swithin, and on the Sunday most nearly approaching St. Swithin's day the edifice is strewn with new-mown hay.

The tradition is that an old lady bequeathed a field for charitable purposes on condition that the tenant provide the hay to lessen the annoyance caused by the squeaking of the new shoes worn by the villagers on Feast Sunday. There are other explanations—one that it is an offering of the first fruits of the harvest and another that it is a survival of the custom of strewing the church (when the floor was only beaten earth) with rushes.—Washington Star.

## For Galled Horses Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

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

## Impossible

A motor bus stopped and the conductor looked up the steps expectantly. But no one descended, and at length he ran up impatiently. "Ere, you," he said to a man on the top "don't you want the houses of parliament?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well," retorted the conductor, "come down for them. I can't bring them up to you!"—Weekly Scotsman.

## He Ought to Be Happy

"When two people like the same things their married life is bound to be happy," sighed the romantic girl. "Well, you and Herbert ought to be happy," remarked her friend, who wanted Herbert and didn't get him. "I know you love him, and I notice he is very fond of himself."—Answers, London.

## Trace of Lost Colony

Two brass buckles and a copper button, believed to have been worn by members of the John White colony, which vanished without a trace, near Elizabeth City, N. C., in 1587, were found in the sands of North Carolina sound recently.

## An Unfinished Story

Young Husband—Dear, our budget shows a big deficit for last month. Wife—That's fine! How shall we spend it?

Those who only want fame that can be turned into money don't get the best kind.

## "WORTH WEIGHT IN GOLD"

### Verdict of Woman Who Tried Pinkham's Compound

Tully, N. Y.—"It hurt me to walk or sit down without help and I felt sick and weak. My mother-in-law took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she induced me to take it. I am now on the fourth bottle and have also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. The medicines that will do for me what the Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done are certainly worth their weight in gold. I think I have given them a fair trial and I expect to take two more bottles of the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. CHARLES MORGAN, R. F. D. 1, Tully, N. Y.

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