

The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By HUGH PENDEXTER

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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CHAPTER VII—Continued

Beaujeu, quick to utilize any superstition that favored his growing plans for restoring Braddock's approach, stood up and sonorously replied:

"Pontiac, great chief of the Ottawas, your words make Onontio's heart warm and glad. With the mighty Pontiac to lead our red brothers, the medicine lodge ghosts will tell but one thing—that an ax, half-rod and half-French will split the English head. Let the brave Potawatomi set up the medicine lodge where we may see it and hear its voices. Let the ghosts of ancient warriors tell us how to destroy the English and take for our own use their long wagons of guns and cloth and food. Tell your red brothers that Onontio will send them a keg of brandy to make their hearts glad."

Pontiac turned and stalked from the room, a dramatic figure. Beaujeu smiled grimly and, still staring through the open door, he said to us:

"Messieurs, there speaks one who some day will make great trouble for some one. Whoever holds that man fast to France does France and our king a great service. Now while they are putting up their lodge let us eat and talk."

I had renewed acquaintance with the three officers before entering the room and had been made known to the fourth man, Sieur de St. Therese, a pleasant-mannered fellow. Platters of steaming meat and some good bread were served.

Outside the window rose the guttural voices of the Potawatomi wizards as they directed the erection of the mystery lodge. Soon there was added the fierce notes of a war-song as the brandy began to take effect; and by the light of several fires we could glimpse stark forms dancing madly around a war-post, each dancer pausing to drive his ax into the wood in pantomime of braining a foe. For a background was the heat-lightning and the far-off bellowing of Hinunn the Thunder-god, giving battle to his immortal enemy, the water-serpent. Beaujeu watched the frenzied warriors for a moment and sighed:

"If I could hold them to that pitch when I lead them to battle. But messieurs, now that we have satisfied our appetites, I will ask Monsieur Beland to tell us about the hostility of the woman Allaquippa toward us. Then you can decide if her village at the mouth of the Younghogony is a menace to France. Lieutenant Beauvais already has told us something, but Monsieur Beland was in the village longer than Beauvais and had a most significant experience."

So, for the second time since entering the fort, I recounted the woman sachem's refusal of the French belt and the killing of Pontiac's belt-carrier. When I had ceased speaking Sieur de St. Therese excitedly cried:

"It is time that evil nest was destroyed."

Beaujeu's eyes sparkled. "What does Sieur de Carqueville say?" he asked.

De Carqueville promptly replied:

"We are in extremis without Braddock finding a resting place should his line of march take him to the mouth of the Younghogony. The country ahead of his army should be swept clean of English allies."

De la Parade lifted a glass of wine and gave:

"Death to the English Indians! Death to Allaquippa!"

After the toast had been drunk Sieur de Parieux counseled:

"It would be best, I believe, to send the Ottawas, or the Ojibways, to remove the village."

Beaujeu considered this suggestion thoughtfully for a few moments, and then turned to me and invited:

"Let us have Monsieur Beland's advice."

I told them:

"It is my belief that at the worst she will only succeed in holding her Indians neutral. Their numbers are few. When they find there is but a small force of Indians with the English army, they will not dare to join it. If you send the northern Indians against the village you may make our Shawnees and Mingoes uneasy. It may spoil their fighting spirit. Certainly your Delawares would not relish doing the work, for after all they are of the same race."

"Eh!" muttered Beaujeu, tugging at his long hair and frowning at his glass. Finally he threw up his head and said:

"Our brother speaks with wisdom, although it sounds like the cold calculating counsel of an Englishman. But it is true, messieurs, that many of the Indians do not care whether the dog eats the wolf, or the wolf eats the dog. We cannot risk a split in our red ranks. If the Shawnees steal away to the Muskingum and Graves' creek, then we may expect to behold

the lake tribes leaving for the north without lifting an ax. I am forced to believe it will be better to leave Allaquippa's town alone.

"If Our Lady's intercession should give us a victory over Braddock, the task of pacifying the English Lenape will be easier if there be no bones of their warriors for France to cover. If it is fated that we lose, we shall have our hands full in withdrawing from this fort without having to fight a rear-guard engagement against infuriated neutrals. For I solemnly assure you, messieurs, that our own savages will be a problem should we have to retire."

"Monsieur Beland, I rejoice that you are here and have spoken as you have. I only wish that Monsieur Beauvais could join us and give his views. He is a cool thoughtful man, and, like yourself, would speak without prejudice."

It required several rounds of wine to restore us to a proper enthusiasm. I felt a coolness on the part of my two neighbors, although none at the table openly disagreed with Beaujeu's decision. But de la Parade, who had drunk extermination to the village, was vastly more popular than I. Beau-



"Our Brother Speaks With Wisdom, Although It Sounds Like the Cold Calculating Counsel of an Englishman."

Jeu's mention of Beauvais made my back feel chilly, and my gaze wandered frequently toward the open door. And yet when I attempted to decide just what I should do, did he put in an appearance, my mind refused to work. It was as if my intelligence were paralyzed. I was keenly conscious of dreading his arrival but was incapable of planning a defense.

There was a wild wish in my heart that the Onondaga might discover the truth and manage in some fashion to intercept him. This, of course, was not based on reason. It did set me to thinking about the Onondaga and the Dinwiddie girl. I wondered if I had been observed when walking and talking with her, and if, should I be apprehended, she would be held to account. My only consolation was that Beaujeu was a gentleman, and that once she disclosed her sex, he would not permit her to be harmed.

There remained the dangers of the retreat to Canada. Pontiac never lost an opportunity to advance himself! Once he saw that the French were whipped, I doubted his loyalty to the Lilies. Looking back to those hectic days in July, I am convinced I misjudged him. The events of the next few years were to establish his never-ending hostility to the English.

The dancers had quit the fire and war-post and were now leaping grotesquely by the window, a swift shifting string of distorted and monstrous-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For Preservation of Fine Colonial Homes

More than any other city in the country, the atmosphere of the Seventeenth century is retained by the city of Annapolis. It has many landmarks and institutions of the pre-Revolutionary days, including ancient trees, structures and customs around which the romance of history has been woven. There are several particularly fine specimens of homes of that period, but the touch of modernism has threatened some of these and the movement to preserve them for all time has been inaugurated by the administrators of St. John's college. Itself one of the oldest institutions of higher learning in this country. Three signers of the Declaration of Independence aided in the formation of

ly painted faces, and a bewildering flourishing of axes. Some of the axes were painted red the better to exemplify the welders' sanguinary ambitions. As the savages pressed closer to the building in passing in review, we saw them only from the neck up, and the effect was that of detached heads floating and bobbing by.

Then there came the sweetest strain of music I ever heard although it was produced by the guttural voice of a most hideously painted creature, who had concealed all suggestions of a human countenance by painting his face with a series of circles in black, red and white. His song was sweet to my ears because he sang through the open window the simple refrain:

"Ha-hum-weh. Ha-hum-weh."

"I belong to the Wolf clan. I belong to the Wolf clan. I belong to the Wolf clan."

Surely words were never more welcome. I felt the tightness in my chest give way; and I knew that Round Paw of the Onondagas was on the scene and ready to stand or fall with me. Beaujeu, too, caught the song, and remarked:

"That's not a northern voice, nor Shawnee, nor Lenape. It sounds like a Mingo, and yet it is different."

"I was not giving much heed," I said. "It sounded like an Iroquois, singing his Wolf song."

Next we had a view of a Potawatomi who brandished a war-club of birch. The club was painted red and black and was decorated with brass nails. The arm holding the club boasted of a badge of skunk-skin to show the man had seized a wounded enemy by the arm and had held him. Three of the feathers in his hair were notched, evidencing he had killed and scalped as many foes, and there were other feathers unnotched, indicating he had scalped warriors slain by his companions. For after the northern fashion of counting coup four feathers could be worn for the death of each enemy slain—one by the man who made the kill, one by the man who took the scalp, and one by each of the two men who might assist in the scalping. This fellow remained before the window long enough to chant in a throaty voice:

"An eagle feather I see; a brave I have caught. A wolf I see; a wolf I have caught."

Beaujeu interpreted the song for me. I would have thought nothing about it had not the Onondaga soon passed the window again, proving he had not waited his turn, and proclaimed himself to be of the Wolf clan. And directly following him reappeared the Potawatomi with his boast of having caught a wolf. My nerves began tightening. There was a sinister significance in the second appearance of the two men. It was plain that the Potawatomi was exerting himself to keep at the heels of my friend.

There was no time to worry over the coincidence, however. I was confident the Potawatomi, even if something had aroused his suspicions, would never catch Round Paw off his guard. The dancing suddenly ceased and we noted that the framework of the medicine-lodge was up, and that the wizards were rapidly covering it with medicine-ropes so as to shut off all view of the interior except as the small flap was pulled back and revealed a small, square opening facing our window.

Pontiac came through the doorway and spoke to Beaujeu. The commandant nodded, and explained to us:

"He says one of the Potawatomi, Little Wolf, wishes to entertain us with some magic."

We settled back to enjoy the jugglery, but my nerves gave a jump when in Little Wolf I recognized the dancer who had said he had caught a wolf. He halted near the table and eyed us all steadily. I imagined his gaze rested a trifle longer on me than on the others, but set it down to my being a ranger.

Beaujeu rose and handed him a glass of wine and spoke first in the Ottawa tongue and then in French, saying:

"Little Wolf is a mighty wizard. When the medicine-lodge is ready he will call the ghosts to talk to us. They will tell us how to strike an ax into the English."

Little Wolf refused the wine and glanced about until he had located the brandy. He stretched out his hand for the stronger drink and Beaujeu threw out the wine and accommodated him. Tossing off the brandy, he placed his bow and arrow on a small side-table and turned his back on us and made much business of examining the contents of the bag. When he faced about, he had a long knife in his hand. This he proceeded to swallow up to the hilt. So far as I could observe the blade went down his throat.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Who said that faith is dead when the Northern press believes the solid South is to be broken?

Leader the Nation Needs

The Democratic party under Governor Smith's guidance leads the way to a constructive solution of a problem that has sapped the vitality of our government. His representation of the economic aspects of the various government problems treated in his message evidences extraordinary grasp of the underlying principles of government. He is ideally equipped to assume the leadership of the nation at a time when a change of leadership is imperative.

Exactness Demanded

The joining between marble blocks in ancient Athenian structures built of blocks of marble had to be so exact that the joint must not be perceptible when the finger nail was drawn over it.

SMITH WELL FITTED FOR HIGH POSITION

Campaign Has Shown Candidate's Qualities.

No man in America is better fitted to be President than Gov. Alfred E. Smith, according to the Baltimore Sun. Contrasting the characters of the Democratic and Republican candidates, the Sun declares it will support Smith, and gives the following reasons for doing so:

"The campaign has gone on long enough to make the issues clear. It has revealed the mettle of the candidates, and the ideas for which they stand. The Sun believes that, in the face of the facts now plain to every one, Governor Smith is the better man, and should be elected."

"Mr. Hoover's virtues, both as a private citizen and as a public official, are not to be gainsaid. But all of the good qualities that he shows are in Governor Smith, too, and in addition Governor Smith has many that he lacks."

"One of them is frankness. Smith is the frankest man heard of in American public life since Grover Cleveland. He seems to be incapable of evasion, of dissembling, of begging questions. When he comes to a conclusion he states it in plain words and welcomes candid criticism of it."

"He meets opponents openly and fairly and wins their respect. With this frankness goes courage. When he thinks he is right he sticks bravely to his guns and no lure of political advantage can move him."

"Mr. Hoover, since he took to party politics, has shown no such candor and resolution. No one knew what he thought about any major issue until the nomination was safely in his hands. His campaign was a campaign of policy, of compromise, of tricks and evasions. He had nothing to say about prohibition, though the country talked of little else. He was silent about the gross corruption that surrounded him. For seven long years in Washington he served surlinely as an unprotesting associate of scoundrels in high places, and when he began his struggle for nomination he turned for aid to even worse scoundrels. Today, it appears, he is on both sides of all the principal questions before the people."

Slur on Marchers in Farm Protest Parade

The representatives of the farmers who went to Kansas City last June, and there had the door of the Republican national convention slammed in their faces, now are being represented as underworld characters, according to Frank W. Murphy, chairman of the legislative committee of the Corn Belt Federation of Farm Organizations, and for many years a leader in the fight for the McNary-Haugen bill.

He shows a clipping from the Long Beach (Calif.) Press-Telegram, in which Mrs. Charles F. Van de Water, a member of the California delegation, is quoted as saying:

"It is an undoubted fact that the 50 farmers in the farm protest parade at the convention were men from the Kansas City stock yards, many of whom were known to have former police records."

A. W. Ricker, secretary of the Corn Belt Federation, calls Mrs. Van de Water's attention to the fact that there were 3,000 farmers, including himself instead of 50, and that it was Senator Nye who started them marching through the streets chanting, "We won't vote for Hoover."

Workers Are for Smith

Major George L. Berry of Tennessee, president of the Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union of North America and chairman of the labor bureau of the Democratic national committee, predicts that Smith and Robinson will poll the largest industrial vote ever received by a Presidential ticket.

"There is a very general appreciation of the fact that the Democratic nominees have proven their interest in the workers' cause," he said. "And at the same time are in harmony with America's business ethics, which means peace, prosperity and good will."

Real Nullification

President Wilson vetoed the Volstead act, Senator Robinson says, and his integrity and purpose were never questioned. "Can it be," he inquires, "that because Governor Smith believes that, without returning to the old evils of the saloon, temperance and respect for law can be promoted through changes in the existing system, he is a nullificationist and an enemy of the Constitution? Such arguments impeach the intelligence of their authors." Nullification, he points out, lies in the refusal or willful failure to enforce.—Chicago Journal.

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Long-Forgotten Light Burned On Steadily

How a light in an unknown room in a theater at Glasgow, Scotland, burned unseen for 22 years, has just been reported. When electrical engineers were asked to give quotations on overhauling the lighting system a certain line of conduit disappeared in a wall, and the trail ended. Nearby was a locked door, the key to which had been lost. No one from the manager to the call boy could remember that the door had ever been opened. It was forced. The unknown room had been used by billposters, and according to a poster lying there the place had not been used since 1906. A 16 candle-power carbon lamp was burning brightly just as it had evidently been left by the last occupant of the room. The report adds that when the manager estimated the cost of the wasted light of 60 watts for 22 years, he fainted.

Electricity Corrodes

Corrosion of pipe lines that carry oil has perplexed scientists for some time, but bureau of standards investigators, after a number of tests, have announced that they are of the opinion the action is due to electricity. Running through soils where the ground is of different chemical composition and of varying moisture content, the pipe is subjected to the results of a discharge and a collecting of electrical current at different points. The earth, in other words, becomes a sort of huge battery of cells formed by the different soil sections.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

NEW BEAUTY FOR YOUR CLOTHES By Mae Martin

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Old Slang Phrase

The expression "he knows his onions," like a lot of other modern things, really is very old. It has been twisted a bit in getting to young America but the phrase has an ancient ancestor in France.

"Those are not his onions," is a phrase, slang but fairly well sanctioned by age, that means "that's not his business." The "onions," serving the same purpose as in American slang, have been enlivening the popular vocabulary for generations.

Couldn't Try It

"Did you try that recipe for wilted lettuce?"

"I asked for wilted lettuce at the market and the man got mad."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The sun shines for all, but the porter does it for a quarter.

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.

Small Boy's Logic

Several gaudily colored stens arranged about the railing in a tea shop caught the eye of a five-year-old youngster breakfasting with his parents, sedate Hoosiers.

"Mom, buy me one of those things," the lad pleaded.

"Why, son, I can't; they're decorations," remonstrated the mother.

"Well, get me one for Decoration day then," rejoined the five-year-old, as his parents made very faces and others within hearing distance laughed heartily.—Indianapolis News.

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Hat Has Lasted Long

Forty-eight years ago Thomas H. Hussey, seventy-seven, of Batavia, N. Y., went shopping for a hat. After much inspection of stock, Mr. Hussey looked the only one he thought looked well on him. And for 48 years he has worn it whenever the use of a head covering has been required. He says it retains its shape and original color.

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