

The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By HUGH PENDEKTER Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER VII—Continued

"Run fast!" he hissed. "To the water-gate!"

Pontiac's voice thundered a command. The Onondaga muttered: "The Ottawa chief tells his children to watch the gates and the stockade and kill anyone trying to get out."

Once outside the lodge and we were in darkness. Thirty yards away and we had lost ourselves in a wild crowd of savages. But as we pressed on Pontiac's stentorian voice gradually reached an intelligence here and there; and from different points and in all the dialects of the northern and Ohio tribes, the word was passed to guard the stockades and gates.

"Take the man Beland alive!" roared a voice; and I knew that Beauvais at last had connected my identity up with my French name and that Beauvais now understood all.

"Why this way?" I asked the Onondaga as we reached the stockade on the river front.

"Stand on my shoulders, white brother, and go over," he directed.

"There's the witch-woman—"

"She's on the other side. Shall we join her, or face about and die like chiefs?"

I scrambled to his shoulders and went to the top of the timbers. I reached down a hand, but scorning all assistance Round Paw swarmed over the barrier. The two of us dropped to the ground within a few feet of the river.

him the girl could not fly like a bird and that any plans we made must include her. I told him of my efforts to shield Allaquippa's village from attack and expressed my fear that Beauvais would now do the thing I had convinced him he should not do. This furnished the Onondaga with a double errand to the Delaware village: he must warn the woman sachem and tell Cromit to carry my warning to the army that the Turtle Creek route, though rough, would be free from successful ambushes.

"You will take the same talk, but separate from the bonebreaker," I added. "The woman and I will leave you at the mouth of Turtle creek and follow it up for a bit and seek the army in that direction. Surely one of the three of us men will take the talk through to Braddock."

CHAPTER VIII

Our Orendas Are Strong

Half a mile below the mouth of Turtle creek the Monongahela grew very shallow with scarcely more than a ripple of water in places. The three of us held a brief conference



"Set Me Down! Set Me Down!"

It was very dark and I was completely bewildered.

"This way, mister," called a low voice.

The Onondaga dragged me after him. My hand rested on a canoe.

"Who's there?" I whispered.

"Daughter of witches," was the half-laughing, half-sobbing reply. "But please don't stop to talk, mister."

It was time I scrambled into the canoe, for a chorus of yells was now raised on the other side of the stockade and only a few feet away. I tripped over a rifle as the Onondaga pushed the light craft into the current. I picked it up and found it familiar to my hands.

"Whose rifle is this?" I whispered.

"Hush!" cautioned the girl. Then proudly, "It's yours. I was at the door when the trouble began. I reached in and took it when Mr. Beauvais commenced calling you a spy."

"Talk will kill you," grunted the Onondaga as he pushed a paddle into my hands and began working desperately to reach the slack water along the opposite bank. His warning was timely for I could hear the plop, plop of heavy bottles dropping over the stockade. There came an explosion of mad rage that made my heart wince. The Onondaga proudly informed us:

"They have found Little Wolf in the lodge. I crept under the wall and shot him with his own arrow. He made a choking noise. The Wolf man thought some of those outside would know the truth. There was Pontiac. He talks with ghosts and they tell him secrets. It was he who told Little Wolf to kill me. Pontiac saw me at Detroit and knew my heart was warm for the English. Little Wolf was to shoot me through the hole in the robes when I danced by. If my white brother had not been in danger, I should have shot Pontiac after telling him to march by with the others."

"They are over the wall; they will take canoes and follow us!" I warned.

"Mister, I spoiled all the canoes I could find before going to the house where you was eating. They can't catch us with boats."

"You have done well, little woman. What does Round Paw do now?"

"We were at the opposite shore."

"We will go up the river instead of down," he answered. "They will think we went down to the Ohio. If the man Beauvais had not come we would have shown them some new magic."

"You knew about Beauvais!" I asked Round Paw.

"The witch-woman told me. She asked my help. She waited outside the house to stop Beauvais from seeing you. It was the witch-woman who said we would leave by water. She was to be outside the stockade by the water-gate. She has a very strong medicine."

"So it was you who saved me, little woman," I said to her.

"Lor's sake! Don't believe nothing that Injun tells you. He saved you; not me. And now I can't go to Canada."

"Wait until after the war. It will be a short war," I told her, little realizing my fallibility as a prophet.

"We must leave the river before the first light," spoke up the Onondaga. "Pontiac will lead the chase. He is a very great man. He knows we took to water. He will send men along both shores to find where our trail leaves the river. He will throw many men between us and Braddock. If the witch-woman takes to the air and flies like a bird, then Round Paw and his brother can walk slowly and laugh at the wild Ottawas."

He was disappointed when I told

black facings that distinguished the marines from the troops of the line, whose facings were blue. As the buzzards had not commenced to gather it was plain he must have met death twelve hours back, or in the evening. An ax was tightly gripped in the right hand and there was a gasp in the handle where another blade had struck. In the darkness he and his assailant had fought blindly.

I overtook the girl, who was standing before a thick tangle of pea-vines and trailers. When I would have taken the lead in striking this barrier, she motioned me to wait. Time was too precious to wait, but before I could say as much I heard a faint cry.

"I knew I heard it," she muttered. "But 't is only the howl of a wolf."

"Indian lungs are behind that howl," I told her. "It's up the creek."

"You think a Injun made it, mister?"

The howl was repeated and sounded clearer.

"I'm positive," I said. As if to guarantee the certainty of my words the signal was answered on our left and again from the direction of the river.

"They are close after us," I whispered. "They're calling to each other to meet on this creek. They'll find our trail. There's but one way open; we must double back by the Frazier cabin, and, if sighted before we enter the forest below it, we can take shelter there and try to stand them off till night."

"If we can find the cabin, we can make a good fight," she stoutly declared.

John Frazier, trader and blacksmith, was a staunch supporter of the English. He had served the colonies more than once as an interpreter, and before coming to the mouth of Turtle creek had lived for twelve years at Venango, or until driven out by the French in 1753. He had been of assistance to Colonel Washington in 1754 and was commissioned a lieutenant in Trent's command when it was instructed to fortify the forks of the Ohio.

"I can find the cabin easy enough," I assured her, and we swung out from the creek and doubled back. As we ran we could hear the "wolves" howling from three points of the compass, their signals sounding clearer each minute and proving that several hands would soon come together at the creek. I began to doubt the wisdom of proceeding farther toward the cabin. I feared we would be cut off and surrounded. To turn our backs to the creek and plunge through the dense forest and trust our lives to our legs appealed as being the best plan.

"Are you able to keep going all day through the forest?" I asked her.

"I am very tired," she confessed. "It's so long since I had a good sleep, mister. There was last night—"

"I know," I broke in, for time was all too short. "You couldn't do it."

A glance at her pinched face told me she was fairly exhausted. And in our haste to make good time we had in spots left signs the savages could easily follow at a run.

"The cabin it must be," I said and trying to speak cheerfully. "Frazier will have plenty of powder and bullets. Perhaps some spare trade guns!"

"You could make it alone through the woods to the army," she said, her words coming in jerks.

"I can make it no faster than you can."

"I'm thinking you're telling a lie, mister," she gravely rebuked, but resumed running.

"A quavering cry up the creek made my skin prickle.

"Hang on to your rifle," I ordered as I seized her and threw her over my shoulder, holding her with one arm and carrying my own gun in my left hand. With a fine spurt of speed I covered several hundred yards. She began kicking and squirming, and demanded:

"Set me down! Set me down! You'll git us both kilt!"

I did as she requested, not because I was too weary to carry her farther, but because her rifle was swinging wildly and striking the bushes and leaving a trail an ox could follow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

and decided that Round Paw should take the canoe to the western bank and make Allaquippa's town afoot. The girl and I waded to the eastern shore.

We left the river in the first gray light of morning and ran swiftly, the girl's thin face revealing her determination not to hinder my progress by any display of weakness; and as we ran she spied out the country ahead while I kept watch over our back-track. Every time I glanced behind me I fully expected to behold a flitting form of a savage. We arrived at Turtle creek, a short distance above its mouth, without hearing the Indians' cry of discovery.

We forded the creek and paused for a minute for her to rest. Our breathing spell was terminated by a faint halloo. The voice came from far off, and as it was not repeated we did not agree as to the direction. The girl insisted it was north of us, while my ears placed it as coming from the northwest, at about the point on the Monongahela where we had abandoned the canoe. Thankful it was not ahead of us we resumed our flight. We had not proceeded more than fifty rods before the girl, who was in the lead, gave a little cry and came to a halt.

"Where?" I whispered, glaring about to find what had alarmed her.

"Among the bramble-bushes," she faintly replied, pointing her short rifle toward a thicket and pressing a hand to her side.

I saw it and directed:

"Go ahead a bit and wait for me."

It was no slight even for a border-bred woman to behold unless grim necessity compelled. After she had passed on I examined the dead man. He had been shot through the body and scalped. He was a Frenchman, for he wore the white uniform with

strobed with the fabric of old St. Paul's in 1666. It is at Westminster abbey that you may see the finest cloisters in London. Besides the Great cloisters there are the Little cloisters, where the monks' infirmary once stood, and the Dark cloister that leads to the Norman undercroft.

Paint Top and Bottom

In order to last, shelves should be protected with paint or varnish on the bottom as well as the top and sides. Decay is no respecter of surfaces, and will attack and wear away one side as well as another. Therefore, it is best to paint or varnish the entire shelf as soon as it is put up.

Many Old Cloisters in City of London

Ancient cloisters, or parts of them, are still to be found in many parts of London; they are reminders of the days when the city boasted spacious monastic establishments.

In St. Bartholomew-the-Great at Smithfield—relic of a wealthy priory—are some bays of the old cloister. A Zeppelin bomb in 1915 helped to reveal a further portion of this, buried under the present ground level.

Cloisters in miniature, with wooden archings, may be seen at Ely place, adjoining the chapel—all that remains of the palace of the bishops of Ely. The cloister-garth is planted with fig trees.

St. Paul's has only a few fragments of its old cloisters. They were de-

Ancient Pistol

H. M. Raab, of Dallastown, Pa., collector of old horse pistols manufactured in the United States, recently came into possession of a weapon which was manufactured in Virginia in 1805. The weapon is said to be the oldest of its type in existence, as the oldest previous date for the style was 1805.

Dorothy's Mother Proves Claim



Children don't ordinarily take to medicines but here's one that all of them love. Perhaps it shouldn't be called a medicine at all. It's more like a rich, concentrated food. It's pure, wholesome, sweet to the taste and sweet in your child's little stomach. It builds up and strengthens weak, puny, underweight children, makes them eat heartily, brings the roses back to their cheeks, makes them playful, energetic, full of life. And no bilious, headachy, constipated, feverish, fretful baby or child ever failed to respond to the gentle influence of California Fig Syrup on their little bowels. It starts lazy bowels quick, cleans them out thoroughly, tones, and strengthens them so they continue to act normally, of their own accord.

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Don't be imposed on. See that the Fig Syrup you buy bears the name, "California" so you'll get the genuine, famous for 50 years.

Immense Monolith

The largest marble monolith in the world, standing sixty-five feet high, measuring eighteen feet across and weighing forty tons, has been extracted from the famous marble quarries at Carrara, and will be presented to Mussolini for the new Fascist stadium to be erected at the Farnesina outside of Rome.

Sister's Bob?

Visitor (speaking of little boy)—He has his mother's eyes.
Mother—And his father's mouth.
Child—And his brother's trousers.—Tit-Bits.

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Pathetic Faithfulness

A setter dog that refused to leave a canine pal in death caused motorists at Beaumont, Texas, to send a hurry call to police headquarters. The dog was sitting beside the body of his stricken comrade in the center of the highway, defying drivers to run him down as they had the other dog. One automobile had been thrown into the ditch to avoid hitting the setter. It was not until the dead dog had been moved to the side of the road that the other permitted traffic to move normally.

Forewarned

"This is a cynical age," declared George Bernard Shaw, "and it all comes from the young people knowing too much. I was strolling through the lobby of the Carleton the other day when I heard a debutante say: "Erwin says that I am the handsomest and cleverest girl he has ever known."

"To which her friend replied: 'My dear, you should never marry a man who deceives you during your engagement.'"

Undecided

"So you call your canary Joe? Does it stand for Joseph or Josephine?"

"We don't know. That's why we call it Joe."—London Opinion.

To hurry too much shows that you are not the captain of your time, though you may be of your soul.

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Youth and Age in Legion

The oldest and youngest members of the American Legion live at Miami, Fla. They are John W. Boucher, eighty-four, and George E. Mackenzie, twenty-three. Boucher served in the construction forces of the A. E. F. in France, getting into the Pershing army when he was seventy-three years old. Mackenzie ran away from home to enlist when scarcely thirteen.

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