The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"Keep ahead of me," I directed. "We're almost at the mouth of the creek and the cabin is close by."

From the opposite bank of the creek came a demonfac shout, and I believed we had been sighted. Yet the cry was different from a discovery-call. It was too feroclous. They had come upon the scalped Frenchman and were voicing their rage. I am conwinced the dead man served us well by slowing up the pursuit until we had entered a natural opening, in the middle of which stood Frazier's cab-The girl gasped and stumbled, and I almost fell over her. Once more I picked her up, this time carrying her cradled in my arms and then threw all my energy into my legs. Howls of triumph sounded in the woods behind me and on my right. Guns were fired, but I heard no sound of the lead.

"I'm all right! Let me down!" she begged.

But the goal was too near. The savages began to show at the end of the woods just as we gained the door, with me yelling for Frazier to open for us. There was no response and my heart sank as I pictured a locked door and the savages doing us to death while we made a last fight. Then my heart beat high as I beheld the rawhide latch-string. In another moment we were inside and I was thrusting my long rifle through a loophole. I spoiled a brawny Huron as he was scrambling back to cover.

"You're powerful strong, mister," the girl shyly remarked.

There was a quality in her voice I had never heard before, and I glanced at her in surprise. The face was enlivened with color. She threw off her hat and allowed her brown hair to tumble about her shoulders.

"You're a mighty brave little woman," I awkwardly replied. "We'll hope to get out of this. But we mustn't be taken alive."

"Lor's me! Fall into their dirty hands! Of course not."

And from her blouse she pulled forth a thirteen-inch Highland pistol. I always held the Highland to be more showy than useful, as its light weight and large bore made it kick villainously and shoot inaccurately. Yet it would remove one very quickly from all fear of the torture-stake.

I took time to glance about the room, at the shelves and stock of trade-goods, at the smith's tools in the corner, and some guns hanging from one wall. In surveying the room 1 discovered a most vital necessity was lacking. There was no water in the

I picked up two kettles and unbarred the door.

"You mustn't go out!" she shrilly

"We must have water. The creek is near. The Indians haven't had time to circle around to the south of us. You have the two rifles. Watch from the back of the cabin. Don't fire unless more than one breaks "I'll follow !"

"Watch out for me."

I was through the door with the kettles and running toward the creek before she could offer more objections. I reached the water and dipped the kettles full before the savages opened fire. My dash to the creek had either taken them by surprise, or else they had withdrawn a bit to hold a powwow. I believe they had withdrawn with a few men standing guard; for the firing did not become general until I was half-way back. At that distance from the cabin I heard the girl's rifle

Running gently so as not to spill any of the precious water, I was pronouncing my race won when a tallsavage emerged from the woods on my left and approached at right angles. He fired an arrow while moving at full speed, and then dropped his bow to draw his ax. The girl appeared in the doorway with my long rifle and leaned the heavy barre! against the end of a log. As the whip-like crack rang out the Indian leaped high and came down in a heap.

Still controlling my stride, I was within two rods of the door, where the girl stood leaning against the rifle, when a savage turned the corner of the cabin and darted between us. I set down one kettle and pulled my ax. To my surprise the Indian whirled about and jumped toward the girl. With a scream she sprang back and he followed, realizing it was excellent strategy to kill my companion and bar the door against me, leaving his companions to kill me leisurely.

With a howl of fear and warning, 1 dropped the remaining kettle and leaped after him. As my foot touched the threshold, the cabin was filled with a deafening explosion and much smoke, and the savage was falling limply into my arms. I hurled him outside, where he fell on his back. his face blown away. The girl was crouching on the floor, her hair partly concealing her face, the Highland pistol clutched in her two hands, and her eyes glaring like a cat's. I was reminded of the scene on Der Hexen-

"Load the rifles!" I cried. Then passing from the cabin and falling to discover any of the enemy in the opening, I ran back to the kettle and completed my errand.

By Hugh Pendexter

Illustrations by **Irwin Myers**

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With the door secured, I surveyed the opening from the rear loophole. Something bronze on the grass, a dozen rods from the forest, attracted my attention and finally resolved itself into an Indian.

"Quick with a gun!" I told her. "There's one out there in the grass." She sprang to my side with my rifle and gave a glance, and then said: "La mister! He won't hurt nobody. That was my first shot when you was

"My heart stopped pounding when you went with them kettles," she whispered, winking her eyes very fast. "There was no danger. We must

gone for water."



"More! More!" She Cried.

thirst before night. And if they set the roof afire-

"I know," she quietly said. "Cal'late I'll be loading that pistol. It shoots most mortal."

Leaving her to stand watch, I secured the muskets from the wall and rummaged the trader's stock until I had found powder and bullets. I loaded the weapons and set them aside. On a shelf I found a small quantity of smoked meat, tough as bickory bark. yet a food one could manage to chew told the girl to eat while I took her place at a loophole.

"I'm thinking," the girl remarkedthe branch of a tree moved slightly and I watched it suspiciously—"I'm thinking there's more'n one way to stop a fire," she went on, raising her voice to attract my attention.

"I'm thinking there's an indian climbing a tree, but I can't thing to shoot at," I grumbled. "If it would only rain!"

"I'm light and spry as a cat, and there wouldn't be any danger," she continued.

"What's on your mind, little wom an?" I asked without turning from the loophole. "These contraptious hides is on my

mind most heavy. If we could use em they'd save what water we've got," Now I was interested. She was standing by a pile of dried deerskins. She explained:

"If they was on the roof the firearrers would slide off. They're bard and smooth."

Her wit gave me hope, and I asked: "How to make them stay? We haven't time to peg them on. If we try that they'll rush us." "I'm thinking," she muttered, tilting

her small head and holding her chin in her hand. "Course you've saddled a hoss many times. Yes, I cal'tate that would do." Instantly she was all energy. From

the collection of smithing tools she secured a sharp-pointed punch and with the back of an ax began making oles along the edge of a hide. "Don't watch me. Watch outdoors," she sharply ordered.

I turned back to the peep-hole. I could hear her pulling the hides about

and talking to herself as she worked She asked herself if she could find some rawhide strips and in the next breath told berseif she could at least make some. Then she was cooing in delight. I stole to the door in time to see a bush move near the mouth of the creek. I stopped its agitation with a bullet from my rifle, but doubted if mal we want when she calves. She had done the enemy any damage. Several shots from the opposite end of the cabin took me to the rear loophole. I stumbled over a pile of skins in passing, but had no time to observe the girl. Two or three balls chunked into the logs, but there was no Indian in sight. Fearing it was a ruse to hold my attention I darted to the door again and remained there while I reloaded my rifle.

"Lawful heart! If you wouldn't keep hypering back and forth," she complained. "Now you can look." And she proudly dragged forward

two deerskins, looped together by short sections of rawhide. "We'll saddle the ridge-pole with these just the same as you'd saddle or blanket a hoss," she explained. "That'll be better than pegs. I'll git

up on the roof and throw them over the ridge-pole as fast as you pass 'em up to me.' The scheme was feasible. It was simple. It would require but a few minutes to saddle the house with hides. There would remain a strip on each side, but these I could reach from the ground with separate hides.

However, I objected to her mounting the roof. "Your job is to pass 'em up to me," she sternly retorted. "My part is as easy as slipping off a wet log. I can be up there before you could git started. If they come at us, I can be down and inside the door in a jiffy. Git 'em separated out so's we can work fast."

Then she unbarred the door. Before showing ourselves we reconnoitered from all sides of the cabin. There was not much danger of a musket ball hitting her slim body; and arrows, to hit the roof, must travel so high as to give us warning. I gathered up several sets of the double skins and threw open the door. The savages must have been puzzled by our appearance. None showed along the woods, nor were any lead or arrows fired at us. I dropped the skins and gave the girl a hand, and she was scrambling up to the ridgepole before the watchers could guess our purpose. I passed up two skins and she deftly draped them over the ridge-pole. I passed up two more. The Indians woke up and began screaming like demons. Guns began banging, and I called to the girl to come down.

"Throw 'em along! I won't budge till you do!" she cried. I tossed up some more and ducked back to the door and secured both

"More! More!" she cried. I handed them up, but warned

"Jump down at once, They're coming!"

She took time to fix them properly and then dropped lightly into my Some fifteen savages were breaking cover at different points. I picked out the leader of the nearest hand. He commenced leaping from side to side, but I was patient and shot him off his feet. The moment I fired, she had taken the empty rifle and had pressed the short French one into my hands. I fired it and missed. We entered the cabin and dropped the

The Indians advanced swiftly, knowing our rifles were empty. Could they close in before we could reload, they planned to thrust their guns through the loopholes and stop our fire while they battered down the door. But they had not counted on the trademuskets. We emptied these rapidly. One man went down with a smashed leg. Two of his companions carried him into the woods. The others streaked back as rapidly as they had advanced. Thus far all the honors were ours. I made the girl drink some water and posted her at the back of the cabin while I covered the other three sides.

The Indians, however, had no stomach for another assault in force, and the forest became quiet. I told the girl she was to remain inside while I stepped out and covered the lower part of the two sides. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Old Year Dead When Harvest Is Gathered?

That the calendar by which we ! count our days does not fit in harmoniously with the seasons is pointed out by an editorial in Liberty Maga-

"It has long been obvious," explains the editorial, "that starting the calendar on the first of January is all wrong. The year ends with the harvest, when the last grain is in, the leaves are fallen, and the earth has gone to sleep. The closing day of the calendar might well be that one on which we turn away from outward things and ask about the chances of having a little steam heat.

"It is unlikely on the whole, that the calendar makers will agree to end the year with the fall and begin it than any other in ordinary writing, with the spring, as is meet and proper," concludes the editorial, "We must is next in frequency.

take January 1 as the beginning of the year because Julius Caesar fixed it that way and nobody has changed it."

Corncob Incense

By soaking dry corncobs in fragrant ils, such as that of sandalwood, cinamon or cloves, and then grinding hem to powder, an effective incense has been prepared, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. White smoke and ashes are produced, and the substance is said to be superior to various other

Most Widely-Used Letters

according to Liberty. The letter "a"



RIGHT FEED FOR

A DAIRY HEIFER

Dairymen should become more farsighted in raising young stock, for the quality of the future herd depends largely on breeding and inherited productive capacity. If the heifer is stunted by poor feeding and neglect she will not become the kind of aniwill be lacking in capacity, and as the consumption of roughage is necessary for economical milk production, it will be found that in the end it does not pay to neglect the young stock. One cause for the marked difference in the size of cows of the same breeding as found in different herds is this factor of ration when young, says J. P. LaMaster, chief of the dairy division, at Clemson college, South Carolina.

During the summer, on good pasture, little if any, grain is needed if the heifer is at least ten months old; but when pastures are poor or dried up, a little grain is necessary. In winter, however, to get the most rapid growth it is necessary to supply a considerable proportion of the nutrients in the form of concentrates. Where even the best roughage is fed alone, the growth will not be as much as where grain is fed also.

The following are suggestions for rations for heifers in winter:

1. When silage and legume hay are available: corn silage, alfalfa, cowpea or soybean hay at will. For heifers less than ten months old, two pounds of grain daily in addition. The grain must be equal parts of corn and oats. For heifers within three months of calving, in order to insure good flesh at that time, three to five pounds of grain should be fed depending on condition.

2. When corn silage is available but not legume hay: Silage at will and hay or fodder. Two or three pounds of concentrates should be fed daily, one pound of which should be of high protein content such as cottonseed meal. Equal parts of corn, oats, and bran and one-third cottonseed meal.

3. When legume hay is on hand but no silage: Feed all the hay they will clean up and also two pounds of corn and oats.

4. When no silage or legume hay is available: It will pay to buy legume hay; or if grass hay is fed alone, feed all they will clean up. A grain ration for mixed hay will have to be somewhat higher in protein, such as three pounds of a mixture of two parts of corn and one part of cottonseed meal.

Great Care Required in Selecting Record Cows

If the farmer wants a record cow he must buy a cow with a record, and a good one, too, says the New York State College of Agriculture. Time is needed to make good selections, and it is well to seek aid from competent and trustworthy persons.

If a dairyman is buying his cow ugh a cattle dealer he should be able to trust him, and when he does not know a trustworthy dealer, he should seek assistance from a county breed association or the cattle sales company of the county in which the animal is to be bought. The names and full information about these organizations may be obtained from the county agricultural agents. In case there are no such organizations, county agents :an supply prospective buyers with the names of reliable breeders, dairymen, or dealers in the county.

The New York state college says that too much caution cannot be used in buying cows for, although extra time may be needed during the purchasing, much time and money can be saved later on. Dairymen who have lost bards because of random buying are more careful in the future.

Ropy Milk or Cream Is

Caused by Minute Germs Ropy milk or cream is caused by germs that get into the milk after it

comes from the cow. These germs usually live in water from which they get into the milk. If your cow has access to water in which she stands or stands in a muddy place these germs get onto the switch of her tail or on the flanks and when dry fall into the milk pail while the milking is being done. In other cases these germs are found in the water tank and get onto the utensils from which they infect the 'milk.

Clean and thoroughly disinfect all dairy utensils with boiling water. Clean and disinfect the stock tank. Before milking wipe the switch and flanks with a damp cloth to prevent any dirt or dust from falling into the nilk. A thorough cleaning and disinfecting will usually end the trouble

Iodized Milk

At the Ohio station it was found that where no iodine was fed to dairy cows, no trace of the chemical could be detected in the milk. But all tests made of milk from cows recelving two grains of calcium lodine r potassium iodine per day, or two unces of seaweed rich in lodine, showed an appreciable amount of odine in the milk. It has not yet been determined whether there may be advantages to humans in consuming lodized milk or not.

Aviators Have Found Use for Old 'Chutes

Muffles for aviators are being made from wornout parachutes used in the aviation branch of the United States

Parachutes are made of the finest, softest Japanese silk. They are made in many pieces, so that if a break occurs it will not-run the entire length of the cloth.

A parachute usually lasts about five years. The silk is then turned in and the larger pieces are used to make mufflers for pilots. The soft silk serves a valuable purpose in protecting the throat of the wearer from chafing of the helmet strap, especially on long hops.

After the World war the discarded covering of airplane wings was much in demand by both men and women for outing shirts.

Cold Need Cause

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Clung to German Marks

When the will of a wealthy out-ofstate man was filed with Assistant Attorney General Stubbs, of Maine, for assessment of taxes on financial interests of that state, an unusual clause was found in the will. That part of the document referred to 143,000,000,-000,000 German marks which the man had bought during the war, and instructed the executor to retain the currency until it could be redeemed at a "reasonable price" rather than appraise it as practically worthless. The man bought the marks for about

Field Hockey Old Game Everyday discoveries are being made

with regard to ancient people. When some workmen were clearing out the rubbish from one of the walls

of the Acropolis in Athens, for which, by the way, Themistocles used anything that came handy, they came across two marble tablets sculptured in relief. And one of these tablets represented two youths holding hockey sticks in their hands ready to hit the ball, which lies between them, whilst a third is in the act of giving the signal to begin.

Horse's Hoofs Start Fire

More than 2,000 acres of forest land in California were swept by fire recently, the blaze being started by sparks from a horse's boofs, according to the report of the state forester, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. This is believed to be the first verified instance of an occurrence of this kind, although other fires, starting in this manner, have been re-

Poor Marksmanship

Cub Reporter-Don't you think my articles have a lot of fire? Proofreader-Yes, considerable fire,

Tears are the war cry of an angry



SAME PRESCRIPTION HE WROTE IN 1892

When Dr. Caldwell started to practice medicine, back in 1875, the needs for a laxative were not as great as today. People lived normal lives, ate plain, wholesome food, and got plenty of fresh air. But even that early there were drastic physics and purges for the relief of constipation which Dr. Caldwell did not believe were good for human beings. The prescription for constipation that he used early in his practice, and which he put in drug stores in 1892 under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a liquid vegetable remedy, intended for women, children and elderly people, and they need just such a mild, safe bowel stimulant.

This prescription has proven its weet.

bowel stimulant.

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A Cool Proposition

Editor-I'm afraid these jokes leave me cold. Would-Be Contributor-Then why aren't they the very thing for your

At the Side Show

summer number?

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