

Are You Ready



When your Children Cry for It

Baby has little upsets at times. All your care cannot prevent them. But you can be prepared. Then you can do what any experienced nurse would do—what most physicians would tell you to do—give a few drops of plain Castoria. No sooner done than Baby is soothed; relief is just a matter of moments. Yet you have eased your child without use of a single doubtful drug; Castoria is vegetable. So it's safe to use as often as an infant has any little pain you cannot pat away. And it's always ready for the crueler pangs of colic, or constipation or diarrhea; effective, too, for older children. Twenty-five million bottles were bought last year.



River Changes Beds

The Druent river in France, a small tributary to the Somme, did the unusual thing of reverting back to its original bed of prehistoric times, which meant the lengthening of its course from three to nine miles. In the operation it flooded the country, fields, farms and gardens, cut the highway in two points and surrounded a number of houses. When the flood subsided the river was running in the ancient course which had been previously traced by geologists. It was believed that the heavy rains had revived the ancient springs which were the original sources of the Druent.

Will Cold Worry You This Winter?

Some men throw-off a cold within a few hours of contracting it. Anyone can do it with the aid of a simple compound which comes in tablet form, and is no trouble to take or to always have about you. Don't "dope" yourself when you catch cold; use Paper's Cold Compound. Men and women everywhere rely on this amazing little tablet.—Adv.

Good Cause

"Where are you off to in such a hurry?" "The hat of the man behind has blown off." "What does that matter to you, that you are running, too?" "I have got it on."

Reply of a Benedict

Howell—"Do you believe in trial marriages?" Powell—"I believe that marriage is a great trial."

SAFE! SURE!



From Baby Days to Manhood His Mother Guarded Him

"My son, now a grown man, still uses Glensco for coughs and colds. When a baby overcomes a cold for him which had hung on all winter," writes a grandmother from Maine. "From baby days to old age coughs and colds can easily be broken up and stopped—croup can be relieved without vomiting and whooping cough eased and lightened—good health guarded by Glensco—a physician's prescription, time-tried and proven. Ask any doctor—any trained nurse—about its beneficial properties. Try it in your own home and know how quickly, safely and surely it acts. Then keep it always at hand for every member of the family. Contains no opiates. Your druggist or general store has Glensco."



DR. DRAKE'S GLESSCO Cough and Croup Remedy

THE GLESSNER COMPANY FREE TRIAL Send me at once a liberal Free Trial bottle of Dr. Drake's GLESSCO and a copy of the book, "Diseases of Infants and Children."

Name _____ Address _____

The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By

HUGH PENDEXTER

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

W. N. U. SERVICE Copyright by Hugh Pendexter.



CHAPTER VIII—Continued

I popped out from the door and picking up a hide slid it into place, remaining until I had three skins in place. I would have persisted longer had she not run out to upbraid me, scolding like a vixen. Then began the phase of warfare I had been dreading, the sending of fire-arrows. None hit the roof; and while they were preparing more fire I rushed forth and finished one side of the roof. The girl scolded me as if I had been a wayward child. Her gravity and seriousness became her prettily. The little lecture was interrupted by another flight of burning arrows. This time they had the range and we heard two strike on the roof. Before I knew what she was doing she had stepped out to observe how her scheme was working. I followed and picked her up and carried her inside. "Anyway, mister, there ain't any arrows on the roof," she told me as I stood her on her feet. "Points couldn't get any hold on them skins. Just slithered off."

Between volleys was the golden time for work. I begged her to keep under cover and went to finish patching the south side. This time the foe was awaiting my appearance and delivered a crashing volley the moment I cleared the door. Some of the lead whistled unwholesomely close. A voice shouted loudly and ten Indians, selected for their fleetness of foot, came racing across the opening. It was grimly significant that they were armed with axes only. They were determined to bring the fight to close quarters. I entered the cabin as the girl began firing from the rear loophole. "Here they come from all directions! They mean it this time!" she cried.

The attack was persisted in until one brave was hacking the door with his ax. It is a peculiar fact that with them at such close quarters none of their number was mortally wounded. Doubtless we were nervous and a bit confused by the attack being pressed on three sides while some of them actually climbed on to the roof and dislodged some of the skins. I have no clear recollection of details. I know we darted from side to side and discharged the two rifles and the muskets. The room was thick with smoke and I recall my fear lest those on the roof should make an opening and jump down upon us.

It was not until they began to fall back that I discovered the girl had been more calm than I, for she had refused to discharge her pistol. I peered from a loophole and saw them running for the woods and not a weapon in the cabin was loaded. One of their number had been hit in the foot and was limping along with two men helping him. Probably he had been hit while climbing onto the roof, his foot coming in range with one of the loopholes as a musket was discharged.

I loaded rapidly to get one of the three men making off together. But the moment I opened the door a warbling was shouted from the leader in the woods and the wounded man was dropped in a little hollow. His assistants raced off in different directions. The hollow containing the wounded man was too slight effectually to protect him, and opening the door sufficiently to accommodate my rifle-barrel I would have stirred him up had not the girl thrust her hand over the flint and at the same time pulled me backward. I opened my mouth to rebuke her, but she clapped a hand over my mouth and pointed toward the room. Then pulling my ear down to her lips she whispered: "They didn't all quit the roof, mister. I heard a little noise up there."

I nodded and gently closed the door and barred it and cocked my ear. She nudged me as the man on the roof made a faint scraping sound. This was a danger I had never contemplated upon. To get at the fellow necessitated my leaving the cabin. We began talking to allay any suspicions on his part, and the girl said: "He's moving along to get directly over the door. We must fool him."

Bidding her to move about at the rear of the cabin and to keep on talking, I stepped to the door and in the notches cut in the logs, so that one might climb to a crevice under the eaves and scrutinize the opening before opening the door, gently placed my feet and pulled myself up until my eyes were at the crevice. My head was close to the roof and as the girl chattered along I heard the retreating sound of the savage working his way down to the eaves and directly over the door.

As I was about to descend, I was further rewarded, for a nocturnal foot dropped down across my narrow range of vision. The Indian was sit-

ting with one foot hanging down from the eaves and waiting for me to leave the cabin, when he would drop down upon me. The roof was formed of sapling-size poles covered with large sections of thick bark, which in turn was held in place by poles running lengthwise at regular intervals. I drew my knife and gently inserted it between two of the poles, then desisted, as at the most I would only prick the fellow and put him on his guard.

Regaining the floor I moved a rough table, which Frazier used for displaying his trade-goods, close to the chimney, and gave the girl an iron prod and directed her to stand on the table and pretend to be making an opening through the roof. She nestled and asked: "You're going out?" "He'll be watching the chimney." "There may be two of 'em."

I shook my head and held up a finger and directed her to keep talking in a loud voice as she assailed the roof. Then taking the short rifle and loading it I tiptoed to the door and noiselessly removed the bar and waited.

The girl began jabbing the iron rod between two of the poles and calling down to me to mount the table and help her. She made much noise and yet I believed I caught a faint sound from over the door. Lifting the door so it would not sag and scrape the floor, I worked it open wide enough for me to pass out.

"The rod's through the roof!" cried the girl.

At the same time a shout rose from the forest. I darted through the narrow opening and whirled about and raised the rifle. One savage was there and had been on the point of crawling to the ridge-pole to investigate the several inches of iron rod showing through the bark when the yell from the woods had warned him to be on his guard. He must have connected the outcry of his friends with the sudden appearance of the rod, for he was on all fours and staring over his shoulder to where his friends were in hiding.

When he saw me the rifle was at my shoulder. He made a convulsive effort to hurl his ax and roll off the roof, but he was dead before he could throw it.

From the Indians' point of view there should have been but one thing for them to do—return at once with their guns and endeavor to shoot us through the loopholes. Luckily for us, they were not inclined to risk any more of their men. I could hear their leader shouting to them, but if he were exhorting them to charge, they had no heart for it. They renewed the attack with fire-arrows. With loose hides, I patched the bare spots as far as I could reach while the girl looped skins together to go over the ridge-pole. I had ignored their musket fire, but when a small bullet whined close to my head I knew some Indian or Frenchman had arrived on the scene with a rifle, and I lost no time in taking cover.

"That sounds like cannon," said the girl as I closed and made fast the door.

"It was a rifle. We must be more careful."

"I know a rifle when I hear it. That's what I mean, mister." I listened and heard it. It was thunder beyond any doubt. I opened the door a crack and scanned the heavens. There was no storm in sight.

"It's so far off I fear we won't get even the skirt of it." We needed much of it; not only to drench the cabin but to cool the air inside. With the door closed and the stout shutter in place over the one small opening that served as a window it was blood-hot in the cabin.

The place was so insufferable from smoke and powder fumes and the heat that I risked a chance shot from the forest by removing the shutter and opening the door. The thunder rolled across the sky again and the girl sighed: "Let's wish it's a smart one and will come this way."

I made her drink some water and with a pewter dish bathed her wrists and slim neck. She complained that I was wasting it, and in the next moment was on the point of weeping as she said no one had been kind to her, except her crippled uncle, since her mother's death. I brushed back her hair and bathed her forehead and washed the smoke and grime from her face and tried to be very gentle with her. I was beginning to realize what a slip of a thing she was to be participating in such grim tragedies. I also appreciated her sturdy spirit.

Suddenly she drew away from me and rearranged her hair and diffidently said:

"You've been master kind to me, mister. I wish I was a witch, like folks in Great Cove say. I'd change you into a boss, or a bird, and you'd get clear of all this."

"Sit here, just inside the door, while I stand watch. I've never had a chance to wait on such a brave little woman before."

"Boo! That's fooling," she scoffed, and eying me in surprise. "You've been in big settlements. You've seen women, mebbe, who never see an Injun. All they have to do is be brave. If I had a pair of shoes like what some of them settlement women most likely wear, I'd die fighting to keep 'em."

"If we get out of this, you shall have the gayest pair of shoes to be found in Alexandria," I promised, and I thought of Josephine and her love of luxury and wondered how she would have endured the ordeal of being cornered in a trader's cabin at the mouth of Turtle creek.

"I ain't used to have folks give me things," she gravely told me. "We'll have to think about that." Then shyly: "Is that where you want me to go? To Alexandria, a real big settlement?"

In truth, I had given no thought as to just where she should go did we escape. Yet how could I give her a pair of shoes in Alexandria if she were not there to receive them?

"If I go back there, yes. I have no home there now. Like yourself, I am homeless."

This pleased her and she snuggled against my knee and murmured: "I'm thinking it's mighty good that you're like that—no home. You can build a home anywhere. All you need is an ax and some trees. If you'd had a home, you'd never have come poking round Great Cove. Lor's love! What would have happened to me if you hadn't come along? At Will's creek, too. And in that other cabin, when I run away. And now here."

"You have nothing to thank me for," I sadly told her. "At all those places you name, you have had trouble because I did go to the cove. Now we'll close the door while I take a look at the woods from the back of the cabin. The Indians are too quiet to suit me." I bent down to the loophole and immediately called to her to make sure the bar was firmly in place.

"Another fight," she sighed. "And we was having such a talk!"

I heard her reloading her rifle, but did not remove my eye from the hole. Something was slowly approaching the cabin. For a moment I could not make it out, and then glimpsed the top of a feather showing above the strange object. Simultaneously with my discovery, the Indians began firing their guns at the front of the cabin and yelling. I paid no heed to the gunfire and the shouting for the real menace was where the feather bobbed and slowly advanced.

She elbowed me aside and after a glance informed me:

"They've fastened some of the skins together and are holding them in front of them. Wonder if it'll stop a bullet."

I fired my rifle. The moving barricade stopped, and then came on again. The savage, or savages, had difficulty in keeping it in place and their approach was very slow. Exciting cries resounded from the woods as the hidden watchers witnessed how ineffective had been my bullet.

It seemed to be a very long time that I waited, and finally noted how dark the interior of the cabin was growing. Had I not known the position of the sun, I would have said it was later than the twilight hour.

"I can't hardly see you, mister," said the girl uneasily. "You look all bumped over like a bear."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Found Pleasure Only in Business Triumph

The American business man, taking his vacation abroad, is one of the most depressing sights of the Riviera, according to Lloyd Morris, writing in Harpers.

"I recall an American whom I met on the terrace of a restaurant in the hills back of Nice," he says. "His wife had inveigled him into taking a winter holiday; it was so much more smart, she said, than a summer vacation. They had come to the Riviera for the winter. I inquired whether he was enjoying it. 'Enjoying it? H—I, no!' He spat expressively. 'But I'll tell you,' he added, his eyes lighting up, 'back home my factory has just sold a thousand beds. New hotel in Cleveland. Had a wire today. He started off into the distance. He didn't see the vineyards in the valley below or the blue Mediterranean, framed by hills. And when he added wistfully,

'I wish I was there now,' I knew what he saw—a thousand beds, in crates stamped with his name, on the shipping platform of his busy factory.'

Of the Conifer Family

The torrey pines occur in restricted localities in Florida, California, Japan and China. They are a genus of conifer, belonging to the linaeace or yew tribe. The California species, known as Californian nutmeg, is the largest reaching a height of 70 feet and occasionally even 100 feet.

Bristol Old Port

Bristol is one of the oldest ports in England. Its history is generally believed to go back 2000 years, when it was the terminal place of barter for the Phoenician traders. It was later used by the Roman navigators.



ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetateacidester of Salicylicacid

The Very Highest Prices for

A post card brings our price list. Write for it! We pay what we quote. Shipments held separate when requested, and returned at our expense, if our valuation is not satisfactory. Be sure and get our prices before you ship.

DENVER RAW FUR COMPANY Department 5. 1630-32 Blake St. Denver, Colo.

RAW FURS

Cycles Through Hoops

At a recent motor cycle show in London, a rider demonstrated his skill by driving his machine through a double paper hoop while going at high speed. The stunt required a steady hand at the take-off, since the obstruction was of considerable length, and there was danger of turning the front wheel so as to make landing hazardous.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Make More Money This Easy Way

A Few Cents Invested in "Dandelion Butter Color" Will Put Dollars in Your Pocket.



Top prices for your butter are possible the year 'round with the help of "Dandelion Butter Color." Put in just a half-teaspoonful for each gallon of cream before churning and out comes butter of that Golden June Shade. It's purely vegetable, wholesome and meets all State and National Food Laws. All large creameries use it to keep their product uniform. It's tasteless and doesn't color buttermilk. Large bottles cost only 35 cents at all drug or grocery stores. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Wells and Richardson Co., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.

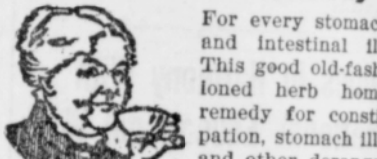
The Cat's Meow

Myrtle—"Believe me, there's no fool like an old fool." Judith—"What have you done now?"—Life.

One Americanism is to assume the man is guilty because he hired such a good lawyer.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy



For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

MEDITERRANEAN Cruise \$600 up ss "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 30 Clark's 25th cruise, 66 days, including Madeira, Canary Islands, Casablanca, Rabat, Capital of Morocco, Spain, Algiers, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, 16 days Palestine and Egypt, Italy, Riviera, Cherbourg, (Paris). Includes hotels, guides, motors, etc. Norway-Mediterranean, June 29, 1929; \$600 up FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.

CALIFORNIA 5c For California Home Seekers. Send 5c for 3 months trial subscription. Questions answered free. Little Fairs Magazine, 300 Broadway Arcade, Los Angeles, Calif.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 45-1928.

Snake-Saving Campaign

To save harmless snakes from being killed by small boys, hunted by picknickers and destroyed by farmers, C. Edward Roehrig, a California physician, has started the Herpetological Society of California. Signs have been placed along the road in the society's educational campaign informing the public that the only dangerous snake indigenous to the state is the rattler, and that all others should be spared because of their economic value.

Take It Off

"I asked her to kiss me without avail." "I don't like kissing through those things, either."—Montreal Star.

SCHOOLGIRLS NEED HEALTH



Daughter of Mrs. Catherine Lamuth Box 72, Mohawk, Michigan

"After my daughter grew into womanhood she began to feel rundown and weak and a friend asked me to get her your medicine. She took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Lydia E. Pinkham's Herb Medicine. Her nerves are better, her appetite is good, she is in good spirits and able to work every day. We recommend the Vegetable Compound to other girls and to their mothers."—Mrs. Catherine Lamuth.



Daughter of Mrs. Eva Wood Howe 1306 South H. Street, Danville, Ill.

"I praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for what it has done for my fourteen-year-old daughter as well as for me. It has helped her growth and her nerves and she has a good appetite now and sleeps well. She has gone to school every day since beginning the medicine. I will continue to give it to her at regular intervals and will recommend it to other mothers who have daughters with similar troubles."—Mrs. Eva Wood Howe.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.