

The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By HUGH PENDEXTER Illustrations by Irwin Myers

CHAPTER IX—Continued

Our course was to the head of Sewickley creek, which was but a few miles north of the Thicketty run camp. The night's rest had done the girl much good and she did not appear to have any trouble in keeping up with us. I wanted to carry her rifle, and thereby aroused her indignation. Almost all the talk was between Gist and me, although I made several attempts to get some expression from her. She preferred to keep at our heels and hold her tongue. Once, while Gist was climbing a tree to look for smoke from the army's campfire, she asked me:

"Does he know I ain't a man?"

"I forgot to tell him. Think I must have been forgetting the truth myself," I answered.

"Keep on forgetting, and don't tell him," she curtly requested.

"I shall never forget how you stood by me and did a man's share of the fighting," I told her, somehow sensing she was displeased at something I had said, or left unsaid.

"Will the army be at Thicketty run?" she asked.

"No one knows where it'll be," I sorrowfully replied. "It should be well on its way to the head of Turtle creek. It was at the run two days ago, and I'm afraid it isn't far from there now. If it's moved north we'll cut its line of march. Dunbar's provision train will be stretched out over a long distance. If it is still wasting time at the Run we'll shift our course and find it there."

"That man Braddock don't know how to lead an army through this sort of country. He'll get licked."

"You should be ashamed for saying that," I rebuked. "The army moves slowly, but as it goes by the head of Turtle creek it can kill time till snow flies and yet take the fort. Captain Beaujeu told me at the fort that he could do nothing but run if the creek course was taken."

"Don't go and get mad at me, mister. I ain't used to armies and soldiers. Wonder where that Injun, Round Paw, is just about this time."

"He should be several miles south of us and moving parallel to us. Today is the sixth. It'll all be settled inside of four or five days."

Gist came down from the tree and reported haze or smoke a few miles ahead. He was skeptical about its being smoke as the army ought to be in motion and not in camp. The Dinwold girl abruptly spoke up and declared:

"I feel like we was being followed."

Gist looked at her curiously and asked:

"Do you pretend to hear and see things that Brond and me can't see, nor hear?"

"If I was a woman folks would say I was a witch," she gravely replied, meeting his gaze steadily.

He glanced back through the shadowy woods and assured us:

"I believe the Indians who chased you two have gone back to the fort."

"My feeling is that only one or two men are following us," she qualified.

"You know often feel that way when in Indian country," he carelessly remarked.

His indifference irritated her, and she stoutly insisted:

"Our danger will be ahead, from the Indians hanging to flanks of the army," I told her. "We may have some trouble in cutting through their line."

She tucked her rifle under her arm and trotted along behind us. She had had her say and was not inclined to talk further. Curiously enough I soon found myself glancing backward, and each time I did so I met her questioning gaze and felt ashamed.

At last I had to admit to myself that her words had put a foolish notion into my head. Of course one might be followed whenever alone in the forest, but as yet there was no evidence that we were being dogged. I fought against the idea, and then told Gist:

"Keep on going. I'll overtake you within the next mile. I'm going to watch our back track for a bit."

He sped on, with the girl running a few rods behind him. I settled down between two trees and condemned myself for giving way to a silly fancy. My view of the forest was limited, but I watched faithfully. A slight noise behind me made me duck and twist my head. Instead of keeping after Gist the Dinwold girl had turned back to share my spying. I nodded to her and resumed searching the low arches that radiated in every direction from our position. She sank down beside me and clasped her hands about her knees and watched my frowning face rather than the woods.

"You think I'm queer, don't you, mister?" she softly asked.

"I believe you're notional," I retorted. "We'll be traveling after Gist."

"Look!" she whispered.

I was in time to catch a suggestion of motion near a walnut. I watched the tree suspiciously, and from the corner of my eye detected a flicker of something off to one side.

"I saw it," murmured the girl, resting an elbow on her knee and making ready for a quick shot.

But she did not see it again, nor did I. Close at hand a low voice called out:

"Ha-hum-wah!" My white brother and the witch-woman should be traveling like the deer;" and Round Paw the Onondaga stepped from cover and stood beside us.

"The witch-woman's medicine told her some one was following us. We waited," I explained.

"She is arenidouanen," he gravely said. "The Wolf runs long and fast from Allaquippa's town to find the army. The bone-breaking man took your talk down the Youghiogeny and will follow up Sewickley creek if the ghosts of the Hathawekela buried there do not stop him."

The Hathawekela were the principal division of the Shawnee and claimed to be the "elder brothers" of that nation. I had been in Old Sewickley

town on the Allegheny, twelve miles above Duquesne, one of their villages. The Onondaga firmly believed that the ghosts of their ancient dead could, if they so desired, stop the passing of either red or white man.

"The man Cromit will reach the army. The Shawnee ghosts will not stop him. They have not stopped the English, who traveled down the Susquehanna, the Conemaugh, and the Kiskiminetus; and their dead are buried along those streams."

"Ghosts place traps," he uneasily muttered. "They may make a trap for Braddock and his Swannocks."

"What is he talking about, mister?" asked the girl as we followed after Gist.

"Only some nonsense about Shawnee ghosts wlaying Cromit if he goes up Sewickley creek."

"I dreamed last night of a dead English soldier."

"Then keep it to yourself. If our friend knew that, he would accept it as a warning of Braddock's defeat."

Round Paw caught enough of her English to be curious, but I did not interpret it fully and etiquette restrained him from questioning closely. Gist left a plain trail for us to follow but did not hold back for us to overtake him. We did not sight him until within two miles of the army's camp on Thicketty run.

The head of the army was well under way for Rush creek, an eastern branch of Turtle, but a portion of it was still in the camp as shown by the smoke from the many fires. We fell in with a long line of wagons that was laboriously making its way over the road heaved through the forest by the axmen. I talked with a young wagoner, Dan Morgan by name, and he told me that the army had lost twenty-four hours at Thicketty run.

The Dinwold girl was showing weariness, and I found room for her to Morgan's wagon. An escort with several wagons filled with sick soldiers was about to start for Will's creek. I endeavored to persuade her to go back



"You Think I'm Queer, Don't You, Mister?" She Softly Asked.

with the escort, but all the time I was talking she was shaking her head. There was a number of women along with the train, but how many I never could learn as their names were not on the rolls. She would have the company of her sex, yet I was much depressed, and not a little provoked, at her stubbornness. We left her in young Morgan's wagon and went up the line.

The wagon train was alarmed by rifle-fire in the woods; then Cromit appeared, trailing his long rifle. He had been mistaken for a French scout and had barely escaped the bullets of some of our flankers. He was but little worse for his hasty travel and grinned broadly on beholding us, and more broadly when the Onondaga refused to shake hands with him.

"Allaquippa's Injuns are hiding in the woods, scared of the French," he told me. "There's going to be a vasty severe wring before we finish this business."

"We march by the head of Turtle creek. The Indians will refuse to attack. The French can do nothing alone," I informed him.

"There's going to be a mighty tough wring," he insisted. "I've dreamed again of the witch-girl."

"She's back in one of the wagons. She'll put a spell on the French."

He was much interested in my news and prophecies, and by his glances toward the rear I surmised he was wishing himself back beside the girl's wagon. Yet he maintained that to dream of her instead of "t'other one" meant bad luck. He philosophically decided it was an ill omen for him personally and perhaps did not concern the general welfare of the army.

We passed a covered wagon in which Colonel Washington, a very sick man, was traveling. He had overtaken the rear of the army two days before, July fourth. I have no doubt he would have wished to question me, but I knew he must indeed be ill when he could not ride a horse, and thought it best not to make my presence known.

Before we caught up with the staff we learned that some of our rangers had fired on several of our Indian scouts, mistaking them for French Indians, and killed Scarouady's son, Scarouady, an Oneida chief, was known among the Delawares as Monactua, but had been called the Half-King by the English since the death of Half-King Scruniyatha in the preceding year.

The slaying of his son was a terrible error as it might have resulted in the complete alienation of our few Indians. But Scarouady was above the average Indian in intelligence and was as devoted to the colonies as he was hostile to the French.

They had buried the youth with suitable ceremonies the day before we reached the army and had covered his bones with the gift of an elaborate red coat to the bereaved father. Yet the tragedy had a lasting effect on the Indians. Round Paw told me that the Delaware scouts were asking one another:

"If the English shoot us what won't the French do?"

A shadow seemed to hang over the entire length of the slowly moving army. The militia were outspoken in their pessimism because they were not turned loose to fight in the only way they had been accustomed. The regulars were facing their task with grim visages, wondering what chance they could have in this strange wild land when the woodsmen were so downcast.

We reached the staff just as a halt was made for the officers to eat their poor rations. General Braddock sat apart from the others, and we were not allowed to approach him. He appeared to me to be dispirited over the condition and sluggishness of the army, and disgruntled with several of his officers. How much the last conclusion was due to my observation and how much to the report Cromit had brought me after Beauvais escaped from the road-builders' camp I cannot say. Undoubtedly Cromit's talk influenced my decision, as I saw him there within seventy-two hours of his bloody death.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

POULTRY

COMMON WINTER POULTRY ERRORS

In looking over the average poultry house in winter, the most common defects are as follows: Bare, damp floor, upon which the fowls stand and sometimes get rheumatism; broken windows, letting cold air blow upon the roosts or upon the fowls in daytime. Both the above will check laying, and are common causes of roup. Damp droppings left for weeks to heap under the roosts; lack of supply of water, obliging the hens to eat snow, thus stopping the eggs; lack of plenty of good, sharp grit, which alone is a sufficient cause of failure; lack of fresh meat and cut bone fed twice a week; overfeeding, overcrowing, and no inducement to scratch for a living. These are the most common and important mistakes, and those who wonder why their hens do not lay, will do well to go over the list.

See that your house is tight, so that on cold windy nights the fowls will not suffer any more than can be helped. A good plan is to keep a barrel in the building, and the coldest nights put in the birds that are liable to have their combs freeze, and cover the barrel. Above all, do not crowd the fowls. During the long winter months, when they cannot exercise out of doors, they will need at least seven or eight square feet per fowl. Scatter some hay around and throw the grain into it. This will make them exercise and will be what they need, and the eggs will hatch better in the spring. Avoid feeding stimulants to fowls who are going to breed from, and do not give them any more food than they will eat up clean. The rest is very apt to be left and become filthy.

Another thing is, pure, fresh water; do not fall in this. You may think snow will answer, but it is not good for poultry and will make them poor. Warm the water on cold days. Fowls are always thirsty, and a great deal of roup is brought on by allowing them to drink impure water.

Breeders Retain About Half of Old Chickens

According to a study of the Missouri demonstration farm flocks, the farners retained 55 per cent of their hens from one year to the next. Breeders of light breeds retained 58.4 per cent as compared to 52 per cent for the breeders of heavy breeds. It is thus seen that nearly one-half of the flock is replaced by pullets. This is good management practice, for early developed pullets will lay more eggs, especially during the winter periods, than will the old hens. In the case of the light breeds one would probably cull one-half each year. Thus if one starts with a flock of 100 pullets, he will retain 50 as one-year-olds, 25 as two-year-olds, 12 as three-year-olds, and possibly 6 as four-year-olds. This means that with breeds such as Leghorns, one can well retain them regardless of age, so long as they show signs of having been productive in the past. However, with the heavier breeds practically all should be disposed of at the end of the second laying season, and a higher percentage will be removed at the end of the first.

Gulls Liked Strawberries.

Strange picnic guests were entertained at a clambake on the shore at Belfast, Maine, when a flock of seagulls, after circling about, swooped down and made an attack on a plate of strawberry tarts, although they left the apple tarts on the plate. Only one of the birds succeeded in getting away with one of the tidbits of dessert, and he was followed for some distance by the others trying to get a bite.

Last of the Flamingoes.

The vivid color of the flamingo may have been driven from the earth by the last hurricane. The last existing colony of the birds was on Andros Island in the Bahamas, which was badly hit by the storm.

Trials of the Tubers.

"Can you imagine anything worse than being a cornstalk and having your ears pulled by farmers?"

"How about being a potato with your eyes full of dirt?"—Montreal Star.

Different Education.

Too few of us have the courage to use what education we have, unless some one has given us a diploma certifying our right to it.—American Magazine.

It is the go-getter that does it, but the bystander sees how it is done.

Poultry Facts

The best remedy for lice on scrub chickens is to get rid of the chickens.

If a farmer keeps chickens at all, he can afford to house them comfortably.

Don't make your hens pick a hole in the ice to get a little drinking water.

The old poultry house may be remodeled and made more comfortable at very little expense.

It is best to repair all leaks in the roof and sidewalls before winter, as dampness and drafts lead to colds and roup.

No similar amount of money can buy as much as a few dollars will buy in pure-blooded poultry.

Eggs from chickens that are regarded in many quarters as a delicacy, are sent to market in too many cases in an unfinished condition.

A warmer, better ventilated poultry house can be had if a straw loft is used. Poles or boards may be laid across the plates and covered with straw, hay or corn stalks.

Geese should not be used for breeding purposes until they are two years old. A gander may be used the first season.

Winter egg production is largely obtained from pullets that are well grown, properly fed, and carry a surplus of flesh.

Hens will be healthier if they are not subjected to too much heat. There is rarely any need of a stove in a henhouse if the building is properly constructed.

Some Revised Opinion About the Red-Haired

Scientists have discovered all kinds of odd facts about humanity. For instance, an expert recently stated that he had never seen a bald-headed lunatic!

Now comes the even more peculiar disclosure that red-headed girls may be bow-legged, but brunettes are, as a rule, knock-kneed. These facts are based on data supplied by a certain artists' club which has been collecting statistics respecting its models.

Another interesting point is that red-haired women suffer less from serious diseases than their darker sisters. This is due to the fact that their skin throws off poison more rapidly than a dark person's.

Also, red hair, which a generation ago was jeered at, nowadays is admired, as it should be. The red-haired girl has proved that she is not hot-tempered, but, as a rule, much better balanced mentally than a brunette.—Exchange.

No Time Just Then to Think About Fairness

Valentin Garfias, the millionaire oil man, said in New York the other day that there is a great overproduction and consequent waste of oil.

"Nevertheless," Mr. Garfias went on, "there are men who snatch oil properties as unfairly as—well, it's like the story.

"A chap, wild with hunger, rushed up to a railway station lunch counter. The counter was crowded, and he only had a minute to catch his train. Must he go without food? It looked like it.

"Two beautiful sandwiches had just been set before two gentlemen, and the chap grabbed one of them up.

"Here," his owner snarled. "Here, that ain't your sandwich!"

"Ain't it?" said the chap, as he slipped it in his pocket. "Then I guess this must be mine."

"And he grabbed up the other gentleman's sandwich, and galloped off and caught his train just as it was moving from the station."

The Whimsical Max.

Paul Jones of the family of the University of Pennsylvania, said on his recent return from Europe:

"I have a great admiration for Max Beerbohm, and in August I visited him in his villa at Rapallo on the Italian Riviera.

"I had visited him before, and had told him a story about James Joyce; but I forgot this on my second visit, and retold the Joyce story.

"The whimsical Max, when I finished, said:

"That's a good story, but, really, if you tell it to me again I shall have to tell it to you."

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A Treat in Store.

Clare Sheridan, the sculptor of half-American and half-English blood, is coming back to lecture again. She said the other day to London correspondent:

"My other American lectures failed because they were too heavy. My new lectures will be light and airy—full of epigrams, you know. My lecture on love, for example, will begin:

"Love-making consists in a man running after you till you land him."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Well, maybe not.

"I have been reading some of the articles in Woman's Home Companion on why people marry," wrote one husband. "I don't believe the authors know why they marry," he added. "Nobody knows."

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Majority of Mankind Too Easily Excited

There are clubs and societies for every conceivable purpose under the sun, yet one of the most obvious needs of Americans today is left entirely uncovered. What we need is a don't-get-excited club whose object shall be to keep people from coming to the boiling point when it isn't necessary.

The trouble with most of us is, we get too excited over little things and not excited enough over the big ones. Agitation, loss of temper and surrender of self-command over the trivial annoyances of life are a sheer waste of time and energy. In most human affairs more can be accomplished through peace and placidity than through effervescence and sensational phenomena.

If a don't-get-excited club could be so organized as to conserve all the human voltage that now goes to waste

through needless excitement it would mean that mankind had reached the suburbs of a new era.—Harry Danley in Thrift Magazine.

Word Inventors

Shakespeare invented the word "besmirch" and Carlyle "besmutch"; Southey produced "betrayal" and Coleridge "esemplastic"; Goldsmith contributed "cantankerous," Burke "disorganize," and Bernard Shaw "superman," according to the Oxford English dictionary.

Fruit of the Banyan

The banyan tree is a species of fig and produces a fruit of rich, scarlet color not larger than a cherry, growing in pairs from the axils of the leaves.