

The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By Hugh Pendexter

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER IX—Continued

"They are charging us!" cried the Onondaga. And sounding his war-whoo he fired at the figures now swiftly bounding forward.

I also fired and stopped a savage. But I did not believe the affair would amount to anything more than an exchange of shots between the scouts until I recognized Captain Beaujeu at the head of a mixed force of French and Indians. On the breast of his fringed hunting-shirt was a silver gorget, a pleasing target had I not emptied my rifle at the savage.

A moment after I fired, Beaujeu halted and waved his hat above his head, and the Indians scattered to left and right. I would have believed the enemy was retreating had not the Canadians and regulars remained to hold the road against us.

While I was reloading, Mr. Gordon of the engineers came up and was the first of the regulars to behold the enemy. It seemed to be a most foolhardy thing for two hundred Frenchmen to dispute the Duquesne road against our proud army. I began to realize we were in for something more than a skirmish when a heavy fire opened on us from ahead and from both sides. Round Paw and I both hugged the ground and retired to the right.

A terrific howling and yelling was started by the savages, a sinister chorus that encompassed the road for some distance. Gage's troops seemed to be confused by the fiendish clamor and the invisibility of the foe. The men staggered under the cruel fire, then rallied and began emptying their muskets in volleys. But there was nothing to shoot at except the slim French force ahead. Before they could fall back from the jaws of the trap, St. Clair's working force came up on the run to pile confusion on confusion. Gage felt the reinforcements behind him and ordered his men to charge straight ahead and eliminate the Frenchmen. The head of his column was speedily wiped out, and the rest were sadly staggered by the fierce fire.

A gun was rushed up to support the pioneers, and at the third discharge of the piece, Beaujeu fell dead, dying gallantly as became a Chevalier of St. Louis. Captain Dumus took his place, and for a while the fighting was stubbornly maintained by both sides, with neither, apparently, securing any distinct advantage, but with the English sustaining heavy punishment. General Braddock persisted in sending heavy masses of men up the road, whereas he should have fallen back until he could have cleared the woods on both sides of the road.

During this portion of the fight, the Onondaga and I shifted about and took turns firing, and taking care that one of our rifles should be loaded at all times. On three different occasions we were charged by small bands of savages, but the second unexpected shot from behind the same tree always spoiled the attack and sent the red man back to where the killing was easier.

Then Braddock's mechanical discipline began to give ground before the marksmanship of the enemy. We sealed our fate by remaining astraddle the ravine. Braddock, furious almost to the point of incoherency, pushed Burton forward with the vanguard, thus making the congestion worse; for the road was but twelve feet wide.

Burton formed his troops under a most galling fire and had just finished the difficult maneuver when Gage's forces fell back rapidly to form behind him.

Then occurred the definite shift in our firing. We had been sustaining terrible punishment, the penalty of being caught in column, but we had the superiority of numbers to permit heavy losses. But now the two regiments became badly mixed and stumbled about in the smoke-filled road like sheep. There was smoke everywhere. The woods were choked with it, the road was blotted out at times by it. Sheets of fire rippled along the very edges of the narrow way. The two regimental colors were advanced in opposite directions. The officers were being picked off at an alarming rate, and the regulars had not been taught self-dependence.

Some of the enemy's guns were thrust from the foliage into the very faces of the victims. There were many soldiers in that battle who did not see an Indian. Down the line they were delivering their fire at two hundred yards, thereby throwing it away. With the ancient forest closely hemming in the road, with no foe visible the army was as helpless as a blind man.

It has been repeatedly charged again Braddock that he had no flankers out on the Wednesday afternoon of July ninth. Such statements are untrue. We had flankers out a hundred yards or more on both sides of the army, but we did not scout far enough ahead of the army. There was no ambuscade, however. Once the fighting commenced, the flankers were shot down by the haphazard volleys of our own artillery. How many Englishmen and provincials England killed that day will never be known, but the French and their allies ac-

counted for only a portion of our dead and wounded.

As Round Paw and I fell back through the woods on the right of the road and risked death at every step from the fire of our own men, I caught a glimpse of General Braddock. His horse was down and he was striking a man with the flat of his sword to drive him from the shelter of a tree where the fellow had very sensibly taken refuge.

An aide supplied the commander with a fresh mount, just as young Washington, bare-headed, his eyes blazing, reined in his frantic horse and loudly urged, "Get them out of this slaughter-pen! Into the woods!"

"By G—d, I'm commander here, sir! They'll fight here! We must advance!" roared the general, his heavy face suffused with anger. "You d—d sheep, close up! Close up there!" The last to a squad of men who were trying to free themselves. And he was riding them down to get back into the road to be slaughtered like sheep. Sir Peter Halket, who with four hundred men was guarding the baggage train, came through the thick smoke and yelled a request that the men be ordered to find shelter.

"Damnation!" thundered the general. "Did I lead his majesty's regulars out here to hide from a parcel of naked red beggars? Advance! We must advance!" Then he was raging



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down on those delinquents, whose years of training were being swept aside by the instinct of self-preservation. "Curse you! Get back there!" And the flat of his sword beat them soundly over head and shoulders.

Washington wheeled, his horse bumping into Sir Peter's mount, and either to that gentleman, or in apostrophe to the whole terrible situation, he cried:

"By G—d! My Virginians shan't be slaughtered!" With that he was plunging through the smoke to the edge of the growth where Round Paw and I, and some riflemen, were treeing ourselves. He shouted, "Captain Waggoner, tree yourself! Clear this side of the road!"

Captain Waggoner raised his hand and penetrated deeper into the growth. Eighty men, all excellent rifle shots, streamed after him. The Onondaga and I kept abreast of the captain. He did not attempt to make his voice heard above the infernal din, but pointed to the rising ground, on the brow of which extended a fallen tree that must have measured at the least five feet in diameter. Once behind that stout barricade I knew Waggoner's men would soon clear that side of the road, and then could circle around the head of the army and drive the savages from the terrible ravine. Now we were in the trap; General Braddock's solution was the only one. The army must advance. We lost three men by the enemy by gaining the hill; and then the crazy mob in the road poured a volley into our rear that killed fifty men!

A few remained on the hill for safety's sake. The rest took their luck below in the woods, striving to keep on the outskirts of the enemy's line. The Onondaga and I fell back, fighting from tree to tree and striving to reach the wagon train. The afternoon was wearing away and from the

triumphant howls of the French Indians we knew the army was practically surrounded. The Onondaga, glistening with sweat and ferocious for closer fighting, yelled in my ear: "They say we shall die like brave men!"

I did not desire to be slaughtered, as the uselessly heroic never appealed to me. But the Dinwiddie girl was cooped up inside the devilish circle and there are certain things a man must always do. She was of my race and I was especially bound to find her. With the Onondaga the case was different. He had a fair chance of winning clear of the terrible mistake, and I urged him to do so. He asked me if I would keep with him, and when I answered that I must find the witch-woman be whooped hoarsely and took the lead in a line that ran parallel to the blood-soaked road.

We heard the drums sound the retreat and knew that Braddock was dead or had lost his haughty pride. We heard the firing down the line as the enemy attacked Halket's men at the baggage-train, and from the lessening volume of the return fire we knew our losses must be tremendous, or else the ammunition was falling.

At the time Braddock ordered the retreat to be sounded only a third of the army was left. We learned that much afterward. The smoke made it impossible to see clearly, and the individual combats between rangers and savages served to confuse further our sense of direction. I remember the Onondaga giving a mighty grunt as he crashed his ax through the head of a Huron who bumped into us. I recall mechanically staying in another red skull with the butt of my loaded rifle. And then to my surprise both the Indian and I were in the road, surrounded by the dead and dying, and those who fired blindly, and more often killed a friend than they wounded a foe.

"These men are fools!" cried the Onondaga, dodging a blow from a musket swung by a madman. "The woods! The woods!"

But now we were in the road it was most difficult to leave it without being shot in the back; yet to remain in the frenzied crowd meant death without a chance to strike back. We were only a short distance above the baggage-train, and toward it we began making our way. Guns were spurting flame from the bushes at our feet. The guards were pointing their muskets high and firing thin volleys into the foliage. Once the retreat was sounded a panic had seized upon the survivors, and in a stumbling, insane rush those who could walk made a last attempt to reach the river.

The howling of the Indians increased in volume as they realized the extent of their unexpected triumph. A few hours back the fort Indians had flatly refused to follow Beaujeu, and now they were lusting like demons to kill, until not an Englishman was left alive. The savages, observing the mad fear now possessing the army, grew bolder and began to appear from behind the great trees, from under the grape and pea-vines, and through the tall grass. Gory hands darted out to seize some dead or dying man and drag him into the cover. The best equipped and proudest army England had ever sent to North America was a rabble of crazy men.

Captain Orme of the regulars, and Captain Stewart of the Virginia riflemen, aided by another American officer I did not know, came through the mass bearing a heavy figure. It was General Braddock and he was puffing for breath and was wounded through the chest.

"Braddock's killed! Braddock's killed!" was the despairing cry raised as the commander was carried to the rear.

"Rally the fools at the ford," gasped the commander.

"Braddock's killed!" howled a drill sergeant, although he must have heard his general speak.

And he danced up and down until red hands shot out from the bushes and caught him by the ankles and jerked him from our sight.

Colonel Washington now had all the riflemen fighting in the Indian fashion, and only his maneuver saved the army from being annihilated. As it was, four hundred and fifty officers and men were dead, slain outright, and nearly as many more wounded. Out of eighty-nine commissioned officers sixty-three were killed or wounded; and not a field-officer had escaped unhurt. Lean Virginians from behind trees were shouting encouragement to one another and calling for the regulars to fall back out of the way and cross the river. It was the first time our riflemen and England's carefully drilled regulars had gone into battle together, and already the colonials were discovering they were better men for forest fighting.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dainty Feeding Not Possible With Gull

Gluttony a vice? Not so to the river gull of black-tipped wings. In the Northwest it swoops down and snatches fish from the very hands of anglers and, fighting off thousands of its fellows, proves that gluttony is a virtue enabling the one that can most speedily swallow to survive. Whole flocks of these bold and ruthless birds hover around the salmon fishers and watch their twitching lines sunk deep in the Columbia, says a writer in the Portland Oregonian, and will sometimes strike for the flopping prize. The victor must swallow quickly as he darts upward beating off the buffetings of his greedy rivals. Sometimes

he must swallow a fish so large that in its new position it destroys his aerial balance and down he goes to the waves. The Indians of the Northwest have a legend that a giant once became so annoyed with the winged robbers that he caught a whole flock of them into his campfire. Hence, they say, the black-tipped wings.

Poor Ladder to Climb On

"Popular nothing!" exclaimed a young actress who was discussing a rival player with a friend. "Why, the longest run she ever had was in her stocking."

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2,000,000 families have Atwater Kent Radio. Many of them made their purchases last Christmas. "We felt this was the thing that would please the whole household—now we know," they say.

You, too, want entertainment without trouble. You want to hear good music and good talks—you always get what you want from "the radio that keeps on working."

All-electric. If you have electricity from a central station, there are several Atwater Kent models you can operate right from a lamp socket. If you prefer an all-in-one cabinet set, with receiver and speaker combined, the dealer will let you try the wonderfully compact Model 52. They're all

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For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Requires six A. C. tubes and one rectifier tube, \$15 (without tubes. Model 41 D. C. set, \$91 (without tubes).

Scientists Unable to Do Away With Fogs

On a small scale and in favorable circumstances fog can be dispelled, but all known methods are too costly for commercial use, and so could not be applied on the vast scale on which many fogs occur, even were they of proved use. A great deal of time and labor has been seriously expended in the effort to suppress fog. The London county council has from time to time given some encouragement to various schemes presented, but all have failed. No less a distinguished scientist than Sir Oliver Lodge has struggled with this problem and he thought he had solved it, but practical demonstration of his electrical scheme failed. Various suggestions have been made to clear aviation landing places, but all have been discarded and the solution of the problem seems to be no nearer than it ever was.

This Mother Had Problem

As a rule, milk is about the best food for children, but there are times when they are much better off without it. It should always be left off when children show feverish, fretful or cross spells, by bad breath, coated tongue, yellow skin, indigestion, biliousness, etc., that their stomach and bowels are out of order.

Millions of mothers have proved its merit and reliability in over 50 years of steadily increasing use. A Western mother, Mrs. May Snavely, Montrose, California, says: "My little girl, Edna's, tendency to constipation was a problem to me until I began giving her California Fig Syrup. It helped her right away and soon her stomach and bowels were acting perfectly. Since then I've never had to have any advice about her bowels. I have also used California Fig Syrup with my little boy, with equal success."

To be sure of getting the genuine, which physicians endorse, always ask for California Fig Syrup by the full name.

Jewels in Chaldean Tomb. Rings of gold and silver, inlaid gold and rosettes and small animal figures of the precious metal were among articles found in the tomb of the Sumerian queen Shub-Ad, unearthed recently by members of the joint expedition of the museum of Philadelphia and the British museum, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The jewelry is over five thousand years old and adds to the interest of the discoveries in recent expeditions to Ur of the Chaldees.

Two Birds With One Stone. Sue—So you always serve doughnuts when Fred calls?
Ethel—Yes, that's the way I try to remind him of rings and dough at the same time.—True Story Magazine.

A man always credits himself with firmness and charges the other fellow with obstinacy.

New Irish Coinage

The ancient Irish harp will replace the profile of the king on the new coinage of the Irish Free State. The principal features of the industrial and sporting life of the country and its cultural development are represented. But St. Patrick, the national apostle, has not been remembered in designing the new coinage of the realm. A horse, a bull and a hen with a brood represent agriculture. A salmon and woodcock represent sport. A round tower and a wolfhound symbolize the ancient dignity of Ireland. New currency notes and coins will not be in circulation for a few months yet.

The Eighth One. Office Manager.—Here, this will never do! Why is it you are late for your very first morning's work?
New Office Boy—I'm sorry, sir. There are eight in our family and the alarm was set for seven.

Value of Cool Mind. If a man keeps cool, he commands himself and others.—Chicago News.

Most people never know the sweet contentment of becoming thoroughly fatigued.

—take it! It's Bayer

The nurse tells you to take Bayer Aspirin because she knows it's safe. Doctors have told her so. It has no effect on the heart, takes it to stop a headache or check a cold. For almost instant relief of neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism; even lumbago. Be sure it's Bayer—the genuine Aspirin. At druggists, with directions for its many uses.

BAYER ASPIRIN

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Cuticura waxes and preserves in the color of your hair.

Massage above the scales of dirt and to soften poo with Cuticura Soap to dandruffing the hair and restore its cleanness and vigor.

natural method for fifty years for ring for the skin and hair.

25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. B5, Malden, Mass.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

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W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 50-1928.

Overcoming Disease. Statistics show that the length of the average human life is steadily increasing and is much greater than it was half a century or a century ago. Of course this does not mean that the average individual is healthier or stronger. The increase is due chiefly to the conquest of disease, control of epidemics, better infant care, etc.

Put It or Take It. Bob—What did you do when Mabel said you were odd?
Bill—I told her I would get even.

Cost Little to Produce. The approximate cost of the production of 2-cent stamps per thousand is 6 1/2 cents.