

The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By HUGH PENDEXTER

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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WNU Service

CHAPTER X—Continued

I followed the roundabout Susquehanna road and passed by the ruins of many a cabin. It was not the most direct route, but it pleased me to fool myself with the thought I would never continue as far as Alexandria. However, I did persevere, and an astounding thing happened to me and expelled my apathy and left me quivering with a new purpose. The Onondaga would have said it was my orenda working for me. A white man would have said it was luck. It all happened at a hamlet on the Maryland line where a dozen men were listening to a rugged fellow's plea for volunteers to serve as riflemen in the expedition soon to be made against Canada. Weary of war, weary of myself, and finding solace only in my strange dreams, I would have passed by with deaf ears had not his rude eloquence compelled my attention while he cried out:

"Sick of it? Who ain't sick of it? But how will it be stopped unless your rifles help stop it? I tell you we've got 'em running now. You've had a bellyful of fighting? Who ain't? I thought I had a bellyful at Braddock's battle. I've thought I had more'n enough during the last three years. But I've been 'ruling all these years; 'ruling that if we want a job well done we must do it ourselves. Men, it's the long rifle, and not the Brown Bess what's going to put a stop to the Injun devilities. And if you'll go along with me I'll lead only as long as I can keep ahead. When any other feller can lead faster, he takes my place and I take his orders."

I reined in and stared at the fellow closely. There was something reminiscent in the strong young face. He was quick to see me and my travel-stained forest garb, and he called out over the heads of his audience:

"Welcome, friend. You look like as you was used to woods fighting."

"I've had my share of it; from Braddock down to Forbes and much in between."

"But you're not through yet? Your long rifle still shoots?"

"It still shoots. I am not through until the job is finished."

He pointed me out as a wholesome example, and embarrassed me by extolling my high spirit. Whereas I was sick of Indians, sick of hardships. I had but one desire; to spread my blanket back of the Carlisle house and close to the sleepy lap-lap of the Potomac and rest there one night, and perchance dream of Busby and other playmates. I backed my horse away and waited until the young man had finished his talk and had secured half a dozen names or marks on his muster-roll. Then I dismounted and joined him and drew him aside, and said:

"You'll be Daniel Morgan, at one time a wagoner in Braddock's army."

"Dand center. But I don't know you from Adam, friend. You have mighty little meat on your bones."

"I threw you on to a horse at the lower ford of the Monongahela on July ninth, three years ago."

"H—! I remember. The man fighting beside the tall Injun!"

"There was a young person with you—"

"A gal in breeches. Elsie Dinwold, she gave her name. She had the grit of any man I ever see."

"Had?" I repeated, a deathly faintness stealing through my gaunt frame.

"And still has, I'll guarantee, if she's kept out of danger and didn't get sculped. Lord! But she did try desperate hard to git off that horse and git back to the fighting!"

"Man, where is she? Where did you leave her? Why don't you say something when you talk?" I cried.

And I placed my hands on his shoulders and shook him.

He grinned broadly and showed no resentment at my manners.

"Where she is I cannot say. But she went to Alexandria. I gathered from her talk—and she talked mighty little—that some one she used to know, and liked a heap, lived there once. But you'll be signing up as a rifeman for northern work?"

I mounted before bothering to answer him. Then I called back:

"That must come later. I must finish a journey first."

And though it was dark and my horse was weary I rode on.

A skeleton of a man on a worn-out horse. No leisurely riding now. I would not have eaten, nor slept, if not for my mount. I had but one desire—to strike into the old postroad and finish the distance at a smashing gallop. The poor brute was badly used up when I did leave Shooter's hill behind me I reined in.

Now that I had arrived and would soon know all, I experienced a strange timidity. Three years had passed. No soldiers now enlivened Alexandria; and I knew the drowsy calm of the town would never suit her. She had gone away long before this; or—and this was a most disturbing thought—she had found some one who up-preciated her, and had married. Beyond all doubt she had come to the belief that I was dead.

Now that I had talked with young Morgan I could not forgive my stupendous folly in neglecting to seek her on the banks of the Potomac. Yet I had reasoned logically enough—she was never one to seek refuge in Alexandria. She was born of the frontier and border blood was in her veins. She would feel as much out of place in Alexandria as the fair Josephine would feel on the lonely shore of the Monongahela.

I clucked to my horse and I rode down the King's road, and the dust scuffed up by my tired mount's feet lazily drifted on to the meadow grass and settled and spoiled its sheen; just as it had when I watched the green adlers march up the same road on Braddock's fatal business.

The town had changed none. There were the same slim and fat chinnies, the same quaint roofs of different patterns, and the double row of Lombardy poplars before the Carlisle house. There were the windows of the blue-and-white room, where Braddock had drunk his wine and rightly had berated the colonias for their lack of zeal. The new warehouse on Point Lumley, at the foot of Duke street, was complete and already showing the mellow influence of the weather. On the wharf were sev-



"Oh, Mister! You've Come Back!"

eral guns, brought over by Braddock and left behind because of their cumbersome weight. But no gay uniforms decorated the approach to the Royal George and Gadsby's; no guards awed the natives by their precise maneuvers in the market-place.

I dismounted to be less conspicuous, and with my long rifle under my arm led my patient animal to the House of the Open Hand. And here I received a sharp surprise. The garden beyond the gate was trim and orderly. The fountain was cleaned out, and the yellow-topped mustard was destroyed. The roof of the grape arbor had been repaired; and the grounds reflected the tidy content my father had so dearly loved. The place was inhabited.

I turned away, feeling greatly depressed. Now I knew I had come on a fool's errand. The witch-gird—a bit of thistle-down before the wind—had drifted on. I had no heart to see the front of the house, and would have returned to the market-place to bait my mount and ride away had not a woman emerged from the door to stare at me for a second. I was for hurrying on, but she called me by name and came running after me as fast as her flounces and petticoats would permit.

"I knew you! I knew you, Webster Bron! Your tall figure would betray you anywhere!" she cried, extending both hands.

"Josephine!" I mumbled.

"Mistress Hewitt, wife of Carter Hewitt," she corrected, and relinquished my hands to drop me a courtesy. "You must come in and tell me where you have been and what you

have been doing. Mr. Hewitt will be back any time now. He rode to Annapolis."

So poor Busby's message would never be delivered. Relieved of that sad errand, there was no call for me to tarry. I mumbled something about being in a desperate hurry, but she seemed to be possessed even to the point of unwomanliness. For she fairly danced before me, her blue eyes sparkling with mischief; and she insisted:

"You must come in, mister. You just must."

"Why do you speak like that?" I whispered. "Why do you call me 'mister'?"

And I grasped her hands and gripped them till her grimace reminded me I was not handling a red savage.

"No; I'll tell you nothing out here in the road," she cried. "A vestryman will be rebuking us. Besides, it's not comely that you should hold my hands. Come!"

I released her, and followed her under the grinning mask and through the cool doorway. In the hall I halted and cautiously seated myself in a spindle-legged chair, and demanded:

"Now tell me."

"Oh, Webster, it would be so romantic if you weren't so stupidly matter-of-fact. Why shouldn't I call you 'mister'?"

"Josephine, the devil's in you. Have you anything to say or not?" I rose as if to leave.

With a sigh at having her game cut short she primly began:

"I have a young ward, a refugee from the Braddock rout. She came here in a most scandalous condition—dressed as a man! She gave your name and said you would come to find her. She gave me your name, but she always speaks of you as 'mister.' How is that for mighty respect?"

"And now? Where is she?" I muttered.

"Why, now she should be in the garden, gathering posies for the table. You see Mr. Hewitt bought this place three days after Braddock and poor Busby marched away. He was a confirmed bachelor. He lived here alone until our marriage a year ago this summer. Mistress Elsie from the beginning would come here to walk in the garden because it had been your home. It promised a rare scandal. Mr. Hewitt appealed to me in great alarm. I had to marry the poor man, or else banish the wild thing. Now it's perfectly proper for her to walk in the garden as much as she will. I've lost my interest in you, Webster. You know the way down the hall?"

An idiotic question. The door, opening into the garden, was the one I had passed through thousands of times in the old days.

"You've been good to her, Josephine. You must have been mighty good to her, or she would never have stayed."

"Rubbish! I couldn't have driven her away. She was always looking for 'mister' to come. She would have made a camp in the garden and lived like an Indian." Then with much sadness she added: "I hate that word—Indian. You understand, Webster—I'm sorry."

"His last words, Joe," I blundered, giving her Busby's message after all. "Go find her," she brokenly whispered. And as I made down the hall I saw her hand traveling up the balustrade, clinging to it tightly to aid her weary feet.

But sorrow was not for me this day. I was selfishly alive with the joy of anticipation. I burst through the doorway as if pursued by Pontiac himself. Next I came to a plunging halt and found myself bowing awkwardly before a dainty creature in flounces and lace.

"I beg your pardon," I stammered. "I was looking for a young lady—"

"Oh, mister! You've come back!" she sobbed. And the armful of flowers was dropped and a miracle was worked; for I found the lovely thing in my arms, her voice whimpering over and over: "Oh, mister! You've come back!"

(THE END.)

Writers Turned From Drugs to Authorship

It may seem a far cry from the drug store to literary fame, but throughout the ages there has been a puzzling relationship between the two. Many a youth who has started life in a pharmacy has found, "strangely enough," that his real career lies in authorship, says a writer in the American Drugist Magazine. Aristotle was one of the earliest of these. The Greek philosopher, son of a physician, followed his father's footsteps as a youth in those days when doctor and druggist were one. Dante, immortal poet, was a member of the guild of apothecaries in his native Florence. John Keats served as a pharmacist's apprentice and later graduated from Apothecaries' hall. Henrik Ibsen found the inspiration for his "Ghosts" and "An Enemy of the People" while serving for six years in a little Nor-

wegian drug store. And O. Henry, probably the most famous of modern druggist-authors, spent several of his early years in a Greensboro (N. C.) pharmacy.

Males as Loud Speakers

Ask a man for information, says a woman critic in the American Magazine, and no matter what the subject, nine out of ten of them will have a beautiful time enlightening you on it.

But Few Escape

Headache is the one form of suffering which makes all the world feel kin.—American Magazine.

American typewriters shipped to other countries last year were valued at nearly \$21,000,000.

Improved Uniform International Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. © 1928 Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for January 6 OUR HEAVENLY FATHER

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 6:24-34. GOLDEN TEXT—Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. PRIMARY TOPIC—Our Heavenly Father. JUNIOR TOPIC—Our Heavenly Father. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—What the Heavenly Father Means to Me. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Fatherhood of God.

Half of the lessons for the year 1929 are of a topical character. The aim of the committee seems to have been to place before the Sunday-school pupils some of the great doctrine of God's Word, as well as teachings on practical life.

I. Who is Our Heavenly Father? (Genesis 1:1, 27).

He is the Almighty God who created the universe. God was before all things. "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God." The universe came into being by the will and act of the personal being called God. Man himself is a creation of God. He was created in the likeness and image of God. God is the infinite and perfect spirit in whom we live and move and have our being. He is omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent. He was not only before all things, but the cause of all things.

II. What the Father Does.

1. He loves us (1 John 4:9, 10). This love was expressed by sending His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him. He not only loved the redeemed, but He loves the world (John 3:16). In the very essence of His being God is love (1 John 4:8).

2. He redeemed us (1 John 4:9). He gave His only begotten Son that we might live through Him.

3. God preserves us (Ps. 103:1-14). The preserving mercy of God embraces the following gracious benefits:

- (1) He forgives all our iniquities (v. 3). This He is able to do because of the righteous provision He made for sin in the atonement wrought out by Jesus Christ.
- (2) He healeth all our diseases (v. 3). This healing refers to the body and soul.
- (3) He redeemeth the life from destruction (v. 4). Redemption implies the payment of all demands against the debtor.
- (4) He satisfieth thy mouth (v. 5). This means that God satisfies all legitimate desires so that youth is renewed like the eagle.
- (5) He executes righteousness and judgment (vv. 6-12). The wrongs of life are righted and man is thus relieved of their burdens.

(6) He pities His children (vv. 13, 14). The pity of an earthly father for his children is but a faint suggestion of the sympathetic heart of the loving God, our Father.

III. Our Responsibility to the Heavenly Father (Matthew 6:24-34).

Christ came to reveal the Father. The subjects of the heavenly kingdom will love Him as the child loves its father.

1. He will give unto him undivided attention (v. 24).

The child of God makes the unequivocal choice between the heavenly Father and the world. The word "mammon" is a kind of personification of worldliness.

2. Will not be anxious about food and clothing (vv. 25-32).

The child of God who knows Him as a Father will not be supremely concerned about what it shall eat or what it shall put on because anxiety is (1) Useless (v. 27).

Regardless of what thought or concern one exercises concerning food and clothing, it will be provided only according to His will. In Him do we live, move and have our being. God supplies all our needs (Phil. 4:19).

(2) It shows distrust of the Father (vv. 28-30). In the measure that one is anxious about these needs, he shows lack of faith in the love of God.

(3) It is heathenish (v. 32). That those who are ignorant of God should manifest anxiety is not to be wondered at, but for His children, those who know God as the Father, to do so is to play the heathen. He knows that we have need of temporal blessings.

3. Will diligently seek the Kingdom of God and His righteousness (vv. 33, 34).

This means that he will subordinate temporal things to the things of the Spirit. It does not mean that a child of God will fail to exercise proper forethought in providing for himself and family.

The Reality of Life

Silence is in truth the attribute of God; and those who seek Him from that side invariably learn that meditation is not the dream, but the reality of life; not its illusion, but its truth; not its weakness but its strength.—Martineau.

God's Promises

God's promises were never meant to ferry our laziness like a boat; they are to be rowed by our oars.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Up-to-Date City Built on Old Refuse Dump

Part of Ottakring, the sixteenth district of Vienna, known under the name of "Sandliten," writes a correspondent of the London Sunday Observer, was used for years as a refuse dump. But the municipality resolved to transform the place into a kind of garden city, and after four years' labor has now finished the construction of a new town which will house some 7,000 persons.

The place, which is to be opened for use in a short time, will have 1,000 flats, a large number of shops and storerooms, library, theater and cinema, kindergarten, public bath, post office, cafe, restaurant and park. Its architecture is modern town style, with a smack of the rustic. Round its center, the Matteotti square, the streets are grouped. Some streets and squares are called after Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg, Nietzsche, and others.

Denver Mother Tells Story

Nature controls all the functions of our digestive organs except one. We have control over that, and it's the function that causes the most trouble.

See that your children form regular bowel habits, and at the first sign of bad breath, coated tongue, biliousness or constipation, give them a little California Fig Syrup. It regulates the bowels and stomach and gives these organs tone and strength so they continue to act as Nature intends them to. It helps build up and strengthen pale, listless, underweight children. Children love its rich, fruity taste and it's purely vegetable, so you can give it as often as your child's appetite lags or he seems feverish, cross or fretful.



Leading physicians have endorsed it for 50 years, and its overwhelming sales record of over four million bottles a year shows how mothers depend on it. A Western mother, Mrs. R. W. Stewart, 4112 Raritan St., Denver, Colorado, says: "Raymond was terribly pulled down by constipation. He got weak, fretful and cross, had no appetite or energy and food seemed to sour in his stomach. California Fig Syrup had him romping and playing again in just a few days, and soon he was back to normal weight, looking better than he had looked in months."

Protect your child from imitations of California Fig Syrup. The mark of the genuine is the word "California" on the carton.

Tonsorial Mockery

They are telling at the Century club a joke on the English writer, D. H. Lawrence.

Mr. Lawrence, on his recent lecture tour, arrived in a smallish Ohio town and went to the barber's for a hair cut.

"Anything going on tonight?" he asked the barber.

"Lecture," said the barber. "Englishman named Lawrence."

The Englishman named Lawrence smiled. "I'm him," he said.

The barber started back in a theatrical way. Then he said to a man who was sharpening razors on a stone:

"Here, Bill, sweep up all this red hair. I want to preserve it."—New York Times.

Day follows on the murkiest night, and, when the time comes, the latest fruits will ripen.—Schiller.

Drink Water to Help Wash Out Kidney Poison

If Your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You, Begin Taking Salts

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which helps to remove the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of good water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they are no longer a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, which everyone should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this; also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.

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DEAN'S RECTAL & COLON CLINIC

PORTLAND, OREGON

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 1-1929.

Exposed

Little Jane Nies, a frequent visitor to southern California from St. Louis, was poring over her lessons, working hard for a double promotion, when her mother spied her counting on her fingers.

"Jane," she said jokingly, "why not take off your shoes and stockings and then you'll have twenty digits to use."

"Jane pondered over the suggestion for a moment and then exclaimed: "Now I know why 'daddy went bare-footed when he was a little boy!'"—Exchange.

That's Why

"That big car of Brown's sure kicks up a lot of dust."

"No wonder, it's dragging a mortar on a quarter section of land."—Capper's Weekly.

FOR COLDS

BAYER

ASPIRIN

To break a cold harmlessly and in a hurry try a Bayer Aspirin tablet. And for headache. The action of Aspirin is very efficient, too, in cases of neuralgia, neuritis, even rheumatism and lumbago! And there's no after effect; doctors give Aspirin to children—often infants. Whenever there's pain, think of Aspirin. The genuine Bayer Aspirin has Bayer on the box and on every tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

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