

**Mystery of Love**  
No one can give a satisfactory explanation of a satisfactory description of love, remarks Grove Patterson. It depends on the individual temperament, the type, the point of view. Much that is mistaken for love is doubtless something else—something instinctive and not discreditable, but much less fine than love.—Capper's Weekly.

**Human Worker Forgotten**  
Machinery is producing more than hand labor ever did or could produce and it is producing many things that hand labor never did or could produce. We are perfecting a mechanical civilization and very frequently the welfare of human workers is the last thing considered.—International Labor News Service.

**Expensive Upkeep**  
There are houses in England the windows of which have never been counted. These include Windsor castle and Wentworth Woodhouse, the Yorkshire home of Earl Fitzwilliam. A former duke of Marlborough said that putting for repairing the windows of Blenheim palace cost him £500 (\$2,500) a year.

**Self-Convicted**  
I've no patience with such silly proverbs as "Honesty is the best policy." The man who first said that was a potential thief. He wasn't honest because it was right to be honest, but because, in his case, it paid. If it hadn't, presumably he would have been a thief.—Exchange.

**Excess of Patriotism**  
"Chauvinism" derives its name from Nicolas Chauvin, a soldier in the army of Napoleon who was ridiculed by his comrades for his demonstrative and unreasoning patriotism. The term has come to be applied to any one's excessive enthusiasm for national ascendancy.

**Sad Memories**  
I remember, I remember the house where I was born; the hallowed place where little lambs came, peeping in at morn. The playful bears, the friendly bulls who wisely counseled me, and where I bought at 88—and sold at 43.—Boston Transcript.

**World's Longest Rivers**  
Only four rivers in the world exceed 3,000 miles in length—the Nile (Africa) flows approximately 4,000 miles; the Amazon (South America) 3,900 miles; the Ob (Siberia) 3,200 miles, and the Yangtze-Kiang (China) 3,100.

**Political History**  
State conventions were first held in this country about 1825, although in formal conventions of party leaders had been held by the Federalists prior to that time. The Republicans held their last legislative caucus in 1824.

**"Ponds" Public Property**  
The "great ponds" of Massachusetts are bodies of fresh water more than ten acres in extent. In 1841 the Massachusetts Bay colony decreed that they should be open forever to the public for fishing.

**Gave Name to Epoch**  
The Larnaudian epoch is the name applied to an epoch in European prehistoric archeology at the close of the Bronze age, and so called from the station of Larnaud, in the Jura mountains.

**Says the Old-Timer**  
The old-fashioned woman who got the bed full of crumbs eating crackers now has a daughter who burns holes in the sheets from smoking cigarettes in bed.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**The Helpers**  
By the time a man earns more money he has less time in which to spend it, but that is where the wife and daughters come to the rescue.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

**British Empire Largest**  
The British empire covers more territory than any other country in the world, comprising 13,226,749 square miles. France and her colonies comprise 5,870,461 square miles.

**Prejudiced Observer**  
The estimated bird population of this country is 4,000,000,000. It is thought the estimate was made by a suburbanite who had just planted a garden.—Detroit News.

**PILES**  
Hospital Surgery Eliminated  
Call or send today for this FREE book explaining the Dr. C. J. Dean method (used by us exclusively) of treating all Rectal and Colon Disorders. No hospital surgery. Assurance of Piles cured or fee refunded.  
**DR. C. J. DEAN**  
RECTAL & COLON CLINIC  
PORTLAND, OREGON

# The Red Road

## A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By Hugh Pendexter

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

Copyright by Hugh Pendexter, WNU Service

### CHAPTER I

#### Beginning the Red Road

The home town looked the same as when I last made for Shooter's Hill, fleeing from the ignominy of being little better than a pauper. It was two years since I had been in Virginia, and there were certain outstanding debts which made it embarrassing for me to return.

While the fairs were being held in May and October, all persons coming to Alexandria would be exempt from arrests and executions. And it was not yet Maytime, and I was back without road-bells, as my red friend, the Onondaga, would style immunity from annoyance, I risked great humiliation, but there are certain things a man must do despite his pride; and I had returned because something larger than my personal welfare was concerned.

However, I consoled myself with remembering that much mountain water had flowed down the Potomac since my hasty departure, and that all the colonies were in the midst of stirring times; that the extravagances of Webster would be forgotten now we were at the throat of France once more.

The coming in of many strangers permitted me to remain unnoticed. So it was that my long leggings, my fringed hunting-shirt with its broad cape, my moccasins and long rifle, my ax beside the hunting-knife in my embroidered belt, gave me assurance against recognition until I should reveal my identity when I delivered my news to Governor Dinwiddie.

It was not from choice that I had left my Onondaga comrade over the mountains and come to town, although the old false pride which had prompted my flight had been washed out by much rough furling and many a desperate plight. It was love for the colony that had drawn me back.

I came fresh from Fort Duquesne and Shanoplin, from the distant Ohio country where the English were but little known, and where the names of Drouillon, Laforce, de Villiers, Jumonville, and others of the French, already were so many war cries among the Indians along the Monongahela and the Allegheny.

Throughout the hurried journey back to Alexandria, I had told myself the past was dead, that "Black" Brond, the forest-runner, was entirely apart from young Webster Brond who had taken such pride in scrawling in his Cheever's Latin Accidence his name with "Gent." affixed.

And now that I was crossing the market-square and was in time to see the Northern Mail, just arrived from Richmond, draw up before the Royal George before continuing its lumbering journey over the king's post-road to the north, I felt the call of my ancestry and turned my steps to the house which my father's love for hospitality and good cheer had lost to me, along with many rich acres.

Some families are unfortunate in coats-of-arms and mottoes. My people had been afflicted with the family device of an outstretched open hand. My father by nature was congenial and convivial, prodigal with good cheer. He had only needed the appellation "Brond of the open hand" to complete his impoverishment. So many times had I seen him set forth to dispose of his crops; so many times had I greeted him on his return with only a trifle left of the season's planting! And so many times did I puff up with pride when he explained his light pockets by saying:

"It's a duty we owe the name, lad. We'll plant more, but we will never be niggardly."

I thank God he passed out before the crash came, that he never tasted the bitterness, and that it could be I who was forced to escape petty prosecutions by flight into the wilderness. It would have broken his kind heart could he have known my estrangement from my fellows.

It helped me much to find the place deserted. To have seen others there, where my father kept open house, would have grieved me sorely. I sent my love through the paneled door and passed around to the high gate and looked into the garden. Like the house, it showed the lack of human occupancy.

The place was a riot of untrained growth where once orderliness and beauty had graced the winding paths. All that was left to remind me of the golden yesterdays was the aroma of the snowy cherry blossoms.

Voices close by aroused me and I turned from the gate. Despite my rough schooling from Lake Erie down to the Falls of the Ohio, my heart went pit-a-patting, just as it had when I wrote her name in my school books.

The fellow with her had been my boon companion. His powdered wig and beruffled shirt, his knee-breeches, gold buckles and silken hose put my travel-stained garb to shame, and I was for turning back to the gate. But I saw a hint of amusement in their curious glances; and, conquering my weakness, I swept off my ragged fur hat with an almost forgotten grace and called myself more vividly to their attention. Busby stared haughtily, as if I were some freakish creature from the unknown wilds. The girl frowned in perplexity; then she recognized me despite my forest dress, and exclaimed:

"Webster Brond!"

Busby stared blankly for a moment, then smiled broadly and cried:

"Curse me if it isn't Brond of the open hand! Where did you come from? And when did you get back? And why do you wear that Indian toggery?"

"Hush!" murmured the girl. I affected not to hear her, nor to wince under the old title, and explained:

"I bring news for his excellency, the governor. I am waiting for him to return from the Maryland shore. I am from Duquesne, and the country I have covered is ill-fitted for finery."

The shadow of the war was upon us all. Her fair face flushed, and she softly cried:

"You've been to Fort Duquesne, Webster? How romantic! Our General Braddock will soon be there. Of course you will march with him."

"I shall be glad to serve as a scout." For I was in no way inclined to submit myself to stiff-necked discipline.

"Then I may see you along the road, Web. I ride with him," said



"Joe and I are to be married, Webster, after General Braddock has finished his little business at Fort Duquesne."

Busby; and with that touch of superiority he ever wore even as a little chap.

Often had I laughed at his patronizing ways, and often had I forgiven him. Mayhap he caught a reminiscent twinkle in my eye; perhaps he thought I was staring too long and intently at his dainty companion, for he abruptly informed me:

"Joe and I are to be married, Webster, after General Braddock has finished his little business at Fort Duquesne."

I smiled and went through the form of congratulating them, but there was a stab in my heart. Not that I had expected to carry a girl's love in my breast during two years of roughing it—and yet I had hoped. She was crimson and angry.

"You should not talk that way," she coldly admonished Busby.

"I am natural. You're artificial, Josephine," he lightly bantered.

I said: "Surely you feel no foolish delicacy in letting an old friend know of your happiness. Forsooth, I'd have to know now, or not at all. This is my good-by to Alexandria."

At once she was Josephine, the girl I had known. And with wistfulness she deplored:

"I don't like that word 'good-by.' It's the saddest of all words, I think. Everything was so peaceful and happy. And now it's war and soldiers, and all our men eager to march against the French. God give them safe return!"

Could we have but known! Could we have but foreseen the outcome of the next few weeks!

Mistress Josephine made me a little curtsy as a signal for her companion to be moving. Busby was inclined to shade hands and instinctively obeyed his English blood by starting to do so, then contented himself with a ceremonious bow. The little lady saw everything and with impulsive frankness, which ever characterized her kind heart, she advanced as Busby fell back.

Seizing my hand for a brief moment she softly murmured:

"We were very young. I did not know. Look out for him on the march."

And with another hurried little curtsy she was walking out of my life, with Busby mumbling and muttering in her small ear—possibly asking to be told what confidences she had imparted to me.

I silently said farewell to the house of the open hand and turned back to the market-square.

I have said the town was the same; and so it was so far as the yellow, white and red chimneys were concerned, for there was the same proportion of silt and fat ones. But it was in physical aspect alone that the town remained unchanged, for the life of the streets was vastly different. There were cannon along the wharf, and there were cannon hauled up to the post-road. There was a frigate passing back and forth of a new population. As I loitered before the Royal George, I was crowded and jostled rudely by a great busting of people.

At Gadsby's across the way—built three years before by Lord Fairfax from English bricks—was the same lively animation. Squads of soldiers in scarlet coats—scarlet for an Indian campaign when the forest was all a lush green—were being maneuvered about the square under the hoarse guidance of veteran sergeants. The long rifle I was leaning upon—made by William Henry of Lancaster, soon to be Braddock's armorer—was in decided contrast to the Brown Bess carried by the overseas soldiery. Surely this was the finest army England had ever sent across the Atlantic, and most surely there was nothing at Duquesne to prevent the capture of the French fort.

And yet experience was teaching us of the colonies that the English musket was not an effective weapon in the deep woods.

These soldiers of Braddock's, so confident of overrunning the heads of the Ohio, were not taught to aim their weapons, but to point them in the general direction of the enemy and to discharge them in volleys. We of the woods considered every human target we fired at to be a distinct problem; and God knows the target was small enough when consisting of Huron, or any of the Far Indians, or even the French who had campaigned with the red savages.

There was a rattle of wheels. It was General Braddock, riding in the coach he had bought of Governor Sharpe of Maryland.

I barely glimpsed him, a heavy stolid man, whose strong visage seemed to lower on the gaping onlookers. Then he was gone, commander in chief of all his majesty's forces in North America. He impressed me as being self-willed and self-dependent, and one who would be intolerant of any advice. It was commonly known that he was displeased at the manner in which the campaign was progressing—rather, failing to progress. The capture of Fort Duquesne was not bothering him, but to get his army under way was proving to be a most irritating problem. Nor could one blame him for the needless delays, the lack of funds, the wrangling between the colonies.

But we all knew how General Braddock had failed to comprehend local conditions. He seemed unable to grasp the fact, which we of America all knew—namely, that the great mass of Pennsylvania citizens was opposed to any system of taxation that did not include the proprietaries; and that the Quakers were averse to voting any money for military purposes. He only knew that promised supplies were lacking, that recruits were coming in very slowly, and that the Indians thus far had not joined his army. More than once he had complained to the assembled governors that he was "unable to express his indignation."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### First to See Value of Big Advertising

Robert Bonner, for whom Bonner Springs, Kan., is named, New York publisher, was the first to use full-page advertising; and the first journalist to pay large sums for feature articles.

When Edward Everett was raising funds to purchase Mount Vernon Bonner gave him \$10,000 for 52 articles known as the Mount Vernon papers, and a like sum to the fund. He also started the literary world by buying eight pages of advertising in the New York Herald. When the press room of the New York Ledger was destroyed by fire he inserted in the daily papers of New York, Philadelphia and Boston the following advertisement: "Unless we are burned out more than

once a week the New York Ledger will be ready on the news stands of the United States, the Sandwich Islands and New Jersey."

His recreation was driving expensive trotters, owning the best in the land.—Griffith Bonner in the Prism.

### Prospective Rain

"Hey, Aaron!" called Abner Appledry, "where you going, all rigged out in your new suit of clothes?"

"Don't tell anybody," replied Aaron Alired, "but I'm going to ask old man Rackett for his daughter's hand in marriage."

"H'm! Looks like a pity to ruin a new suit of clothes that way."

### "Old-Fashioned" Winter

Records kept by the United States weather bureau indicate that there has been no appreciable permanent change in the weather of the northern hemisphere during the last fifty or sixty years. Weather records show that the winters are as cold on the average as they were half a century ago. The "old-fashioned" severe winter that elderly people are fond of telling about is a psychological illusion. Winters seemed colder to the pioneers because they were not as well protected as people are now. The advance of civilization has relieved the inhabitants of this country from many of the hardships formerly suffered because of cold weather. Also, the difference between the child and adult mind has undoubtedly contributed considerably to the illusion. Things seen through the eyes of childhood are likely to have a distorted appearance. It is human nature for people in their reminiscences to exaggerate past events, especially the hardships of early life.

### Water for Your Birds

Fresh water is a necessity for your bird, says Nature Magazine. Water for bathing should be made available daily during the warm months and twice a week during the winter. If the bird refuses to bathe do not force it. Always keep a supply of good gravel or grit in the cage to serve in place of teeth.

### No Wonder

"My husband was furious yesterday. He came across one of my love letters unopened!"

"But if it were unopened what could he be angry about?"

"It was one that he had sent to me!"—Stockholm Kasper.

### Meaning of "Greyhound"

The "grey" in greyhound is not meant to represent the color of the animal. "Grey" is a Scandinavian word for bound, this particular species of animal from that country having the name. So that when we use the word "greyhound" we are really saying "bound-hound."

### Saving Machines

"Ah left mah last place," said Rastus in reply to his prospective employer's question, "cause of the labor-savin' contraptions."

"But why did you do that?"

"'Cause they saved up all the labor fo' mahself."

### Dogs

"You are fond of dogs?"

"I am."

"Why?"

"Because they are dumb animals who, after receiving favors, never talk about you."

### Had Nothing to Say

"Don't you deny your wife anything?" "How can I when she won't let me?"

Enough people can be offended by bad taste in advertising to lose some money.

## COULD NOT GET OUT OF BED

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Strengthened Her

Elkhart, Ind.—"I had a tired feeling and was unable to get out of bed without the help of my husband.

We heard of the Vegetable Compound and decided to try it. I am still taking it and it sure is a help to me. I can do my work without resting before I am through. I know that if women will give the Vegetable Compound a trial they can overcome those tired and worn-out feelings. I cannot express the happiness I have received and how completely it has made over my home."—Mrs. D. H. SHEAR, 1326 Laurel St., Elkhart, Indiana.

## BILIOUSNESS RELIEVED

Carter's Little Liver Pills  
Purify Vegetable Laxative

move the bowels free from pain and unpleasant after effects. They relieve the system of constipation poisons which many times cause a sour and acid condition in the system. Remember they are a doctor's prescription and can be given with absolute confidence to anybody. All Druggists 25c and 75c Red Packages.

## CARTER'S LITTLE PILLS

The old Greek philosophers condemned suicide, but made an exception of the custom of old people drinking poison hemlock.



THERE is nothing quite like Bayer Aspirin for all sorts of aches and pains, but be sure it is genuine Bayer; that name must be on the package, and on every tablet. Bayer is genuine, and the word genuine—in red—is on every box. You can't go wrong if you will just look at the box when you buy it!



## Sure Relief

### No more Heartburn

For correcting over-acidity, normalizing digestion and quickly relieving belching, gas, sourness, heartburn, nausea and other digestive disorders. Safe. Pleasant.

Normalizes Digestion and Sweetens the Breath



## BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

For Foot Rot in Sheep and Foul in Hoofs of Cattle  
Try Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh  
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

## \$1 Will Save Their Lives!

Thousands of testimonials from all parts of the U. S. speak with gratitude of marvelous results from LEE'S POULTRY TABLETS. Dollar box will safeguard your flock for a long time.

### For White Diarrhea, Cholera, Chicken Pox, Worms

This remedy is the formula of a foremost veterinarian, and is PROVEN by use over more than 10 years. Money-back guarantee with each box.

### Makes Ten Gallons

Each package contains enough tablets to make 10 gallons of medicine. Full directions on each box. This introductory offer will be withdrawn soon. Act now. Pin dollar bill to this ad and mail TODAY. Or we'll send tablets C.O.D. and you can pay postman 41 and few cents postage when delivered.

### Lee Poultry Co.

508 Continental Bldg., Oklahoma City, Okla.

### PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. Cleanses, Softens and Refreshes. Cleanses, Softens and Refreshes. Cleanses, Softens and Refreshes.

### FLORESTON SHAMPOO

Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 40 cents per bottle at drug stores. Hancock Chemical Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

### SCHOOL FOR MEN

Training for BUSINESS, TRADES or PROFESSIONS  
Enroll any time. Send for literature.  
OREGON INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY  
Y. M. C. A. Bldg., Portland, Oregon

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 22-1928.

The best climate for man to live in would average 51 degrees in temperature, according to one weather expert.



## Retain Your Good Looks Cuticura Will Help You

Every-day use of the Soap, assisted by the Ointment as needed to soothe and heal any irritations, does much to keep the skin fresh and youthful, the scalp free from dandruff and the hair healthy. Cuticura Talcum, smooth, cooling and fragrant, is the ideal toilet powder.

Keep 25c Ointment 25 and 50c Talcum 25c. Full directions where to buy. Cuticura Soap, 25c. Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.