

Sugar Long Esteemed
It is not known who invented, or discovered, sugar. Sugar has, it seems, been known since the dawn of history, but not in all countries. The Chinese appear to have delighted their palates with some sort of sugar for more than 3,000 years; and it was known in India earlier than in Europe, being made from a juicy reed or cane.

Choice Is Ours
One thing for ever remains our own, the right of choice, and no one can take that from us. We may not be able to change circumstances or to select our environment, but always it is ours to decide what we will do with them, whether we shall control them or allow them to control us.

First Grade of Silk Poor
The first real silk seen by the Western world was brought from India as far back as 274 A. D. But it wasn't silk as we know it today. Some of the ancient fabrics in existence today are heavy and uneven in texture, less like sheer modern silk than cotton cloth is like fine linen.

True Education
The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things but enjoy the right things—not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.—Ruskin.

Cut Flower Industry
Growing flowers as a business was unknown in America before 1825. The date of the opening of the first florist's shop is not ascertainable, but 99 years ago it was impossible to buy cut flowers in some of our leading cities.

Study in Psychology
When you haven't seen a friend for 20 years and then suddenly run across a picture of him as he is today—doesn't that give you an odd, creepy feeling in the region of the solar plexus?—Detroit Free Press.

Courageous Ignorance
The courage to say you don't know is probably the real beginning of finding out some facts. The fear of most of us that we will appear ignorant is one of the causes of our remaining ignorant.—Exchange.

Label All Medicines
A mistake often made by parents or older people is to discard labels from medicines; this often causes serious results by people making a mistake in the medicine which they have taken.

A Poor Job
Wife—"I think you're the meanest man alive." Husband—"That's hard on yourself. According to your mother, you have been the making of me."—London Tit-Bits.

Loose Scissors
A simple way to tighten scissors is to make a poker red hot and press the rivet at each side. This will cause it to expand, and the scissors will be like new.

Ability's High Point
The height of ability consists in a thorough knowledge of the real value of things, and of the genius of the age in which we live.—Rochefoucauld.

Grownups Are Silly
Small Boy (viewing tiny and very new brother with great dismay)—And they call that an interesting event!—London Sketch.

When Rest Is Needed
The best time to take a vacation is when one is tired and nervous, regardless of the season or convenience.—F. B. Morehead.

Biddy in Brainstorm
A hen that mistakes a mail plane for a chicken hawk should be examined by an alienist.—Indianapolis News.

Welsh Flannel Prized
Flannel made in Wales from the wool of the native mountain sheep has the highest reputation.

Egyptian Mummy Cases
Cedar or the light, durable wood of the fig tree was usually used for mummy cases in Egypt.

And Taxi Receipts
What this country needs is a motor that will eat dandelions and old razor blades.—Acheson Globe.

The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By HUGH PENDEXTER

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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

SYNOPSIS
Impoverished by the open-handed generosity of his father, Virginia gentleman, young Webster Brond is serving as a scout and spy for the army under General Braddock preparing for the advance on Fort Duquesne. He has just returned to Alexandria from a visit to the fort, where, posing as a Frenchman, he has secured valuable information. Braddock, bred to European warfare, fails to realize the importance of the news. Brond is sent back to Fort Duquesne, also bearing a message to George Croghan, English emissary among the Indians. Brond joins his friend and fellow scout, Round Paw, Indian chief, and they set out. On the way they fall in with a typical backwoodsman, Balar Cromit, who joins them. The party encounters a group of settlers threatening a young girl, Elsie Dinwiddie, whom they accuse of witchcraft. Brond saves her from them. The girl disappears.

CHAPTER III—Continued

I believed the French were whipped, for had I not recently visited Duquesne and obtained full knowledge of the fort's weakness and the red man's uneasiness? And yet there was something in Croghan's talk, or way of speaking, that left me depressed. When he declared the French were whipped, it almost seemed as if he were dwelling upon it just to keep his courage up.

But the morrow brought the vanguard of the Forty-fourth, and the entire regiment was in camp by midday. Then came General Braddock and his escort of light-horse, and the drums began the "Grenadiers' March," and the scene was gay and very colorful. I forgot my gloomy mood and huzzahed with the best of them. Two hours later, Colonel Dunbar and the Forty-eighth marched in, and there was more cheering and high spirits.

Now it did seem as if we soon could be about the business of driving the French behind the Great lakes. The artillery, however did not come up—and would not for another ten days—but what odds? Braddock was with us with his two invincible regiments. Even though their uniforms made them conspicuous targets, the French were too weak to oppose them. All that remained was to march swiftly to Duquesne and fly our royal banner in place of the Lilies.

Then we would shift our strength to the north and capture Niagara and Crown Point, and teach the New Englanders how to fight. Only a hundred and fifty miles remained to be covered before France's grip on the Ohio would be forever removed. Ah, but now we were in fine spirits those first few days after Braddock reached the creek. His very austerity was a guarantee of complete success. The colonies were confident the fall of the enemy was but a matter of days.

Braddock had arranged to send back the latest news by means of mounted expressmen. And every Thursday a western-bound mail-rider was to start from Philadelphia to overtake the army. I could vision the arrival of our express and the enthusiasm our bulletins would arouse when read aloud at every hostel.

And much good news was brought by Braddock and his staff. A large delegation of Catawbas and Cherokees were to meet men from the Long House at Winchester and provide us with an overwhelming red force. The Catawbas alone were to send us a hundred and fifty warriors. As a result of the Winchester council our camp would be overrun with red allies.

But no Indians came to join us. Croghan's belts to the lake tribes brought us neither Shawnee, Twilight, Wandot or Piankashaw. But, while a trifle disappointed, it really did not matter. If they would not fight with us then surely they would not fight against us. They were simply waiting until it was definitely decided who was to be the winner. If they refused to participate in active warfare, then so much the less would our efforts be to smooth them down. The French were whipped. We needed no Indians to aid us. To the inspiring tune of the "Grenadiers' March" white men would oust white men from Duquesne, and the heads of the Ohio would forever be sealed against the French.

Cromit had intended to enlist as a soldier, but had changed his mind after watching the provincials at their drill, and became a wagoner. Round Paw and I wandered about the camp unattached, enjoying the lively scenes. A few wagons, drawn by four horses each, began to come in. Our ardor might have been dampened if not for the promise made by Mr. Franklin. We looked to him for the necessary supply of horses, wagon and pack, and stout vehicles.

The ten days' delay in the arrival of the artillery was one cloud in our sky, for if it moved so slowly in making the creek what would be its rate of progress once it attempted the raw wilderness road now being constructed? To expedite the road we must lay down, St. Clair and Major Chapman, of the Forty-fourth, marched with six hundred men to smooth the way to the Little Meadows on the Youghiogeny, some thirty miles distant from Fort Cumberland. When we marched it would be in three divisions, under Hallet, young Horatio Gates and Dunbar.

What had surprised me was the number of white women in camp. I counted thirty wives of soldiers. In addition to these there were Croghan's sixty Iroquois women and children. Thus the noncombatants made a very



"What's This Confusion Mean? I Am Colonel Washington, Aide-de-Camp to General Braddock."

respectable showing and used up much of our provisions; and we were not well supplied with food. After our first high spirits had subsided a bit, we began to notice something else that might become very serious. The regulars, upon whom Braddock depended—almost exclusively—were falling ill in large numbers. They had been herded on transports and had been deprived of fresh provisions. Meat was the principal item of food on the creek and it was overvalued. The result might have been foreseen.

The coming of the army brought many woodsmen flocking to the creek, and I began to meet old acquaintances who had never heard me called anything except "Black" Brond. After a day or so they would slip away while others would take their place to observe silently and form opinions. I frequently saw General Braddock walking about the camp with his officers, and was shocked to observe he looked worried and discouraged. There was much muttering and complaining among the provincials. The commander, being a rigid drill master, insisted that the provincials be worked daily and made to go through the manual with fine precision. The provincials were slow and slovenly at maneuvers and aroused the general's disgust and contempt. This soon became generally known and was hotly resented.

I talked with some of the guards and endeavored to give them some

Odd Power of South American Vampire Bat

In his story of his explorations in South America, Dr. William McGovern has something to tell us about the dreaded vampire bat.

Bats are not believed to possess any saliva which could act as a local anesthetic; and yet it is a fact that they can insert their long teeth and suck out the blood of their victims without awakening them. Not a single case is known in which a sleeper has awakened while the vampires were at their work. It is also very curious that the bats never attack a person who is awake, however silent and motionless he may be.

He writes interestingly of the Amazonian medicine men.

The Indian medicine men are no doubt charlatans in many respects.

The People Above
Scientists in Siberia have discovered an elephant that has been petrified for 40,000 years, and we can't help wishing that the people in the apartment above ours would trade their pair for this one.—Detroit News.

Inking of the way war would be waged did the French have the temerity to give us battle. But they could not understand, having had no experience in our woods style of fighting. England had failed to find any merit in our rifles, although these typically American weapons resulted from long experience in forest-hunting and fighting, where the fear of Indians called for a minimum amount of noise and the maximum of accuracy, and where powder and lead were so precious that a small bore, long barrel piece was the only gun a man could carry any distance.

A sergeant was mildly curious about the little hinged box in the stock of the gun where I kept the greased patches of linen. I proudly explained the virtue of the patch, and he impatiently urged:

"You're a proper man. Put away that piece and enlist and learn how to fight."

"I am to serve as a scout."

"You're master dark of skin for an Englishman," he remarked, his dull gaze suddenly growing suspicious.

"My people were English. I was born in Virginia."

"You're black enough for a Frenchman."

"I was taken for a Frenchman at Duquesne this spring."

He grunted and walked away. I had forgotten him and was starting to visit the Iroquois camp when a babel of voices from the direction of the parade ground attracted my attention. A score of soldiers, released from drill, were bearing down on me in a very businesslike manner. My acquaintance, the sergeant, was leading them. They grouped around me and the sergeant said:

"We believe you're a spy from the French."

"Then report it to your superiors. But the man who calls me spy is a liar."

I dropped my long rifle in the hollow of my left arm and swung it about and enlarged the circle, and warned:

"It'll be easy for you men to murder me, but I'll take at least one of you with me. If you honestly believe me a spy, report me. But hands off."

The fellows lacked nothing in courage and I believe they would have risked closing in on me if not for the arrival of a horseman. He looked scornfully out of his teens, although only a year younger than I, or twenty-three. The horse, skillfully handled, swept a cleared space before me, and the rider sternly demanded:

"What's this confusion mean? I am Colonel Washington, aide de camp to General Braddock."

Of course I recognized him the moment I glimpsed him. The sergeant humbly explained:

"We believe, sir, he is a French spy. We came to take him before our captain."

He dismounted and took a sharp look at my dark face, and after a moment cried:

"Ha! Mr. Brond, of Alexandria. Webster Brond, whom I haven't seen these three years. What's this about you being a spy?"

"It's their imagination, Colonel. I reported to the council in Alexandria, after playing spy for the English at Duquesne. General Braddock himself will remember me."

"Then it was you who was before the council," he cried and thrust out his hand. "I arrived after you had left and in the confusion I did not hear your name."

Turning to the soldiers he said:

Hare Evidently Had Good Ear for Music

The late Rev. H. Eastcote of Exeter, England, once told the story of five choristers who, one Sunday evening, were walking along the banks of the Mersey in Cheshire. After a time they sat down on the grass and began to sing an anthem. A hare passing with great swiftness toward the place where they were sitting stopped at about twenty yards distance from them.

She appeared to be highly delighted with the music, and as soon as the singers ceased returned slowly to the wood. When she had nearly reached the end of the field the choristers began to sing again.

The hare stopped, turned round, and came swiftly to the same place and remained listening in seeming rapture and delight until the singing ceased, when it returned to the woods.

Patriotic Chinese Girls

Students of the Jing Nylh girls' school at Shanghai have set a new precedent in Chinese war relief work. They have organized to help the soldiers at the front and to send them gifts, including socks and cigarettes. At a recent theatrical entertainment hundreds of girls pledged themselves to procure funds and gifts for the "Nationalist boys at the front."

Cute in a Baby—Awful at Three—and it's Dangerous—by Ruth Brittain



Thumb sucking does look sweet in a baby, but it is disgusting in the three-year-old and sometimes it hangs on until fifteen or sixteen! The habit may cause an ill-formed mouth or induce adenoids; and it always interferes with digestion. Pinning the sleeve over the hand; attaching mittens, or putting on cardboard cuffs, which prevent bending the arms at the elbows, are some of the ways to stop the habit.

Another bad habit—irregularity in bowel action—is responsible for weak bowels and constipation in babies. Give the tiny bowels an opportunity to act at regular periods each day. If they don't act at first, a little Fletcher's Castoria will soon regulate them. Every mother should keep a bottle of it handy to use in case of colic, cholera, diarrhea, gas on stomach and bowels, constipation, loss of sleep, or when baby is cross and feverish. Its gentle influence over baby's system enables him to get full nourishment from his food, helps him gain, strengthens his bowels.

Castoria is purely vegetable and harmless—the recipe is on the wrapper. Physicians have prescribed it for over 30 years. With each package, you get a valuable book on Motherhood. Look for Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper so you'll get the genuine.

Lions at a Bargain

Lions may be bought for less than greyhounds, according to a valuation placed on wild beasts at the London zoo. Eleven are valued at only \$250 each. Tigers are worth at least double, while the Indian rhinoceros, priced at \$5,000, has the highest figure. Hippopotami are considered less valuable, one-year-old "Jimmy" being listed at \$2,000. The total valuation of all the zoo animals is nearly \$175,000.

Another Kind of Trouble

First Lady—She order take care of that cough of hers. I remember she told me once her old father died of throat trouble.

Second Lady—Ah, but his wasn't the same sort. He was hanged!

They Stay Put

"Are good husbands hard to find?" asked the sweet young thing.

"No," replied the old married woman, "a good husband spends his time around home and you always know where he is."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not a Word

First Maid—Your fiance stutters quite a bit, doesn't he?

Second Maid—Yes; but it doesn't matter. After we are married he won't have a thing to say, anyway.

The wise worm doesn't crawl out until after the early bird has eaten his breakfast.



DON'T suffer headaches, or any of those pains that Bayer Aspirin can end in a hurry! Physicians prescribe it, and approve its free use, for it does not affect the heart. Every druggist has it, but don't fail to ask the druggist for Bayer. And don't take any but the box that says Bayer, with the word genuine printed in red!



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoceticoicidester of Salicylicacid

Chickens Rapidly "Picked"

Machine-picked chickens may be the next innovation in the market if a machine from England is widely adopted. By this machine the feathers are plucked by suction, pin feathers and all, at the rate of a bird a minute. The feathers are drawn into a fan-shaped contraption and stuffed dry into a bag. The fan makes 500 revolutions a minute, sufficient to strip an ordinary fryer. It takes about 700 whirrlings to pick an old rooster or a hen past its laying prime.

Not one person in 1,000 can describe interestingly a movie he has seen. We've quit trying.

"AS NECESSARY AS BREAD"

Mrs. Skahan's Opinion of Pinkham's Compound

Saugus Centre, Mass.—"I have taken 10 bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and would no more be without a bottle in the house than I would be without bread. It has made a new woman of me. I used to be so cross with my husband when I was suffering that I don't know how he stood me. Now I am cheerful and strong and feel younger than I did ten years ago when my troubles began."—Mrs. JOHN SKAHAN, 23 Emory St., Saugus Centre, Mass.



how he stood me. Now I am cheerful and strong and feel younger than I did ten years ago when my troubles began."—Mrs. JOHN SKAHAN, 23 Emory St., Saugus Centre, Mass.

POISON IVY

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

COMPLEXION IMPROVED

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS
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 pimples. Remember they are a doctor's prescription and can be taken by the entire family. All Druggists 25c and 75c Red Packages.

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes dandruff, itching, restores color and beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists, Elizabeth Church, Wm. F. Packard, N. Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO

Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Historic Chemical Works, Patheogue, N. Y.

KREMOLA SKIN BLEACH

Wonderful and sure. Makes your skin beautiful, also cures eczema. Price 25c. Free trial. Write for FREE TRIAL. Use over forty years. \$1.25 and 50c. Beauty Book and Cream Free. Ask your dealer or write Dr. C. H. BERRY CO., 2975 Michigan, Chicago.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 28-1928.

PROOF RESTS WITH PATIENTS
Letters and names and addresses of hundreds of grateful patients contained in our FREE BOOK on Rectal and Colon ailments also details of Dr. C. J. Dean non-surgical method of treatment, which we use exclusively. Send for it today and learn of our WRITTEN ASSURANCE TO ELIMINATE PILES OR BE REFUNDED.

DEAN RECTAL & COLON CLINIC
1001 PLYMOUTH ST. SEATTLE, WASH. D.C. 1001 PLYMOUTH ST. SEATTLE, WASH. D.C. 1001 PLYMOUTH ST. SEATTLE, WASH. D.C.

Fresh Youthful Skin And Live Healthy Hair
KeptsoyCuticura. Regular use of the Soap, assisted by the Ointment as needed to soothe and heal any irritations, will keep the complexion fresh and clear and the hair healthy. Cuticura Talcum, fragrant and refreshing, is ideal for daily use.

Keep the Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 50c. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. Address: "Keptsoy Laboratories, Dept. 84, Malden, Mass. 02148." Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.