

Lives on Sea Bottom
The common American lobster is found along the Atlantic coast from Delaware to Labrador. When mature, says Nature Magazine, it never rises to the surface of the water, but lives exclusively on the sea bottom, where it walks about nimbly on its slender legs. These legs are not strong enough to bear the weight of its body if it is removed from its native element.

Tommy "Guessed" It
The family was at the dinner table excepting mother, who was in the kitchen preparing the dessert. Some one suggested that each one guess what the dessert would be. Six-year-old Tommy, not being able to wait and see which one was right, slipped to the kitchen door and peeked. "I think it's cake," explained Tommy, "but I'll take another see."

Rare Musical Gift
Absolute pitch is the gift of being able to pitch a musical tone exactly without having an instrument with which to compare it. This gift is rare. Many people may possess the talent of relative pitch, that is, be able to calculate the pitch of any tone having heard a note. A for instance, sounded on an instrument.

Africa Home of the Date
More than 1,000 different kinds of dates are known to the Arabs, but only 10 or 15 have proved commercially valuable in the United States and only four or five are being planted on any considerable scale. More than half the date palms in this country were derived from North Africa.

Buffalo's Wide Range
The buffalo ranged over the greater part of North America. Its natural home probably was the grassy plain extending from Texas to Great Slave lake, but it is known to have lived in New York and Virginia, and to have roamed west as far as the Sierra Nevada range.

Perfume Supply Assured
Cold weather could kill all the flowers in the world and still not deprive us of perfumes. We have learned how to get them from sources in no way related to flowers—sources that sometimes are anything but fragrant.—Popular Science Monthly.

Tombstone Mars Boy
You're not even safe in a cemetery, says a National Safety Council bulletin. A boy leaned against a tombstone, which toppled over, pinning him beneath it and causing serious injuries which may disfigure him for life.

Pony Express Mail
The mail carried by the Pony express bore, in addition to the regular rate of postage, the rate charged by the contractor. The fees ranged from \$3 to \$5 for each one-half ounce from California to New York.

He Will
Probably the surest thing is that the man who is willing to become a candidate, at great personal sacrifice of course, if the people want him, will decide that they do.—Ohio State Journal.

Range of White Pine
White pine which is often called yellow pine, and is known in England as Quebec pine, grows throughout eastern Canada, being most abundant in northern Ontario and Quebec.

Inconsistency
It specially annoys me to see a crook showing indignation because of the great dishonesty in the world, or a fool denouncing the world for folly.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

'Tis Passing Strange
It's funny about a man who can't find his wife among eight people in a theater lobby being able to point out which of a dozen standard golf balls is his.—Detroit News.

"Land of Oranges"
About 90 per cent of the orange crop of California is produced in a strip ten miles wide and sixty miles long, lying at the foot of the Sierras.

Essentials for Girls
Girls should be taught, above all, how to dance and to sew. They will know what to do with both their hands and feet.—Woman's Home Companion.

Qualities of Balsam Fir
The wood of the balsam fir is very light in color, and, being odorless, is very suitable for boxes intended for packing food materials.

The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By HUGH PENDEXTER Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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THE STORY
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 Dinwood, whom they accuse of witchcraft. Brond saves her from them. The girl disappears. Webster delivers his message to Croghan. Young Col. George Washington rescues Brond from bullying English soldiers. He warns a bully in a fight, and finds Elsie Dinwood. Brond is sent on a scouting expedition to Fort Duquesne, and finds a French scouting party besieging an old cabin in which Elsie has taken refuge. In the ensuing fight she escapes. Brond takes his way to Duquesne. Carrying out his plan to enter the fort unopposed, Brond visits an Indian town which a woman sashem, Allaquippa, controls. There he meets a French officer, Falest, who has failed in his attempt to win over Allaquippa to the French cause.

lage I noted his gaze was ever wandering toward the forest on the north of the town. "Monsieur expects some one," I murmured. "Ah, Monsieur Sharp Eyes! Sacre! But you speak true. The Huron should be here before this. Pardon, monsieur, if I appear distrustful over the failure of one of our Hurons to arrive with war belts from the lake tribes. If the Huron had arrived last night, as arranged, we would make the old woman much afraid. A big show of belts might shake her out of her cursed partiality to the English." And after all the Onondaga's ax had done good work in dropping the carrier of belts. I felt much encouraged.

Some children came running toward us from between the huts. They were followed by a dozen sullen-faced Delawares and some women. Then Allaquippa herself appeared, and walking by her side, still dressed as a man and carrying the short rifle of the Frenchman Beauvais, was the Dinwood girl. She gave a start of surprise on beholding me, but I made no sign of recognition, and she held her tongue.

Queen Allaquippa was withered of face and sharp of features, and very keen of eye. There was displeasure in her countenance as she gazed on us. She halted, and we did likewise.

them live or tread on the river Ohio. Take this hatchet and hold it with a strong hand, edge against the English, and this shall remain your country."

He paused for a moment and stared intently into the set angry face of the woman and then advanced, holding the war belt in his two hands. She folded her arms and would not accept it. He hung it over her shoulder. With a twist of her body she dislodged it and it fell to the ground. Then, snatching the short rifle from the Dinwood girl, she flipped the belt to one side, taking great care not to touch it with her hands. In a deep masculine voice, she replied: "Brother Onontio: I have heard from the English. The Delawares will not accept your war belt. Your hatchet lies in the dirt where you threw it. The road to the Allegheny was smooth and easy to travel. Then came the French to make it bloody and slippery. I will not take your belt. Give it to some of those warriors. They may take it and pick up your hatchet."

"The old red devil" grated Falest, and he turned on his heel and stalked back to his cabin.

Now I had time to look at the Dinwood girl; she was frowning as if perplexed at my attitude. Allaquippa quickly demanded my attention by coming close and asking: "What does the white man want here? Does he bring more red belts from the Ohio?"

"I came here to eat and rest before going to Duquesne."

"You talk our tongue like the French. You have a French heart."

It was necessary that all her warriors should believe this even though it meant that my hair might be in a hoop before I could make the fort. I declared my loyalty to France and was the target for many scowling glances. Allaquippa warned: "Frenchmen do not sleep well in Allaquippa's town. They have had dreams and dream they are ghosts, that a Delaware ax is sticking in their heads."

Without further speech she walked back to her cabin. The Dinwood girl lingered.

"What do you do here?" I asked. "Why are you not back at Will's creek?"

"I am English, mister, but I have found the English cruel," she sullenly told me. "Now I will try the French." With a flare of anger she added, "What is it to you where I go, or how I fare, mister?"

"You are a woman and need help."

"God forgive me, if He hasn't forgotten me! Yes, I have needed help. Three times you have helped me. If all the English were like you—" She turned from me while she conquered her weakness; then with a little toss of her head and a mirthless laugh she became the wild thing of Der Hexenkopf, and cried: "I am neither English, nor French. I am a daughter of a witch, of a family of witches. I make little children sick. I send sickness to cattle and dogs. They nail horseshoes over their doors to break my wicked spells."

"That's all behind you. You're very young. You can be very happy."

"Mayhap I shall find happiness among the French. If not with them, then among the Indians. I can stay here. The Indian woman knows I am a woman and likes me, I think. She is kind to me. Nothing can harm me here."

"And lend a red life and forget your white blood! It's unthinkable," I hotly protested.

Then I sought to reason with her and urged her to start back to meet the army. Allaquippa would give her an escort of Delawares. But the one wild notion of finding happiness away from the settlements filled her small head, and she replied: "I will go on even if I die in the woods. I have talked with Mr. Falest. He speaks good English." He knows I am a woman and promised he would tell no one. I believe he's an honest man."

"I too know Falest. I believe him to be an honorable man. I will talk with him not to take you to Duquesne; that you are young and do not know your own mind," I warned her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"The English Are Cruel. I Will Try the French," She Sullenly Told Me.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"Faugh!" exclaimed Falest. Whither do you travel?"

"I have been scouting far to the east, monsieur, in company with one of our Indians. I am on my way to Duquesne, and stopped here to see if the Indian woman is holding her red children from picking up our ax."

"Monsieur, she is a daughter of the devil. I have waited two days to offer her a belt. She salks in her cabin and will not see me. Her men are uneasy. Today they are drunk and would take our belts if not for her. She opposes France. She must die."

"Of a certainty, Monsieur Falest. Our minds run as one. But the French must not appear in it, eh?"

"Fard! No. But an accident? Yes. One of her drunken warriors fires a gun. Behold! The old red shrew is dead. We will see. We will have patience for a bit. It must not happen—the accident—while any Frenchman is in the village. No, no. Now for the news. I am hungry to hear how it goes with Braddock and his army."

"The army is large and will bring much artillery. The road building goes on but slowly. How do our red children at Duquesne feel about it?"

"Ah, le bon Dieu! How can they feel? They believe the forest from Duquesne to the Potomac is filling up with red-coated English. They will not fight, I fear."

"Not fight! Run away without striking a blow?"

"Oh, they may strike a blow near the fort; but they will not come very far to meet the English. Their veins are filled with milk. Since early winter they have been hearing about the huge army Braddock will bring. Captain Beaujeu, who succeeded Monsieur de Contrecoeur as commandant, has great influence over them. What man can do, Captain Beaujeu will do. But they have not the great art."

"Our only hope is to steal the Delawares away from the English and have them annoy the army all along the line of march. If this village and others would lay ambushes and keep on the skirts of the army and pick off their scouts and sentinels, then the English spirit might weaken. If the army can be harassed from the Little crossing to the Monongahela by surprise attacks, our fort Indians might do something, at least enough to make the taking of the fort very costly and prevent Braddock from marching against Niagara, or sending aid to the army attacking Crown Point. Monsieur Beland, it grieves me to confide to you that Fort Duquesne is lost."

"Such talk is madness, monsieur," I hotly protested. "It will be time to say that after the fort has been taken. I shall hasten to Duquesne to tell Captain Beaujeu what I have learned, monsieur."

"Good! I will try again to see the old red woman and offer her our belts. There is another man here, much younger than you, who wishes to get through to Duquesne. He will travel with me. He is English but has a French heart. Allaquippa makes him welcome, but she will not send a body of her savages to escort him safe to the fort. She fears they might not return to her. Accompany me, if you care, monsieur, and witness how my last attempt turns out."

We left the cabin, and what few warriors we met eyed us with curiosity but with no enthusiasm. Falest nervously fingered the tiny ax pendant and looped the belt over his left arm. As we slowly walked through the vil-

some ten feet apart. Falest produced a long-stemmed pipe and filled it with a mixture of willow bark and tobacco. Lighting this, he took a few puffs and handed it to a warrior who gave it to Allaquippa.

The woman sashem hesitated, but her village was small and too close to Duquesne for any needless flouting of the French. She smoked. Falest spoke more for the benefit of the spectators than in a hope of winning over the sashem and used, in my estimation, poor diplomacy. He harshly began: "Brethren the Delawares; six months ago Onontio sent you a message, asking you to return to your old home on the Allegheny, but while Onontio has waited long and has been heavy of heart you have not come. Now Onontio fears the road has grown rough and your feet have become soft and tender. He sends you these four strings of wampun to clear away the sharp stones and briars."

He advanced and extended four strings of white wampun which Allaquippa received with open reluctance. Her beady eyes glittered malevolently as she met and held the Frenchman's gaze.

Falest stepped back and continued: "Brethren, I am here to tell you that your father and my master, the king of the French, is coming to visit you and take you under his care. You must not listen to any evil words that you hear, for he will not hurt you. He has something to say to the English, but you are to sit on your mats and not mind what your father does to the English, for he will not let

Should Not Be Ready for "Shell" at Sixty
Many of the finest achievements in statesmanship, literature, medicine and the arts have been made by men of sixty or over. Is not Dr. W. W. Keen at 91 one of the foremost physicians of the world? Edison is at work at 80; the statesman, Arthur James Balfour, 89; Elihu Root, 82; Von Hindenburg, 80; Clemenceau, 86. The astronomer Galileo, the philosopher Herbert Spencer and Lamarek; Browning and Goethe, the poets, Verdi the composer, produced their masterpieces between the ages of 70 and 85. Titian painted at 93. Sarah Bernhardt and Joseph Jefferson acted at 75. Most of the successful generals in the World war were far past the American War department retiring age of 64.

It is certain that productive mental activity is greatest after the age of 40, provided that the health of the individual is good and that cares and responsibilities do not take away his ambitions.—Scientific Monthly.

Georgia's State Bird
After much excited balloting the brown thrush was selected as Georgia's state bird. The purple martin and red-headed woodpecker were close seconds. The brown thrasher was selected because of his qualities as song bird and permanent resident. The martin is a migrant and not fitted to be a year-round official bird. The woodpecker developed surprising strength particularly among the juvenile voters. They figured any bird as industrious as the woodpecker deserved reward. The brown thrasher is a member of the well-known thrush family, the mocking-bird subfamily.

Sparrows Are Fewer
According to the Department of Agriculture the English sparrow is declining in numbers in this country, both in cities and in rural districts. These birds were introduced into the United States in the early 1850s. For 30 or 40 years they multiplied rapidly and spread throughout the country. Many people thought they would become a serious pest. But nature seems to have taken them in hand and is setting a balance in regard to them.—Pathfinder Magazine.

World's Sunday Schools
The Federal Council of Churches says that the total number of Sunday schools in the world is estimated at 347,001. The total membership is estimated at 32,677,611. The total number of Sunday schools in Europe is estimated at 83,388, with 9,100,000 members. The total number of Sunday schools in the United States is estimated at 195,343, with 19,970,000 members.

Stone Roads in Italy
Practically all highways in Italy are built of stone that is crushed by hand. All day long the peasant laborers sit in the shelter of their sunshades and make "little ones out of big ones." Although the method of road building is very primitive, the highways are excellent when completed.

Time Brings Changes
The old-fashioned woman, whose wedding ring stayed on her finger from the day it was put on till the day of her death now has a daughter whose ring stays on until she takes it off to put another one on.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Horse Furniture
Mrs. Pester—Nose bag! Indeed! Where do you get that idea? That's a hand-embroidered laundry bag. It's nothing like a nose bag.
Her Husband—That's what I thought. It's a nose bag for a clothes-horse.

Complimented?
He was no Adonis, but his heart was gold. He presented her with an unusually ugly pug dog on her birthday.
She warbled: "Oh, thank you, Harold. It's just like you, so it is!"

Perfectly Sweet
"Do you think Liz minded that awful lawsuit she was mixed up in?"
"Why, my dear, I think she rather enjoyed it—I know she told me they had a grand jury!"

Sedentary Job
At one time dramatic critics used to sit on the stage. Nowadays they merely sit on the author, the cast, the scenery and the producer.—Humorist, London.

Inexorable Campaigner
"Do you forgive your enemies?"
"I forgive 'em," answered Senator Sorghum. "But I still cherish the belief that they were awful fools!"

The human shrub never brings forth blossoms of perfection.

What Will you do

When your Children Cry for It

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That Would Be New
"I wish I could think of something new for a literary afternoon," sighed Eloise.
"Don't have lettuce sandwiches," suggested Alfred.

The Proof
Wife—I see that my husband has dried the dishes.
Visitor—How do you know?
Wife—They are still wet.

On Matrimonial Seas
"He lost his bachelorship!"
"Yes, it was carried away by a permanent wave."

Some fellows couldn't even tell the truth in a diary.

Learning and wisdom are not always on good terms.

HELPED DURING MIDDLE AGE

Woman Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Denver, Colo.—"I have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and will take more. I am taking it as a tonic to help me through the Change of Life and I am telling many of my friends to take it as I found nothing before this to help me. I had so many bad feelings at night that I could not sleep and for two years I could not go down town because I was afraid of falling. My mother took the Vegetable Compound years ago with good results and now I am taking it during the Change of Life and recommend it"—Mrs. T. A. MILLER, 1611 Adams Street, Denver, Colorado.

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