

The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By Hugh Pendexter

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers

Copyright by Hugh Pendexter,
WNU Service

CHAPTER VI—Continued

Repeating my instructions, and reminding him that he would be favorably received as a scout for the colonies, the Onondaga and I swung into the path and made for the cabins. Having already been guests in the village, we did not go through the formality of shouting our names.

We went to the cabin set aside for strangers and were promptly served with meat and a coarse bread. It was evident that Queen Allaquippa did not wish us to delay our departure. We did not propose leaving however, until Cromit had put in his appearance. News forwarded from Duquesne would be useless unless the McDowell's mill man was willing to carry it to the army. Before departing for the fort, I had to satisfy myself that Cromit would not be refused shelter in the village; so we ate our meat leisurely and fought the minutes.

Having finished and wiped our fingers on little bundles of dried grass I proceeded to mend my moccasins. After I had made my foot gear as good as new I advised the Onondaga to take his time.

When I believed an hour had elapsed, I peered through a small hole at the end of the cabin and beheld Cromit striding through the woods. He halted and shouted the guest call and was promptly confronted by several warriors. They talked with him for a few moments and then gladly shouted:

"Ingelishman! Ingelishman!"

They seized his hands and patted his shoulders and in a hospitable pantomime waved their arms and pointed toward the cabins.

He entered the village and the word was rapidly passed that he was "Ingelishman"; and where we had received scowls and frowns he beheld nothing but beaming countenances. He wandered about and passed our cabin and beheld us but gave no sign of recognition. A warrior must have informed him that we were French in our sympathies for he paused and made derisive gestures at us, whereat the savages laughed in great enjoyment. I was afraid the audacious rascal would challenge us to a fight, or play some other trick. Now satisfied his welcome would be permanent I picked up my rifle and, with the Onondaga, stepped outside.

That day we advanced with great caution and made slow progress. It was the back trail that held our attention. More than once we drew to one side of the path and waited to learn if we were pursued.

All timber originally crowding against the fort had been leveled for a considerable depth. Vast cornfields stretched for a fourth of a mile up the Allegheny and the Monongahela. In addition to these, there were many kitchen gardens along the Allegheny. On the Monongahela, there were a number of mills.

We struck the clearing at a point opposite the eastern gate, a rather pretentious portal of ten feet in width, swinging on hinges and having a wicket in the middle. Inside the stockade were two storehouses, or magazines, as many barracks, a guardhouse and prison, the commandant's residence and the chapel. All these were very stoutly built of heavy logs and backed up to within three feet of the stockade, the intervening space being packed with earth, and the board roofs at the eaves lying level with the ramparts. There were no pickets, nor pointed palisades, and from our position it looked as if the whole enclosure was roofed over.

We emerged from the woods and made for the eastern gate, and our coming seemed to be unnoticed. One of the Canadian militia was lazily guarding the gate, half asleep because of the hot sun. After scrutinizing us for a few moments he said: "I greet you, m'sieu. You would see Captain de Beaujeu?"

I expressed that desire, and he yawned and called a soldier and told him to take my name to the commandant. Very soon the messenger returned and said I was to follow him. The Onondaga dropped behind to stroll about the enclosure. I was conducted to the commandant's house between the guardhouse and the western gate. All the way from Allaquippa's town, I had been schooling my nerves for this meeting. There could be no partial success; either I would remain unsuspected, or go into a Huron kettle. I realized that some tongue might have wagged since my former visit, for news travels fast in the forest. All doubts vanished, however, when Captain Beaujeu ran from the house and embraced me warmly. In dress and appearance, I was only a *coureur de bois*, but on our first meeting I had given the name of an old family whose fortunes were ruined, but whose blood held good.

Captain Beaujeu was forty-four years of age, a native of Montreal. His father had been a captain at Three Rivers, and forest fighting ran in the blood. The son already wore the cross of a Knight of St. Louis and had served as commandant at Niagara. He was absolutely incapable of fear and possessed a soul courage that went well with his heart. Other Frenchmen, who did little in comparison with his supreme accomplishment

are registered on the printed page, but few in these latter days know the deeds of Beaujeu.

We had some wine and he pressed me for news. I gave him a part of the information Cromit had brought me. It was correct so far as it went, but I made no mention of the general sickness among the soldiers, nor of the uneasiness among the regulars and provincials, nor of the jealousies and bitterness among the officers. In so far as I talked, I spoke truthfully for his spies had been, and would be, keeping him informed, and I had no desire to be proved a liar. When I had finished, I eagerly asked:

"We will fight, eh?"

"We will fight. I find there are some things a Chevalier of St. Louis cannot do—run away without making a fight."

"Good!" I exclaimed. "Then reinforcements have arrived?"

"We are weaker in regulars and militia than we were in the spring," he calmly replied. "But we have increased our Indian force a little. Monsieur, you are devoted to France. You have cast your lot with us. You



He Was Absolutely Incapable of Fear and Possessed a Soul Courage That Went Well With His Heart.

are entitled to the truth. The Indians are uneasy. Nay, they are frightened. They may refuse to make a fight. I make myself believe they will lift the ax and dispute Braddock's progress. But I have dreamed of waking and finding their huts empty, of finding my red allies returning to their northern villages. There have been no reinforcements from Canada. I have sent messages to describe our desperate plight, but no men come back.

"And, my friend, I have some news that is later than yours. A runner arrived yesterday, saying the army has reached Jacobs' creek and is waiting there for provisions to be brought up. So the English are having their troubles. I only pray that they come by the easy crossings of the Monongahela. If they do, I propose to lay an ambush just before they reach the river. By Our Lady's help we may surprise them. But if Braddock chooses to march across Turtle creek, twelve miles from its mouth, there will be no chance for an ambush; for the country, although rough for travel, has no good cover for a surprise attack. If he comes along that line, then all we can do is to die fighting."

"Let us hope for the best," I said. I was devoutly sincere in saying it, only my "best" was not his.

He laughed softly and replied: "Monsieur Beland, what is there left for us to fight with except hope? Still it is good to show these stolid English how a Frenchman can die. I will attack even if the army comes by the Turtle creek route; and I shall

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

die, as the Indians will not make a fight in that country.

"Walk about the fort, monsieur, and spirit up the men with a few words. I must be busy for a bit of rounding out my plans for a grand coup. But we will dine leisurely tonight. There will be several at the table whom you met on your former visit. There will be Lieutenant de Carqueville, Sieur de Parieux and Lieutenant de la Parade. The brothers de Normandie are out on a scout and won't come in until the enemy is very close."

"Poor Dupuy has served his king and has gone to his reward. I do not think you met him. A brave simple soul who knew no fear. Nor was Lieutenant Beauvais here on your first visit, but he is a most pleasing man, and you will rejoice in forming his acquaintance."

"Lieutenant Beauvais," I repeated, the two words ringing oddly in my ears.

"You have met him in Montreal, perhaps?"

"The name sounds familiar. But I recall no officer acquaintance of that name."

"Somehow you two impress me as being much alike. The pleasure will be mutual, I know. I only regret poor Dupuy could not be here."

"I regret to infer from your words, monsieur, that your friend is dead."

"Killed on a recent scout. It is the reward of the forest brave men."

My mind was whirling. My words seemed to come without any mental effort and I did not realize what I was saying until I had said it. De Beaujeu, as he escorted me to the door, added:

"Like yourself Beauvais is a man of deeds. He loves to go alone into the dangerous places."

"You flatter me, monsieur. And what hour do we dine?"

"We will not wait for Lieutenant Beauvais after seven. He should be here today."

There came a great surge of relief. His speech cleared the situation somewhat, Dupuy, killed by the Onondaga outside the little cabin, had been reported dead by the French Indians. Beauvais had been captured inside the cabin and his three red companions had died. So, there were no witnesses to his fate.

Then I remembered the Frenchman carrying belts to Allaquippa and in parting from the commandant said:

"And Monsieur Falet? I trust to see him. Of course he has told you of our meeting in Allaquippa's town. I liked him much."

"Wait, wait, monsieur! If you please, tell me about Monsieur Falet. He should be here before now. He carries belts from the governor of Canada. The belts were refused. A Huron, who carried belts from Pontiac, was found dead just outside the village. I am anxious to hear the details."

Now for a surety was I nonplused. He was waiting for Falet to come, and Falet had started twelve hours ahead of me. But Falet had not arrived, and yet the commandant knew the belts were refused by Allaquippa and that the Huron was dead. I stole a glance at his dark face, wondering if he were playing with me—if his cordial welcome was but a piece of mockery. He detected something in my face, and further inquired:

"You have kept back some bad news, monsieur?"

His tone was hard and brittle, that of a commandant rather than of a courteous host. I told him:

"Your words have surprised me, Monsieur Falet started for this place early last evening, intending to make a night trip of it. He was accompanied by a young Englishman who has a French heart."

"Sacre bleu! Do you rave, or are my ears lying to me?" he fiercely demanded.

"Monsieur de Beaujeu!" I exclaimed. The bewilderment reflected in my thin face must have impressed him as being genuine, for he hastily cried:

"A thousand pardons if I seem to be rude, Monsieur Beland. But here is a mystery. Ha! Perhaps a bloody mystery. One that bodes ill for Duquesne."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

World's Great Had to Overcome Grave Ills

Not an individual living is absolutely free from handicaps. Some of us are physically disabled, others are mentally harassed, hundreds suffer both, writes Louis E. Biseh in the American Magazine. We struggle with deformity; we fight disease; we wrestle with doubts, feelings of inferiority, oversensitiveness, uncontrollable temper, all sorts of distressing disabilities. Even the greatest among us are handicapped like that. Every human being is prevented somehow from fulfilling his highest destiny.

Many of our greatest men were handicapped by disease, and somehow surmounted it. Milton and Handel were blind. Beethoven was deaf and Kents had tuberculosis. Pope was deformed. Caesar suffered from epilepsy. Lamb and his sister were subject to repeated attacks of insanity. Fielding wrote his rollicking book, "Tom Jones," while melancholy. Florence

Nightingale did some of her best executive work while bedridden. The list, indeed, is a long one. These people achieved in spite of a hardship.

Hardly Worth While

Fault finding is an easy habit to acquire. No talent, no brains, no character, no education is needed to establish yourself as a grumbler, and the rewards are usually commensurate with the investment.—Grit.

Fashion Defined

Fashion is the science of appearances, and it inspires one with the desire to seem rather than to be.—Chapin.

Our Great Men

Some of our great men have been immortalized in biography.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



Has Splendid Record in Planting Trees

During the last fifteen years Thomas C. Luther, champion planter of the American Tree association, has planted 8,000,000 trees in Saratoga county, New York. What was formerly a scarred and deforested area, victimized by ruthless lumber cutters, is now well on its way toward being the greatest private forest in the country. "For every tree planted in the United States," says Mr. Luther, "four are cut down. And for every four trees cut down in Europe, twelve are planted. We are faced by different problems, of course, but nevertheless the figures are instructive. . . . It is my ambition to spread the doctrine of practical forestry in the United States, and by practical forestry I simply mean selective cutting and conscientious replanting."

With a Thomas Luther in every state, the noble theory of conservation would come dangerously near getting a practical trial.

Study to Improve Bowling

Science has been making an analysis of bowling to determine the rate of speed of the balls, how much they curve and other interesting factors about them, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. Dr. L. W. Taylor of Oberlin college has devised an apparatus whereby the passage of a ball is registered to the hundredth of a second at twenty-inch intervals down the alley. A catapult is used to propel the ball. From facts so far learned, some of the accepted theories with regard to a ball's motion have been found incorrect, but friction seems to vary with the speed.

Umbrella Collector

A very absent-minded man, accompanied by his wife, was returning home from the theater.

As they reached the door of their suburban home the man clutched his wife's arm.

"Now who is absent-minded?" he cried triumphantly, producing two umbrellas from under his arm. "You've forgotten your umbrella, but I've mine and yours as well!"

The woman gazed at him pityingly. "Idiot!" she exclaimed. "Neither of us had one."

Teaching Value of Rice

Although Hamburg is the chief port of the world's rice shipping, the people of the city and of Germany generally consume comparatively little. Rice interests now are conducting a nation-wide campaign to increase the per capita consumption by distributing handbills showing the food value of rice and booklets telling how to prepare it.

A Correction

Mr. Laurels—Does it not move you strangely, to watch the moonlight shimmering on the lake?

Miss Gaspee—You said it! But, say, you mispronounce that word. Didn't you mean, "The moonlight shimmering on the lake?"

Fair Enough

"He wh- dances must pay the fiddler."

"Why not? You have to settle with the tailor if you wear clothes."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Don't follow the crowd if you want to be a leader.

The quiet action of the little wasp is responsible for many loud words.



WHAT DR. CALDWELL LEARNED IN 47 YEARS PRACTICE

A physician watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the system and is not habit forming. Syrup Pepsin is pleasant-tasting, and youngsters love it.

Dr. Caldwell did not approve of drastic physics and purges. He did not believe they were good for anybody's system. In a practice of 47 years he never saw any reason for their use when Syrup Pepsin will empty the bowels just as promptly.

Do not let a day go by without a bowel movement. Do not sit and hope, but go to the nearest druggist and get one of the generous bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

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!"

RECOMMENDS IT TO OTHERS

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helps Her So Much

Cleveland, Ohio.—"I sure recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any woman in the condition I was in. I was so weak and run-down that I could hardly stand up. I could not eat and was full of misery. A friend living on Arcade Avenue, told me about this medicine and after taking ten bottles my weakness and nervousness are all gone. I feel like living again. I am still taking it until I feel strong like before. You may use this letter as a testimonial."—Miss Elizabeth Toso, 14913 Hale Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, OR., 37-1928.



In isolated Russia chronic drinks are given the same treatment as persons suffering from smallpox or any other pestilence. They are confined as a menace to health and life of the community.

Isolate Drunkards

In isolated Russia chronic drinks are given the same treatment as persons suffering from smallpox or any other pestilence. They are confined as a menace to health and life of the community.

ATWATER KENT

Of course you're going to hear Hoover and Smith

THANKS to radio, they expect to talk directly to every voter in the United States. Where is the family that can afford to be without a good radio set in this most interesting of Presidential years?

When Smith and Hoover go on the air, you can count on Atwater Kent Radio. Its reliability, its power, its range, its simplicity of operation, as well as its clear tone, have made it the leader everywhere. It comes from the largest radio factory, where workmanship is never slighted. It is not an experiment. You don't have to take it on faith. It is the fruit of twenty-six years' manufacturing experience—sixty years of radio.

Nearly 1,700,000 owners know that the name Atwater Kent on radio means the same thing as "sterling" on silver.

Whether or not your home is equipped with electricity, there is an up-to-date Atwater Kent model to carry on the Atwater Kent tradition of giving the finest reception at the lowest price.

The Atwater Kent electric sets require no batteries. A cord from the compact, satin-finished cabinet plugs into any convenient lamp socket and the current costs only about as much as the lighting of one 40-watt lamp.

BATTERY SETS \$49-\$68



On the—way Sunday night—Atwater Kent Radio—listen in!

Solid mahogany cabinets. Panels satin-finished in gold. Model 48, \$49; Model 49, extra-powerful, \$68. Prices do not include tubes or batteries.

Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies.



MODEL 40 A. C. set. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Requires six A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube, \$77. Also Model 42, with automatic volume regulator, \$88, and Model 44, an extra-powerful "distance" set, \$106.

The Atwater Kent battery sets have won their reputation for fine performance in 1,400,000 homes—and now both models are again improved for 1929.

From the orange orchards of Southern California to the potato fields of Maine, Atwater Kent Radio is far and away the preferred choice of rural families. The nearest Atwater Kent dealer will gladly show you why, and will advise you in your selection of the model best suited to your needs.

Campaign year! You'll need good radio as you never did before!

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
4764 Wissachickon Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

"RADIO'S TRULIEST VOICE" Atwater Kent Radio Speakers, Models E, E-3, E-3-3, same quality, different in size, each, \$26.