

Any Woman Can
Look Stylish
By MAE MARTIN



Most stylish-looking women are just "good managers." They know simple ways to make last season's things conform to this season's styles.

Thousands of them have learned how easily they can transform a dress, or blouse, or coat by the quick magic of home tinting or dyeing. Anyone can do this successfully with true, fadeless Diamond Dyes. The "know-how" is in the dyes. They don't streak or spot like inferior dyes. New, fashionable tints appear like magic right over the out-of-style or faded colors. Only Diamond Dyes produce perfect results. Insist on them and save disappointment.

My new 64-page illustrated book, "Color Craft," gives hundreds of money-saving hints for renewing clothes and draperies. It's Free. Write for it now. To Mae Martin, Dept. E-143, Diamond Dyes, Burlington, Vermont.

Annual Fire Losses

It is estimated by Charles H. Melgs, fire commissioner of New York, that there are two human lives and \$30,000 worth of property destroyed by fire in the United States every hour. The total fire loss for the month of January, 1928, was in excess of \$43,000,000, or about \$5,000,000 ahead of January, 1927. Our fire losses in 1926 were double what they were in 1910 and three times what they were in 1915. Our annual fire losses total nearly \$500,000,000.

Valuable Find

A \$200,000 sandalwood forest has been found in the jungle region of Kamkanhally, India. The Musore government has granted \$3,000 for collection and transportation of the wood, which it is estimated will amount to 600 tons, worth 600,000 rupees, or about \$216,000.

Censored

Mrs. Swift—This new bathing suit of mine is a poem.
Hubbard—Well, it's unfit for publication.—Sydney Bulletin.



Makes Life Sweeter

Too much to eat—too rich a diet—or too much smoking. Lots of things cause sour stomach, but one thing can correct it quickly. Phillips Milk of Magnesia will alkalize the acid. Take a spoonful of this pleasant preparation, and the system is soon sweetened.

Phillips is always ready to relieve distress from over-eating; to check all acidity; or neutralize nicotine. Remember this for your own comfort; for the sake of those around you. Endorsed by physicians, but they always say Phillips. Don't buy something else and expect the same results!

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Behnke-Walker Business Training Pays

Last year we placed more than 1000 in good positions. We can place you when competent. When will you be ready?

Send for Success Catalog

Behnke-Walker Business College
11th and Salmon Streets
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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Good for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at drug stores. Hilsco Chemical Works, Patagonia, N. Y.

The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By Hugh Pendexter

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER VI—Continued

"Captain de Beaujeu, your words are so many puzzles to me," I coldly informed him. "I stood at the side of Monsieur Falet when he offered his belt to Allaquippa, who refused it. I was not in the village, however, when the dead Huron was found. I know that Allaquippa did not relish our friend's presence in the village and that he left early in the evening instead of waiting to make the journey with me in the morning as we had agreed. Do you mean to say that he and the young Englishman have not arrived?"

"The Englishman arrived, but not with Falet. It is like this Monsieur Beland: The young man arrived before daylight. But it was Lieutenant Beauvais who accompanied him."

I was tongue-tied for a good minute. It did not take me a second to realize that in the vague light of early morning Cromit had made a mistake and had killed poor Falet instead of Beauvais; that it was Beauvais and the girl who had passed so close to me when they entered the fort trail in the evening. Falet, whom I feared none, was at the bottom of the Monongahela; Beauvais, the last man I desired to meet, was due at any moment to keep a dinner appointment with me at the board. The world seemed to be tumbling about my ears. I could only say:

"I do not understand. Falet was to leave the Indian village with me. Because of Allaquippa's ill will, he changed his plans and left at night; or at least I surely believed he left at night. Now, behold! A miracle is worked. He starts with the Englishman, and it is Lieutenant Beauvais who comes in his place!"

Beaujeu smiled faintly and pleasantly said:

"It may not be a mystery after all. Lieutenant Beauvais did tell me that Falet planned to start at night and for some reason changed his plan. The Englishman who is French at heart was impatient to reach the fort and came with Beauvais instead of waiting to come with Falet. Yes, it is simple enough to get some bit of news. I shall be surprised if he does not arrive before we sit down to dinner. Ah, now it begins to straighten out. For some reason Falet left the village last night. Our belt had been refused and our Huron killed. Beauvais told me that much. Falet was unwelcome at the village, yet he tarried outside to transact some business. Perhaps to win over some of the younger Delawares. We shall know what it was all about when he comes. We shall laugh at the wonderment his change of plans has occasioned."

I left him and went wandering about the fort, seeking the Onondaga to tell him that our orondas were very simple, or had been asleep, to allow us to stick our heads into such an ugly trap. It was a warm day and yet I felt a chill as I glanced about in search of Round Paw. Let us but get through the gate and to the edge of the forest and I would ask no more of fate.

Instead of the Indian I came upon the Dinwohid girl. She was standing by the water-gate. She had her hair carefully arranged under her hat, or cut off, I could not tell which. And she would pass for a young man readily enough; a very young man. Yet she had betrayed her sex to Beauvais, and I wondered if de Beaujeu also knew the truth.

Far from being surprised at seeing her, she quickly greeted: "I have been waiting for you, mister. I saw you when you came in."

"I shall call myself most lucky if you see me go out alive and not a prisoner," I told her. "I have just learned that you came here with one called Beauvais."

"At the last minute Mr. Falet changed his mind. He told me to tell the truth to Mr. Beauvais, who, he said, was a good man. Mr. Falet said he should be in such a mortal hurry to make the fort I had best go on ahead. Mr. Beauvais is a good man, I'm to go to Canada at the first chance. What do you mean about being lucky if you get out of here alive? Do you guess you're a scout for Braddock?"

"For God's sake, hush!" I cautioned; for we were near the kitchen and sharp ears might overhear us. "If Beauvais comes back from Skenango and finds me here, the Indians will burn me."

Her small face went white with horror.

"You can pass through the gate," she muttered. "Why do you wait? Go! Go now!"

"Two things hold me. The Onondaga, whom I haven't found—and you."

"Me?" she gasped.

"You must leave here and get back to the settlements where you belong. You must stop this thinking of going to Canada. It's a mad scheme. Do you believe that all men are honest as Beauvais seems to be? You are English and cannot speak French. How do you know how you will be treated in Canada, especially after the French are whipped and any one of the English blood is pointed out to be hated? How do you know the few French soldiers, once they're driven from this place, can protect you from

their own Indians? Why, child, the French themselves will be fortunate if they escape being killed by the Ottawas and Hurons. You must stop this foolishness and go back with me—if I can find the Indian and get through the gate."

"If you make me go back, I shall always hate you," she passionately returned; and could Beaujeu have seen her then he would have known she was a woman. Before I could speak an expression of great misery passed over her face and she whispered:

"And if anything happens to you I'll kill myself."

I had no patience with her, or with her sex. Fair Josephine in old Alexandria, who pledged herself to the last of the Bronds, and this elf-woman of the Witches' head, were all of a piece—always changeable.

"I'll help you if I can," I told her. "But I don't propose to go into a Hu-

ron kettle trying it unless you are willing to help yourself."

Much shouting and singing outside the eastern gate broke up our talk, and we turned and looked to see what the clamor portended. Through the gate, walking two by two, came several Frenchmen. Next came a long string of Indians. Pontiac, wearing no paint, led these, a gray blanket thrown over his shoulders although the day was very hot. Behind him came Captain Jacobs and Shingis, the leaders of the Delawares.



Then He Called for the Slayers of the Bear to Enter. Pontiac Excorted Them Forward.

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The Indians were whooping and singing. The cause of the demonstration puzzled me until I beheld the body of a bear, slung on a pole. Over the bear's head was draped a red coat, taken from some unfortunate English soldier, who had been caught off his guard by some of the enemy's scouts.

"He isn't with them!" whispered the girl. "Thank God he isn't with them!"

I had been holding my breath while I waited, as had she, to behold Beauvais in the procession.

"Come with me and make the forest and return to where you belong," I urged. "Then spend your life hating me if you will. The Onondaga should be near the gate. The singing would draw him to it."

But although I saw Delawares from the Susquehanna, Shawnees from Grave's Creek and the Muskingum, Mingoes from the Ohio, and Iroquois from the Long House, Ojibways and Potawatomi from the northern lakes, Ottawas from Superior, and Hurons from the Falls of Montreal and the mission of Lorette, Caughnawagas from the St. Lawrence, and even Abnaki from the far eastern streams, I failed to locate the tall figure of Round Paw of the Onondaga.

"Go on!" she whispered, as I halted just outside the gate.

"My friend, I must not leave him behind."

"Go on! I will find him and tell him," she whispered, giving me a little push.

Royalty Had Eye to Saving the "Bawbees"

The collection of books made by the late King Leopold I of Belgium is extremely valuable. A French writer tells of how Leopold, hearing that a particular book he desired was in the possession of a small dealer in a poor quarter of Paris, set out to obtain it at the lowest price possible, for Leopold counted with care every penny he spent on his hobby and part of the pleasure it afforded him, according to a writer in the New York Herald Tribune, was the getting of a valuable volume at a low figure. This particular book was a French translation made in the sixteenth century of a Latin work by a writer named Cretatus, written about 200 A. D. When Leopold arrived in Paris he

"He would not understand. He is no; with the savages outside. He must be inside the stockade somewhere," I was demurring, when she gave a little cry and moaned:

"Alister, you've killed both of us."

Before I could look about to learn what had prompted this lugubrious speech an arm was hooked through mine and Captain Beaujeu was genially inviting:

"Come, my friend. We will not wait for Beauvais. The Indians have killed a bear, and Pontiac tells them it's a good omen. We will have the chiefs in while we eat and give them some brandy to keep their hearts high. We will give some laced coats to the warriors who killed the bear. Come, monsieur, let us forget for a few hours that the English are drawing close, and show nothing but confidence before our red children. The Englishman shall go with us, if he will."

But the Dinwohid girl was walking back toward the river stockade, and I explained:

"He speaks no French yet. He would not enjoy it."

CHAPTER VII

Beaujeu Gives a Dinner

There were six of us at the table and two empty chairs. One of these was reserved for Beauvais. I followed the example of the others on entering the room and stood my long rifle up in the corner nearest the door; but in my belt, and concealed by the skirts of my hunting-shirt, were my ax and knife. I sat facing an open window through which the savages took turns in watching us. The night was closing in hot and close, and the door, like the window, was left open. About the door were grouped various tribal leaders, and the two warriors who had killed the bear.

I was seated between Sieur de Carqueville and Sieur de Parieux. Beaujeu was at the head of the table and facing the open door. After we had taken our places and wine had been poured, the commandant called for two pewter dishes and filled them with brandy. Two laced coats were brought and placed beside him. Then he called for the slayers of the bear to enter. Pontiac escorted them forward.

The commandant recognized him as being the intellectual superior of the other chiefs, and rose and clasped his hand and asked him to be seated and take a glass of wine. But Pontiac seldom if ever departed from his role. He was all for the red man and preferred to remain standing while he filled the office of interpreter. He gave the impression of having but one desire—to expedite the bestowal of honors on the bear-killers. And yet his crafty mind knew what the white men were thinking; that his was the dominant personality. He could perform a humble service because it did honor to the recipient.

Captain Jacobs and Shingis, of the Delawares, for whose heads the governor of Pennsylvania would soon be offering a reward of a hundred and forty pounds apiece, were outside among the fighting men. But I do not believe they resented the great Ottawa's quickness to put himself ahead and set the mousetrap when he was not acting the leader. Some will say that Pontiac was a Bend incarnate, one who used the peace-pipe to mask his plans for wholesale killings. My experiences early taught me that the white men, as well as red, were cruel in war. Pontiac was a great man, by whatever racial standards we judge him. And surely deceit and intrigue were practiced in the Old world long before this red leader became an adept at dissimulation.

The bear-killers greedily bolted their brandy and proudly put on their gay coats, although the room was like an oven. Pontiac drank but a portion of his wine. After the manes of the bear had been appeased and the happy killers had hurried outside to display their finery, the Ottawa chief remained to say:

"Son of Onontio, child of the French king, your master and our uncle, the sorcerers of the Potawatomi have dreamed of a medicine lodge set up outside this room." He pointed through the window. "The dead bear is the English army, the dream said. In the medicine lodge, ghosts will talk, and tell if the English army will have the ax stuck in its head."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Love the Basis

Love is at the basis of all fine work. Love is the one inspiration of genius. Indeed, it is love that causes genius, and not, as the untrue saying is, "an infinite capacity for taking pains." There must be the painstaking, of course, but love flies back of it. If one has the power of loving greatly, one has the power of doing great work, and not otherwise.—Amos R. Wells.

"Uncultivated" Seas

Sea fishing is still in its infancy. Developments are to be immense. Every year larger and finer fishing craft are being built and new fishing grounds are exploited. At present man fishes only in shallow waters. The extreme depth for commercial trawling is but 60 fathoms (300 feet), and even long lining is not often practiced in greater depths than 600 feet.

Old Dueling Weapon

Maignauche is French and translated literally means left hand. It is the name, however, given to a dagger which was held in the left hand while the right hand held a rapier. In combats of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth centuries this was used to parry the thrusts of the adversary's rapier.

Overly-Helpful

Beware of being or trying to be overly helpful. By wanting to do much for your friends or loved ones you will very likely succeed in making yourself a nuisance. In trying to be of service take care lest you manage to be mostly a bore.—Grove Patterson, in the Mobile Register.

Spanish-American Battles

The War college says that the number of Americans who participated in the battle of El Caney was 6,653; the number of Spaniards, 520. The number of Americans who participated in the battle of San Juan was 8,412; the number of Spaniards, 1,197.

Identifying Letters

The visagraph is an invention by which it is said to be possible to identify the letters of the alphabet by sound after proper training, and the sounds are produced by an electrical device in conjunction with an ordinary book.

Pheasant's Good Work

The Chinese ring-necked pheasant is being given credit by many farmers in keeping down cut-worms. This pest is extremely persistent in truck gardens and many farmers are hatching pheasants.

Even Sharks Err

Doctor Beebe says sharks never attack human beings except by accident when they mistake the moving object for food. Imagine the distress of the shark when he finds out his mistake!—Kansas City Star.

Reckless Autoists

In New York city alone the replacement of lamp posts destroyed by automobile accidents costs about \$18,000 annually. The costs are usually collected from the drivers or their estates.

Purpose in Its Creation

The "little entente" is a union in the interest of peace and stability. It was formed in 1920 by Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugo-Slavia. Later Poland and Austria became members.

Safe Bet—

Speakin' o' signs—when two fool drivers meet on a narrow road it usually is a sign the hospital is going to get two more patients.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Golden Season

That season of childhood when the soul, on the rainbow bridge of fancy, glides along, dry-shod, over the walls and ditches of this lower earth.—Richter.

Two Classes

There are just two classes: Those who make more money than you think they do, and those who make less than you think they do.—Los Angeles Times.

In Modern Times

Servant Girl (at house phone)—No, Mr. Blathers ain't in—an' he an' the missus can't come over to your house next Sunday because I'm going out myself.

But All Seek It

"He who conceals wealth," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "cannot enjoy it. He who boasts of it invites the robber."—Washington Star.



SAME PRESCRIPTION HE WROTE IN 1892

When Dr. Caldwell started to practice medicine, back in 1876, the needs for a laxative were not as great as today. People lived normal lives, ate plain, wholesome food, and got plenty of fresh air. But even that early there were cases of constipation which Dr. Caldwell did not believe were good for human beings. The prescription for constipation that he used early in his practice, and which he put in drug stores in 1892 under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a liquid vegetable remedy, intended for women, children and elderly people, and they need just such a mild, safe bowel stimulant.

This prescription has proven its worth and is now the largest selling liquid laxative. It has won the confidence of people who needed it to get relief from headaches, biliousness, flatulence, indigestion, loss of appetite and sleep, bad breath, dyspepsia, colds, fevers. At your druggist, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

Many-Legged Frog

Arnold Miles, son of W. E. Miles of Biddeford, Maine, is thinking of taking orders for frogs' legs. He almost decided to go into the business when he was catching frogs for pickerel bait and caught one with seven legs. He placed it in a large glass jar and now has to catch flies and bugs each day for meals for the captive.

Ode to Bossie

"What rhymes with sephyr?" "Hoifer."
"Do you think I am writing a poem to a cow?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Coyotes often hunt in packs.

Are You Ready



When your Children Cry for It

Baby has little upsets at times. All your care cannot prevent them. But you can be prepared. Then you can do what any experienced nurse would do—what most physicians would tell you to do—give a few drops of plain Castoria. No sooner done than baby is soothed; relief is just a matter of moments. Yet you have eased your child without use of a single doubtful drug; Castoria is vegetable. So it's safe to use as often as an infant has any little pain you cannot get away. And it's always ready for the crueler pangs of colic, or constipation or diarrhea; effective, too, for older children. Twenty-five million bottles were bought last year.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

Some girls are kept so busy becoming engaged that they have no time to marry.

MADE HANFORD'S 31 Years Old SINCE 1846 Balsam of Myrrh IT MUST BE GOOD Try it for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, etc. All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

CONSTIPATION RELIEVED QUICKLY

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 cause dull and aching feeling. Remember they are a doctor's prescription and can be taken by the entire family. All Druggists 25c and 75c Red Packages.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

WELL OR MONEY BACK

Your Piles eliminated or fee refunded—is the WRITTEN ASSURANCE we give in administering the Dr. C. J. Dean famous non-surgical method of treatment. (Used by us exclusively) Remarkable success also with other Rectal and Colon ailments. Send TODAY for FREE 100-page book giving details and hundreds of testimonials.

DEAN RECTAL & COLON CLINIC

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