

# The Red Road

A Romance of  
Braddock's Defeat

By

HUGH PENDEXTER

Illustrations by  
IRWIN MYERS

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

## CHAPTER VII—Continued

Beaujeu, quick to utilize any opportunity that favored his growing plans for restoring Braddock's approach, stood up and sonorously replied:

"Pontiac, great chief of the Ottawas, your words make Onondaga's heart warm and glad. With the mighty Pontiac to lead our red brothers, the medicine lodge ghosts will tell but one thing—that an ax, half-red and half-French, will split the English head. Let the brave Potawatomi set up the medicine lodge where we may see it and hear its voices. Let the ghosts of ancient warriors tell us how to destroy the English and take for our own use their long wagons of guns and cloth and food. Tell your red brothers that Onondaga will send them a keg of brandy to make their hearts glad."

Pontiac turned and stalked from the room, a dramatic figure. Beaujeu smiled grimly and, still staring through the open door, he said to us:

"Messieurs, there speaks one who some day will make great trouble for some one. Whoever holds that man fast to France does France and our king a great service. Now while they are putting up their lodge let us eat and talk."

I had renewed acquaintance with the three officers before entering the room and had been made known to the fourth man, Sieur de St. Therese, a pleasant-mannered fellow. Plates of steaming meat and some good bread were served.

Outside the window rose the guttural voices of the Potawatomi wizards as they directed the erection of the mystery lodge. Soon there was added the fierce notes of a war-song as the brandy began to take effect; and by the light of several fires we could glimpse stark forms dancing madly around a war-post, each dancer pausing to drive his ax into the wood in pantomime of braining a foe. For a background was the heat-lightning and the far-off bellowing of Hiwinnu the Thunder-god, giving battle to his immortal enemy, the water-serpent. Beaujeu watched the frenzied warriors for a moment and sighed:

"If I could hold them to that pitch when I lead them to battle. But messieurs, now that we have satisfied our appetites, I will ask Monsieur Beland to tell us about the hostility of the woman Allaquilpa toward us. Then you can decide if her village at the mouth of the Youghogony is a menace to France. Lieutenant Beaujeu already has told us something, but Monsieur Beland was in the village longer than Beaujeu and had a most significant experience."

So, for the second time since entering the fort, I recounted the woman sachem's refusal of the French belt and the killing of Pontiac's belt-carrier. When I had ceased speaking Sieur de St. Therese excitedly cried: "It is time that evil oest was destroyed."

Beaujeu's eyes sparkled.

"What does Sieur de Carqueville say?" he asked.

De Carqueville promptly replied: "We are in extremis without Braddock finding a resting place should his line of march take him to the mouth of the Youghogony. The country ahead of his army should be swept clean of English allies."

De la Parade lifted a glass of wine and gave:

"Death to the English Indians! Death to Allaquilpa!"

After the toast had been drunk Sieur de Parieux counseled:

"It would be best, I believe, to send the Ottawas, or the Ojibways, to remove the village."

Beaujeu considered this suggestion thoughtfully for a few moments, and then turned to me and invited:

"Let us have Monsieur Beland's advice."

I told them:

"It is my belief that at the worst she will only succeed in holding her Indians neutral. Their numbers are few. When they find there is but a small force of Indians with the English army, they will not dare to join it. If you send the northern Indians against the village you may make our Shawnees and Mingoes uneasy. It may spoil their fighting spirit. Certainly your Delawares would not relish doing the work, for after all they are of the same race."

"Ehe!" muttered Beaujeu, tugging at his long hair and frowning at his glass. Finally he threw up his head and said:

"Our brother speaks with wisdom, although it sounds like the cold calculating counsel of an Englishman. But it is true, messieurs, that many of the Indians do not care whether the dog eats the wolf, or the wolf eats the dog. We cannot risk a split in our red ranks. If the Shawnees steal away to the Muskingum and Graves-creek, then we may expect to behold

the lake tribes leaving for the north without lifting an ax. I am forced to believe it will be better to leave Allaquilpa's town alone.

"If Our Lady's intercession should give us a victory over Braddock, the task of pacifying the English Leni-Lenape will be easier if there be no bones of their warriors for France to cover. If it is fated that we lose, we shall have our hands full in withdrawing from this fort without having to fight a rear-guard engagement against infuriated neutrals. For I solemnly assure you, messieurs, that our own savages will be a problem should we have to retire.

"Monsieur Beland, I rejoice that you are here and have spoken as you have. I only wish that Monsieur Beaujeu could join us and give his views. He is a cool thoughtful man, and, like yourself, would speak without prejudice."

It required several rounds of wine to restore us to a proper enthusiasm. I felt a coolness on the part of my two neighbors, although none at the table openly disagreed with Beaujeu's decision. But de la Parade, who had drunk extermination to the village, was vastly more popular than I. Beaujeu



"Our Brother Speaks With Wisdom, Although It Sounds Like the Cold Calculating Counsel of an Englishman."

jeu's mention of Beaujeu made my back feel chilly, and my gaze wandered frequently toward the open door. And yet when I attempted to decide just what I should do, did he put in an appearance, my mind refused to work. It was as if my intelligence were paralyzed. I was keenly conscious of dreading his arrival but was incapable of planning a defense.

There was a wild wish in my heart that the Onondaga might discover the truth and manage in some fashion to intercept him. This, of course, was not based on reason. It did set me to thinking about the Onondaga and the Dinwiddie girl. I wondered if I had been observed when walking and talking with her, and if, should I be apprehended, she would be held to account. My only consolation was that Beaujeu was a gentleman, and that once she disclosed her sex, he would not permit her to be harmed.

There remained the dangers of the retreat to Canada. Pontiac never lost an opportunity to advance himself! Once he saw that the French were whipped, I doubted his loyalty to the Lilies. Looking back to those hectic days in July, I am convinced I misjudged him. The events of the next few years were to establish his never-ending hostility to the English.

The dancers had quit the fire and war-post and were now leaping grotesquely by the window, a swift shifting string of distorted and monstrous-

ly painted faces, and a bewildering flourishing of axes. Some of the axes were painted red the better to exemplify the welders' sanguinary ambitions. As the savages pressed closer to the building in passing in review, we saw them only from the neck up, and the effect was that of detached heads floating and bobbing by.

Then there came the sweetest strain of music I ever heard although it was produced by the guttural voice of a most hideously painted creature, who had concealed all suggestions of a human countenance by painting his face with a series of circles in black, red and white. His song was sweet in my ears because he sang through the open window the simple refrain: "Ha-hum-weh, Ha-hum-weh."

"I belong to the Wolf clan. I belong to the Wolf clan,"

Surely words were never more welcome. I felt the tightness in my chest give way; and I knew that Round Paw of the Onondaga was on the scene and ready to stand or fall with me. Beaujeu, too, caught the song, and remarked:

"That's not a northern voice, nor Shawnee, nor Leni-Lenape. It sounds like a Mingo, and yet it is different."

"I was not giving much heed," I said. "It sounded like an Iroquois, singing his Wolf song."

Next we had a view of a Potawatomi who brandished a war-club of birch. The club was painted red and black and was decorated with brass nails. The arm holding the club boasted of a badge of skunk-skin to show the man had seized a wounded enemy by the arm and had held him.

Three of the feathers in his hair were notched, evidencing he had killed and scalped as many foes, and there were other feathers unnotched, indicating he had scalped warriors slain by his companions. For after the northern fashion of counting coup four feathers could be worn for the death of each enemy slain—one by the man who made the kill, one by the man who took the scalp, and one by each of the two men who might assist in the scalping. This fellow remained before the window long enough to chant in a throaty voice:

"An eagle feather I see; a brave I have caught. A wolf I see; a wolf I have caught."

Beaujeu interpreted the song for me. I would have thought nothing about it had not the Onondaga soon passed the window again, proving he had not waited his turn, and proclaimed himself to be of the Wolf clan. And directly following him reappeared the Potawatomi with his boast of having caught a wolf. My nerves began tightening. There was a sinister significance in the second appearance of the two men. It was plain that the Potawatomi was exerting himself to keep at the heels of my friend.

There was no time to worry over the coincidence, however. I was confident the Potawatomi, even if something had aroused his suspicions, would never catch Round Paw off his guard. The dancing suddenly ceased and we noted that the framework of the medicine-lodge was up, and that the wizards were rapidly covering it with medicine-ropes so as to shut off all view of the interior except as the small flap was pulled back and revealed a small, square opening facing our window.

Pontiac came through the doorway and spoke to Beaujeu. The commandant nodded, and explained to us:

"He says one of the Potawatomi, Little Wolf, wishes to entertain us with some magic."

We settled back to enjoy the jugglery, but my nerves gave a jump when Little Wolf recognized the dancer who had said he had caught a wolf. He halted near the table and eyed us all steadily. I imagined his gaze rested a trifle longer on me than on the others, but set it down to my being a ranger.

Beaujeu rose and handed him a glass of wine and spoke first in the Ottawa tongue and then in French, saying:

"Little Wolf is a mighty wizard. When the medicine-lodge is ready he will call the ghosts to talk to us. They will tell us how to strike an ax into the English."

Little Wolf refused the wine and glanced about until he had located the brandy. He stretched out his hand for the stronger drink and Beaujeu threw out the wine and accommodated him. Tossing off the brandy, he placed his bow and arrow on a small side-table and turned his back on us and made much business of examining the contents of the bag. When he faced about, he had a long knife in his hand. This he proceeded to swallow up to the hilt. So far as I could observe the blade went down his throat.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## For Preservation of Fine Colonial Homes

More than any other city in the country, the atmosphere of the Seventeenth century is retained by the city of Annapolis. It has many landmarks and institutions of the pre-Revolutionary days, including ancient trees, structures and customs around which the romance of history has been woven. There are several particularly fine specimens of homes of that period, but the touch of modernism has threatened some of these and the movement to preserve them for all time has been inaugurated by the administrators of St. John's college. Itself one of the oldest institutions of higher learning in this country, three signers of the Declaration of Independence aided in the formation of

the college and their homes, still preserved, are but a short distance from the college campus. The houses which the college proposes to preserve are the Pinckney house, the Brice house, the Hammond-Harwood house and the Peggy Stewart house. The latter was built by the owner of the vessel which caused the Peggy Stewart Tea party, which was a counterpart of the Boston Tea party.

### Exactness Demanded

The joining between marble blocks in ancient Athenian structures built of blocks of marble had to be so exact that the joint must not be perceptible when the finger nail was drawn over it.

## HATS KEEP COLOR SCHEME; YOUTHFUL PARTY FROCKS



HAVING purchased a new coat or coat dress, or a velvet ensemble, the next step is to betake one's self to one's milliner in search of a chapeau to accurately match the color of the newly acquired costume. Fortunately, a perfect color match need not necessarily imply an expensive hat.

The beauty about the millinery program this season is that even the simplest popular-priced felt shapes come in rich, handsome colors which accurately repeat the tones and shades of either the new dress fabrics or cloakings or the fur with which they are trimmed. It is not at all unusual for a woman to order several inexpensive felts, so as to top each of her early fall costumes with a matching hat.

The modish browns and allied shades are foremost in fall showings. When one enters a shop it almost seems as if autumn browns of every degree had taken possession. The range extends from dark African brown to most alluring coppery shades which fairly dazzle the eye with their brilliant highlights. However, the brown tones have much competition, particularly in the deep wine shades which enter so handsomely into the autumn picture. Then there are the new dark greens, jungle green being outstanding. Light canna and pinky beige, too, are widely sponsored.

When millady tours the shops seeking "perfect-match" colorings, she finds three types of hats are outstanding, namely, the beret, the poke-cloche and toques, the latter including many sorts, from cap shapes to those which are intricately draped.

A dark brown velvet beret, such a one as shown at the top of the group

woman who is "fair and forty" the news of a changing silhouette is anything but welcome. Perhaps one of the reasons the younger set is so delighted with the idea of a raised waistline is that in it youth sees an opportunity to accent youthfulness.

To her elders, whose avoirdupois is ever a source of worryment, the young women of svelte figure flutter about in the simple house dresses so fullskirted and shortwaisted during the summer, were an object of envy. And the pretty, dainty silks, with their short-waisted semifitting sleeveless bodices with bouffant skirts sewed on at the waistline, how they do differentiate youth from its elders! In seasons just past, sweet-sixteen and women of mature years dressed alike, the present trend is toward making a decided distinction between styles for the flapper age and those for the matron.

The charming dress illustrated is one whose semi-fitted fashion tunes to young waistlines. In this quaint frock of lace and cream-colored mousseline de sole, winsome Mary Nolan, a favorite among Hollywood's screen artists, looks her prettiest. The lace capelet is in keeping with the trend of the vogue as is also the sash of very, very wide ribbon, which ties in huge loops and streamers at the side. The importance of the bow theme in the realm of fashion cannot be overstated. Indeed, bows have become the



Frock Accentuates Youth.

pictured, with a wisp of a matching veil to shade the eyes, will top the autumn brown costume to perfection. It would be equally as effective in a deep wine tone.

Just the thing for a "first hat" is a simple felt poke-cloche like the one to the left herewith. Notice how its brim is longer at the sides than in front, which is characteristic of the newer silhouettes.

Quite a few satin hats are being shown in fall collections. The one here is in black. The motifs of satin which achieve the popular-over-the-ears effect are outlined with rhinestones.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY  
1228, Western Newspaper Unit—S. 1



## A Sour Stomach

In the same time it takes a dose of soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillips Milk of Magnesia has acidity completely checked, and the digestive organs all tranquilized. Once you have tried this form of relief you will cease to worry about your diet and experience a new freedom in eating.

This pleasant preparation is just as good for children, too. Use it whenever coated tongue or fetid breath signals need of a sweetener. Physicians will tell you that every spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Get the genuine, the name Phillips is important. Imitations do not act the same!

**PHILLIPS**  
Milk  
of Magnesia

## To Cool a Burn

Use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh.  
Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

Regard not dreams, since they are but the images of our hopes and fears.

—Cato.



NURSES know, and doctors have declared there's 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:



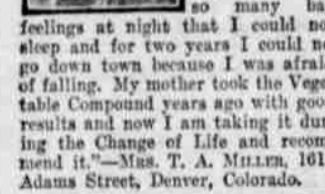
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetylacetate of Salicylic Acid

Naturally, there are many dead-letter laws; are we so vain that we think our law-making is perfect?

## 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 get 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.



## At Last! A Permanent Remedy for CHRONIC CONSTIPATION

No Drugs! No Dosing! Results positively guaranteed. Particulars free on request. G. Moore, Box 161, Newport Beach, Calif.

"More Money," a Big Opportunity Directory, points the way to prosperity, 100 cents. F. MOSCO SERVICE, FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

## SCHOOL FOR MEN

Training for BUSINESS, TRADES or PROFESSIONS. Enroll any time. Send for literature. OREGON INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, P. O. Box 100, Portland, Oregon.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 39-1928.