

Organ of Sight

A layer of interlaced and matted nerves on the inside surface of the back part of the eyeball does the seeing. This is called the retina, which means network. The rest of the eye is a camera with a lens in front, like an ordinary photographic camera. It makes a picture on the retina like the picture on the back of the camera. The retina communicates this picture to the brain.

Norway Given Island

Spitzbergen was first believed to be a part of Greenland, and was subsequently claimed by Denmark. Then it was found to be an independent island, and was formally annexed by England in 1014. Of late years Norway, Sweden and Russia have contended for its ownership. Norway finally received it by a treaty signed at Paris in 1920.

Just Wait

Archie's pet kitten was the pride of his life and he was very much disturbed when a skeptical neighbor expressed a doubt that Fluffy was a full-blooded Persian because his tail wasn't large enough. "Why, Mr. Smith," protested Archie, "you just wait till Fluffy sees a dog and his tail will look plenty big!"

Smell Snakes

Horses are able to scent snakes and often snort and plunge when they wind a rattler. Sometimes the rattlesnake exudes so strong an odor that it can be detected by a human. Skilled woodsmen sometimes smell a snake before they hear his rattle. The odor has a sickening effect on humans.

Bird Hasn't "Made Good"

The English sparrow was claimed to be an excellent bug destroyer in his native land. It was thought he would be valuable to our farmers, but he changed when he got here. He preferred to live in the city. He does little or no good.

What's a Dynamo?

In England the generator is referred to as a "dynamo." The wind-shield is termed the "windscreen." A sedan model is a "saloon." Gasoline is known as "petrol." "Anti-bounce clips" take the roughness out of British highways.

Maimed by Explosive

Hudson Maxim narrowly escaped death many times, and his left hand was blown off during his experiments with maximitite. In spite of his bent toward invention of war materials Hudson Maxim was an advocate of arbitration.

Plenty of These

There is a young man in this neighborhood who doesn't worry a particle about a little thing like a knock in the motor or a flat tire so long as the muffler cut-out is working all right.—Ohio State Journal.

No General Law

There is no federal law on the subject of vaccination. Congress in legislating for the District of Columbia has enacted laws relating to vaccination, but these are applicable only to the District.

Back to Earth

City Dweller (twenty years hence). Yes, we've given up our tower apartment and moved down to the ground floor. We liked it up there, but the noise of the air traffic was simply terrific.

Wood Used in Carving

The ancient Egyptians used the sycamore and cedar for carving. The Greeks and Romans used cedar. The Hindus used the sandal, the Japanese, ebony; the Swiss, satinwood.

Errors Made by Parents

Over-ridig discipline and too much coddling, destroying a child's self-confidence, or causing him to feel fear are all faults which parents must avoid, according to one expert.

Another Viewpoint

"A man is known by the company he keeps," said Uncle Eben. "What may be more important is the company he manages to lose."—Washington Star.

Riches and Restraint

Anybody can acquire a good vocabulary. But only the wise can keep the thing from working too hard.—Helena (Mont.) Record-Herald.

Flattery

"Flattery is dangerous," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "since money is judged by the brains that manage

The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By
HUGH PENDEXTER

Illustrations by
IRWIN MYERS

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CHAPTER VII—Continued

—19—

From his belt the wizard next pulled a long arrow and apparently thrust it down his throat up to the feathers. I had accepted the knife-swallowing as being genuine, for I had seen a white man do it; but the barbed arrow I could not accept. Beaujeu whispered to me:

"Little Wolf is a cunning rogue. The reed shaft is made of short sections which are driven together when he holds the barb between his teeth and presses down. But applaud him generously. Should he make the Voice in the lodge tell the Indians not to fight against Braddock, we would find ourselves without a red force."

We clapped our hands and pressed them to our lips, and Little Wolf was much pleased. Picking up the bow and red-tipped arrow, he sang a song in which were repeated several times "Scarlet is its head."

I became keenly interested when, after a slight pause he fiercely shouted: "It finds its way into a Wolf."

He held the arrow so those staring in at the window might look on it, and among the spectators was the circle-covered visage of Round Paw. The wizard had uttered a threat three times during the last hour, and a "wolf" was always the victim. The dead bear had been accepted as a symbol for Braddock's army.

I did not believe the sachem meant the English when he promised death to a wolf. But I was convinced that the fellow for some reason intended harm to the Onondaga. There must be a logical cause for this professed enmity, and naturally I believed my friend had incurred suspicions. I dared not attempt a signal although I did glare into the Onondaga's eyes. Little Wolf gathered up his belongings to retire, but Beaujeu detained him by inquiring:

"Why does not the great wizard shoot the medicine-arrow into the wolf now?"

The Onondaga allowed two braves to crowd in from each side so only his head partly showed between them.

"A ghost in the medicine-lodge will shoot it. It will find its way to the Wolf."

Those at the window were very quiet, their eyes glowing as they began to sense a dramatic climax.

"Onontio's sons wish to see the arrow when it finds its mark," insisted Beaujeu. He too had detected some significance to the fellow's mysterious talk.

"Onontio's sons cannot see the ghost. Only medicine-eyes can see that. Their eyes can see the arrow when it goes through the Wolf's neck. Their eyes can see that without their moving from their places."

We crowded closer together so that all might have a fair view of the lodge, and the savages at the window drew aside. A fire was lighted on each side of the lodge so as to illuminate brilliantly the front of the structure. Beaujeu whispered:

"Little Wolf is now inside. But name of the devil! What did he mean about his arrow finding a wolf? One can never tell how the red mind is working."

"He may have an enemy he wishes to kill and credit the killing to a ghost," I suggested.

Maybe, I hope not. If their minds start running away with them they'll outrun a wolf-pack in getting back to their northern villages. However, it can't be serious. Pontiac must know what he meant and approves; and Pontiac is one leader I will count on."

The drum thudded monotonously for two or three minutes, gradually increasing in volume, then abruptly ceasing. A weak voice, talking in the language of the Delaware, called out:

"What do my children want? Why do my children call me back to this lodge? I am the first of your grandfathers. You have called me over a long path."

There followed the shrill voice of a woman, but in a tongue I did not understand. Next the wizard's voice, husky and labored, entered the dialogue, and in Delaware he asked:

"O Grandfather of all the red people, tell us of the Ingellehman. Is he strong? Will he fight strong? Will your children be struck in the head?"

"The answer to that can easily spoil all my plans!" gritted Beaujeu.

The medicine-lodge rocked and swayed as if buffeted by a mighty wind. Discordant noises arose—evil forces striving to prevent the Voice from answering. There sounded the barking of dogs and the scream of the panther and the piping wail of a child. A fearful visage showed for an instant at the small opening and was succeeded by another. Then with a single booming note from the medicine-drum silence returned to the lodge. After a few moments the weak

voice of the first of all grandfathers spoke, saying:

"Little Wolf is a mighty wizard. He drives away the black spirit that wants to stop my mouth. I am the first of your grandfathers. I tell you this—the floor of the forest will be red with the blood of the Ingelleh. The Manito is angry to see his red children losing their villages and land. Let the arrow find the false Wolf and then go into battle without fear."

Silence again, and Beaujeu wiped the sweat from his brows and muttered:

"Nom de Dieu! What devilry is he up to? It's some of Pontiac's work. He should have told me first. Getting a fight out of the Indians is conditional on their killing the 'false wolf.' Monsieur Befand, I fear you are right. Little Wolf has a rival. If so he must kill him, or else the flag of France must be lowered."

He became silent as from the lodge came the voice of Little Wolf. It



"The English Spy."

sounded very weak and we had to strain our ears to catch his words. Panting for breath he called out:

"The Voice is very far away. I can hear it, my brothers cannot. It rests but will come very soon— Wait. The little white dog is barking. He is leading the voice back."

Another pause and then we heard the yelping and ki-yling of a puppy. Then came the voice, this time sounding much louder. It commanded:

"Have the warriors who danced about the war-post pass around the lodge four times, and let each ask himself if he is a true man."

"Ah! Now it develops. Soon there will be a killing," hissed St. Theresa.

There followed more shaking and swaying of the lodge. Pontiac's voice rang out, calling on the dancers to fall in line and begin circling the lodge and for men with straight tongues to profile began passing the window. Each savage kept his face averted from the lodge and each seemed to step in greater haste when abreast of the small opening. I sought the Onondaga in the long line, but failed to behold him. I took note of the first man to pass the window, and when he appeared for the second time there sounded a gurgling cry from the interior of the lodge, after which the sides flapped and fluttered violently and the long-drawn-out howl of a wolf took the place of the puppy's yapping. The savages quickened their pace until they were moving almost on a run. The barking of the little white dog came back, followed by a deep voice chanting:

"Ha-hum-veh!"

I held my breath and waited for the

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

climax, whatever it might be. Beaujeu whispered:

"I think it is our friend, who stands at the door talking with the young Englishman with the French heart. The young man is timid. He will not come in unless strongly urged. Ah! Excellent. It is our friend, the good Beaujeu. He presses the young man to enter. When this damnable marching and yawling stops I will call out for the stranger to join us and become better acquainted."

I turned my head slowly, my heart thumping like an Indian drum. Beaujeu stood with his back to us. He was speaking very earnestly to the Dinwiddie girl, one hand resting on her slim shoulder. He was trying to induce her to enter and she was striving to detain him. I gathered my feet under me and made ready to leap over the table and to trust to luck in plunging through the window and into the red mob. Beaujeu straightened and removed his hand from the girl's shoulder and started to turn about and enter the room. The girl seized his arm and frantically essayed to hold him back. He was motionless for a moment, as if amazed at her action; then shook off her grasp and stepped backward through the door.

The Onondaga's terrible war-whoop jerked my gaze to the window. The front of the lodge bulged far out, and the Frenchmen, as well as I, exclaimed in astonishment as a fluttering mass of something that looked to be neither beast nor human, emerged from the structure and dashed through the fire-light and came flying through the window.

A startled cry at the door caused my head to swing in that direction. Beaujeu, now glaring at the table, was pointing a finger and yelling:

"Seize the Englishman! Braddock's spy!"

Several things were happening simultaneously which I can narrate only as separate incidents. My companions sat stupefied as Beaujeu called out, for even as he was sounding the alarm the muffled figure from the lodge rushed toward him and with a swing of a blanket extinguished the candles on that side of the room.

"The English spy!" hoarsely called Beaujeu, and then went down with a crash as the muffled figure bowled him over and with a quick turn raked the candles from the wall behind me, leaving the illumination of the room confined to the light from the fires outside.

Beaujeu's brain resumed working. "Treachery!" he screamed.

I heard his chair tip over as he sprang to his feet. But none at the table knew wherein lay the treachery as was proved by the failure of the company to lay hands on me. Or possibly all were so dumfounded they could not for the moment take intelligent action. Something crashed against my chair, and over went the table. I felt a muscular arm slip around my waist. A blanket fell over my head. The next moment we were tumbling through the window and into the midst of the pandemonium now reigning outside. I freed my face enough to see the Indians scattering and falling back from the lodge. Pontiac's voice was thundering:

"Surround the lodge!" But there was none among his followers who dared to draw close to the sacred structure.

My conductor pressed heavily on my shoulder and we went to our knees and crawled under a flap of the lodge, and the light from the fire in front briefly revealed the distorted face of Little Wolf. His red medicine-arrow was through his throat, the head and several inches of the shaft showing under his left ear.

"Ha-hum-veh!" chanted my rescuer.

The red arrow had been discharged in the medicine-lodge even as Little Wolf had prophesied, and it had found its way into a wolf, but not into the man of the Wolf clan as I had feared. We had no time to linger. From the uproar outside, I assumed that the Indians were still bewildered and believing that the startling appearance of the muffled figure outside the lodge and its flight through the window was but the workings of the wizard's manito.

Even now, with the Frenchmen stumbling about in the commandant's house and calling for lights, with Beaujeu madly shouting that there was an English spy inside the stockade, and with Pontiac darting among the terrified red men and fiercely exhorting them to catch my friend the Onondaga, we yet had time to take advantage of the confusion and make off into the darkness that encroached up to the rear of the lodge. Round Paw pulled the blanket over my head and drew his own covering closer, and seizing my arm raised the rear wall and pushed me before him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Laments Passing of the "Good Old Times"

Times have changed and people have grown so serious that the old delight in holidays has vanished, is the complaint voiced by the writer of an editorial in Liberty Magazine.

"April Fools' day was one of the bright spots of the year," points out the editorial. "There was a brick under the hat; the stuffed pocketbook with the string tied to it. Breakfast muffins filled with cotton were a rare jest, and so was candy shot through with cayenne pepper. It was a long time anticipated and long remembered as were St. Valentine's day, Christmas eve, Halloween, and the night before the Fourth of July. On Thanks giving we went to grandmother's house and ate gorgeously. There aren't such

grandmothers any more, or such cranberries.

"Christmas now means bills to meet," continues the disillusioned writer. "Independence day has been made a Sane Fourth. We no longer get any fun out of April Fools' day. Those unofficial childish holidays were a kind of possession peculiar to the past. They are not the same now. We are grown up and serious, and times have changed."

For Your Scrap Book

There are two kinds of writing, both great and rare; one that of genius, or the inspired, the other that of intellect and taste, in the intervals of inspiration.—Thoreau.

10 minutes ago-



How many people you know end their colds with Bayer Aspirin! And how often you've heard of its prompt relief of sore throat or sinusitis. No wonder millions take it for colds, neuralgia, rheumatism; and the aches and pains that go with them. The wonder is that anyone still worries through a winter without these tablets! They relieve quickly, yet have no effect whatever on the heart. Friends have told you Bayer Aspirin is marvelous; doctors have declared it harmless. Every druggist has it, with proven directions. Why not put it to the test?



Little Profit to Him in Breaking Records

Edward A. Neylan, exalted ruler of the New York Elks, said at a dinner: "I am afraid our armmen and our automobile racers are trying for impossible records—impossible and deadly records. They remind me of a story.

"A tramp was complaining that he had eaten nothing for three days. When another tramp called him down.

"Aw, quit yer complainin'. A pal o' mine, old Redface Leary, went for 52 days once without food or drink."

"Gosh! Why, that busted the world record. How did it happen?"

"That's what old Redface did. He croaked 'ree weeks before they found him."

Old-Fashioned Father

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, the champion of modern youth, said at a dinner in Denver:

"But of course youth isn't always in the right. An old-fashioned father complained to his daughter that he didn't like the daring way she dressed.

"Oh, don't you?" said the girl, and she blew a choking cloud of cigarette smoke into the old man's face. "Well, dad, let me tell you this—I dress to please myself."

"But it takes," he protested, coughing and waving the smoke away—"but it takes so darn little to please you."

Shouldn't

"How do the colors run in your new fine of hostility?" asked the lady customer.

"They don't," replied the loyal salesman.

Make Prospecting Trip

The 130-foot schooner Patrick and Michael, with Capt. J. Alexander, had sailed from St. John, New Brunswick, for Hudson's bay with a party of 20 explorers under the command of John Edward Leckie, of Vancouver. The expedition is backed by the Northern Aerial Minerals Exploration, Ltd., in an attempt to prospect, scientifically, the north country to discover just what mineral wealth it contains.

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