

The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

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Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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WNU Service

CHAPTER IX—Continued

Our course was to the head of Sewickley creek, which was but a few miles north of the Thicketty run camp. The night's rest had done the girl much good and she did not appear to have any trouble in keeping up with us. I wanted to carry her rifle, and thereby arouse her indignation. Almost all the talk was between Gist and me, although I made several attempts to get some expression from her. She preferred to keep at our heels and hold her tongue. Once, while Gist was climbing a tree to look for smoke from the army's campfires, she asked me:

"Does he know I ain't a man?"

"I forgot to tell him. Think I must have been forgetting the truth myself," I answered.

"Keep on forgetting, and don't tell him," she curtly requested.

"I shall never forget how you stood by me and did a man's share of the fighting," I told her, somehow sensing she was displeased at something I had said, or left unsaid.

"Will the army be at Thicketty run?" she asked.

"No one knows where it'll be," I sorrowfully replied. "It should be well on its way to the head of Turtle creek. It was at the run two days ago, and I'm afraid it isn't far from there now. If it's moved north we'll cut its line of march. Dunbar's provision train will be stretched out over a long distance. If it is still wasting time at the Run we'll shift our course and find it there."

"That man Braddock don't know how to lead an army through this sort of country. He'll get licked."

"You should be ashamed for saying that," I rebuked. "The army moves slowly, but as it goes by the head of Turtle creek it can kill time till snow flies and yet take the fort. Captain Beaujeu told me at the fort that he could do nothing but run if the creek course was taken."

"Don't go and get mad at me, mister. I ain't used to armies and soldiers. Wonder where that Injun, Round Paw, is just about this time."

"He should be several miles south of us and moving parallel to us. Today is the sixth. It'll all be settled inside of four or five days."

Gist came down from the tree and reported haze or smoke a few miles ahead. He was skeptical about its being smoke as the army ought to be in motion and not in camp. The Dinwiddie girl abruptly spoke up and declared:

"I feel like we was being followed." Gist looked at her curiously and asked:

"Do you pretend to hear and see things that Brond and me can't see, nor hear?"

"If I was a woman folks would say I was a witch," she gravely replied, meeting his gaze steadily.

He glanced back through the shadowy woods and assured us:

"I believe the Indians who chased you two have gone back to the fort."

"My feeling is that only one or two men are following us," she qualified.

"Youngers often feel that way when in Indian country," he carelessly remarked.

His indifference irritated her, and she stoutly insisted:

"Some one's chasing us."

"Our danger will be ahead, from the Indians hanging to flanks of the army," I told her. "We may have some trouble in cutting through their line."

She tucked her rifle under her arm and trotted along behind us. She had had her say and was not inclined to talk further. Curiously enough I soon found myself glancing backward, and each time I did so I met her questioning gaze and felt ashamed.

At last I had to admit to myself that her words had put a foolish notion into my head. Of course one might be followed whenever alone in the forest, but as yet there was no evidence that we were being dogged. I fought against the idea, and then told Gist:

"Keep on going. I'll overtake you within the next mile. I'm going to watch our back track for a bit."

He sped on, with the girl running a few rods behind him. I settled down between two trees and condemned myself for giving way to a silly fancy. My view of the forest was limited, but I watched faithfully. A slight noise behind me made me duck and twist my head. Instead of keeping after Gist the Dinwiddie girl had turned back to share my spying. I nodded to her and resumed searching the low arches that radiated in every direction from our position. She sank down beside me and clasped her hands about her knees and watched my frowning face rather than the woods.

"You think I'm queer, don't you, mister?" she softly asked.

"I believe you're national," I retorted. "We'll be traveling after Gist."

"Look!" she whispered.

I was in time to catch a suggestion of motion near a walnut. I watched the tree suspiciously, and from the corner of my eye detected a flicker of something off to one side.

"I saw it," murmured the girl, resting an elbow on her knee and making ready for a quick shot.

But she did not see it again, nor did L. Close at hand a low voice called out:

"Ha-hun-weh! My white brother and the witch-woman should be traveling like the deer;" and Round Paw the Onondaga stepped from cover and stood beside us.

"The witch-woman's medicine told her some one was following us. We waited," I explained.

"She is arendionanen," he gravely said. "The Wolf runs long and fast from Allaguppa's town to find the army. The bone-breaking man took your talk down the Youghiogeny and will follow up Sewickley creek if the ghosts of the Hathawekela buried there do not stop him."

The Hathawekela were the principal division of the Shawnee and claimed to be the "elder brothers" of that nation. I had been in Old Sewickley



"You Think I'm Queer, Don't You, Mister?" She Softly Asked.

town on the Allegheny, twelve miles above Duquesne, one of their villages. The Onondaga firmly believed that the ghosts of their ancient dead could, if they so desired, stop the passing of either red or white man.

"The man Cromit will reach the army. The Shawnee ghosts will not stop him. They have not stopped the English, who traveled down the Susquehanna, the Conemaugh, and the Klakimnetas; and their dead are buried along those streams."

"Ghosts place traps," he earnestly muttered. "They may make a trap for Braddock and his Swannocks."

"What is he talking about, mister? asked the girl as we followed after Gist.

"Only some nonsense about Shawnee ghosts waylaid Cromit if he goes up Sewickley creek."

"I dreamed last night of a dead English soldier."

"Then keep it to yourself. If our friend knew that, he would accept it as a warning of Braddock's defeat."

Round Paw caught enough of my English to be curious, but I did not interpret it fully and etiquette restrained him from questioning closely. Gist left a plain trail for us to follow but did not hold back for us to overtake him. We did not sight him until within two miles of the army's camp on Thicketty run.

The head of the army was well on its way for Hush creek, an eastern branch of Turtle, but a portion of it was still in the camp as shown by the smoke from the many fires. We fell in with a long line of wagons that was laboriously making its way over the road hewn through the forest by the axmen. I talked with a young wagoner, Dan Morgan by name, and he told me that the army had lost twenty-four hours at Thicketty run.

The Dinwiddie girl was showing weariness, and I found room for her in Morgan's wagon. An escort with several wagons filled with sick soldiers was about to start for Will's creek. I endeavored to persuade her to go back

with the escort, but all the time I was talking she was shaking her head. There was a number of women along with the train, but how many I never could learn as their names were not on the rolls. She would have the company of her sex, yet I was much depressed, and not a little provoked, at her stubbornness. We left her in young Morgan's wagon and went up the line.

The wagon train was alarmed by rifle-fire in the woods; then Cromit appeared, trailing his long rifle. He had been mistaken for a French scout and had barely escaped the bullets of some of our flankers. He was but little worse for his hasty travel and grinned broadly on beholding us, and more broadly when the Onondaga refused to shake hands with him.

"Allaguppa's Injuns are hiding in the woods, scared of the French," he told me. "There's going to be a vastly severe wring before we finish this business."

"We march by the head of Turtle creek. The Indians will refuse to attack. The French can do nothing alone," I informed him.

"There's going to be a mighty tough wring," he insisted. "I've dreamed again of the witch-girl."

"She's back in one of the wagons. She'll put a spell on the French."

He was much interested in my news and prophecies, and by his glances toward the rear I surmised he was wishing himself back beside the girl's wagon. Yet he maintained that to dream of her instead of "tother one" meant bad luck. He philosophically decided it was an ill omen for him personally and perhaps did not concern the general welfare of the army.

We passed a covered wagon in which Colonel Washington, a very sick man, was traveling. He had overtaken the rear of the army two days before, July fourth. I have no doubt he would have wished to question me, but I knew he must indeed be ill when he could not ride a horse, and thought it best not to make my presence known.

Before we caught up with the staff we learned that some of our rangers had fired on several of our Indian scouts, mistaking them for French Indians, and killed Scarrowdy's son, Scarowady, an Oneida chief, was known among the Delawares as Monacantha, but had been called the Half-King by the English since the death of Half-King Scrunlytha in the preceding year.

The slaying of his son was a terrible error as it might have resulted in the complete annihilation of our few Indians. But Scarrowdy was above the average Indian in intelligence and was as devoted to the colonies as he was hostile to the French.

They had buried the youth with suitable ceremonies the day before we reached the army and had covered his bones with the gift of an elaborate red coat to the bereaved father. Yet the tragedy had a lasting effect on the Indians. Round Paw told me that the Delaware scouts were asking one another:

"If the English shoot us what won't the French do?"

A shadow seemed to hang over the entire length of the slowly moving army. The militia were outspoken in their pessimism because they were not turned loose to fight in the only way they had been accustomed. The regulars were facing their task with grim visages, wondering what chance they could have in this strange wild land when the woodsmen were so down cast.

We reached the staff just as a ban was made for the officers to eat their poor rations. General Braddock sat apart from the others, and we were not allowed to approach him. He appeared to me to be dispirited over the condition and sluggishness of the army, and disgruntled with several of his officers. How much the last conclusion was due to my observation and how much to the report Cromit had brought me after Beaujeu's escape from the road-builders' camp I cannot say. Undoubtedly Cromit's talk influenced my decision, as I saw him there within seventy-two hours of his bloody death.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Majority of Mankind Too Easily Excited

There are clubs and societies for every conceivable purpose under the sun, yet one of the most obvious needs of Americans today is left entirely uncovered. What we need is a don't get excited club whose object shall be to keep people from coming to the boiling point when it isn't necessary.

The trouble with most of us is, we get too excited over little things and not excited enough over the big ones. Agitation, loss of temper and our render of self-command over the trivial annoyances of life are a sheer waste of time and energy. In most human affairs more can be accomplished through poise and placidity than through effervescence and selfish phenomena.

If a don't-get-excited club could be organized as to conserve all the human volage that now goes to waste

through needless excitement it would mean that mankind had reached the suburbs of a new era.—Harry Danlos in Thrift Magazine.

Word Inventors

Shakespeare invented the word "besmirch" and Carlyle "besmitch"; Southey produced "betrayal" and Coleridge "esemplastic"; Goldsmith contributed "cantankerous," Burke "disorganize," and Bernard Shaw "supertann," according to the Oxford English dictionary.

Fruit of the Banyan

The banyan tree is a species of fig and produces a fruit of rich, scarlet color not larger than a cherry, growing in pairs from the axils of the leaves.

AFTERNOON GOWNS OF LACE; PLAITED BRIMS FOR HATS

OF ALL things of which woman's apparel be made, the centuries have produced no medium more alluringly beautiful or so eminently expressive of exquisite femininity as lace. Especially, this season, is lace laying siege to the hearts of women who move and do and have their being in fashion's fascinating realm.

A very intriguing event took place recently in New York, in the way of a lace exposition. The fortunates—and they included women numbering into the thousands from all over the country, who attended this marvelous display of lace beautiful—were enthralled and almost bewildered by the level-

type, then it simply must display a note of striking originality in order to qualify as a worthy style exponent. It is the plaited brim which is claiming most attention just now. As to just where the plaits be located, back, front or sides, is not arbitrary, but plaited at some one point or another it should be.

Plaits across the nap of the neck is the latest millinery gesture. So far, only youth has dared to appear in these plaited-at-the-back brims. An entirely new silhouette is achieved by certain shapes which shift their brims from the front to the back. That is, the brim is entirely cut away from



STUNNING AFTERNOON GOWNS

ness and scope of the exhibit. Lace underwear, lace hats, lace shoes and parasols and even lace handbags; in fact, there was a perfect galaxy of lace for every conceivable use in dress.

The prideful part of the showing was that the myriads of laces shown were entirely American made; thus giving emphasis to the fact that American designs and fabrics today compare favorably with those of any country in the world.

A much stressed theme is that of the lace gown for dressy afternoon wear. Not only is the black all-over lace gown in favor, but those in high shades as well. For the woman who can afford but one handsome dressy frock, undoubtedly black should be her choice, for it can be enlivened with costume jewelry or other accessories so as to tune in to most every occasion. Beige also is a wise choice. If one has a feeling for color, the

across the forehead, developing, however, a plaited section at the back. Sometimes the cloche is allowed a very narrow front brim which widens at the back, where it develops into a plaited frill quite like that on a baby's bonnet.

In the instance of the artfully manipulated brim featured by the felt cloche in the upper left corner of this group, the plaits form at one side only, the opposite side showing a graceful incision which forms rounded corners.

The seated figure is wearing a bonnet of exquisite felt. This model registers the newest thing in brims. Note how elaborately it is plaited at one side. The crown, too, is smartness itself, answering to fashion's requirements for head-fitting lines. This nobby bonnet, for it is a really and truly nobby, is handed with a wide band of hatter's plush.

The ripple brim on the hat at the



GROUP OF THE LATEST HATS

gown of red or wine-colored lace makes a distinct appeal of newness and novelty this season.

The truth of the rumor that princess lines are slowly but surely returning is confirmed by the lace model shown to the right. Two tones of American chintilly lace enter into its styling.

A bit of fur adds a luxury note to the beige lace ensemble to the left. Fashion gives us the privilege of choosing a brim or not. If, however, the brim be chosen in preference to the brimless molded-to-the-head

Record Yield of Wheat

The bureau of crop estimates says that the largest yield, in bushels, of wheat to an acre of which it has record is 117.2 bushels. It was produced in 1895 in Island county, Washington. The average harvest was 18 and the yield 117.2 per acre. The field was measured and the wheat weighed. Probably a bushel per acre was lost in threshing, due to the inability of the threshing machine to produce the best results in such heavy grain.

Golf at High Altitude

Europe's highest golf club is at Font-Romeu, in the Haute-Pyrenees, and its managers are boasting that it is somewhat above 2,000 meters altitude. This does not compare quite with the famous club at Bogota, at 2,000-meter altitude, but the European physicians say the atmosphere at Font-Romeu will be found perfect by golfers.

Needle Industry

The principal manufacturers of needles in Great Britain make about 600,000,000 a year. Sixteen different operations are required to make an ordinary sewing needle. The smallest needles are made from wire 0.0085-inch in diameter, and 1,000 of them weigh less than a quarter of an ounce.

Pests Eat Pests!

Blackbirds may be seen descending on wheat fields in flocks of hundreds. For every bushel of grain that they may consume they have first eaten five bushels of insects, the latter if left unmolested to feed and propagate would account for a dozen bushels for the year's end.

Real Good in Life

For myself I am certain that the good of human life cannot lie in the possession of things which for one man to possess is for the rest to lose, but rather in things which all can possess alike, and where one man's wealth promotes his neighbors.—Spinoza.

For Discolored China

To remove brown marks from china put the articles in a sauceron with cold water and a lump of soda. Put the pan on the stove and let it boil for fifteen minutes. Then rinse the china well and you will find that the marks have disappeared.

More Deep-Sea Sailors

At the present time there are more men sailing the seas than there were 20 or 30 years ago, although there are now fewer sailing vessels. This decrease is more than made up by the increased number of steamers.

At the Summer Hotel

One of the reasons why many vacations are a failure is that one talks for hours on petty topics, arguing matters of fact that could be settled in a minute by turning to a reference book.—Woman's Home Companion.

No Free Advice

"Be careful if you're playing against the new lawyer chap," warned the golf club's oldest player. "I asked him if I should use a maulie or a niblick, and today I've had a bill for \$2."—Border Cities Star.

Peach Bone

It was the first time in her young life that a whole peach had been given Mary Catherine. She ate it with pleasure, then brought back the seed. "Mother," she said, "I ate all but the bony part."

World's Highest Bridge

The highest bridge in the world is the railway bridge that crosses the gorge of the Zambesi just below the famous Victoria falls in South Africa. It is 400 feet above the water.

Fine Tree Rings

The tree rings of the giant sequoias of California are sometimes so fine that 100 of them, representing a century of growth, add only 2 inches to the diameter of a tree.

Tip for Mothers

A thoughtful mother is one who teaches her boy how to use a can opener so he will never have to go hungry after he gets married.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Day Dreamers

"The reason some folks never wake up to find themselves rich," says a local philosopher, "is because they never wake up."—Acheson Globe.



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