

### Shows Speed of Airplane

The instrument used to indicate the air speed of an airplane is commonly called a "pilot tube." The air passes through this tube across an opening in one side and in so doing builds up air pressure on one side of the diaphragm and creates a vacuum in the other. This uneven force operates a pointer on a dial and indicates the air speed.

### Animals' Vocal Range

Horses are sopranos, cows are tenors, sheep are contraltos and pigs are basses, says Mr. Geoffrey Shaw, English musician. He so classified the animals' "voices" during a lecture to the members of the summer course of music at Oxford. He first asked his audience to make the classification, but none could do so.

### Cleansing Material

Rottenstone, often recommended for cleaning and polishing brass and other metals is supposed to be a decomposed siliceous limestone and consists essentially of aluminum silicate with carbonaceous matter. Several localities in Derbyshire, England, and in Wales, are the principal sources.

### Let It Pass By

House centipedes are not such pests as many people think. They do not feed on household goods, but on flies, roaches and other household pests. They are ugly things, but really helpful, so if you see one in your home shudder a bit if you feel like it, but let it go peacefully on its way.

### Osprey Was Pirate

Attempts were once made to train the fish-hawk or osprey to catch fish for its master's table, but as this bird could not be persuaded to relinquish its habit of flying to the top of the nearest tall tree with its catch, these attempts soon ended.

### Ant Eggs by the Pound

Some of the birds at the Detroit Zoological park are so fussy in regard to their diet that they demand, and get, ant eggs. The management has to buy the eggs, which are dried and look like rice, by the pound.—Detroit News.

### Wonderful Sense of Smell

It is said that John Keats, the poet, could name every flower near him by its scent, in the dark—or rather, the twilight, for it is a well-known fact that very few flowers give out any scent after nightfall.

### Early Gold Coinage

Probably the gold crescent of Lydia were the earliest pure gold coins. Croesus introduced a coinage of pure gold and silver more than 500 years before Christ, ten silver pieces passing for one of gold.

### Buffalo and Bison

The Asiatic buffalo is similar to the bison, but has thinner horns which slope backwards. Some of them are eight feet from horns to tail and stand five feet and a half high at the shoulders.

### Language Facts

In the English language the letter "e" is used most frequently, but according to the New Oxford dictionary most words begin with "s". In this dictionary they number 37,428.

### Oyster's Big Family

If only one oyster were left alone until it had great-great-grandchildren, there would be so many oysters that their shells would make a pile eight times the size of the earth.

### Master of One's Fate

Everywhere and at all times it is in thy power plausibly to acquiesce in thy present condition, and to behave justly to those who are about thee.—Marcus Antoninus.

### Mammon Worship

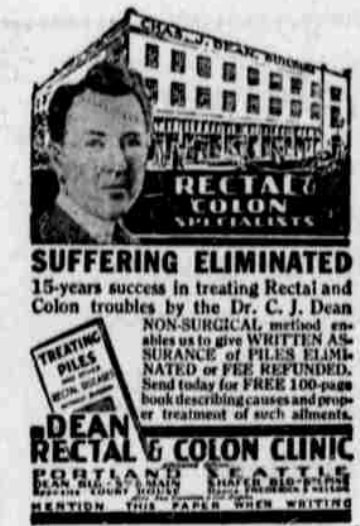
"He who thinks only of money," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown "must be prepared for times when money may forget its best friends."—Washington Star.

### Works Both Ways

Life has a way of evening things. For every woman who makes a fool out of some man there's another who makes a man out of some fool.—Seattle Times.

### What's A Kitchen Utensil?

Do you remember way back when peddlers came around with wagons in which they carried kitchen utensils to be exchanged for rags?—Chicago Tribune.



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MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

## The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By

HUGH PENDEXTER

Illustrations by  
LAWIN MYERS

W. N. U. SERVICE

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### CHAPTER VIII—Continued

I popped out from the door and picking up a hide slid it into place, remaining until I had three skins in place. I would have persisted longer had she not run out to upbraid me, scolding like a vixen. Then began the phase of warfare I had been dreading. The sending of fire-arrows. None bit the roof; and while they were preparing more fire I rushed forth and finished one side of the roof.

The girl scolded me as if I had been a wayward child. Her gravity and seriousness became her prettily. The little lecture was interrupted by another flight of burning arrows. This time they had the range and we heard two strike on the roof. Before I knew what she was doing she had stepped out to observe how her scheme was working. I followed and picked her up and carried her inside.

"Anyway, mister, there ain't any arrows on the roof," she told me as I stood her on her feet. "Points couldn't get any hold on them skins. Just slithered off."

Between volleys was the golden time for work. I begged her to keep under cover and went to finish patching the south side. This time the foe was awaiting my appearance and delivered a crashing volley the moment I cleared the door. Some of the lead whistled unwholesomely close. A voice shouted loudly and ten Indians, selected for their fleetness of foot, came racing across the opening. It was grimly significant that they were armed with axes only. They were determined to bring the fight to close quarters. I entered the cabin as the girl began firing from the rear loophole.

"Here they come from all directions! They mean it this time!" she cried.

The attack was peralst in until one brave was lacking the door with his ax. It is a peculiar fact that with them at such close quarters none of their number was mortally wounded. Doubtless we were nervous and a bit confused by the attack being pressed on three sides while some of them actually climbed on to the roof and dislodged some of the skins. I have no clear recollection of details. I know we darted from side to side and discharged the two rifles and the musket. The room was thick with smoke and I recall my fear lest those on the roof should make an opening and jump down upon us.

It was not until they began to fall back that I discovered the girl had been more calm than I, for she had refused to discharge her pistol. I peered from a loophole and saw them running for the woods and not a weapon in the cabin was loaded. One of their number had been bit in the foot and was limping along with two men helping him. Probably he had been hit while climbing onto the roof, his foot coming in range with one of the loopholes as a musket was discharged.

I loaded rapidly to get one of the three men making off together, but the moment I opened the door a warning was shouted from the leader in the woods and the wounded man was dropped in a little hollow. His assistants raced off in different directions. The hollow containing the wounded man was too slight effectually to protect him, and opening the door sufficiently to accommodate my rifle-barrel I would have stirred him up had not the girl thrust her hand over the door and at the same time pulled me backward. I opened my mouth to rebuke her, but she clapped a hand over my mouth and pointed toward the room. Then pulling my ear down to her lips she whispered:

"They didn't all quit the roof, mister. I heard a little noise up there."

I nodded and gently closed the door and barred it and cocked my ear. She nudged me as the man on the roof made a faint scraping sound. This was a danger I had never counted upon. To get at the fellow necessitated my leaving the cabin. We began talking to allay any suspicions on his part, and the girl said:

"He's moving along to get directly over the door. We must fool him."

Bidding her to move about at the rear of the cabin and to keep on talking, I stepped to the door and in the noches cut in the logs, so that one might climb to a crevice under the eaves and scrutinize the opening before opening the door, gently placed my feet and pulled myself up until my eyes were at the crevice. My head was close to the roof and as the girl chattered along I heard the rattling sound of the savage working his way down to the eaves and directly over the door.

As I was about to descend, I was further rewarded, for a moccasin foot dropped down across my narrow range of vision. The Indian was sitting

with one foot hanging down from the eaves and waiting for me to leave the cabin, when he would drop down upon me. The roof was formed of sapling-size poles covered with large sections of thick bark, which in turn was held in place by poles running lengthwise at regular intervals. I drew my knife and gently inserted it between two of the poles, then de-lasted, as at the most I would only prick the fellow and put him on his guard.

Regaining the floor I moved a rough table, which Frazier used for displaying his trade-goods, close to the chimney, and gave the girl an iron prod and directed her to stand on the table and pretend to be making an opening through the roof. She hesitated and asked:

"You're going out?"

"He'll be watching the chimney." "There may be two of 'em."

I shook my head and held up a finger and directed her to keep talking in a loud voice as she assailed the roof. Then taking the short rifle and loading it I tiptoed to the door and noiselessly removed the bar and waited.

The girl began jabbing the iron rod between two of the poles and calling down to me to mount the table and help her. She made much noise and yet I believed I caught a faint sound from over the door. Lifting the door so it would not sag and scrape the door, I worked it open wide enough for me to pass out.

"The rod's through the roof!" cried the girl.

At the same time a shout rose from the forest. I darted through the narrow opening and whirled about and raised the rifle. One savage was there and had been on the point of crawling to the ridge-pole to investigate the several inches of iron rod showing through the bark when the yell from the woods had warned him to be on his guard. He must have connected the outcry of his friends with the sudden appearance of the rod, for he was on all fours and staring over his shoulder to where his friends were in hiding.

When he saw me the rifle was at my shoulder. He made a convulsive effort to hurt his ax and roll off the roof, but he was dead before he could throw it.

From the Indians' point of view there should have been but one thing for them to do—return at once with their guns and endeavor to shoot us through the loopholes. Luckily for us, they were not inclined to risk any more of their men. I could hear their leader shouting to them, but if he were exhorting them to charge, they had no heart for it. They renewed the attack with fire-arrows. With loose hides, I patched the bare spots as far as I could reach while the girl looped skins together to go over the ridge-pole. I had ignored their musket fire, but when a small bullet whizzed close to my head I knew some Indian or Frenchman had arrived on the scene with a rifle, and I lost no time in taking cover.

"That sounds like cannon," said the girl as I closed and made fast the door.

"It was a rifle. We must be more careful."

"I know a rifle when I hear it. That's what I mean, mister."

I listened and heard it. It was thunder beyond any doubt. I opened the door a crack and scanned the heavens. There was no storm in sight. "It's up the Monongahela, I told her. "It's so far off I fear we won't get even the skirt of it."

We needed much of it; not only to drench the cabin but to cool the air inside. With the door closed and the stout shutter in place over the one small opening that served as a window it was blood-hot in the cabin.

The place was no inferno from smoke and powder fumes and the heat that I risked a chance shot from the forest by removing the shutter and opening the door. The thunder rolled across the sky again and the girl sighed:

"Let's wish it's a smart one and will come this way."

I made her drink some water and with a pewter dish bathed her wrists and slim neck. She complained that I was wasting it, and in the next moment was on the point of weeping as she said no one had been kind to her, except her crippled uncle, since her mother's death. I brushed back her hair and bathed her forehead and washed the smoke and grime from her face and tried to be very gentle with her. I was beginning to realize what a slip of a thing she was to be participating in such grim tragedies. I also appreciated her sturdy spirit.

Suddenly she drew away from me and rearranged her hair and diffidently said:

"You've been master kind to me, mister. I wish I was a witch, like folks in Great Cove say. I'd change you into a boss, or a bird, and you'd sit clear of all this."

"Sit here, just inside the door, while I stand watch. I've never had a chance to wait on such a brave little woman before."

"Don't that's fooling!" she scoffed, and eyeing me in surprise. "You've been in big settlements. You've seen women, mister, who never see a Injun. All they have to do is be brave. If I had a pair of shoes fit, what some of them settlement women most likely wear, I'd be fighting to keep 'em."

"If we get out of this, you shall have the gayest pair of shoes to be found in Alexandria," I promised, and I thought of Josephine and her love of luxury and wondered how she would have endured the ordeal of being cornered in a trader's cabin at the mouth of Turtle creek.

"I ain't used to have folks give me things," she gravely told me. "We'll have to think about that." Then shyly: "Is that where you want me to go? To Alexandria, a real big settlement?"

In truth, I had given no thought as to just where she should go did we escape. Yet how could I give her a pair of shoes in Alexandria if she were not there to receive them?

"If I go back there, yes, I have no home there now. Like yourself, I am homeless."

This pleased her and she snuggled against my knee and murmured:

"I'm thinking it's mighty good that you're like that—no home. You can build a home anywhere. All you need is an ax and some trees. If you'd had a home, you'd never have come poking round Great Cove. Lor's love! What would have happened to me if you hadn't come along! At Will's creek, too. And in that other cabin, when I run away. And now here."

"You have nothing to thank me for," I sadly told her. "At all those places you name, you have had trouble because I did go to the rove. Now we'll close the door while I take a look at the woods from the back of the cabin. The Indians are too quiet to suit me."

I bent down to the loophole and immediately called to her to make sure the bar was firmly in place.

"Another fight," she sighed. "And we was having such a talk!"

I heard her reloading her rifle, but did not remove my eye from the hole. Something was slowly approaching the cabin. For a moment I could not make it out, and then glimpsed the top of a feather showing above the strange object. Simultaneously with my discovery, the Indians began firing their guns at the front of the cabin and yelling. I paid no heed to the gunfire and the shouting for the real menace was where the feather bobbed and slowly advanced.

She elbowed me aside and after a glance informed me:

"They've fastened some of the skins together and are holding them in front of them. Wonder if it'll stop a bullet."

I fired my rifle. The moving barricade stopped, and then came on again. The savage, or savages, had difficulty in keeping it in place and their approach was very slow. Exiting cries resounded from the woods as the hidden watchers witness; how ineffective had been my bullet.

It seemed to be a very long time that I waited, and finally noted how dark the interior of the cabin was growing. Had I not known the position of the sun, I would have said it was later than the twilight hour.

"I can't hardly see you, mister," said the girl uneasily. "You look all humped over like a bear."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Found Pleasure Only in Business Triumph

The American business man, taking his vacation abroad, is one of the most depressing sights of the Riviera, according to Lloyd Morris, writing in Harper's.

"I recall an American whom I met on the terrace of a restaurant in the hills back of Nice," he says. "His wife had inveigled him into taking a winter holiday; it was so much more smart, she said, than a summer vacation. They had come to the Riviera for the winter. I inquired whether he was enjoying it. 'Enjoying it? H—I, no!' He spat expressively. 'But I'll tell you,' he added, his eyes lighting up, 'back home my factory has just sold a thousand beds. New hotel in Cleveland. Had a wire today.' He stared off into the distance. He didn't see the vineyards in the valley below or the blue Mediterranean, framed by hills. And when he added wistfully,

'I wish I was there now,' I knew what he saw—a thousand beds, in crates stamped with his name, on the shipping platform of his busy factory.'

### Of the Conifer Family

The torrey pines occur in restricted localities in Florida, California, Japan and China. They are a genus of conifer, belonging to the taxineae or yew tribe. The California species, known as Californian nutmeg, is the largest reaching a height of 70 feet and occasionally even 100 feet.

### Bristol Old Port

Bristol is one of the oldest ports in England. Its history is generally believed to go back 2,000 years, when it was the terminal place of barter for the Phoenician traders. It was later used by the Roman navigators.

### Aviators Have Found Use for Old 'Chutes

Muffs for aviators are being made from without parachutes used in the aviation branch of the United States army.

Parachutes are made of the finest, softest Japanese silk. They are made in small pieces, so that if a break occurs it will not run the entire length of the cloth.

A parachute usually lasts about five years. The silk is then turned in and the larger pieces are used to make muffs for pilots. The soft silk serves a valuable purpose in protecting the throat of the wearer from chafing of the helmet strap, especially on long hops.

After the World war the discarded covering of airplane wings was much in demand by both men and women for outing shirts.

### Cold Need Cause

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Singers can't always keep from catching cold, but they can get the best of any cold in a few hours—and so can you. Get Pape's Cold Compound that comes in pleasant-tasting tablets, one of which will break up a cold so quickly you'll be astonished.—Adv.

### Clung to German Marks

When the will of a wealthy out-of-state man was filed with Assistant Attorney General Stubbs, of Maine, for assessment of taxes on financial interests of that state, an unusual clause was found in the will. That part of the document referred to 143,000,000,000,000 German marks which the man had bought during the war, and instructed the executor to retain the currency until it could be redeemed at a "reasonable price" rather than appraise it as practically worthless. The man bought the marks for about \$6,000.

### Field Hockey Old Game

Everyday discoveries are being made with regard to ancient people. When some workmen were clearing out the rubbish from one of the walls of the Acropolis in Athens, for which, by the way, Themistocles used anything that came handy, they came across two marble tablets sculptured in relief. And one of these tablets represented two youths holding hockey sticks in their hands ready to hit the ball, which lies between them, whilst a third is in the act of giving the signal to begin.

### Horse's Hoofs Start Fire

More than 2,000 acres of forest land in California were swept by fire recently, the blaze being started by sparks from a horse's hoofs, according to the report of the state forester, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. This is believed to be the first verified instance of an occurrence of this kind, although other fires, starting in this manner, have been reported.

### Poor Marksmanship

Cub Reporter—Don't you think my articles have a lot of fire? Proofreader—Yes, considerable fire, but no aim.

Tears are the war cry of an angry woman.



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When Dr. Caldwell started to practice medicine, back in 1875, the needs for a laxative were not so great as today. People lived normal lives, ate plain, wholesome food, and got plenty of fresh air. But even that early there were drastic physians and purges for the relief of constipation which Dr. Caldwell did not believe were good for human beings.

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