Beaver Feeds on Aspen

Beavers will eat other food than aspen bark if they are obliged to, and often do so from choice, especially in summer. No doubt they are glad of a change in diet. Even in summer, however, they consume much aspen and even when using other plants. This seems to show that they really prefer aspen.

Air Runs Timber Saw

A wicked looking implement of recent invention which has proved very effective in lightening labor, is the portable timber-sawing machine, designed for cutting heavy planks and timber. The saw is air-driven. With it two men can cut easily any kind of timber up to 24 inches in diameter.

Belief Revised

This writer has been laughing at miracles for a good many years, but we are going to give it up. A Texas student was so shocked the other day that he died. If anything can shock a college student, then there is a Santa Claus and miracles are real.—Corvallis (Ore.) Gazette-Times.

Dicing Ancient Game

In the days of Pompeii dice were often of very elaborate construction, being frequently jeweled, but the game was just the same as followed today. The true age of dice has never been ascertained. According to Sophocles, it was Palamedes, a Greek, who invented them.

Unreasoning Wisdom

Women in love are forever accused by men of being unreasonable. And—of course—they are unreasonable. Thus proving, once more, their infinite sagacity.—Charles G. Shaw in Harper's Bazar.

Aviators' Powder Puffs

It is amusing to note that many aviators protect their ears against the roar of the motor by means of tiny velour powder puffs. They are sewn inside the flaps of the helmet.

Care of Linoleum

Waxing will help to make linoleum last a long time. Wash with steaming hot water and apply wax while the linoleum is warm. Apply after each washing.

Name Made Famous

The name "Old Glory" for the name of the flag of the United States was first applied in 1831 by William Driver, a sailing captain of Salem, Mass.

Historic Canadian Soil

The first farm in Canada is said to have been situated on the slope of the hill at Quebec where now stands the City hall and other public buildings.

One-Way Journey

A fool and his money are soon parted, and when cash starts speeding away it carries no round-trip ticket.—Fort Wayne News-Sentinel.

Excuse for Existence

Contrary to all the jokes, young graduates are of some use in the world, usually having tickets to the big games.—Detroit News.

First Recorded Strike

The first appearance of the strike in history was the strike of secession of the plebeians against the patricians in ancient Rome, 494 B. C.

Dangerous Attributes

Fools and sensible men are equally innocuous. It is in the half fools and half wise that the greatest dangers lies.—Goethe.

They All Do

"The worst of my husband is that he thinks he has all the sense."—Woman at Willesden (England) police court.

About Ourselves

Being in the right place and being ready accounts for many of the fine happenings that onlookers call "Luck."

Twofold Advice

Don't cut corners while motoring, but be sure to cut corners on expenses in your business.—Atchison Globe.

Conveys Meaning

The expression: "A miss is as good as a mile," means that a narrow escape is as good as any other.

Bossism

To become a boss requires no bossing.—Forbes Magazine.

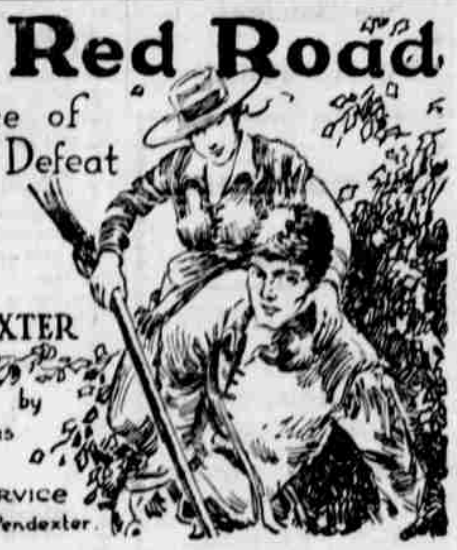
The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By

HUGH PENDEXTER

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS



W. N. U. SERVICE

CHAPTER IX—Continued

—26—

"I'll do as you ask, mister; but before the fighting begins, if there is any, I want to see you a minute. If there's sure to be fighting, come back to me. I'll be near the first wagon."

"If it is possible, I'll do that," I agreed, glad to make any terms that would insure her safety.

There was some delay in starting, although the drums had pounded out the "long march." It seems that General Braddock wished to examine the Rush creek shore personally before breaking camp. Now my hopes were high again; but, alas! The precipitous banks impressed him as being too much of an obstacle to overcome now we were so close to the fort. And during the few minutes he walked along the banks and scowled at the rugged shore over the stream the fate of an army and of a continent were decided.

I felt a great regret that the ridge road was not followed, but I fully believed the river road would, at the most, cost some lives. It was not given to the Onondaga, nor even to the witch-girl, to read the next few hours.

It was near midday before we got in motion. Gist was already out with the Delawares. Round Paw, Cromit and I took to the woods together, but quickly separated and scouted toward Turtle creek. When we came back to camp that night we made the same report—no signs of any enemy Indians in numbers. Our Delawares had exchanged shots with a few French Indians but no scalps were brought in.

During the day the army had followed the valley of Long Run for a distance of about eight miles in a southwesterly course, so slowly did we move, and had made camp on the slope between the Monongahela and a rivulet called Crooked Run. Throughout the night the wagons kept coming in.

In the morning—July eighth—Colonel Washington arrived and insisted on exchanging the covered wagon for a horse. He showed his illness very plainly and was not fit to be in the saddle. He was a young man, younger than I, and yet his face was very grave. I saw him when he went to participate in a council with the commander and the field officers. I was waiting near when he came from the conference in company with Sir Peter Halket. Sir Peter's visage was very melancholy and not good for the regulars to see. The two of them ended their conversation close by me, and as I was there first there was no reason why I should plug my ears.

Sir Peter said:

"I urged upon him to have every foot of the ground examined, and you heard what he replied; that he refused to lose time beating the forest for red Indians as Highland hunters beat the woods in driving out game. But, methinks, we could well take a lesson from these same Highland hunters."

"It will be a great fault if we do not seize the fords, at the least," said Colonel Washington. "Even were that done there will remain much danger. The French will never abandon Duquesne without making a fight. But we must have good courage. The French Indians do not want to fight. Out only danger will be in a panic seizing upon the regulars."

"You may dismiss that fear," Sir Peter haughtily replied. "His Majesty's Guards know their duty too well, thank God! If the provincials will hold, there need be no fear concerning the soldierly qualities of the Guards."

"I am convinced the provincials will hold, Sir Peter," crisply assured Colonel Washington.

Thereupon they parted with ceremonious bows, and Colonel Washington beheld me for the first time. He greeted me warmly, as an old friend. I had to tell him my experience as a guest of Captain Beaujeu, and he requested me to repeat what the captain had said about laying an ambuscade at the crossings. When I had finished, he said:

"It does look as if the Indians are falling him at the last moment. Our scouts report there are no signs of Indians at either crossing. There's nothing to hinder us seizing both fords now. And yet we should always beware of the enemy. Better overrate him than to underrate him. Well, Webster, take good care of yourself. If the impossible does happen, it must be the colonials who hold the enemy back until the regulars can get their bearings."

Again he shook my hand and his flesh was hot with fever. He was weak and his gaze wandered to his covered wagon. I bluntly told him, "You should be in bed, sir."

"Excellent advice, Doctor Broad, inasmuch as rest is hard come by when the wagon is in motion." His attempt at jocosity was rather pitiable when one saw the feverish flush in his thin cheeks and observed the heavy weariness of his eyes. "But it's worry, rather than fatigue, that's bothering me. Damme, Webster! It's hard faring when I can't keep on a horse when I believe I'm needed, but can ride across two counties without discomfort when a dance with a pretty lady is the objective."

I turned with him towards his wagon and he rested a hand on my shoulder, not for support but in simple friendliness, and I prompted, "You worry, Colonel?"

"The regulars," he replied in a low voice. "They have no idea what bush-fighting means." Then he caught himself and his voice was that of an officer as he warned, "But that isn't to be talked about. The riflemen will scout against a surprise." We were at the wagon and I would have liked to have given him a hand over the tail-board, but knew better.

Early that evening the word was passed that St. Clair was to push forward at once a strong force so as to make both fords secure. For some reason he abandoned this plan, which might have eliminated all chances of a massacre. Perhaps General Braddock opposed it, although I was afterward told by Captain Orme that Braddock never passed upon it.

Could we have but known that night what had gone on in Duquesne the entire history of this country might have read differently; always providing we had taken advantage of our knowledge. As it transpired later, the de Normanville brothers on July eighth reported to Beaujeu that our army was eighteen miles from the fort. Beaujeu at once, in a desperate mood, harangued the Indians. The red men told him he was mad to propose an attack on such an army. Yet such was his influence over them that they did not flatly refuse the venture but did ask a day in which to think over his bold project. Thus, this very night after I had spoken with Colonel Washington, the commandant at Duquesnes was gloomily facing the hours that separated him from July ninth, the day he was to accomplish so much for France and leave a memory that was soon to be forgotten!

But he knew nothing of all this, and Sir John did not take steps to make the double crossing of the Monongahela safe. However, General Braddock did realize the necessity of doing in part what Sir Peter Halket had urged him to do thoroughly, and at three of the clock of the morning of the ninth sent Gage forward to secure the two crossings and to hold the farther shore of the second until the army should come up.

Round Paw and I were awake when this detachment started and we did not go back to sleep again. Cromit had found Simon Flax among the wagons and had joined his mess. At four o'clock in the morning St. Clair followed after Gage with the road-builders. Braddock posted four hundred men on the surrounding heights and started for the first crossing at six in the morning.

Round Paw and I acted as scouts, although it has been erroneously charged that Braddock had no scouts out. Such statements are absurd. The entire army, including the wagons and guns, made the first crossing without any hindrance; and it did seem as if the road to Duquesne was open before us. We marched in order of battle to the second ford, and saw nothing of the enemy. Gage had carried out his instructions, and the last crossing was clear and the prize was almost within our grasp.

A band of twenty of the enemy's Indians had been seen, but these had run away in fright. It lacked an hour before midday when we reached the second crossing, but it was not until two hours later that the banks were pronounced safe for the artillery and the wagons. In another hour the army had passed this ford.

The Onondaga and I were in advance and halted to watch this final passage of the river. For the benefit of any French scouts the troops had been ordered on dress parade. It was a wonderful spectacle, and my heart beat high with pride. Round Paw sounded his "Yo-hah!" as he gazed on the soldiers wearing their best uniforms and carrying arms that shone like silver. To add to our enthusiasm, the colors were waving and the drums were rolling out the "Grenadiers' March."

As the disciplined files steadily approached, long lines of scarlet and gold, I could not believe the sturdy fellows ever would be thrown into confusion let Beaujeu act as cunningly and audaciously as he might. As they came on, it was easy to pronounce them inexorable of purpose, a relentless war machine that could not be stopped. That last passage of the river was the high point of my hopes: the Lilies over Duquesne were as good as down. In this brave and inspiring fashion was the bulk of the army drawn up in battle array near the Frazier cabin.

There would be no fight, I said to the Onondaga. He muttered:

"The man of the Wolves sees only red paint."

I remembered my promise to the Dinwold girl, and as there might be a skirmish between our rangers and the retreating enemy I went back to the wagons. She was waiting for me behind the covered wagon in which Colonel Washington had overtaken the army.

"We'll be in the fort before sunset," I hurriedly told her. "I must get back to be among those who go ahead."

"If I could go with you—"

"Remember your promise," I rebuked her. "I have come as I said I would. Now do you keep back with the wagons. There may be a few bullets flying about the head of the army. And just why did you want to see me, little woman?"

She flushed and then lost her color, and whispered:

"There is a shroud around the man Cromit. I wanted you to come back to see if one had grown about you."

She stared at me as if looking through me and at something far beyond; then she gave a little laugh and winked back the tears and in great relief murmured:

"You have no shroud. Thank the good God for that. The Onondaga—"

"Put no shroud on him," I hastily interrupted. "For if you do, and he knows it, he would feel bound to get himself killed."

"I say nothing about the Indian. Kiss me, mister."

That kiss was most unreal, like something happening in a dream, and yet I found it greatly to my liking; a fact that surprised me much. She was so abrupt in her demand—it was more that than an invitation—that I had obeyed and was hurrying back to the Onondaga before I had fully analyzed my emotions.

Round Paw spoke to me sharply, and I did not understand what he said. He trotted off and I followed him.

"My white brother is as one who has talked with ghosts," he told me over his shoulder.

The order of march from the second ford had the guides and engineers and six light horse following the scouts. Gage's detachment and the working party under St. Clair came next. Some distance behind these last came the line, preceded by light horse with four squads acting as flankers. Then followed the sailors and a subaltern proudly leading twenty grenadiers, one twelve-pounder supported by a company of grenadiers. The vanguard proper followed, and behind it came the artillery and wagon-trains, and the rear-guard. Flanking parties were out on both sides.

I saw nothing of Cromit and had time only to wave my hand to Busby before the Onondaga had led me around a bend in the road. At that time General Braddock with the main army was well back toward the ford, and the advance column of some three hundred men was well-advanced beyond a cross-ravine. Half-way between these two divisions was another column of two hundred men.

Had we scouted the ravine it would have been an easy matter for Gage's pioneers to have taken possession of it. Gage's command had passed beyond the spot where the main battle was soon to be fought and must have just finished ascending the second gentle slope when the Onondaga gave an explosive grunt, seized my arm, and pulled me behind some trees. I saw figures moving toward us from the direction of the fort, but supposing them to be some of the enemy's scouts reconnoitering the army.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wild Creatures Able to Foretell Danger

In addition to the five senses human beings enjoy, it seems that animals and birds have one that enables them to divine a little of the future and what it holds for them.

The saying, "Rats will leave a sinking ship," indicates a strange foreknowledge on the part of these creatures.

Fish, birds, and animals are invariably true weather prophets. Sea-birds know in some curious way when a storm is approaching. Though the weather is fine and the sky gives no warning of a coming storm, they are moved by some common impulse to make their way inland. Wild geese will also fly from the approach of a thunderstorm.

Ants will desert their nests, taking their babies with them, 24 hours before the outbreak of a forest fire.

Rabbits will leave burrows made in low-lying ground before a flood occurs. They have some weird premonition which forces them to seek higher ground before the danger is upon them.

Record for Slaughter

According to ancient records, the battle of Chalons, where Attila, the Hun, was met by the Gothic prince, Thorismund, commanding the Visigoths and Roman forces, was the most sanguinary battle ever recorded in history. The dead left upon the field are estimated as between 250,000 and 300,000 men.

Libraries for Schools.

Every school in the province of Saskatchewan, Can., is required to maintain a school library, and $10 for each room in operation must be expended annually in the purchase of books from an authorized list.—School Life.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 48-1928.