

**John's Mother Praises Doctor**

There isn't a mother living who won't agree that no half-sick child should be the subject for an experiment with medicines of uncertain merit. When your child is bilious, head-achy, half-sick, feverish, restless, with coated tongue, bad breath, no appetite or energy, you know that nine times out of ten it's a sign his little stomach and bowels need purging. And when you know that for over fifty years leading physicians have endorsed one preparation for this condition, there doesn't seem to be any reason for "trying" things.



Rich, fruity California Fig Syrup clears the little stomach and bowels gently, harmlessly and in a hurry. It regulates the bowels, gives tone and strength to them and to the stomach; and helps to give your child new strength, energy and vitality. Thousands of Western mothers praise it. Mrs. Joseph W. Hill, 4306 Bedford Ave., Omaha, Nebraska, says: "I'll never forget the doctor who got me to give my baby boy, John, California Fig Syrup. Nothing else seemed to help his weak bowels. That was when he was just a baby. He suffered a good deal before I gave him Fig Syrup, but it stopped his trouble quick. I have used it with him for colds and little upset spells ever since. I consider him a Fig Syrup boy." Insist on the genuine article. See that the carton bears the word "California." Over four million bottles used a year.

**Garfield Tea Was Your Grandmother's Remedy**

For every stomach and intestinal ailment. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

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**SCHOOL FOR MEN**  
Training for BUSINESS, TRADES or PROFESSIONS. Enroll any time. Send for literature. **OREGON INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY** E. M. C. A. Bldg. Portland, Oregon

**Old Money Order Cashed.**  
After a delay of 70 years, a post-office money order has been paid to Maj. A. Frank Hutchins, of Deerfield, Mass. In 1858, Asa B. Munn, of Chicago, sent his brother, Philo B. Munn, of Deerfield, a United States money order for \$20. It appears that the order was never cashed by Philo Munn, but used by him as a bookmark for the family Bible. After the death of Mr. Munn, his property was inherited by Major Hutchins and the money order was found in the Bible.

**Americans Badly Led.**  
The battle of Canada, August 16, 1759, was an overwhelming British victory over the Americans. The American army was practically destroyed as an organization. This branded General Gates for all time as an incompetent military leader.

One can never estimate a man's salary by the work he claims to do.



**SAME PRESCRIPTION HE WROTE IN 1892**

When Dr. Caldwell started to practice medicine, back in 1875, the needs for a laxative were not as great as today. People lived normal lives, ate plain, wholesome food, and got plenty of fresh air. But even that early there were drastic physical and purges for the relief of constipation which Dr. Caldwell did not believe were good for human beings. The prescription for constipation that he used early in his practice, and which he put in drug stores in 1892 under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a liquid vegetable remedy, intended for women, children and elderly people, and they need just such a mild, safe bowel stimulant. This prescription has proven its worth and is now the largest selling liquid laxative. It has won the confidence of people who needed it to get relief from headaches, biliousness, flatulence, indigestion, loss of appetite and sleep, bad breath, dyspepsia, colds, fevers. At your druggist, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

**The Red Road A Romance of Braddock's Defeat**

By Hugh Pendexter

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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**CHAPTER IX—Continued**

"They are charging us!" cried the Onondaga. And sounding his war-whoop he fired at the figures now swiftly bounding forward.

I also fired and stopped a savage. But I did not believe the affair would amount to anything more than an exchange of shots between the scouts until I recognized Captain Beaujeu at the head of a mixed force of French and Indians. On the breast of his fringed hunting-shirt was a silver gorget, a pleasing target had I not emptied my rifle at the savage.

A moment after I fired, Beaujeu halted and waved his hat above his head, and the Indians scattered to left and right. I would have believed the enemy was retreating had not the Canadians and regulars remained to hold the road against us.

While I was reloading, Mr. Gordon of the engineers came up and was the first of the regulars to behold the enemy. It seemed to be a most foolhardy thing for two hundred Frenchmen to dispute the Duquesne road against our proud army. I began to realize we were in for something more than a skirmish when a heavy fire opened on us from ahead and from both sides. Round Paw and I both hugged the ground and retired to the right.

A terrific howling and yelling was started by the savages, a sinister chorus that encompassed the road for some distance. Gage's troops seemed to be confused by the fiendish clamor and the invisibility of the foe. The men staggered under the cruel fire, then rallied and began emptying their muskets in volleys. But there was nothing to shoot at except the slim French force ahead. Before they could fall back from the jaws of the trap, St. Clair's working force came up on the run to pile confusion on confusion. Gage felt the reinforcements behind him and ordered his men to charge straight ahead and eliminate the Frenchmen. The head of his column was speedily wiped out, and the rest were sadly staggered by the fierce fire.

A gun was rushed up to support the pioneers, and at the third discharge of the piece, Beaujeu fell dead, dying gallantly as became a Chevalier of St. Louis. Captain Dumas took his place, and for a while the fighting was stubbornly maintained by both sides, with neither, apparently, securing any distinct advantage, but with the English sustaining heavy punishment. General Braddock persisted in sending heavy masses of men up the road, whereas he should have fallen back until he could have cleared the woods on both sides of the road.

During this portion of the fight, the Onondaga and I shifted about and took turns firing, and taking care that one of our rifles should be loaded at all times. On three different occasions we were charged by small bands of savages, but the second unexpected shot from behind the same tree always spoiled the attack and sent the red man back to where the killing was easier.

Then Braddock's mechanical discipline began to give ground before the marksmanship of the enemy. We sealed our fate by remaining astraddle the ravine. Braddock, furious almost to the point of incoherency, pushed Burton forward with the vanguard, thus making the congestion worse; for the road was but twelve feet wide.

Burton formed his troops under a most galling fire and had just finished the difficult maneuver when Gage's forces fell back rapidly to form behind him.

Then occurred the definite shift in our fating. We had been sustaining terrible punishment, the penalty of being caught in column, but we had the superiority of numbers to permit heavy losses. But now the two regiments became badly mixed and stumbled about in the smoke-filled road like sheep. There was smoke everywhere. The road was blotted out at times by it. Sheets of fire rippled along the very edges of the narrow way. The two regimental colors were advanced in opposite directions. The officers were being picked off at an alarming rate, and the regulars had not been taught self-dependence.

Some of the enemy's guns were thrust from the foliage into the very faces of the victims. There were many soldiers in that battle who did not see an Indian. Down the line they were delivering their fire at two hundred yards, thereby throwing it away. With the ancient forest closely hemming in the road, with no foe visible, the army was as helpless as a blind man.

It has been repeatedly charged again Braddock that he had no flankers out on the Wednesday afternoon of July ninth. Such statements are untrue. We had flankers on a hundred yards or more on both sides of the army, but we did not scout far enough ahead of the army. There was no ambush, however. Once the fighting commenced, the flankers were shot down by the haphazard volleys of our own artillery. How many Englishmen and provincials England killed that day will never be known but the French and their allies ac-

counted for only a portion of our dead and wounded.

As Round Paw and I fell back through the woods on the right of the road and risked death at every step from the fire of our own men, I caught a glimpse of General Braddock. His horse was down and he was striking a man with the flat of his sword to drive him from the shelter of a tree where the fellow had very sensibly taken refuge.

An aide supplied the commander with a fresh mount, just as young Washington, bare-headed, his eyes blazing, reined in his frantic horse and loudly urged, "Get them out of this slaughter-pen! Into the woods!"

"By G—d, I'm commander here, sir! They'll fight here! We must advance!" roared the general, his heavy face suffused with anger. "You d—d sheep, close up! Close up there!" The last to a squad of men who were trying to tree themselves. And he was riding them down to get back into the road to be slaughtered like sheep. Sir Peter Halket, who with four hundred men was guarding the baggage train, came through the thick smoke and yelled a request that the men be ordered to find shelter.

"Damnation!" thundered the general. "Did I lead his majesty's regulars out here to hide from a parcel of naked red beggars? Advance! We must advance!" Then he was raging



With the Ancient Forest Closely Hemming in the Road, With No Foe Visible, the Army Was as Helpless as a Blind Man.

down on those delinquents, whose years of training were being swept aside by the instinct of self-preservation. "Curse you! Get back there!" And the flat of his sword beat them soundly over head and shoulders.

Washington wheeled, his horse bumping into Sir Peter's mount, and either to that gentleman, or in apostrophe to the whole terrible situation, he cried:

"By G—d! My Virginians shan't be slaughtered!" With that he was plunging through the smoke to the edge of the growth where Round Paw and I, and some riflemen, were treeing ourselves. He shouted, "Captain Waggoner, tree yourself! Clear this side of the road!"

Captain Waggoner raised his hand and penetrated deeper into the growth. Eighty men, all excellent rifle shots, streamed after him. The Onondaga and I kept abreast of the captain. He did not attempt to make his voice heard above the infernal din, but pointed to the rising ground, on the brow of which extended a fallen tree that must have measured at the least five feet in diameter. Once he had that stout barricade I knew Waggoner's men would soon clear that side of the road, and then could circle around the head of the army and drive the savages from the terrible ravine. Now we were in the trap; General Braddock's solution was the only one. The army must advance. We lost three men by the enemy by gaining the hill; and then the crazy mob in the road poured a volley into our rear that killed fifty men!

A few remained on the hill for safety's sake. The rest took their luck below in the woods, striving to keep on the outskirts of the enemy's line. The Onondaga and I fell back, fighting from tree to tree and striving to reach the wagon train. The afternoon was waning away and from the

triumphant howls of the French Indians we knew the army was practically surrounded. The Onondaga, glistening with sweat and ferocious for closer fighting, yelled in my ear: "They say we shall die like brave men!"

I did not desire to be slaughtered, as the uselessly heroic never appealed to me. But the Onondaga girl was cooped up inside the devilish circle and there are certain things a man must always do. She was of my race and I was especially bound to find her. With the Onondaga the case was different. He had a fair chance of winning clear of the terrible mistake, and I urged him to do so. He asked me if I would keep with him, and when I answered that I must find the witch-woman he whooped hoarsely and took the lead in a line that ran parallel to the blood-soaked road.

We heard the drums sound the retreat and knew that Braddock was dead or had lost his haughty pride. We heard the firing down the line as the enemy attacked Halket's men at the baggage-train, and from the lessening volume of the return fire we knew our losses must be tremendous, or else the ammunition was falling.

At the time Braddock ordered the retreat to be sounded only a third of the army was left. We learned that much afterward. The smoke made it impossible to see clearly, and the individual combats between rangers and savages served to confuse further our sense of direction. I remember the Onondaga giving a mighty grunt as he crashed his ax through the head of a Huron who bumped into us. I recall mechanically staying in another red skull with the butt of my loaded rifle. And then to my surprise both the Indian and I were in the road, surrounded by the dead and dying, and those who fired blindly, and more often killed a friend than they wounded a foe.

"These men are fools!" cried the Onondaga, dodging a blow from a musket swung by a madman. "The woods! The woods!"

But now we were in the road it was most difficult to leave it without being shot in the back; yet to remain in the frenzied crowd meant death without a chance to strike back. We were only a short distance above the baggage-train, and toward it we began making our way. Guns were spurting flame from the bushes at our feet. The guards were pointing their muskets high and firing thin volleys into the foliage. Once the retreat was sounded a panic had seized upon the survivors, and in a stumbling, incoherent rush those who could walk made a last attempt to reach the river.

The howling of the Indians increased in volume as they realized the extent of their unexpected triumph. A few hours back the fort Indians had flatly refused to follow Beaujeu, and now they were lustily like demons to kill, kill, until not an Englishman was left alive. The savages, observing the mad fear now possessing the army, grew bolder and began to appear from behind the great trees, from under the grape and pea-vines, and through the tall grass. Gory hands darted out to seize some dead or dying man and drag him into the cover. The best equipped and proudest army England had ever sent to North America was a rabble of crazy men.

Captain Orme of the regulars, and Captain Stewart of the Virginia riflemen, aided by another American officer I did not know, came through the mass bearing a heavy figure. It was General Braddock and he was puffing for breath and was wounded through the chest.

"Braddock's killed! Braddock's killed!" was the despairing cry raised as the commander was carried to the rear.

"Rally the fools at the ford," gasped the commander.

"Braddock's killed!" bowed a drill sergeant, although he must have heard his general speak.

And he danced up and down until red hands shot out from the bushes and caught him by the ankles and jerked him from our sight.

Colonel Washington now had all the riflemen fighting in the Indian fashion, and only his maneuver saved the army from being annihilated. As it was, four hundred and fifty officers and men were dead, slain outright, and nearly as many more wounded. Out of eighty-nine commissioned officers sixty-three were killed or wounded; and not a field-officer had escaped unhurt. Lean Virginians from behind trees were shouting encouragement to one another and calling for the regulars to fall back out of the way and cross the river. It was the first time our riflemen and England's carefully drilled regulars had gone into battle together, and already the colonials were discovering they were better men for forest fighting.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Dainty Feeding Not Possible With Gull**

Gluttony a vice? Not so to the river gull of black-tipped wings. In the Northwest it swoops down and snatches fish from the very hands of anglers and, fighting off thousands of its fellows, proves that gluttony is a virtue enabling the one that can most speedily swallow to survive. Whole flocks of these bold and ruthless birds hover around the salmon fibers and watch their twitching lines sunk deep in the Columbia, says a writer in the Portland Oregonian, and will sometimes strike for the hopping prize. The victor must swallow quickly as he darts upward bearing off the buffets of his greedy rivals. Sometimes

he must swallow a fish so large that in its new position it destroys his aerial balance and down he goes to the waves. The Indians of the Northwest have a legend that a giant once became so annoyed with the winged robbers that he caught a whole flock of them into his campfire. Hence, they say, the black-tipped wings.

**Poor Ladder to Climb On**

"Popular nothing!" exclaimed a young actress who was discussing a rival player with a friend. "Why, the longest run she ever had was in her stocking."



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**School in Railroad Car.**

A Canadian Pacific railway passenger car has been converted into a complete schoolroom and teacher's home and is now serving a district 120 miles in length. It brings education to the children of railway section men and others not in organized school districts. The car is stationed at a place for two or three days, where it receives pupils from several miles around, before leaving for the next point, and the teacher gives the children lessons to be worked out at home before his return. The car contains schoolroom, teachers' bedroom, dining room and kitchen, bookcases, blackboards and maps.

**Butter Brings Higher Prices**

Biggest Creameries Say Few Cents Worth of "Dandelion Butter Color" Is Best Investment.



Dairymen everywhere are making bigger profits from their butter, nowadays. They're keeping their product that Golden June Color, which brings top prices the year 'round, by using "Dandelion Butter Color." It takes just half a teaspoonful to the gallon of cream. It's the most permeating butter color and therefore the most economical. It colors uniformly and never streaks. It's purely vegetable, wholesome and tasteless, and doesn't color buttermilk. It meets all State and National Food Laws. Large bottles are 35¢ at all drug and grocery stores. Write for FREE SAMPLE to Wells and Richardson Co., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.

**Guarding Motherhood.**

By a new law in Ecuador woman workers are to be given four weeks' leave before childbirth and six weeks' after the arrival of the baby, during which period employers shall pay half of their salary. Employers are not permitted to dismiss expectant mothers without legal reason.

**A Change for the Worst.**

Bob—See any change in me?  
Johnny—No; why?  
Bob—I just swallowed 15 cents.

**ENDS COUGH**



**All Should Know This Thing To Do**

An Ohio woman says: "I took Glessco for a cough that had bothered me for some time and it did wonders for me. I can recommend it to everyone."  
It is so easy to lessen suffering from coughs and colds if you know this simple thing to do. Ask any physician—any trained nurse—about the remarkable properties of Glessco. Try it yourself and know what real freedom from coughs and colds can be. Glessco relieves croup in babies without causing vomiting—eases and lightens whooping cough. So keep it always at hand in your home for every member of the family. Contains no opiates. All druggists and most general stores have Glessco.

**DR. DRAKE'S GLESSCO Cough and Croup Remedy**

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W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 49-1928.

**World Languages.**

Two rival world languages have established institutions in Paris, and both are preparing to present their claims to the League of Nations, seeking recognition as the international tongue. The Esperanto Institute has been in operation for many years, and now comes the Novial Institute to favor the speaking of the Novial language, created by Dr. Otto Jespersen of Heidelberg. The volapuk, ido, lidome neutral, occidental and latinosindextible languages have no institutes.

Happiness is the one real good.

**HELPED AT CHANGE OF LIFE**



MRS. CORA CALAHAN  
216 E. Ashton Ave., Grand Island, Neb.  
"I am going through the Change of Life. At times I would cry for hours. I got tired of going to the doctor so I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Before I had taken the first bottle I began to get better. I have taken eight bottles now. I feel that it has saved my life, also doctor's bills. I work for a family of six, washing, cooking and do all my own work. People say I look like 25."—Mrs. Cora Calahan.

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812 E. Harrison St., Portland, Ore.  
"Lydia E. Pinkham did for me what doctors failed to do. When the Change of Life began I was very poorly. Now at 55 I do all my own work, attend two dances a week and it is hard to make people believe I am over 40. I never see a woman in ill health but I advocate your medicine because I know its value. Every woman should take it, not just for a month or two but until they have passed the critical period."—Mrs. F. C. Helming.

**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**

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