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Diversion at Hand if Palm Beach Was Dull

Barclay Warburton, the new mayor of Palm Beach, told a story at the Everglades club.

"It's astonishing," he said, "how many New England farmers leave their ice-ribbed farms in the winter and come to Palm Beach to enjoy themselves. We must see to it that they get plenty of enjoyment.

"Some farmers were chewing tobacco 'round the stove in a New England livery stable.

"So Abner Moss has gone to Palm Beach," said a farmer with gray whiskers. "Wonder if that'll be enough goin' on down thar to satisfy him?"

"Be that's it may," said a farmer with white whiskers, "old Abe ain't a-runnin' no chances. He took his checkers and checkerboard along."

Tinted Coal Coming

Pink-tinted coal may be the latest fashion in anthracite if experiments now being made by a Pottsville (Pa.) producing company are successful. The object of the colored anthracite would be to give it a distinctive advertising feature and distinguish it from other coal. The paintlike substance is put on the coal with a sprayer, and it is said not to interfere with the burning qualities.

The father of a sea-horse family puts his mate's eggs into a breast pocket and carries them there until they hatch.

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W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 33-1928

The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By HUGH PENDEXTER

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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THE STORY

Webster Bronck, scout and spy for Braddock's army, secures valuable information at Fort Duquesne, but Braddock, trained in European warfare, fails to realize its importance. Bronck is sent back to Fort Duquesne and is also entrusted with a message to Groghan, English emissary among the Indians. He is accompanied by Round Paw, friendly Indian scout. On the way they are joined by a backwoodsman, Cromit. The party comes upon a group of settlers threatening a young girl, Elsie, Dinwold, whom they accuse of witchcraft. Bronck rescues her and she disappears. Bronck delivers his message to Groghan. Young Col. George Washington rescues the scout from bullying English soldiers. Bronck proceeds on a scouting expedition to Fort Duquesne, and finds a French scouting party besieging an old cabin in which Elsie has taken refuge. In the ensuing fight she escapes. Bronck takes his way to Duquesne. Carrying out his plan to enter the fort unquestioned, Bronck visits an Indian town which a woman sashem, Allaquippa, controls. There he meets a French officer, Falest, who has failed in his attempt to win over Allaquippa to the French cause. Bronck finds Elsie Dinwold, dressed as a man, under Allaquippa's protection. The girl tells him she has found the English cruel, and is going to the French. Unable to dissuade her, Bronck tells her of his mission to Duquesne, and she promises not to betray him. They learn Beauvais has escaped from Cromit and is on his way to Duquesne. Bronck realizes he must be stopped.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

With a squawking cry the fellow came to a halt, and it was Cromit's voice that drawled:

"Lor's law! If it ain't Bronck! I'm mortal glad to see you, mister."

"Balsar Cromit!" I exclaimed in an undertone. "Get into the bushes here, quick! There's a man coming! I have business with and you'll spoil the game. How the devil did you come to be ahead of the Frenchman?"

"I proved to be the better man. So I passed him."

"You saw him? Beauvais, the Frenchman?" I gasped.

"He was behind a tree. I offered him fair fight with empty hands and the varmit tried to shoot me. We fired 'bout the same time, but it was my lead that done the tickling."

"You fought with Beauvais? You shot him?" I dully asked.

"He's feeding the fishes in the Monongahela now. Didn't know how the Injuns at the village would take it if they larned I'd killed him, so I tucked some rocks in his clothes and heaved him and the stolen gun into the river. It was a most fetching rifle. Hated like sin to heave it in."

"You've killed Beauvais the Frenchman," I repeated, hardly able to realize this sudden turn in affairs, and yet selfishly glad that the disagreeable task had not fallen to me to perform.

"He's just as dead as he even can be. But he fired first. Only chance he had. Lawful life! But I'm glad to see you."

"Hush! Here comes another with a light step. This man will be red."

Cromit followed me to one side behind some sugar trees. But as the newcomer turned the bend the increased light permitted me to recognize him on first sight. I relaxed my arms and whistled softly. Round Paw came down to a walk and without any hesitation swung off the path and joined us. When he beheld Cromit he grunted a soft "Yo-hah!" but otherwise showed no surprise.

"The bone-breaking man killed the Frenchman and threw him into the river," he announced. "The Wolf man did not know which was in the river till now. The bone-breaker's orenda was very good to him."

"Ding him mortally!" exploded Cromit his eyes frowning. "I would'n't take his parole at night and he slipped the rawhide and stole the gun and ducked out. I've trailed him eight and day."

"We will swing back and enter the village from the south," I said. "Did anyone see you follow him from the village?"

He chuckled and explained: "I ain't been in the village. Once I'd trailed him into it I came 'round to this side and waited for him to come out. I knew he'd be in a sweat to make Duquesne. No village Injun has seen me at all."

My mind was greatly relieved. I still adhered to my plan of entering the village from the south, but with Cromit appearing for the first time and with Beauvais hidden in the river, Allaquippa's Delaware would know nothing of the bloody business and the road to the fort would be open to me. I proposed taking the Onondaga with me to act as express while Cromit remained in the village to relay my report back to the advancing army.

So we swung away from the path in a wide circle, the Onondaga scouting ahead to prevent our walking into any



"And That Just About Empties My Skull," Said Cromit in Finishing His Long Recital.

Delaware hunters. And as we traveled Cromit told me of the things he had heard and the conditions he had observed during his brief stay at the camp of the road-builders.

Captain Jack, the wild hunter of the Juniata, and his men had offered their services to Braddock at Will's creek, only to be told they must be under military discipline. The martinet had held to his decision and the truly formidable band had returned to the forest.

It is not given to any man to know how history would read had those bold and cunning rangers been received on their own terms; but I, for one, will always believe the result would have been different.

Halket and his division had started on the seventh of June. Gates with his division on the following day, and Dunbar—destined to be known as "Dunbar the Tardy"—on June tenth.

The army had moved at a snail's pace. Five miles had been a good day's march. Some days only half that distance had been covered. Because of the artillery and the many wagons it was necessary to halt and build bridges over the many creeks and make a passable road through every stretch of swamp. It resulted that the wagons and packhorses were strung out to a most dangerous length. Could the French have led their Indians beyond the Little Meadows, a distance of from twenty-five to thirty miles, a good day's travel for such men as Gist and Croghan.

At that camp, a council of war had been held by the commander and all staff officers. At that council Colonel Washington had boldly urged a rapid forward movement with the light division, leaving the heavy troops to come up as best they could. Unfortunately his rank did not permit him

to do more than advise, although his opinion was sought by Braddock.

It was decided at this council that St. Clair, with four hundred men, should go ahead to bury up the road work, with Braddock, Burton, Halket and Sparks following two days later with eight hundred picked men. This decision gave great offense to Colonel Dunbar who, with Chapman and others, was left behind. Thus we had not only sickness in the army but, also, ill feeling and jealousy.

On the day Braddock left the Meadows he announced he would reach Fort Duquesne not later than June twenty-eighth. But although it was only seventeen miles to the Great crossing, this portion of the march was not covered until June twenty-fourth, making five more precious days consumed. Truth of it was the entire army was forced to mark time at the heels of St. Clair's tree-choppers.

It surprised me to learn that small bands of Indians were already harassing the army and that only strict police methods prevented a massacre. At that point in the campaign, Captain Jack and his riflemen would have been of inestimable service.

It was obvious that the army was sick and disrupted, and that the provincials were filled with forebodings as they daily looked for a fight in the woods while being tied down and hampered by absurd military restrictions. This gloomy bearing on the part of men supposed to know the ways of the Indian discouraged the regulars.

What was another inexplicable piece of folly was Braddock's failure to utilize Croghan's forty Iroquois warriors on the march. It seems that Colonel James Innes, governor at Fort Cumberland, did not wish to have any of the sixty Indian women and children left under his care during Braddock's absence. He assured the commander that eight Indians would suffice as scouts and that the rest should be directed to take their families away from the creek.

Why General Braddock should have listened to such ruinous advice is beyond any forest-runner's comprehension. Up to the time the Onondaga and I left Will's creek, it had been the commander's great desire to have as large a body of Indians accompany him as possible. He completely reversed his judgment and agreed with Innes that eight would be enough.

It was to Captain Hogg's camp of road-builders, slightly in advance of the body under Sir John St. Clair, that Cromit had taken Beauvais. While in the camp, he had been impressed by the great fear of the men. They considered it miraculous that my companion should succeed in bringing a French prisoner through the enemy's savages and into the camp.

Although he assured them that no Indians were then lurking about the camp, they were very loath to separate from one another, or to penetrate more than a short distance into the woods. False alarms were repeatedly being given, all of which slowed up the work of hewing out the road for Braddock.

While in the road-camp, Cromit had met Christopher Gist, veteran of the Ohio country, who was now acting as a scout for Braddock. On learning that Cromit was to report back to me, could he find me, Gist had supplied him with many of the facts relating to the departure of the army from the creek and its faring as far as the Great crossing.

"And that just about empties my skull," said Cromit in finishing his long recital. "I've walked soft and easy so's not to jolt anything out of my poor head. And 'tween you and me and the Monongahela that General Braddock will lick himself before the French have a chance to have a wring with him if he ain't mighty careful. If he'd send six or eight hundred riflemen ahead and turn back all his big guns and wagons, we'd have Duquesne in two shakes of a dog's tail."

"No matter how slow the army is in coming, it will reach the fort," I told him. "The French are whipped already."

He said nothing to this, and for once I found the grin missing from his homely face. I explained my plan for him to wait in Allaquippa's village and to be ready night and day to carry to the army any news that the Onondaga might bring in. The program did not please him, but his visit to Hogg's camp had impressed him with a fear that all was not going well with our cause, and he was much more amenable to reason than formerly.

Round Paw was waiting for us at the southern end of the village. To relieve Cromit from possible annoyance should he be seen in the company of an avowed supporter of the French, we agreed it was better for the Indian and me to enter the village together, while he held back for an hour. When he next saw us, he was not to recognize us.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Small-Minded

Jealousy is compounded of selfishness, egotism and vanity. It is a pitifully small nature that cannot bear to hear another praised.



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And It Seemed Such a Promising Scandal!

A conversation between two women, one of whom was hard of hearing, interested the passengers of a crowded car.

"I saw her on the street downtown with a man."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, and it was after ten o'clock, too."

"The very idea."

"I never suspected her of flirting before."

"No, nor me, either."

"But you can never tell."

"Ain't it the truth?"

"It is that."

"Do you know her husband?"

"No, I ain't never seen him close."

"Well, he is a big fat man."

"Does he wear a brown suit?"

"Yes."

"Smoke a pipe?"

"Uh, huh!"

There was deepest disappointment in the woman's voice as she exclaimed:

"Fiddledicks! Then it was only her husband after all."—Chicago Post.

Prehistoric Skeletons

Skeletons of prehistoric animals have been unearthed in fossil beds recently discovered near Redington, Neb. One of the specimens is believed to be the skeleton of a mammoth. The skull is about four feet across and seven feet long. The complete head weighs 1,100 pounds. The five-foot jaw bone of another unclassified fossil was found. Further evidence of prehistoric life was discovered in the way of shells and prints of vegetation. The fossils were obtained from beds that are believed to have been the banks of an ancient river.

Costly Road

A "superhighway," extending for 42 miles from Glasgow to Edinburgh, Scotland, is being projected. The road will have two traffic lanes, each 30 feet wide. It is estimated the road will cost \$195,000 a mile.

Realism

First Diva (behind the scenes)—How should I make up to look old?

Second Diva—Just wipe the powder off gently.—Stockholm Sondagssnisse-Strix.

Correct

Smith—What musical instruments do burglars like best—the lyre?

Ethel—No—the loot.

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