

CHAPTER II

Der Hexenkopf

THE STORY

CHAPTER I—impoverished by the open-handed generosity of his father. Virginia gentleman, young Webster Brond is serving as a scout and say for the army under General Braddook preparing for the advance on Fort Duquesne. He has just returned to Alexandria from a visit to the fort, where, posing as a Frenchman, he has secured valuable informatize. Brad-lock, bred to European warfare, fails to realize the importance of the news, has been back to Fort Due news, has been been to be fort be energy in the secure of the secure of the secure of the secure of the news to be share the importance of the news, has been been back to Fort Due generge in the secure of a message to George lish emissary among the

CHAPTER II.—Browd joins his friend nd fellow scout, Round Paw, Indian hied, and they set out. On the way hay fall in with a typical backswoods-nam, Balaster Cromit, who joins them-lers threatering a young girl, Elisie Jinwold, whom they accuse of witch-taft. Brond saves her from them. The cirl disappears.

CHAPTER III-Webster delivers his nessage to Croghan, who expresses un-sainess at the apathy of the Indians to the English cause. Young Col-icorge Washington rescues Brond rom builying English solders. He orats a buily n a fight, and finds lisic Dinwold. Brond is sent on a couting expedition to Fort Duquesne, rd leaves with Round Paw. Cromit olns them.

thing party besieging an old cabin anded apparently by a single man. Ind and Cromit make their way to cabin. The "man" is Elsie Dinwold. French officer and an Indian break he door. Cromit kills the Indian and takes the Frenchman allve. Elsie upes during the fight. Brond's cap-is Lieutenant Beauvais. The scout is him as a prisoner, with Cromit, Braddock's camp, again taking his to Duquesne, and to seek Elsie.

CHAPTER V-Carrying out his plan enter the fort unquestioned, Brond resolves to visit an Indian town which a woman sachem. Allaquippa, controls. She is friendly to the English. The secouts, as French, are plainly unwel-come to Allaquippa. Brind met ad known at Duquene, Falest is there to who over Allaquippa to the French cause, but he falls. To his astonish-ment, Brond finds Elsie Dinwold, dressed as a man, under Allaquippa's protection. The girl tells him she has found the Erglish cruei, and is going to the French. Unable to dissuade her. Huenn, and she promises mot to he-tray him. They learn Beauvais has es-caped from Cromit and is on his way to topped.

CHAPTER VI-Cromit comes to proposed of the second state of the second second state of the second state of the second second state of the second state of the second second state of the second state of the second second state of the second state of the second second state of the second state second second state of the second state second second state of the second state second second state second state s CHAPTER VI-Cromit comes rond while he is waiting to in

CHAPTER VII-At a dinner given Beaujeu to his officers Brond is APTER VII—At a dinner given leanjeu to his officers Brond is nized and denounced by Beauvais n English spy. He is rescued by d Paw. With the Indian, and l, Brond escapes by the river, Elsie ig destroyed all the cances she l reach, to delay pursuit. Leaving water, Brond sends Round Paw a message to the army warning anger of ambush if they take the the Creek" route to the fort. Then, Elsie, a great handleap to swift ling, he takes a different route to runy, in the hope that either Round Cromit, or himself, will get ugh safely with the warning

CHAPTER VIII-Brond realizes of pursuing Indians in or of pursuing Indians reached The girl, having reached by Brond, Try of the form by Brond, Try of the form of the stand off pursuers. Re left to stand off pursuers. Re whin safely, they find Frr Reach-Frazier in the

MEYERSDALE, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1929

and there had been many days when
he barely spoke. We first met on
Lake Erie's southern shore when a
pack of Hurons and a few Frenchmer
were giving me a hard run and on
the point of catching me. It was
Round Paw's fierce war cry, the ter-
rible defiance of the Onondgas, and
his deadly arrows that had caused my
pursuers to slow up the chase, fear
ing an ambuscade.his eager offer to wager three months
pay against my powder-horn that he
could outshoot me, outrun me or pin
me to the ground in wrestling.
"You should be with Braddock's
army," I told him. "Three pounds ti
you enlist. A fine red coat and a fine
aew musket."said Round Paw as he resumed his
stold bearing and stepped back to
show the spectacle had no further in-
terest for him.
"To us hould be with Braddock's
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ing an ambuscade.

Ing an ambuscade. In silent companionship we followed the valley of the Shenandoah and crossed the Potomac two miles west of the Conococheague and made camp in a grove of oaks. While the equir-rels were broiling over the coals. found Paw again renewed the white solut on big check. It struck we as

Round Paw again renewed the while paint on his chest. It struck me as peculiar that he should be so per-sistent in making himself fit for war when for once the Western country was safe for the English and with but little likelihood of the French and their red allies ever being able to bring us the red hatchet.

The campaigns against Crown Point nd Niagara might fail for a time, but

and Niagara might fail for a time, but the conquest of Duquesne was assured. With that stronghold in our hands, we should be freed from fear from the nearby of the Ohio to Lake Erie. Even mose Indians in western Pennsylvania who were inclined to help the French dare not take the warpath until they knew the outcome of Braddock's expe-dition. So, if ever there was a time when the back-county settlers felt After passing through the Blue ridge I felt as if my visit to Alexan-dria had taken place in a dream. No place here for gay coats and ruffled shirts and silken hose; and what mockery would the undergrowth make of my dainty lady's exquisite attire! A buzzard quartered the sky, and I knew there would be many of them before long following the army.

when the back-country settlers felt warranted in staying by their epring crops and leaving the blockhouses un-occupied it was now. Yet Round Paw kept his paint fresh and was most Round Paw of the Wolf clan barely glanced up as I stood beside his small fire, and yet he had discovered me coming or else he would not have been seated with his scarlet blanket particular in dressing his hair. At the risk of violating his sense

of etiquette, I remarked on the use-lessness of it all. Without ceasing his labors he told me: "Onas and Onontio—the governor of Canada—are or a red path that is very long. More than one hunting-snow-mid-October—will come before

been seated with his scarter blanker covering him from head to foot. I dropped on the ground and laid aside my rifle. He filled and lighted his pipe and passed it through the blue smoke. After a few whiffs I returned it. Finally he remarked: "My white brother has come from the home of his father." the hatchet is buried." I did not believe it.

the home of his father." "My father is a ghost. There is no home for me in Alexandria. My fa-ther's house belongs to another." He was silent for a few minutes, We were up at sunrise and soon had crossed the creek and turned north to make McDowell's place. We had cov-He was silent for a few minutes, then asked: "You carry belts for Onas?" (The governor of Pennsylvania.) "I carry a talking-paper to George Croghan," I told him, tapping the breast of my huating shirt. "The big chief from over the stinking water has asked me to get men with long rifles for his army. And I have said I would go to Dungene asin. Does ered a mile or so when we came upon a most interesting spectacle. Two men, with horse-bells around their necks and their arms tied behind them,

long whip in the other. His light red-dish hair escaped in all directions from his ragged fur hat and gave him the appearance of being hugely surrifles for his army. And I have said I would go to Duquesne again. Doer the man of the Wolf go with me?" He rose and allowed his blanket to drop down on his loins. During my absence he had repainted white the paw on his chest, the totem mark of his clan, and he was oiled for war. X knew he was eager to be deep in the prised. "What have the men done?" I in-

quired, pausing and leaning on my "Ding them most mortally! But they've done enough," he cried, with a

forests beyond the Alleghenies and forests beyond the Alleghenies and was even now ready to start. Al-though leg-tired I did not unpack my blankets, but signified my readiness to travel. He produced some smoked meat and parched corn for me to eat and after I had finished he made up his travel-bundle, and we were off. As I walked behind him, as much of an Indian in appearance as he if not for my disheveled hair, I described the gallant appearance of the army as it marched out of Alexandria. His only comment was: side glance of curiosity at the Indian.

side giance of curiosity at the indian. "And I don't have to tell every wild man of the woods what I'm doing, or why I'm doing it." "That's true," I agreed. "But we can see what you're doing. My friend here says they are Frenchmen and that he believes you will boil and eat them." them."

The poor devils set up a most dolor-

The poor devils set up a most dolor-ous howling. The redhead scowled with his eyes and laughed with his big mouth. He hardly knew whether to approve of us, or take offense. But the terror of his prisoners decided him, and with a loud guffaw he cried: "That would be a fetching joke on the two of them! B'iled in a kettle! Load's law! But thew would look com-

Lord's law1 But they would look com-ical jammed in a kettle!" Now that his temper was softened he explained further:

"These infernal scoundrels stole two bells from Ben the Great cove drover at the mill last night. I'm working for him. The fools could 'a' got away for him. The fools could a get state if they'd know'd enough to hide the bells somewhere while they kept hid. But they took the bells along with them and I follered the noise and caught them early this morning. Now them and I follered the hole and caught them early this morning. Now they're taking the bells back. Whoa, hishi Stand still there, you devil, or I'll tan your jacket nineteen to the dozen!" And to bind his promise he cracked the whip and elicited a rare

"In God's great mercy, sir, help us!" "In God's great mercy, sir, help US! bleated the prisoner on the offside. "We was about to follow the Carlisle road bound for Philadelphia. We'd have no need for bells after we'd reached Shippensburg or Carlisle. We did but borrow them. He would have found them walting for him when he came back." "Not need my bells you d-d res "Not need my bells, you d-d res cals! What would Philadelphia folks chisi what would Piniadeipina ions think of me driving horses along their road without bells? How would I find them if they strayed while I was there?" And he punctuated each query with a clever slash apiece. "If they stole your bells, you serv them right. Thieves should be well whipped, so their welts will burn when tempted to steal again. We'll keep you company to the mill."

work and I want my pay I asked him not to do it, but he was ever a masterful man." The Widow Cox appeared from somewhere, and with the border-wom-"A rifle's worth more'n all the mus-kets ever made," he said. "A rifle them. The army needs men

"A Fine them. The army needs then who know the woods. Or you could drive a wagon." "If old Braddock can wait till 1 git back from Philadelphia, mebbe I'll help him. But if he's one of them sass-an-pepper men, him and me won't pull together at all."

the shaggy head. With a groan the drover regained his senses. He glared feebly at Cromit, who shook his head together at all." McDowell's settlement consisted of the mill and half a dozen cabins scat-tered along the horse-path that struck into the Shippensburg, Carlisle and Harris' Ferry road a short distance beyond the Craig place. Cromit halted his prisoners near the Widow Cox's house, close by the mill.

A man with a beard that reached to his waist was lounging under a tree. On our approach, he rose to his feet and stretched his long arms and

-three days' work. You pay me and drive your own cattle." Monning and sighing, and taking on tike one badly broken, the drover crawled to his feet, fished a bag of coins from the bosom of his shirt and counted out a small sum into Cromit's paim. Cromit turned to me and said: "Now U'm ready to show old Brad-

dock's army how to fight." shrilly upbraided him:

Cox." "Why didn't these two strangers stop your bloody work? At least the white man, if he be white. If George every one's gone over the mountains to see how the job's done." Stretching his arms to limber up his

white man, if he be white. If George Croghan had been here, he'd 'a' stopped you quick enough." "Mebbe so, mebbe not, Mother Cox. But Croghan's In Great cove. So it's no good talking his name, Mother Cox," bantered Cromit. "How do you know he's in Great cove?" I demanded. The widow eyed me with stern dis approval but was quick to take the Stretching his arms to inhiber up his powerful muscles, he examined two long whips and tested them. Cromit grinned at me and nodded toward his employer. To the badly frightened rogues, he softly advised:

"Let's see how fast you can make your heels fly." They were off the moment he finapproval, but was quick to take the words from Cromit's mouth and told

me: "He was here three days ago ished, racing madly over their back-track. The drover heard the scuffling were harnessed together with rawhide thongs, and were being driven like a team of horses by a tall ungainy one hand and flourished a drover's wrathfully for them to halt, he started on a lumbering run but soon gave it up and came back to where we stood. Gromit was unable to conceal his

glee. "Why did you let them sarpents run loose, Balsar?" demanded the drover. "Lor', Ben! hey've been licked and

"And who be you, you worthless hout, to say when thieves have had their comeuppance?" believed the I told you," huskily reminded the

drover, letting his rage run wild. "Stand clear of them two men." "Now, Ben, don't you do it," ad-vised Cromit, his reddish brows work-ing up and down. "I'm telling you, don't you do it. I ain't no nigger, or thief. I shan't take it kindly, Ben.

I'll hate it most mortally." With an animal howl the drover drew back his long arm and lashed at the tall awkward figure. With the

scream of a panther making a night kill, Cromit's long body shot through the air, his blue eyes burning with

and send sore pains to our children. Merciful land! What good to drive the French from the Allegheny if witches can work their evil spells in our homes?" "If it wa'n't for these beeves, I'd go

himself

"If it wa'n't for these beeves, I'd go back and help clean out the devil's nest," muttered the drover. "There'll be no tormenting of poor people on the charge of witchcraft if George Croghan is in the cove," I told them

I walked up the horse-path toward Parnal's Knob with Round Paw at Parnal's Knob with Round Paw at my beels. We covered a quarter of a mile when a yell behind caused us to look back. Cromit was coming on the run and his legs carried him rap-idly. I expected trouble and handed my rifle to Round Paw. Cromit halt-ed and informed me: "I ain't no call to sell my soul to the dead! I don't banker to see no the idly. 1 my rifle

The door of the cabin was open but I saw none of the occupants. Nor were the people at the foot of the hill giving much heed to the cabin as we

The Maria

up. Their interest was confined to a woman groveling on the grass and making a great outcry.

and making a great outcry. I pushed my way through the crowd and looked down on the young woman. She was having a fit of some kind. "What's the matter here?" I asked. "This young woman is witched, sir," cried a gray-haired woman "Witched by Elsie Dinwold," growled

a man; and he turned to shake his clinched hand at the cabin on the hil. "But she'll witch us no more! We'll burn that nest. Fight the devil with

fore 1 Der Hexenkopf has bred witches long enough. We've sent for John Hokes, sir. He's a rare wizard. He'll soon take the spell off this poor suf-ferer."

"Is George Croghan in the valley?" "Gone yesterday for Will's creek." The sufferer did not fancy any shifting of attention and renewed her

a bucketful," I commanded.

I rolled up the wide sleeves of my hunting shirt as if intending to bathe my hands before attempting even a partial cure. A bucket of water was placed before me. I plcked it up and dashed it over the woman. Splitting like a cat she came to a sitting posture. When she could get her breath she began calling curses down on my "Now I'm ready to show old Brad head. The Widow Cox spoke up and "The devil hates cold water," I re-

peated. "The woman is all right now if she will keep out of the moonlight "Shame on you, you lumbering dolt! You've hurt a most proper man." "He'll be properer now, Mother for three nights.'

for three nights." "Then you are a wizard and can remove spells?" eagerly asked the gray-haired woman. Others were star-ing at me with much respect.

"Some spells," I admitted. "Now tell me how this woman was 'spelled."

'spelled.'" It seemed that Elsie Dinwold, who lived with her uncle in the cabin on Der Hexenkopf, or the Witches' Head, as the little hill was called, had laid a most malevolent trap for the woman now hobbling to her cabin for a dry shift. It consisted of a barrel and a witch snake. The narrator was here interrupted

by several, who insisted Elsie Din-wold had changed herself into a snake, or had entered the body of the snake -preferably the latter as the snake was still in the barrel and the ac-"He was here three days ago and bound for there. Some of his drat-ted Indians are straying 'round the country, and he's looking 'em up. And when he ain't hunting up his Injuns. he's trying to hire our men to work on Braddock's road. Let the red-coats make their own road, I say. When our men-folks go to the Ohlo they don't have no road laid down for 'em te walk on They inst eit un cused was in her cabin. The victim had been induced by some magic arts to pause and look into the barrel. She beheld a large rattlesnake with Elsie Dinwold's eyes. The barrel was pointed out to me

for 'em to walk on. They just git up I walked to it and looked inside. My flesh crawled as I encountered the re-lentless malignity of the serpent's and git." "Where is McDowell and his men? Where are the Craigs?" I asked. "McDowell's folks is in Great cove, "McDowell's folks is in Great cove, staring eyes. I directed the men to kill the snake

and would have remained to make sure it was done had not the appear-ance of a slim figure in the cabin door set the crowd into a wild upror. The woman stepped outside and was fol drover. "And the Craig brothers are on the road to Shippensburg," said the widow. "McDowell's gone to help

drive out some witches." "But he and his men haven't time to help drive out the French," I said. She eyed me blankly, and then belowed by a man badly crippled, for he walked with difficulty even while using two canes. Some in the gather-ing began gesticulating, and then they were sweeping up the hill, a frantic mob. rated me: "Of all the numbskulls! There

ain't no French near'n Fort Duquesne. They can't hurt us with Braddock's army going ag'in' 'em. But witches right among us can 'spell' our cattle "Why all this fuss over a snake in a barrel?" 1 asked, fearing some harm would be inflicted on the woman and

would be inflicted on the woman and the cripple. "She is a woman of Der Hexen-kopf!" accused a woman, pointing a trembling finger. "She comes of a foul brood," ex-citedly explained a man. I took time to look more closely. The woman, scarcely more than a girl, had suddenly taken alarm for the man's safety, and had interposed her slim figure between him and her ac-cusers. Her loosened hair was blow-ing about her face and half-veiling her thin features. She leaned forward as

ing about her face and hair-veiing her thin features. She leaned forward as she watched us, her body lithe and wiry as a boy's, her lips parted in a little feline snarl. Knowing me to be a stranger and yearning for an impartial judge, she centered her wild gaze on me and pented: panted:

ed and informed me: "I ain't no call to sell my soul to the devil. I don't hanker to see no witches, but I'll go with you. Just stopped to git my knife. Old Brad-Several years ago the beastly Ger-think that everything good originates

"If she confesses and promises never to do it again, shall she be left unharmed?"

Page Seven

"Let her say she is a witch and then leave the valley this day, never to come back, and she shan't be whipped," a man promised.

"But I can't go," wailed the girt. "Who would take care of my uncle? The dear God knows I would gladly go and never look toward this place again if my uncle could go with me!" "Never mind me, little Elsie, You must not be whipped," groaned her uncle.

"Teach the d-d brat we can break her spells!" screamed a woman. "She threatens us with the devil's power! She should be burned and

her ashes scattered at midnight," loudly declared a man in English but speaking with a thick accent.

I interposed: "Enough. There will be no burning, nor whipping. She is scarcely more than a girl. You peo-ple talk like crazy folks."

"And who be you, mister, to come to Der Hexenkopf and say what we'll do and what we won't?" a woman fiercely demanded of me.

"I am recruiting for Braddock's army. Three pounds sterling to every man who enlists. A fine red coat and a fine new musket. This man beside me is Balsar Cromit from McDowell's mill. He has enlisted. My red friend back there is an Onondaga Indian. He will bring an ax in his hand if I call. I have this rifle which makes a snod I have this rifle, which makes a good club. The young woman shall not be whipped." "Horoor! No whipping!" yelled Cromit, and he stretched forth his

on his heel in search of any who might care to argue the point more Intimately. I had no intention of getting into a

rough-and-tumble fight with the set-thers, so I threw up the rife and held them back. While they were hud-dled together the Onondaga let out a war-whoop and came charging up the hill, bounding high and swinging his ax. The women screamed and fell back; the men forgot me to cover the

back; the men forgot me to cover the retreat of the women. I yelled for the Indian to halt and for the settlers to listen. When I had secured their at-tention I said: "Drop back a bit and let me talk with the woman alone. This is no place for either her or her uncle. Per-haps it can be arranged for both to leave this valley" leave this valley."

leave this valley." With much grumbling and many loud threats they accepted the truce and retired some distance down the hill. Cromit and the Onondaga had hill. Cromit and the Onondaga had no wish to draw closer to the cabin, so I went to the foriorn couple alone. The man was seated on a log, leaning forward by resting on his canes, and breathing heavily. His eyes were bulg-ing in a fashion I did not like. The girl glared at me, unable to believe I could be a friend, yet puzzled at my defiance of her neighbors. "You have nothing to fear from me

"You have nothing to fear from me, child," I told her. "Child i" she bitterly repeated. "Pue

an old woman. I stopped being a child when very small. My mother

was pretty. Till they called her a Mus plety. In they called her a witch her halr was as brown as mine. My father went over the mountains, where no one had been, and never came back. That was when I was a baby. My uncle lived here with us and supplied us with meat. Then they called my mother a witch, and she died.

"There are two or three men in this valley and as many more in Lit-tle Cove who will not work. They pretend to be witch-masters, and they get their keep by pretending to undo the mischief the Dinwold women were the mischief the Dinwold women were said to do. After my mother's death, and after they named this place 'Der Hexenkopf' my sisters would not live here. They knew men were drawing our pictures on stumps and shooting them with sliver bullets; and they went away, and only I was left. Those fools down there burn marks on their down each burn and their down and their dogs and cattle to cure them of my, spells. Every time a worthless scamp strips an udder they say I mikked their cows. God help those who must live :

somewhere, and with the border would an's quickness of perception she wasted no time in asking questions. but brought a noggin of rum which we poured down the injured throat. Then followed a bucket of water over

feebly at Cromit, who shook his head and said: "It'll be a l'arning to you, Ben. 1 told you not to do it." "You devil !" gasped the drover. "Then all the more reason why I should be quittance with you. I'm off to march with Braddock's army. I've worked two days and a night for you --a whole night gitting the bells back --three days' work. You nay me and -three days' work. You pay me and

feet and stretched his long arms and lounged toward us, saying: "So you've fetched 'em back, Balsar. You're going to be a likely helper." "I went a-purpose to fotch 'em back." grinned Cromit as he untied the prisoners' hands and ordered them to replace the stolen bells.

The thieves did their work with all the alacrity their benumbed fingers would permit; and, while they fran-tically bestirred themselves, the drover leisurely peeled off his "warmus," or sleeveless undercoat, and remarked: "Too bad McDowell and his men child berg to see the fun but word

an't here to see the fun, but word was brought right after you left last night, Balsar, that there is to be some rare witch-hunting in Great cove and

cefense of the place. They succeed in beating off the attacking indians, and during a heavy rain, which saves them, escape. Elsie's bravery and loyally make a deep impression on Brond. In the woods they meet a veteran Vir-ginia forest fighter, Stephen Gist, re-turning from a scouting expedition.

CHAPTER X—Gist repeats Cronit's tale of demoralization among the Eng-lish regulars. Round, Paw joins the party and they reach the army. Elsis refuses to seek safety in the rear, in-sisting on taying and sharing Bronds dangers. Bridden, Bronds Bronds would Washington, who confesses is misgivings of the success of the expedition. Attacked in the forest by practically invisible enemies, the Eng-lish regulars are thrown into con-fusion. A disorderly retreat begins when Braddock is killed. Washington and his Virginians hold back the en-emy, preventing sanihilation. Brond for a plot of the success of the second start when be and the transformed back the en-emy preventing sanihilation. Brond for a plot of the scaping with the baws and cronitistre both killed. Brond, betwing wunded, escaping with the bills regulator. CHAPTER X—The provinces are

Biste in the confusion. CHAPTER X-The provinces are stunned by the news of the disaster. The English army is withdrawn to New York, leaving the provincials to hold back the victorious savage, drunk with victory. Brond recovers from his wounds and joins in the de-fense of the frontler. The situation is not relieved until General Probes fights his way through to Dauguesse. Then Brond realising he loves her, Bad believing his love returned. In a whose charge he had left the girl, He tells Brond at once leaves for that city. There he meets a boyhood friend, Josephine Hewitt. She has befriended Elsie and given her a home. Brond seeks her, and finds a happy ending of his quest when Elsie, in his arms, whispers, "On, mister. You've come back!"



only comment was:

"Big noise. The Swannock-Eng-lishmen-cannot shoot with drums." I answered that the soldiers would

have no chance to use their guns be-cause of the weak condition of the fort and garrison. A year earlier,

"My White Brother Has Come From the Home of His Father.

when Mr. Washington marched out of Fort Necessity, the situation might have been different. Then Duquesne was garrisoned by close to a thousand men under the command of veterans. Twelve months had seen a change In conditions. The portage at Niagara had slowed up the arrival of stores from Canada. The horses expected from Presqu' isle had not been deliv-

ered. The garrison had been weak-ened by the sending back of troops to Canada. tlements. Those bringing supplies from Can-ada arrived attired in rich velvets and genial from rare wines, but with their

sacks empty. Waste and confusion had blighted the fine spirit of Du-quesne's defenders. I had learned this much from Captain Beaujeu who had dingly." readily accepted me as a loyal French-

Round Paw was never a gossip. We had traveled together for two years in his physical powers was shown by

He now took time to explain how he had hired out two days before to go with the drover, who was driving some cattle through the Eastern set-"I'm Balsar Cromit," he added. "I live at the mill, or two miles below it,

with Richard and John Craig. Made it look bad when these rascals stole the bells right after I took service with Ben. It hurt my feelings most Our presence proved to be a favor

to the rogues, for Cromit became so interested in asking questions that he forgot to swing the whip. That Cromit had great confidence that is the man's throat open.

"I Told You Not to Do It, Ben."

in western Pennsylvania and Virginia was widespread. The Old world im-migrants had brought along their su-persitions as well as their Bibles. Once they had ventured into the unmurder, his wide mouth opened to its fullest extent. As he crashed against the drover he half-laughed, half-sobbed: "I told you not to do it, Ben." They went down in the dirt, a most broken forests and made a clearing and felt the solltude closing about them like a wall they worked new fancies into the old tales. If there were bewildering swirl of legs and arms. but they had kicked up the dust for only part of a minute before Cromit was erect again, grinning and spitwerwolves in Europe, why should there not be as bad, or worse, dia-bolic agencies in this new land of gloomy ancient forests, weird waterting blood. The drover remained of his back and looked as if Braddock's army, heavy guns and all, had marched over him. His face was covfalls and wild mountains? What with the Palatine Germans

and their grewsome beliefs, the Irish with their fairies, the Scotch with ered with blood and there were bloody finger-prints on his dark throat. their gnomes and other strange hill creatures, and the English with their devotion to ghosts, it was small won-der that almost any community along Believing the man was dead, I kneeled to examine him. Cromit kept

up his chattering laugh as he watched me. -Round Paw glided forward and the frontiers should possess those who implicity believed in witchcraft. Nor was this delusion lacking in New Engstared at the damaged visage and wounded throat and gave a loud "Yolang and other colonies. As we drew clear of the hills we

beheld two-score men and women grouped at the foot of a low hill on

"He will make a warrior," gravely which stood a log cabin.

dock will give me a new gun, but he might be stingy with his knives." And he patted a large butcher knife worn without a sheath. Did he trip and fail it would be a miracle if he wans named this place Der Hexen-kopf. My poor mother died from fear and sorrow. My two sisters, older'n me, were driven out of the valley. am last of the women to live on the Witches' Head, and they won't let me live in peace." "Keep your wicked faws closed

escaped inflicting a severe injury on

The belief in witches and wizards

I waved my hands for silence and

the snake in the barrel?" It was the old man, her uncle, who

Some one tugged my elbow. It was ciable extent.

formit. His face was weak from fear, and his voice trembled as he A Pittsburgh man hugged a worm

fear, and his voice trembled as he whispered: "Tve been looking at the white horse. I know horses. He's old and oughter be shot. He was never worth four pounds. Four shillings would be nearer." He scuttled back to the Doughters. The scuttled back to the construction. The scuttled back to the

Onondaga. The cripple was speaking market is that they are too tipsy.

"Keep your wicked jaws closed tight, or we'll pin 'em together," whether they get any farm relief ov the red-faced man.

I waved my hands for silence and requested: "Will some of you good folks tell me what she has done besides putting the snake in the barrel?" A noted chemist says that a gas has been discovered which is too ter-rible even to be used in war. Pro-bably the bootleggers can make something out of it.

enlightened me. "They say she sent a sickness to Oscar Kluck's white horse," he trem-ulously explained. "Oscar Kluck came here this morning early and asked me to pay four pounds for the hurt done the animal. I had no money." "He was a good hoss, my white one I refused four pounds for him," cried Kluck. "Now she's spoiled him—the d—d snawn!"

amount of conversation to any appre-