

# The Red Road

## A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By  
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Illustrations by  
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### THE STORY

**CHAPTER I**—Impoverished by the open-handed generosity of his father, Virginia gentleman, young Webster Brond is serving as a scout and spy for the army under General Braddock. He has just returned from Alexandria from a visit to the fort, where, posing as a Frenchman, he has secured valuable information. Braddock, bred to European warfare, fails to realize the importance of the news Brond is sent back to Fort Duquesne, also bearing a message to George Croghan, English emissary among the Indians.

**CHAPTER II**—Brond joins his friend and fellow scout, Round Paw, Indian chief, and they set out. On the way they fall in with a party of backwoodsman, Balsar Cromit, who joins them. The party encounters a group of savages threatening a young girl, Elsie Dinwood, whom they accuse of witchcraft. Brond saves her from them. The girl disappears.

**CHAPTER III**—Webster delivers his message to Croghan, who expresses uneasiness at the apathy of the Indians to the English cause. Young George Washington rescues Brond from being buried in a hole. He wears a blue and white uniform and leaves with Round Paw, Cromit and Elsie.

**CHAPTER IV**—They find a French scouting party besieging an old cabin defended apparently by a single man. Brond and Cromit make their way to the cabin. The man is Elsie Dinwood. A French officer and an Indian break in the door. Cromit kills the Indian and Brond takes the Frenchman alive. Elsie escapes during the fight. Brond's captive is Lieutenant Beauvais. The scout sends him as a prisoner to Cromit, who takes him to Braddock's camp, again taking his way to Duquesne, and to seek Elsie.

**CHAPTER V**—Carrying out his plan to enter the fort unobserved, Brond resolves to visit an Indian to whom a woman sachem, Alliquippa, controls. She is friendly to the English. The scouts, as French, are plainly unwelcome to Alliquippa. Brond meets a French officer, Falest, in the woods. Known as Duquesne, Falest is there to win over Alliquippa to the French cause, but his astuteness is frustrated. Brond finds Elsie Dinwood, dressed as an English girl, and has her protection. The girl tells him she has learned the English code, and is going to the French. Brond tells her of his mission to Duquesne, and she promises not to betray him. They leave together, but Brond escapes from Cromit and is on his way to Duquesne. Brond realizes he must be stopped.

**CHAPTER VI**—Cromit comes to Brond while he is waiting to intercept Beauvais, and tells him he has killed the French officer. Brond escapes from him. Round Paw joins them, and the three return to Alliquippa's cabin. Cromit brings the news of Braddock's defeat. The English officers understand the significance of the news, and Brond, realizing the danger of the situation, separates from his two friends, is welcomed by Alliquippa as an Englishman. Leaving the cabin, Brond meets a French officer, Beauvais, and a young man, Elsie, who has been captured by the French. Brond tells her of his mission to Duquesne, and she promises not to betray him. They leave together, but Brond escapes from Cromit and is on his way to Duquesne. Brond realizes he must be stopped.

**CHAPTER VII**—At a dinner given by Beauvais to his officers, Brond is recognized and denounced by Beauvais as an English spy. Brond escapes from the dinner. Round Paw, Elsie and Beauvais escape by the river, Elsie having destroyed all the canoes. Brond could reach, to delay pursuit. Leaving the water, Brond sends Round Paw with a message to the fort. He is in danger of ambush if they take the "Turtle Creek" route. Brond, with Elsie, a great handmaiden, and traveling, he takes a different route to the army, in the hope that Round Paw, Cromit, or himself, will get through safely with the warning.

**CHAPTER VIII**—Brond realizes a party of pursuing Indians is on their trail. The girl has endurance, has to be carried by Brond. They make their way to the cabin of a trader, Fry, hoping Fry will help to stand off pursuers. Reaching the cabin Fry, who is a Frenchman, sends away, but Elsie helps greatly in the defense of the place. They succeed in beating off the attacking Indians. During a heavy rain, which saves them, Elsie, a deep impression on Brond. In the woods they meet a veteran Virginia forest fighter, Stephen Glat, returning from a scouting expedition.

**CHAPTER IX**—Glat repeats Cromit's tale of demoralization among the English regulars. Round Paw joins the party and they return to the fort. Elsie refuses to seek safety in the rear, insisting on staying and sharing Brond's dangers. Braddock, who confesses his misgivings of the success of the expedition. Attacked in the forest by practically invisible enemies, the English regulars are thrown into confusion. A disorderly retreat begins when Braddock is killed. Washington and his Virginians hold back the enemy, preventing annihilation. Brond finds a place of safety for Elsie. Round Paw and Cromit are both killed, Brond badly wounded. Elsie, who has been rescued by other fugitives. He is unable to find Elsie 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 savages. Brond, drunk with victory, is rescued from his wounds and joins in the defense of the fort. Brond, who is not relieved until General Forbes fights his way through to Duquesne. Then Brond continues his search for Elsie Dinwood, realizing he loves her, and believing his love returned. In a hamlet he finds one of the men whose charge he had left for that. He tells Brond Elsie went to Alexandria, and Brond at once leaves for that. There he meets a boyhood friend, Joseph Hewitt. She is his arms, whispers, "Oh, mister, you've come back!"

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 between these two divisions was another column of two hundred men.

And 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.

"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 frenzied 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 spalled 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 favor. 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 woods were choked with it, 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 Onondaga and I fell back 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, the uselessly heroic never appealed to me. But the Dinwood 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 Hatter's men at the baggage-train, and from the resounding 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 crowded road meant death without a chance to strike back. We had 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, insane 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 of the Indians had fled to follow Beaujeu, and now they were hunting 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 Stewart of the Virginia rifle-regulars, 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. "Damnation!" thundered the general. "Did I lead his majesty's regulars out here to hide from a parcel of naked beggars? Advance! We must advance!" Then he was raging 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 ne-

hind 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:

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I stepped over a man dying from arrow wounds and would have left him had I not recognized him as Busby, my old playmate. This was a sorry ending of all our boyish dreams, when we played at Indian fighting and love wars emerged the victors. For love of the old days, I caught him around the shoulders and yelled for the Onondaga to pick him up by the heels. The Indian had no desire to interrupt his fighting by helping one as good as dead. Yet he would not leave me, and he did as I directed, and we managed to get Busby to the first wagon.

Busby stared at me vacantly at first, then knew me, and tried to pull me down to him. I knelt and he faintly whispered: "What d—d fools we've been, Web. Tell Joe I'm sorry."

It was his last effort, and he was dead when I straightened up. The savages were now assaulting the wagons from both sides. We fought our way through the terribly unequal melee. It did look as if not a man would survive the day unless it be some of those who had taken to trees outside the road, or who had cut the horses loose from the wagons and had fled at the beginning of the battle. Dunbar the Tardy was still in the rear. It was just as well. The more men crowding into the road simply meant more victims.

"This way, Brond! Brown-hair's here!" howled a voice in my ear. Cromit was speaking. His mouth was fixed in a ghastly grin, his eyes set and staring. He was bleeding from a wound in the head.

"This is a severe wring," he shouted, and fired a soldier's musket at a painted face showing at the side of a tree. Then with a screech that sounded above the groans and shrieks of the wounded and the yells of the savages, he dived into the bushes. The next moment he staggered back into the road, with a knife buried in his breast, and yet dragging after him a stalwart Ottawa he had clutched by the throat. The two fell at our feet, and with a final effort Cromit tore the red throat open; and so the two died and went among the ghosts.

Dan Morgan was down and the witch-girl was standing over him, an ax in one hand, her pistol in the other.

"Get out of here! Go to the river!" I cried to her. "Can't leave him," she panted. "Kiss me, mister!"

I kissed her, believing it was very close to the last act in my life. And I pitied her as I had never pitied any one in my life. Morgan got up on his knees. He had been shot through the back of the neck, the ball passing through his mouth and taking several teeth with it. He gained his feet and pushed the girl toward us.

"Must get boss!" he told me as I seized the girl and began working my way along the wagons. Many of the drivers already were in flight, each to announce himself to be the only survivor of the massacre, and I despaired of securing an animal for the girl. Morgan went ahead; after the girl came the Onondaga and myself. Round Paw endeavored to shield her from the cross-fire of the hidden savages. He reeled, then raised his war-whoop and swung his ax, and I saw the white paw on the chest was turning crimson.

A wounded Potawatomi rolled from the bushes like a dying snake and coiled about his legs in an attempt to trip him and bring him to the ground. Round Paw quitted him with a swing of the ax and shouted:

"Yo-hah! It is good. They say two very brave men will soon die! Yo-hah!" Then in a mighty voice he told the concealed foe:

"I am a man of the Wolf clan. My teeth are sharp. Ho! Ho! Come on and help a brave man die like a chief!"

He would have penetrated the cover in search of a worthy antagonist had I not forcibly restrained him. Dead man, dying men, crazy men; and the last were the worst of all. We ran almost as much risk from our own soldiers as we did from the fort Indians. Especially was this true concerning the Onondaga. Morgan was keeping his feet braving and the girl was willingly accompanying him, and even helping him, so long as her backward glances told her the Onondaga and I were following. But did we pause to meet a rush from the woods, then did she hold back and attempt to gain my side.

With a hoarse cry Morgan seized a horse by the nose as the frightened animal burst through the bushes and into the road. Other hands tried to appropriate the prize, but I brushed them back and tossed the girl on the back of the crazed brute. Morgan motioned for me to mount.

"Take her out of this! For G—d's sake lose no time!" I cried. "She sorter seems to like you—" he began, but I lifted him up and placed him behind her and struck the horse on the flank with my rifle-barrel.

I knew she cried out although I could not hear what she said. She made a dismount, but young Morgan passed an arm around her slim waist, and the horse plunged down the road toward the ford. But I shall never forget the expression of her small face as she stared helplessly back at me and the Onondaga.

During this brief bit of action the Indian had been wounded again, this time in the head. We fell back, shoulder to shoulder. An arrow whipped into my arm and the Onondaga broke off the quivering shaft. Arrow or bullet raked my forehead and threatened to fill my eyes with blood had I not snatched a neck-cloth from a dead man's neck and improvised a bandage. The savages were now overrunning the first division of wagons, succumbing to their lust for plunder. Only this avariciousness saved those in the road below the wagons from being ex-

terminated. As it was, fifty of the Indians pursued us to the Monongahela and killed almost at every step. The regulars had thrown away arms, accoutrements and clothing and, when overtaken, died stupidly like oxen.

The curt crack of the rifles on each side of the road marked the cool retreat of our provincials. They were fighting steadily and composedly, and their resistance discouraged a final onslaught that might have cost the life of every Englishman on the fort side of the river. We were within a few rods of the river, which was filled with frantic fugitives, when five of the pursuing savages closed in on Round Paw and me. I had the barrel of my rifle left and my ax. One man went down beneath the barrel. I slipped and fell on him. A knife stabbed through the calf of my left leg, but the man under me was dead.

"Yo-hah! Tell his ghost I sent you!" yelled the Onondaga, and my assailant fell dead across me. I got to my feet and beheld the Onondaga in the clutches of two savages, the fifth having passed on to overtake other victims. Before I could lend a hand one of my friend's assailants, an Ottawa, choked and went limp with Round Paw's knife through his throat.

"They say a brave man of the Wolf clan of the Onondaga will soon die!" panted Round Paw, and he essayed to sound his war-whoop as he and the remaining savage wound their arms about each other and fell.

I patted them apart and raised my ax, but the French Indian was dying by the time I could yank him clear of my friend. He was a Mingo, one of the Senecas who had preferred the Ohio to the Genesee.

"A brave man has killed me," he faintly said.

The Onondaga propped himself up on one elbow and feebly waved his ax, but his voice rang out so strong I did not believe he was seriously hurt. He proudly proclaimed:

"Yo-hah! A good fight! This man did me a very great honor. He fought well. But the Wolf has strong sharp teeth—Ha-hum-Web—Ha-hum-Web—Ha-hum-Web—"

And he dropped dead across the body of the dead man who had killed him.

I entered the river above the ford to escape the crowd of fugitives, some of whom were drowned in their mad haste to make the crossing. Busby, Cromit and Round Paw had paid the price of a stubborn man's ignorance. Of all those who would never return from the fatal errand I would miss the Onondaga the most; and after him Cromit of the mighty hands. And there was another ache in my heart as I envisioned the fair Josephine, waiting in old Alexandria for her lover to return. Out of twenty-nine gallant men to ride from the old town, only four were to go back.

My last backward glance at the ford beheld Colonel Washington's horse crumpling beneath him. At first I thought he, as well as his mount, was hit. But he was quickly up and catching a riderless horse and swinging into the saddle. Then, with his back to the ford, he rode through the trees, now vanishing, now appearing, and close in front of him was a fringe of his riflemen, fighting calmly and deliberately. This action of the rear-guard was made up of many individual duels. The Virginians' trick of having two men behind a tree inveigled many a screaming savage into the path of a deadly bullet. A rifleman would fire, when sure of his target, and some painted warriors would rush to dispart him before he could reload. His companion would fire and check the charge. This was repeatedly done, and done as calmly and coolly as a man would work in curing his tobacco.

There was no pursuit beyond the ford, although only weariness, or their love of plunder, prevented them from killing us for many a long mile. Later the colonel learned that Dunbar's retreat was unexpected and the French hastened back to the fort, still believing they would be attacked. Those who had fled on horses were well on their way to the first crossing, or far beyond it.

I suppose it was the evening of that same day that I came to a stumbling halt at the edge of an opening and stared across a large cleared space. The spot was familiar, and with a shock I suddenly discovered it was on the Allegheny and about half a mile above Duquesne. I did not lose my wits again. From that moment on my memory is painfully exact.

Savages were singing and dancing around some stakes. I counted twelve of the stakes, and to each was fastened an inert charred figure. From the red coats and other trophies being displayed I knew the dead men had been regulars and that they had died by torture. I was glad they were further with all and were beyond all further misery.

I must have been very weak when I came to my senses on the edge of the clearing, for I could not have tasted food during my blind wanderings. The shock of the twelve stakes, however, gave me something that answered for physical strength, and I fell back rapidly from the dangerous neighborhood.

There were no Indians abroad in the forest, for none was willing to miss the feasting and drinking and torture, let alone the distribution of the rich booty. Moving painfully and without sighting any human being I came to the rough country at the head of Turtle creek and forded and gained the army's camp on Rush creek. It did not seem possible that seventy-odd hours before Braddock's army had halted here. That was far back among the old things, as the Indians would have expressed it.

Then by slow stages I followed the Braddock road back to the Great Meadows. All along the road were muskets and accoutrements, discarded by those who had passed over the road ahead of me; and there was no need to be saving of powder and lead.

It did seem as if all the buzzards in North America had come to western Pennsylvania, and never have I seen bears so plentiful. There is a story based on the Monongahela battle to the effect that the bears grew to have a contempt for human beings after eating the dead of Braddock's army. I never placed credence in the story, but I can vouch that the brutes were not easily frightened by my approach. I shot several but depended upon rabbits, turkeys and a deer for food. More than once I had to fight my nerves before I could approach a huddled form in the road ahead, fearing it might be the girl. Just beyond the Meadows I came upon three men cooking deer-meat over a little fire. They were well-looking creatures and at my approach sprang up and snatched for their guns.

"Have any of you seen a wagoner on a horse, Dan Morgan by name?" asked to them. "And was he riding double with a fellow younger than he?"

"Devil take your man Morgan and 'other feller!" cried one of them. "Gh out of sight afore I lose my patience. I promised my youngers a French sculp. By the Eternal! Your hair might do just as well! Fat crops in and growing, and now we must curt 'em and fort ourselves. Curse the day we ever heard the name of Braddock!"

"We'll do our own fighting in our own way next time," bawled one of the other men.

His words fell idly on my ears yet I was to live to recall them, and to realize the fellow had unwittingly uttered the one great truth that the battle of the Monongahela taught us—self-dependence. From the beginning of the colonies, we had relied on England, and now that the best she could give us for our protection had miserably failed, we were to learn self-reliance, and the few long rifles that allowed a fragment of the army to escape across the second ford were in my day to increase to thousands. But that knowledge was all ahead of me; and disheartened at not finding some trace of Morgan and the Dinwood girl I left the sullen trio and continued my weary journey.

### CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

How the Useful Plants Came to Mankind  
By T. E. STEWARD  
WNU Service

### The Banana

**B**OTANISTS know positively that the banana is a native of southeastern Asia and that it grows wild in the Malay states, Ceylon, and Cochinchina, but an unsettled argument still goes on as to whether or not it is also a native of the New World. In the cultivation of the banana and in giving it commercial importance, American countries have long surpassed all other districts. But a summary of the evidence seems to indicate that it is an Old world plant, coming originally from the Malay peninsula, whence it was carried to India, thence to Africa and, finally, to America by the early Portuguese and Spanish explorers and settlers.

This famous fruit, then, is a heritage of mankind from prehistoric days. Greek, Latin and Arab literatures refer to it as a remarkable plant of India.

Nowhere in the accounts of New world travels and conquests by Columbus, Pinzon, Vespucci or Cortez is the banana mentioned. Later writers, however, begin to include it among the native products of America.

Humboldt, one of the greatest of naturalists and a famous student of Latin-American plants and animals, is the chief among those who have held to the belief that the banana is a native of the western continents. Proof is inconclusive that it is native of the Old world, Humboldt's argument being that it is also native to the New. At one place in his writings he said:

"On the banks of the Orinoco, of the Cassiquare or of the Beni rivers, between the mountains of Esmeralda and the banks of the River Carony, in the midst of the thickest forests, almost everywhere that Indian tribes come are found who have had no relation with European settlements, we meet with plantations of manioc and bananas."

Those who oppose him point to the scarcity of Indian names free from Spanish influence used to describe the fruit and to the fact that in neither of the ancient languages of Peru or Mexico was there a word that could be translated banana.

One writer who strongly doubts that the banana is American has gone so far as to say that if it is finally proved to have been in the western hemisphere before the coming of the Spaniards he would believe it to have been brought across the Pacific from Siam or some other spot in southeastern Asia, partly because so strong an Asiatic influence is evident in the architecture and customs, and even in the physical appearance of the native peoples of South and Central America.

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There are 14,000 millionaires in the United States and now we don't believe we will join the crowd as it isn't very exclusive any more.