

# 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 preparing for the advance on Fort Duquesne. 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 scout. 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 Frenchmen, Blaise Cromit, who joins them. The party encounters a group of settlers threatening a young girl, Elsie Dinwiddie, 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 bullying English soldiers. He escorts Elsie Dinwiddie to a safe place and leaves with Round Paw. Cromit joins them.

**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 Dinwiddie. A French officer and an Indian break in the door. Cromit kills the Indian and Brond takes the French officer's rifle. Elsie escapes during the fight. Brond's captives are Lieutenant Beauvais. The scout sends him as a prisoner to Croghan. Brond to Braddock's camp, again taking his way to Duquesne, and to seek Elsie.

**CHAPTER V—**Carrying out his plan to enter the fort unaided, Brond resolves to visit an Indian town where a woman sachem, Allaquippa, controls. She is friendly to the English. Brond, a French officer and an Indian chief, are plainly unwelcome to Allaquippa. Brond meets a French officer, Falet, who is there to win over Allaquippa to the French cause, but he fails. Brond, dressed as a man, under Allaquippa's protection, tells her that he has found the English camp, and is going to the French. Unable to dissuade her, Brond tells her of his mission to Duquesne, and she promises not to betray him. They leave and he is on his way to Duquesne. Brond realizes he must be stopped.

**CHAPTER VI—**Brond comes to Brond while he is waiting to intercept Beauvais, and tells him he has killed the Frenchman. Beauvais escapes from him. Round Paw joins them, and the three return to Allaquippa's town. Cromit has been quieting news of the demoralization of Braddock's army, none of the English officers understanding the situation, and Braddock merely resenting advice of the Provincialis. Cromit separated from his friends, is welcomed by Allaquippa as an Englishman. Leaving him to carry news to the English army, Brond and Round Paw reach Duquesne. Brond is made welcome, Beauvais taking him to the other French officer. Brond realizes he is in deadly peril. He decides to get away to his friends, and tells Elsie, who has come to the fort with Beauvais, but it is too late.

**CHAPTER VII—**At a dinner given by Beauvais to his officers, Brond is recognized and denounced by Beauvais as an English spy. He is rescued by Round Paw. Elsie, Brond escapes by the river, Elsie having destroyed all the candles. Leaving a message to Round Paw, Brond escapes by a narrow path, avoiding a danger of ambush if they take the "Turtle Creek" route to the fort. Then, with Elsie, a great band of warriors traveling, he takes a different route to the army, in the hope that either Round Paw, Cromit or himself might get through safely with the warning.

**CHAPTER VIII—**Brond realizes a party of pursuing Indians is on their trail. The girl, having no means of escape, but Elsie helps greatly in the defense of the place. They succeed in beating off the attacking Indians, and during a heavy rain, which saves them, escape. Elsie's bravery and loyalty make a deep impression on Brond. He meets a veteran Virginia forest fighter, Stephen Gist, returning from a scouting expedition.

**CHAPTER IX—**Gist repeats Cromit's tale of demoralization among the English regulars. Round Paw joins the party and they reach the river. Elsie refuses to seek safety in the rear, insisting on staying and sharing Brond's dangers. Braddock ignores Brond's warning of danger. Brond again meets Colonel Washington, 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 shot by Elsie. Brond and Cromit are both killed. Brond, badly wounded, escaping with other fugitives, Elsie 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 victorious savages, drunk with victory. Brond recovers from his wounds and joins in the defense of the frontier. The situation is relieved. General Forbes fights his way through to Duquesne. Then Brond continues his search for Elsie. Elsie Dinwiddie, realizing he loves her, and believing his love returned, in a hamlet he finds that the man whose charge he had left the girl. He tells Brond Elsie went to Alexandria, and Brond at once leaves for that city. There he meets a boyhood friend, Josephine Hewitt. She has a home, Brond seeks her, and finds a happy ending of his quest when, "Oh, mister. You've come back!"

### CHAPTER X

#### The Long Trail Ends

It was thirteen days after the battle that Dunbar the Hardy arrived at Fort Cumberland on Will's creek with three hundred wounded soldiers. It is impossible to picture the amazement and consternation that smothered the colonies when it was definitely known that the army had been defeated and broken. There had been no concern in the public mind as to the outcome of the campaign.

The first uncertain news was received by Colonel James Innes, commander at Fort Cumberland. This was on July eleventh, two days after the battle. He immediately started expresses to the neighboring provinces to announce his grave fear that the army had met with reverses. While these messengers were carrying the astounding news the wagons, who had first fled the bloody field, were beginning to reach the outlying settlements. Governor Morris was at Carlisle when a half-starved, half-mad wagoner flogged his exhausted mount into the settlement and began crying out that Braddock had been defeated, that the entire army had been annihilated, and that he, the wagoner, was the only survivor.

The provinces were stunned. On the sixteenth another messenger brought further details. General Braddock was dead and had been buried at Great Meadows on the fourteenth, and the army and Dunbar's wagons had passed over his grave to hide it from the savages. On the day this news brought his dismal budget, Governor Morris sent out a call for the assembly to meet him in Philadelphia on the twenty-third, so as to permit Dunbar to take the offensive and prevent the triumphant enemy from overrunning our frontiers and from bringing the ax to the eastern settlements.

Dunbar promptly announced his determination to be done with forest fighting; and he marched his twelve hundred soldiers to Philadelphia and left three hundred wounded men at Will's creek. His army went into camp on Society hill, and in vain did Governor Morris urge him to send a few men to patrol the Susquehanna. Enough refugees came in to swell the army to fifteen hundred, and without raising his hand to protect the border Dunbar the Hardy sailed with this force for New York in October.

Stupefaction was replaced by dismay as this, the only fighting force in the south, was withdrawn. In very truth were the colonies aroused to the realization that they must protect themselves by doing their own fighting, and no longer depend on overseas armies. Once Dunbar's intentions to withdraw from the province became known, Governor Dinwiddie urged Pennsylvania and Maryland to unite with Virginia in building a strong fort at the Great crossing or on Great Meadows. This was the plan for protecting the border, came to nothing because of the colonies' inability to overcome factional jealousies and to agree as to the division of the expense, labor and the like. So we drifted into three years of rapine and slaughter.

I reached Carlisle the day after Governor Morris started for Philadelphia. My wounds, aggravated by exposure, forced me to travel slowly; and my efforts to find some trace of the Dinwiddie girl permitted many survivors to pass me. Mine was old news when I did arrive. In Carlisle I fell in with three rangers who were cut off from the ford when the final rout filled the narrow road. They were forced to advance north, or close to Duquesne, to escape the savages. They had concealed themselves in the woods near the Allegheny, and from what they had observed I learned how five hundred of Pontiac's Ottawas had quarreled with the French over the division of the booty, and had thrown back the ax and had killed and scalped two Frenchmen very close to the spot where my informants were hiding.

I recovered from my wounds and became active in preparing a defense against the red swarms we knew would soon be upon us. As rapidly as possible a string of forts was built from the Delaware and Susquehanna to the Potomac. There were Fort Bedford at Hea's Town, Fort Ligonilla on the site of the old Indian town of Loyal Hanna in Westmoreland county, Fort London at the foot of Blue mountain, Fort Lowther at Carlisle and Chambers' fort a few miles west of that town.

And there were other forts, as well as numerous small blockhouses, erected during the next three years. For two months after the battle of the Monongahela we worked feverishly, taking advantage of the brief period

the Indians required to convince themselves that the war path to the east was unobstructed. Then the storm began to break.

The first blow struck by the raiders was in Cumberland county, and soon the ax was taking toll on the Susquehanna. A large body of Indians camped thirty miles above Harris ferry and killed on both sides of the river. In October a mixed force of French and Indians was burning and scalping within forty miles of the ferry. Settlers were frantically fleeing to the east, or doggedly forcing themselves on learning that escape was cut off. I went out with forty-five men from the ferry and helped bury fourteen mangled bodies. Great cove was destroyed.

By December, the Indians were on the Lehigh behind the Blue mountains, where they killed a hundred people and burned many cabins. Berthel prepared to resist an attack. At about the same time another band penetrated to the Schuylkill in Berks county and did devil's work. For fifty miles around Easton the country was devastated. So widespread were the activities of the savages that hundreds of people fled into Jersey, some carrying their household goods and driving their cattle; others vainly offering half of all they possessed in an effort to save something.

It was a characteristic of this unequal fighting that the Indians took but few prisoners. Thirty-six houses and the church at Gnadenbutten were burned, although Lieutenant Brown and a company of rangers fortified themselves in the church and held it until it was fired. The Junata was visited early in January and many people were murdered within two or three miles of Fort Patterson.

Even the back districts of Chester and Philadelphia counties were endangered, and four hundred German farmers from the latter county marched into Philadelphia city and demanded that the assembly grant them some protection. These settlers should have remembered how men of their race defeated Joseph Seely, Berks county candidate for sheriff, in the October election, because he favored military training.

Throughout the winter, the savages continued very active, which was unusual, as during the snow months the frontier always had experienced a relief from attacks and had slept soundly. The woods from the Junata to Shamokin were filled with ferocious red men, who killed and burned. In the latter part of the month a hundred Indians at Kittanning, including not a few who had been loyal to England until the defeat on the Monongahela, left to raid the Coccocheague settlements and forts Shirley and Littleton. I was one of those who rode ahead to spread the alarm, and I experienced enough thrills to last me several lifetimes.

And so the bloody story might go on through volumes. Settlements in flames and the rough roads crowded with terrified families. Scarcely a night could one scan the horizons and not see the red flares that told of some cabin or hamlet being wiped out. Not until Gen. John Forbes' expedition in the summer of 1758, when he marched to Duquesne with fifty-eight hundred men and a thousand wagons, did we begin to have a rest from the butcheries. But General Forbes would have nothing to do with the ill-fated Braddock road and wisely followed the central path through Carlisle, Shippensburg, and over Laurel mountain. The long rifles were proving their worth and were soon to take Canada from the French.

During all this strife and these miserable scenes, I endeavored to do my share in exacting a penalty from the red men. For two weeks I worked with Captain Jack, the Black Hunter of the Junata. But when that river was harried he became such a madman and would take such foolhardy risks that I left his band. Yet we made some rare killings in the short time we were together.

The danger was never so great, however, as to cause me to forget, the Dinwiddie girl. In my dreams and in my waking hours I could see her tugging at young Morgan's hand and striving to come back and face the trouble out in my company. At night I would awake with her voice in my ears, calling me "mister." Once I dreamed we were with the baggage train and she was saying "Kiss me." I required many a bloody foray against Shawnee and traitorous Delaware to wash that last dream thin. So there was never a day, when I was meeting with some one new, that I did not make diligent inquiry for her.

But so many families had been exterminated, so many pedigrees ended, that only by chance could I hope for news from the witch-girl. An elish boyish creature in reality, but my separation from her translated her into some symbol of the border, something fearfully desirable. It became a mania with me to find her, and yet my place was on the frontier.

On relief sallies, on retreats and on scouting trips, I asked of all I met if they knew of one called Daniel Morgan. Some professed to have met him, but none knew about a young woman dressed as a man. At the end of my service with General Forbes I was as ignorant as to whether she was alive or dead as I had been when I recovered my wits at the edge of the clearing along the Allegheny, where the dead hung from the twelve torture-stakes.

And I missed the Onondaga. God only knows how I missed him and his brave heart when on some lonely faring, I missed Cromit in a lesser degree, and often wished his terrible

hands could help me decide some unobtainable argument. As I missed them. But it was Round Paw of the Wolf clan whose absence ate into my soul. Red or white, never was there a stronger comrade than he. The lonely Monongahela sings his requiem, but in my heart he shall ever have a high place. Many a good comrade fery and killed on both sides of the river. In October a mixed force of French and Indians was burning and scalping within forty miles of the ferry. Settlers were frantically fleeing to the east, or doggedly forcing themselves on learning that escape was cut off. I went out with forty-five men from the ferry and helped bury fourteen mangled bodies. Great cove was destroyed.

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of any man I ever see."

"Had?" I repeated, a deathly faintness stealing through my gaunt frame.

"And still has, I'll guarantee. If she's kept out of danger and didn't get scolded. Lord! But she did try desperate hard to get off that horse and get back to the fighting!"

"Man, where is she? Where did you leave her? Why don't you say something when you talk?" I cried.

And I placed my hands on his shoulders and shook him.

He grinned broadly and showed no resentment at my manners.

"Where she is I cannot say. But she went to Alexandria. I gathered from her talk—and she talked mighty little—that some one she used to know, and liked a heap, lived there once. But you'll be signing up as a rifleman for northern work?"

I mounted before bothering to answer him. Then I called back:

"That must come later. I must finish a journey first."

And though it was dark and my horse was weary I rode on.

A skeleton of a man on a worn-out horse. No leisurely riding now. I would not have eaten, nor slept. If I could for my mount. I had but one desire—to strike into the old postroad and finish the distance at a smashing gallop. The poor brute was badly used up when I did leave Shooter's hill behind me I arrived in.

Now that I had returned and would soon know all I experienced a strange sense of longing for the past. No soldiers now enlivened Alexandria; and I knew the drowsy calm of the town would never suit her. She had gone away long before this; or—and this was a most disturbing thought—she had found some one who appreciated her, and had married. Beyond all doubt she had come to the belief that I was dead.

Now that I had talked with young Morgan I could not forgive my stupidly on the banks of the Potomac. Yet I had reasoned logically enough—she was never one to seek refuge in Alexandria. She was born of the frontier and border blood was in her veins. She would feel as much out of place in Alexandria as the fair Josephine would feel on the lonely shore of the Monongahela.

I clucked to my horse and I rode down the King's road, and the dust scuffed up by my tired mount's feet lazily drifted on to the meadow grass and settled and spoiled its sheen; just as it had when I watched the grenadiers march up the same road on Braddock's fatal business.

The town had changed none. There were the same slim and fat chimney-pots, the same quaint roofs of different hazy patterns before the Carlisle house. There were the windows of the blue-and-white room, where Braddock had drunk his wine and rightly had berated the colonies for their lack of zeal. The new warehouse on Point Lumley, at the foot of Duke street, was complete and already showing the mellow influence of the weather. On the wharf were several guns, brought over by Braddock and left behind because of their cumbersome weight. But no gay uniforms decorated the approach to the Royal George and Godst's; no guards waved the natives by their precise maneuvers in the market-place.

I dismounted to be less conspicuous, and with my long rifle under my arm led my patient animal to the House of the Open Hand. And here I received a sharp surprise. The garden beyond the gate was trim and orderly. The fountain was cleaned out, and the yellow-topped mustard balustrade, clinging to it tightly to aid his weary feet.

But sorrow was not for me this day. I was selfishly alive with the joy of anticipation. I burst through the doorway as if pursued by Pontiac himself. Next I came to a plunging halt and found myself bowing awkwardly before a dainty creature in fiances and lace.

"I beg your pardon," I stammered. "I was looking for a young lady."

"Oh, mister! You've come back!" she sobbed. And the armful of flowers was dropped and a miracle was worked; for I found the lovely thing in my arms, her voice whimpering over and over: "Oh, mister. You've come back!"

[THE END.]

I released her, and followed her under the grinning mask and through the cool doorway. In the hall I halted and cautiously seated myself in a spindle-legged chair, and demanded: "Now tell me."

"Oh, Webster, it would be so romantic if you weren't so stupidly matter-of-fact. Why shouldn't I call you 'mister'?"

"Josephine, the devil's in you. Have you anything to say or not?"

I rose as if to leave.

With a sigh at having her game cut short she primly began:

"I have a young ward, a refugee from the Braddock rout. She came here in a most scandalous condition—dressed as a man! She gave your name and said you would come to find her. She gave me your name, but she always speaks of you as 'mister.' How is that for mighty respect?"

"And now? Where is she?" I muttered.

"Why, now she should be in the garden, gathering posies for the table. You see Mr. Hewitt bought this place three days after Braddock and poor Busby marched away. He was a confirmed bachelor. He lived here alone until our marriage a year ago this summer. Mistress Elsie from the beginning would come here to walk in the garden because it had been your home. It promised a rare scandal. Mr. Hewitt appealed to me in great alarm. I had to marry the poor man, or else banish the wild thing. Now it's perfectly proper for her to walk in the garden as much as she will. I've lost my interest in you, Webster. You know the way down the hall?"

An idiotic question. The door, opening into the garden, was the one I had passed through thousands of times in the old days.

"You've been good to her, Josephine. You must have been mighty good to her, or she would never have stayed."

"Rubbish! I couldn't have driven her away. She was always looking for 'mister' to come. She would have made a camp in the garden and lived like an Indian." Then with much sadness she added: "I hate that word—Indian. You understand, Webster—I'm sorry."

"His last words, Joe," I blundered, giving her Busby's message after all. "Go find her," she brokenly whispered. And as I made down the hall I saw her hand traveling up the

### She Was Hunting a Hero

By AD SCHUSTER  
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"I HAVE no objection to your being athletic and independent," Caroline's mother spoke slowly, "but doesn't it strike you that you are intolerant of those who have other tastes?"

"Maybe so," the girl answered lightly. "But this I know, I am going West to the mountains. I am going to see big strong men who fear nothing and who are of a different breed than those I have known. I am going to escape from the sissies and the highbrows and when I come back I—well, maybe I will have entirely reformed."

Caroline, in the mountain cabin, waited for the hero of the open spaces and the first man she saw, other than old Abe Potter, who with his wife owned the retreat, was Leroy Boone. Boone was tall and slender. He wore nose glasses and spoke in a low voice. Except for his woodman's clothes he looked like a college man. Caroline was disappointed and yet Leroy was the only man within sight.

"I have been waiting to meet a man of the West," she said, giving him one of her best smiles. "I want to learn all about the customs and people."

"It is probable you will find us much like the men of any other place," He was amused at her enthusiasm.

"You don't understand. I come from a little town in the East. I am vigorous and independent, in a place where girls are quiet and ladylike and men are audacious and timid. I wish to forget books and science, and live with the trees and the hills. When I meet a man I want him to be a miner, hunter, or even a stage robber. Can't you see?"

The man of the West removed his spectacles, drew out a handkerchief and cleaned the lenses with deliberation.

"They don't rob stages out here any more," he said, "and most of the cowboys have gone in the movies." After a moment of deliberation he added, "Maybe, by hunting long enough, I could scare you up a man whose father had been a cattle-ruster?"

"I see," Caroline was offended. "You do not understand. But if life is so unexciting here why are you in the mountains?"

"I might be a tourist like yourself but I'm not. You see I work for the biological survey."

"Mercy that's a queer thing to have in the hills! It means college education and books; that you are a student and not a real wild westerner after all. I didn't think," she caught herself before confessing she did not think his appearance was promising and continued, "I didn't think it would be so difficult to meet the kind of men I've read about."

When Leroy Boone came by again he brought her a rare flower he had found on the trail and again he smiled oddly when he saw she was not pleased.

"Your western man," he said, "the one you have pictured, would not have picked a flower and carried it so carefully. No—I think he would have been shooting the lights out of a saloon or rescuing a leather-skirted girl from the hands of the villainous foreman of a rival ranch. It's too bad there isn't a motion picture house up here." He went his way, walking leisurely as a man with plenty of time.

"He's angry because I didn't thank him for his flower," Caroline decided. "Well, as soon as he understands I do not wish biological surveys bringing me posies, I will be better satisfied. I can see plenty of men like him at home." And when she returned to the cabin she said nothing to the Pottery of the man who had no place in her picture or scheme.

Several times more the girl met him and at last she admitted to herself there was something in his quiet, almost tolerant manner that attracted her even while it exasperated. But she would not surrender. She had taken the superior attitude and until he proved himself a hero, worthy of his environment, she would continue disdainful. By the time she came to leave they were as well acquainted as the peculiarly strained situation would allow.

"I am sorry you are going," he said, "sorry because I will miss you and because you should stay long enough to get the real values of our West."

Was the man going to propose? And what would she say? Caroline felt suddenly her values had changed and that she was going to miss him. Then came that tantalizing smile and the banter which enraged her.

"If I were the sort you have been looking for I would kidnap you, throw you over a horse and take you to the parson. But as it is, I can only—"

"Say good-by," finished Caroline and she hastened to the cabin vowing she would be glad to forget this man who had no right to pretend to be her West.

As Abe Potter drove her over to the station he mentioned Boone.

"He works for the biological survey," he said, drawing the words out importantly. "They hires him to hunt mountain lions. Last week he got five in one day!"

For five minutes Caroline was silent. Then timidly she said, "Mr. Potter, turn around and drive me back. I'm going to stay another week."



"Oh, Mister! You've Come Back!"

balustrade, clinging to it tightly to aid his weary feet.

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### The New Testament

The descent of duty is ever followed by the ascent of faith.—Dr. J. B. Shaw.

### Justice Triumphs

Man is unjust, but God is just; and justice finally triumphs.—Longfellow.

### For Religion's Sake

I say the whole earth and all the stars in the sky are for religion's sake.—Walt Whitman.

### A Faithful Man

A man of faith is one who trusts God. A faithful man is one whom God can trust.—D. T.

### Christian's Commission

Why run? Suffering is a part and parcel of the Christian's commission.—J. W. Lee.

### From on High

Power from on high made those sunburned fishermen irresistible.—J. W. Lee.