

of Ab. Wood's in the sixteen-seventies had indirectly led to the present war. For when the English began going overland from Virginia to the Ohio the French stirred up the Indian warriors to bar the course of the Virginian traders. But Mary Ingles and Betty Draper were undoubtedly the first women to cross the Cumberland Mountains into what is now Kentucky.

Betty Draper had been badly wounded and the first night out Mary Ingles persuaded the Indians to unbind her so that she could wait on her wounded relative. The third night out she gave birth to a little daughter—the first white child born beyond the Alleghanies. Do you wonder that the true F. F. V.'s consider there is something of iron courage born in their very blood?

Dr. John P. Hale, a descendant of Mrs. Ingles, and Dr. Draper, whose unpublished manuscripts are the best collection of data on the Virginia-Kentucky country, do not agree definitely as to where the two women were separated. At all events, Mary Ingles and her two baby boys and her infant daughter were carried forward from New River across to the Bluestone and on down the Kanawha to the Ohio. Pause was made on the Kanawha to boil brine for salt, and the white women won golden opinions from the warriors of the camp by sewing shirts out of the flannel and calico raided from Colonel Patton's convoy. As the warriors moved down the Ohio to the Lower Shawnee Town opposite Scioto River, other war parties joined them with prisoners from Pennsylvania. All the prisoners except young Mrs. Ingles were welcomed to the Shawnee Town by the terrible ordeal of running the gauntlet. Then the prisoners were divided. The little boy Thomas was given to warriors bound for Detroit. The baby, George, was sent off with tribes going to the Mississippi. Only the sickly infant daughter was left with Mrs. Ingles. As long as she had her children, Mrs. Ingles never quailed before fate; but on the Scioto, the baby pined away and died. Then the warriors moved one hundred and five miles westward to the Big Bone Lick of Boone County, Kentucky, where game was always plentiful round a swampy morass of ten acres where saline waters oozed sluggishly through a stunted growth of brittle grasses. On the edge of the swamp the Shawnees camped for the winter using

the bones of the pre-historic monster which we now know must have been the mastodon for their lodge poles. Daily French hunters came to camp boasting of Braddock's bloody defeat. The future looked dark for Virginian traders and captives beyond the mountains. While the warriors hunted, Mrs. Ingles and a captive Dutch woman from Pennsylvania were kept making salt and hunting the woods for medicinal herbs. Both women must have realized the added danger to themselves from the defeat of the English in the wars. Another move of camp and they might be whisked to the Mississippi forever beyond reach of help.

One day when they were out together, Mrs. Ingles proposed that they try to escape, but the old Dutch woman laughed the suggestion to scorn. How could two lone women find their way back to the eastern settlements? It was over eight hundred miles to the nearest colony and they had neither food nor fire-arms and winter was already setting in. Besides, how could they live on the way? Mrs. Ingles doubtless pointed out that by the roll of the mountains you could always find your way down to a river, and by following the river up eastward you must come to the Cumberlands or Alleghanies. It was better to die trying, than to die not having tried at all. That last argument appealed to the wooden-headed old woman and she at last consented to follow Mrs. Ingles, though a half-willing reluctant partner on such a venture was worse than no companion at all. One morning when the hunters were absent, the two women left camp with hatchets in hand as if to search the woods for roots. A degenerate Frenchman, for whom Mrs. Ingles had sewed shirts, sat cracking walnuts at a wigwam door. The Virginia woman noticed that his hatchet was new and sharp. She signalled a trade, and tossing him her own dull knife as a nut cracker, walked coolly off with the new axe.

Provided only with their hatchets and the blankets worn over their heads Indian fashion, the two fugitive women struck through the leafless autumn woods to find the Ohio River. Warriors passed and re-passed on the game trail hunting, but the Shawnees never dreamed of the two captive women attempting to find their way home through eight hundred miles of wilderness. Then Mrs. Ingles struck away from sign of trail altogether. All day

they kept on, and when the darkness of a clouded sky prevented farther travel, both crept under a great walnut tree where the leaves had drifted in heaps. Eating what nuts and paw-paws they could find, they lay down and covered themselves completely from view with the leaves. That night when the two white women did not return to camp, the Indians concluded their captives had lost the way in the woods, and sent couriers out firing guns to signal the path home; but the leaves hid Mrs. Ingles and the old German from discovery, though one may fancy how much they slept with gun echoes ricketing through the lonely forest.

First peep of chill gray dawn saw them again on their way, and through the leafless forest flashed the broad waters of the Ohio about fifty miles below what is now the city of Cincinnati. The Virginian's heart leaped with hope, for an Indian trail to the Cumberland Mountains led up the Ohio Valley; but on a travelled trail was constant danger of discovery, and Mrs. Ingles led the way through the lifting mists, alert of eye and ear as a mountain panther, pausing only to snatch food where the wild grapes hung from bare vines or the hickory or walnut trees had showered down a store of nuts which the travellers could carry along in their blankets. Once from the distance they heard the shout of a band of hunters. Both women fled from the trail to some hollow logs and never once stirred for the rest of that day. Past what are now Covington and Newport and Foster and Augusta, on up the Ohio River with its countless windings, they hastened finding the trail broader and plainer as they approached the Shawnee Town opposite the Scioto.

Their first great check had come at Licking River. It was too deep for a ford. The water was ice cold and neither of the women could swim, as they were inlanders. So they ascended the swollen river for a couple of days to a shallow place bridged with drift-wood, crossed and came on down the other side of the Licking back to the valley of the Ohio. The detour had at least taken them away from the danger of the main trail. As they neared the Shawnee Town, they began to travel by night and hide by day, keeping only near enough the river not to lose their way. Through the leafless forest they could see the camp fire of the Shawnee Village on

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THE GREAT SUMMER FAIR AT WINNIPEG

WINNIPEG'S Annual Exhibition, which closed a few days ago, is the second largest in Canada. The receipts this year amounted to \$135,000, or about sixteen thousand more than last year. Perhaps receipts are not the best index, but they are the most convenient measure of success.

A few days before the opening date, the entire grand stand was burned to the ground, and for a few moments the people thought the Exhibition would have to be postponed. But Western enterprise and optimism rise above small obstacles. By working a big staff of men night and day, a larger though uncovered stand was ready for opening day. The accompanying picture shows that it was needed and that it was a fair substitute.

A new site for the Exhibition has been selected, and about 1913, Winnipeg will have a brand new set of buildings which will make Toronto, Syracuse and Minnesota look to their laurels. Winnipeg is now fourth on the continent, but it does not propose to remain fourth. The new grounds are practically decided upon, but it will take two years to erect a new set of buildings. The present intention, however, is to make them worthy of "The Chicago of the West."

The effect of a successful exhibition as an advertising feature of a big city is second only to the influence upon manufacturing and agriculture throughout the district of which that city is the centre. Winnipeg's exhibition is not only valuable to Winnipeg, but to the Province of Manitoba as a whole.

The Fair has already outgrown the accommodation made for many of the important exhibits, and it will be of immediate necessity to show as much enterprise looking after needed arrangements for the things exhibited, as for the people who see the show.



Sixteen thousand people were on and around the grand stand at the second greatest fair in Canada.