

The RED MIST

A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE
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ILLUSTRATIONS By C. D. RHODES

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SYNOPSIS.

Confederate Sergeant Wyatt is sent as a spy to his native county on the Green River. He meets a mountaineer named Jim Taylor. At a house beyond Hot Springs they meet Major Harwood. Wyatt is sent to bed. He becomes suspicious, and finds that Taylor has murdered Harwood and escaped. Wyatt changes to U. S. uniform, and to a detachment of Federal cavalry identifies himself as Lieutenant Raymond, Third U. S. Cavalry. Captain Fox finds Harwood's body. The detachment is ambushed. Wyatt escapes to the Green River country and goes to Harwood's home, where he finds Noreen Harwood. He introduces himself as Lieutenant Raymond. Parson Nichols comes to the house and tells Noreen of her father's death. Wyatt forces Parson Nichols to confess that he has been sent in advance of Anse Cowan, who proposes to marry Noreen at once, and so quiet title to the land in dispute between the Cowans and Noreen's dead father. Anse Cowan and his gang arrive and find the preacher bound in a closet. Wyatt and Noreen have concealed themselves in the attic. The Cowan gang ransacks the house, but fails to find the hidden couple. Wyatt tells Noreen who he is. They return to the second floor and await the next move of the gang, forcing the preacher to alliance.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

She left us quietly, crouching close against the wall, until she could safely peer out from behind the fold of a chintz curtain. The glow from without reddened the entire room. Nichols began to groan, and mutter, but whether the words were those of prayer, or not, I was uncertain. That the fellow's brain tottered on the brink of total collapse was evident, and I was too fearful he might create alarm to desert my guard. Eager to learn what had occurred I called across to the girl:

"Is it the stable, Miss Noreen?"
"Yes," with a quick glance backward. "The whole west end is ablaze. I think there are horses picketed beyond in the orchard, but am not sure—yes, there are men there with them. The fire, as it blazes up, gives me a better view."

"Can you tell how many?"
"No, but I didn't suppose Anse Cowan had so many with him, did you?"
"Why, really I cannot tell, for I have no conception either way. There must have been a dozen altogether in the house, and doubtless others were on guard without. Hasn't it ceased storming?"

"Yes, I wonder what time it is; why I actually believe the sky is becoming lighter in the east already."

She stared out intently, and then sank to her knees.

"Come over here quick! They are getting ready for something."

I swept my eyes over Nichols, who lay motionless, his arms folded across his face. To my mind the fellow was acting a part, and was not half as badly injured as he pretended to be. However, he could do us no great harm at present, and I stole silently across the room, and knelt beside her. She held the curtain aside, leaving just space enough for my eyes. For an instant the glow of the burning building blinded me, and intensified the surrounding darkness. I shadowed my eyes with my hand.

"Where are the men you saw? To the left?"
"Yes—back under the trees, close to the first negro cabin; see! just where I point."

Once located I could perceive the shadowy outline, which grew more distinct as I gazed. There were men there beyond doubt; it seemed to me twenty or thirty, although it was impossible to judge the number. But the shadow seemed to be disintegrating. Even as my eyes focused it, a section moved to the right, and then another swung into the open, circling along the orchard fence.

"There is a slew of them," I muttered unthinkingly. "Anse meant to have company at his wedding."

"Oh, hush!" her hand caught my sleeve. "They—they are coming back to the house now."

CHAPTER XII.

A Marriage by Duress.

Daylight was coming; the gang meant to search the house again, perhaps fire it as they had the stable, and then ride away before the Federal garrison at Lewisburg could receive the alarm. I turned away from the window to perceive Nichols sitting up on the edge of the bed.

"What's afe?" he asked.
"The stable," I answered, crossing the room. "Get down in the corner where you cannot be seen from the windows. Oh, yes you can; you are not so badly hurt. Miss Noreen, is there any other place better than this in which to hide?"

She shook her head.
"Well, then we must fight it out here if they come; you have your revolver—ah! the squad is already below; listen!"

We stood side by side, scarcely breathing, close to the bolted door. The flames of the burning stable were dying down, yet there was sufficient light to render every object in the room plainly visible. Intent as I was upon slight sound below and without, I kept my eyes on Nichols, seated defectively in one corner. Feet tramped

noisily back and forth in the lower hall, and the sound of voices reached us, the words indistinguishable. There was an echo of splintered wood, the crash of dishes, and a loud laugh. The fellows seemed to be looting the kitchen and pantry, destroying whatever they could not use. Suddenly there arose a sound of smashing glass as the front of the house, and the tinkling of a piano as if some rough hand swept across the keys. Noreen pressed closer, lifting her eyes in appeal.

"They—they are searching the house," she whispered, her voice shaking, "and—looting it. Do you hear that? They are even tearing the carpet from the floor. Some of them will come up here."

"I am afraid so—but you must not lose your nerve. We shall have to fight!"

"Fight? yes; but what use?" and she grasped my arm with both hands. "I—I would not be so afraid, only for that man. I cannot fall into his power. I will kill myself first! You do not know Anse Cowan; but I do. I would rather die than have his hands touch me. I hate and despise him; he is an incarnate brute—and—and he is here after me!"

"Hush," I urged, holding her tightly, her slight form trembling. "Do not let go yet; they may not even come up the stairs."

"But they will," she insisted. "I tell you I know the man. He—he swore he would marry me two years ago; he told me so, and I laughed at him. He stopped my father on the road, held a rifle to his head, and boasted that some day he would make me pay his debts. This is no mere incident of war—I is revenge! I—I would not be frightened but for that—that awful alternative. Tell me—tell me what to do!"

She stared pleadingly into my face, but, reading no answer there to her wild appeal, sank to her knees, and buried her face in her hands. All that was strong about the girl seemed swept away by sudden uncontrollable horror—by dread of Anse Cowan. A hoarse, strange voice roared out an order, seemingly from the very foot of the stairs.

"That's enough of that, Samuels! Here, take your men up above. Be lively now, and don't let a rat get away."

The girl lifted her head; then got to her feet, clinging to the bedpost. I could see the glitter of a pistol in her hand—so daring, so reckless, I gasped at the mere wildness of the suggestion. Yet it might answer; it might succeed! But would she consent; even in her desperation, in the extreme of her terror, would she grasp at such a straw? There was nothing else—not another chance. This might not be one—yet it would surely serve to delay; it would place me in between her and Anse Cowan. She could not legally marry him, if she were once my wife! Only the girl whose eyes just then met mine—

"I—I have thought of one way," I said eagerly, the words coming forth almost incoherently. "That is if you will listen to what I propose. There is nothing else feasible so far as I can see. They—they are in the front rooms now—hear them! We haven't a moment to lose! Will you—will you consent to marry me?"

She shrank back a step, staring at me with wide-opened eyes, breathing heavily.

"Marry! marry you?" she faltered wildly. "Why what can you mean! I—I do not understand!"

"Of course not—the conception is wild, impractical, perhaps. It must seem so to you—yet listen. It is the one way left open to save you from Anse Cowan. You can trust me? You do trust me, do you not?"

"Ye-es—but—"

"This is no time to question. They are coming here now, those fellows with Anse Cowan at their head. You know what for. The question is not do you wish to marry me; but do you trust me more than you do Anse Cowan? Listen! It will be a form only—I am not conceited enough to believe you desire me for your husband. But you know who I am; you have confidence in my honor. He cannot marry you if you are already my wife—"

"He—he could kill you."

"Yes, there are enough of them; but that might happen anyway. No doubt it would, for otherwise I should fight to the end. I do not think being your husband will add in the least to my danger—and it will possibly, legally, protect you."

"But how can it Will it be legal?"

"Noreen, don't stop to argue, or doubt," I urged, grasping her hand in eagerness. "We haven't time. Listen to those voices in the hall! Of course it will be legal—Nichols is an ordained minister, and no license is required. I shall never attempt to hold you, Noreen, and any court will set you free the moment you tell the story. The one, the only thing, for you to consider now, is escape from Anse Cowan."

"You do this to—to save me?"

"To keep you from falling helplessly into the clutches of a beast—tell me

yes! My God, girl, there they are now trying the door! Answer—will you?"
"Yes—yes, Tom Wyatt—"

With one leap past her I had Nichols by the collar, the muzzle of my revolver at his head. A heavy foot crashed against the locked door, and a voice without gave utterance to an oath.

"Marry me to this girl," I commanded sternly. "Come now, not a word; don't wait to ask a question. Noreen, take my hand—"

"Open up in there or we'll break down the door!" came hoarsely from the hallway.

My eyes never left Nichols' face. What he read of threat I know not, but his lips began to tremble through the form, though I could scarcely distinguish a word. His face was gray with terror, and I dared not look aside at the silent girl—only I vaguely realized that the hand held in mine trembled, and once, when she had to speak, the two words uttered were almost a sob.

Never surely was there a stranger marriage in all the world. The dying embers of the stable fire shot red gleams of flame over us through the unshaded windows, giving Nichols a ghastly look, and glowing on the steel barrel of the revolver I held poised at his head. His voice faltered and broke, and clotted blood rendered hideous one side of his face, while his hands shook as if with palsy. All the sneaking coward in him was manifest. Outside a dozen voices roared, one rising gruff above the others shouting orders. Once a single shot crashed through the upper panel of the door and broke the glass of a window opposite. The girl, startled, recoiled against me, and the preacher stopped, gasping for breath.

"No firing, you fool!" roared a deep voice angrily. "We don't want any dead ones—beat down the door!"

"Go on!" I ordered grimly, and thrust the black muzzle hard against his cheek. The preacher choked, but the usual words of the ritual—sounding almost like mockery—dropped mechanically from his tongue.

"And now I pronounce you man and wife, and whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. Amen."

She gave vent to a little sobbing cry, half stifled in her throat, and

shrank away from me. I knew that her face was buried in her hands, yet had no time to look that way, or utter a word. Rifle butts were crashing in the panels of the door; I could perceive already dim figures revealed through the jagged openings made in the light wood, a vista of faces, a gleam of weapons.

"Hit lower down!" yelled the same gruff voice of command. "There is a bolt that holds fast—reach in, Saunders!"

"Get back—beyond the bed," I called, pushing her behind me, and bracing myself for the first shock. The door gave, sagging aside on its hinges, and half falling inward, and through the opening men tumbled forward, carbines gripped in their hands. The red light gleamed ghastly across their faces and revealed—the blue uniform of Federal cavalry.

CHAPTER XIII.
Before Lieutenant Raymond.

The headlong rush stopped in startled amazement at sight of us, and I stood there staring at them, unable to speak, my revolver lowered. In that instant of pause, an officer thrust the men aside and faced me, sword in hand.

"What does this mean, sir? Who are you?" he questioned, sweeping his glance over my uniform, and then beyond me at the two others.

"I would ask the same question," I returned, not yet assured as to whom I confronted, and suspecting some trick. "We believed ourselves attacked by guerrillas. Are you soldiers?"

"Well, rather," with a short grim laugh. "These are Pennsylvania cavalrymen. My name is Raymond, and I demand to know, first of all, where you got possession of that Third U. S. Cavalry uniform?"

Perhaps in his excitement he had not really recognized her before; but these words were scarcely out of his mouth when the lady stood beside me, facing him. I caught a swift flash of her eyes as though warning me to silence. Whatever fear she had formerly felt seemed to have left her in this crisis, for she stood erect, her

cheeks flushed, her eyes frankly meeting those of the surprised officer.

"You will, however, recognize me, lieutenant," she said pleasantly, and extended her hand, "and if you will listen I think I can clear up the mystery."

"Miss—Miss Harwood," he murmured, slightly embarrassed, but still belligerent, his glance wandering from her face to mine. "Certainly—we hoped to find you here. It was to rescue you we came—at least it was that hope which led me to request the sending of troops, and to accompany them. This outrage has been committed, I believe, by Cowan's gang, and this man here—"

"Is my friend," she interrupted quietly. "Lieutenant Raymond, if you will kindly order your men to retire I will gladly explain his presence in the house."

"You wish to speak to me alone?"

"Not necessarily; but I certainly prefer greater privacy than this. You are in command?"

"No; Captain Whitlock is below." He turned toward the crowd blocking the doorway and I grasped the opportunity to breathe a hasty word of warning into the ear of Nichols. The girl never glanced again at either of us.

"Take the men back into the hall, sergeant," the lieutenant ordered. "and look through whatever rooms have not been visited. Request Captain Whitlock to join me here."

We waited motionless, the lieutenant's hand on the butt of his revolver, as though he half suspected treachery. Twice he endeavored to open conversation with the lady, but her response was not encouraging, and he evidently did not feel safe except with his eyes on me. Raymond frowned at a tall, well-proportioned fellow, with incipient mustache, black and curled at the points; a rather long face, and eyes sternly serious. There was about him an appearance of force—a bit of a bully I should say—and his uniform was new, and carefully fitted.

A man stood in the doorway, bowing, his mild blue eyes surveying us nervously. He sported a light beard, closely trimmed, the top of his head scarcely reaching to the lieutenant's shoulder. Miss Noreen greeted him with a welcoming smile, and he stepped gallantly forward, bending low as he accepted her hand.

"So pleased, so delighted, Miss Harwood, to find you safe and well. We were, indeed, greatly worried at the thought of your being here alone," he exclaimed, a slight lisp in his voice. "You have not suffered, I trust?"

"Not seriously, Captain Whitlock; the guerrillas were outwitted—"

"Ah! do not attempt to explain, I beg. We understand what you have passed through, as we have captured two of the villains. You sent for me, Lieutenant Raymond?"

"Yes, sir, I did," the young officer's expression exhibiting clearly the contempt he felt for his superior. "I preferred that you decide what shall be done with this fellow," pointing at finger at me. "Miss Harwood vouches for him, but I fail to understand how he comes to be in the uniform of my regiment."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KEEPING CUT FLOWERS FRESH

Must Be Properly Taken Care of, and Here Are Some Suggestions of Moment.

The only drawback to cut flowers is that they wither so quickly, and in keeping them fresh some seem to have more luck than others.

For instance, in the matter of violets, it is possible to wear them several times without noticing the overpowering stale odor which proclaims them beyond redemption.

Of course many people find that they cannot wear cut flowers even for one afternoon, because in some cases the body heat seems to wilt them, but if this can be avoided it is quite possible to find a bunch almost as fresh the second day as on the first if they were properly guarded overnight.

Keep the box that they came in and when you take them off hold the stems under running water for a few minutes, taking care not to wet the violets themselves.

Then wrap them up in the oiled paper and put them back in the covered box outside the window if it is cool; if not, in the refrigerator, but in either case keep them wrapped.

This treatment seems to restore the flowers and hold in the delicious odor which so soon becomes rank if they are kept unwrapped in a close room.

Some people think a pinch of salt in the water will keep cut flowers fresh longer, and so it does in some cases. In others it seems to change the colors a little. With roses it is successful, but not so much so with violets. A piece of gum camphor is said to be an excellent preservative in the water, and others advocate a small lump of charcoal, but in any case the water should be changed daily and the flowers put in a cool place overnight.

Quick Work.

Bill—"I see an electrician claims to have invented apparatus by which he can measure the ten-millionth part of a second of time."

Jill—"Well, even such an apparatus couldn't measure the length of time a girl takes to make up her mind to say yes when a man proposes marriage to her."

"Why couldn't it?"

"Because she's already made up her mind to say yes, you know."

No Smoke Without Fire.
There can no great smoke arise, but there must be some fire.—John Lyly

MISER DIES LEAVING FORTUNE OF \$15,000

Begged Day Before He Died and Had \$1,000 in Cash When Found.

Toledo, Ore.—Face downward in a heap between pieces of his crude homemade furniture, the body of Torgen O. Svendsen, aged seventy-four, a Norwegian miser, was found in his lonely house on Olalla slough a few days ago by Junder Olson, a neighbor.

Dr. R. D. Burgess, county physician and Sheriff Geer found the house locked and barred and the windows nailed with heavy spikes, making it necessary to break in a door.

In the bottom of Svendsen's trunk were two tobacco sacks containing \$1,000 in gold, on his person was a \$20 gold piece and some small change.



Faced Downward in a Heap.

He had ordered \$1 worth of cough medicine charged at a Toledo drug store last Saturday, saying he had no money with which to pay for it.

His estate includes property worth more than \$1,000, and he has been known to have lent some money. It is said he also has property in Oregon City and in Salem. His friends estimate his wealth at \$15,000.

Little is known of Svendsen here except that he came from Gudbrandsdalen, Norway; that he lived for a long time at Boring, Ore.

RIDE WITH DOG ONLY GU:DE

Three Brothers, All Sightless, Travel Alone and Go Where They Please.

Marshall, Ark.—Riding on horseback 36 miles from Boyle, Stone county, to Marshall, by way of Big Flat, James Albert Rorie, who has been blind since he was five years old, arrived at Frank Rainbolt's, near Marshall, a few days ago. He came all the way with no one to guide him except his faithful dog. He chained his dog to the bit of his horse's bridle. The dog started out in the direction that Mr. Rorie pointed. When the dog came to the forks of a road he would trot back and forth until Mr. Rorie motioned either to the left or to the right, and then they would proceed on their journey. There are three brothers in this family who are blind, the other two being Henry and John. They go to any place they wish with no person to accompany them. Last year James Albert traveled over Boone, Marion and Searcy counties. For a number of years they have operated a broom factory near McPherson, Baxter county.

GETS ANGRY BULLFROG HERD

Girl Wearing Red Bathing Suit, Attacked in Water, Afterward Using Costume for Decoy.

Winsted, Conn.—Frog parties are likely to become popular with bathers at other inland water resorts when the experience of a girl clad in a bright red bathing suit becomes generally known.

The girl in scarlet was bathing in shallow water at Highland lake when she felt something strike her repeatedly. She wondered what it could be, but a quick glance into the lake explained all—she saw frogs of all sizes chasing and jumping at her scarlet suit.

Being a great lover of that delectable dish, frogs' legs, the girl turned her experience to good account. She repaired to a cottage, sewed about fifty fish hooks in the bright red bathing suit, and then re-entered the lake. When she emerged from the water nearly every hook held a bullfrog.

"HELLO" GIRL SCARES GANG

Rings Up Bank and Five Men at Work Smashing Safe at Once Take to Their Heels.

North Tonawanda, N. Y.—Robbery of the State National bank of Ransomville, Niagara county, was foiled by the quick wit of a telephone girl, who "rang up" the bank just as the robbers, five in number, were about to blow open the inner door of the bank vault.

The robbers had succeeded in blowing open the fireproof door of the safe proper when frightened away. They escaped in an automobile.

MRS. THOMSON TELLS WOMEN

How She Was Helped During Change of Life by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I am just 52 years of age and during Change of Life I suffered for six years



terribly. I tried several doctors but none seemed to give me any relief. Every month the pains were intense in both sides, and made me so weak that I had to go to bed. At last a friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me and I tried it at once and found much relief. After that I had no pains at all and could do my housework and shopping the same as always. For years I have praised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for what it has done for me, and shall always recommend it as a woman's friend. You are at liberty to use my letter in any way."—Mrs. THOMSON, 649 W. Russell St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Change of Life is one of the most critical periods of a woman's existence. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to carry women so successfully through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

STOP ABSORBINE LAMENESS

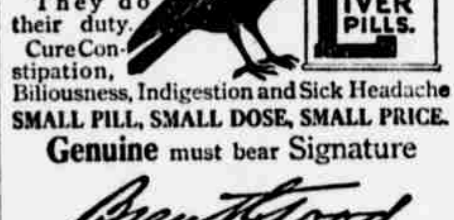
from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb, Side Bone, or similar trouble and gets horse going sound. It acts mildly but quickly and good results are lasting. Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Page 17 in pamphlet with each bottle tells how. \$2.00 a bottle delivered. Horse Book 9 M free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins; heals Sores, Allays Pain. Will tell you more if you write. \$1 and \$2 a bottle at Dealers or delivered. Liberal trial bottle for the stamp. W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



Dr. Wood

The Dog and the Hare.

A Hound having started a Hare on the hill-side pursued her for some distance; at one time biting her with his teeth as if he would take her life, and at another time fawning upon her, as if in play with another dog. The Hare said to him: "I wish you would act sincerely by me, and show yourself in your true colors. If you are a friend, why do you bite me so hard? If an enemy, why do you fawn on me?"

They are no friends whom you know not whether to trust or to distrust.—From Aesop's Fables.

The Proper Place.

"I saw a funny thing today. It was a statue of a great inventor with a lot of cogwheels scattered about the base of it."

"Well, where would you have them put the wheels?"

"In his head, of course."

It belongs only to the guilty to tremble.

It Never Came Back

Backache Sufferer! Thousands will tell you what wonderful relief they have had from Doan's Kidney Pills. Not only relief, but lasting cures.

If you are lame in the morning, have headache, nervous troubles, dizzy spells and irregular kidney or bladder action, don't wait until gravel, dropsy or Bright's disease gets hold. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the best recommended kidney medicine.

A Nebraska Case

Mrs. A. G. Westberg, 708 W. Fourth St., North Platte, Neb., says: "I suffered terribly from kidney disease and one doctor said I had a floating kidney. The swelling was very noticeable and the pains were almost unbearable. The kidney secretions passed too frequently and were watery. Instead of the operation, which was suggested, I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me, and the trouble has never returned."



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