

# The RED MIST

## A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE

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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. Parsons Nichols comes to the house and tells Noreen of her father's death. Wyatt forces Parsons Nichols to confess that he has been sent in advance to marry Noreen, who proposes to marry Noreen at once, and so quiet title to the land in dispute between the Cowans and Noreen's dead father, Arsen 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 falls 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 silence. Unable to escape while the gang is on the first floor and around the house, Wyatt proposes to marry Noreen and protect her from Cowan. She accepts and Wyatt forces the preacher to marry Noreen. Cowan's gang is driven off by Federal troops, one of whose officers is the real Lieutenant Raymond. Wyatt is trapped, though Noreen attempts to defend him. Wyatt is taken to Lewisburg for trial as a spy.

CHAPTER XV.

I Choose Death.

I knew the town well, and few changes had occurred since last I walked those streets hand in hand with my father. It had not grown any larger, and thus far the war had wrought little damage. The most of life in the sleepy old town centered about the Hotel, a three-story wooden structure, where the officers of the garrison lodged, and the courthouse, a dignified edifice of red brick, a block beyond, where in other days my father presided on the bench, now completely surrounded by a military camp. There were more Federal soldiers here than I had expected to see, but a remark exchanged between two of my guard informed me that most of these had arrived during the night—a regiment of Ohio troops, and a battery of light artillery, destined to assist in a contemplated attack on Covington.

The head of our little column halted in front of the hotel, but Whitlock shouted a command to the sergeant, and we rode on past, the guard closing up tightly. I kept my face straight ahead, determined to make no sign, but, nevertheless, I had a glimpse of Noreen, standing at her horse's head, and, for an instant, I felt certain her eyes were resting on me. Then Raymond spoke to her, touching her sleeve familiarly with his hand to attract attention, and she smiled up into his face, as if in answer to some witty remark. This was the last glimpse I had as we clattered on down the street.

At the courthouse steps the sergeant turned me over to the officer of the day, and I was marched into the basement. The old jail had evidently been burned, for I could see the roof had fallen in, and the stone walls were blackened with smoke, but the lower story of the courthouse was battle enough, the windows barred, the walls strong and thick. The place in which they thrust me had at one time protected the county records, was perhaps nine feet square, with one narrow window high up in the wall, and an iron door. The floor and walls were of stone, and the ceiling beyond reach. A soldier threw in a box, to be utilized as a seat, together with a couple of blankets.

"There, Johnny," he said carelessly, "I guess you'll stay here till you're wanted. There'll be some grub along after awhile."

The iron door clanged behind him, and I heard the sharp click of a heavy lock, then regular steps passing back and forth across the stone floor, proof that a sentinel had been posted. There seemed little need of one as I sat down on the box and stared disconsolately about. The window afforded ample light, but no hope of escape. The shelves on which had once reposed the records of Green River county were of iron, as a safeguard against fire, with a sheet of iron at their back, concealing the wall behind. My heart gave a sudden leap. As a boy I had played about this building, invading every nook and corner. I could even recall when those shelves were first installed, and I had sat almost where I was sitting then, and watched the workmen bolt them into their present position. It was before my father bought the place out on the ridge, and we were living only a block down the street. Those shelves rested against the big chimney, and there was an opening leading into it, across which they had nailed a tin protector before they fastened the iron to the wall.

If I could once get in behind that iron plate the way out would not be such a hard or difficult one to travel. The chimney was large; I recalled standing upright in the fireplace on the floor above, and looking up to where I could perceive the light of the sky. It was constructed of irregular bits of stone, which would afford lodg-

ment for the feet, and grip for the hands in climbing—no easy job, of course, but not impossible for one reckless enough to make the attempt.

But how could I hope to pry loose that projecting sheet of iron? Where could I discover a tool to give me the necessary leverage to dislodge those bolts? Could one of those supports be unscrewed or twisted off? If so, it might prove strong enough for the purpose. I stepped hastily across, and tested two of them with my hands, but found both these firm and immovable. I dare not exercise much force in fear the noise might be overheard, and besides it was time the jailer brought me in some food. So I went back to my seat on the box, and waited, my eyes on the iron, and my mind eagerly working on some plan which seemed feasible. I had a half dozen keys in my pocket, and a broken cartridge shell in my belt—nothing else available. The searchers had stripped me clean. A careful survey of the floor revealed only a twisted nail, but there was something caught in the iron bars of the window; from where I sat it looked like the half of a broken horseshoe. I got up to see, but quickly sat down again—there was someone at the door.

It opened, and a soldier stood aside while two men entered. One was Fox, the other a heavy-set, gray mustached officer, in the uniform of a colonel of infantry. The captain greeted me gravely, and extended his hand.

"I would far rather meet you as I did before," he said, "but war gives us no choice."

"I took my chances and have no complaint," I answered heartily, for I liked the man. "I presume there is no doubt as to my fate?"

"I fear not, but the matter is not in my hands, for which I am grateful. This is Colonel Pickney, in command."

I bowed, and our eyes met. The face confronting me was strong and resolute, its expression that of regret.

"A very young man, Captain Fox," he said to his companion, "which fact adds to the unpleasantness of such duty. Your name is Wyatt?"

"Yes, sir."

"You claim connection with the Confederate service—an officer?"

"A sergeant of artillery, sir."

He cleared his throat impressively. "You have the appearance of an intelligent man, Sergeant Wyatt, and must realize the seriousness of your position. I am sure I need not dwell upon the fate which befalls a spy when captured by the enemy. In your case there seems to be no defense possible—you wear Federal uniform; were within our lines, and papers have been found on you of a most incriminating character. It is my understanding you make no denial."

"None, whatever, sir; it would be useless."

There is always a way in which mercy can be extended," he went on earnestly. "Doubtless you possess information which would be of the utmost value to us. I shall gladly use my influence on your behalf if the circumstances warrant."

I glanced aside at Fox, and caught the look of appeal in his face; then back into the expectant eyes of the colonel.

"You have authority to make me this proposition?" I asked quietly.

"I am in command of this camp, and pledge you my influence with General Ramsay."

I stood motionless a moment, endeavoring to straighten the matter out in my mind. When I spoke it was as briefly as possible.

"I can only thank you, Colonel Pickney, and respectfully decline. I will not answer your questions, sir."

Fox gripped my arm, and as I glanced at him, I was surprised to see a mist of tears in his eyes.

"Wyatt," he exclaimed, making no pretense at calmness, "do not be hasty in your decision. I would not counsel you to any act of dishonor, but surely some compromise is possible. I not only ask you to consider the situation from your own standpoint, but also from ours. I accompanied Colonel Pickney in the hope I might have some influence." He hesitated an instant, as though doubtful of his words. "Perhaps I should say, my boy, that another urged me to come."

"Another?"

"Yes—a lady."

My head swam, my heart beating like a triphammer.

"Do—do you mean, Captain Fox, that she actually asked you to urge me to save myself by such an act?"

"No, Wyatt; not that. She requested me to accompany Colonel Pickney, and do all I could on your behalf."

I drew a long breath of relief, my mind clearing, my resolve strengthened. She did care then! God knew I was glad; and she had not urged me to an act of dishonor. And I knew, I understood—she wished me to realize that she was not indifferent to my fate, that her interest was not dead; and she had sent the message to me by the only man she could trust to rightly deliver it. My heart lightened, and my lips smiled.

"I thank you for your message, Captain Fox," I said sincerely, clasping his hand. "Tell her how glad it made me. But it cannot change my decision; I will answer no questions."

"This is your final reply, sergeant?" the colonel's voice had hardened; his eyes had lost their friendliness. "Good day, sir."

The door opened to the rap of his knuckles, and the two men passed out, neither one glancing back at me. The sentry asked a question, and I heard Pickney answer:

"Yes, set the food within, but let no one communicate with the prisoner except on my written order. I will have another sentry posted above."

A soldier entered, bearing a camp ration and a pannikin of water, and placed these on the box. He said nothing, and the colonel stood beside the door watching until I was left alone. I put the food on the floor untouched and sat down on the box. I wanted to live; I was young, ambitious, and I loved that girl. I realized this truth clearly, and it became the one ceaseless incentive to effort. Her face arose before me, and I felt that her message was meant for my encouragement. She wanted me to live; wished me to know that she was not indifferent; trusted me to accomplish all that a man could. And I must act now, if at all.

I ate the food, not from any sense of hunger, but because I needed it to keep up my strength. I was alone, unwatched; there was no place where an eye could peer in on my movements. I dragged the box over to the window, stood on it, and managed to dislodge the bit of iron entangled in the grating. It proved to be part of a discarded horseshoe, fang there carelessly by some farrier and contained three thin-headed nails. With difficulty I loosened one of these and fitted the sharp edge into a screwhead of a shelf bracket. The nail afforded little purchase, and I tried three of the screws before finding one loose enough to turn. By this time my fingers were numb and bleeding, yet the final success set my heart throbbing with exultation.

The removal of the screw, which by chance was the lower one, enabled me to insert the remnant of horseshoe beneath the bracket iron. Slowly, fearful of creating alarm, the improvised lever wrenched the bracket free, until I was enabled to get firm



So I Went Back to My Seat on the Box.

grip on it with my hands. With foot braced, and every muscle strained, I worked that bit of iron back and forth, tearing it free, until I knew that another wrench would separate it entirely from its fastenings. Then I forced it back into place again, pressed down the loosened screws, carefully gathered together the slight debris littering the floor, and cast it into a dark corner. The bracket seemed as solid as ever. Now I must wait for night.

CHAPTER XVI.

Under Death Sentence.

It was dreary waiting, for every unusual sound reaching me brought with it a throb of fear. That my fate was already practically settled I knew, but how long the delay might be remained a problem. Fox, I felt convinced, would use whatever influence he possessed to delay action, and there was a faint hope in my mind also that Noreen might even make a plea to higher authorities in my behalf. I dare not believe she would, but the vague dream of such a thing recurred again and again to my mind.

To learn all I could I dragged the box to a position below the window, and standing on it managed to gain a narrow glimpse without, the vista revealing a flap of dirty tent cloth and part of an army wagon backed up against the building, leaving barely enough space for the guard to pace back and forth the length of his beat. I could see his blue-clad legs, with the white stripe, cross and recross in front of me. I tested the strength of the iron grating with my hands, but the bars were firmly imbedded and immovable.

The sun must have been well down in the west when Fox returned. I had been expecting him, trusting to his friendly interest, and with a fleeting hope that Noreen might commission him to bring me some further message. Yet the moment I looked into his face, shadowed by the fading light, I realized that he brought no encouraging news. My heart sank, but I kept a smile on my lips.

"I expected to be out of here be-

fore now," I said meekly; "yet I judge from your expression there is no reprieve."

"And no hope of one, Wyatt," he answered regretfully. "The evidence against you is too strong. The delay in convening a court has been caused by the scarcity of officers in camp. Our storage trains are just beginning to return, but it is now so late that Colonel Pickney has decided to hold you prisoner until morning. I waited until the order was issued before coming here. The court-martial is set for eight o'clock."

"I am thankful for even that delay. There is, I presume no doubt as to the result?"

"None, so far as I can learn. You are a soldier, Wyatt, and may as well face the truth. I have urged mercy on Colonel Pickney, until he finally ordered me to drop the subject. He is a strict disciplinarian, a bit of a martinet, indeed, and inclined to take the advice of a regular army officer in such matters, rather than rely on volunteers. Has Raymond any special reason to dislike you?"

"Only that I impersonated him in this masquerade."

"Bah! that was mere chance, the selection of his name from the army list. The fellow is naturally vindictive enough, but surely could not harbor personal dislike over so small a matter." He paused hesitatingly, as though doubtful of the propriety of pressing an inquiry. "I trust you will pardon me, Wyatt, but I have wondered if there was not some trouble existing between you relative to the friendship of Miss Harwood."

"That would appear impossible," I replied, somewhat surprised, "for my being with her was entirely accidental."

"Yes, so she insists; but I know Raymond is deeply interested in the girl. Someone told me he was actually proposed to her at West Point, and sought this detail in hope of meeting her again. The occurrence which aroused my suspicion that he felt a personal grudge against you was this—I know he promised her to use his influence to have you sent to Charleston for trial, but instead he urged Colonel Pickney to exercise his own authority. I chanced to be in the next room, and overheard. I have not seen the young lady since."

My mind worked rapidly. That Raymond was treacherous was probably true. Noreen had treated him with marked coldness. There could be no great degree of intimacy between them, or she would have chosen him in this emergency rather than Captain Fox. But she had revealed to neither officer the fact of our marriage; it was not so much as suspected.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FALLACY OF LONG STANDING

That Frost is Most Likely to Occur in the "Light of the Moon" is a Wrong Idea.

One of the most tenacious beliefs is that the weather is affected by the movement of the moon. It is generally considered that frost is more likely to occur in the "light of the moon" than at any other time. For this reason crops which the frost is likely to destroy are planted at such a time as to be certain to avoid a full moon.

The moon reflects sunlight to the earth and produces the tides. It has minor effects, such as changing the position of the earth and causing minute deflections of the magnetic needle; these last, are, however, so small that they have only effect upon refined instruments of detection, and it has been proved conclusively these two have no relation to the change of weather. Regarding the two former effects named, it is quite easy to understand that reflected sunlight from the moon cannot affect the weather. In the first place, more light is received from the sun in thirty minutes than from the moon in one year, and, moreover, the greatest reflection is at full moon; from a logical point of view then it should be warmer instead of colder at full moon. This should disprove any argument that the reflected light makes it colder at full moon.

Kitchener's Good Humor.

Lord Kitchener is so much regarded as a man without a smile, writes a correspondent, that an anecdote illustrating his human quality may be to the point. One of my officers has a rich father who wrote directly to "K. of K." offering to settle \$250 apiece on each of his two sons if the war minister would give them commissions. "Settle the money on your daughters instead," came the reply; "if your sons are any good I shall be glad to take them for nothing." Sound common sense this, as well as humor touched with irony.—London Chronicle

Officer's Wife a Car Conductor.

At a meeting of the Portsmouth town council recently it was stated that two women, one a colonel's daughter and the other a captain's wife, were working as conductors on the municipal street cars. Their object is to release two eligible men for war service, and they devote their pay to charity. Portsmouth has now 30 woman conductors and 25 postwomen.—London Telegraph.

Styles Soon Change.

"So you are going to motor across the continent, Mrs. Whyfer?"

"Yes. We start tomorrow."

"I dare say you anticipate a pleasant time?"

"Yes, but there is one thought that troubles me."

"And what is that?"

"I'm afraid our car will be out of date when we reach our destination."

FAITHFUL WILL BANQUET.

Democrats Will Gather at Lincoln on January 11.

Lincoln, Neb.—A monster democratic banquet, where candidates for senator, for representative and for state offices may present their views of democratic party policy to the public, is the plan of the Nebraska Democratic Editorial association, whose officers met in Lincoln Wednesday to make arrangements for the coming meeting. The date of the banquet was definitely set for January 11. On that date, the business meeting of the democratic editorial association will be held at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

Apples a Drug on Market.

Tecumseh.—Thousands of gallons of cider have been made in Johnson county during the past few months and the cider mills are still turning out great amounts of it. The production has been greater this year than usual on account of the fact that many of the apples are not good for anything else. The quality of the cider is good notwithstanding the apples from which it is made are of lower grade than usual. The low prices prevailing on the apple market probably also has a good deal to do with the increased manufacture of cider and vinegar.

Asked Aid in Search.

Beatrice.—Police officials over the state have been asked to aid in the search for Samuel Schlip, the seven-year-old son of Rev. and Mrs. H. H. Schlip of this city, who has not been seen since a week ago Sunday morning, when he left his home to attend Sunday school. The lad started for church on a bicycle. The wheel was found by Mr. Schlip in the possession of two boys, who claim they had found it.

First Auto Evangelistic Trip.

Hastings.—The first automobile booster evangelistic excursion ever conducted in Adams county was made when a sixty-eight mile whirlwind tour of Adams and Webster counties was made by fifteen auto loads of Hastings church workers. Street meetings were held in Juniata, Kenesaw, Holstein, Roseland, Bluehill, Rosemont and Pauline.

Killed by an Explosion.

Humphrey.—Michael Parocki, was instantly killed while repairing a gasoline can in front of his shop. He was soldering the can and fumes were ignited. He was killed when an explosion followed.

Ainsworth.—Potato shipments to date from this point are nearing the 200 car mark. The quality is good. The yield has been from 50 to 150 bushels per acre.

FROM ALL OVER NEBRASKA

Murray is agitating the question of electric lights.

Beatrice young ladies have organized a Y. W. C. A.

Stewart is preparing to erect a \$16,000 high school building.

Precautions have been taken in the Omaha schools against danger from fire or panic.

Twenty-nine marriage licenses were issued in Gage county during the month of October.

Between 12,000 and 13,000 conversions was the result of Billy Sunday's campaign at Omaha.

Fifty farmers from Papillion, in automobiles, visited the university farm at Lincoln, last week.

The output of the cider and vinegar factories of the state for 1915 will be the largest in the history of that industry.

Eight of the ten carloads of granite received for paving at Fremont have been rejected by the city engineers.

Ray Kingsley of Omaha scored 145 out of a possible 150 at the shooting tournament of the Fremont gun club last week.

A state-wide "Older Boys" conference under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. will be held at Lincoln, November 26 to 28.

Mr. and Mrs. John Corless of Hooper celebrated their sixty-first wedding anniversary last week. They have resided at Hooper since 1871.

Democratic newspaper men of the state will gather at Lincoln January 11 for a mammoth banquet—one of the regulation dollar-a-plate kind.

Will Trisby of Wisner had \$200 in a belt around his body, which strong arm men who held him up at Omaha failed to discover, and he is congratulating himself on his foresight.

West Point will have a free lecture course this winter.

Paul Getzschmann, a resident of Nebraska for nearly sixty years, is dead at his home in Omaha.

The Beatrice board of education has voted to purchase a plot of ground 450x150 feet, adjoining the Glenover schoolhouse, to be used as a playground for the children of that school.

John D. Haskell of Wakefield has offered \$100 as a prize for the best poem on Nebraska, his purpose being to have a prize poem set to music and sung when the semi-centennial of the state is celebrated.

Harry Feist and Gus Donbach were seriously wounded by the accidental discharge of a shotgun while on a hunting trip near Hastings.

After a chase of more than 1,000 miles in Nebraska and Kansas, Sheriff Cole of Hastings arrested Henry Jackson in Omaha Tuesday and took him to Hastings to answer a charge of jumping bail.

The demand for cornhuskers in Dodge county has greatly exceeded the supply so far. Farmers have been besieging the free employment bureau at the Y. M. C. A. in an effort to get "help."

TANK IN LITTLE HISSING JAUNT

Does Serpentine Tango in Chicago Street, Causing No Little Excitement.

"GOOD BUY" FOR SAM

Soda Fountain Attachment Picked Up by Junk Dealer Does Some Startling Things When Attacked by Purchaser.

Chicago.—Sam Shamburg, dealer in rags, old iron, and related products made a good buy recently. He came across a second-hand liquid carbonic acid tank such as is used in soda fountains.

He took it to his emporium at Chestnut and Franklin streets and, being a prudent person, he saw a varied profit to be had in dissecting the tank.

The nozzles of such tanks are made of brass and brass is a readily salable metal. Hence Sam would remove the nozzle first. He stood the tank upright and hit it a crack with a sledge.

A Little Hissing Jaunt.

A truly alarming thing occurred. As if resenting the violence of Sam's attack, the tank hissed with remarkable humanness and, without further ado, set off up the street in most shocking haste.

It so happens that the factories in this vicinity are discharging their hundreds of workers at this time of day and the majority of these are girls. When these young women saw a hideous gray object, foaming at the mouth hissing like a sea serpent, and swizzling up the street like an intoxicated muskellunge, they thought the city had been attacked by German submarines and a torpedo had gone astray.

A Hissing of Skirts.

Well, sir, they say up along West Chestnut street there never was such



Set Off Up the Street.

a hissing of skirts and such a screeching of terror nor such a scramble for something to get behind since the Chicago avenue water main burst.

Daniel Matthews, a driver for P. D. Carroll, an expressman, tried to guide his horses out of the way of the rampaging tank, but it's hard enough to dodge on foot, let alone trying to dodge with two horses and a truck. The hissing monster hit one of the horses and fractured a leg.

Meanwhile Sam was doing a serpentine gallop after his runaway junk, and was losing by a mile, when the angry tank gave a last hissing gasp and fell dead.

STARTS AUTO; CAN'T STOP IT

Yells to Watching Wife: "Phone to Garage and Tell Me Next Time I Come By."

Shenandoah, Ia.—A Shenandoah business man purchased an automobile and after a lesson in driving started out by himself. From her window his wife proudly saw him whizz by, well up to the speed limit. In a few minutes he came back again and then again and again.

Finally he shouted to her as he went by. "Say, Lizzie, telephone to the garage and find out!"

He completed the sentence the next round.—"how to stop this darned thing and tell me the next time I go by."

TOSSED TWICE BY BULL

Man Hits Rafters and Starts Up for the Second Time When Rescued.

Berwick, Pa.—Tossed to the rafters of the cow stable by an angry bull, R. O. Shaffer, twenty-six, of Zenith narrowly escaped death before being rescued by his father.

When the bull turned on him as he was taking it to a watering trough he landed on the bull's head and after striking the rafters was tossed a second time. The father then seized the rope fastened to the bull's nose and snubbed the rope around a pole, where it turned on him. His son had two ribs fractured and suffered contused wounds of the body.