

The RED MIST

A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE

By RANDALL PARRISH

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. Taylor murders Harwood and escapes. Wyatt changes to U. S. uniform, 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 Wyatt forces him to confess that he has been sent in advance of Anne 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, Anne Cowan and his gang arrive. Wyatt tells Noreen who he is. They force 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 them. 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. The camp commandant and Captain Fox visit Wyatt in his cell in the courthouse basement. He refuses clemency in return for information, and uses his boyhood's knowledge of the building to prepare a way of escape.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"How is it, Wyatt?" Fox asked, as I failed to speak. "Should Miss Harwood be informed of the lieutenant's action?"

"By no means, captain. I doubt if she really trusted the fellow even when she made him a messenger."

"So do I, for later she went herself."

"To Colonel Pickney?"

"Yes, an hour ago, after Raymond returned with his report. I was at the hotel, and saw her slip out the side door. Colonel Pickney has headquarters in the big stone house opposite the courtyard, and I had the curiosity to watch. She was inside nearly half an hour, and returned by way of the side street. Then she sent for me."

"She told you the result of her interview?"

"It was not even mentioned, but I knew she had met with no success. She seemed distressed, but was anxious that you should know at once the seriousness of your position, and the only hope of escape offered you."

My heart was beating fiercely at this direct evidence of her interest in my affairs. She had even humbled herself to beg for me a chance; perhaps, to Colonel Pickney she had even confessed the truth in hope of changing his decision. But the effort had proved useless; he had named terms which she evidently considered unworthy.

"What hope?" I asked coldly. "You mean the terms offered me before?"

He bowed gravely, but without speaking.

"And did Miss Harwood request you to urge my acceptance?"

"By no means. Her purpose was to acquaint you with the conditions, to relieve your suspense, and permit you to realize her friendliness. I was to tell you this frankly, but not to urge any decision upon you."

"And I thank you, Captain Fox, and beg you to express to her my appreciation of her kind loyalty. My life is of small account in this struggle, and its preservation would be no excuse for treachery."

Fox grasped my hand firmly in both of his own.

"I am glad of your decision, Wyatt," he said earnestly. "I had no doubt of what it would be; nor do I think she had. Is there anything I can do? Any comfort I can add?"

"Only one; I would ask of Miss Harwood a single favor. It is that she write my mother the conditions of my death—a woman can do that best."

"I can promise you it shall be done. I sincerely wish, Wyatt, we had met under pleasanter circumstances. This is a sad ending to what might have been a lasting friendship; I confess I have learned to like you, my boy."

"And I you, Captain Fox," I responded earnestly, feeling deeply his friend-

liness. "And in spite of every effort at control my voice faltered. 'You will tell Miss Harwood how much her message of kindness meant to me.'"

"I certainly will, my lad—in that all? It may not be possible for me to come again."

"There is nothing else; Jackson will learn the truth through other sources—good-by, and may God guard you."

"Good-by."

Our hands clung, our eyes met, and then he turned away, without venturing to glance back; the door closed behind him, and I stood staring at it through blurred vision. I was still standing there motionless when the iron barrier opened a few inches, and the hand of a soldier pushed a tin containing food along the floor.

"Here's your supper, Johnny," growled a voice indistinctly, "an' I guess you won't be bothered any more tonight."

I sat on the box, and choked down what food I could, endeavoring to drive away the feeling of depression in which Fox had left me. I needed now strength and courage to front the one chance left.

CHAPTER XVII.

The One Path of Escape.

There was absolutely nothing for me to do but wait, but it was hard to judge time. The noise of the camp without was some guide, but, as the evening lengthened, a band began playing overhead, and I could hear the sound of feet on the floor above. Evidently a dance was in progress in the big courtroom, and for the moment my heart seemed to stop beating in a sudden fear that my plan of escape for that night was blocked.

It was the big fireplace opening into this room through which I had hoped to emerge, but I could never accomplish such hope amidst those dancers. And they might keep up their dancing to so late an hour as to give me no opportunity before dawn to find a place in which to elude search. Yet the noise was in my favor, if I could only be assured the chimney was wide enough above to permit of my finally reaching the roof. Once there I would discover a way down. The grim incongruity of that merry party above, dancing and laughing in the bright light, and of myself in that black cell below, waiting the certainty of death the next morning, served to steel my resolve.

I could hear nothing of the guard in the corridor, although I listened intently, my ear against the iron door, during a lull in that babel overhead. It was hardly likely another inspection would be made, at least not until the sentries were again relieved, probably at midnight. To my judgment this would allow me nearly three hours in which to make my effort—and surely half that time should prove sufficient. The band burst into harmony again—a polka. I remember—and I tore free the loosened support. It made an ugly bit of iron, well adapted for the purpose I had in mind. Not only could it be utilized as a lever, but it was no mean weapon for use in emergency.

It must have required fifteen or twenty minutes to break the iron sheathing edge loose so as to insert the point of my wedge. The bar, once inserted, furnished the necessary leverage, forcing the iron to yield about the rivet heads. I waited between the dances, recruiting strained muscles, and listening anxiously for any alarming sound in the corridor, only to spring again feverishly to the work the moment the band resumed playing.

The barrier yielded inch by inch, until I forced fully half the iron curtain backward, jamming it against the wall, and thus revealed the black opening into the chimney. The opening which I had uncovered was sufficiently large to permit the squeezing through of my body, and, once within the chimney, I found ample space in which to explore.

I could see nothing, and was compelled to rely entirely upon the sense of touch. Iron bars had been left on one side the chimney, forming an irregular ladder. My groping hands located these, and by their aid I began to climb slowly upward. At the level of the first story I came upon a projection of rock, possibly six or eight inches wide, on which I found secure foothold, and was thus able to regain breath and strength for a renewal of the struggle. I was crouched opposite the oldtime fireplace, and the band, playing noisily, was within a very few feet of where I hid. However, not a gleam of light was visible, and it was some time before I located the opening which had been left for a stove-pipe. Even then I could feel no pipe, but, as I extended my arm, a finger burst through the paper which had been pasted across the entrance, and a glow of radiance illumined the black walls about me.

I waited, motionless, holding my breath in fear that some eye might have witnessed the tearing of the paper; but there was no cessation of noise no evidence of discovery. As called by a temptation to view the

scene, I found foothold a little higher up, and, clinging to the edge of the hole, brought my eyes to a level with the rent in the paper. The vista was not a wide one and I dare not enlarge the space, yet I saw sufficient to yield me full knowledge of the party and its occupation. The floor was crowded, the men almost without exception in Federal uniform.

The couples whirled past, circling the room. I watched the faces eagerly, but they were all strange. No doubt some of those young women I had known as girls, but they had grown out of my recollection. None among the officers present, so far as I could tell, had I ever come in contact with—ah! yes! there was Whitlock sitting disconsolately alone below the judge's bench. I clung to my perch determining to assure myself, but my eyes encountered no other familiar countenance. Of course Noreen would not attend, but there must be some special cause to account for Raymond's absence. He was the sort to whom such an occasion as this would naturally appeal.

Satisfied by my scrutiny, I explored the opposite wall in vain for any similar opening. As I remembered there were offices there, where in days of peace the county officers held sway, and the floor above was an unfinished attic, extending the full length of the building, having a low, unceiled roof. In the old days it had been used for storage purposes, and there was a narrow stairway leading down into the sheriff's office. Ay! and there was a contrivance there once in which they used to burn waste papers. I remembered a certain house cleaning in which I assisted, and was assigned to the job of stirring the papers frequently with an iron poker. I thought it fun, and the chimney funnel was a big one. Possibly it was there still, but could I succeed in getting up that far? The light shining through the broken paper permitted a faint glimpse of my immediate surroundings, yet revealed little to encourage me. The chimney was barely large enough to admit the upward passage of my body, and was a black mystery. However, the irregularity of the stones promised finger and foot hold. It offered a chance, a hope—and I could ask no more.

I was climbing before the music ceased, clinging desperately to every slight projection, and bracing myself against the walls. Progress was slow, and occasionally painful; the contracted space gave me a feeling of suffocation, and I dislodged enough soot so I was compelled to struggle constantly to refrain from coughing. My only relief was to bind a handkerchief across mouth and nostrils.

While the music remained silent, I rested, fearful lest my struggles would be overheard, taking such meager comfort as I could. The first glare of the horns started me off once more, careless in the midst of so much noise as to whether I rattled the loosened plaster, or even dislodged an ill-secured stone. But at the best the passage was made by inches, and I took more than one desperate chance of slipping; twice I clung breathless as the music ceased, but the second time I felt convinced I had attained to the level of the upper floor.

With the next burst of melody from below, now somewhat mellowed by distance and the intervening walls, I made another attempt to ascend, but had scarcely attained more than a foot or two when my right hand plunged into a wide opening. Clinging as best I could to a precarious footing, I ran my arm deeper in until I came in contact with a tin covering, which fell rather noisily to the floor. I paused, startled at the sound, but no gleam of light came through the opening, and I instantly realized that the attic was unoccupied. The rattle of the tin would, in all probability, create no alarm because of the din below.

I knew now exactly where I was, the only immediate problem being my ability to squeeze through that narrow space. The old-time burner had evidently been removed. I wriggled my way in head first. My knees were doubled up in the chimney, and my feet found solid purchase against the stones. I felt as though the very skin was being peeled off me, but I shot forward, my head and shoulders emerging into the open. Heavens! what a relief! I drew a long breath, dangling over the floor, unable to reach any support; then kicked and struggled until I fell out headlong, and lay too exhausted even to move.

It was so still I could plainly hear the swift beating of my heart, and so dark that not an object was discernible. The music below had ceased, and, as I was now on the opposite side of the building, the sound of conversation and movement did not reach me. For a long moment I lay there endeavoring to recall the surroundings, but I dare not waste much time in such idleness. The night was slipping away, and every instant gained was to my advantage. There was no safety until I was out of this building. I ached from head to foot, my clothes must be in rags, and, no doubt, I was as black as a negro from chimney soot. Yet my heart beat high with hope, and the spirit of adventure gripped me.

The stairs were somewhat to the right, unobscured by even a handrail. I crept toward them across the rough board floor, fearing a fall, and finally located the opening. Nothing indicated that the room below was occupied, and I slipped down as silently as possible, although the steps creaked under my weight. Once in the sheriff's room, some recollection of its form and furnishing recurred to mind. My memory served by the dim reflection of a campfire without, which rendered objects faintly visible, I could

distinguish the desk and a few round-backed wooden chairs pushed against the wall. There was a door to the left standing ajar, leading into a wash room, and I ventured within, feeling about to assure myself if there had been any water left. I found a bucket nearly full, and two bars of soap and unable to resist the luxury, I stripped off my ragged uniform coat, and began vigorous scrubbing. How thorough a job I made of it I cannot tell, but the soap lathered freely, and I certainly did my best, using up an entire roller towel in the final effort to attain cleanliness.

There was a coat and hat hanging on the hooks, neither article of the highest respectability I judged from feeling them, but more to my purpose than the rags I had cast aside, and I donned the two gladly, finding them no bad fit. The hat was looped up with a star. Feeling quite myself again in these new habiliments, and



For a Long Time I Lay There.

conscious of a clean face, I stole across the sheriff's deserted office, seeking the door into the corridor. I found it, but it was locked. Failing to force this, I tried the windows, only to discover them securely barred. All these offices were connected together, that of the county clerk adjoining the sheriff's, and possibly I might find a door unlocked somewhere; at least none of the other windows would be ignored.

I listened at the door leading into the clerk's room, but heard no sound. There was no lock on the door, and it opened silently to the pressure of my hand. A flood of light swept into my eyes, and I stood blinking blindly, too surprised and startled to draw instantly back. There were two men in the room, one bending over a desk, the other leaning back against the wall directly facing me. The latter was Lieutenant Raymond.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Chinese "Altar of Heaven." No altar on earth vies in marble majesty with the Altar of Heaven—Tien Tan—in the south of the Chinese city of Peking, which Emperor Yung-ye of the Ming dynasty reared in A. D. 1420 with its triple balustrades, stairs, and platforms of pure white marble carved miraculously, its great circle covering a wide area in the midst of a vast enclosure. Standing alone, deserted under the blue Chinese sky, it is a dream of majesty and beauty. As the great setting of a scene of ritual pomp that calls for thousands and thousands of robed celebrants, with music, incense, sacrifice, it is transcendently imposing and impressing. There the emperor knelt once a year and worshipped "the only being in the universe he could look up to"—Shang-ti—the emperor of the world above, whose court was in the sky and the spear tips of whose soldiers were the stars.

New Rural Schooling. The old district school is rapidly disappearing, and modern and attractive schoolhouses, thoroughly equipped with proper apparatus, are springing up everywhere. A new type of teacher will shortly supersede the average rural schoolmistress of the past. She will be country-born and bred, with both a high and a normal school education, and she will be a lover of country life. Her aim will be to better existing conditions in the country, coupled with a strong desire to save these boys and girls for the farm. A teacher governed by these motives, and possessing a strong personality, will accomplish much in this direction.—Margaret Woodward in The Countryside Magazine.

Something to Do. Senator Lodge was talking in Washington about a dull summer resort.

"I know a man," he said, "who took a cottage there last summer to please his wife."

"This cottage," the agent said impressively, during the signing of the lease, "is just a stone's throw from the station."

"Good," said the man. "That will give us something to do on the long summer evenings."

"Yes?" said the agent with a puzzled smile. "Yes? How so?"

"It will give us something to do, I said, on summer evenings," the man explained. "We can sit on the front porch and throw stones at the train!"

I have made up my mind to one thing. When I get ready to be saved I do not intend to let the job to a boy preacher.—Buck Kilby.

WESTERN CANADA CONTINUES TO WIN

The 1915 Yield of Grain Keeps Western Canada to the Front.

The great publicity that has been given to the grain yields of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, the three provinces that comprise that portion of Western Canada east of the British Columbia boundary, has kept Canada to the front with a prominence that is merited.

The grain crop of the three provinces has now been harvested, and sufficient of it has been threshed so that it is no longer a matter of estimate as to the returns. It is safe to say that the entire yield of wheat will be upwards of 275,000,000 bushels, and the average yield well over 25 bushels per acre. In proportion to the aggregate this is perhaps the largest yield ever known on the continent.

Most of this wheat will grade No. 1 northern, and better, and with present prices the condition of the farmer is to be envied. Many individual yields are reported, and verified, and they are almost beyond belief, but they go to show that under the careful system of agriculture that produced these yields Western Canada would have far exceeded a 300,000,000 production of wheat in 1915 had the system been universal.

It was not in one or two districts that big yields have been made known. The reports come from all parts of the 24,000 square miles of territory in which the growing of wheat is carried on.

Mr. Elmir Sellar, a farmer south of Strassburg, Sask., has harvested 6,465 bushels No. 1 hard wheat from 160 acres.

Jan. A. Benner, near Daysland, Alberta, says his wheat went over 40 bushels to the acre, with an all round crop of 33 bushels to the acre.

J. N. Wagner, near the same place, also lays claim to over 40 bushels of wheat per acre.

A Norwegian farmer, named S. A. Toftbagen, not far from Daysland, had 23 acres of wheat which gave a yield of 47 bushels to the acre.

Well, then, near Gleichen, Alberta, D. H. Engle of Humboldt, Iowa, owns a quarter section of land. This land was rented so that Mr. Engle should receive one-third of the crop, and this gave him \$612.65, his net rental for the crop, and there was only 80 acres in crop.

Scores of reports give yields fully as large as those given above. A large field of spring wheat near Lethbridge averaged 69 bushels, another 59 and a third 56 bushels per acre. On the Jall farm at Lethbridge 25 acres of Marquis wheat yielded 60 bushels to the acre and weighed 67 pounds to the bushel. A test lot of one acre of Marquis wheat when threshed yielded 99 bushels and a 30 acre field averaged 60-1-3 bushels. This farm had 200 acres under crop to Marquis wheat and it is expected the average from the whole will exceed 50 bushels.

In all portions of Saskatchewan and Manitoba, as well, remarkable yields are reported, many large fields showing averages of from 40 to 55 bushels per acre.

When the story of this year's threshing is completed some extraordinary yields will be heard of. One farmer west of Unity, Saskatchewan, threshed 10,000 bushels of No. 1 northern from 200 acres and such instances will not be isolated.

Considerable of the wheat grown in Western Canada is finding its way to the markets of the United States, notwithstanding the duty of ten cents per bushel. The miller in the United States finds Western Canadian wheat necessary for the blending of the high class flour that is demanded by some millers. Already near a hundred thousand bushels of the 1915 crop has found its way to the Minneapolis, Duluth, St. Louis and other markets.

It was not in wheat alone that there were extraordinary yields. A farmer living south of Wadena, Sask., harvested 900 bushels of oats from ten acres. S. A. Toftbagen of Daysland before referred to had oats which yielded 110 bushels to the acre, while those of J. N. Wagner went 90 bushels to the acre.

As is pointed out by a Toronto paper Canada's great good fortune and splendid service as the Granary of the Empire are revealed in the record harvest from her rich fields of wheat and other grains. The foundation of its prosperity is solid and enduring. While mines may be exhausted and lumber may disappear through improvident management, agriculture is a perpetual source of wealth, increasing from year to year by the stimulus of individual industry and personal interest. A wheat harvest of 336,250,000 bushels from 13,000,000 acres, an average yield of 26 bushels to the acre. The substantial nature of this growth in production is shown by the fact that the harvest returns are 72 per cent greater than the average for the past five years.

The same satisfactory and highly important success has been attained in other grain crops. The aggregate yield of oats is 481,035,500 bushels from the 11,365,000 acres under crop. Of this yield 305,680,000 bushels are from the three Prairie Provinces. These provinces also contribute 304,200,000 bushels of wheat. The barley harvest is 50,868,000 bushels from 1,509,350 acres, an average yield of 33.7 bushels per acre.

"The impression one gets in going

through Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba," said a traveler from the East, "is that all the horses and teams and all the threshing machines engaged make no impression on the crops, and that it will take six months to thresh the grain out; but two weeks ago the Canadian Pacific railway were having a daily shipment of 1,700 cars of wheat from the three provinces, and a week ago they had got up to 2,100 cars a day. And besides this there is the Canadian Northern railway and the Grand Trunk Pacific, so an enormous quantity must be being shipped out of the provinces. The wealthier farmers are building large granaries on their farms, while there is a great improvement in the storage facilities provided by the government."

It is therefore no wonder that the greatest interest was shown by those who attended the Soil Products Exposition held at Denver a short time ago, when it was demonstrated that it was not only in quantity that Western Canada still occupied the primary position. It was there that Western Canada again proved its supremacy. In wheat, it was early conceded that Canada would be a winner, and this was easily the case, not only did it win the big prize, but it carried off the sweepstakes. What, however, to those who were representing Canada at this exposition, was of greater value probably, was winning first and second prize for alfalfa. The exhibits were beautiful and pronounced by old alfalfa growers to be the best they had ever seen. First, second and third cuttings of this year's growth were shown.

At this same exposition, there were shown some excellent samples of fodder corn, grown in the Swift Current district.

Topping the range cattle market in Chicago a short time ago is another of the feats accomplished by Western Canada this year.

On Wednesday, October 13, Clay, Robinson and company sold at Chicago for E. H. Maunsell, Macleod, Alberta, a consignment of cattle, 17 head of which, averaging 1,420 pounds, brought \$8.90 per hundredweight, topping the range cattle market for the week to date. The same firm also sold for Mr. Maunsell 206 head, averaging 1,240 pounds, at \$8.55, without a throwout. These were all grass cattle. They were purchased by Armour and company. Clay, Robinson and company describe the cattle as of very nice quality, in excellent condition, and a great credit to Mr. Maunsell. It speaks well for our Canadian cattle raisers that they can produce stock good enough to top the Chicago market against strong competition, there being over 4,000 range cattle on sale that day.

It is one thing to produce crops such as are referred to, and another to get them to market. The facilities of Western Canada are excellent. The railway companies, of which there are three, the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific, have the mark of efficiency stamped upon all their work. Besides the main trunk lines of these systems, which extend from ocean to ocean, there are branch lines and laterals, feeders which enter into remote parts of the farming districts, and give to the farmer immediate access to the world's grain markets. The elevator capacity of the country is something enormous, and if the figures can be digested, the full extent of the grain producing powers of Western Canada may be realized. The total elevator capacity is about 170,000,000 bushels, or nearly one-half of the entire wheat production of the Dominion in 1915. Of this large storage facilities the country elevators number 2,800, with a capacity of 95,000,000 bushels—Advertisement.

Dooms Widow to One Room.

The will of Solomon Hicks, filed for probate, disposing of an estate in excess of \$5,000, contains the unusual provision that his widow, Mrs. Chana Dora Hicks, of 173 Stanton street, is to receive an income of \$10 a week for life "provided she lives in a room alone." Further on there is a modification which permits the widow to have a daughter live with her.

The rest of the property is directed to be divided equally among the children, Max, Mollie, Lena and Sala.—New York Times.

False Vow.

"Be mine, Estelle," he begged, "and I swear by yon silvery moon that nothing shall ever come between us."

"I will trust you, Adalbert," she whispered, and so they were married.

But, alas, for the vows of man. Before three years had passed something had come between them.

Its name was Myrtle, and Estelle and Adalbert each had it by the hand!

Used whenever Quinine is Needed Does Not Affect the Head

Because of its tonic and laxative effect LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE will be found better than ordinary Quinine for any purpose for which Quinine is used. Does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember there is only one "Bromo Quinine." That is Laxative Bromo Quinine. Look for signature of E. W. Groff. 25c—Adv.

Out for the Cash. Edith—So you are going to marry that rude old Mr. Roxleigh. I don't see how you can stand his ways.

Marie—I can stand his ways, my dear, by remembering about his means.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

It takes an unusually smart man to speak seven languages, but it takes a smarter one to remain silent in one.

You can never be wise unless you love reading.—Johnson.



Fox Grasped My Hand Firmly in Both His Own.