

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 Taylor, a Union officer, who escapes to the Green River country and goes to Harwood's home, where he finds Noreen Harwood. He introduces himself as Lieutenant Raymond, and Noreen comes to the house and Wyatt forces him to confess that he has been sent in advance of Anse Cowan who proposes to marry Noreen at once, and so quiet the title to the land in dispute between the Cowans and Noreen's dead father, Anse 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 escape to the attic and thence to the sheriff's office by means of a disused, old-fashioned chimney. He washes off the soot and changes clothes in the deserted washroom, and reconnoiters. He surprises Raymond and the camp commandant, holds them up, and with the assistance of Noreen, gets out of the courthouse. Noreen decides to accompany him in his flight. They obtain horses and escape from Lewisburg.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Fight in the Cabin.

Benton's cabin had been burned six months ago. Noreen told me, and the old man was believed to be dead. Few others ever used this cut-off, or had occasion to pass this way, and the weeds had quickly taken possession. I was obliged to feel for the worn trail, as it wound here and there along the slope of the hill, and then finally down a shallow depression toward the river bank. The horses stepped cautiously, pressed closely together in the narrow rut, and the only noise was the occasional stumble of a hoof. Thus we came down to the shore. My memory of the spot was hazy and uncertain.

"Have you ever crossed here?" I asked doubtfully. "I scarcely remember where the ford lies."
"Yes," she replied, leaning forward, "with my father a year ago."
"We'll ride together, but keep your feet free in the stirrups."
"I am not in the least frightened. Don't worry about me," and she held out her hand. "You'll not find me a bad soldier."

"I am certain of that—not if you are still the same girl I played with." Her hand was in mine, and was not withdrawn.
"I—hardly think I am," she answered soberly, a little catch in her voice. "I am not a girl at all any more, but I keep something of the same spirit, I hope."

I have never understood what spell there was about her to keep me silent. I had never before lacked audacity, yet I dare not speak the words that were on my lips. The thought had taken firm possession of my mind that she was the victim of circumstances:



A Big Fellow With Ragged, Untrimmed Hair and Scraggly Beard.

that she accompanied me merely to escape from threatened danger. I knew I loved her; the touch of her hand sent a wild thrill through me, and my heart throbbled to the memory that she was actually my wife. But I dare not permit her to even guess the truth, for I felt that she regretted the weakness of that moment and would resent the slightest reference to it.

I released her hand, venturing upon no reply, and we rode down the steep bank. The sullen sweep of the water, put off the darkness above, into the darkness below, and the brooding silence, lay hold on my nerves. We drew in under the shadows of the wooded bank, pushed our way through to the top of the rise, came suddenly to an open space, where a dozen acres had been cleared, and rode out boldly across the open field to the Hot

Springs pike, clearly visible beneath the soft gleam of the stars.

I know not how long we rode, or how far, for my mind had drifted into a review of the night's adventures and a plan for the morrow. We met with no one, heard no noise except the steady pounding of our horse's hoofs. A little later the sky to the east began to lighten in the promise of dawn. We climbed a long hill, our horses slowing to the ascent, and by the time we attained the summit the gray light revealed our faces. I looked across at her, and her eyes, uplifted suddenly to mine, smiled.
"You are worn out," I said.
"—I am tired," she confessed. "I— I have been two days and nights without sleep. If I could only rest for an hour—"

"You shall—all day long. We will find a place in which to hide down there in the valley."

The road led winding down between rocky banks into a narrow valley, hemmed in by great hills, and watered by a small stream. As we paused to let the thirsty animals drink, the increasing daylight gave me glimpse of a bridge path skirting the edge of the stream along the west bank. The path turned sharply to the right, and as we mounted to the slightly higher ground we could see the cabin perched on a little knoll, against the black hill behind.

Surely nothing about the shanty, or its immediate surroundings, indicated present occupancy. Yet when I finally advanced it was with caution, and a strange sense of expectation. Noreen followed closely behind, treading almost in my footsteps, as noiseless as a fawn, her skirts held close about her limbs. At the edge of the woods she stood motionless as I went crouching forward. The cabin was not deserted, in spite of its desolate outward appearance. Opposite me was an open fireplace, an iron kettle sitting in the ashes, while a short-barreled rifle stood upright in a corner. On one of the stools lay a broad-brimmed hat, and a pair of ragged corduroy trousers hung on a wooden peg beside the unbarred door. I motioned to her to join me. In spite of the lines of weariness in her face the light of the dawn revealed a beauty that caused my heart to throb. Her eyes silently questioned me, and I explained quickly what discovery I had made.
"But the man may return," she said doubtfully.

"Of course, although I imagine he has disappeared for the day. If he is hiding out he may not dare to remain here in daylight. Anyway you can rest safely, for I am not in need of any sleep. I napped in my cell yesterday, and just a short doze will serve me. But you are terribly tired—it is in your eyes."
"Yes," she confessed, "I must sleep somewhere."
"Then come; we'll find a bite to eat and a place for you to lie down."

I opened the door noiselessly, although I took no special precaution, and held it wide, while she stepped across the threshold, and stood looking curiously about. Then I closed it behind us, and we were in a sort of twilight, amid which objects appeared rather indistinct.
"Ah," I said, "the fellow's cupboard must be over yonder. I hope he keeps it well stocked."

I stepped across in front of her, with no other thought than that of exploring the larder, when she gave vent to a startled cry, and I stopped suddenly, sweeping my eyes about to learn the cause of alarm. The ragged quilt was on the floor, and a man leaped across the room and grasped the rifle in the corner. I saw the swift movement, realized the purpose, yet had scarcely time to draw a revolver from the belt, before he had hand on the weapon, and whirled savagely about, facing us. For the instant the gloom disfigured his face—all I knew was that he was a big fellow, with ragged, untrimmed hair and a scraggly beard. I stepped forward and lunged up my arm.
"Drop it!" I said shortly. "Lift that gun and you're dead!"

At first I thought him crazy enough to take the chance of my fire; then the big fingers relaxed, and the rifle fell clattering to the floor. To my surprise, the fellow laughed.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he chortled, "you here?"
He threw back his head, and I recognized him—Jim Taylor, old Ned Cowan. I drew a quick breath, my teeth clenched, my arm steady. This encounter was going to prove no boy's play.

"Put down yer popgun, boy, an' take it easy—the blame thing movt go off. I reckon as how we all hav'n't got nuthin' ter fight fer, hav' we? How ther Sam Hill did yer ever git yere?"
"Now wait," I broke in coldly. "You stand just where you are. I am not sure whether you know me or not; but I know you, Ned Cowan—I know what you did at Hot Springs, and how you took me along so as to make others believe I was guilty—"
"Shucks, lad; 'twas no more than a fair fight."

"It was cold-blooded murder, Cowan!" I exclaimed indignantly. "The culmination of a feud."
"Huh who told yer that?"
I stepped aside, but still held him under the muzzle of my revolver. The change in posture brought the man face to face with Noreen; I saw him lean forward and gaze at her; then recoil, as though he viewed a ghost. She never moved, never spoke.

"Good Lord!" he muttered. "Is that Harwood's girl? Why, Anse's out huntin' after her now—"
He stopped, cursing fiercely to himself. His eyes shifted their gaze from the face of the girl to mine. They were narrow cat eyes, cruel and cunning.

"I reckon I ain't seen of Harwood's gal afore in maybe five year," he said slowly, "but she has sure growed up fine. Anse took after marryin' her furst jist ter spite Harwood, but since he seed her a while back he's sorter took a notion he wants her hisself. I reckon I don't blame him. That's why he wouldn't wait, but set out ter-night. No, I don't reckon, young feller, it's no particular risk. Yer a sojer an' don't jest understand how we fight out yere in the mountings. We jest strike quick, an' then git away. 'Tain't so much of a trick Anse is a-playing at over at Lewisburg. Sure ther's five hundred Yanks thar; an' if thar was five thousand it wouldn't make no great difference the way the guard is



I Ran My Hand Within, Touching the Flesh.

not. The whole blame caboodle is camped in the courthouse yard, an' the only picket is at the main ford of the Green River. Yer never saw nobody, did yer, gittin' out yere?"
"No," I admitted, realizing his intimate knowledge. "The camp is poorly protected."

"I reckon it is, and Anse knows that just as well as you do. An' he knows the gal yere had a room at ther hotel. Thar is where he went, aimin' fer ter raid the shesbang jist before daylight." He laughed again mirthlessly. "By God, but Anse will be some mad when he finds out what has happened. I reckon he'll 'bout cut yer heart out."

"He will have to get me first."
"Oh, don't yer ever worry none 'bout that, young feller. Anse will sure git yer; he knows every bridle path 'cross these mountings, an' I wouldn't give a continental damn fer no chance you've got fer ter git away. He's a tiger cat on a trail, Anse is—an' besides the blame fool wants the gal. He ain't no Cowan if he lets you beat him outer her."

He glanced quickly across my shoulder toward the door. Perhaps she moved; perhaps it was all imagination, but I thought I heard a noise, and wheeled partly around, my eyes for an instant deserting old Cowan's face. It was his one chance, and he took it. I sensed the spring, even as Noreen's cry of warning broke the silence, but not in time to escape the grip of the old man's iron fingers. His body crashed against me with such force that I staggered and fell; one hand closed like a vise on my throat, the other gripped the stock of my revolver, crushing my fingers lifeless. I struck the edge of the table, struggling vainly to keep my feet. It went over with a crash, bearing us both along, old Ned atop, clutching fiercely to keep his hold, his eyes blazing madly down into mine. As we struck I wrenched my hand free and pulled the trigger. The shot seemed to blaze across my own breast, burning like fire, and the next instant, the man's knee crushed my wrist to the floor, and the revolver fell from my benumbed fingers.

I seem to recall little of what followed; only a confused recollection of desperate struggling amid the legs of the overturned table; of oaths, blows, of eyes glaring revengefully into mine. I seemed to lose all knowledge, all consciousness, under the merciless throttling of those hard fingers. Then suddenly they relaxed—I caught a quick, reviving breath, another. Every nerve in me throbbled; I could see again, hear, feel. That was Noreen's face I looked into—ay, and the girl was actually dragging the fellow off me! I took another breath, a long one, moving so that the inert body rolled over on its side; then I rose up, supporting myself on one arm, and stared about, sobbing in the first effort to gain control.

"Noreen!" the name choked in my throat.
"Yes; it's all right now—Cowan is dead."

"Dead! You—you killed him?"
"No; it must have been your shot. I had no chance; you—you two fought like madmen—then—you he just let go of you, and fell back. I was afraid to come—I thought at first he had killed you."

"My shot! why the revolver just went off?" I muttered, scarcely comprehending. "See! the bullet burned me across the chest, and there is blood there. And you say it struck him? Lord! I never knew. Help me to sit up, Noreen."

With the aid of her arms I found support against the table. The blue coat I wore showed clearly the mark of the bullet, and blood discolored the burned cloth. I ran my hand within, touching the flesh.

"A mere scratch," I said lightly, "requiring a little water. Don't cry. No more; there is no harm done; I'll be all right in a minute. Are you sure Cowan is dead?"

"Yes; he—hasn't moved since; but—but I didn't kill him."

"Of course no, and I'm glad I did. This is part of my trade, and I'll not lose any sleep over it. Ah! I can get up alone, and the first thing I am going to do is to bar that door."

CHAPTER XXII.

We Understand Each Other.

Noreen had drawn away from the body of the dead man, and stood against the farther log wall, with face hidden in her hands. Cowan lay at full length, one arm thrown across his eyes. I bent over him, touching his flesh with my fingers. The ball had penetrated his abdomen, and how the fellow ever fought so fiercely after receiving his death wound I can never understand. I think that in his mad ferocity he was scarcely aware that he was hurt. I turned him partly over and drew out from the inside pocket of his blouse a handful of papers concealed there. One was a buff packet, which had been roughly torn open—the one taken from Major Harwood the night of his murder.

The packet contained several official papers, but the principal paper was a carefully prepared list of irregulars operating throughout the mountain country, with names of the better-known leaders, the estimated strength of each separate gang, the region in which they hid, and the side they espoused, if any. This had evidently been carefully prepared by some staff officer, undoubtedly Major Harwood himself, as the letter referred to him as having been detailed to such duty, and was full and complete. I found therein this mention of the Cowans:

"Father and two sons; probably control fifty or more men, with headquarters near Union in Green Briar mountains; raid indiscriminately; have attacked our forage trains; refuse to co-operate, and continue to terrorize a large section; raided Lewisburg before it was occupied by troops, killing several, and looting the shops; is considered the most dangerous gang operating in Green Briar and Monroe counties; reports of atrocities received almost daily, many too hideous to repeat."

I glanced up at Noreen, and her eyes met mine inquiringly.

"Is this your father's handwriting?" I asked, holding the paper toward him.
"Yes; what is it—important?"
"Not very complimentary to Cowan here. A report to General Halleck, at Washington, of conditions in western Virginia. I wonder how the old villain ever learned that such a paper was being forwarded?"

"It is not likely he did," she answered thoughtfully. "It may have been mere accident which put the document in his hands. See, here is a letter that father wrote," and she stooped and picked it up from the floor, uttering an exclamation of surprise. "Why, it—it is addressed to Ned Cowan at Union! What could he possibly have written this man about?"

"Let me see," and I took it from her hands. "We may find here an explanation of the whole affair."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Finnish Characteristics.

The Finn thoroughly enjoys bathing and shares with the Japanese the custom of both sexes bathing together. Finns predominate in the country north of the Duna, or Dvina river. Here they are agriculturists. Further north they are Russia's fishermen, trappers and hunters. They catch forty or more kinds of fish in the lake district, the best of which they send to the big markets to the South. Their own diet consists almost entirely of fish and coarse bread. They mix stale fish with their flour and make a flat cake, to enjoy which the stranger first needs considerable experience and resolution.

Haiti a Rich Island.

The republic of Haiti occupies about one-third of the island of Haiti. It is one of the richest islands in the Caribbean world. That part which composes the republic of Haiti is a land of mountains and valleys, a little larger than the state of Massachusetts. It presents an astounding variety of climate and vegetation, varying all the way from tropical jungle near the coast to high mountain ridges covered with forest not unlike that of Maine and Canada.

Japs Pay Higher Prices for Food.

Imported foods, on the average, cost in Japan from 10 to 15 per cent more than before the war. Increases in freight and insurance are chiefly blamed for the rise. Imported butter has risen 20 per cent, and is still mounting, largely due to the fact that the belligerent powers in Europe have prohibited the export of butter.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course of Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR DECEMBER 12

JEHOVAH YEARS OVER ISRAEL.

LESSON TEXT—Hosea 11:1-11.
GOLDEN TEXT—I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love.—Hosea 11:4.

A contemporary of Isaiah and Amos, Hosea continued to prophesy after the first captivity of the northern kingdom. His style is abrupt and figurative. Israel is Jehovah's adulterous wife, repudiated, but finally to be purified and restored. This lesson is a part of the second section of the book (4:1-13:8), which is a description of the sinful people.

I. "The Perverse Child," vv. 1-7. The "remnant" (ch. 6:13) had cried out for relief. (See Isa. 1:9; Rom. 2:5). Jehovah's reply (begins 6:4) is a severe arraignment of Israel's backsliding as contrasted with his grace. To understand this lesson read the entire book repeatedly. In verse 1 of the lesson Jehovah recalls to the nation the days of its childhood. Because of his great love (Deut. 7:7) he called them out of Egypt, the land of bondage, into Canaan, the land of blessing and liberty. Yet Israel sensed not its duty nor its obligation of gratitude. We are living under a greater obligation because of the greater redemption God has provided for us in the person of his Son. God here calls Israel "my son" (Ex. 4:22); we have the right to call ourselves sons (John 1:12; I. John 3:1-2). Matthew's gospel applies these words to him who alone was fully and in the true sense God's son. Jesus is the summary of the whole nation in that he alone fully realized God's purpose in Israel (Matt. 2:15).

As contrasted with what a son is or should be verse 2 gives a picture of Israel's wandering. The whole history of the nation is one of going after false gods. (I. Sam. 8:7-9 and many other references.) In those childhood days (v. 3) Jehovah taught them how to walk, and healed their hurts "but they knew not"—God, as a tender Father, had watched over, taught, guided and healed (Ex. 19:14; Isa. 46:3; 63:9). Even so, in this present age God is a God of mercy and long suffering (Rom. 2:4), yet the mass of men "know not" what God is doing for them. In verse 4 the child has grown older and as mothers often tether a child lest it run away, so Jehovah endeavors to draw Israel to him with "cords of love." His cord of love now is the mighty power of Calvary (John 12:32). Jehovah not only drew but even sought to entice, for he "laid meat unto them"—Jesus will deliver us, for he bore our yoke (Matt. 11:28-30), and is for us the Bread of Life (John 6:35, 68). Love does not mean that the backslider shall be free from punishment. "Because they refused to return . . . the sword shall abide" (v. 5-6 and Heb. 12:6). Even so God did not permit them to go back to Egyptian bondage (v. 5). Israel was "bent to backsliding." In spite of the constant call to worship and serve him none "would exalt him."

II. The Pleading Parent, vv. 8-12. None can fathom the depths of the cry, "How shall I give thee up, How shall I deliver thee" (v. 8). Israel would persist and still Jehovah pleads that perchance they would heed his cry (Jer. 9:7; Lam. 3:33). Admah and Zehmoh were irretrievably overthrown with Sodom and Gomorrah (Deut. 29:33), shall Israel likewise perish? Not (v. 9) for "I am God, not man." God does not, like man, change—his covenants are not "scraps of paper," his love is everlasting (Nu. 23:19). It is not God but man who is responsible for his destruction. The "Holy One in the midst of thee" is there to save, not as an avenger. God has not come into our midst in wrath—God's passionate desire is to save not to destroy. His purposes are those of love and redemption and as with Israel of old, so in this age, he will carry out these purposes in spite of our backsliding (Rom. 11:28-29). Verses 10 and 11 are prophetic of the ultimate repentance and restoration of Israel—Judgment shall pass upon their foes (Joel 3:16) and those of the dispersion (see parallel Isa. 11:11-16) shall gather, as "doves to their windows," and be once more "in their houses," i. e., set up as a nation in their God-given land. Ephraim (v. 12) sought to rule without or by casting off Jehovah (I. Cor. 4:8).

In Judah was the legal priesthood and the legitimate king, but the apostasy of Israel was more culpable because of the example of Judah which he had set at naught.

III. Promised Deliverance. In a most striking way Hosea flashes a note of hope and love through the cloud of gloom which hung over the nation as it drew closer to its doom, because the people refused to repent. Amos delivered his warning and returned to Judah.

Hosea was a part of the nation which emphasizes such verses of his prophecy as the following: 6:1, 4, 6, 11:4, 11:6, 6:4, 6:6, 2:15 and 10:12, which sound the message of hope like bulletins from the battle's front.

Verse 9 is the final summary for Israel and for us as well.

ADVO JELL

THE JELL THAT WHIPS

The most fashionable and popular Table Dessert. Makes your table complete.
Beautiful Decorative Recipes—Delicious, Appetizing, Nourishing.
Nothing so delightful for the table or sick room.
Seven flavors and colors.
At your grocers, or by mail, at \$1.20 the dozen.
McCORD-BRADY CO.
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PATENTS

Look out for the knife grinder; he's a regular sharper.

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

It may be difficult to climb up it is the world, but just think how easy it is to slide down again.

Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes make us look older than we are. Keep your Eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies always Murine Your Eyes—Don't tell your age.

Function of the Hammer.
"Why do you knock so? Why are you always using a hammer?"
"I do it to rivet attention, my boy."

HANDS LIKE VELVET

Kept So by Daily Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

On retiring soak hands in hot Cuticura soapsuds, dry and rub the Ointment into the hands some minutes. Wear bandage or old gloves during night. This is a "one night treatment for red, rough, chapped and sore hands." It works wonders.
Sample each free by mail with 32-p Skin Book. Address Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Ideal Place.

"You seem to have a model town here," remarked the visitor.
"Yes, indeed," answered the proud citizen. "The town is well lighted, well paved and neat as a pin. Our street car system is excellent, our telephone service satisfactory, our police and fire departments above criticism. Furthermore, we have cheap gas, good water and Sunday moving pictures."

"Well, well!"
"As a matter of fact continued the proud citizen, in a confidential tone, "when a man makes up his mind to run for office here he has the dickens of a time getting enough planks to gether to make a platform."

Helpful Hint.

"Our baby weighs eleven pounds," confessed Proudpa, "and I am almost worn out walking the floor with him night after night."
"H'm," returned old Halderson, the bachelor. "Why not see if you can trade him to the Skinnboneses for their sickly baby, which I understand weighs but six pounds?"

The forty-eight-inch vein of troubles lies so near the surface of the ground that any man can drive his pick into it.

As long as a young man can't tell the color of a girl's eyes he is safe.

HARD TO DROP But Many Drop It.

A young Calif. wife talks about coffee:

"It was hard to drop Mocha and Java and give Postum a trial, but my nerves were so shattered that I was a nervous wreck and of course that means all kinds of ails."

"I did not want to acknowledge coffee caused the trouble for I was very fond of it. At that time a friend came to live with us, and I noticed that after he had been with us a week he would not drink his coffee any more. I asked him the reason. He replied: 'I have not had a headache since I left off drinking coffee, some months ago, till last week, when I began again here at your table. I don't see how anyone can like coffee, anyway, after drinking Postum!'"

"I said nothing, but at once ordered a package of Postum. That was five months ago, and we have drunk no coffee since, except on two occasions when we had company, and the result each time was that my husband could not sleep, but lay awake and tossed and talked half the night. We were convinced that coffee caused his suffering, so he returned to Postum, convinced that coffee was an enemy, instead of a friend, and he is troubled no more by insomnia."

"I have gained 8 pounds in weight, and my nerves have ceased to quiver. It seems so easy now to quit coffee that caused our aches and ills and take up Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.
"There's a Reason" for Postum.
—sold by Grocers.