

# The RED MIST

A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE  
By RANDALL PARRISH  
ILLUSTRATIONS by C.D. RHODES

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## CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

We came to the platform, and felt our way up the steps. It was darker here, yet my eyes, accustomed to the gloom, caught glimpses of crouching figures beyond the pulpit. Outside, sounding some distance away, Kelly's sharp, penetrating voice shouted an order, accompanied by an oath. One of the kneeling figures rose slowly until his eyes were even with the window sill.

"Men," I said quietly, barely loud enough to reach their ears. "I am a sergeant in the Stanton horse artillery. Your lieutenant has just assigned me to take command at this end of the church. How many are there of you?"

"Ten, sir," answered the one nearest, after a pause, turning his head slightly. "Three at each window, and four at the door."

"You have a prisoner, I understand." He gave a muffled sound, as though stifling an impatient laugh.

"Nuthin' ter worry 'bout; he's lyin' over thar in the corner with Jack field a-guardin' of him. I reckon the cuss likes prayin' better ner fightin' any day o' ther week."

"All right," I dropped my voice to a whisper. "Noreen, it will give us an extra fighting man if you will keep an eye on Nichols, and we'll need them all. I shall be less a coward if I believe you out of danger."

"A coward—out! Yes, of course, I will go."

I stepped across the platform, holding my arm.

"God, the lady will watch the prisoner; you join the others at the door."

He moved off, evidently glad enough to be relieved, and I stood erect where I could gaze out through the nearby window into the moonlight night without. I had a moment in which to think, to gather my scattered wits together, to face the situation. Behind me the tramp of approaching horsemen sounded along the pike, the gruff tone of an occasional voice, the clang of accoutrements. Then this noise ceased, as the head of the cavalry column came up to where Cowan and his men waited. I could barely make out the murmur of voices in explanation, muffled by the sound of approaching wheels, signifying the slower advance of the guarded wagons. I heard no orders given, yet the moonlight revealed more numerous figures in the line stretching across the open space.

"Thar's sojers out thar now, sir," whispered the man next the window, fidgeting his gun nervously, "a slew of 'em. Do yer know how many they got?"

"Only to guess at it—a couple of hundred altogether, I should say—enough to make it interesting."

I leaned forward, attracted by the sight of two figures standing together in the full gleam of the moon—Cowan and Raymond. So they were to command the rear attack, while Fox and the infantryman remained out in front.

"Have you counted the fellows out there?" I asked.

"'Bout fifty, near as I kin make out; they're movin' round some, an' the light is damned bad."

"Then the main body is still in front, and that is where the fight will likely begin. Pass the word no firing until you get the order."

I stepped back, whispering a word to Noreen as I passed, and took place beside the pulpit, where I could see and hear something of what was about to transpire.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### We Drive Them.

It was silent enough within—not a movement, not a sound. Outside there was scarcely any more noise audible—the occasional pawing of a horse, a distant thud of feet where some infantrymen were being hurried into position, and now and then an indistinct voice. The caution shown, the force displayed about the church, surprised me. Surely no such effort would be made merely because of a vague suspicion that a man and girl might be hidden within. The leaders all knew that I was not likely to surrender without a fight, and that I was armed, yet this could hardly account for such preparation.

Could it be they really had a faint glimmer of the truth—that they realized the possibility of a Confederate raiding party in the neighborhood? They had shot Harwood's picket, and knew him to be a southern cavalryman from the uniform he wore. This might account for the display of force with which they invested the church before demanding admission. No doubt the heavy log walls looked formidable and mysterious in the moonlight. But, if they really suspected a garrison within, why should their line be thus extended, with easy musket shot of the windows? The conclusion I arrived at was that Fox made this open display of force in the hope of avoiding bloodshed. He desired to capture instead of kill, and wished above all else to protect Noreen from danger. If we were alone within the church, escape was clearly impossible, and the prob-

ability strong that no resistance would be attempted.

The silence, the long wait, got upon my nerves. I could see little, and the few sounds reaching my ears conveyed no information of value. What were those fellows doing? What could cause their delay? The soldier behind me was humming softly; a foot scraped on the floor to the right; I caught the soft swish of Noreen's skirt as she changed position; the moonbeams glimmered on a lifted rifle barrel, there was all about a suppressed sound of breathing. Good Lord! would they never move! What could they possibly be doing out there?

A half dozen blows rang sharp on the wood of the outer door. Not a sound answered from within, although I could feel the men straighten up and sense the sharp intake of breath. Again the blows crashed, as if struck by the butt of a musket.

"Open up in there!" roared a voice, so muffled as to have no familiar sound, "or we'll break down the door. Come, Mr. Spy, we's got you trapped."

"Sergeant Wyatt, the lieutenant wants yer," the whispered words swept down the line of waiting men, and I hurried forward. Harwood was in the dark vestibule close beside the big door.

"That you, Wyatt?" he asked, uncertain as to my identity. "They are after you, and have no idea anyone else is here. You answer, and warn them what they're up against. I don't mind a fight, but am hardly ready to commit murder."

"Do you hear me in there, Wyatt?" the gruff voice without called. "This is your last chance; come, don't be a fool. We know you are there, and

"Fire!" I roared, my voice rising above the hideous din. "Give it to them!" and pulled trigger.

I have no clear knowledge of what followed—it was all so quickly over with; a mere mad moment crowded with vague glimpses, vanishing and changing in the lurid light of the guns. The whole interior of the church blazed and echoed, the smoke choking us with its fumes, the noise stunning our ears. I heard the chug of bullets flattening against the logs, smothered oaths, the crash of an overturned bench, a scream as shrill as a woman's, that made my heart leap, and Harwood's voice calling out the same word again and again. But although I heard all this, I hardly knew it, my whole thought riveted on those black figures in front of me—those reckless devils we had to kill or drive back.

And we did it! From every window, from every hastily smashed pane beside the door, we poured our fire—the carbines spitting into the dark, their sharp barking incessant. Barrels grew hot, the smoke drove back choking into our faces, but we pulled triggers, aiming as best we could in the moonbeam, now changed to a red mist. They stopped; hung for a moment motionless, the ground dotted with the dead; then tried again. There was a roar of musketry, the crack of rifles; bullets chugged into the logs, and came crashing through the windows. Glass showered upon us, and the man next me went over like a log; someone struck me across the face with a bloody hand, and a shot splintered the stock of my gun, numbing my arm to the shoulder. I gripped another weapon out of the stiffening fingers of the man on the floor, firing again blindly into the smoke cloud. For an instant I could see nothing but that white vapor tinged with red and yellow flame; then some breath of air swept it aside, and the attackers were drifting back, running and stumbling.

"Stop firing!" I cried, "they've had enough. Pass the word to those men at the door."

The fight at the front held longer, yet it was scarcely five minutes when the last gun cracked, and a strange silence took the place of that hideous uproar. For an instant not even a cry from the wounded broke the stillness, the men leaning out of the windows watching the disorganized retreat. Then someone gave an exultant yell, and voice after voice caught it up, the old church echoing to the wild battle cry of the South.

"Steady, men, steady!" shouted Harwood from the door of the vestibule, his voice cleaving the din like the blade of a knife. "This is only the first act. Load!"

The light of the moon streamed in through the south windows, revealing the overturned benches, the moving figures along the walls, the smoke cloud drifting upward to the rafters. The lieutenant picked his way down the narrow aisle. He was bareheaded and coatless, and even in that dim light I could perceive a dark stain, like

ozing blood, on the front of his shirt. "You are wounded!" I exclaimed.

"Nothing to worry over," he replied easily, his eyes laughing. "A mere touch in the shoulder, which, however, has put my left arm out of commission. Ah! fair cousin! and he held up his hand in sudden greeting. "We who are about to die salute you."

"Do not say that," she pleaded. "Surely the victory is ours."

"Ay! we win the first round, but it has cost heavily. I doubt if we have such luck again. What loss have you, Wyatt?"

"Two wounded and one killed," I answered soberly. "We had Cowan's guerrillas to meet out there."

"Yes, I know; the infantrymen stormed the front, and the troopers peppered the side windows. Wharton has three down, while they got five of my lads. The front doors are fairly riddled. They'll consolidate next time, trust to the weight of numbers, and break through. They respect us now, but we haven't licked the fight out of them by a long chalk. I'm going to take three of your men."

He whispered a word to her, some good-natured pleasantry, I thought, as he bowed over her hand as though they parted in a gay parlor; then turned laughing away, and picked his passage down the aisle, a slender, debonair figure, whistling a gay camp tune. I stared after him, scarcely able to comprehend such gay-spirited recklessness, when he stopped suddenly, and faced about.

"Do what you can for your wounded, Wyatt," he called back, his voice instantly serious, "and keep my fair cousin out of the ruck."

Several figures fell in behind him as he went forward—the men he had asked for from Wharton and O'Hare—all disappearing within the blackness of the vestibule. Leaving one man alone posted at each opening, I had the others of my small company bear the two wounded men to the farther corner, making them as comfortable as possible. The dead man was laid out on one of the benches, and then the three selected for that duty were sent to join the lieutenant. This depletion of force left me a window to defend alone against the second attack, the opening to the left of the pulpit, next to the corner in which lay the wounded men and the prisoner.

As I crossed the platform and took my place, Noreen arose from beside one of the bodies and her hands grasped my arm.

"The soldier who was shot in the chest," she said, her voice trembling, "he—he tried to tell me something. I tore my skirt and bound it up, but there was no water. I—I wish he wouldn't groan so."

Her face, white in the moonlight, was uplifted; I even thought I could see the glint of tears in the eyes. Suddenly a great wave of sympathy, of regret, seemed to sweep over me, and I leaned the carbine against the wall, and clasped both her hands in mine.

"We grow accustomed to groans in war," I said swiftly, "but what unmanly me is your being here exposed to all this danger."

"Oh, no one will hurt me; I am not afraid for myself—truly I am not. Captain Fox would never permit them to harm me."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## HOW SUCCESS MAY BE WON

Suggestive Article That May Appeal to Those Who at Present Occupy Subordinate Positions.

In the Woman's Home Companion appears a practically suggestive article entitled "The Girl With Notebook and Pencil," by Anna Steese Richardson. In her article, Mrs. Richardson shows how a stenographer can, by thinking and acting for her employer, advance herself in her business career. Following is an extract from the article:

"I have known stenographers who felt that it was beneath their dignity to see to the dusting of their employer's desk; who felt that they did not need to pay any attention to his supplies of pens, rubber bands and letter clips; who did not notice whether his pencils were sharp or not, or whether his ink wells were filled. It should be a part of every secretary's work to see that these things are attended to; that ink wells, paste pots, pens, pencils, blotters—in fact, every bit of the desk equipment—are in order for use, and that the desk and all its fittings are absolutely dustless."

"Two opportunities are open to the stenographer: One is a private secretaryship. The other is an independent business venture. Both are reached by the same methods—accuracy, efficiency and undivided interest. A good memory helps, but interest and that great gift of thinking for and with your employer counts the most. Lastly and just as important as anything else, remember to keep absolute silence, both in the office and out of it, on all subjects relating to your employer's business."

### Blow for Tuberculosis.

Within ten years medical science will probably have succeeded in all but eliminating tuberculosis from vital statistics. This is the prediction of Dr. Jefferson D. Gibson, president of the American Association on Clinical Research, in an address in Philadelphia. He said that recent discoveries by which the presence of tuberculosis tendencies can be detected even before the germs appear in the sputum, together with a later and higher development of the X-ray, will in a short time remove tuberculosis from the list of ordinarily fatal diseases.

## INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
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### LESSON FOR JANUARY 2

#### THE ASCENDING LORD.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 1:1-14.  
GOLDEN TEXT—When he ascended on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men.—Eph. 4:8.

More and more we are convinced that the great trouble with Christians is that the life of Jesus for them closes with the gospels. We seem to fail to comprehend that he is living today as much and even more than he was nineteen hundred years ago. The Book of Acts is a continuation of the Gospels (v. 1), and is yet a closed book.

I. The Proof of the Resurrection, vv. 1-3. (1) Its reality. No better proved event is recorded in history than the resurrection (see I Cor. 15:4-8); it stands absolutely unchallenged. The all sufficient proof was that during "forty days" his disciples had talked with him concerning the kingdom. Note, it was only his disciples who beheld, his enemies never saw him before Calvary. (2) Its burden. Just before his ascension Jesus (v. 2) gave his disciples definite instructions, commandments (Matt. 28:19, 20, etc.) (a) to tarry in Jerusalem, (b) to be clothed with power, (c) to go forth and to proclaim or herald his gospel. During those intervening days of waiting for the endowment with power they alone knew the gospel and men were perishing, which gives point to the necessity of receiving the spirit before undertaking the work of witnessing.

ii. The Promise of the Father, vv. 4-8. Read carefully Joel 2:28, Isa. 44:3, and compare with Luke 24:49, and also the words of the Baptist, Luke 3:16. (1) To receive the Holy Spirit is an obligation upon all, they were "charged not to depart from Jerusalem" (v. 4) (See also Eph. 5:18). (b) The reception is to be preceded by repentance for sin, though the confession of sin and the acknowledgment of Christ as Savior is only possible through the spirit (I Cor. 12:3). (c) With the spirit comes power, authority (v. 7). This power is of God, it is spiritual, it is not "temporal" nor of the church. The kingdom is a spiritual idea (Luke 17:21) and the vice-regent of that kingdom is the Holy Spirit. The program of Jesus is "spirit-filled men as witnesses" and "beginning at Jerusalem." This promise of Jesus (v. 8) suggested to the disciples the restoration of Israel to its place among the nations and in his reply he intimates that such is a possibility (see Isa. 1:25-27, Ezek. 36:23-28, Hosea, 3:4, 5, Joel 3:16-21, Amos 9:11-15), but in a most emphatic manner he tells them that of that hour God has reserved to himself the knowledge (Matt. 24:36, Mark 3:22). When they were to receive the kingdom he does not tell, but when they should receive power he tells them plainly, viz: when the spirit should come upon them. The spirit is not for mere happiness or gratification, but comes upon us for usefulness (see 4:8-12, 31, 33, 5:32, 9:17, 29) and that beginning at home, in Jerusalem then to the ends of the earth. A spirit-filled Christian or church is a good home missionary and foreign evangelist as well. Finishing his message, he lifted his hands and in benediction he ascended on high, and this act has ever since been continued. His ascension is a blessed historical fact, fully attested and deeply significant. He ascended to lead captivity captive, to appear in God's presence for us in our behalf and to prepare a place for us that where he is we may be also (Heb. 9:24, John 14:2). His presence now on high guarantees our presence there hereafter (John 12:26, 14:3, Rev. 3:21).

iii. The Present Place of Jesus, vv. 9-11. While he talked with his disciples he ascended even as Enoch walked "and was not" (Gen. 5:24, Heb. 9:28, R. V.). The query must naturally have arisen in their minds, "When shall we have another interview with him?" As that question arose behold two were near to answer (v. 10) and their answer was a practical one: "Why stand looking into heaven?" There are times to gaze and times to go. Now is the time to be fulfilling his command (vv. 4, 12) and not to be lost in wonder and speculation. But to cheer their hearts these men in white gave them, and us, a wonderful promise, viz., Jesus is coming back, visibly, personally (the words of the original text are very plain and positive) and, as he was received in the clouds, he will come in a cloud.

This promise is and has always been the great hope of the church (Titus 2:13).

iv. The Place of Prayer, vv. 12-14. The disciples were bidden to tarry, to tarry at a specified place, Jerusalem, and to tarry at a specified place for a particular purpose, viz., "power." They obeyed. The empowering blessing can only be received through obedience (Acts 5:32). The time of waiting was not idly nor listlessly passed, for it was spent in prayer.

Jesus is yet, and shall ever more, be doing and teaching for and through those who love him, who look for his glorious appearing.

Next Sunday's lesson is the record of the answer to their prayer.

## FROM ONE YEAR'S CROP HE PAID FOR HIS LAND IN WESTERN CANADA

Remarkable as are the reports of the yields of wheat in Western Canada, the marketing of which is now under way, they are none the more interesting than are those that are vouched for as to the value of this grain crop to the farmers of that country.

Some months ago the Department of the Interior, at Ottawa, Canada, wrote to those in the United States who were owners of land in Western Canada that was not producing, advising that it be put under crop. The high prices of grain and their probable continuance for some years should be taken advantage of. Cattle and all the produce of the farm commanded good figures, and the opportunity to feed the world was great, while the profits were simply alarming. The Department suggested that money could be made out of these idle lands, lands that could produce anywhere from 25 to 65 bushels of wheat per acre. A number took advantage of the suggestion. One of these was an Illinois farmer. He owned a large quantity of land near Culross, Manitoba. He decided to put one thousand acres of it under wheat. His own story, written to Mr. C. J. Broughton, Canadian Government Agent at Chicago, is interesting.

"I had 1,000 acres in wheat near Culross, Manitoba. I threshed 34,000 bushels, being an average of 34 bushels to the acre. Last Spring I sold my farm near, Mr. F. L. Hill, 240 acres of land for \$9,000, or \$37.50 per acre. He had saved up about \$1,000, which he could buy seed with, and have the land harrowed, drilled and harvested, and put in stook or shock.

"As a first payment I was to take all the crops raised. When he threshed he had 8,300 bushels of wheat, which is worth in all \$1.00 per bushel, thereby paying for all the land that was in wheat and more, too, there being only 200 acres in crop. If the 240 acres had all been in wheat he could have paid for it all and had money left."

That is a story that will need no corroboration in this year when, no matter which way you turn, you learn of farmers who had even higher yields than these.

G. E. Davidson of Manitow, Manitoba, had 36 acres of breaking and 14 acres older land. He got 2,186 bushels of wheat, over 43 bushels per acre.

Walter Tukner of Darlingford, Manitoba, had 3,514 bushels off a 60 acre field, or over 58 1/2 bushels per acre. Forty acres was breaking and 20 acres summer fallow.

Wm. Sharp, formerly Member of Parliament for Lisgar Manitoba, had 80 acres of wheat on his farm near Manitow, Manitoba, that went 53 bushels per acre.

One of the most remarkable yields in this old settled portion of Manitoba was that of P. Scharf of Manitow, who threshed from 15 acres the phenomenal yield of 73 bushels per acre.

These reports are but from one district, and when it is known that from almost any district in a grain belt of 30,000 square miles, yields while not as large generally as these quoted, but in many cases as good, is it any wonder that Canada is holding its head high in the air in its conquering career as the high wheat yielder of the continent? When it is pointed out that there are millions of acres of the same quality of land that has produced these yields, yet unbroken, and may be had for filing upon them as a homestead, or in some cases may be purchased at from \$12 to \$30 an acre from railway companies or private land companies, it is felt that the opportunity to take part in this marvelous production should be taken advantage of by those living on land much higher in price, and yielding infinitely less.—Advertisement.

### All There.

"Do you mean to appear in the street in that skimpy costume? You told me your suit had as much material in it as the one you wore last winter."

"It has," said the wife calmly. "The skirt may be somewhat shorter, but I'm wearing an extra high collar."

### Paradoxical Pleasure.

"There is one thing which puzzles me."

"What is that?"

"It seems to be mostly the sad dogs who go on joy rides."

### 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 Murine Your Eyes. Don't tell your age. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago. Sends Eye Book on request.

### One Man's Wisdom.

Said She—What do you think of that singer's high note?

Said He—I can't indorse it.

### To Prevent the Grip

Cold, croup, Grip—Laxative Bromo Quinine removes the cause. There is only one Bromo Quinine. E. W. GROVE'S signature on box, 95c.

They say an old fool is the worst fool; still, I know some young ones that would be hard to beat.

Every dog has his day, but, like men, they always want more.

Silent watches of the night are those we forget to wind.

