

The RED MIST
A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE
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CHAPTER XXV—Continued.

"True; if Fox comes through alive; but Cowan and Raymond are both here, and I know not which I distrust the more. I did wrong to permit your ever coming with me; to risk your life in so desperate a game."
"Do not say that, 'Tom,'" her voice eager and earnest.

softly as he felt his way along the moonlit aisle. His very light-heartedness left me sober and depressed. She must have realized all this, for her handclasp tightened.

CHAPTER XXVI.

One Way of Escape.

He was propped up against the wall, not far from us, and I bent over, noting how he was bound. Instantly I cut the cords and began rubbing the man's wrists to restore circulation.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The End of Defense.

I had no time for thought—action called me. Yet her last unfinished sentence rang in my memory. Could it be that she cared also? That out of this strange association there had grown an awakening interest?

them were in six months. The place whar' the water runs out is at the south side, right down 'gainst the bottom; ther cover ter the opening is fixed tight by a wheel. O' Ned Cowan made ther contraption, an' yer kin stand on ther upper step an' open an' shut ther thing, an' never git yer feet wet."

"And how big is the opening?"
"Wal, I don't jist know, but I've crawled through ther fixing a leak, an' if I did it onct, I reckon I kin again. Taint mor'n' bout six feet beyond ther wall till it hits the edge o' ther ravine. Ther's why the Yanks didn't make no attack on ther side o' ther church—thar ain't no room."

The whole situation lay clear before me. I had no thought of utilizing this unexpected opportunity myself, for I meant to stay with the others, and perform my part of the fighting to the end. But here was protection, and possible escape, for Noreen. Yet could the preacher be trusted? Would he play fair if I released him, and left them alone together? Did not his interests also lie in getting away safely? What act of treachery could he commit, and, besides the girl was armed.

"How do you light this church?"
"Candles mostly," surprised at the question, "yer ain't goin' fer ter light up, are you?"

"Not here—no; but below; where is there one?"
"I reckon on ther thar shelf in the pulpit yer'll find a dozen or so."

"Bring a couple here, Noreen."
She slipped across silently, and came back with two in her hand.

"You are going to try to get away?" she whispered cautiously.
"No, not now. An opportunity may come later. If it was possible to slip all these men out I would gladly do so—but it is already too late for any such attempt. But there is a chance for you, and it is even barely possible that, when all hope of defense is over, I may find some way of joining you."

"You—you promise that?" she asked.
"If I consent to go, you—you will come later if you can?"

"Yes; I will pledge myself to accept every chance, when I can do no more fighting. I'll come to you, if I live. Now, Nicholas, listen—I am going to set you free, and permit you to slip down through that trap door with this lady. She is armed, and she knows how to shoot. Attempt one treacherous trick and you pay the penalty."

"I ain't that kind," he whined.
"O' yes, you are; but it will never pay this time. Don't take your eyes off him, Noreen; the moment that trap door closes light the candle, and keep the revolver ready. Make him unscrew the cap, and leave it off out of the way. Set the candle down in one corner as far back as possible. You better go out first."

"I—I am not to wait for you?" bewildered.
"Not in there—no; outside, for they might fire the building. Nicholas, where is the best place for the two of you to hide so I could find you?"

"In the woods to the west; there is a trail half way down the ravine a climbin' up—an' ol' hog trail."
My fingers touched his throat, and I bent lower staring straight into his eyes.

"Now, mark well what I say, Nicholas. I am going to release you, and give you a chance to get away. But you stay with the woman—do you hear! Stay with her until you both reach the Confederate lines at Covington. If I ever get out of here alive, and learn you have attempted any trick, I'll run you down, Nicholas, if it takes ten years. Now I'll cut the rope, and you creep over to where that ring is in the floor, and wait my order."

Evidently his limbs were numb from the tight cord, for he crept the few feet painfully, and then sat up rubbing the afflicted parts with both hands. I swept one glance out through the window, and then about the dim interior, endeavoring to locate the men nearest us. Only one stood close enough to observe our movements, and I sent him with a message to the sergeant.

"Now, Noreen," I whispered swiftly, "this is the best time. Take these papers; they are for Jackson; give them to the first Confederate officer you meet, and have them forwarded at once. Don't trust Nicholas for a single moment out of range of your revolver."

"You will not come?"
"Not now; you would not wish me to desert my comrades—would you?"
"O' I, do not know! I do not know. It is so hard to decide. You really wish me to go? It will please you?"

"Yes."
"O' yes, you will come if—if you can? I am to wait, and—ah—hope for you?"
"I pledge you my word, dear girl."
She clung to my hands, her face up-lifted in the moonlight.

"I—I am your wife," she said softly, and I—I want you to—
Three shots rang out clear and distinct without, and a voice shouted hoarsely.

ence of the peril. They were pouring volleys into the front door—the roaring of discharge ending in the sound of splintered wood, and sharp cries of pain. Carbines cracked in response, and Harwood's voice sounded continually through the hideous discord.

"Get back, men! Get back! Ay, beyond the partition, you fellows in front there! No, don't leave the windows; they'll charge presently, and there is no use firing those carbines now—the range is too long. Load again—load! and stand ready. Wyatt!"

"Here, sir."
"Any work for you there?"
"No; only a half dozen Yanks in sight from this end."

"Bring all but two men, and come here! Wharton, stand ready to take a hand. Ah! there the blue-bellies come, lads—now give them the lead! Fire! damn you—fire!"

The little squad of us leaped down the aisle, and Wharton's men clambered over the benches, cursing and yelling. Already the smoke of the carbines filled the church, and we could see little except in the flash of the gunfire. The swirl of bodies buried me to the right, away from where Harwood stood, and brought me in front of the opposite door. Through this opening and the narrow window beyond, I got a glimpse outside—at a black mass of men sweeping straight toward us, their guns gleaming viciously, their voices echoing in savage shout. It was a mere glimpse, an infernal vision, and, almost at the same instant they came crashing against the shattered door, beating it down with their gun-stocks, and leaping through into the maze of overturned benches littering the vestibule.

The door fell in splinters. How they got through that tangle of death I know not. Into their very faces we poured our fire—our own men, caught within the narrow space, striking at them with clubbed guns—but they were too many to be held. Over the dead poured the torrent of living, firing, cursing, striking, jamming the few gray-jackets against the inner wall, and, in two resistless streams, hurling themselves against both vestibule doors.

Wedged in the portals, I saw all this so clearly that each detail stands out in memory—the infuriated faces, the falling bodies, the disfiguring blood-stains, the savage glitter of steel. Those who came first were not soldiers—they were Cowan's men, gaunt, rough fellows, bearded and dirty, their fierce curses sounding above the uproar. And they fought like fiends, driven by Cowan's voice, and pressed remorselessly forward by the cavalrymen behind. I saw him once, a blood spot on his cheek, and I fired over the heads of those between us, but though he fell, he came to his feet again and was swept to one side by the rush of men. I saw all this, and no more; it was like a flash on the screen—and then everything became an indistinct blur.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
URGE KINDNESS TO ANIMALS
Many Reasons Have Been Advanced as to Why Cruelty Should Be Avoided.

Here are some of the reasons why we should do all we possibly can to protect animals, says an exchange.

- 1. They are humanly speaking, dumb and defenseless.
2. They are especially liable to cruel treatment.
3. They are the victims of science, sport, fashion, ignorance and prejudice.
4. There is so much suffering in this world that we ought to do everything we can to lessen, and not to increase it.
5. It is cowardly and contemptible to cause a living, sentient creature unnecessary or avoidable suffering.
6. The animals do so much for us in so many ways, ministering to our needs, that they earn exemption from their various races from cruelty, suffering and ill treatment.
7. Selfish and callous disregard of their rights can only react disastrously upon the moral nature of the human family, and make other similar evils appear excusable. It is a short step from cruelty to animals to cruelty to human beings. The parents who train their children to be kind, considerate and thoughtful for the animals are laying up treasures which they themselves will reap when those children are grown up.
8. As Jeremy Bentham, the great jurist, wrote of the claims of animals: "The question is not—'Can they reason,' nor 'can they talk,' but 'can they suffer?'"

Shadow Pictures for Children.
For shadow pictures hang a sheet in a double doorway, if possible. Have a lamp, or preferably a bull's-eye lantern, set about two feet from the floor at the back of the room used as a stage. All kinds of interesting and amusing shadow pictures may be given with the help of stiff paper cut-outs, which may be pinned to hair and costume to change the outlines.

Way Out of the Difficulty.
"The American ambassador," announced the imperial chamberlain, perturbedly, "refuses to wear knee breeches at court!"

CHAPTER XXVII.
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Tuberculosis Amongst Teachers.
Eleven per cent of the present population at the Kearney state tubercular hospital consists of public school teachers, according to the official report of E. R. Van der Slive, who recently retired from the superintendency of the institution. This large proportion is supposedly due to the fact that many schoolhouses are not properly heated or ventilated.

British India's 1914 Imports valued at \$508,000,000.

LAW MAY BE REVISED

ANTI-CIGARET BILL MAY BE UP FOR REFERENDUM

NEWS OF THE STATE HOUSE

Items of General Interest Gathered From Reliable Sources at State House.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.
There is a possibility, if not a probability, that the anti-cigarette law, turned down by the last legislature, will come before the people of the state next year as a referendum proposition.

If it does—and there are some now considering taking this step—it will be in an endeavor to meet a condition which the legislature apparently did not recognize as existing when the Peterson bill was voted down.

The present state law is an absolute prohibition against the sale of cigarets. Yet at this time in the state cigarets are being sold freely. Business has picked up in this regard 300 per cent in the past year and over 1,000 per cent in the past two and a half years, according to dealers, who ought to know what they are talking about.

For instance, in Lincoln—almost directly under the noses of the lawmakers who turned down the Peterson bill—cigarettes are being sold from a score or more cigar stands. People acquiesce in it because they believe the present law is a farce and that to enforce it would be merely accentuating what is said to be an ill-conceived and poorly-drawn statute.

Opposes Continental Army.
Adjutant General P. L. Hall, jr., of the Nebraska national guard, is opposed to a part of President Wilson's preparedness program. He believes better results will be obtained by passing a bill for the benefit of the national guard, one allowing \$4 a month to each guardsman for attending drill four times a month than to appropriate \$45,000,000 for a continental army.

He contends that young men cannot afford to neglect business and serve three months each year in a continental army for the pay they will get and their employers cannot afford to have them absent that length of time. His plan of paying guardsmen would cost the government \$19,200,000 as against \$45,000,000 for a continental army of 400,000.

Sale of Junk Nets Big Sum
Warden Fenton, of the state penitentiary, has demonstrated the fact that he possesses quite some ability as a salesman. And because of the warden's power as a conversationalist, the state has realized the neat sum of \$230.

This amount represents the worth of the junk which has accumulated at the prison for years and piled up in rubbish back of the south walls. A campaign against the rubbish was declared recently and much of it burned. The money comes from the sale of bones, iron, copper and brass.

But the warden had to stand pat to pull the amount for the junk. For the iron, a junk man paid \$175, although he offered only \$40 on his first bid. The collector offered \$5 for the brass and copper. Fenton put the price at \$15. After considerable discussion the man was induced to give \$13 for the lot. For the bones the man offered \$2. The warden said \$4 and four it finally was. For old rags the warden received \$38.

By selling \$347,000 of Mississippi 4 per cent state bonds on January 1, and reinvesting the proceeds in 5 per cent municipal and school district securities of Nebraska, this state will profit to the extent of about \$2,000. That sum is the difference between the beginning of the year to August 1, 1916, when the Mississippi bonds would become due and be paid off in the natural course of things. A deal has been made by State Treasurer Hall with the Harris Trust & Savings bank of Chicago to take the bonds on January 1 at their par worth.

The board of educational lands and funds heard protests from citizens of Koward county, and at the close agreed to order a reappraisal of school lands in that county, the reappraisal to be made by the county board at no expense to the state. The new reappraisal will be subject to review by the state board and can be raised or lowered.

W. H. Thompson, mayor of Chicago, has asked Secretary of State Pool to withdraw his name from the presidential primary ballot.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scourge. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp. Adv.

Josef Hofmann, the pianist, earns \$2,500 an hour.

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Everyone Should Drink Hot Water in the Morning

Wash away all the stomach, liver, and bowel poisons before breakfast.

To feel your best day in and day out, to feel clean inside; no sour bile to coat your tongue and sicken your breath or dull your head; no constipation, bilious attacks, sick headache, colds, rheumatism or gassy, acid stomach, you must bathe on the inside like you bathe outside. This is vastly more important, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do, says a well-known physician.

To keep these poisons and toxins well flushed from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, drink hot breakfast each day, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will cleanse, purify and freshen the entire alimentary tract, before putting more food into the stomach.

Get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from your druggist or at the store. It is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except a sourish tinge which is not unpleasant. Drink phosphated hot water every morning to rid your system of these vile poisons and toxins; also to prevent their formation.

To feel like young folks feel; like you felt before your blood, nerves and muscles became saturated with an accumulation of body poisons, begin this treatment and above all, keep it up! As soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and purifying, so limestone phosphate and hot water before breakfast, act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.—Adv.

Sly Fox.
"Jiblets is having his wife's voice cultivated."
"What's the idea?"
"He's found a professor who won't let her talk while she's taking lessons."

SYRUP OF FIGS FOR A CHILD'S BOWELS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

Oh, Very Well!
Biggs—What is your idea of the longevity of the ancients?
Diggs—Well, I think being an ancient must have been a healthful occupation.

FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderine Right Now—Also Stops Itching Scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scourge. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

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She Buried Her Face in Her Hands.