

The RED MIST

A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE
By RANDALL PARRISH
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CHAPTER XXVIII—Continued.

"You might make the jump," I said, drawing a revolver from his belt, "but to my best judgment there is a hundred foot sheer drop right here, and it would damage you some to take it. See," and I tossed the weapon over the edge, and we heard the sound as it struck on the rocks below. "I guess you'll not try that trick. And so you want me so badly you offer a reward, dead or alive? Isn't it rather my wife you want?"

"I don't believe she is your wife."
"Not after she gave you her word! That is hardly complimentary to the lady, lieutenant. However I haven't any reason to be jealous of you—Noreen knows you too well by this time; you proved yourself a treacherous cur in Lewisburg. Now turn around!"

There was no other weapon in his belt, and it never occurred to me that he might possess another secreted in his jacket; nor did I realize the desperate hatred of me which gave him reckless courage. What to do with the fellow obsessed my mind; I possessed nothing to securely bind him with; I could not leave him free, nor had I any desire to take him along with me. He settled the problem himself. Suddenly, his arms above his head, his eyes on mine, he kicked viciously, the heavy shoe striking my wrist, sending the revolver I held spinning into the grass a dozen feet away. With almost the same movement he was tugging at his jacket pocket. I saw the gleam of steel, and gripped his fingers just in time; my other hand, numbed by the blow dealt me, was, for the instant, useless, yet I struck him with my elbow full in the face. I had no grip that would hold, yet it tangled the revolver in the folds of cloth so he could not draw, and, with a snarl of baffled rage, he tore his fingers loose, and clutched at my throat with both hands. Back and forth we swayed on the very edge of the ravine, kept from plunging down into the black depths by the intervening fringe of trees, savagely contending for the mastery. That he was a trained athlete, acquainted with every wrestler's trick, I knew in a moment, yet this gave me little fear—for this was to be a fight, no wrestling game. Strong, quick, agile as the man was, I never doubted I was his match, and as I felt strength come back into my hand, and realized that I could clench it again, I felt coldly confident. Once, twice, I drove my knuckles into his exposed face, compelling him to loosen grip, and throw up his hands in protection. And then I had him; not that he was devoid of skill as a boxer—sooth he possessed tricks of defense unknown to me—but his was the professional knowledge of the West Point gym, while I had graduated from the rough school of the camp; where he had trained for points, for fancy milling, I had fought to win against desperate opponents. The difference told for I beat him down, caring nothing for what blows reached me, so that I smashed in through his guard, and landed. Again and again I feinted with my right, and drove my left straight to the exposed jaws. I gave him no time to cry out, to even catch a full breath. There was no sound to be heard a hundred feet away. I became a machine, grimly determined, a desire to punish throbbing in my veins. He fought catlike and fowl, but I only laughed, and angered him. I drove him out into the open where I could see better. I was fighting now, with no thought of protecting myself, only of hurting him. I tried for a knockout, but he blocked me, clinging desperately to my arm. I tore loose once more, flinging him aside bewildered and breathless.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Trail to Covington.

As I gripped the horse's rein and turned him slowly around I heard a single shot fired in the gorge below, the sound echoing among the rocks and a spark of fire gleamed through the darkness. It was far enough away to give me little concern, yet the report must have been heard by the cavalry squad now well out in the open, for they wheeled their horses and rode straight toward the ravine. Their course would bring them higher up, just to the rear of the church, yet, with suspicious eyes aroused, 'twas likely they would patrol the banks, seeking for some passage below. Confident the distance between us was sufficient to hide my movements so long as I kept well back in the shadow of the trees, I led the horse forward, advancing as rapidly as I dared to travel, using one hand to steady Raymond's body swaying across the saddle. It must have been a quarter of a mile, or more, to where the forest spread out from the bank into a dark tangle of trees, extending half across the ridge. The winding of the ravine took me out of sight of the body of horsemen above, yet I knew they had galloped to the edge of the gorge, and were calling to whoever was below. I could hear the shouts without catching the words, and even imagined I distinguished a faint cry in return. By slipping the lieutenant's belt over the saddle horn, thus preventing his limp body from sliding off, I urged the animal to a sharp trot.

What was before us in those dark woods was all conjecture—but I possessed infinite confidence in Noreen. The very silence, coupled with the fact that no sign of the two fugitives had been met with along the way, convinced me that they had safely attained the rendezvous, and were now there, anxiously awaiting my arrival. The time had not been long, and the girl would never consent to proceed alone with Noreen, until she had lost every hope of my joining her. He might not remain willingly in such close proximity of danger, but I could count on her to keep the fellow there until the last possible moment. We went down into a shallow gully, and then climbed the opposite bank, having to force a passage through thick scrub. I pressing the branches aside to prevent their scratching Raymond's face. He gave utterance to a groan, and I lifted his head, supporting it on my shoulder as we topped the rise. The horse shied, I caught glimpse of a shadow flitting across an open space.

"Noreen!"
"Is it really you? I could not tell—the horse; the something across the saddle."
She came forward with a swift spring, not satisfied until her hand actually touched me.

"Oh, I am so glad—you are not even hurt?"
"Not seriously; battered up a bit—Noreen!"
"Yes, he is here; there beside the tree. Tell me what has happened! What have you here? Why is it a man," she shrank back, "a—dead man!"

"No, not dead," I hastened to explain, unbuckling the belt, and lowering the still limp body to the ground. "Here, parson, don't let the horse stray. We cannot waste many minutes here; there are cavalrymen scouting the edge of the ravine yonder, and they may come as far as this. That is why I brought the fellow along—to keep him from being found. Do you recognize the face, Noreen?"

It was dark and shadowy where we were and she was compelled to bend

low to distinguish the features. Her lips gave a startled, half-suppressed cry:
"Why it is Lieutenant Raymond! You—you fought together? How did he come here?"
"I think he suspected we might manage to escape from the church. He was more anxious to capture me than he was to fight evidently, for I caught no glimpse of his face during the melee. But he, and three troopers, were hidden at the edge of the woods watching where the trail comes up from the ravine."
"Yes," breathlessly, "we saw them come across, just after the torches began to flare up inside the church. Then later another man rode along there."
"That was Kelly; he brought word that we had got away. I was within ten feet of them when they met. The lieutenant swore at the news, and sent the four men down the trail to search—he offered one hundred dollars for me, dead or alive."
She arose to her feet, but the darkness prevented my seeing the expression on her face.

"He did! This man?" she exclaimed, the horror of the thought visible in the tone. "Why, what is it to him? I do not understand why he should exhibit such bitterness—he was determined to convict you from the first. There was no feud between you two, was there?"
"Only Noreen Harwood," I answered, speaking softly. "But—look! The cavalry squad just passed across that open space; they are riding this way. Raymond will revive presently, and some of his men will find him here; Kelly will search as soon as he discovers the man is missing. Nichols, fasten the belt about his arms—yes, buckle it behind; a notch tighter. You know the trail!"
"I've been over it enough," rather sullenly. "Is Anse Cowan dead?"
"Yes; but that doesn't affect you at present. You are going to guide us to Covington. Hold the horse. Now Noreen."
She gave me her hand, and I helped her into the saddle. A horse neighed in the distance, but my fingers closed on the nostrils of the animal beside me in time to prevent response. Nichols stood motionless, a tall, shapeless figure, gazing back over the tops of the bushes. I drew my revolver, and touched him with it sharply on the arm.

"Go on," I said quietly, yet with a threat in my voice. "Attempt to run, or play any trick, and I drop you in your tracks."
He turned without a word, and stately pushed a passage through the scrub into more open woods, and I followed, grasping the horse's rein. A hundred yards farther along we came into a beaten track, and began to mount upward along a rocky ridge, where the moon gave me good view. It was a scene of silent desolation. I took one glance backward, but trees shut off all glimpse of the church, and the plateau. I thought I heard a voice, or two, calling afar off, perhaps the cavalrymen again signaling Kelly in the ravine, but we had little to fear from them. Our trail could never be followed before morning, and dawn would be three hours away. I slipped my weapon back into my belt, confident Nichols would make no attempt to desert. He was slouching forward, muttering something to himself as he walked, and never even turned his

head to glance behind. I stole a look upward at the lady in the saddle, but did not venture to address her. She sat erect, her face slightly averted, but her thoughts appeared to be elsewhere, and I plodded on, my heart grown heavy. Beyond doubt she realized now what the end was to be. In the rush and excitement of the past few days, her natural desire to save me from the death of a spy, she had found no time for thought, for consideration. She had merely obeyed the swift impulse of the moment that now, riding this dark mountain trail, all immediate peril left behind she was facing the future—and regret. Her father's death, her sudden abandonment of home and friends, her disloyalty to the cause with which her sympathies were enlisted, her forced marriage, came fresh to her memory like haunting phantoms. Once, I thought she lifted a hand and dashed a tear from her eye; and her head sank low, as though she would hide her face. She was evidently ashamed, regretful, unhappy; if ever she had cared for me, even in ordinary friendship that feeling had changed into dislike—prob-

ably into actual hatred. I seemed to feel the change; to comprehend the growing horror with which she confronted the future. I wanted to tell her that I understood; that I sympathized; that I would never consent to stand between her and happiness. Plain after plan flashed through my mind—she should be free; she should go to her own friends, and never see me again. I would arrange to drop out of her life as suddenly as I had come into it. But the impetuous words died unuttered on my lips. Steadily we pushed on through the darkness, no word exchanged between us, slipping and sliding along the rocky trail, following Nichols down into a black valley, and then up again to a steep, narrow ridge. All about us was the night, and the silence.

Then the dawn broke, the black gloom fading into gray, the clouds of fog in the deep valley below us rising slowly until the rays of the rising sun lifted them to the mountain tops, reddening the mist into grotesque beauty, and revealing the green glades beneath. It was a wild, desolate scene, and we paused on the edge of what seemed a sheer precipice to gaze. Even Nichols stopped, and looked down, pointing to the ridge of rock along which the barely perceptible trail ran.

"You'll have 'ter pick yer way mighty careful 'long thar," he said slowly. "Tain't jist safe for a hoss, nohow, but I reckon he'll pick his own way all right. Thar's a cabin 'round behind that bend whar we mougt git a bite ter eat."
"Who lives there?"
"A fellow named Larrabee; but I reckon thar won't be nobody ter hom' but the ol' woman—Bill's conscripted."

"Go on down," I said after a moment, "and we'll follow slowly. How far away is Covington?"
"Bout twenty mile—in the next valley beyond them hills."
He disappeared around a sharp ledge, and Noreen and I were alone—alone, it seemed to me, in all the world. I dare not even look at her, as I helped her out of the saddle. Tired from the long hours of riding along the rough trail, she staggered slightly on her feet, and her hands clasped my arm. Our eyes met, and in the depths of hers was the mist of tears.

"Tom," she said earnestly, her voice faltering. "I cannot stand this any longer. I—I must know—what—what I am to you?"
"To me!" I echoed, the blood leaping in my veins. "Do you not know? Can you feel the slightest doubt?"
"Doubt! It is all doubt. You have spoken no word to guide me. You married me to save me from Anse Cowan. You permitted me to come with you because I would consent to nothing else. I do not even know that it is your choice that I go on beside you into the valley."
"Noreen," and I had her hands in mine. "It is my choice that you go with me all the way through life—dear girl, I love you."

The long lashes hid her eyes, but her cheeks were crimson; then I looked down into the blue depths, through the tear mist, and read my answer.

(THE END.)

DIFFER ON TEMPORARY STARS

Astronomers Have Two Views as to How the Somewhat Mysterious Bodies Originate.

Most of the textbooks suggest that temporary stars, or "novae," may result either from the collision of two bodies in space or from a sudden explosion or eruption of a single body. Professor Hale, in his recent review of the last ten years' work at Mount Wilson, states that a more plausible hypothesis is that of a faint star suddenly plunging into a gaseous nebula. The spectra of novae, after passing through remarkable changes, have usually been supposed to correspond closely in their last visible stage with the spectra of nebulas. Observations at Mount Wilson, however, are in harmony with an observation of Hartmann in showing that there is, at least in some cases, a still later stage, in which the characteristic lines of the nebular spectrum disappear, as if the star had finally passed out of the nebula which caused its sudden outburst of luminosity. On this hypothesis, the temporary brightness of these stars would be analogous to that of a meteorite passing through the earth's atmosphere and raised to incandescence by friction.—Scientific American.

By a Lake in Winter.

The deep sense of peace which fills the woods at midwinter is nowhere expressed more fully than where a sylvan lake or pool reflects with calm surface the grayness of the patient skies.

Strained by the autumn scourings of the hills, and the decay of innumerable leaves, the water is rarely clear and bright, as when it mirrors the clearer heavens of spring and summer.

It gleams to the slanting light that strikes between denser masses of cloud in tints of yellowish suffusion from the rain-scoured clay, or in a strange jade-green opaqueness.

Where the naked trees upon the margin of the lake project the whole length of their reflection upon its unmoved water, they present an impression of enormous columnar height, such as can never be equaled after the leaves of the summer add substance to the lines of their upper boughs.

Must Give as Well as Receive. A noble nature can alone attract the noble and alone knows how to retain them.

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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 23

THE SPIRIT OF LIFE.

LESSON TEXT—Romans 8:13-30.

GOLDEN TEXT—As many as are led by the spirit of God, these are the sons of God.—Rom. 8:14.

The connection of this lesson with the others of the series is in the fact that this chapter is a panegyric regarding the spirit-filled life, the coming of which we have so recently studied. Read prayerfully in this connection Gal. 5:22, 26. We somehow feel that we ought to study this entire chapter rather than that portion assigned. The key to the whole is found in verse thirty-seven. "We are more than conquerors." If conquerors, how be more than conquerors? Very simple. Some victories leave the victor so exhausted that he cannot possess nor enjoy his victory; not so the spirit-filled Christian for he is "more than conqueror."

Previously in this epistle the spirit is mentioned but once (5:5); in this chapter he is mentioned nineteen times. Over what is the spirit-filled man conqueror?

I. Over the Condemnation of Sin, v. 1. The spirit-filled Christian lives in another realm than that of the flesh (v. 9). The spirit removes us from the realm to that of the spirit, quickening us (i. e., making us alive) in the flesh and enabling us to "walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit."

II. Conquerors Over the Power and Dominion of Sin, vv. 2-4. While we still have the body yet it is our privilege, through the spirit's power at work within us, to put to death its deeds every day and each minute (Gal. 5:16, 22, 23). To live otherwise is to displease God (v. 8). Those who surrender their lives to the control of the indwelling spirit are "sons of God" and therefore "free from the law of sin and death" (v. 2), for the same spirit that "raised from the dead" (v. 11) not alone makes us sons but gives us the same power.

III. Conquerors Over Fear, v. 15. The righteousness of the law is fulfilled in us "who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit" (v. 4) and having received the "spirit of adoption" (i. e., being placed as sons) we cringe not before God in terror, nor call him a tyrant, or even ruler, but exclaim "Abba, my father." As "sons" we are spiritually minded and have "life and peace" (v. 6, Gal. 4:6).

IV. Conquerors Over Suffering, v. 18. We are joint heirs with Jesus "if so be we suffer with him." Our position and heirship in Christ involves our participation in his sufferings (Gal. 6:7, II Tim. 2:11, 12, Acts 14:22). What we often call afflictions are only discomforts and frequently the results of our own foolish carelessness. But as contrasted with his glory there is no comparison. Only eternity will enable us to comprehend what it means to be made perfect through suffering (Phil. 3:10, II Tim. 2:12, Heb. 5:8). If we are heirs of all God has and all that God is, we are likewise an heir just as Christ is, and to the extent that Christ is an heir and hence to his sufferings (we suffer with him) though we are even there more than conquerors for like him we too shall rise triumphant "over all things."

V. Conquerors Over Vanity, v. 20. This glory is contrasted with the creation now subject to vanity, but which is in degradation by comparison. The creature (v. 21) (i. e., creation) was made subject not willingly but by reason of him who subjected it in hope that the creature should yet be delivered from the bondage to the principles of death and decay into the glorious liberty, or the liberty of the glory, of the children of God.

VI. Conquerors Over Infirmities, v. 26. The believer's all-sufficiency and perfect security in the Lord Jesus. We may not have all we want yet we have all we need (Phil. 4:19). This sufficiency is in the privilege we possess in praying "according to the will of God"—we know not how to pray as we ought but the spirit maketh intercession for us (v. 26); so also Christ, "who is at the right hand of God," intercedes for us (v. 34). The spirit knows the mind of God the father, teaches us how to pray and at times places a yearning in our hearts too deep for our own comprehension.

Even God must search the heart to know the mind of the spirit (v. 27) and in this God does "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think" (Eph. 3:20).

VII. Conquerors Over All Things, v. 28. The crowning privilege the spirit-filled life has, is in knowing that all things work together for good and hence we are free from all possible anxiety of heart under any and all circumstances. Whatever comes to me is a part of his "all things" and therefore I should be grateful because the outcome will be good. We are not fore-ordained to salvation irrespective of what we may be or do but we are fore-ordained as believers "to be conformed to the image of his Son" (v. 29). Thus those who become candidates are those elected.

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