

The RED MIST

A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE
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SYNOPSIS.

Confederate Sergeant Wyatt of the Staunton artillery is sent as a spy to his native county on the Green Briar by General Jackson. Wyatt meets a mountaineer named Jim Taylor. They ride together to a house beyond Hot Springs. In the house Wyatt and Taylor meet Major Harwood, father of Noreen and an old neighbor of Wyatt, who is sent to bed while the two other men talk. Wyatt becomes suspicious and finds that Taylor has murdered Harwood and escaped. Wyatt changes to the U. S. cavalry uniform he has with him, and rides away in the night, running into a detachment of Federal cavalry, to whom he identifies himself as Lieutenant Raymond, Third U. S. Cavalry, by means of papers with which he has been provided. Captain Fox finds Harwood's body and follows Taylor's trail. Fox and Wyatt believe Taylor to be old Ned Cowan. The detachment is ambushed. Wyatt escapes to the Green Briar country and goes to Harwood's apparently deserted home where he finds Noreen Harwood alone. She does not recognize him, and he introduces himself as Lieutenant Raymond.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

My lips were dry, but I nodded, half fearful I might be slipping into some trap, although her words and manner were surely innocent enough.

"We were acquaintances, not friends," I replied, hoping the retort might cause her to change the subject. "Most of the boys seemed to like him. He was very pleasant to me, and I had a splendid time. I met one cadet named Raymond; he had dark hair and eyes."

"Oh, yes," I managed to answer, now desperately alert. "There was another in the class—James R. I believe."

"I did not learn his first name, but when I heard that a Lieutenant Raymond was coming here, I hoped it might be he. That was why I was so deeply interested. It is not such a common name, you know."

I made some answer, and she sat there silently, her face turned now toward the fire in the grate. The profile held me in fascination, as I wondered what these seemingly innocent questions could signify. Anyhow, let the truth be what it may, there was no other course left for me, but to keep on with the deception. I was in the heart of the enemy's country, in disguise, my life forfeit in case of discovery, and the time had not come when I could entrust her with so dangerous a secret.

The wind rattled the blinds, and the rain beat heavily against the side of the house. The thought of venturing out into the storm, not knowing where I could seek shelter, was not an alluring one. Nor had I any excuse to urge for immediate departure; indeed as a gentleman and soldier my duty called me to remain for her protection. She could not be left alone in this desolate house. It was my steady gaze that roused the lady from whatever dream the flames of the grate had given her. She turned her head to meet my eyes—then sat suddenly erect, the expression of her face instantly changing, as she stared beyond me at the open door. I wheeled about to look, startled at the movement. A man stood in the doorway, water streaming from his clothes on to the floor. I was on my feet instantly, a hand gripping my revolver, but before I could whip it from the leather sheave, the girl had taken the single step forward, and grasped my sleeve.

"Do not fire!" she exclaimed. "He is not a fighting man."

The fellow lifted one arm, and stepped forward full into the light. He was a man of years, unarmed, a tall, ungainly figure, a scraggly beard at his chin, and a face like parchment. His eyes were two deep wells, solemn and unwinning.

"Peace to you both!" he said gravely. "I ask naught save fire and shelter."

"To these you are welcome," the girl answered, still clinging to my arm. "You travel alone?"

"Even as my master in rags and poverty, having no place wherein to lay my head. The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests—you know me, young woman?"

"Yes; you are Parson Nichols."

"An unworthy soldier of the cross, I address the daughter of Major Harwood—and this young man?"

"Lieutenant Raymond of the Federal army," she explained simply. "He sought refuge here from the storm."

The man's eyes searched my face, but without cordiality, without expression of any kind. Saying nothing he crossed to the fireplace, and held out his hands to the warmth of the blaze. The girl's eyes met mine almost questioningly. Then she stepped forward.

"We were just completing our meal," she said softly. "There is not much, but we will gladly share what we have."

"The flesh needeth nothing," he answered, not even looking around, "and the spirit liveth on the bread of life. I seek only converse with you. The young man is an officer?"

"Yes—on recruiting service."

"You know him well? You trust him?"

"I have not known him long," she replied hesitatingly, and glancing back at me. "Yet I have confidence in him."

The man did not answer, or move and, after a moment of silence, she asked:

"Have you ridden far?"
"From Lewisburg."
"Lewisburg!" in surprise. "Then you knew I was here? You came seeking me?"

He turned on his stool, his eyes searching her face gravely.

"On a mission of ministry," he replied solemnly, "although whether it prove of joy, or sorrow, I am unable to say. I am but an instrument."

The man's reluctance to speak freely was apparent, and I stepped forward.

"If you prefer conversing with Miss Harwood alone," I said quietly, "I will retire."

"The words I would speak are indeed of a confidential nature—"

"No, no!" she broke in impulsively, her eyes of appeal turned toward me. "Do not leave us, lieutenant. This man has nothing to say I am afraid to have you hear. He has not come here as a friend; there is some evil purpose in all this, which I cannot fathom."

She faced him now, her slender body poised, her eyes on his. "Tell me what it is—this mysterious mission? Ay! and who sent you to find me? I will not believe it was my father."

The minister rose to his feet, a tall, ungainly figure, his solemn face as expressionless as before, but a smoldering resentment was in his deep-set eyes. He possessed the look of a fanatic, one who would hesitate at nothing to gain his end. To me he was even repulsive in his narrow bigotry.

"No, it was not your father," he said almost coarsely, "but it is a part of my mission to bring to you, young woman, the news of your father's death."

"Death? My father dead?" she stepped back from him, her hands pressed against her eyes. Obeying the first instinct of protection, I stepped to support her as she seemed about to fall. "That cannot be! You lie! I know you lie! You were never his friend. You come here to tell me that to frighten me; to compel me to do something wrong."

The man exhibited no trace of emotion, no evidence of regret, his voice the same hard, metallic sound.

"I expected this outburst," he continued unmoved. "Indeed, it is no more than natural. But I harbor no resentment, and in this hour freely forgive all. He that taketh the sword, shall perish by the sword, and my words are true."

"But I saw him four days ago."

"On his way east to Hot Springs, with an escort of soldiers. It was there he was killed, together with his servant. A messenger brought the news."

"A soldier? One of Captain Fox's men?"

A sardonic smile flickered an instant on the preacher's thin lips.

"No, but equally reliable; one of Ned Cowan's mountaineers. Captain Fox is a prisoner, wounded, and his men mostly dead."

A moment she rested unknowingly against my arm, her face covered with her hands. There was that in the man's words and manner which convinced her that he spoke the truth. The face she finally lifted was white and drawn. The girl had changed to a woman. She stood erect, alone, one hand grasping the back of a chair.

"You say my father is dead—killed," she said, in steady, clear voice. "But be that one or the other, you never came here tonight, through this storm, to bring me such a message alone. Who sent you, Parson Nichols? What devilry is on foot?"

"My dear young lady," he began smoothly, spreading his hands deprecatingly. "Be charitable, and just. I realize that in the first shock of thus suddenly learning of your father's demise, you naturally speak harshly. With me the past is forgotten, blotted out, covered with the mantle of Christian charity. I felt it my duty to break to you this sad news in all possible tenderness."

"And you had no other object?"

"Certainly not; what other could I possibly have had?"

The man lied, and I knew it; the suave, soft tones of his voice irritated me. The girl stood motionless, silent, her breath coming in sobs. Then she turned her head slightly, and her eyes met mine. The piteous appeal in their depths was all I needed. With a grim feeling of delight, I took a step forward, and the muzzle of my revolver touched his breast.

"Now, Mister Preacherman," I said shortly, "we'll have done with this play-acting. Not a move!"

CHAPTER VIII.

The Jaws of the Trap.

If eyes alone possessed the power to kill, his would have done the deed, but the face with which I confronted him was sufficiently grim to make him realize the danger of a movement. He gave back a step, but my revolver pressed his side.

"Don't try anything with me, Nichols," I said sternly, "you are either going to talk, or die. I'll give you one chance, and one only. I despise you kind, and will kill you with pleasure."

Now answer me—who told you of Major Harwood's death?"

"I have said already; the message was brought to Lewisburg by one of Ned Cowan's men."

"Yes, so you did; but you never received it at Lewisburg. Oh, yes, I know something myself. The fact is you never came here tonight from Lewisburg. Now are you ready to talk to me? Oh! you are! Very well, who sent you—Cowan?"

I ran my gun muzzle hard into his ribs, and he nodded sullenly, his lips drawn back in a snarl. All the soft palaver had vanished, and he had become a cowed brute.

"I thought so; you belong yourself to the Cowan gang?"

"Not—not in their deeds of blood and violence," he protested. "The calls of my church compel me to minister to my scattered flock—"

"Never mind that kind of palaver, Nichols. Now what did he send you for?"

I waited, my eyes on his. I could not see the girl, and dare not avert my gaze for so much as an instant. The man wet his lips, as if they were parched, and I could perceive the nervous movement of his throat.

"I—I don't know."
"Don't know what?—this is my last call!"

"I don't know whether he is coming, or not," he blurted out reluctantly. "He was hurt in the fight."

"And if he cannot come himself he means to send others. What for? What does he want of the girl?"

My hammer clicked, and the man cringing back, read the stern meaning of my face. A terrible suspicion surged over me, and I was ready to kill. He knew his life hung by a hair.

"To—to marry her," the words barely audible. "Not old Ned—his son, Anse."

I heard the startled exclamation of the girl behind me.

"Anse Cowan!" she cried, her voice full of undisguised horror. "Marry me to that low brute. Did he ever imagine I would consent, ever even look at him?"

I touched her with my hand in restraint, the revolver still at the preacher's heart. The whole foul plot lay exposed in my mind.

"There was no intention of asking your consent, Miss Harwood," I said, satisfied that she should know all, and face the truth. "There is a reason for this desperate act which I do not wholly fathom, but it has to do with the property here, and the feud between Cowan and your father. If Major Harwood be dead, as this man reports, you are the sole heir, and old Ned has conceived the idea of marrying you by force to his son. He has



The Muzzle of My Revolver Touched His Chest.

learned you are here alone, and unprotected, and in this creature of his—this canting preacher—he has found a fit tool ready at hand to do his dirty work. Is that it, Nichols?"

He muttered something inaudible.

"Answer, you black-hearted cur; you have confessed too much to hide anything now. How many are coming with Anse Cowan?"

"Maybe a half dozen of the boys. I don't know; they were talking about it when I left, and thought it was going to be a great lark."

"Well, it is; you are finding that out already. When were they to be here?" I shook him to loosen his lagging tongue.

"They were to ride out an hour after I did."

I threw the wretch back into the chair before the fire, but held him still covering before the point of my revolver. The dog had told us all he knew, and there was a snarl to his thin lips, drawn back and exposing his yellow teeth, showing that his only thought now was revenge. Any moment that gang of ruffians might appear, and I was helpless there alone to contend against them. I dared not move, dared not avert my gaze from the preacher; there was hatred and treachery in the depths of his eyes.

"Is there a lock on the parlor door leading into the hall?" I asked.

"A bolt—yes."

"Please close and bolt it, and then come back here."

I heard her turn and cross the room; caught the sound as she shot the bolt, and her light step again on the floor.

"Now, something to tie this man with. We must be quick—the tablecloth will do! Sweep that clutter of dishes on to the floor. Good! Now cut me the cord from that picture."

I had no thought of glancing about; I can scarcely conceive even now that

I did, yet my eyes must have wandered an instant, for Nichols had the wrist of my pistol hand in his grip, and the revolver went spinning across the floor. There was a moment of fierce, breathless struggle. The fellow possessed no skill, but the wiry strength of a tiger. I found his eyes with my fist, and dazed, his hands released their grip, and I broke loose, my throat livid from his finger marks. The flap of a gray skirt touched my face, and a blow fell—the man went limp under me, his head upheld by the angle of the wall. I struggled to my knees, still staring at him, uncertain as to what had actually occurred, struggling for breath. The girl stood over me, white-faced, her eyes wide open with horror, the remnant of the teapot in her hand. Suddenly her hands covered her eyes, the fragment of crockery falling noisily to the floor.

"I—I struck him," she sobbed, unnerve. "I—I have killed him!"

"No such good luck," I answered, recovering myself, and grasping her hands, so that I could look into her eyes. "The man is not dead—only stunned by the blow. He will be conscious in a minute. Do not become frightened; you did right, and we have no time to lose. You have a horse somewhere?"

She hesitated, her hands still held in mine unconsciously.

"You—you mean I am to ride for Lewisburg—and—and you?"

"Oh, I must do the best I can on foot. We'll keep together as long as possible. Go, and hurry. Get a wrap, and your revolver."

She slipped out of the room, and up the stairs, her light steps making no sound on the soft carpet. I bent over Nichols, and as I touched him he stirred, and opened his eyes, staring up into my face.

"Don't hit me!" he whined. "I'm no friend of Anse Cowan."

"So you've had enough! Then take orders from me."

I gathered in the picture cord the girl had dropped on the floor. His wrists were big and knotted, and I drew the cord tight enough to make the fellow wince, despite his groans and pretense at severe suffering.

"Go up the stairs," I commanded sternly, "and keep close to the wall. Oh, you can walk all right, my friend, and I advise you to do as I say—you see this gun?"

The scowl on his face was malignant, and his eyes glowed like coals, but he moved on ahead of me across the hall, and up the carpeted steps. The lamp held high above my head in one hand, and a stream of light through the black shadows, and revealed his every movement. At the head of the stairs the girl suddenly appeared, her face showing white in the glow of the lamp. A brown cape, fastened closely at the throat, enveloped her figure, and a cap was drawn down over her hair.

"What is it?" she questioned swiftly. "Is there any room up here windowless, and with a door that can be locked?"

She glanced about, uncertain.

"Why—oh, yes! there is a large closet off my room."

"Turn to the right, Nichols; into that room, where the light is burning. Oh, yes, you will! Kindly open the closet door, Miss Harwood. Don't stand growling there. Get in, I say!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INDIANS IN UNITED STATES

How the Red Man is "Turning Defeat into Triumph"—Increasing Attendance Shown at Schools.

No longer can it be said that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. That statement, born of ignorance of the real character of the Indian, is now definitely eliminated from the list of epigrams by a report of the census bureau on the present Indian population in the United States.

While the report shows a much lower rate of growth for the Indian population than for the white, an increasing mixture of white blood, and decreasing vitality of full-blood Indians, indicating a tendency to disappear altogether, it also shows increasing attendance at school and decreasing illiteracy, an increase in the percentage of the self-supporting and a decrease in the number of reservation Indians.

While the report shows that there were 265,683 Indians in the United States, exclusive of Alaska, in 1910, an increase of 17,430, or 7 per cent over the number reported in 1890, there are about 300,000 Indians in this country at the present time. Among them are to be found manufacturers, bankers, United States officials, mechanical engineers, locomotive engineers, telegraph operators, actors, artists, clergymen, college professors, physicians, surgeons and lawyers. The Indian has turned defeat into triumph. He has played the game according to the rules laid down by civilization and has won.

On Walking Alone.

Now, to be properly enjoyed, a walking tour should be gone upon alone.

You must be open to all impressions and let your thoughts take color from what you see. You should be as a pipe for any wind to play upon.

"I cannot see the wit," says Hazlitt, "of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country I wish to vegetate like the country"—which is the gist of all that can be said upon the matter. There should be no cackle of voices at your elbow to jar on the meditative silence of the morning.—R. L. Stevenson.

Fiercely Mexican Ants.

There are ants in Mexico, colonies of which will attack a hive of bees and destroy it in a night.

ESCAPES DEATH IN THRILLING MANNER

Girl Has Crushed Shoe as Memento of Exhibition of Presence of Mind.

Chicago.—Miss Edith Simmons has a little shoe, crushed into a shapeless mass of leather, that she can, if asked, exhibit as a memento of her one narrow escape from death and her greatest exhibition of presence of mind. She intends to keep the shoe all of her life, and if ever she is in danger of losing courage she will think of the shoe and is certain she will get out of any tight place all right.

The shoe met the fate that would have been Miss Simmons' had it not been for her quick thinking. It was crushed by a flying passenger train near Waukegan.

Miss Simmons, who is only sixteen years old, told at her home of how

she escaped the grinding wheels. The story was punctuated with shudders of horror.

"I was visiting some friends in Waukegan and we decided to have a picnic in the country," she said. "After the picnic lunch I got lost from the rest of the crowd, and in searching for them tried to cross the railroad tracks."

"In some way my heel caught between the main rail and a guard rail. I had high shoes on and could not slip my foot out, so I tried for five minutes to work it loose, but I couldn't."

"Then I heard a train whistle. I looked up and only half a mile away I saw a train rushing toward me. For a second I didn't know what to do. I thought I would surely be killed. Then I forced myself to be calm, and the thought came to me, 'Unlace that shoe as quickly as you can.'

"I was frightened to death that in my haste I would get a knot in the strings, but I didn't. It didn't seem more than five seconds before I had the shoe off and had jumped over to one side of the tracks. Then the train roared by and made leather mince-meat out of the poor little shoe, just as it would have out of me."

"I'll bet that engineer never knew how near he came to running me down."

OH, THE CRUEL, CRUEL MAN

Buys Wife First Shoes in Three Years and Then He Burns Them.

Chicago.—Slowly she approached Judge La Buy's bench and gently she laid them down.

"Cremated," she moaned, as the tears coursed down her cheeks. "He did it. He burned them. I tried to save them, but as you see they are cremated."

"He," was her husband, Samuel Heap. She was Mrs. Heap of 457 North Carpenter street. The odor of burnt leather reached the judge's nose. Two pairs of charred shoes lay on his bench.

"They were the first shoes he bought me in three years," wept Mrs. Heap, "and then he came home in a surly mood and threw them in the stove."

"She told me to," interposed Heap. "If she told you to jump in the lake would you do it?" asked the court.

"Not for her, I wouldn't. I'm through with her forever and ever I'm going to get a divorce."

"But first of all you are going to the bridalwell to work out a fine of \$25 and costs," said Judge La Buy.

"Thank you," replied Heap as if he meant it.

PLAN TO TRAP "MASHERS"

New York Police Matrons Help War on Loafers of Both Sexes.

New York.—The police matrons will be sent out on detective duty, according to an announcement from police headquarters, to help enforce the new vagrancy law designed against men who annoy women on the streets. The new law places street loiterers of both sexes on the same footing. Hitherto women were subject to arrest, but men who made remarks to women on the streets were immune from arrest unless formal complaint was made by the women annoyed.

IN STERLING LIVES A GIRL

Who Suffered As Many Girls Do—Tells How She Found Relief.

Sterling, Conn.—"I am a girl of 22 years and I used to faint away every month and was very weak. I was also bothered a lot with female weakness. I read your little book 'Wisdom for Women,' and I saw how others had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and decided to try it, and it has made me feel like a new girl and I am now relieved of all these troubles. I hope all young girls will get relief as I have. I never felt better in my life."—Mrs. JOHN TETREAULT, Box 116, Sterling, Conn.



Massena, N. Y.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I highly recommend it. If anyone wants to write to me I will gladly tell her about my case. I was certainly in a bad condition as my blood was all turning to water. I had pimples on my face and a bad color, and for five years I had been troubled with suppression. The doctors called it 'Anemia and Exhaustion,' and said I was all run down, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought me out all right."—Miss LAVISA MYRES, Box 74, Massena, N. Y.

Young Girls, Heed This Advice.

Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, headache, dizziness, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should immediately seek restoration to health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



Small text describing the benefits of the pills.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit. Keeps the hair clean and healthy. For restoring color and beauty to gray or faded hair. 50c and \$1.00 at druggists.

Careful Housewife.

Mr. Umson—Hurry, Mary, or we'll be late for the play.

His Wife—But I can't leave the house mussed up like this.

Mr. Umson—Who is going to see it while we are away?

His Wife—It's hard to tell; a burglar might break in.—Judge.

PREMATURE BALDNESS

Due to Dandruff and Irritation, Prevented by Cuticura.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Daily shampoos with Cuticura Soap and occasional applications of Cuticura Ointment gently rubbed into the scalp skin will do much to promote hair-growing conditions.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

As a matter of fact, the divorce suit of one of her friends usually interests a woman more than her own married life does.

Why That Lame Back?

Morning lameness, sharp twinges when stooping, or a dull, all-day backache; each is cause enough to suspect kidney trouble. Get after the cause. Help the kidneys. We Americans overdo, overeat and neglect our sleep and exercise, and so we are becoming a nation of kidney sufferers. 72% more deaths from kidney disease than in 1890, is the story told by the 1910 census. If annoyed with a bad back and irregular kidney action, modify the bad habits and use Doan's Kidney Pills.

A Nebraska Case

P. D. Gushard, carpenter, 828 N. 16th St., Lincoln, Neb., 84 years: "My kidneys were weak and I had to get up often at night to pass the secretions. I had rheumatic pains in my limbs and the kidneys were painful in passage. Doan's Kidney Pills strengthened my kidneys and corrected all the ailments. I never used a better kidney medicine."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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