

# The RED MIST

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

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### SYNOPSIS.

Confederate Sergeant Wyatt is sent as a spy to his native county on the Green Briar. He meets a mountaineer named Jim Taylor. At a house beyond Hot Springs they meet Major Harwood. Wyatt is sent to bed. He becomes suspicious, and finds that Taylor has murdered Harwood and escaped. Wyatt changes to U. S. uniform, and to a detachment of Federal cavalry identifies himself as Lieutenant Raymond. Parson Nichols comes to the Green Briar country and goes to Harwood's home, where he finds Noreen Harwood. He introduces himself as Lieutenant Raymond. Parson Nichols comes to the house and tells Noreen of her father's death. Wyatt forces Parson Nichols to confess that he has been sent in advance of Anse Cowan, who proposes to marry Noreen at once, and so quiet title to the land in dispute between the Cowans and Noreen's dead father. Anse Cowan and his gang arrive and find the preacher bound in a closet. Wyatt and Noreen have concealed themselves in the attic.

### CHAPTER X—Continued.

I was obliged to loosen it by the insertion of my knife blade, yet the clamp yielded with but little noise, and I peered eagerly down the opening. There was a lamp burning in the lower hall, the reflection sufficiently bright to reveal the general situation. No men were visible, nor did I hear any voices in conversation. One thing was certain—the upper hall was completely deserted, for I could see along its entire length. I lifted my head, and glanced back to where the girl remained silent, and motionless. My eyes, long accustomed to the darkness, could distinguish her outline, even the dim contour of her face. She sat upright on the rough flooring, apparently regarding me intently.

"Do you find the way left clear?"  
"So far as the upper hall is concerned—yes. There is a light burning below, although I can perceive no movement. They may be in the dining room, but I do not believe they will search up here again."

"No?" The slight rising inflection stung me. What did her action mean? Why should she so suddenly assume that tone with me? The sooner I knew the better.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Harwood," I said quietly, "but I fail to understand why you should speak to me in this manner. You have shown confidence, trust, in my former efforts to serve you, and I am just as eager now to be of service."

"You mean you wish me to have complete confidence in you?"  
"Certainly. I can do nothing otherwise."

There was an instant of silence, in which her breathing was plainly audible. Beneath the shadow of an uplifted hand I felt that her eyes were upon my face.

"Very well, then," she said finally, her voice more expressive of interest. "It is surely no more than natural that I should desire to know whom I have the honor of talking with."

"But do you not know?"  
"No," firmly and decisively. "You heard what those men said—yet you go on pretending to me. You are the officer they referred to, are you not?"

"Yes; I escaped when Fox's command was attacked."

"You were an officer in Captain Fox's troop?"

"No; I joined him by accident at Hot Springs."

"Under what name?"

"The utter uselessness of attempting to lie was apparent. Her questions were too direct, too straightforward, for any further evasion. The slightest quibbling now would cost me her friendship forever. If I hesitated, it was scarcely noticeable."

"Under the name," I replied quietly, "of Charles H. Raymond, Lieutenant Third U. S. Cavalry, on recruiting service."

"Oh!" the exclamation burst forth in surprise at my frank avowal. "Then you did not make that up merely to deceive me? You had been passing under that name with others. You had taken it for a distinct purpose—a military purpose?"

"I took it," I said slowly, and deliberately, my eyes looking steadily at her, "because I knew such a Federal officer had been detailed to service in this neighborhood. If I have taken my life in my hands to serve the cause of the South, it was in obedience to the orders of my superiors."

"Whose orders?"

"General Jackson directly; although Robert E. Lee was present, and gave final instructions."

Her hands concealed her face, and I could judge nothing as to its expression; whether, or not, my words had any weight with her. She sat motionless, bent slightly forward. At last she said slowly:

"I—I know enough of—of army life to be aware that men are not ordered to such hazardous work—they are asked to volunteer. Only a brave man would assume such a risk; only a man who believed in himself, and his cause. I—I like you better because you have told me. I believe you are honest with me now. I did not know what to do, or what to say before. I knew you were not Raymond, and that you were acting a lie—but could not guess your purpose. What made it harder to understand," her voice hesi-

tating slightly, "arose because there was something about you so oddly familiar; I—I felt that I ought to recognize your face; that somewhere we had met before—have we?"

"Yes, Miss Noreen; I am Tom Wyatt."

"Why! Why, of course!" the swift expression was one of intense relief. "How stupid of me! Oh, I am so glad that I know." To my surprise she held out both hands impulsively. "Your being a spy doesn't make any difference now that I know who you really are. It is no wonder I did not recognize you—why you were only a boy—"

"Not when you rode by my mother and me on the pike."

"A year ago? I remember; yet I hardly caught a glimpse of you through the dust. You were just a boy when you were here last. Why you had long curls."

"And thought Noreen Harwood the most beautiful little girl I had ever seen."

"Why you—you are in even greater danger than I."

"Oh, no; from all I have seen and heard the Cowans must be in sympathy with the South, or they never would have made the attack on Fox's party, or held Lieutenant Raymond prisoner. I had considered going direct to Anse, revealing my identity, and demanding protection."

Her hands grasped my sleeves.

"No, not that! You do not understand, Tom Wyatt. These men care nothing for the issues of the war. They merely use them to cover up their own lawless deeds, and to assist in working out schemes of revenge. They are neither Federal, nor Confederate; they are robbers, murderers, and thieves. Is Anse Cowan here tonight for any purpose but his own? You realize what that purpose is."

"I have heard enough to make me certain," I answered. "He would force you into marriage to thus gain control of this property. The killing of Major Harwood was part of the plan."

"You know then of my father's death? You know that report to be true? Why, you said you were with Captain Fox at Hot Springs! Is it so?"

"Yes, Miss Noreen, it is true. I saw your father's body, and that of his servant Tom. I came across the mountains with the man who killed them both. I supposed him to be a scout. He called himself Jim Taylor, and when they first met your father addressed him by that name. They met by appointment at a house a mile south of Hot Springs. Your father said nothing to you of such a man?"

"No; I saw him but for a moment as he passed through Lewisburg on his way east. He was to meet a scout beyond the mountains, but no name was mentioned. What did the man Taylor look like?"

"I described him to Captain Fox, and one of his men, a sergeant, instantly pronounced the fellow to be old Ned Cowan."

"Ned Cowan? Why, that could not be! My father would never have an appointment alone with him. They have been deadly enemies for years."

"That may be true, Miss Noreen. I can only tell you what little I know. Your father might have been deceived; drawn into a trap. He was there apparently by appointment to confer with a man known to him as Taylor. Who Taylor really was I cannot say—"

"But he was an enemy, not a friend, of Major Harwood, I do not insist that the fellow was Ned Cowan, but I am sure he belonged to the gang. We trailed him nearly to New River, and had gone into camp amid the mountains when the Cowans attacked us. In my judgment the killing of your father, and the raid on this house tonight, form part of the same plan."

"I do not think she was crying, although her face was buried in her hands. I turned my eyes away, down



There Was the Sound of Chairs Being Pushed Hastily Back.

through the scuttle hole, but nothing moved along the hall below. The house seemed absolutely deserted, but the lamp continued to burn, and yet, even as I felt the strangeness of such intense silence, a door slammed somewhere in the distance, and a gruff voice spoke.

### CHAPTER XI.

Waiting the Next Move.  
"Anse—Kelly, are either of you there?"

There was the sound of chairs being pushed hastily back from a table, and rapid steps on the floor.

"Yes; what's wrong? Have you found something?"

"Sure; Bill an' I saw them; they were a tryin' ter git the boss; but afore either of us could fire, they sorter slipped 'long back o' ther fence, an' got away. It's darke'n' hell out thar, an' Bill sed fer me ter cum in yere an' tell yer that if you 'en Kelly wud cut across the road, an' sorter head the cusses off we'd bag the two easy."

"What's the rest of ther boys?"  
"Ridin' the Lewisburg pike accordin' ter orders, I reckon. Leastwise we ain't seen 'em since yer tol' us ter watch ther stable. Bill an' I can't round them up alone."

"All right, Dave. Where are they now?"

"In ther orchard, a creepin' 'long the fence. Bill's followin' 'em up, an' all you got ter do is run 'long the road an' git ter the corner ahead o' 'em. They can't go no other way."

I caught a glimpse of the two as they crossed the lower hall hurriedly. The lamp flickered in the draft of the opened door, and one fellow swore roughly, as he stumbled over some obstacle. Then the door closed, and the flame steadied. In the silence we could hear again the beating of rain on the roof over head.

"Who do you suppose they could have seen?" she asked.

"Shadows likely enough. Let them hunt. We know now the house is deserted, and can find more comfortable quarters—perhaps even slip away before anyone returns. You will go with me?"

"Of course; I am not afraid of Tom Wyatt."

We passed the ladder down slowly, and carefully, until the lower end rested securely on the floor below. If Nichols had recovered from the effect of the severe blow, he had made no sound, and I had almost forgotten his presence. I drew back, and permitted the lady to descend first, holding the upper supports firmly until her feet touched the floor. It was a struggle for me to force my larger bulk through the narrow opening, but I succeeded finally, and stood beside her. In the brighter light I could perceive more clearly the expression of the girl's face, realized the friendliness of her eyes. My frank confession had won me her confidence; no matter where her sympathy might be in this war struggle my allegiance to the cause of the South was no serious barrier between us; even the fact that I was masquerading there in a stolen uniform and under an assumed name, had not greatly changed her trust in an old playmate. My heart beat faster to this knowledge, yet, in some way, although I rejoiced, the recognition brought with it a strange embarrassment.

"It sounds as though the storm was harder than ever," she said. "Where shall we go?"

"My choice would be to hide in one of these rooms, for the present, at least. We could scarcely hope to get the horse out of the stable unseen, and, even if we did, we would be likely to ride into some of the gang."

"But they will return to the house."

"Before they leave—yes; but it is hardly probable they will search up here again. Anse will be in ill-humor enough when he decides we have really escaped, but will never imagine that our hiding place is in the house. They will give up by daylight, and then the way will be clear."

"And where will you go?"

"Why," in surprise. "I could not leave you alone until I placed you in the care of friends."

"At Lewisburg, you mean?"

"If that is where you wish to go."

Her eyes met mine frankly, but with an expression in their depths I failed to fathom.

"Not wearing that uniform," she said quietly, "or under the name of Lieutenant Raymond. Do not misunderstand. There is friendship between us—personal friendship, the memory of the past, a knowledge of the intimacy between your father and mine. More, I am grateful to you for the service you have been to me this night; nor do I hold it against you that you risk your life in the cause for which you fight. But I am Union, Tom Wyatt, and I cannot help you in your work, nor protect you. When daylight comes I am going to say good-by—and forget that I have even seen you."

"But," I protested, "why could we not part, if we must, at Lewisburg, after I know you are safe?"

"There are Federal troops at Lewisburg. They know me, and their commander is aware of my acquaintance with the officer whose name you have assumed."

"Yet, in a measure, at least, you trust me? I want you to consider me a personal friend."

"Why I do," her eyes opening widely. "It is for your own protection I refuse your escort to Lewisburg. I am a traitor to my flag not to take you there, and surrender you a prisoner. If—if I did not care I would. Hark! That was a shot!"

"Yes, and another; they sound to the west of the house."

"In the orchard, beyond the stable.

Can there really be someone hiding there?"  
"They are certainly firing at something—there speaks another rifle farther south. Those fellows will be back presently, and we must be out of their way. What room is that beyond the chimney?"

"It was used by the housekeeper. Do you know where Parson Nichols was left?"

"In the room at the head of the stairs; why yes, your room. Could they have killed the man?"

I pushed open the door, which stood slightly ajar, and looked in. Nichols had partially lifted himself by clinging to the bed, and his eyes met mine. The marks of the savage blow with which Cowan had floored him, were plainly evident, and the man appeared weak and dazed. Yet he instantly recognized me, and crouched back in terror. I stepped into the room, and gripped his collar.

"Stand on your feet, man! Oh, yes, you can; you're a little groggy yet, no doubt, but with strength enough for that. Come; I'll hold you. Now, out



I Flung Him Down on the Bed.

into the hall. Miss Harwood, may I trouble you to open that door—yes, the housekeeper's room; we'll hide ourselves in there. By Jove, that sounds like a regular volley!"

I pushed the man forward, and flung him down on the bed, still retaining my grip on his collar.

"Not a move, or a sound, Nichols! Attempt to betray us, and your life is not worth the snap of a finger. Miss Harwood close the door, and lock it."

The same instant a vivid flash of red lit up the whole interior, the light glaring in through the unshaded windows, and reflecting from the walls. Nichols started up with a little cry of terror, but I forced him back.

"It is not the house," I said sternly. "They must have fired the stable. Keep down out of sight. Miss Noreen, creep across to that nearest window and take a glance out—be careful that no one sees you. I'll keep guard over our preacher friend."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### TAKE PRIDE IN NORSE ORIGIN

Natives of Orkney Islands Refuse to Admit That They Are of Scottish Blood.

Miss Elinor Root, who has been visiting the little-known Orkney Islands, tells us that the natives are very proud of their Norse origin, indignantly repudiating the idea that their forebears were Scottish.

"People do not speak here with nearly so broad an accent as the people in Scotland," Miss Root remarked to her hostess, "and I notice the names do not sound Scotch—Cutie, Twatt, Flett, Cursitor, and so on. How is that?"

My hostess stiffened visibly.

"They are not Scotch. We are not Scotch. We did not come from Scotland. Have ye never heard of the Norsemen from beyond the seas? We are the descendants of them. We are not of Scotch blood. Ye do not call the Irish English; ye're not to call us Scotch!"

"I beg your pardon," I returned humbly, and to change the subject, plunged into the theme of afforestation. The venture was an unfortunate one, as trees refuse to grow in the islands.

"Trees spoil the scenery," declared my hostess. "We would not have them if we could. If ye go to the southland, ye cannot see anything of the scenery for the trees. We like to see scenery—Lippincott's Magazine."

### Battle Famous in History.

The capture of Warsaw antedated by a day another historic anniversary in German history, the battle of Woerth, August 6, 1870. Here the French under Marshal McMahon, fresh from their defeat by the Prussians at Weissenburg, ten miles away, were again overwhelmed by the victorious Germans. The fiercest fighting occurred in the village of Freschweiler, which had to be stormed, the struggle in the streets being of the most desperate character as the Prussians were judged by the fact that the Prussian loss was 10,000 and the French 8,000 with 9,000 prisoners.

### Just Picks the Kind-Hearted.

"George, you're always happy and smiling. Is everybody good to you?"  
"No, I wouldn't jes' say dat, boss. Dere's some pow'ful mean folks in dis worl', but when I discover 'em I jes' nacherally don' sociate wif 'em."—Detroit Free Press.

## INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course, the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

### LESSON FOR OCTOBER 24

#### ELISHA'S HEAVENLY DEFENDERS.

LESSON TEXT—II Kings 6:8-23.  
GOLDEN TEXT—The angel of Jehovah encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Isa. 34:7.

A map is useful in teaching this lesson. The events occurred during the revolution which resulted in the extermination of Jezebel and her brood. Dothan, a small walled town, was about ten miles north and slightly east of Samaria, the capital of Israel, and in history is connected with Joseph (Gen. 37). Damascus was the capital of Syria.

I. Danger, vv. 8-13. Jehoram, king of Israel, cleaved to the sins of Jeroboam and of Ahab, his father. In Judah, Jehoram, the son of Jehoshaphat, married Athaliah, the daughter of Ahab and Jezebel. General Jehu, famous for his driving, was soon to become king of Israel. The king of Assyria, being otherwise engaged, allowed Syria, the constant enemy of Israel, to make a fresh attack unhindered (v. 8). Elisha, the patriot, the "man of God," proves to be Israel's real safety. Elisha has not left us great revelations like Isaiah and other prophets, but he knew from day to day God's will, and he has power with him so that he could warn his people of impending danger. He had what the king and the people both lacked, a vision of God. He saw the needs and dangers, but also the resources at his command. Thus he delivered Israel many times (v. 10). We, too, are thus frequently delivered, let us praise God. The underlying reason for Israel's danger was its neglect of the word of God, and the same can be said as explaining the defeat of the Syrians. True patriotism combines vision and warning. The king of Syria, like countless other despots, knew not friend from foe, but evidently he had one retainer who told him the truth (v. 12). Some have suggested that this was Naaman; perhaps it was a captive Israelite. In either case it suggests God's knowledge of us. (See Ps 139:1-10.)

II. Defense, vv. 14-18. It was not a mere guerrilla detachment sent to Dothan to capture Elisha before making the main attack upon Samaria, but a well-officerd army. Elisha meant more to them than did the king of Israel. The servant of Elisha had risen early and saw only the hills surrounding Dothan, upon which was "a host with horses and chariots round about the city" (v. 15), and in consternation he exclaims: "Alas, my master, how shall we do?" Again we are impressed with the vision of Elisha and the lack of it on the servant's part. Elisha saw what the servant could not see; walking by faith he was not affrighted (John 14:1, Phil. 4: 6, 7; Isa. 12:2; Ps. 56:3). In response to Elisha's prayer the servant's eyes were opened, yet he was not one whit more safe than before (v. 17). It is a striking contrast here with the Elisha of chapter 2:10. It is a suggestion of the Christian anointed by the Holy Spirit and that of the saved sinner before that experience. Our eyes need to be opened to see that "they that be with us are more than they that be with them" (v. 16).

III. Deliverance, vv. 19-23. In the first section we are taught the danger of a lack of vision. In the second section the emphasis is upon the need of a vision, whereas in this there is presented the use of a vision. To crystallize vision into experience is a difficult task for us all. Elisha prayed Jehovah, for whom he was acting, to smite the Syrians with blindness. This was not for vengeance, but (a) to teach the Syrians who the true God is (b), to lead Jehoram, the king, to go to Jehovah for help, and (c) to deliver the people from the raids of the Syrians. This word "blindness" (v. 18) conveys the idea of dazzling, visual bewilderment, hallucination and not of total loss of sight, thus making it easy for Elisha to lead them as he willed (v. 19). Mentally bewildered as a result of their physical ailment they failed to recognize the prophet. He did not deceive them, for they at last "found him" when he led them into Samaria and once more they could see. Within the walls of Samaria Elisha's prayer is again answered, their sight restored (v. 20) and they find themselves at the mercy of Israel's king. The older and wiser man Elisha, forbids the younger, the king, to use his advantage (vv. 21-22), but rather to heap coals of fire upon their heads by setting before them food (Rom. 12: 20, 21); within his power, such acts could not be attributed to fear.

There are here presented three principal lessons.

(1) The foolishness of seeking to circumvent God or of thwarting his purposes.

(2) The protecting care God is constantly exercising over those who put their trust in him, and in his boundless resources.

(3) The lesson of making the right use of prayer and the answers which we receive, and to be magnanimous to our enemies.

God honored Elisha's prayer because Elisha acted according to God's Word (I John 3:22; Prov. 28:9).

## Uncle Sam Opens Fort Berthold (North Dakota) Reservation Lands!

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Send now for Fort Berthold Circular

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### POOR SUBSTITUTE FOR KISS

New York Comic Journal Evidently Thinks Little of the New "Pat-Pat" Idea.

On the basis of a Huntington, W. Va., dispatch, describing Dr. E. W. Grover's recommendation of the "pat-pat" as a substitute for the unhygienic kiss, Puck submits a few modifications of current literature to suit, as follows:

He planted a passionate pat-pat upon her upturned cheek . . .  
Gwendolyn stood demurely under the mistletoe, and in another instant Clarence had deftly pat-patted her.

"How dare you pat-pat me, sir!" she cried. . .  
"It is useless for you to struggle, my proud beauty," he hissed.

Seizing her roughly, Dalton pushed the glorious head back, back, BACK, and leered into the frightened eyes.

"I am going to pat-pat you; do you hear, girl? To pat-pat you!" he cried. . .  
"And now, gentlemen," said Terence, our guide, "would any of 'em loike to pat-pat the Blarney Stone?"

What Kept Him Busy.  
"I suppose you are well posted of the subject of sun spots, aren't you?" suggested the lady.

"Well, really, I can't say that I am. It takes so much of my time looking after the spots on my only suit of clothes."

Technical.  
"I have just received word," said the clerk to the telephone company, "that a man has been caught holding \$1,000 embezzled from us. What reply shall I send?"

"Tell him to hang up the receiver," said the president.

Coming and Going.  
"Do you have any trouble getting servants out where you live?"  
"Not a bit. We've had eight in 'em last three months."

HARD ON CHILDREN  
When Teacher Has Coffee Habit.

"Best is best, and best will ever live." When a person feels this way about Postum they are glad to give testimony for the benefit of others.

A school teacher down in Miss. says: "I had been a coffee drinker since my childhood, and the last few years it had injured me seriously."

"One cup of coffee taken at breakfast would cause me to become so nervous that I could scarcely go through with the day's duties, and this nervousness was often accompanied by deep depression of spirits and heart palpitation."

"I am a teacher by profession, and when under the influence of coffee had to struggle against crossness when in the school room."

"When talking this over with my physician, he suggested that I try Postum, so I purchased a package and made it carefully according to directions; found it excellent of flavour, and nourishing."

"In a short time I noticed very gratifying effects. My nervousness disappeared, I was not irritated by my pupils, life seemed full of sunshine, and my heart troubled me no longer."

"I attribute my change in health and spirits to Postum alone."  
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.  
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Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.  
"There's a Reason" for Postum.  
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