

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 River. He meets a mountaineer named Tom Taylor. At a house beyond Hot Springs they meet Major Harwood Taylor, who is a spy. Harwood and Wyatt change to U. S. uniforms, and Wyatt goes to the Green River 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 Wyatt forces him 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. Wyatt tells Noreen who he is. They force the preacher to silence. Unable to escape while the gang is on the first floor and around the house, Wyatt proposes to marry Noreen and protect her from Cowan. She accepts and Wyatt forces the preacher to marry them. Cowan's gang is driven off by Federal troops, one of whose officers is the real Lieutenant Raymond. Wyatt is trapped, though Noreen attempts to defend him. Wyatt is taken to Lewisburg for trial as a spy. The camp commandant and Captain Fox visit Wyatt in his cell in the courthouse basement. He refuses clemency in return for information, and uses his boyhood's knowledge of the building to escape to the attic and thence to the sheriff's office by means of a disused, old-fashioned chimney. He washes off the soot and changes clothes in the deserted washroom, and reencounters. He surprises Raymond and the camp commandant.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I Make Two Prisoners.

I saw him stare, open-mouthed, as though at a ghost. There was a startled look in his face, but no recognition. The same swift glimpse had revealed to me a discarded belt on the end of the desk, in which glittered the pearl handle of a revolver. With one step forward I had the weapon in my possession, and sprang between both men and the door.

"Not a single move, gentlemen!" I commanded crisply, yet not venturing to speak aloud, for fear of a guard outside. "Lieutenant, place your gun on the desk!"

He had it half drawn, but my weapon was aimed straight at his head.

"What the hell!" he sputtered. "Never mind! Do as I say first, and then ask questions—take it by the barrel; now slide it across to me."

My eyes glanced aside at the face of the other, who was looking up, scarcely comprehending even yet what had occurred, and recognized Colonel Pickney. So I had blindly strayed into headquarters! Raymond gasped like a fish out of water, and the faded features of the colonel expressed a chagrin too deep for words. I thought he would explode, he sputtered so before he could give vocal utterance to his discovery.

"By G—, it's that d—n spy!" "What!" and the lieutenant took a step forward, only to shrink back as my revolver came to a level.

"Any noise either of you make will be the last sound you'll utter in this world. Lieutenant Raymond, I will trouble you to step around back of the desk—no, the other way; I advise you not to be tricky. Colonel Pickney, sit up in your chair, and put your hands behind you in through the openings in the chair back. Oh, yes, you will! Don't be a fool, man! What is this—a hair trigger?"

I never saw anyone more thoroughly angry; he would have killed me with the utmost pleasure, and, indeed, for a instant, I expected him to actually make the attempt. But my eyes glared into his, and the man was not insane. Slowly, reluctantly, as though actually forced into the action, his arms were thrust backward into a posture of helplessness. His lips sputtered, but he could not even swear.

"Now, Raymond, take that belt and blind him." I commanded sternly. "Go to it, and be quick. Remember I have a gun in each hand. That's it—now catch the buckle."

Pickney choked with rage to which he dare not give vent, and the hands of the lieutenant shook as though from chill. His face was so white I began to think the fellow had a streak of cowardice in him, but his very fear might give him recklessness. I shoved the muzzle of a revolver against his coat.

"Now this other around his legs; strap him tight to the chair. Very good, indeed; you are learning your trade."

I tested the taut leather with one hand.

"That will hold you, colonel, all but your mouth, and I hope you have enough sense left to guard that yourself. Raymond," and my glance swept the walls of the room hastily. "I regret troubling you so much; it is like adding insult to injury—but would you reach me those overalls hanging on the hook behind you? Thank you; now turn that chair, so the back will be this way, and—sit down."

He knew what I meant, and there was an ugly look in his eyes, but I gave him no time for action. I gripped him by the collar, twisting my knuckles into his throat, and thrust him down into the chair seat with a violence which caused the fellow to gasp for breath.

"You move when I speak!" I said threateningly. "This is no boy's play. Now put your hands back—oh, farther than that; cross them over each other. Come, do you feel the steel? I do not

like you any too well, Raymond; I know your treachery."

"I did nothing against you," he protested, wriggling about to gain glimpse of my face. "I had no authority here—"

"No, but you had influence, and used it against me. I got the story straight enough, and can guess the reason. Sit back straighter; there, I reckon that will hold."

I stood off and looked at the two of them, surprised at the ease with which I had accomplished the result, but entirely at sea as to my next movement. No plan, no hopeful possibility, occurred to me; I could but stare vacantly at my two prisoners, and about at the walls of the room. Raymond was jammed back into one corner farthest from the door, his face white, every bit of nerve gone, and a red welt showing where my grip had contracted the flesh. The fellow actually looked pitiful he was so completely cowed. But Pickney was of a different kidney. He sat glaring angrily at me across the table, with face red as the rising sun, straining at the tough leather, his lips muttering incoherent threats of vengeance.

"I'll get you yet, you d—d rascal," I heard him growl, "and stretch your neck without any trial."

"And I'll gag that mouth of yours," I answered, "and keep it still for awhile. Oh, yes, you'll open up, my man! I know a trick that will make you bite the tighter I pull the cord. How about you, lieutenant? Would you like a dose of the same medicine?"

I stepped across to him, a strip of cloth in my hand, but just at that instant the latch of the door rattled as though a hand without gripped it. I had barely time in which to leap back against the wall, hidden from view, when the door opened inward. All I saw was the glimpse of a man's hand and sleeve. The fellow must have perceived nothing to alarm him, for he merely held the door ajar.

"A lady to see the colonel," he announced briefly. "Just step in, miss."

I saw her advance two steps, and then stop motionless, with half-suppressed cry of surprise. The sentry could not have heard the slight exclamation, for he closed the door, the



"You!" She exclaimed. "You here, and free!"

latch clicking sharply. Her eyes opened wide, staring first at the colonel, then at Raymond, so startled at the discovery of their predicament as to be dazed. I took a step forward, and the swift light of recognition leaped into her eyes, as she leaned forward to scan me more closely in the dim light of the single lamp. I could not tell, I could not be sure, yet I thought the expression on her face was one of relief, of rejoicing.

"You!" she exclaimed, as though not yet half convinced of the truth. "You here—and free! What—what have you done to these men?"

I laughed lightly, so relieved by her reception as to feel a new man.

"Merely turned the tables; this time luck was on my side, and neither gentleman seemed eager to prove a hero. As you perceive, they are like lambs." They hardly looked it, for if ever murder glared unconcealed in the eyes of men, it did then; but they were helpless to move or express themselves—at least the colonel was, although he struggled fiercely. The younger officer made no attempt, his thin lips drawn back in a cruel snarl. I was certain there was a swift gleam of amusement in the girl's eyes, but it passed quickly as her glance again met mine.

"But you? Tell me; I must understand in order to know what to do. How did you come here?"

"From the big chimney. I had no suspicion this room was occupied, until I came face to face with these men. But they were more surprised even than I got the guns first, and that ended it; but I cannot hold you that way."

"There is no necessity."

"No!" I could not keep the joyous note out of my voice. "You mean—"

"Merely that I came here seeking your release, or rather to urge that you be given a trial at Charleston. It is scarcely likely under all conditions that I will prevent your escape, or attempt to do so. You saved me from a fate worse than death, and were captured while endeavoring to serve me. Surely you did not suppose I had forgotten? You received my message?"

"Yes, and was most thankful for it. I confess I had doubted before."

"I read your thoughts in your face; that was one reason why I wished to reassure you. I could not be ungrateful."

"She glanced across the room, and began again as though anxious to get upon another topic. "I—I requested Lieutenant Raymond to intercede in your behalf, and he pledged me his word to do so. Less than an hour ago I learned he was exerting his influence with Colonel Pickney against my wishes. I determined to come here in person and learn the truth. Have you any explanation, Lieutenant Raymond?"

"The fellow is a self-confessed spy," he asserted hoarsely. "There was nothing I could say to save him."

"Lieutenant, I made no request that you would interpose to save this man from his just fate under military law. My father was a soldier, and I know a soldier's duty. All I asked was that he be sent to Charleston, to the head quarters of this department, where he could have an impartial trial. If you had so advised Colonel Pickney, that would have been done. He would have gladly shifted the responsibility elsewhere. Now the full burden of decision falls on me. I must choose between two duties—my loyalty to the Union or to my husband."

Raymond certainly was no more startled than I at this avowal, perhaps less so, for although the words choked in his throat, he managed to give them utterance.

"Your husband? Good God! Do you mean to say you are married to this fellow?"

"I not only mean it," she said calmly, "but I have the proof with me. I tell you the fact merely to justify my action, for I intend to save him if I can. I wish Colonel Pickney to know why I do this—what conditions justify me in so rebellious a course. This man does not deserve death; he was captured while defending me from insult, and he is my husband. I should be unworthy the name of woman if I did not aid his escape."

She turned to me, her eyes eager. "Tom, you must do just as I say."

CHAPTER XIX.

The Lady Chooses.

She came across toward me, her back to the others, and spoke swiftly, yet in a low voice which did not carry to their ears.

"There is only one way possible for you to pass out of this building and through the camp safely. There are guards everywhere, and the orders are very strict; but I think we can go together. I know the countersign—Captain Fox is officer of the day, and trusted me with it. If—if you only had a uniform! Where is the one you wore?"

"My trip through the chimney left that in rags," I answered, impressed by her earnestness, and getting my wits together.

She glanced about the walls of the room, a frown between her eyes. "Then we must forage from the enemy," with a little, nervous laugh. "You would never pass the sentry in the corridor wearing that suit. You will have to take the lieutenant's coat and cap. Be quick about it—and you need not be particularly gentle on my account."

"Nor on my own, either—Fox informed me of what he told you."

I was not long about the job, nor did Raymond make any resistance to the exchange forced upon him. I took no chances, binding him with greater care than before, and fitting a gag into his mouth to silence any possible cry for help. Noreen stood close to the door, apparently listening for some noise without, yet occasionally directing her glance toward us anxiously.

"Are you ready?" she asked in a low whisper.

"Yes; but tell me your plan. I need to know what character I am to enact—Raymond?"

"Not at first; not in the hall. That would be useless, as there is a light burning. Listen," and she grasped my sleeve in both hands in her eagerness to explain. "There is a sentry stationed outside this door—the colonel's orderly, I presume, but fully armed, and two others at the front entrance. These are twenty or thirty feet away, and out of sight from this door. I am not particularly afraid of passing them."

"It's the fellow stationed here?"

"Yes; he will be suspicious of a stranger coming out with me, for he has seen everyone who came in."

"There is only one course to pursue, then. We must trust to force, and a quick assault which will give the fellow no time to raise an alarm. You go out alone, leaving the door slightly ajar, and engage him in conversation. Did he appear to be genial when you met him before?"

"Yes, rather eager to talk—a young man."

"Good; then you can gain his attention for a moment. Stand so that his back will be to the door."

"You are not going to kill him?"

"There will be no necessity; once I get my grip the affair will be over—my understanding?"

Her lips were firmly set, her eyes gravely earnest. The light fell full on her face. I could not refrain from touching her hand.

"You will let me thank you!" "Please do not speak of that—every moment now means so much. Yes, I understand perfectly; shall I go now?"

I nodded. Drawing slightly back behind the door, I thrust both revolvers into the belt I had retained; this was to be an affair of bare hands—swift, merciless, noiseless.

She grasped the latch, lifted her eyes to mine for a bare instant, then stepped out into the hall, her lips smiling, as she paused a moment to glance backward into the room.

"Very well, colonel; I shall certainly take her your message," she said gaily, "and I thank you so much."

Her fingers released the latch, leaving the door standing ajar.

"Oh, sentry," she said pleasantly, but with guarded voice, "I know it is perfectly ridiculous, but a strand of hair has become entangled in this clasp. Would you kindly see if you can free it?"

"Certainly, miss."

I heard him set down his musket against the wall, and step forward. "On the other side," she suggested. "If you turn this way you will get the benefit of the light; it is caught in those crossed sabers, I think."

She stepped back as I gripped him, steady the musket to keep it from being jarred to the floor. A gasp, and



She Stepped Back as I Gripped Him.

one convulsive effort to break loose; but with the first jerk backward I had him off his feet, helpless, my arm circling his throat, holding him in a vise. I dragged him forward through the door, and flung him to the floor face downward.

"Not a cry, son," I commanded sternly. "I'll not shoot unless I have to. Hand me the rope cord in that upper desk drawer, Noreen; yes, that's it. Now, Jack, put your hands behind you! Rather a surprise party, wasn't it?"

The fellow stared up at me, and grinned. "You sure did put it over me that time," he admitted, a touch of genuine admiration in his voice. "Who are yer, may I ask?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONLY SURE CURE FOR COLDS

London Newspaper Asserts That Evil Must Be Fought With Practically Its Own Weapons.

Doctor Johnson, knowing nothing of microbes, thought he had crushed the story of the cold that strangers bring to St. Kilda by asking: "How can there be a physical effect without a physical cause?" Then he proceeded to make merry. The arrival of a ship full of strangers, he laughingly supposed, would kill the inhabitants of the island; "for if one stranger gives them one cold, two strangers must give them two colds, and so in proportion." In vain did believers in the story argue that it was annually proved upon the arrival of the owner's steward, which always resulted in a cold for all the islanders.

"The steward," replied Johnson, "always comes to demand something from them; and so they fall a-coughing."

The proper cure for a cold, which always seems to have baffled the doctors, is—cold—on the principle of homeopathy. The only sailors in the Crimean days who escaped sore throats were those who could not get muffled. The members of the Scott expedition never got a "cold" until they had left the frozen Antarctic and reached civilization. We should establish the refrigerating chamber as antiphon to the Turkish bath for cure of colds.—London Chronicle.

Beggars' Paradise. In China begging is in the nature of an art, and the various sorts of supplicants have been classified, until now it is known that there are at least thirty classes of traveling mendicants.

The passenger boats know them and do not attempt to collect passage money, for they sleep on the open deck, and, curiously enough, pay for whatever rice they require. This being the case, rather than have any trouble with them and gain their enmity, the boatmen allow them free passage.

When they reach the city they put up at the beggar hotel near the Big Pagoda and let the beggar headman know of their arrival. Soon the regular allowance is forthcoming and the man spends a few days in pursuit of pleasure and then moves on to another place to repeat the same proceeding.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

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LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 28

AMOS, THE FEARLESS PROPHET.

LESSON TEXT—Amos 6:1-16. GOLDEN TEXT—He that hath my word let him speak my word faithfully.—Jer. 23:28.

Among the prophets Amos bulks large. His message (B. C. 787 ?) is most thoroughly modern and its application to our present day problems deserves careful consideration. Read the entire book prayerfully. Chapters 1 and 2 enumerate the sins of the nation and of Israel: 3-6 contain addresses of the prophet: 7:1-9, 10 records his visions and the conclusion, 9:11-15 is a Messianic prophecy. The modern prophet of social service and those who neglect a proper consideration of "applied Christianity," both ought to ponder well this passage.

I. Jehovah's Lamentation, vv. 1-3. The words of this lesson are those of Jehovah spoken to the house of Israel but apply to all people of all ages. Verse one is a prophecy of the master's grief over the holy city (Luke 13:34; 19:41). Outwardly rich and opulent, in Jehovah's sight the nation had already fallen (v. 2 R. V.) and there "is none (present tense) to raise her up." Israel is personified as a maiden sorely wounded. Spoken decades before, Israel did fall and has risen no more. But there is a possibility of mercy. There is here a command and a promise and those who obey the command will obtain the promise of life.

To "seek ye me" (v. 4) is to turn the face to him rather than to turn the back. It implies the forsaking of all evil thoughts, yea, our own thoughts and ways and to turn unto him who will abundantly pardon (Isa. 55:6-7; Deut. 30:28). There is life for the most outbreathing and outrageous sinner if he will seek the Lord.

II. The Prophet's Exhortation, vv. 4-9. The places mentioned in verse five had each been made sacred by God's presence and subsequently degraded by idolatry. Bethel especially so. (Gen. 12:8; 28:10-18; 1 Kings 12:29-29). These new religions and the false worshiping were beguiling even the sincere and unwary, hence the warning. We need to beware of the manifold "new cults" lest we depart from the faith of our fathers. America is today standing upon a social and religious crater in many ways similar to ancient Israel. God is either a consuming fire (Heb. 15:28-29; Mark 9:43-49) to the impenitent or else a minister of grace to those who repent. Verse seven is a suggestion regarding the rulers of that day and finds far too many counterparts in our own times. In verse 4 Jehovah exhorts the people to "seek him and live."

In verse 6 the prophet utters the same cry. Now (v. 8) the appeal is to seek him because to do so is wisdom. (a) It is he "that maketh the stars," the earth, yea, everything, and it is well to be on his side (Ps. 19). (b) He "turneth the shadow of death into morning" (R. V.) (see Ps. 30:5). Who can comprehend the vast host of his saints for whom this has been done? (c) He "maketh the day dark with the night" (R. V.). This he is doing repeatedly. The God who set the day in its turn can also turn it aside; he has done it both past and present.

III. The Word of Application, vv. 10-16. Sinners always hate the man who rebukes their sin. Scripture is not needed to prove this fact, for we see it today. We are specifically warned against the praise of the wicked (Luke 6:26) and any true and upright witness for Christ knows that he is abhorred by those whose lives are crooked. (John 3:18, 20). Verse 11 (A. V.) sounds very much like many of the strictures that are being made regarding the acts of some of the rich of today. How frequently we behold mansions built from the proceeds of oppression deserted by the ones who anticipated their occupancy. How few fortunes are really expended and enjoyed by those who make the accumulation. The manner by which we accumulate, our conduct towards the just (Acts 7:52), our acceptance of bribes, and our neglect of the needy and the poor is all known to God. (v. 12). "Therefore," even as today it is difficult and costly to get justice in our courts, even as iniquity is rapidly growing in the earth, about all the prudent man can do is to hold his peace, to wait upon God and watch for him. He it is who must call with trumpet voice (Isa. 58:1) even though he does now speak with human lips. The fourth exhortation to "seek" (v. 14) is to search after the good, though the time be an "evil one."

True goodness is to "hate evil and love the good" (Ps. 97:10; Rom. 10:9). By this test we may know if we really hate sin, if we are truly righteous. We have churches and lack reverence; we have preachers but are not sufficiently conscious of our weak morals; we hear sermons yet our faith is flabby.

We can get on without armies and navies, airships and submarines, kings and legislators, yea lacking in all of the conveniences of modern civilization, but we cannot exist, much less grow, flourish and triumph without God.

BUSINESS IN CANADA IS GOOD

Successful Crops and Big Yields Help the Railway.

The remarkable fields that are reported of the wheat crop of Western Canada for 1915 bear out the estimate of an average yield over the three western provinces of upward of 25 bushels per acre. There is no portion of that great west of 24,000 square miles in which the crop was not good and the yields abundant. An American farmer who was induced to place under cultivation land that he had been holding for five years for speculative purposes and higher prices, says that he made the price of the land out of this year's crop of oats. No doubt, others, too, who took the advice of the Department of the Interior to cultivate the unoccupied land, have done as well.

But the story of the great crop that Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta produced this year is best told in the language of the railways in the added cars that it has been necessary to place in commission, the extra trains required to be run, the increased tonnage of the grain steamers.

It is found that railway earnings continue to improve.

The C. P. R. earnings for the second week of October showed an increase of \$762,000 over last year, the total being only \$310,000 below the gross earnings of the corresponding week of 1913, when the Western wheat crop made a new record for that date. The increase in C. P. R. earnings for the corresponding week of that year was only \$351,000, or less than half of the increase reported this year. The grain movement in the West within the past two weeks has taxed the resources of the Canadian roads as never before, despite their increased facilities. The C. P. R. is handling 2,000 cars per day, a new record. The G. T. R. and the C. N. R. are also making new shipment records. The other day the W. Grant Morden, of the Canada Steamships Company, the largest freighter of the Canadian fleet on the Upper Lakes, brought down a cargo of 476,315 bushels, a new record for Canadian shipping. Records are "going by the board" in all directions this fall, due to Canada's record crop. The largest Canadian wheat movement through the port of New York ever known is reported for the period up to October 15th, when since shipments of the new crop began in August, 4,265,791 bushels have been reloaded for England, France and Italy. This is over half as much as was shipped of American wheat from the same port in the same period. And, be it remembered, Montreal, not New York, is the main export gateway for Canadian wheat. New York gets the overflow in competition with Montreal.—Advertisement.

Old Songs. "Don't you wish the good old songs could be heard again?" "Such a thing would be impossible. With Zeppelins and submarines everywhere, imagine anybody trying to arouse joyous enthusiasm by singing 'Up in a Balloon, Boys,' or 'Sailing Over the Bounding Main.'"

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletch* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

The beauty of reading a threesome book is that you can skip a few pages without realizing the difference.

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