

# The RED MIST

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

COPYRIGHT  
A. C. McCLURG & CO.

SYNOPSIS.

Confederate Sergeant Wyatt is sent as a spy to his native county on the Green Briar. He meets a mountaineer named Tom Taylor. At a house beyond Hot Springs they meet Major Harwood, Taylor's murderer. Harwood and escapes. Wyatt changes to U. S. uniform, escapes 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 Wyatt forces him to confess that he has been sent in advance of Anne Cowan, who proposes to marry Noreen at once, and so quiet the land in dispute between the Cowans and Noreen's dead father. Anne Cowan and his gang arrive. Wyatt tells Noreen who in they force the preacher to silence. Unable to escape while the gang is on the first floor are 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 using 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 mud and changes clothes in the deserted washroom and reconstitutes. He surprises Raymond and the camp commandant, holds them up, and with the assistance of Noreen, gets out of the courthouse.

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

"The spy you fellows planned to hang in the morning," I answered, amused by his unexpected good humor. "Sorry, Jack, but I'll have to say you."

"The pleasure is mine; don't mention it," he winked facetiously, with a nod of his head toward the heavily breathing colonel. I found a bit of rag over his mouth, more to give him an excuse for silence than because I had any fear he would raise an alarm. Noreen had silently opened the door, and slipped out into the corridor. With a swift glance over the three helpless men left behind, I joined her, and tightly closed the door. The light of the distant lamp revealed her face, but her eyes were serious.

"Better leave the musket leaning against the wall," I whispered, noting she still grasped the weapon. "It will only arouse suspicion. There are two guards at the front entrance?"

"Yes," she answered swiftly, "and you had better give the word. If they stop you and ask any questions, give them any name you please—only you came with dispatches from General Ramsay two hours ago, and have been with Colonel Pickney ever since. It is less than an hour since the guard was relieved, for Captain Fox left me in order to make the rounds, and these men will not know. You understand?"

"Perfectly. And the countersign?"

"Kanaawha," I hesitated, and her eyes flashed into mine. "I will go also," she said simply, "for I can guide you through the camp. Draw the cap visor lower down over your eyes—we may meet with someone who saw you brought in as a prisoner. That is better; now we will chat as we go—about—about West Point. Do you remember, lieutenant, that last cadet dance? Captain Fox tells me—"

We turned the corner into the wide entrance hall, strolling slowly side by side, her face turned upward to mine. Apparently my eyes were upon her, and I made some inane response to her words, yet I saw the sentries at the door come stiffly to attention, and then cross their musket barrels to bar our exit. I halted as though in surprise.

"Are there any new orders?" I asked in a tone of authority. "You remember passing us in, do you not?"

"We passed the lady, sir," the older man answered respectfully, "but no officer."

"Ah, yes, I see; you are not the same men who were on guard when I arrived. I am Lieutenant Mann, of General Ramsay's staff, and have been with Colonel Pickney. The lady will vouch for me."

"Yes, sir," yet with lingering doubt in his voice. "No doubt it is all right, sir; but the orders are very strict tonight. If you have not the word I shall have to call the sergeant."

"Quite right, my man; but that is not necessary," and I took a step nearer and bent my head. "Kanaawha."

The two men shouldered their muskets, and the older one brought his hand up in salute. "Pass, sir," he said soberly, and stood aside. We went down the broad steps, dimly lighted by a distant fire, my hand touching her arm. The infantry camp lay between us and the road. The campfire in front yielded just enough light to enable me to study out our surroundings. The band still played noisily in the courtroom above. The camp was quiet, the soldiers apparently sleeping on the ground. I could perceive only a few tents, showing white in the firelight, but the figures of sentries appeared here and there, slowly pacing their beats. Had I been alone I should have crept forward and endeavored to slip by unseen, but I was conscious of the hand which grasped my sleeve, and my eyes fell to her face.

"You are my guide tonight," I whispered softly. "Have you some plan already devised? There must be instant action."

"Hardly that; this has all occurred so quickly, so unexpectedly, I have had no time in which to think. Isn't it best to go straight ahead, and run the chance?"

"Past the guard yonder?"

"Yes; I am not greatly afraid of him! We have the word, and Captain Fox and I were together when I passed here before. He will remember me, and have no suspicion. Only there may be officers sitting on the veranda of the hotel."

"It looks dark and deserted from here, and the hour is late."

"True; I suppose all who are not on duty are at the dance. Besides, there is no other way in which you can attain the stables. I—I am ready to try it—are you?"

I answered with the pressure of my hand on the fingers clasping my sleeve. There was no response; neither were they withdrawn. She drew a long breath, and stepped bravely forward. The way was clear, easily followed even in the darkness, and I walked close beside her. Within a few yards of the fellow she gave vent to a little ripple of laughter, barely enough to attract attention, and again slipped her hand into the support of my arm. The soldier stood at attention, but made no effort whatever to bar our progress.

We strolled on slowly, passing directly beneath the glare of the lamp. We attempted to talk, but I retain no memory of a single word that was uttered. My heart was beating like an engine, and my throat was dry, the fingers of one hand gripping the butt of a revolver in my belt. I was dimly aware of the tremor in her voice, the pressing closer to me of her slender figure. We passed out beyond the glow of the revealing light, to where our eyes were able to sweep the darkened porch. There were a dozen chairs standing back of the rail, but none were occupied. She gave a little sob of relief, both hands nervously grasping my sleeve.

"Thank God!" she said fervently, "now if we only have five minutes more!"

CHAPTER XX.

A Step Nearer.

"The stables?" I asked. "What horses are there?"

"Officers' mounts; but there were several others tied at the hitch rail an hour ago. They appeared to be good stock; better even than the government horses."

I could perceive them dimly, from where we skulked in the shadow of the building. I took a step or two forward, circling the house, so as to better approach the animals along the shadow of an orchard fence. I knew she followed close at my heels and, turning, got a glimpse of her frightened face.

"There is no reason why you should worry," I said softly, taking her hands in mine. Now listen to me; your nerves are all unstrung; this night's work has been too much for you—too much for any girl. And God knows you have done enough for me already. Where are you stopping? Here at the hotel?"

"Y—yes."

"Then slip inside while there is no one hanging around; and get safely to your own room. There is nothing more you can do. I will take one of those horses yonder and be off, and I know the country well enough to find my way. Once in the mountains I shall be safe. You will do as I say."

To my surprise, she looked straight into my face, standing motionless. She seemed to catch her breath, as though it was difficult to speak.

"You mean that—that I am to go to my room?" she asked slowly.

"Certainly; that will be the safest and best thing for you to do. I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you; nothing I can ever do will repay the service you have rendered me. You are a wonderfully brave girl."

"Do you think so? Oh, but I am neither brave nor wonderful. I have scarcely known what I was doing; it didn't seem as if there was anything else I could do. But I know now; I have no doubt any more—unless—unless you refuse to let me."

"I refuse! I do not understand what I could refuse. All that remains is for you to go to your room. You will be perfectly safe here."

"How will I be safe here?" she asked indignantly. "Do you suppose they will spare me, merely because I am a woman? This has not been done in secret; there are too many who know my part in your escape to ever keep the truth hidden. Colonel Pickney will have to make his report and shield himself from blame. There is not an officer here who will stand openly in my defense, unless it be Captain Fox, and he could not help me. Is it under such conditions you desire I remain here?"

"But do you realize what going with me will inevitably mean?"

"Yes, I realize—not only the peril

and hardship, but every issue involved I made my choice back in the courthouse. It is too late to withdraw."

She paused as though unable to find expression, breathing heavily, and her face sank until I could no longer see her eyes.

"When—when I told Colonel Pickney that—that you were my husband," she faltered, driven to it by my continued silence. "I spoke hastily, it is true; for my only thought just then was the necessity for saving your life. I felt that—that I could do no less, and—and I desired to justify my action. They—they had to know why I did it; do you not understand? I—I am a Union woman; they have trusted me always; these men; even to night they told me the countersign because of confidence in my loyalty. I—I was the daughter of an officer on General Ramsay's staff. I could not let those men think me a traitor. I—I had to tell them why it had become my duty to aid you. There was no other possible way; no other reason which would justify me in such an act; but—but that confession left me utterly in your power."

"In my power, Noreen! Surely you do not think that I will ever take advantage; that I will ever misconstrue your real purpose?"

"No! but will you live up to the obligation? Oh, you do not see the situation at all! When I said you were my husband I threw myself on your protection. I—I burned the boats. I am all alone now, unless—unless you stand by me. My father is dead; there is not one person anywhere to whom I can go. If I remain here I shall be placed under arrest before daylight—charged with aiding your escape; perhaps charged with aiding you in your work—and I have no friends, no defense. Tom, I must go on with you!"

I could not ignore her plea, nor would I misconstrue it. It was fear which thus drove her to me; she had more confidence in my kindness than in their justice—that was the whole

"I made that choice, but if you consider me a burden—"

"No, it is not that, Noreen," I interrupted, touched by the regretful tone of her voice. "It was of you I was thinking, not myself. Then we go on together?"

She was silent, her eyes on the darkness ahead.

"It must be your decision," I insisted.

"I made my choice an hour ago," she answered frankly.

I waited an instant, thinking she might say more, but she sat motionless in the saddle. Just what her decision signified I could not judge. It seemed to me that between two dangers she had simply chosen the one she deemed to be the lesser. It was not affection for me, but fear of others, which urged her forward. Grasping her bridle rein, I rode on through the dark without another word. The decision had been made; now we must both of us abide the consequences.

REAL MONEY FROM THE OCEAN

Fishing Grounds Yield Abundance of Profit to Those Who Can Take Advantage of Them.

When one hears of the discovery of a new gold mine one is very apt to wink the other eye and hold a trifle tighter to the pocketbook. Also, there is no very great rush to the scene. But it is a different story when some altruist fisherman discovers new fishing grounds and lets the world know of it. Then there is a real rush of fishing boats, for the owners thereof know that such new discoveries are often real gold mines.

Such has proved to be the case with the new halibut grounds discovered in the Pacific, lying due west from North Head, Wash., from 27 to 35 miles off the mouth of the Columbia river. These grounds, whose area and exact location are yet unknown, probably constitute a veritable bank lying immediately between two areas which the bureau of fisheries surveyed with the steamer Albatross last year.

They are reported to be from 90 to 95 fathoms deep and are beyond the 100-fathom line given on the charts.

A small vessel fishing out of Puget sound caught 18,000 pounds of halibut on these grounds in one day, the largest single day's take this vessel had ever made. During the three weeks ended June 2, 1915, over 200,000 pounds of halibut were brought in from the new gold mines of the ocean.

Cut-Throat Competition. A correspondent of the New York Sun informs the editor of that paper that a rooster has been discovered which cannot crow. It—or he—can hiss, but the bright chattering call is not for him.

Such are the marvels of science! Each day it conserves a new strength, cuts out waste, diverts energies into useful channels. The maternal salute of the rooster has long been an example of criminal waste and inefficiency. It announced, at great expense of energy, a perfectly obvious thing—that the sun had risen. Roosters, besides, have been in the habit of trying to "scoop" each other, to score a beat on the sunrise—as if anyone were passionately interested in the matter—and the result has been a distressing series of "Extras" called at 2 a. m. Cut-throat competition has killed the rooster.—Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

Sure of One Thing. The Town Council of a thriving Scotch burg recently acquired a piano for their town hall, and appointed three of their number to inspect and report on the purchase. The councilors were not musical experts, but one—a joiner—bending down and applying his eye to the several corners of the instrument, remarked: "I'm nae judge o' music, but I'll warrant ye a' the boards are slumb."

## INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

(Copyright, 1915, Western Newspaper Union.)

### LESSON FOR DECEMBER 5

#### UZZIAH'S PRIDE AND PUNISHMENT.

LESSON TEXT—II Chron. 26:16-18, 21-22. GOLDEN TEXT—A man's pride shall bring him low, but he that is of a lowly spirit shall obtain honor.—Prov. 29:23 R. V.

Again we consider the southern kingdom. No better character could have been chosen to illustrate the condition of rulers and people in the declining days of Judah's glory. Uzziah ruled for 52 years and his reign was almost midway between the days of Solomon and those of the Babylonian captivity.

I. Priest and Parents, vv. 1-5. The name Uzziah means "God has helped me," and no king ever had better advantages in the way of parents and counselors. To the influence of his parents he yielded in his youth (v. 4), followed the good counsel of Zachariah the prophet of God (v. 5), and as long as he sought the Lord, "God made him prosper." Ancestry and environment are not, however, a guaranty of any perpetuity in character.

II. Pride, vv. 6-15. Uzziah or Azariah (mark) made a fine start and his reign, considered as a whole, was one of the most brilliant in Judah's history. It bears some striking resemblances to that of Solomon in that the dangerous enemies became subject nations (v. 8). In the conduct of his campaigns Uzziah "waxed exceedingly strong" (v. 8 R. V.). Uzziah also greatly improved and strengthened Jerusalem and gave much heed to stock raising and forestry (v. 10). The secret of all of this prosperity was that he sought Jehovah. Christendom is not Christianity, yet it is a fact that in those lands where God is most highly exalted and most near followed we witness the greatest prosperity and men living amidst the most comfortable surroundings. Seek Jehovah, know his will as revealed in his word, and do that will when learned, is the only true basis of real and lasting prosperity. Uzziah also gave an exhibition of worldly wisdom that he strengthened the defenses of the nation (v. 9-10). Confidence in God does not paralyze human energy or make us presumptuous and careless (I Chron. 27:25-31). Uzziah brought the army up to a high point of efficiency (v. 13-15), using the best weapons known in his day. We, likewise, may be "marvelously helped" from the same source and upon the same conditions; viz., that we "seek the Lord" (Eph. 6:10; Phi. 5:13).

III. Punishment, vv. 16-21. (1) Pride—Uzziah's fall and shame is one of the saddest chapters in history. His strength became his ruin. "When he was strong his heart was lifted up." Poverty, struggle and adversity are not passports to glory though they have strengthened the moral fiber of thousands. The tempting tests of prosperity, gilded, perfumed and attractive are, however, far more hard to withstand. Pride always leads to (2) Presumption—Centuries before God had warned men that prosperity would lead to ruin (Deut. 8:11-17; 32:13-15) and Solomon also gave warning (Prov. 16:18). The subtlety of pride is the gradual way by which we come to look upon our prosperity as the work of our own hands, thereby forgetting the source of our power and becoming filled with a feeling of our own self-sufficiency. The next step was that Uzziah assumed to himself those duties (v. 16) which rightfully and exclusively belonged to the priesthood (see Num. 16:40; 18:7; I Kings 12:33; 12:14; Heb. 5:4). (3) Pretesting—We now behold the strange spectacle of the king pretesting for the wrong and the faithful priests Azariah for the right. A sad spectacle indeed when the head of a nation openly avows the wrong and persists in it despite the protests of the servants of God. The last part of verse 18 indicates the extent and perversity of Uzziah's pride. Admonition only aroused the anger of the all-conquering monarch. No honor ever comes from disobeying God (I Sam. 2:30; Dan. 5:37). Uzziah apparently (v. 19) was about to use the censor in his hand as a weapon in execution of his wrath, but God interfered (I Peter 6:7). Azariah is saved and Uzziah becomes a leper.

We must not press the teaching that all sickness is the result of sin (read Job).

Uzziah was forever separated (v. 21) and was in his death "unclean" because "His heart was lifted in his destruction."

There are four suggestions in closing: (1) Uzziah's pride had gone too far; secretly and perhaps unconsciously it had slowly, but surely permeated his whole nature.

(2) Leprosy was a fitting punishment for it was an emblem of the foulness of his sin.

(3) His leprous condition was in marked contrast with what he had formerly enjoyed.

(4) The punishment shut him out of factually from the work of his kingdom—ability, strength, experience and ambition fall before the blighting blast of sin.

## A Loyal Ally In Stomach Ailments

As soon as you notice the appetite waning, the digestion becoming impaired or the liver and bowels refuse to perform their daily functions just resort to

## HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

It is really Nature's "first aid"

A good many men are remembered only for the reason they wore mustaches.

### A GRATEFUL OLD LADY.

Mrs. A. G. Clemens, West Alexander, Pa., writes: I have used Dodd's Kidney Pills, also Diamond Dinner Pills. Before using them I had suffered for a number of years with headache also tender spots on spine, and had at times black floating specks before my eyes. I also had lumbago and heart trouble. Since using this medicine I have been relieved of my suffering. It is agreeable to me for you to publish this letter. I am glad to have an opportunity to say to all who are suffering as I have done that I obtained relief by using Dodd's Kidney Pills and Diamond Dinner Pills.



Dodd's Kidney Pills 50c per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets for Indigestion have been proved. 50c per box.—Adv.

A man may become great by accident, but he never has genuine wisdom and goodness thrust upon him.

### WONDERFUL HOW QUICKLY RESINOL STOPS ITCHING

To those who have endured for years the itching torments of eczema or other such skin-eruptions, the relief that the first use of Resinol ointment and Resinol soap gives is perfectly incredible. After all the suffering they went through and all the useless treatments they spent good money for, they cannot believe anything so simple, mild and inexpensive can stop the itching and burning INSTANTLY! And they find it still more wonderful that the improvement is permanent and that Resinol really drives away the eruption completely in a very short time. Perhaps there is a pleasant surprise like this in store for you. Resinol ointment and Resinol soap are sold by all druggists.—Adv.

A strong-headed man may be weak minded.

### Answer the Alarm!

A bad back makes a day's work twice as hard. Backache usually comes from weak kidneys, and if headaches, dizziness or urinary disorders are added, don't wait—get help before dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease set in. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new life and new strength to thousands of working men and women. Used and recommended the world over.

### A Kansas Case

John P. mar, retired farmer, 405 S. Second St., Iola, Kan., says: "When young I hurt my back and for twenty-five years after my left kidney bothered me. The kidney secretions were too free, especially at night and if I remained stooped long, dizziness came over me. Doan's Kidney Pills removed the pain in my back and fixed me up in better shape than I had been for years."



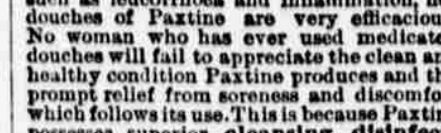
Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## Paxtine

A Soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed For Douches

In the local treatment of woman's ills, such as leucorrhoea and inflammation, hot douches of Paxtine are very efficacious. No woman who has ever used medicated douches will fail to appreciate the clean and healthy condition Paxtine produces and the prompt relief from soreness and discomfort which follows its use. This is because Paxtine possesses superior cleansing, disinfecting and healing properties.

For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been relieved say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists, 50c. large box or by mail. Sample free. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.



W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 49-1915.