

# 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 Tom 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. Third U. S. cavalry Captain Fox finds Harwood's body. The detachment is ambushed. Wyatt 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 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. The Cowan gang ransacks the house, but fails to find the hidden couple. Wyatt tells Noreen who he is. They return to the second floor and await the next move of the gang, forcing the preacher to silence.

## CHAPTER XI—Continued.

She left us quietly, crouching close against the wall, until she could safely peer out from behind the fold of a chintz curtain. The glow from without reddened the entire room. Nichols began to groan, and mutter, but whether the words were those of prayer, or not, I was uncertain. That the fellow's brain tottered on the brink of total collapse was evident, and I was too fearful he might create alarm to desert my guard. Eager to learn what had occurred I called across to the girl:

"Is it the stable, Miss Noreen?"

"Yes," with a quick glance backward. "The whole west end is ablaze. I think there are horses picketed beyond in the orchard, but am not sure—yes, there are men there with them. The fire, as it blazes up, gives me a better view."

"Can you tell how many?"

"No, but I didn't suppose Anse Cowan had so many with him, did you?"

"Why, really I cannot tell, for I have no conception either way. There must have been a dozen altogether in the house, and doubtless others were on guard without. Hasn't it ceased storming?"

"Yes; I wonder what time it is; why I actually believe the sky is becoming lighter in the east already."

She stared out intently, and then sank to her knees.

"Come over here quick! They are getting ready for something."

I swept my eyes over Nichols, who lay motionless, his arms folded across his face. To my mind the fellow was acting a part, and was not half as badly injured as he pretended to be. However, he could do us no great harm at present, and I stole silently across the room, and knelt beside her. She held the curtain aside, leaving just space enough for my eyes. For an instant the glow of the burning building blinded me, and intensified the surrounding darkness. I shadowed my eyes with my hand.

"Where are the men you saw? To the left?"

"Yes—back under the trees, close to the first negro cabin; see! just where I point."

Once located I could perceive the shadowy outlines, which grew more distinct as I gazed. There were men there beyond doubt; it seemed to me twenty or thirty, although it was impossible to judge the number. But the shadow seemed to be disintegrating. Even as my eyes focused it, a section moved to the right, and then another swung into the open, circling along the orchard fence.

"There is a slew of them," I muttered unthinkingly. "Anse meant to have company at his wedding."

"Oh, hush!" her hand caught my sleeve. "They—they are coming back to the house now."

## CHAPTER XII.

### A Marriage by Duress.

Daylight was coming; the gang meant to search the house again, perhaps fire it as they had the stable, and then ride away before the Federal garrison at Lewisburg could receive the alarm. I turned away from the window to perceive Nichols sitting up on the edge of the bed.

"What's afe?" he asked.

"The stable," I answered, crossing the room. "Get down in the corner where you cannot be seen from the windows. Oh, yes you can; you are not so badly hurt. Miss Noreen, is there any other place better than this in which to hide?"

She shook her head.

"Well, then we must fight it out here if they come; you have your revolver—ah! the squad is already below; listen!"

We stood side by side, scarcely breathing close to the bolted door. The flames of the burning stable were dying down, yet there was sufficient light to render every object in the room plainly visible, intent as I was on every slight sound below and without. I kept my eye on Nichols, seated close to the door. Feet tramped

noisily back and forth in the lower hall, and the sound of voices reached us, the words indistinguishable. There was an echo of splintered wood, the crash of dishes, and a loud laugh. The fellows seemed to be looting the kitchen and pantry, destroying whatever they could not use. Suddenly there arose a sound of smashing glass at the front of the house, and the tinkling of a piano as if some rough hand swept across the keys. Noreen pressed closer, lifting her eyes in appeal.

"They—they are searching the house," she whispered, her voice shaking, "and—looting it. Do you hear that? They are even tearing the carpet from the floor. Some of them will come up here."

"I am afraid so—but you must not lose your nerve. We shall have to fight!"

"Fight? yes; but what use?" and she grasped my arm with both hands. "I—I would not be so afraid, only for that man. I cannot fall into his power. I will kill myself first! You do not know Anse Cowan; but I do. I would rather die than have his hands touch me. I hate and despise him; he is an incarnate brute—and—and he is here after me!"

"Hush," I urged, holding her tightly, her slight form trembling. "Do not let go yet—they may not even come up the stairs."

"But they will," she insisted. "I tell you I know the man. He—she swore he would marry me two years ago; he told me so, and I laughed at him. He stopped my father on the road, held a rifle to his head, and boasted that some day he would make me pay his debts. This is no mere incident of war—it is revenge! I—I would not be frightened but for that—what awful alternative! Tell me—tell me what to do!"

She stared pleadingly into my face, but, reading no answer there to her wild appeal, sank to her knees, and buried her face in her hands. All that was strong about the girl seemed swept away by sudden uncontrollable terror—by dread of Anse Cowan. A hoarse, strange voice roared out an order, seemingly from the very foot of the stairs.

"That's enough of that, Samuels! Here, take your men up above. Be lively now, and don't let a rat get away."

The girl lifted her head; then got to her feet, clinging to the bedpost. I could see the glitter of a pistol in her hand. A thought swept through my brain—so daring, so reckless, I gasped at the mere wildness of the suggestion. Yet it might answer; it might succeed! But would she consent; even in her desperation, in the extreme of her terror, would she grasp at such a straw? There was nothing else—not another chance. This might not be one—yet it would surely serve to delay; it would place me in between her and Anse Cowan. She could not legally marry him, if she were once my wife! Only the girl whose eyes just then met mine—

"I—I have thought of one way," I said eagerly, the words coming forth almost incoherently. "That is if you will listen to what I propose. There is nothing else feasible so far as I can see. They—they are in the front rooms now—hear them! We haven't a moment to lose. Will you—will you consent to marry me?"

She shrank back a step, staring at me with wide-opened eyes, breathing heavily.

"Marry! marry you?" she faltered wildly. "Why what can you mean! I—I do not understand!"

"Of course not—the conception is wild, impractical, perhaps. It must seem so to you—yet listen. It is the one way left open to save you from Anse Cowan. You can trust me? You do trust me, do you not?"

"Ye-es—but—"

"This is no time to question. They are coming here now, those fellows with Anse Cowan at their head. You know what for. The question is not do you wish to marry me; but do you trust me more than you do Anse Cowan? Listen! It will be a form only—I am not conceited enough to believe you desire me for your husband. But you know who I am; you have confidence in my honor. He cannot marry you if you are already my wife—"

"He—he could kill you."

"Yes, there are enough of them; but that might happen anyway. No doubt it would, for otherwise I should fight to the end. I do not think being your husband will add in the least to my danger—and it will possibly, legally, protect you."

"But how can I? Will it be legal?"

"Noreen, don't stop to argue, or doubt," I urged, grasping her hand in eagerness. "We haven't time. Listen to those voices in the hall! Of course it will be legal—Nichols is an ordained minister, and no license is required. I shall never attempt to hold you, Noreen, and any court will set you free the moment you tell the story. The one, the only thing, for you to consider now, is escape from Anse Cowan."

"You do this—to save me?"

"I'll keep you from falling helplessly into the clutches of a brute—tell me

yes! My God, girl, there they are now trying the door! Answer—will you?"

"Yes—yes, Tom Wyatt—"

With one leap past her I had Nichols by the collar, the muzzle of my revolver at his head. A heavy foot crashed against the locked door, and a voice without gave utterance to an oath.

"Marry me to this girl," I commanded sternly. "Come now, not a word; don't wait to ask a question. Noreen, take my hand—"

"Open up in three or we'll break down the door!" came hoarsely from the hallway.

My eyes never left Nichols' face. What he read of threat I know not, but his lips began to stumble through the form, though I could scarcely distinguish a word. His face was gray with terror, and I dared not look aside at the silent girl—only I vaguely realized that the hand held in mine trembled, and once, when she had to speak, the two words uttered were almost a sob.

Never surely was there a stranger marriage in all the world. The dying embers of the stable fire shot red gleams of flame over us through the unshaded windows, giving Nichols a ghastly look, and glowing on the steel barrel of the revolver I held poised at his head. His voice faltered and broke, and clotted blood rendered hideous one side of his face, while his hands shook as if with palsy. All the sneaking coward in him was manifest. Outside a dozen voices roared, one rising gruff above the others shouting orders. Once a single shot crashed through the upper panel of the door and broke the glass of a window opposite. The girl started, reeled against me, and the preacher stopped, gasping for breath.

"No firing, you fool!" roared a deep voice angrily. "We don't want any dead ones—beat down the door!"

"Go on!" I ordered grimly, and thrust the black muzzle hard against his cheek. The preacher choked, but the usual words of the ritual—sounding almost like mockery—dropped mechanically from his tongue.

"And now I pronounce you man and wife, and whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. Amen."

Blue gave vent to a little sobbing cry, half stifled in her throat, and she accepted her hand.

"So pleased, so delighted, Miss Harwood, to find you safe and well. We were, indeed, greatly worried at the thought of your being here alone," he exclaimed, a slight lisp in his voice. "You have not suffered, I trust?"

"Not seriously, Captain Whitlock; the guerrillas were outwitted—"

"Ah! do not attempt to explain, I beg. We understand what you have passed through, as we have captured two of the villains. You sent for me, Lieutenant Raymond?"

"Yes, sir, I did," the young officer's expression exhibiting clearly the contempt he felt for his superior. "I preferred that you decide what shall be done with this fellow," pointing at finger at me. "Miss Harwood vouches for him, but I fail to understand how he comes to be in the uniform of my regiment."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"And Now I Pronounce You Man and Wife."

shrank away from me. I knew that her face was buried in her hands, yet had no time to look that way, or utter a word. Rifle butts were crashing in the panels of the door; I could perceive already dim figures revealed through the jagged openings made in the light wood, a vista of faces, a gleam of weapons.

"Hit lower down!" yelled the same gruff voice of command. "There is a bolt that holds fast—reach in, Saunders!"

"Get back—beyond the bed," I called, pushing her behind me, and bracing myself for the first shock: The door gave, sagging aside on its hinges, and half falling inward, and through the opening men tumbled forward, carbines gripped in their hands. The red light gleamed ghastly across their faces and revealed—the blue uniform of Federal cavalry.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### Before Lieutenant Raymond.

The headlong rush stopped in startled amazement at sight of us, and I stood there staring at them, unable to speak, my revolver lowered. In that instant of pause, an officer thrust the men aside and faced me, sword in hand.

"What does this mean, sir? Who are you?" he questioned, sweeping his glance over my uniform, and then beyond me at the two others.

"I would ask the same question," I returned, not yet assured as to whom I confronted, and suspecting some trick. "We believed ourselves attacked by guerrillas. Are you soldiers?"

"Well, rather," with a short, grim laugh. "These are Pennsylvania cavalrymen. My name is Raymond, and I demand to know, first of all, where you got possession of that Third U. S. cavalry uniform?"

Perhaps in his excitement he had not really recognized her before; but these words were scarcely out of his mouth when the lady stood beside me, facing him. I caught one swift flash of her eyes as though warning me to silence. Whatever fear she had formerly felt wanted to have left her in this crisis, for she stood erect, her

cheeks flushed, her eyes frankly meet

ing those of the surprised officer.

"You will, however, recognize me, Lieutenant," she said pleasantly, and extended her hand, "and if you will listen I think I can clear up the mystery."

"Miss—Miss Harwood," he murmured, slightly embarrassed, but still belligerent, his glance wandering from her face to mine. "Certainly—we hoped to find you here. It was to rescue you we came—at least it was that hope which led me to request the sending of troops, and to accompany them. This outrage has been committed, I believe, by Cowan's gang, and this man here—"

"Is my friend," she interrupted quietly. "Lieutenant Raymond, if you will kindly order your men to retire I will gladly explain his presence in the house."

"You wish to speak to me alone?"

"Not necessarily; but I certainly prefer greater privacy than this. You are in command?"

"No; Captain Whitlock is below." He turned toward the crowd blocking the doorway and I grasped the opportunity to breathe a hasty word of warning into the ear of Nichols. The girl never glanced again at either of us.

"Take the men back into the hall, sergeant," the lieutenant ordered, "and look through whatever rooms have not been visited. Request Captain Whitlock to join me here."

We waited motionless, the lieutenant's hand on the butt of his revolver, as though he half suspected treachery. Twice he endeavored to open conversation with the lady, but her response was not encouraging, and he evidently did not feel safe except with his eyes on me. Raymond fronted me, a tall, well-proportioned fellow, with incipient mustache, black and curled at the points; a rather long face, and eyes sternly serious. There was about him an appearance of force—a bit of a bully I should say—and his uniform was new, and carefully fitted.

A man stood in the doorway, bowing, his mild blue eyes surveying us nervously. He sported a light beard, closely trimmed, the top of his head scarcely reaching to the lieutenant's shoulder. Miss Noreen greeted him with a welcoming smile, and he stepped gallantly forward, bending low as he accepted her hand.

"So pleased, so delighted, Miss Harwood, to find you safe and well. We were, indeed, greatly worried at the thought of your being here alone," he exclaimed, a slight lisp in his voice. "You have not suffered, I trust?"

"Not seriously, Captain Whitlock; the guerrillas were outwitted—"

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## KEEPING CUT FLOWERS FRESH

Must Be Properly Taken Care of, and Here Are Some Suggestions of Moment.

The only drawback to cut flowers is that they wither so quickly, and in keeping them fresh some seem to have more luck than others.

For instance, in the matter of violets, it is possible to wear them several times without noticing the overpowering stale odor which proclaims them beyond redemption.

Of course many people find that they cannot wear cut flowers even for one afternoon, because in some cases the body heat seems to wilt them, but if this can be avoided it is quite possible to find a bunch almost as fresh the second day as on the first if they were properly guarded overnight.

Keep the box that they came in and when you take them off hold the stems under running water for a few minutes, taking care not to wet the violets themselves.

Then wrap them up in the oiled paper and put them back in the covered box outside the window if it is cool; if not, in the refrigerator, but in either case keep them wrapped.

This treatment seems to restore the flowers and hold in the delicious odor which so soon becomes rank if they are kept unwrapped in a close room.

Some people think a pinch of salt in the water will keep cut flowers fresh longer, and so it does in some cases. In others it seems to change the colors a little. With roses it is successful, but not so much so with violets. A piece of gum camphor is said to be an excellent preservative in the water, and others advocate a small lump of charcoal, but in any case the water should be changed daily and the flowers put in a cool place overnight.

**Quick Work.**

Bill—"I see an electrician claims to have invented apparatus by which he can measure the ten-millionth part of a second of time."

Jill—"Well, even such an apparatus couldn't measure the length of time a girl takes to make up her mind to say yes when a man proposes marriage to her."

"Why couldn't it?"

"Because she's already made up her mind to say yes, you know."

**No Smoke Without Fire.**

There can be no great smoke arise, unless there must be some fire.—John Ley

# Indigestion May Be Due to Constipation

## Neglect of Important Function May Seriously Impair the Health.

There are many people who believe they suffer from indigestion when their discomfort really is due to a constipated condition.

Bloat, with its attendant mental depression, sick-headache, the belching of sour stomach gases, etc., are frequently due to inaction of the bowels. Relieve the congestion and the trouble usually disappears. The use of cathartics and purgatives should be avoided, however; these shock the system unnecessarily and, at best, their effect is but temporary. A mild laxative is far preferable.

The compound of simple laxative herbs known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and sold in drug stores for fifty cents a bottle, is highly recommended. Mr. Benj. Bassin, 360 Madison St., Gary, Ind., thinks Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin a wonderful medicine; for four years he had a severe case of indigestion and constipation before trying Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which he is glad to recommend to all who suffer



BENJ. BASSIN.

with stomach and bowel trouble. A bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin should be in every home for use when occasion arises. A trial bottle, free of charge, can be obtained by writing to Dr. W. E. Caldwell, 203 Washington St., Monticello, Ill.

## How to Heal Skin Diseases

A Baltimore doctor suggests this simple, but reliable and inexpensive, home treatment for people suffering with eczema, ringworm, rashes and similar itching, burning skin troubles.

At any reliable druggist's get a jar of resinol ointment and a cake of resinol soap. These are not at all expensive. With the resinol soap and warm water bathe the affected parts thoroughly, until they are free from crusts and the skin is softened. Dry very gently, spread on a thin layer of the resinol ointment, and cover with a light bandage—if necessary to protect the clothing. This should be done twice a day. Usually the distressing itching and burning stop with the first treatment, and the skin soon becomes clear and healthy again.



# WHY "ANURIC" IS AN INSURANCE AGAINST SUDDEN DEATH

Sufferers from Backache, Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble

Before an Insurance Company will take a risk on your life the examining physician will test the urine and report whether you are a good risk. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog, you suffer from backache, sick-headache, dizzy spells, or the twinges and pains of lumbago, rheumatism and gout. The urine is often cloudy, full of sediment; channels often get sore and sleep is disturbed two or three times a night. This is the time you should consult some physician of wide experience—such as Dr. Pierce, of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. Send him 10 cents for sample package of his new discovery—"Anuric." Write him your symptoms and send a sample of urine for test.

Experience has taught Dr. Pierce that "Anuric" is the most powerful agent in dissolving uric acid, as hot water melts sugar, besides being absolutely harmless and is endowed with other properties, for it preserves the kidneys in a healthy condition by thoroughly cleansing them. Checks the degeneration of the blood-vessels, as well as regulating blood pressure. "Anuric" is a regular insurance and life-saver for all big meat eaters and those who deposit lime-salts in their joints. Ask the druggist for "Anuric" put up by Dr. Pierce, in 50-cent packages. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong, sick women well, no alcohol. Sold in tablets or liquid.

**Not Profitable.**

"Dauber says he lives only for his art."

"Well, he certainly doesn't live from it."

## GOOD COLOR GOOD HEALTH

Is What Cardui Gave to This Alabama Lady, According to Her Statement Printed Below.

Ello, Ala.—"I had been in good health until I was 15 years old," writes Mrs. A. L. Snell, of R. F. D. No. 1, this place, "but one day... I was helping my father plant cotton in the field and was caught in the rain... At that time I got very ill... I suffered great agony in the lower abdomen, right side, and had dreadful sick headaches, also pains in the back... I got dreadfully thin and simply gave entirely up. I had to go to bed and was there, on my back, for two weeks."

"Dr. ——— said I'd have to have an operation. I wouldn't hear to that, so, as my mother had used Cardui with great benefit... she recommended that I take Cardui... Soon after I began taking it, I saw an improvement, and was able to get up and be about my work..."

"I was nearly entirely well... when one day... I scrubbed the whole house, washed clothes, for 7 in the family, and got my feet wet. This caused another sick spell... So I turned again to my old friend, Dr. Cardui... After the use of less than a bottle again I was able to be up and about my work. I also freshened up again, got a good color, and I am now in good health... I highly recommend Cardui... It is the best tonic that I know of."

If you need a tonic, try Cardui. For sale at all druggists.

The man who is always behind never gets ahead.

**Wasps a Pest in England.**

The wasp pest has been so bad in some parts of England this season that fruit-growers in a large way have had to wage a ceaseless war against them. The bee expert of a well-known firm of jam manufacturers has broken all records by destroying no fewer than 307 nests. This means that, including the wasps, grubs and eggs, he has killed more than four and a half million wasps. One nest, a record for size, was over four feet in circumference.

**ELIXIR BARK WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD IN THE PHILIPPINES.**

I contracted malaria in 1886, and after a year's fruitless treatment by a prominent Washington physician, your Elixir Bark entirely cured me. On arriving here I came down with tropical malaria—the worst form—and sent home for Ellixir Bark. Again it proved its value—it is worth its weight in gold here. Brasse O'Hagan, Troop E, 6th U. S. Cavalry, Batavia, Philippines.

Ellixir Bark, 50 cents, all druggists or by Parcel Post prepaid, from Kloczewski & Co., Washington, D. C.

**The Limit.**

"For a camel to go through the eye of a needle is considered about the limit of impossibility, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's no more impossible than for a collar button to slip out of one's fingers and roll toward the middle of the floor."

## Use Whenever Quinine is Needed Does Not Affect the Head

Because of its tonic and laxative effect LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE will be found better than ordinary quinine for any purpose for which quinine is used. Does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember there is only one "Bromo Quinine." That is Laxative Bromo Quinine. Look for signature of E. W. Grove. No-Adv.

**No Good.**

"Almost everybody has a skeleton in the closet."

"Yes; but what good is that to the neighbors? They always keep the door shut and locked."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

And a little widow with a dimple is a dangerous thing.

### Don't Tell Your Age

After the movie go home and Murine your eyes. Two Drops will rest, refresh and soothe. Murine is the best eye remedy. It is sold by all druggists.