

THICK MIST

A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE

By RANDAL DARRISH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. RHODES

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SYNOPSIS.

Confederate Sergeant Wyatt of the 12th Tennessee Cavalry is sent as a spy to his native county on the Green River by General Jackson. Wyatt meets a mountaineer named Jim Taylor. They ride together to a house beyond Hot Springs. In the house Wyatt and Taylor meet Major Harwood, father of Norton and an old neighbor of Wyatt, who is sent to the house to meet the new men. Wyatt becomes suspicious, and finds that Taylor has murdered Harwood and escaped.

CHAPTER IV.

Into the Enemies' Hands.

The major lay dead, with his blood-stained revolver evidently the weapon which had struck the blow lying beside him. Dawn would reveal the dead, and I would be discovered alone in the house. Only my wretchedness, my desire to investigate, had interfered with the complete success of this hideous plan. Taylor had prepared himself for this emergency, had deliberately taken the weapon for that purpose. Where had the fellow gone? And what had become of the negro?

I stood there, lamp in one hand and revolver in the other, staring down at the dead face of this man who had once been my father's friend. Out of the mist floated the face of the girl, the girl who had waved to me in the road. The vision brought back to me coolness and determination. I felt through the pockets of the dead man and found a knife, keys and a roll of bills untouched, but not a scrap of paper. On the floor, partially concealed by an arm, were a map and a book. I began a rapid search of the house. The front door was fastened and barred, proving Taylor had not left that way. There was but one other room on that floor, a kitchen in considerable disorder, as though the servant had made no effort to complete his work; but its outer door stood unwatched. Sam must have gone with the mountaineer in his hasty flight—must be equally guilty. This was the only conclusion possible, and the knowledge that I was left there alone rendered my own position precarious. Harwood had surely never ventured into the kitchen, a region which he had never called to his aid.

So, it he failed to appear as expected, would search for him before they came, and made discovery of the dead body. It must be beyond reach. If found there, no defense, no asseveration of innocence, would ever save me from condemnation. Their vengeance would be swift and merciless.

Thinking now only of my own escape unobserved, I felt my way into the night with my bundle. This would be Federal territory; or if not, at least, my night's ride would bring me well within the lines before dawn. I slipped instantly out of the soiled suit of gray and donned the immaculate blue, buckling the belt about my waist, and securely hooking the saber. Then I scooped out a hole in the soft dirt, buried the old uniform, tearing my pants into shreds, scattering the fragments broadcast.

It was so lonely and still all about that I felt a return of confidence, a renewed courage. The house behind me and the saddle before me were mere outlines, scarcely discernible through the gloom. Once safely in the saddle, I circled the gloom of the house silently, and followed the roadway to the gate.

Not a light gleamed in any direction and I could recall no other house nearby. While it remained in view I could not remove my eyes from the mansion lying there in the dark. The shying of my horse at the gate caused me to note the black something lying against the post. At first I deemed it a mere shadow, but the animal would not respond even to the spur, and I dismounted better to ascertain the cause of his fright. The negro lay there, dead as his master, a knife thrust in his back. Then it was Taylor alone who had done the foul deed.

There was nothing I could do but flee swiftly through the night. My own position was now far too desperate to permit of my giving any alarm, or seeking to trace the murderer. To allow Union hands would be my death warrant, irrespective of Harwood's fate, and my duty lay in carrying out the orders of "Old Jack." To allow

myself to be captured would spoil everything.

I rode toward Hot Springs as rapidly as I dared, yachting of every deepening shadow, until I came to the first straggling houses. These were dark and silent, and not so much as a dog barked as I walked my horse cautiously forward toward the main street. I saw but one dim light streaming through an unclosed window of what looked like a law office, and passed close enough to learn that a group of men within were playing cards. It was highly probable these belonged to the major's escort. I passed the card players and rode on into the night, feeling I had escaped from immediate danger. At what I took to be the tavern corner I discovered the road leading to the left and turned in that direction, assured that this hideous plan, and the murder of Green River. The road ran through thick woods, the darkness intense, and as the way was silent and seemed deserted I gave the animal the spur.

I must have loomed along thus for ten minutes, all thought of pursuit already banished, and my mind occupied with plans for the future, when the woods suddenly ended in a bare ridge, the ribbon of road revealing itself under the soft glow of the stars. I know not why I heard no sound of warning, but at the instant, a half dozen shadows loomed up blocking the path. I barely had time to rein in my horse before we were intermingled, the surprise evidently mutual, although one of the newcomers was swift enough to seize my animal's bit, and hold him dumb in fright. I clung to the stirrups, aware of the flash of a weapon in my face, and an oath uttered in a gruff voice.

"In God's name! where did you come from? Here, Snow, see what this fellow looks like!"

The speaker had a wide-brimmed hat, drawn low over his face, and a cape concealed his uniform. But Snow wore the cap of the Federal cavalry, and I knew I had fallen into Yankee hands.

"I have no objection to telling you my name and rank," I said coldly, "but lower that gun first; I am in uniform."

The contemptuous tone of voice he had greater effect on me than the evidence of his fall from his horse. "Well, you're a bridle," he said.

"So I see," but with no cordiality in the words. "But that is hardly convincing. Federal officers are rare birds who ride these roads alone. Who are you, sir, and why are you here?"

"Perhaps I may be privileged to ask first by what authority you halt and question me?"

He laughed, and waved the weapon he still held toward the others of his party.

"Our force alone is sufficient authority," he should suppose. However, I will set your mind at rest—I am Captain Fox, in command of a detachment of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry."

"Oh, yes," I responded more pleasantly, "of General Ramsay's command. You know Major Harwood, no doubt?"

"We are of his escort," both suspicion and command lost before my quick assurance. "You are in the service, sir?"

"Third United States Cavalry; on recruiting detail," I was about to say when he interrupted me to meet him at Hot Springs, but was told he had gone to Green River."

marked a change in his expression before the match went out.

"Oh, I see—you are Lieutenant Ramsey. Get to us earlier than you expected. Find many recruits north?"

"No," I answered, taken completely by surprise, but managing to control my voice. "That was why I thought I might accomplish more in this section. These counties have been combed over." I hesitated an instant, and yet it was best for me to learn what I could. "I was not aware, captain, that my projected visit had been announced."

He laughed, and the second match went out, leaving us again in darkness.

"Nor was it, officially; merely a friendly letter from an officer on Hietzelman's staff to our major asking for you a friendly reception. Camp gossip brought the news to me. You knew Harwood?"

"No; only General Ramsay advised me to confer with him, because of his intimate knowledge of this section. He belonged, I believe, in Green River."

"Yes, we were at his place yesterday, south of Lewisburg. What sort of a looking man was this fellow Taylor?"

I described him minutely, hoping for some recognition, but the captain did not appear to recall any such character.

"We have only been in this region a few months," he said, in explanation. "and I don't remember any such chap. He is none of Ramsay's scouts. What do you say, Snow?"

"Only make like that I've heard of, sir, is old Ned Cowan, and it ain't likely he's left the mountains to go into 'Old Jack's' camp."

Fox laughed, as though the idea amused him.

"Hardly. Cowan is too well known to take the risk. Either side would hang the bound on sight. Well, let's ride along into Hot Springs. You'll come with us, Lieutenant?"

There was no excuse left me, no reason that I could urge for riding on alone westward. Indeed, before I could clearly collect my thoughts, I was in the midst of the horsemen.

"The best thing I can do," I replied readily, "my orders were for Green River and Fayette."

"All right, then," they had small respect for you, all I hear it is like a menagerie of animals broken loose—good for nothing anywhere. Only trouble with them is so much at the home they need for that's your affair."

Forward went the jingle of accoutrements and the thud of horses' feet, and we rode on until the dusty uniforms. The pike dipped down into a hollow and, climbing the hill beyond, appeared the figures of the four scouts. Far away was the haze of the mountains.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Concerning the Dolomites. The fairland about Cortina is famous for its Dolomites. Dolomite, a rock composed of carbonate of lime and carbonate of magnesia, takes its name from the French geologist "Deodat de Gratet, Marquis de Dolomite," who spent his time in 1789 and the following years while his countrymen were busy with revolution and war. In visiting this and other Alpine districts. He first mentions this kind of rock in 1791, and the word "Dolomite" first occurs in the pamphlet of 1829 describing the Dolomites.

The Dolomites are the Alps about the St. Gotthard and the Simplon. The curious point, noted by Mr. Coolidge, is that the Dolomite seems to have paid no attention to the dolomite rocks in the neighborhood of his own home, Dolomite, near Grenoble.—London Chronicle.

Bird Wears Artificial Leg. Striding on the feet of John R. Lott, near Freehold, N. J., is the only wild bird in the country that has an artificial leg. This handsome cock pheasant owes its life to the skill of Dr. August R. White, a dentist.

The pheasant's leg broken off just above the foot, and apparently injured in a battle with cats, was found on the farm several weeks ago and was taken to the Lott home.

Doctor White, a sportsman, heard of the bird and an artificial brass leg, which he fixed to the injured stump with silver wires. After the pheasant wore on his new leg a week, the wire was removed. Then Doctor White cushioned the leg to fit it snugly about the foot of broken bone, and this device has supported him with apparent ease.

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"Dead for hours," he exclaimed in a tone of horror, turning his gaze upon me. "Struck from behind—see, Ramsey. What in the name can this mean?"

He began to grope the pockets. "Not robbery," he said, "there is money, and a watch, and a pocket book. He looked about at the men, and his eyes fell upon me. "Not Chambers?"

"Yes, sir," said the young, boyish soldier, straightening up. "I was with him when he put on citizen's clothes, and he slipped a big buff packet into his pocket."

"Do you know what that packet contained, captain?" I questioned.

"I do not know," Harwood expected to meet Taylor at Hot Springs, but I think he expected to be here also. He had his own counsel, but I overheard him engaged with Taylor. Chambers, a clerk, perhaps he knew something.

"The dead man," he answered slowly. "I was given to a scout named Chambers, and here all alone, I found it."

There was further to be discovered, I realized the necessity of these orders were prompt. Fox was detailed to bury the body, and then return to the column as soon as possible.

The others were marched back to the gate, and remounted. It was an hour when we came suddenly to the foot of the south branch leading over a long hill, the west along a rocky ridge, and the faint prints of the horse and foot. Some cattle had passed toward, but there was a definite shoe of the animal Taylor rode. He came back, a grim smile on his face.

"The old Johnny Reb," he said, "he was what I was afraid of. Well, say, men, for this is a good side that murdering devils for the Green River. This is a power Lewisburg road."

"Green, take me ahead with you, and keep back the advance. Watch out carefully for there may be graybacks along here. Going with us, Lieutenant?"

"About the best thing I can do," I replied readily, "my orders were for Green River and Fayette."

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MAKING OUR OWN TOYS

No Scarcity of Gifts Because of War



BECAUSE of the European war there has been considerable comment to the effect that there will be a dearth of Christmas toys this year, since the toy sources of France and Germany will not be available to American children. French dolls have been the standard during at least two generations, and Nuremberg, Germany, is famed throughout the world as a toy center.

It must not be supposed, however, that little girls will have to go without dolls this year. Several manufacturers in the United States are turning out dolls by the thousands and they are of the very best type. One large factory in Philadelphia is making, under special processes, a type of indestructible doll from basswood, which is a light and easily worked material and is not likely to split or break. Those who have made a study of this manufacture, in connection with the study of the wood-using industries of the state of Pennsylvania, predict that dolls of the type made by this and other similar factories can gain first place for America in this branch of manufacture. Thus,

in farmers' woodlots, in particular, it is a tree which should be favored, because it is a fairly rapid grower, is free from defects, and is usually

saleable. In selling this tree from a woodlot, the department of agriculture advises that it should be held for special prices and not sold in a lump with other trees.

Basswood has several advantages as a standing tree in the woodlot. In the first place, its blossoms furnish a considerable source of honey which is always in great demand, and which the tree is cut it readily regenerates itself from sprouts, the best of which should be favored in reproducing the stand.

Our Christmas Customs. Most of the Christmas customs in America have been transplanted from Germany. The Christmas tree comes from Germany, our Santa Claus from Holland, the Christmas stocking from Belgium or France while "Merry Christmas" was the old English greeting shouted from our windows to street on Christmas morning.

The Optimistic Note. It is a time for joy and gladness and good cheer, for this of world, with all its faults, is on its way towards the kingdom of heaven, and the omnipotence of love assures its getting there. Some time every day will be the best of Christmas, very place will be transformed into a place of its altar of observance, and every soul be transformed into the Christ of his environment.—Universalist Leader.

Remember the days when you were little, and play your Christmas accordingly.

Kaiser's Generous Gift. To Eastern Prussia, together with several trainloads of wheat and more breadstuffs will be shipped soon as the threshing can be completed, and next month nearly hundreds tons of late potatoes will go to the sisters.

Quite Willing. "A dealer in graphophones is that while the family is away faith could have a little music."

Father seems to think so, I notice he loaves no time in blithing to a cabinet."

Carefully Treat Children's Colds

Neglect of children's colds often lays the foundation of serious lung trouble. On the other hand, it is harmful to continually dose delicate little stomachs with internal medicines or to keep the children always indoors.

Plenty of fresh air in the bedroom and a good application of Vicks' Vapo-Rub® Salve over the throat and chest at the first sign of trouble, will keep the little chaps free from colds without injuring their digestion. 25c, 50c, or \$1.00.

VICKS' VAPORUB SALVE

PASTOR LAUGHS AT FUNERAL

So Do the Pallbearers, But Not Mourners, for There Weren't Any at the Ceremony.

There was a funeral at the Mesa Congregational church, Sixth avenue and Fifty-fourth street, at which everybody, even to the officiating clergyman, laughed and sang and had an exceedingly good time. None of the mourners was scandalized, because there were no mourners. Instead, there was a banquet and speeches of felicitation by five visiting ministers. In the middle of it two deacons and two ladies of the church, acting as pallbearers, entered with the bier, which was set squarely in the middle of the banquet table. There the torch was applied, and while the corpse burned and crackled, everybody present stood and sang "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow."

The "corpse" was the church mortgage of \$1,600. To give it a regular funeral was the happy idea of the pastor, Rev. Nathan L. Dowell, D. D., who personally raised \$450 in two days to lift the debt.—Los Angeles Times.

HAD PELLAGRA; IS NOW CURED

Hillsboro, Ala.—J. W. Turner, of this place, says: "I ought to have written you two weeks ago, but failed to do so. I got well and then forgot to write you. I can get about like a 10-year-old boy; you ought to see me run around and tend to my farm. I can go all day just like I used to. I am sure that there is such a good remedy to cure people of pellagra."

There is no longer any doubt that pellagra can be cured. Don't delay until it is too late. It is your duty to consult the resourceful Boughs.

The symptoms—hands red like sunburn, skin peeling off, sore mouth, the lips, throat and tongue a flaming red, with much mucus and choking; indigestion and nausea, either diarrhoea or constipation.

There is hope; get Boughs' Big Free Book on Pellagra, learn about the remedy for Pellagra that has been found. Address American Medical Co., box 2090, Jasper, Mo. Boughs' Big Free Book on Pellagra is free to all.

To Fortify the System. Against Winter Cold. Many users of GIOVAT's TARTARIC TONIC made it a practice to take a number of bottles in the fall to strengthen the system against the cold weather during the winter. It was so successful in some cases that it was taken in the spring to keep the system in a state of health and vigor.

It is well possible to grow hair on a bald head do you suppose John D. Rockefeller would be wearing a wig?

Not Gray Hair but Wined Eyes. You may look older than you are. Keep your eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies always Marjorie Your Eyes—Don't sell your eyes.

The female of the species is the weeping expert of the human race.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

Many a man's phenomenal success is a surprise to himself.

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 by the world over.

A South Carolina Case. "My wife, Mrs. L. W. Garrison, 1510 S. Main St., Annapolis, Md., writes: 'I was in terrible shape with kidney complaint. Often the pain seized me in my back and down I would go, having to be helped up. The kidney secretions were scanty and I was filled with sediment. I had tried all the pills and I haven't suffered since.'"

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

Backache. rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains and chest pains disappear almost like magic when treated externally with Yager's Liniment.

YAGER'S LINIMENT "The Relief Was Instant." Mr. J. E. W. White writes: "I suffered with a most severe pain in my back and chest. Yager's Liniment and relief was instant. I had tried all the pills and I haven't suffered since."

At all dealers. In large quantities bottles for 25c. Prepared by **Gilbert Bros. & Co., Inc.** Baltimore, Md.

WAS A BRILLIANT INVENTION

And Inspired by the Mother of All Such, but It Failed to Work.

Recruiting Officer Spargitt imperiously entered the laboratory of Pasquale Pasquilli, the inventor.

"Follow me!" he commanded. "You have the honor to be set down in my lists as a decoy, or firing mark. Your duties will be simply to show yourself to the enemy's sharpshooters and occupy their fire while the regular soldiers make a surprise attack."

Pasquilli, never a brave man, loosened his collar wildly, and cried, "But no, no, I don't have to fight. I can serve my country much better in another way. I have invented a death dealing machine the like of which has never been the like of which!"

The recruiting officer brightened. "Has he to have the honor of discovering an inventive genius for his country?"

"It is a powerful canon that shoots thousands of yards of macaroni, which so entangles the enemy that it is then a simple matter to rush up and slay them."

"Follow me!" repeated the recruiting officer inflexibly.—Translated from the Italian.

Philosophy of Clothes. It is not necessarily a die disdian of material things, but rather a keen sense of moral and physical efficiency, which pays heed to wherewithal you shall be clothed, at any rate outside of Palestine. There you dream and discuss may wear anything or nothing. It mattered not what Socrates wore. But men of action must wear the easy armor that fits them best for their particular task. Men who toil either for their pleasure or at their work must change their raiment. It only for the sake of rest and health.

Hereafter the French soldier will be clad in a blue-gray uniform, said to be even more "invisible" than a uniform of khaki.

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