

# The RED MIST

A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE  
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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 Jim Taylor. At a house beyond Hot Springs they meet Major Harwood. Wyatt is sent to bed. He becomes suspicious, and finds that Taylor has murdered Harwood and escaped. Wyatt changes to U. S. uniform, and to a detachment of Federal cavalry identifying himself as Lieutenant Raymond, Third U. S. Cavalry. Captain Fox finds Harwood's body. The detachment is ambushed. Wyatt escapes 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 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 quit 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. Unable to escape while the gang is on the first floor and around the house, Wyatt proposes to marry Noreen to protect her from Cowan. She accepts and they are married. Cowan's gang is driven off by Federal troops, one of whose officers is the real Lieutenant Raymond.

### CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

The captain fitted a pair of glasses to his eyes and surveyed me with care.

"Why, bless me, so he is," he ejaculated, "and you never saw him before?"

"No, and there is not another Third U. S. Cavalryman west of the Alleghenies."

The girl laughed and laid her hand on Whitlock's arm.

"I told Lieutenant Raymond that I would explain fully," she said, "pretending to be amused. If it is the uniform my friend wears, I must assume all responsibility, as I furnished it."

"You! There was a sarcastic sneer in the lieutenant's surprised exclamation. "Why should you have in your possession a uniform of the Third Regulars?"

"I did not," she answered sweetly, but looking at Whitlock. "That uniform belonged to my cousin, an officer of the Third Kentucky."

Raymond uttered a smothered expression, stared an instant at her slightly averted face, and then, with one stride forward, swung me to the left.

"See here, Captain Whitlock," he exclaimed indignantly, "I cannot conceive what object Miss Harwood may have in desiring to protect this man, but this is not the uniform of any volunteer regiment."

"Do I understand, Lieutenant, that you dare question my word?" she asked proudly, her eyes gazing straight into his. "I am unaccustomed, sir, to such treatment."

"Wait a moment, Raymond," broke in the captain. "There is no doubt of Miss Harwood's loyalty. Let us hear her explanation first. You say, Miss Harwood, you know this man? that he is a friend? May I ask his name?"

"Surely; I only desire an opportunity to answer any question. He is Thomas Wyatt, the son of the late Judge Wyatt, whose home was on the ridge yonder. We were children together."

"A rebel?"

"Really, I never thought to ask," carelessly. "I was too glad to have his protection. We—we spoke only of our childhood days together, still I gathered the impression that Mr. Wyatt had never joined either side, and was merely here to look after his property. Of course he can explain all that."

"But how came he to be dressed in that uniform?" burst in Raymond.

"Will you be courteous enough to permit me to tell you? I have endeavored twice already to fully explain. Mr. Wyatt came here in the midst of the storm last night. He had found his own home destroyed, and this was the nearest shelter to be found. He supposed the house deserted, and merely sought protection until morning. How I chanced to be here you gentlemen both know, and that matter requires no explanation. Mr. Wyatt arrived with his clothing muddy, and soaked with rain. I gave him the only change to be found in the house—a uniform belonging originally to a cousin of mine, Lieutenant Anton Harwood, Third Kentucky Cavalry."

"But this is not the uniform worn by volunteer troops. Captain Whitlock, I insist—"

"Really, Lieutenant Raymond," the girl said, fronting him, her eyes sparkling, "this is becoming most tiresome. What do I care what uniform it is! I have told you where it came from, how it chanced to be there, and the reason it was worn by this man. I cannot be expected to know all the petty distinctions of the service."

"But surely," spoke up the captain, plainly bewildered, "the suit he wore when he came can be produced. You know where that is?"

"I know where it was," she answered coolly. "Hanging before the fireplace in the dining room. However I cannot guarantee that it remains there now—this house has been gutted by Cowan's guerrillas, and

from the sound, your own men were none too careful."

Whitlock fiddled with the tassel of his sword, evidently far from satisfied himself, yet unwilling to make final decision unaided.

"I hardly know just what to do," he confessed reluctantly. "Ordinarily, you know, a lady's word would be sufficient, but somehow, I—I—well, this looks just a little queer. What do you think, Lieutenant?"

"That the fellow ought to be taken before Major Hawes and made to explain what purpose brought him here. I have no desire to question Miss Harwood; indeed, I am perfectly willing to accept her statement. But this man is not a civilian—he is a soldier; he has had military training. He should be made to account for himself, sir." The speaker's eyes fell upon the preacher, huddled back in the corner, now clearly revealed by the gray daylight which was stealing in through the windows. "Hullo! here seems to be yet another specimen we have overlooked. Who are you?"

Nichols shuffled forward, looking woebegone and miserable, his cheek discolored by Cowan's blow, sneak and coward written all over him. His shifting eyes met mine, and he must have read in my gaze a threat he dare not ignore. Twice his mouth opened and closed before he could make words issue.

"One of Cowan's gang?"

"God be praised—no. Made to serve that human fend by force. I am a minister of the Gospel."

"You!" The lieutenant broke into a laugh. "By Jove, you at the part. Whitlock, did you ever hear of the fellow?"

The captain rubbed his glasses.

"Are you the Baptist preacher at Cane Ridge?" he asked doubtfully.

"For twenty years I have ministered to that congregation; the young woman can vouch for my labor."

"Then, I presume you are also acquainted with this fellow?" questioned Raymond impatiently.

Nichols turned his glance again in my direction, but his gray face was devoid of interest.

"I have no knowledge of the young man," he asserted solemnly, "but I knew the old judge well. The resemblance is strong, and I have no doubt but he is a son. The father was a Christian and a gentleman."

"And a rebel, I presume?"

"Judge Wyatt died before the breaking out of the war, sir, but was known throughout these parts as a Unionist."

There was a silent pause, Whitlock fumbling at his eyeglasses, Raymond, a perplexed frown on his face, staring first at Nichols and then at me, as though more than half convinced he was being made a fool of. The girl had seated herself in a chair, and was leaning forward, her face hidden. The lieutenant turned and strode across the room, glancing out the window; then back again.

"Well, we cannot remain here discussing the matter," he said tartly. "If we do we may have a real fight on our hands before we are safely back in Lewisburg." He planted himself squarely in front of me. "See here, it is time you did some talking. You haven't opened your mouth yet."

"There has been no occasion," I replied pleasantly. "The others have told all you need to know without my even being questioned."

"I have a mind to search you," he retorted, completely losing his temper.

"At your pleasure, Lieutenant," I spoke coldly enough, although there was a catch in my throat at sudden memory of the paper I bore containing his name. "And there is no guessing what you might find in Lieutenant Harwood's uniform."

We were still looking defiantly at each other's eyes when a trooper appeared in the open doorway, saluted, and said something in a low tone to Whitlock. I failed to catch the words spoken, but heard the captain answer: "Certainly, corporal, have him come up at once."

The soldier disappeared down the hall, and the lieutenant stepped back across the room, bending his head to whisper something privately into Whitlock's ear. My eyes followed his movement, and then sought the face of the girl; she sat motionless, the long lashes shading her eyes, the only visible sign of excitement the swift rise and fall of her bosom. Then a man came hastily into the room through the opened door. My heart leaped into my throat at sight of him—he was Captain Fox.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### A Prisoner.

The captain was hatless, and a bloody handkerchief was wound about his head; his uniform was torn and black with mud. He saw Whitlock first, and gripped his hand warmly, his glance straying from the face of the little captain to the other occupants of the room.

"God, but it is good to see a blue uniform again," he exclaimed heartily. "What was the row here, Fred—some guerrilla work? Ah! by Jove! his eyes brightening as he recognized me.

"Raymond, I am glad to see you again," and he strode forward, his lips smiling, his hand held out. "Old Ned swore to me you were dead, but the sergeant said you got away at the first rush. Not even a scratch—hey—?"

"Just a moment, please," and the interested lieutenant interrupted him by a hand on the shoulder. "I believe we have never met before, but I presume you are Captain Fox?"

The latter turned, a trifle indignant at the other's manner.

"I am; what of it?"

"Only I am naturally somewhat interested in your identification of this fellow. To us he has claimed the name of Wyatt, but you address him as Raymond. What Raymond did he represent himself to be?"

Fox stared about in surprise at the faces surrounding him, scarcely able to collect his scattered wits.

"Why," he answered, as though half in doubt of his own words, "Lieutenant Charles H. Raymond, Third Cavalry, on recruiting service. I—I met him at Hot Springs, and he showed me his papers. Isn't—Isn't he all right?"

"Well, you can draw your own conclusion," returned the lieutenant, his thin lips curled in a sneer. "For I am Raymond, Third Cavalry. This man is a rebel spy."

Escape was impossible; I knew that, for I had considered the chances. Both Whitlock and the lieutenant—the latter with revolver drawn—stood between me and the windows. The hall without was thronged with troopers and, although I might attain the open door, that would be the end of it. I saw Noreen rise to her feet, her startled face turned toward me, but I held my nerves firm, and managed to smile.

"I expect the jig is up, gentlemen," I acknowledged quietly, determined they should get as little comfort out of me as possible. "I know when I have played my last card."

"Is your name really Wyatt?"

"It is; I am a sergeant in the Staunton horse artillery."

Raymond glanced from my face to where she stood, white-lipped and silent.

"There is nothing else between you?" he asked roughly. "Do you mean to say—"

"I hardly think, Lieutenant," broke in Whitlock, suddenly realizing his authority, "it is necessary to ask such questions now. The man confesses himself a spy, and a court-martial will probe into this matter. We must remember the young lady is the daughter of Major Harwood."

"And as Major Harwood's daughter," she said gravely, standing before me, "I desire to be heard, and to answer this gentleman's question. I sought to save Sergeant Wyatt because of the special service he has rendered me during the past night. I know nothing of his purpose here, but—but I hold him friend whatever may be his uniform."

The lieutenant bowed, hat in hand. "I intended no criticism of your motives, but a soldier must perform his duty. Under whose orders are you here, Wyatt?"

"I refuse to answer."

"No! Well, Ramsay will get a reply out of you!"

"I hardly think so, sir. You hang spies, but do not torture them."

"True enough," and Whitlock stepped to the door. "Sergeant, bring a file of men, and take charge of this prisoner. There is nothing to detain us longer. We have extra horses. Captain Fox



I Gave Small Heed to the Glance of Satisfaction He Gave Me.

and you will ride with us as far as Lewisburg; Miss Harwood, I presume you have no desire to remain here alone—indeed, I could not permit it. Better bind the fellow's hands, Harper; search him first for weapons, and whatever papers he may carry. Mount him on that old artillery horse, and wait for us."

Raymond watched the proceedings carefully, taking my credentials as a Federal recruiting officer from the hands of the sergeant, and reading them over with a grim smile. I gave small heed to the glance of satisfaction with which he regarded me, and only ventured to look once toward the girl, as the soldiers roughly bound my hands. She had turned away, and was staring out of the open window. I marched out into the hall closely surrounded by the guard, my thought less concerned with my own fate than with her feeling toward me. Suddenly the truth revealed itself to my mind that I loved the woman I had so strangely married.

It is indeed odd how the human

mind works, and now this new discovery completely eclipsed every other consideration. The thought of possible escape, of any means of defense, never occurred to me. All my memory retained was that last glimpse of her slender figure at the window and the silhouette of her averted face. What was her thought of me? In the moment of her first surprise she had sprung to my defense, but as soon as she could consider the conditions, her whole nature would turn against me—even now the feeling of disgust had come. She had turned coldly away, hating the very sight of me—staring out of the window until I should disappear, dreading lest I prove cur enough to boast of our relationship. Well, the lady need not fear that. My fate would be swiftly and surely settled—a drumhead court-martial at Lewisburg, a verdict of guilty, and a firing squad at dawn. No one need ever know, for the preacher's lips could be easily closed. And perhaps Lieutenant Raymond—Bah! my teeth clenched angrily at thought of him, and I tramped on down the stairs to the gruff order of the sergeant.

There were three other prisoners, sallow-faced, roughly dressed mountaineers, one wounded in the arm, but I was kept separated from them with a special guard. Within ten minutes the entire command was in saddle and moving slowly northward. The lieutenant rode in my rear for the first mile, watchful and suspicious. Noreen was riding in advance of the column between the two captains. A gray, circular cape concealed her slender form, but I could observe the frequent turning of her head as she apparently conversed vivaciously with her attentive escorts. Her show of utter, heartless indifference hurt and blinded me. I actually believed the girl was glad of my capture; that she rejoiced at the knowledge that within a few hours she would be freed from all the consequences of our rash act. It was the reaction which had given her such high spirits, the exhilarating sense of escape, a relief so profound as to cause her to even forget her father's death.

At first the thought served to numb my faculties, and I rode forward with lowered head, all interest in life dead within me. Then pride came to the rescue, and I straightened up in the saddle. She was my wife—that slender, laughing girl! Of course I would never claim her; no word would ever pass my lips to bring her pain and humiliation. No one would ever know—excepting us two. But if I did speak she could not deny, and she must realize why I had kept silent, why I had even gone down to death with closed lips.

And then—there was yet a chance! While there was life there was hope, and I was soldier enough, and sufficiently reckless, to accept of any opportunity. There might occur a relaxation in the vigilance of the guard, some delay at Lewisburg, possibly a forwarding of me to headquarters at Charleston—some sudden, unexpected opening through which I could squeeze.

Through the mud we rode steadily on, following the pike that curved along the base of the mountains, and finally into the streets of Lewisburg.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### MEANING OF "HORSE POWER"

Simple Manner by Which the New Familiar Term Was First Brought Into Use.

The use of the "horse-power" as a measure of an engine's work came naturally from the fact that the first engines were built to do work which had formerly been performed by horses. John Smeaton, who built atmospheric engines before Bolton and Watt placed their more complete machine on the market, had valued the work done by a strong horse as equal to lifting a weight of 22,000 pounds one foot high a minute. When Bolton and Watt began to bid for public favor, they agreed to place their engines for "the value of one-third part of the coals which are saved in its use." They also increased the value of the horse-power to 33,000 foot-pounds, so that their engines were half again as powerful for their rated power as those of their competitors. In this way they established the value of the horse-power. The following are the various values of a horse-power: Thirty-three thousand foot-pounds a minute, 550 foot-pounds a second, 2,565 thermal units an hour, 42.75 thermal units a minute. The horse-power of a boiler depends on its capacity for evaporation. The evaporation of 30 pounds of water from 100 degrees Fahrenheit into steam at seven pounds gauge pressure equals 34 1/2 pounds, and at 212 degrees Fahrenheit is equivalent to a horse-power.

Amazing Appetites.

If a baby had the appetite of a young potato beetle it would eat from 50 to 100 pounds of food every 24 hours. If a horse ate as much as a caterpillar, in proportion to its size, it would consume a ton of hay every 24 hours. A caterpillar eats twice its weight of leaves every day; but a potato beetle devours every day at least five times its weight of foliage, every bit of which represents just so much money to the farmer.

The most destructive of all insects, however, is the grasshopper, which, when in good health, consumes in a day ten times its weight of vegetation. No wonder that whole districts are devastated by its multitudinous swarms.

Sporting Risk.

Small Youth—"I ain't goin' to say no, prayers tonight, mother. I'm goin' to take a chance."—Life.

### INDIANS ARE PROGRESSING

Figures Show That the Wards of the Government Take Advantage of Their Opportunities.

The "Five Civilized Tribes," whose original domain was formerly known as Indian territory, comprise the Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw, Creek and Seminole tribes of Indians in Oklahoma. Their total number of enrolled members and freemen is 101,200. Of the total area of land embraced within the tribes' domain there were allotted to members 15,794,400 acres. On sales the total deposited to the credit of the five tribes July 1, 1898, to June 30, 1914, was \$17,099,826, and there is yet due and drawing interest at six per cent the sum of \$5,623,950. The tribal form of government of the Cherokee tribe was practically abolished at the close of the fiscal year June 30, 1914. Pursuant to previous acts of congress applicable to all the tribes, the Choctaw, the Chickasaw and Seminole tribes have been deprived of their legislative and judicial functions, retaining only a couple of executive officers for the transaction of business matters. In the Creek nation the only work of importance looking to the ultimate disposition of tribal affairs is the equalization of Creek allotments. Of the total enrolled population of the five tribes the restricted class numbers 36,957. By the latest available figures the total number of Indians who have professed Christianity is 85,302; the number in 1912 was 65,529. There are 583 churches among the Indians now, as compared with 513 in 1912. The latest figures show 27,775 Indian children in government schools and 4,829 in mission schools. The average school attendance in 1914 was 26,127; in 1912, 26,281; in 1909, 21,568; in 1890, 12,323. The number of schools in 1914 was 399; 1912, 412; 1900, 397; 1890, 246.

### High Self Esteem.

"Well, if that Watson isn't the most conceited, self-satisfied, self—"

"Yes, I've heard you say something of that kind before. What's started you off this time?"

"He just sent a telegram of congratulation to his mother."

"Well?"

"Today's his birthday."—Everybody's Magazine.

### Hard Work.

"Pa, what is meant by literary endeavor?"

"Trying to sell the stuff, son."

A grouchy man thinks he laughs best who laughs least.

### LEFT THE ARTIST GUESSING

"How" and "Why" the Two Great Questions Which the Years Were Called Upon to Solve.

Ernest Lawson, the impressionist, joined a group of fellow artists one day and, blushing with pleasure, announced:

"Say, fellows, I think perhaps at last I am really arrived. I have just been up to the Metropolitan museum and I found an old lady copying my picture."

"Why don't you buy it from her, sign it and sell it at a profit?" coldly remarked one of Mr. Lawson's rivals, entirely unmoved by the event.

"Perhaps he pays the old lady to copy his picture for the sake of the 'ad,'" remarked another.

"Say, what's to prevent a fellow from going up there and copying his own picture?" said an academician, getting excited at last. "There's no law against it, is there?"

"One might learn something even at that," replied Lawson. "Often when you see one of your pictures after a few years you wonder how you did it; also why you did it!"

### All He Needed.

A lady told me, as a true story of a soldier's wit, that a soldier in a hospital on recovering consciousness said: "Nurse, what is this on my head?"

"Vinegar cloths," she replied. "You have had fever."

After a pause:

"And what is this on my chest?"

"A mustard plaster. You have had pneumonia."

"And what is this at my feet?"

"Salt bags. You have had frost-bite."

### A Soldier from the Next Bed Looked Up and Said.

"Hang a pepperbox to his nose, nurse, then he will be a crust."—The Strand.

### He Got It.

A negro boy, while walking along the street, took off his hat and struck at a wasp. He turned to a man and said:

"I thought I got dat ar ole wasp."

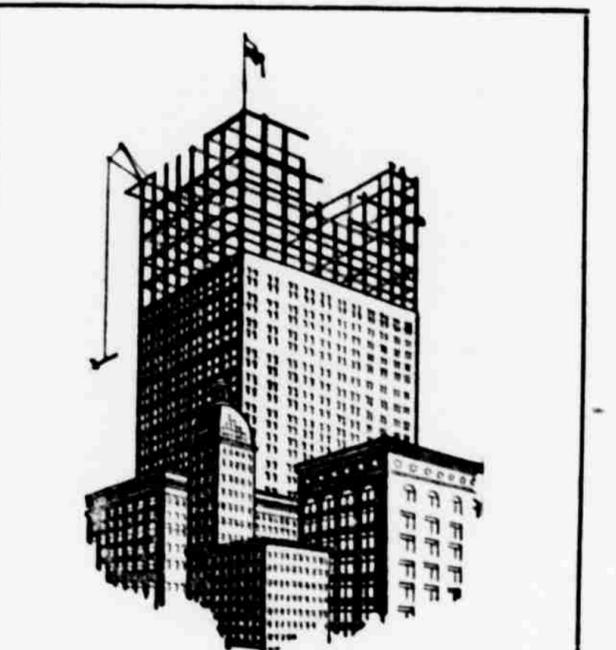
"Didn't you?"

"No, sah; but I—" he snatched off his hat and clapped his hand on the top of his head, squatted, howled and said:

"Blame if I didn't git dat ole wasp!"

Occasionally a girl remains in the spinster class because she is true to her first love—herself.

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



## Building For Years to Come

In the erection of modern buildings the primary thought is for endurance.

The same thought should be given to building our own body and brain—but few give it. This building process requires certain essential food elements which, within the body, are converted into the kind of brain, bone, nerve and muscle capable of enduring the severe tests of work and time.

## Grape-Nuts

FOOD

is scientifically made of whole wheat and malted barley, and supplies, in splendid proportion, all the nutritive values of the grains, including their vital mineral salts, which are all-important for life and health, but lacking in much of the food that goes to make up the ordinary diet.

A daily ration of Grape-Nuts food is good "building" for sound health of years to come.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers everywhere.