

# THE RED MIST

## TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE

### RANDALL PARRISH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. RHODES

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#### CHAPTER I.

On Special Service.  
It was already growing dusk when the Stanton Battery of Horse Artillery returned wearily to camp after hours of hard field drill, the men ever conscious that no evolution, however trivial, was being overlooked by "Stonewall" Jackson, sitting astride his sorrel on a little eminence to the left, his stern face unrelieved by even the semblance of a smile.

The winter quarters of the Stanton Artillery were slightly off the main road and I remained for some time overlooking the care of the horses before approaching the hut where the commissioned officers had met. We were all of us still at the table discussing the incidents of the drill when a lieutenant appeared suddenly in the doorway.

"Sergeant Wyatt?" he inquired briefly.  
I arose to my feet.

"Here, sir," I answered in some surprise.  
"You are requested to report to General Jackson at once; his headquarters for tonight are at Coulter's farm on the dirt pike. You will ride your own horse."

A few minutes later I was guiding my brown horse down the dark road leading low in the saddle, obsessed with a feeling that this mission, whatever it might turn out to be, involved a change in my fortunes.

It was an ugly path, rutted deep by artillery wheels, and dangerous for the horse. I was an hour reaching the Coulter house, a double log cabin, some fifty feet or more back from the road. It was with some difficulty that I made my way through the obstructing guards to the steps, where an officer took my name at the closed door, disappeared in a sudden blaze of light and I stood there silently in the shadows waiting.

Ten minutes must have elapsed before the door opened again and I heard my name called. It was a rough appearing, commonplace in features, a sturdy fellow, dressed in the uniform of a private, and three lamps illumined the room, revealing the presence of several men, among whom I instantly recognized Ewell, Ashby, together with Jackson, and his chief of staff. The fifth occupant of the room sat alone in one corner, his face partially concealed, revealing little other than a fringe of gray whiskers. Jackson, seated behind a table littered with papers and maps, glanced up at the announcement of the orderly, and I came instantly to attention, my hand lifted in salute. The general's stern blue eyes surveyed me intently.

"Sergeant Wyatt, Stanton artillery?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"How long, may I ask, have you been in the service?"  
"Since May, '61, sir."  
"Ahl, indeed. And your age?"  
"Twenty-four, sir."  
He made some remark aside to the side, who nodded back, and pointed to a map before them.  
"You are a younger man in appearance than I had expected to see, sergeant," Jackson said slowly. "Yet I have learned within the last year to have confidence in young men. War is a swift developer of manhood. Your record speaks of you in the highest terms and inform me that you are a native of Green Briar county."  
"Our home was at Lewisburg, sir."  
"Then you are doubtless intimately acquainted with that section?"  
"Very well, indeed, general."

"Jackson sat motionless and in silence for what seemed a long while, his grave eyes on my face, but his mind evidently elsewhere, one hand unconsciously crumpling a folded paper. Ashby moved his chair, causing it to creak noisily on the floor, and the commander aroused at the unusual sound.

"By any possibility are you related to Judge Joel Wyatt?" he questioned slowly.

"He was my father, sir. He has been dead two years."

"I regret to hear it. Your mother, was it not, taken, was a Partridge, of North Carolina?"

"Yes, sir—she has returned to her old home."

"The best of southern blood, gentleman," he said smilingly, glancing toward the others, but with watchful eyes instantly returning to scan me.

"Was she driven out of Green Briar by the state of unrest in that section?"

"In a measure—yes," I replied promptly. "It was hardly safe for her to remain there alone. The county is filled with Union sympathizers, and roamed over by bands of guerrillas, claiming allegiance with both sides, but sparing no one. At present, I understand, Federal troops have been sent there from Charleston and are in control."

"Your information is partially correct; but in order to perfect plans more definite knowledge of existing conditions, I need to know accurately the number and distribution of the forces in Green Briar, and also more complete information regarding those irregulars who are in sympathy with us, as well as the character of their leaders. Judging from the recommendation given you by Colonel Matland I felt that you were peculiarly adapted to render this service. However, Sergeant Wyatt, I propose stating plainly that this may prove an exceedingly dangerous detail, and if you decide to accept it, it must be done as a volunteer."

He paused questioningly, and I drew a quick breath, realizing suddenly the seriousness of the situation and the importance of my decision.

"I am perfectly ready to go, sir," I replied in impatiently with his high-pitched voice.

"May I ask if you are generally known in Green Briar that you are enlisted in the Confederate service?"

"To be very few, sir," I answered, turning to look across at my unexpected questioner. "To some I am at all likely to encounter. My mother and

of woman after 'em. It's plumb hell in Green Briar. Maybe yer a Cowan, but I'd—d if ye look like eny o' that outfit ever I see afore. What part of the army was ye with?"

"Sixty-fifth Virginia—Covington company, Captain Daniels."

The older man chewed awhile in silence, evidently impressed with the seeming frankness of the reply.

"Wal, ye must be a Cowan, o' course," he admitted reluctantly. "Eynow I reckon I don't make no great difference, for if ye be goin' ter gather, two is better than one these days. Hitch yer hoss out thar in the scrub alongside o' mine, an' then come in yere. We'll eat a bite fust, an' then lie down a spell, for I've been a ridin' most o' ther night myself."

His voice was hardly as cordial as his words sounded, but I felt it best to accept the rather surly invitation. I led my horse down the dim path indicated, until I came to where the other animal—a rangy, ill-groomed sorrel—was securely hidden. I had blindly stepped into a trap, but just what kind I could not as yet determine. I must win the man's confidence, and learn what I could. The fellow, whoever he might prove to be, was evidently in concealment—be spy, scout, bushwhacker or deserter—beyond all question he possessed intimate knowledge of the country lying beyond the Alleghenies. He knew the existing conditions there, and was acquainted with the people. Once his confidence could be fully secured, providing his sympathies were with the cause of the South, as was most probable, his information would be of the utmost value. Reticent as he was, suspicious and close-mouthed, a silent, typical mountaineer, he could surely be induced to let fall some scrap of information. And somewhere along the way an opportunity must surely arise whereby I might escape from his company, if such a move became really desirable.

Revolving these things rapidly in my mind, I returned to the stable, carefully bearing the news of my capture to the federal unit tucked under my arm. The sergeant, mountaineer, busily engaged in preparing breakfast at the open fireplace, scarcely favored me with a glance of recognition, but he gave an arrange the scant supply of food on an overturned box.

"Just pitch in, an' help yourself, Cowan," he said, affecting a cordiality of manner not altogether natural. "Thar ain't much of it, but we'll eat what we've got, an' then rest awhile. If yer a-goin' ter travel along with me it will be done mostly at night till we get down Covington way."

I seated myself without ceremony. "You are in hiding, then?" I asked carefully, not even glancing up at the expressionless face opposite.

"Wal, not exactly. We've grown pretty skeery back in the hills—no body thar that knows their friends from their enemies these days. Yer ain't been thar lately, I reckon?"

"No, not for over a year."

"(TO BE CONTINUED.)"

"See, here, friend," I returned shortly. "I have as much reason to ask you such questions as you have me. However, I am willing enough to answer. I am on furlough, and am going home across the mountains to see my folks. Do you know Raleigh county?"

"The man, who was now standing upright in the doorway, one hand gripping the barrel of a musket, the other morning light on his withered face, stared unblinkingly into my eyes.

"I rather reckon I do, young man," he replied slowly. "Far I was raised

less in my fancy, on the usual romantic and latterly quite elegant and silent terms."

The real interest of the story is this. Was Margaret Gordon the sole original of the Blumie or "Sartor Resartus"? One critic would have an answer that although Jane Walsh might have inspired some of the details, it was Margaret Gordon who was the true original.

Field for Ambition.  
"Yes, father," he said to old Mr. Hayswood. "I've graduated, and my education is complete. I s'pose I know about everything. Now I must choose a field where my abilities can be used to the best advantage. I want a large field where I will have plenty of room."

"Son," replied the old man, "there is the territory cornfield, and you kin have it all to yourself."

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have been fixed with his keen, searching glance, and he can read thoughts like a book, and that he can see through solid materials.

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Do This in Your Head.  
Here is a simple little mathematical question, the answer to which seems a paradox. "Suppose the earth spherical, and a cable laid along the equator in contact with the surface; its length would be about 25,000 miles. If the cable were everywhere six feet from the earth's surface, how much longer would it be?"

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"I believe so, sir," and the officer addressed him his eyes appraisingly over my figure. "Any particular regiment?"

"Third United States cavalry. Have it pressed and sent here at once, securely wrapped, together with sabre and revolvers. Sergeant, do you desire a better mount?"

"No, sir, my horse is fresh and a good traveler."

"Then that will be all, Kline; except, of course, complete Federal cavalry equipment for the horse."

The officer saluted and disappeared, the door instantly closing behind him, cutting off the hum of voices without. There was a moment of silence.

"You had better retain your present dress until after you leave the valley," counseled Jackson, slowly. "Swan will furnish you with a pass, which should be carefully destroyed after passing our picket, at Covington. It will be of no service to you beyond that point. My best wishes for your success, Sergeant Wyatt."

He stood up, and I felt the firm grasp of his hand. Then Ashby gripped my shoulder.

"Wyatt," he said kindly, "if you ever desire to change your arm of the service, you are the kind of man I want to ride with me."

I smiled in appreciation, but before I could answer, the man who had been sitting silently in the corner arose, and stood erect in the light. The gleam of the lamp instantly revealed his face, still shadowed by the wide hair brim, the firm, bearded chin, the gravely smiling eyes.

"General Ashby," he said with quiet dignity, "Sergeant Wyatt, I am sure, performs this important duty without thought of reward. It is the South that has need of such men in every branch of her service." He came forward, and extended his hand cordially.

"I am General Lee, and am very glad to greet, and wish God speed to the son of Judge Wyatt. If you return in safety, you will report to me in person at Richmond. General Jackson will so arrange with your battery commander."

They were all upon their feet, standing in respectful attention. I murmured something, I scarcely knew what, bowing as I backed toward the door. And this was Lee—Robert E. Lee, this man with the kind, thoughtful face, the gentle voice, the gravely considerate manner. And he had greeted me in words of personal friendship, had spoken to me of my father. I know I straightened to soldierly erectness, every pulse thrilling with a new resolve. A moment I stood there, my eyes on the one face I saw before me, and then went out into the darkness. The orderly closed the door.

CHAPTER II.  
An Unwelcome Companion.  
It was in the chill of a cold, gray morning that I rode into Strasburg, jogging along at the rear of a squadron of Fifth Virginia cavalrymen who chanced to be headed for the same place. These found quarters in the town, but I proceeded a mile or more south on the valley pike, until I reached a single-roomed cabin, heavy wooden shutters barring the windows and the door closed and securely fastened. The place to all appearances was deserted, and had been for a long while. Although situated scarcely a hundred feet back from the valley turnpike, which was never without its travelers, and along which armies marched and counter-marched, the surroundings were those of a remote wilderness, I dismounted, and leading my horse, pressed a difficult passage through the bushes. To my surprise the rear door stood slightly ajar, and my eyes perceived the movement of an ill-defined shadow within.

"Hello there!" I called out, yet instinctively drawing a step backward. "Is there any room here for a tired man?"

The tall, angular figure of a mountaineer immediately appeared in the doorway, and a gray, wrinkled face, scraggly bearded, looked forth, the eyes glinting and filled with suspicion.

"Wal, who be ye, an' what do ye want yere?"

"I am a soldier," I replied, rather shortly, not particularly pleased with either the man's appearance or manner. "Myself and horse are about worn out. I mistook this for a deserted cabin."

"What be ye bound? an' what may ye be up to a-travelin' alone?"

I smiled, endeavoring to retain my temper.

"See, here, friend," I returned shortly. "I have as much reason to ask you such questions as you have me. However, I am willing enough to answer. I am on furlough, and am going home across the mountains to see my folks. Do you know Raleigh county?"

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up on the Green Briar. What must be your name?"

"Cowan," I answered promptly, my mind instantly alert, and aware I had made a mistake.

"Ho! Ye don't say! One o' Ned Cowan's boys?"

"No, I am a son of Widow Cowan, over on Coal creek."

There was not the faintest glimmer in the cold, blue eyes, no evidence of any recollection in the wrinkled face. His jaws rose and fell on the tobacco which extended his cheek.

"I don't reckon I've been over that way fer nigh on fifteen year," he said at last reflectively. "An' somehow I don't just recall no Widow Cowan—but I know o' Ned mighty well. He's took to the brush with his whole breed since this fracas started, an' som' cusses burned his house, an' sent the



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### Handsome and Practical Corduroy Coat



The Figure of a Mountaineer Appeared in the Doorway.

Two favorites of fashion for this season enter into the composition of this handsome coat; they are the corduroy velvet of which it is made, and the opomus fur on the collar. Corduroy in a good quality is about the best choice one can make among materials designed for coats for general wear, and the high favor of opomus fur threatens to thin the ranks of the little animal, whose fine markings have lately sprung into unprecedented favor.

The coat is long, ample and graceful. It is cut with the long arm's eye and easy adjustment which makes it practical for wear over evening gowns.

Linings selected for coats of this kind are of thin, supple silk or crepe, in order that the coat may fall in good lines about the figure. It is cut

with full skirt, which ripples at the bottom, and is provided with a shaped belt and sash ends of the corduroy, also lined with silk. Machine stitching makes the finish, and the elegance of the coat is still further enhanced by the lack of any other trimming.

The model is double-breasted, fastening at the throat with a single large and ornamental button. A similar button in a smaller size appears on each cuff. The collar is made so that it may be rolled up about the neck and fastened with hook and eye in a high turnover.

Although pictured as worn over an evening gown, this coat is appropriate for all sorts of wear. The material is very serviceable, but its rich luster places it in the class of dainty coats as well as among those designed for much wear.

### Beautiful Types of Picture Hats



Two of the most beautiful hats of the season are portrayed here, and they belong to those types that with little variation reappear with each season. They are picture hats on such good lines and with so much to recommend them that their welcome is always assured.

The hat at the left is made of black velvet or of one of the dark shades which are fashionable in color. The crown is round. The wide brim is flexible and cut with a straight edge at the right side. At the left it turns up and is bent toward the crown, showing, altogether, the influence of the season's tendency toward eccentric brims. Its lines are wonderfully becoming.

It remained for this season to show just what beautiful effects can be wrought by the artist whose medium of expression is the fancy feather. This hat is trimmed with fancy ostrich. It seems that nothing else could look just as well.

The hat at the right is a wide-brimmed French sailor made of velvet faced with striped plush. Its color possibilities are worth considering. It has a round crown and, for trimming, another masterpiece in fancy feathers.

It is not always easy to recognize the kind of feather which those clever people who work in them convert into the things of beauty that adorn so

much of the season's millinery. But some feathers, like those of the bird of paradise, are too beautiful in their natural state to be improved upon. While others are vastly changed and beautified by the makers of fancy feathers.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

The New Belts.  
Four-inch belts of soft kid in light and medium colors are bound with black or white silk braid. Black ribbon lacings through black eyelets are seen on smart models. Ornaments and buckles to match are used on belts, the former being placed at the back. Buckles are also made of jet, gilt, pearl, galalith, silver, beads, etc. A very military-looking belt of kid or leather has for a fastening a buckle imitating four cartridges made of gilt, nickel, gun metal or a combination of two metals. Embroidered belts are used of satin, ribbon, soft kid or panne velvet. With princess fronts the belt disappeared under the side of the one-piece effect. Sometimes it is worn at the real waist line, or it may go an inch above.

White Net Gown.  
A charming gown is of white net with blossoms hung from the tabs of silver braid. Another pretty decoration consists of bowknots of silver ribbon.

Unkind Thrust.  
First Author—"Have you heard that Scribblon has taken a wife?" Second Author—"Yes, I suppose he wanted to double the size of his name."

the crossed shoulder band and round the waist, as well as upon the triangular pieces in the front and at the back of the corsage, embroideries done in bronze and aluminum threads, which contrast exceedingly well with the rest.

There's a Reason.  
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

### If Never Came Back

Backache Sufferer! Thousands will tell you what wonderful relief they have had from Doan's Kidney Pills. Not only relief, but lasting cure. If you are lame in the morning, have headache, nervous troubles, dizzy spells and irregular kidney or bladder action, don't wait until gravel, dropsy or Bright's disease gets hold. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the best recommended kidney medicine.

### An Illinois Case

"Very Painless and Sure."  
Mrs. H. Mick, 811 S. West St., Carbondale, Ill., says: "I had headache and my head ached so badly I couldn't turn over in bed. The kidney secretions were irregular in passage. Doan's Kidney Pills gave me relief as soon as I took them, driving away the ache and pain. I have been in good health since."

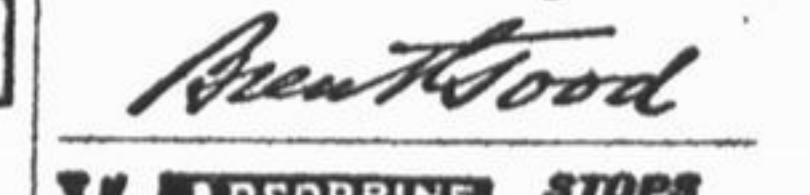
Get Doan's at Any Store, Or a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

### Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty.

Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



### ABSORBINE STOPS LAMENESS

from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb, Side Bone, or similar trouble and gets horse going sound. It acts mildly but quickly and good results are lasting. Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Page 17 in pamphlet with each bottle tells how. \$2.50 a bottle delivered. Horse Book 9 M free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins, Heals Sores, Ailments, Pain. Will tell you more if you write for a bottle at Address or Address. Liberal trial bottle for the name. W. F. YOUNG, P. O. P., 281 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Buy a Good Fence Buy a Good Gate Buy a Good Post Buy a Good Rail Buy a Good Fence Buy a Good Gate Buy a Good Post Buy a Good Rail Buy a Good Fence Buy a Good Gate Buy a Good Post Buy a Good Rail

Our prices on field and Country Fences are the lowest. Write for our prices on field and Country Fences. Our prices are the lowest. Write for our prices on field and Country Fences.

It's been a tough year for golf players.

When all others fail to please Try Denison's Coffee.

If a man does not seek wisdom he will never be very wise.

Matched.  
"Did you match that blue ribbon for me today, Henry?"  
"Yes, love. It was just the color of the salegirl's eyes, but they didn't have any more of the ribbon left."

What the Woods Teach.  
A week in the woods with your ear close to Mother Nature's heart and your eyes finding vistas up into the blue eternal mystery, may teach you that your little selfish strivings, your petty vanities, your petty hatreds and jealousies, that make up so large a part of your daily living and your nightly dreaming, are of so much worth to the world or you than are the nameless little gnats that so foolishly zigzag in the gloom.

A Good Sport.  
The whole family was downstairs watching a magnificent thunderstorm when the mother suddenly remembered about little Marie, who was alone in the nursery and might have awakened and become frightened. She slipped away to quiet her.

At the door she paused, and a vivid flash of lightning illuminated the whole room. Little Marie, who had been to the ball game that day with her big brother, was sitting up in bed clasping her hands with excitement and shouting:

"Alta boy, God: Atta boy! Bang it again! Bang it again! Atta boy!"

FEED CHILDREN On Properly Selected Food. It Pays Big Dividends.