

THICK RED MIST  
SCENE OF CIVIL STRIFE  
BY RANDALL PARRISH  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY C.D. RHODES

SYNOPSIS

Confidently Sergeant Wyatt of the mounted cavalry was on a spy to his rear when he was overtaken by a mounted soldier. The two men rode together until they reached the edge of a wooded area near Hot Springs. The soldier then dismounted and pulled a knife, threatening Wyatt's life. Wyatt became suspicious and drew his revolver, but the soldier fled. Wyatt followed him through a thicket, where he discovered a large envelope containing a document that confirmed the soldier's name as Taylor. Wyatt was now on his own purpose of identifying a man active and alert, a man he had seen at the house of the man who had been killed.

CHAPTER IV.

The man lay dead, with my blood-stained revolver — evidently the same which had struck the blow — lying beside him. Dawn would reveal the scene, and I would be discovered there in the house. Only my wakened senses, my desire to investigate, had interposed with the complete success of this wicked plan. Taylor had prepared himself for this emergency, had deliberately taken the weapon for that purpose. Where had the fellow been? And what had become of the

I stood there, lamp in one hand and revolver in the other, staring down at the dead face of this man who had been my father's friend. Out of the mist came the face of the girl, the girl who had waved to me in the road. The sister brought back to me memories and a sense of the dead man and the horror of his death. I felt through the darkness of the night, and a roll of paper, but not a scrap of paper, from the floor, partially concealed by the arm, was a large envelope, unopened, roughly torn open. It was a document, then, the murderer's deed, and he had fled with it in his hand.

I stood now on my own purpose of identifying a man active and alert, a man he had seen at the house of the man who had been killed. The door was fastened and I saw no one in the kitchen in considerable disorder, as though the servants had made no effort to complete his work, but his outer door stood unfastened. How must have gone with the man in his haste? I was not sure that I was left there alone by my own position. I was not sure that I was left there alone by my own position. I was not sure that I was left there alone by my own position.

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 rather contemptuous tone of voice employed had greater effect on the fellow than the evidence of his eyes. His arm fell to his side, although he still retained a grasp on my bridle.

"So I see," but with so 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 I 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 suspicious and command led before my cool assurance. "You are in the service, sir?"

"Third United States cavalry; on recruiting detail. I was to meet Harwood at Hot Springs, but was told he had gone to Green Briar."

"By whom?"

"A scout I met by chance; he gave the name Taylor."

myself to be captured would spoil everything. I rode toward Hot Springs as rapidly as I dared, watchful 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 uncurtained window of what looked like a law office, and a group of men within were playing cards. It was highly probable these belonged to the major's escort. I passed the place unobserved and rode on into the night, feeling I had escaped on to the 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 it would lead directly into the heart of Green Briar. 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 looped along thus for ten minutes, all thought of pursuit already dismissed, 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 plunging 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."

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

He began searching the pockets. "Not robbery—for here is money, every scrap of them." He looked about at the men. "The major had his papers with him, did he not, Chambers?"

"Yes, sir," and the young boyish soldier addressed straightened up. "I was with him when he put on the pack into his pocket."

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

"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 man 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 for riding on alone westward. Indeed, before I could clearly collect my thoughts, I was in the midst of the horsemen."

slowly moving east once more over the dark road. Riding as rapidly as the darkness made possible, we clattered to the deserted street at Hot Springs, and Fox cursed vigorously the negligent driver. The sergeant had little of where Major Harwood had gone, as he had given no orders, and not even intimated the probable time of his return. When last seen he was riding out the south road accompanied only by his servant.

Fox swore again, and ordered the man into saddle, and we swung out at a sharp trot along the dirt pike. I rode next him, but the captain was in such rage I kept silent, knowing well the tragic discovery soon to be revealed. The gray dawn began to steal about us, making objects near at hand visible, and revealing the tired faces of the cavalymen. There was sufficient light to enable us to perceive the gloomy house in the oak grove, and the motionless form lying beside the gate. Fox drew up his horse with a jerk, and leaned forward staring.

"My God, men!" he exclaimed, choking. "That's Harwood's sinner! Turn the body over, Green—ah! the poor devil was knifed. Here, a half dozen of you, unsling carbines and follow me—there's been dirty work done. Sergeant, don't let your men destroy those hoofprints in the road. Lively now, lads!"

I advanced with them up the driveway, fearful that if I held back I might later be commented upon. The front door refused admittance, but we entered from the rear. Everything within was exactly as I had left it, and in the parlor, still dark because of closed blinds, lay the lifeless body of Harwood. Fox fell upon his knees beside the motionless form, ordering the windows thrown open, his hands touching the lifeless flesh.

The writer remembers the last of the "chaffwax," a rosy-cheeked old gentleman, who lived long enough to enjoy the pension which grateful country granted him for his important duties. These are now performed by an unnamed official in the chancellor's office.—London Chronicle.

Each Has His Drink Dole. One of the most singular views on drinking ever recorded occurs in a letter from Sir Henry Ingelby on August 21, 1661, printed in "Fryings Among Private Papers."

"Sir William is so ill," wrote the baronet, "one of his doctors told me yesterday there was no manner of hope. I have been taught that Jupiter allows every man who comes into the world a different proportion of drink, when he has dispatched, there remains nothing for him to do but to die, and that the proportion and disposition make great differences in man's age."—London Chronicle.

Temperance Application.—This lesson suggests the value of total abstinence. "There is not a single thought in a hoghead of beer."—Theodore Roosevelt. "No user of tobacco has ever taken first honor at Harvard."—Longfellow. Temperance and self-control must begin in the home and be perpetuated in the strength and power of God which alone comes through an intelligent knowledge and obedience of his Word. There is no way to win success except by means of a complete victory; to compromise is to fail. "Over 95 per cent more accidents occur to workmen who drink than to those who abstain."—Leipzig Sick Benefit Society.

Temptation is always a forked road, one fork of which leads to a life of freedom (I Cor. 10-13). Daniel's loyalty to God paid immense dividends and those who are loyal in this present "evil age" will stand before a greater than Nebuchadnezzar.

The loyalty of such is not worth horns and their victories are approached.

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INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

DAY 2. O. BELLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course of Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

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LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 14

DANIEL IN THE KING'S COURT.

LESSON TEXT—Daniel 1:8-16, 20. GOLDEN TEXT—Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.—I Cor. 16:13.

This familiar story has been selected for the World's Temperance Sunday.—It is the first record of his Babylonian experiences and is an illustrious example of those everlasting principles which govern a successful life.

Daniel's Position, vv. 1-7. Nebuchadnezzar, on the death of his father, returned to Babylon from besieging Jerusalem to take the throne. He carried with him Jehoiakim and a number of young men, "in whom was no blemish" (14). They were perhaps twelve years old. Among these were four who had been particularly selected for pious training and the name of each is compounded with the name of God; Daniel's meaning—"God is my Judge." They are now alone in a licentious heathen palace and absolutely at the power of the king and his court. Their names are now changed; Daniel becomes Belteshazzar—"favored of Bel." Such changing of names is customary in most heathen or Mohammedan lands even today. A still greater danger or temptation confronts these young men, viz., that the king appointed them "a daily portion of the king's meat" (Am. Rev. v. 5). To refuse to eat invited ridicule and perhaps loss of life, but to eat was to break the Jewish law as to food (Deut. 12:23-25). See also (I Cor. 8:7-10; 10:27-28). Their captivity had been foretold (II Kings 20:17), but a change of location and name does not involve a change of heart as many a tempted one has discovered. These men in spite of natural appetites, danger of being thought peculiar, or even gratitude to king for lives preserved refused to eat the king's meat and to drink his wine.

Daniel's Purpose, 18:13. The real purpose of a man's heart not alone governs his acts but reveals what he is—God looks upon that when he judges men (II Cor. 9:7; 1:12; Luke 16:15). "Without will (purpose) there is no character" (Acts 11:23). Daniel purposed "in his heart" not to defile himself. No compromise, no trimming because of being away from home, no partnership with the rich and opulent court. Daniel was to be "as clean as a hound's tooth." Men who dare to stand alone always find cooperation, so Daniel found those who stood by him (v. 12). Daniel exercised great tact in his dealings with the prince of the eunuchs but God had evidenced his protecting and leading care (v. 9) enabling him to win his way and persuade the eunuch to allow the suggested test (v. 12). If Christian workers would more frequently attain their desired ends (Luke 16:8), it is possible to be so unobtrusively puritanical as to lay us open to a charge of Pharisaical pride. Daniel illustrates spotless purity, inflexible loyalty mingled with a sweet reasonableness that always gains its ends. Daniel had sufficient confidence in his God and faith in his actions to be willing to be submitted to the acid test of experience. His was a religion that could stand without being tied. His wisdom is likewise our privilege (James 3:17).

Daniel's Profit (Reward), vv. 14, 21. Pulse denotes such vegetables as beans and peas. Their diet was to be a general vegetable one. Samson as a Nazirite drank no wine. This age has not to fully comprehend the reasonableness and efficacy of those ancient Jewish laws of sanitation and diet. Myriads of men are today digging their graves with their teeth. The result of this test was that Daniel and his companions were delivered from transgressing God's laws and the prince of the eunuchs from being punished because of the physical condition of his charges. Beauty, health, and strength came to Daniel and his friends with the result of preference. They "stood before the king" (Rom. 14:10-12; I Cor. 3:10-15; II Cor. 5:9). (a) because of their unswerving loyalty to God and obedience to his Word (John 14:15; 16:28 R. V.); (b) because of their life of prayer, for it is the work of the Holy Spirit to give unto us wisdom (Luke 2:15, Acts 6:10) even as Daniel was thus blessed (v. 17) the spirit bestowed diverse gifts (I Cor. 12:14-11); (c) and finally because having a special place in the purposes and plans of God their lives were counted precious in his sight (v. 27). Verily, "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

Concerning the Dolomites. The fairyland of English tourists to thousands of English tourists as "The Dolomites." Dolomite, a rock compounded of carbonate of lime and carbonate of magnesia, takes its name from the French geologist "Dolomit de Grate, Marquis de Dolomieu," who spent his time in 1789 and the following year, 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 "Dolomites" first occurs in a pamphlet of 1802 describing a tour of his in the Alps about the St. Gothard and the Simplon. The curious point, noted by Mr. Coolidge, is that the marquis seems to have paid no attention to the dolomite rocks in the neighborhood of his own home, Dolomieu, near Grenoble.—London Chronicle.

Bird Wears Artificial Leg. Strutting on the farm 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, with one 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 word of the bird and made an artificial brass leg, which he fixed to the injured stump with silver wires. After the pheasant had worn its new leg a week, the wires broke. Then Doctor White fashioned another leg to fit snugly about the remnant of broken bone, and this time procured a support upon which the bird could walk with apparent ease.

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DIEN'T IMPRESS HIM MUCH

But Listener Was Ready to Admit That He Heard the Sermon Under Difficulties.

A new minister in a rural district who wished to make the acquaintance of the members of his congregation, and also to discover whether they were pleased with his discourses, met an old farmer whose face he recognized as one who had attended the church the previous Sunday, and, stopping him, said: "Mr. Brown, how did you like my sermon last Sunday?" "Well, parson," replied the old man, "you see, I didn't have a fair chance to judge. Right in front of me was old Miss Smith and the rest of that gang with their mouths wide open just a waller's down all the best of your sermon; 'n' what reached me, parson, was purty poor stuff."

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

An ordinary bookkeeper's hand travels about 10,000 miles a year over ledger pages.

Familiar to him. Judge Clayton of Alabama (late of a case in a court of that state in which the first witness called was an aged colored man. Before he was sworn the presiding magistrate directed that the usual question be put to the fellow. "Do you know the nature of an oath?" The old colored man shifted himself from one foot to the other before replying. A sly grin crept into his face. "Well, judge," said he, "I can't say how 'twid mos' folks; but, yo' honoh, I reckon it's sorter secog' nature wid me."

More important. "Has your son picked out a career for himself yet?" "Heavens, no! It takes all that boy's time picking out socks and neckties."

Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes make us look older than we are. Keep your eyes young and you will look young. After the movie always Marjorie Your Eyes—Don't tell your age.

In the hands of a woman the powder rag is mightier than the sword.

To be a gentleman a man has to hide his meanness.

Out of Sorts

THAT IS, something is wrong with baby, but we can't tell just what it is. All mothers recognize the term by the lassitude, weakness, loss of interest, inclination to sleep, heavy breathing, and lack of appetite shown by baby. These are the symptoms of sickness. It may be fever, congestion, worms, croup, diphtheria, or scarlatina. Do not lose a minute. Give the child Castoria. It will start the digestive organs into operation, open the pores of the skin, carry off the fecal matter, and drive away the threatened sickness.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Charles H. Fletcher

Warner's Safe Remedies. Warner's Safe Remedies have proven their worth as superior medicines by more than thirty-five years' world-wide use. They have given remarkable results in the treatment of numberless severe and almost helpless cases. The words of praise from the many who have been benefited by their use prove their great value. Warner's Safe Remedies are carefully prepared, each for the relief of a separate and distinct ailment.

Stock Farming Profitable in the Panhandle. Millions of acres of fertile Texas land along Rock Island Lines available for settlement to actual farmers. One wheat crop in a good year often pays for the whole farm.

Stock Farming Profitable in the Panhandle. J. C. Eshe of Groesb, Texas, had 600 acres in wheat this season averaging 25 bushels per acre. A total of 15,000 bushels which sold at about \$1.00 per bushel.

One Lamp Lights the Room. When it's the Rayo. The whole room is bright and cheerful with a RAYO lamp on the center table. Plenty of light to read, write, or play while you sit and rest—stimulating for the children to study by. White screens are pleasing and profitable when you light your home with the RAYO. RAYO LAMPs are sold everywhere—Just ask your dealer. Used and enjoyed in over 100,000,000 progressive middle-class homes.

WAS A BRILLIANT INVENTION. Invented by the Mother of All Brackets. It failed to work.

WAS GREAT SEAL OFFICIAL. "Chaffwax" Was Proud of His Connection With England's Official Stamp.