

THE MIST
CIVIL STRIFE
DALL PARRISH
NARRATIONS by C. D. RHODES

There was another 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; hsten!

CHAPTER XI—Continued. She sat up quietly, crouching close to the wall, until she could discern from behind the fold of a curtain. The glow from without illumined the entire room. Nichols bent to graze, and mutter, but whether the words were those of prayer, or not, she knew not. That the fellow's hand touched the hank of total darkness was evident, and I was too dumb to think of alarm to detect the man's hand. I was too dumb to think of alarm to detect the man's hand.

"What's that?" she asked. "But they will," she insisted. "I tell you I know the man. He—he 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—that awful alternative. Tell me—tell me what to do!"

"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 Anne 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!"

CHAPTER XII. A Marriage by Deceit. Daylight was coming; the gang had moved to search the house again, perhaps to see if they had the stable, and then they were away before the Federal soldiers at Lewisburg could reach the edge of the bed. "What's that?" she asked. "The stable," I answered, crossing the room. "Get down in the corner. When 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?"

do you wish to marry me; but do you trust me more than you do Anne Cowan? I will be a form only—I am not concerned enough to believe you would be for your husband. But you know who I am; you have confidence in my honor. He cannot marry, 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 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 Anne Cowan."

"You do this to—to save me?" "To keep you from falling helplessly into the clutches of a beast—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 there 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 tremble 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—who 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. One 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."

"And Now I Pronounce You Man and Wife." She gave vent to a little sobbing cry, half stifled in her throat, and 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

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. One 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."

MINE IS TOMB OF PRINCESS Results of Excavations on Mound Containing Remains of Nacoochee. Dr. L. G. Hardman went up to his Nacoochee valley farm recently to superintend the work preparatory to the excavation of an Indian mound which possesses an interesting history. There, the Atlanta Journal states, Nacoochee, an Indian princess, was buried, and tradition holds a fascinating romance connected with her life and death. Archeologists, representing a New York museum, will excavate the mound in order to make a scientific study of the lives of the race which once inhabited that section of the country in the years ago. The mounds used their war paraphernalia and over the skeletons of the Nacoochee people will afford...

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 man 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 he bent on 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 seemed to have left her in this crisis, for she stood erect, her cheeks flushed, her eyes frankly meeting 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—" "In 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 frowned 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 flap 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."

More Rabies. It is a real pleasure to be able to call attention to a case of so-called "rabies" which failed to scare one sensible man. The kennel master of the Animal Rescue league found two policemen waiting for a "mad dog" to run out of a store on Dudley street and he shot. Mr. Rowlinson, going in fearlessly, discovered a dog to whom some fool had given some sticky candy. The dog, frightened when he found his jaws stuck together, had a fit, and when found was too weak to walk. But for the arrival of Mr. Rowlinson there would have been more scareheads like "Epidemic of Rabies Spreads to Boston."

Quaint Runner Design. There is a strong evidence of the revival of things quaint in needlework, not only in stitches, but in designs as well. One expression of this revival is noticeable in a runner for a library table. Conventionalized birds form the principal motif, and are stamped upon heavy tan cloth. They are embroidered in vivid colorings, heavy wool being used for the purpose. The rounded ends of the runner add an unusual touch to the design. These are finished with green, which looks best as a background.

Concerning the Remaking of Suits



It is a good idea to buy an extra yard or so of the material selected for a tailored suit, in order that the coat or skirt, or both, may be altered and the suit remodeled. Good fabrics outlast styles, and a suit is often regrettably consigned to the discard, not because it is worn but because styles have changed since it was made. A suit that is required to do more than one season's service without any alteration should be conservative in style. A plain skirt of medium fullness, and a box coat or one of the plain, semifitted models, if well made of good material and fine finish, is never out of the running. A good model to follow in remaking a suit is shown in the picture given here. The skirt is made with an inverted panel set in at the back and front, and a narrow skirt may be widened by the addition of such panels. Another good plan for widening a narrow skirt is to split it up at each side to the swell of the hip. Here it is trimmed to form a yoke, and an extra piece is set in at each side by shirring or plaiting it to the yoke. The fashion for short skirts help make the way easy in altering them, and borders at the bottom and bands set on are useful for the same purpose. Coats have been brought up to date this season by the addition of full skirts, set on at the waist line, and by belts and pockets made in the new mode. A collar and cuffs in another fabric help out in the transformation, and buttons supplement these with the smartest of finishing touches. It is a great satisfaction to convert an old style into a new one. Whether one is compelled to be economical or not a remade suit made of good cloth adds variety to the wardrobe and admits of the exercise of the individual taste in design. Artificial feathers for millinery, made of fur, have been invented by a Boston man.

Little Ministers of Vanity



Someone whose occupation, or business, is the thinking up of pretty things must have turned her attention recently to artificial flowers. For these cunning copies of nature's beauty-wonders are compelling attention everywhere because they are used in new and unusual ways. They are used to replace natural flowers in the limousine. We are familiar with them in girldes about the waist and in wreaths about the hair, but these are only mere beginnings of their usefulness as it has been lately developed. Everywhere little blossoms nestle in bows and rosettes of malines or lace, ornamenting collars and cuffs. They dangle, in place of ribbons, in hanging sprays from the girldes. They are perched in bright sprays on the party or the shopping bag, and they adorn the pincushion, the perfume bottle and the powder puff. A small bouquet set in a frill of gauze and suspended by narrow ribbons that are tied about the wrist is the latest adjunct but one of the party gown. And that one is the spray of flowers which finishes an adorable anklet of malines that is tied above the slipper to fly with the feet of the youthful dancer. Only one ankle is allowed this final touch of color and coquetry. The corsage bouquet and the flowers for the limousine have other business in hand besides their important mission of beauty. They are determined to be useful as well as ornamental. A bouquet for the limousine is shown in the picture, made of two orchids and many sprays of lifelike lilies of the valley. In the heart of one orchid, concealed by flower petals, is a tiny box of compact powder and the other darts to harbor in this secret way a box of rouge. Flower petals cover the small powder puff that slips in each box and the unnoticeable little ring that is the handle of the puff is covered with silk floss. The stems of the flowers are tied with a bow of ribbon matching one of the shades in the orchids in color. One ribbon loop is sewed up along the edges to form a case for a tiny mirror. Look twice in the heart of the newest corsage rose and the chances are that you will find it harboring the same sort of first aide to Cupid.

Painted Over. She—I hear that Jack has a new girl. He—No, that's just his old one painted over. To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach. A Natural Question. "He's wedded to his art." "Is it a happy match?"—Detroit Free Press. When all others fail to please Try Denton's Goggles. The Dickens is about the best book on earth this season. The publisher will send.

The Kilmear's... You may have a sample... Address Dr. Kilmear & Co., Washington, N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper.—Adv.

EVIDENTLY A THRIFTY SOUL

Would-Be Talker Over Telephone Balked When Called Upon to Drop a Nickel in the Slot. A correspondent of the Cleveland Plain Dealer tells this story: "I was called to the telephone, and a pay station operator asked, 'Is this Garfield 0064?' and since that is indeed my number, I said yes. So she called to the party on the other end of the line, 'Drop a nickel, please.' 'Vot?' came a male voice. 'Drop a nickel, please.' 'Vot?' 'Drop five cents, please,' said the operator, frowning. And still the caller can't get it though his hand that he must part with a penny before he can talk. Then I took a hand—or a voice—in the conversation. 'What's the matter with you?' I shrieked. 'Drop five cents in the slot, and then you will be allowed to talk to this number.' 'There was a long pause, and then this reply: 'O-o-o! Well, never mind. I get me another number!'" "Probably," concludes our informant, "he kept calling till he got a cheaper one."

His Nationality. Reviewing his Calcutta days as secretary for the acting governor of Bengal, Mr. Stanley Coxon relates an anecdote of a dinner in honor of the executive. On assembling in the room, our host remarked: "Yes, I think we are all Irishmen, but I'm a bit doubtful about that fellow Coxon." I was not at the time quite sure what I was. My reply, however, gave me away entirely, and delighted the heart of our genial host. In the most innocent manner I remarked: "No, sir, I'm afraid you can't claim me. I was born there, but I've never been there!" I have worn the shamrock ever since.—Youth's Companion.

AT THE FIRST SIGNS

Of Falling Hair Get Cuticura. Works Wonders. Trial Free. Touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment, and for next morning with a hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. This at once arrests falling hair and promotes hair growth. You may rely on these superabundant emollients for all skin troubles. Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Sure Sign. Gov. Locke Craig was talking in Raleigh about the difficulties of the profession of politics. "I am in hearty sympathy," he said, "with the ward leader who announced to his friends the other day that his new son—a nine-pound baby—had fair to grow up a very successful politician. "How can you tell that already, Jake?" they asked him. "Why, the kid can't talk yet." "No," said Jake, "but he has already started trying to kick and shake hands at the same time."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. Fletcher in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria. Wasn't sure. Fryer—By the way, you are a married man, are you not? Fryer—Don't know. I was this morning, but I haven't had a chance to peruse the court news in the evening papers.

Harder Still. "Well, have you reached the point where you can assemble a motor car?" asked Mr. Chubson. "No, indeed," answered Mr. Johnson. "In fact, I haven't yet reached the point where I can assemble the price."

Not Gray States but Tired Eyes. Make up look older than you are. Keep your eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies Murine Eye Remedy. Don't tell your eyes. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago. Send Eye Book on request. Its Style. "Was the musical program a post-pourri, Mrs. Cooney?" "No, indeed. It was nothing as refreshery. It was just a sort of mixture."

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days. Druggists refund money if PILE OINTMENT fails to cure itching, burning or bleeding Piles. First application gives relief, cure. Painted Over. She—I hear that Jack has a new girl. He—No, that's just his old one painted over. To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach. A Natural Question. "He's wedded to his art." "Is it a happy match?"—Detroit Free Press. When all others fail to please Try Denton's Goggles. The Dickens is about the best book on earth this season. The publisher will send.