

The Red Lock

By DAVID ANDERSON
Author of "The Blue Moon"

A Tale
of the
Flatwoods

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THE BOUND BOY

Three generations ago life on the banks of the Wabash was the life of the frontier—of the backwoods—of the outposts of civilization. Life there was simple—and strenuous. Men were strong and the primitive emotions swayed them. And this is a tale of the days of our grandfathers and of those conditions.

David Anderson, a native of this region, knows it as few do. His "Blue Moon," which told of the pearl fishers, was a great success. "The Red Lock" takes up a time a little later—when the pearl fishers were giving place to permanent settlers. It is a tale of the Flatwoods.

Yes; we have no canal construction in this story. The red lock is a lock of hair recurring in the generations of the Collins—an inheritance from a pirate ancestor who even in those days was regarded as an undesirable citizen. And this red lock played the mischief with any Colin so adorned.

So we have Ken Colin, who mysteriously disappeared, red lock and all; Texie, his pretty and loyal sister; Big Jack—bound boy who loves Texie, and various red-blooded pioneer people who are involved in the results of the reappearance of the red lock.

Nature lovers and woodsmen will find much here to interest them. For the author is close to nature's heart and his pages show his relationship. And Big Jack is an adept in woodcraft, with an efficient eye for an enemy's trail and the quickness of the wild animal life of the Flatwoods.

CHAPTER I

The Bound Boy.

A girl came out of the back yard of a red-roofed cottage at the up-stream edge of Buckeye, passed around a rather tastefully built barn, with its flanking cribs and pens, crossed the fallow pasture lot in a corner of which it stood, climbed the fence and picked her way up the face of the cliffs that roughly walled the village on three sides, until she stood at last among the jagged and broken pinnacles at the top of Black Rock, a lighter speck against the gray green background of the Flatwoods.

Away beyond the bend where the placid Wabash lost itself among the hills the sun crawled toward the rim of the West. Pendant above the distant timber line its round splendor, burnished bright by the wonder of May, turned a lingering glance at the serene world.

But the girl was not watching the sunset. The splendor of the wide-spread landscape at her feet was lost on her.

Crawling out from under the sunset, halving the village and winding away up the river between cliff and bottom, ran the River road, the one slim artery that connected Buckeye with the great world outside the Flatwoods.

The girl's eyes were on the road. Far up the river—twenty miles of gravel and gray sand—it led to the city. On clear days she had sometimes made out the hazy whiteness of its roofs and spires—the gateway of another world—a world that the errant fancies of girlhood peeped with many a wonder.

Seven years ago to a day she had stood there and watched the Milford stage carry her brother away to the end of that road—through the dim-

ly lit gateway and out into the great world beyond. The East—it swallows up many a man of the West. It had swallowed her brother up. It never gave him back.

The eyes, grown pensive, turned slowly to the upstanding pinnacle of sandstone, polished smooth by a thousand winds, alive in the bronze glow that struck up from the distant rifle. Three names had been rudely carved



Seven Years Ago Today She Stood There and Watched the Milford Stage Carry Her Brother Away to the End of the Road.

There, one above the other, so long ago that storm and frost had begun to obliterate them.

The girl picked up a piece of ragged shale and with a sharp corner scraped clean each knife stroke, till the three names stood out clear as the day they were first carved there:

KEN
TEXIE
JACK

She dropped the piece of shale; thoughtfully passed her fingers over the names and glanced down at the foot of the upstanding pinnacle. In a sheltered pocket of the great rock, where only the tempered rays of the sun could strike it, lay a tiny bed of leaf mold set with clumps of yellow orchids not yet in bloom—"lady slippers," in the quaint and expressive vernacular of the Wabash country—that had doubtless been transplanted from the deep woods.

The girl stooped above the tiny flower bed—a friendly spot in its setting of stern rocks; plucked away an obtrusive weed or two; let her sobered eyes stray back to the red-roofed cottage, across a small orchard that lay spread at her feet, and out over the rather pretentious farmstead to which the orchard belonged.

Pretentious—just that; a promise of comfort and affluence never fulfilled. There was every evidence that the farmstead had been laid out on a scale much more elaborate than was usual in the Flatwoods; but nothing had been finished—an attempt that failed; a dream that never came true.

Outlined among the weeds and encroaching brambles lay the extensive foundation of the farmhouse, but it had been carried little beyond the foundation. A few sills—huge squared logs, cut and hewed in the upland woods—had been laid. Of the few timbers of the superstructure, some had fallen entirely, others had fallen at one end and hung straining, while even the firmest canted far out of plumb.

Back of this creaking skeleton of time-blackened timbers, and nearer the cliff, stood a mite of a log cabin, rudely constructed, where doubtless a man had housed while dreaming his unfinished dream of house and barns and happy homestead. Rooted beside the door and almost completely covering the cabin, a crimson rambler of many years' growth—a far wanderer that no surroundings can degrade—offered a fragrant suggestion that a woman had shared the dreams of the man.

Three horses grazed in the barn lot down near a big elm that stood at the road gate; some geese squatted along the diminutive rivulet leading from the spring; out in the feed lot lolled a bunch of cattle, fine and thrifty as could have been seen the length of the Wabash.

The eyes of the girl suddenly waked from brooding; darted to a point a short distance up the cliff; lived. The slouch hat and drab corduroy hunting blouse of a tall young woodsman with an immense spread of shoulder had flitted past a break in the bushes as he sprang down the steep and rugged path that picked its way among the rocks from the uplands. She was just in time to see him reach up, put his hand on the top rail of the fence and vault over into the barn lot. The girl missed a breath. Few men in the Flatwoods could have made that leap.

Down by the big elm at the road gate one of the horses, a powerful gelding, glossy black save for one white lock in his foretop, raised his head; came trotting up the lot. The big woodsman put his arm about the arched neck; laid his face against the glossy mane and stroked the soft nose.

"Good ol' Graylock!" he muttered—"bound 'r free, 't you a man's a man—"

A shadow subdued the bold frankness of his face, as a chance cloud draws across a fair field; he gazed hard at the wind-staggered skeleton of the unfinished farmhouse.

His roving eye, following the glow of approaching sunset, found the girl upon the rock, her pliant body softly outlined against the silver-green background of the woods.

"Texie—w-y—!"

In another moment he was racing up the cliff. The girl was waiting for him by the upstanding pinnacle of sandstone, a half sadness in her eyes that gradually subdued the eagerness in his. He laid his big hand on her shoulder; slid it down her arm and gathered her fingers in his great palm. There was not even a twitch of response. He dropped the fingers, backed away a step and stood studying her.

"Jack—? Do y'u know what day this is?"

He puzzled to find the answer she doubtless had in mind; finally ventured the only one he could think of—"Tuesday, May 10th, 1849."

She flared around at him. "You know that ain't what I mean."

The girl pointed to the carved names on the morolith of sandstone. He followed the motion; stepped past her and ran his hand over the three names, lingering an instant over the middle one.

"Pore Ken—" he muttered, "—he

could 'a' he'n anything he wanted to, 'a'most."

The girl's eyes flinched and turned back to the dim frayed end of the road; the man stood silent.

"Seven years ago t'day," she mused, "you and me stood up here on Black Rock and watched the Milford stage haul 'im away off yonder to the city, and out in the big world 't college, and then we—cut them names—"

She paused. He seemed to feel that an answer was expected of him, but made none.

"Two years we got letters—wonderful ones at first. I 'low you ain't 'frot how we use 't come up here—you and me—and read 'em." She spoke more to herself than to him.

"Then the letters got fewer and farther 'tween, till fin'ly they got s' triffin' ther' wasn't no satisfaction in gittin' 'em."

"Then, y'u know, that terrible one come from the president of the college, tellin' how awful—Ken was carryin' on, and advisin' father 't take 'im home. But he never come, and a

And What Word Could Alter the Stern Fact That He Was a Bounty Boy—Bound Out to Her Own Father.

little while afterwards the president write another letter, tellin' how Ken had—killed a man and run away from school, leavin' all them debts. That was five years ago—and the last we ever heard—"

It is curious and interesting how some of the greatest names of the Anglo-Saxon race have lodged, like river drift, along the byways and waterways of what was once the great American woods.

Ken, Texie, Jack—the first two Collins; the third a Warhope—names that have been spread wide on English history. And of the two ancient families, probably no purer strain existed than the far-flung thread that had found lodgment here in this out-of-the-way corner of the earth—the great Flatwoods that seventy years ago stretched for many an unbroken mile along the north bank of the upper Wabash.

The man swept a hand toward the distant end of the road. The girl glanced at him.

"Ten more days"—there was a strained firmness in his voice, as if what he was about to say came hard to him—"and I'm ridin' out yonder, 'nself."

He felt her eyes upon him.

"Ten more," he went on. "This is the tenth of May. When it's the twentieth, I'll be twenty-one—and free. Ten more—I be'n countin' 'em."

A deep seriousness clouded his face; he stared down at the warped skeleton of the unfinished farmhouse. The girl fumbled the bit of ribbon at her waist.

"My father dreamed that dream," he went on. "B'fore it could come true, the Seminoles botted their reservation and he dropped everything and rushed away to the head of the rangers. You know how he—fell at Okechofee." He paused a moment; gripped his hat and went on. "Mother never saw a well day no more. You know how she lingered along down there under the rose vine till I was twelve. When she—died, it was found out Pap Simon had a mortgage on everything. He foreclosed; had me—bound out to 'im; and—"

"The girl stole a look at his face. It was so hard and bitter that she dared not venture a word. And what word could alter the stern fact that he was a bound boy—bound out to her own father?"



And What Word Could Alter the Stern Fact That He Was a Bounty Boy—Bound Out to Her Own Father.

"Wild and savage and terrible, like ol' 'Red Colin' must 'a' looked."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COLORS BEING USED IN EVENING FROCKS

Orchid With Yellow Chic Novelty Feature Now in Forefront.

We do not think of practical values when we select the evening wardrobe, observes a fashion writer. That is why, perhaps, modistes are relegating their tulle, satins and crepe knits to the rear of their shops and filling the windows with those elusive affairs which seem to be cloudy associations of ribbon, lace and the sheerest materials.

Bouffant effects add to this appearance. The opaque quality of ruffled material merely emphasizes the soft transparency of the single fold which forms the frock itself. We may combine our trimmings of ruffled ribbon, fluted lace, plaited self-material, or any of the numerous bits which designers have accomplished so cleverly this season. But we should keep in mind the fact that daintiness has its widest appeal in evening frocks.

Embroidered figures on a silk background are to be found among the collection of pretty frocks for the younger girl. Unusual color combinations have been achieved. One of the novelty effects, which is finding considerable popularity just now, is the use of orchid with yellow.

The yellow is used in an understrip of fine georgette and lace, while the orchid is placed in slender panels over the yellow foundation.

Lace has not stepped from the limelight, as we might have thought earlier. It was used in such abundance on the frocks for afternoon wear that we scarcely expected to see its popularity increase as the days advanced. Perhaps because the vogue for dyed lace came to the rescue, the vivid and unusual colorings in which the lace was offered gave the fad its new lease on life.

However, we are finding it made up into the most attractive dance frocks. Almond green lace, with an apricot georgette girde, proves a fascinating

Gay Japanese Kimono; Red as Ground Color



This very beautiful Japanese kimono is shown in a soft silk with a drop-stitched line running through. The ground color is red, with a Nipponese pattern in blue and white.

combination. Melon pink, touched artfully with rosettes of old blue chiffon or gray, lighted with the iridescence of silver, is being seen at the smart dances.

White stormed the sports world and was accepted. For the golf links, the country club or the shore we gave it first place. But we are rather surprised to see evidences of its popularity in the evening frocks when color is being used so widely.

An exquisite dance frock of white chiffon was the center of attraction in a room that fairly bloomed with the color effects of other gowns. Of particular simplicity were the lines of this white frock, showing infinite skirts of chiffon, each drooping its pointed hemline a little below the other.

Blue Promises to Be Popular Fall Color

Blue for wearing apparel gives every indication of unusual popularity during fall season. This popular color runs the chromatic scale from hedge-sparrow's egg blue to a shade so deep as almost to be black, and finds its fullest expression in the three-piece suits and tailcoats which fashion has decreed for fall.

Compensation for the slightly shorter skirts of these costumes is afforded by the somewhat longer coats, the three-quarter length being especially emphasized by leading designers. Coat sleeves are for the most part narrow and straight and elaborate ornamentation has given way to narrow bands of fur, such as white rabbit, marabout, leopard and reindeer.

A Neat Closing.
A torn placket hole looks most untidy and can quite well be prevented in the following way: Sew a hook and eye at the very bottom of it on the wrong side, then hook it together and pinch the placket hole quite neat, and it is almost impossible to tear it.

Straight Lines, With Flare From Knee Down



This type of gown is popular for afternoon wear. It is constructed of black satin, relieved by a touch of brilliantly colored embroidery.

Long Shoulder Lines Displayed in New Furs

In the fur fashions of the winter is reflected the tendency to exploit the same long shoulder line so apparent in costumes of other materials. Even when much material is used and there is perhaps a cleverly inserted godet plait in front or at the side, or when the attached piece at the bottom of coat or wrap is unmistakably circular, the effect is always of extreme slimmness, an effect accentuated by the close little helmet or cloche hat which has been carried over from the modes of summer and still remains well in the lead of millinery fashions.

Costume Slips Great Help to Dressmakers

Quite elaborate appearing negligees are evolved through the simple method of buying one of the lovely costume slips and draping over it a loose coat of chiffon or lace, which may be trimmed. These costume slips are a great help to the home dressmaker, whether she be making a negligee, a new frock or altering a last year's dress.

There are particularly lovely slips of white lace and voile, with inset motifs of white lace. These are intended to be worn under a lace or chiffon dress or negligee. Several of the lace motifs are set into the front of the slip to give the effect of a panel, while other motifs are joined to form a deep yoke. The same model worked out in material suitable to wear under a more formal dress is of chiffon and gold lace.

For wear with coat dresses there

The Kitchen Cabinet

No man has a right to leave the world as he found it. He must add something to it; either he must make its people better or happier, or he must make the face of the world more beautiful or fairer to look at.—Edward Bok.

MORE REASONABLE GOOD THINGS

Cream cheese is such a good food and in cool weather is found plentifully in the markets.



Cream Cheese Balls.—Work one cream cheese until smooth with one-half tablespoonful of cream, six

chopped, stuffed olives, three tablespoonfuls of chopped walnut meats, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a few grains of paprika.

Walnut Decaits.—Add one-fourth of a cupful of olives stoned and chopped to one cream cheese, add one-half teaspoonful of salt and a few grains of paprika. Shape into balls, roll in sifted cracker crumbs, flatten, place half of an English walnut opposite each other on each piece. Arrange on a dolly-covered plate.

Canton Cream.—Soak one tablespoonful of granulated gelatin in one-fourth of a cupful of cold water, add to the custard made from one cupful of milk, the yolks of two eggs, one-fourth of a cupful of sugar and a few grains of salt. Strain, chill in a pan of ice water, add one tablespoonful vanilla, three of ginger sirup and one-fourth of a cupful of Canton ginger cut into small pieces. When the mixture begins to thicken, fold in the whip from two and one-half cupfuls of thin cream. Mould and chill.

Potato Salad.—Mix two cupfuls of diced cold boiled potatoes, one cupful of finely-minced celery, one chopped hard-cooked egg, three-fourths of a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley and one small cucumber or a little chopped cucumber pickle. Moisten with a cream salad dressing and surround with lettuce on a dish.

Bisque of Oysters.—Clean, pick over and parboil until the edges curl, one quart of oysters. Brown three tablespoonfuls of butter, add three tablespoonfuls of flour, and pour over gradually, stirring constantly the oyster liquor. Season well, add the oysters and just before serving add a cupful of cream.

When friends are at your hearth-side met,
Sweet courtesy has done its most,
If you have made each guest forget
That he himself is not the host.

WHAT TO EAT

Wipe, pare and core six sour apples and arrange them in a baking dish.



Mix one-half cupful of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of curry powder and one tablespoonful of melted butter. Fill the cavities with the mixture, pour three-fourths of a cupful of chicken stock into the dish and bake until the apples are soft, basting every six minutes.

Keswick Pudding.—Bring three-fourths of a cupful of sugar and one cupful of water to the boiling point. Beat the yolks of three eggs slightly and add one-fourth of a cupful of sugar and a few grains of salt. Pour on the boiling sirup and cook until the mixture thickens; then add one and one-fourth tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatin soaked in one-fourth of a cupful of cold water, and one-fourth of a cupful of lemon juice. Stir until the mixture thickens. Turn into a mould and chill. Garnish with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

Nut Prune Souffle.—Soak one cupful of prunes in two cupfuls of cold water, then cook in same water until soft. Remove stones and cut prunes into small pieces. To the prune liquor add water to make one and one-half cupfuls; then add one cupful of sugar, two inches of stick cinnamon and the prunes; cook ten minutes. Dilute one-third of a cupful of cornstarch with cold water and add to the mixture. Cook ten minutes. Remove the cinnamon, add whites of two eggs well beaten, one-third of a cupful of broken walnut meats and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Bake in a moderate oven until set. Serve with cream if desired.

Caramel Junket.—Heat two cupfuls of milk until lukewarm. Caramelize one-third of a cupful of sugar, add one-third of a cupful of boiling water and cook until the sirup is reduced to one-third of a cupful. Cool and add the milk slowly to the sirup. Powder one junket tablet and mix with a little water to dissolve; add to the milk, flavor with a little vanilla and add a pinch of salt. Stir until well blended. Turn into small glasses and set away in a warm room to become set. Then chill, cover with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored, and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

Nellie Maxwell