

# THE RED LOCK

### A Tale of the Flatwoods

By **DAVID ANDERSON**  
Author of "The Blue Moon"  
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#### THE PREACHER

**SYNOPSIS.**—On the banks of the Wabash stand Texie Colin and Jack Warhope, young and very much in love. Texie is the only daughter of old Pap Simon, rich man and money-lender. Jack is the orphaned boy of Pap Simon, who had foreclosed a mortgage on the Warhops estate. At first Texie and Jack talk sadly of Ken Colin, the girl's missing brother. Then Jack says that in ten days his servitude will be over, that he will ride out into the big world to seek his fortune. Both know what that will mean to them.

#### CHAPTER I—Continued.

She glanced away along the distant windings of the road.  
"When men of the woods ride out—yonder, they don't come back. Ken—didn't."  
The man's eyes searched her face for some hidden meaning in her words; apparently did not find it.  
"I ain't a'm' t' let the big world out yonder swallow me up like it did—Ken. Some flatboatmen told me yesterday there's a wagon train makin' it up in the city for the gold diggin' in California. Y' know, when a bound boy's time's out, the man he's bound to most generly sends 'im off with a boss and saddle and bridle. Pap Simon said he fig'r'd on givin' me Graylock."  
"I low we'll jine that wagon train—Graylock and me. And when we find gold, we're comin' back."  
He stole a shy look at her. She dropped her eyes.  
"You'll frget the Flatwoods when you've found—gold."  
He seemed to search her words again for some meaning that he wished much to find. But her face was very thoughtful and turned aside.  
"Frget the Flatwoods! Where else in the world is there a sight like that? The minute I've got money enough I'm comin' back. I'll buy the homestead back fom Pap Simon; finish the house; and then—"  
An arm unconsciously reached toward her. The movement brought the red-roofed cottage into his line of vision—the red-roofed cottage, where lay a paper that bound him to servitude. He drew his arm back; crushed his hat rim in his powerful fingers.  
Down by the rivulet in the barn lot the geese honked and clapped their wings. The sound aroused the man from the half bitter mood and he glanced at his companion, to find her eyes upon him.  
"Jack—" she hesitated; "do y' s'pose it could be the red lock that made Ken act like 'e did?"  
The question was so at variance with the man's trend of thought that he was a long time considering it.  
"It ain't the red lock," he finally answered in his slow way, "it's the drop of blood that come along with it. Fr that matter, though, every man gits a bad drop 'r two out of the past. But them bad drops can be overcome, if a man bucks ag'in 'em. The trouble with Ken was it didn't 'pear like he wanted 't buck ag'in 'em."  
"The 'curse of Collin," was the girl's musing comment. "Fr hundreds of years—ever sence the days of 'Red Collin,' the old sea pirate—it's been breakin' out in the family every few generations. It alwys worried Ken that it broke out on him. I've sometimes thought it would 'a' been better if he'd never 'a' found out the meanin' of that red lock—that it was the 'curse of Collin'—"  
"That's it," he commented. "I low Ken fig'r'd the curse had 'im anyhow, and so it wasn't woth while 't buck ag'in it."  
The river road was a bigger institution than the town. It not only halved the town; it well-nigh halved its political faith. From the Warhops farmstead at the east edge to the school house at the west edge, it formed, in political years, a sort of "devil's lane" between the north siders and the south siders. The farmstead and the red-roofed cottage—which is to say Jack, Warhope and the Collins—were both on the north side of the road.  
Simon Colin had once been Zeke Polick's partner, but had dissolved the partnership years before to follow the more lucrative business of lending money and collecting rents—mostly his own. A banker without a bank, so shrewd was his judgment and so hard the bargains he drove, that half the Flatwoods was under mortgage to him.  
He still kept a sort of office in the store—a desk by the dusty window; a narrow shelf nailed along the tops of the palings at the longer side; a chair; a table against the wall, on it three or four law books that were never opened. There was no safe. That was at the red-roofed cottage.  
Not a very imposing office—but the commerce of the Flatwoods passed across those time-faded, unpainted palings. Even Zeke Polick, Simon's closest business associate, would have been astonished to know the actual wealth that journeyed in an old satchel back and forth every day between house and store.  
Dangerous?—twice the attempt had been made to see inside that satchel, and a man had died each time. The old banker carried a huge double-barreled horse pistol, loaded half to the muzzle with buckshot, and he knew

his big hand and touched the smart bow of ribbon at her waist.  
"W'y, didn't y' know, the new preacher's a-comin' on the Milford stage this evenin', and we're all goin' 't meet 'im—y' know."  
The twinkle at the corners of the man's eyes deepened.  
"An' I?"  
"Father's already fixed it fr 'im 't have the use of ol' preacher Mason's study at the parsonage—Mason's terrible lonesome sence the ol' preacher died, and he'll be company. He'll do 'is writin' and makin' up 'is sermons there. He'll board with us—he ain't married, y' know."  
She paused and laid a hand on the man's arm. He covered it with his great palm; looked hard at her, with suddenly sobered eyes.  
"He was a classmate of—Ken's," she went on, "and he's now one of the teachers and preachers in the very college where Ken went."  
The man's eyes widened. She drew her hand from under his palm.  
"I low that's why father was s' quick 't hire 'im; and mebbe that's why he was s' willin' 't come. He ain't none too well, his letter said, bein' nigh broke down with teachin' and preachin', and he 'lowed this would be a good 'place 't rest up in."  
Her eyes swept the serene landscape; suddenly she raised an arm and pointed to the blurred end of the road. His eyes followed the direction of her rigid finger. The Milford stage was just crawling out of the bronze shadows and coming into view. The next moment she had seized his hand and was dragging him, half unwilling, down the cliff.

#### CHAPTER II

#### East Meets West.

Of four stages that passed through Buckeye each day—the evening stage from up the river—from the city twenty miles above—was by far the most important. Its arrival was the one big event of the day. Half the village was usually gather'd about the broken porch of Zeke Polick's general store to see it come in.  
The Buckeye post office shifted back and forth across the River road about as often as the nation changed presidents. Zeke Polick was a Whig, and the man in the White House in far-off



The Old Man Grinned, as Broadly as the Pinched Shrewdness of His Dry Face Would Allow.

Washington happened to be a Whig. That's why the post office was in a store on the north side of the road in the year of grace, 1840, instead of in a store on the south side.

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the way to its light trigger as the weasel knows the way to its den.  
And the safe at home—a cracksmen from the city tried that one night. The old man blew a hole in his ribs the size of an open hand with a sawed-off shotgun he always kept near his bed.

The old banker had just closed his desk, picked up the rusty satchel, and come out on the porch of the store when his daughter and the big woodsman joined the crowd around the post office—a crowd doubly large, gathered for the doubly auspicious occasion.

The girl ran to her father and slipped an arm about his waist. He looked down at her and grunted. It was the only sign he gave that he knew she was there.

Up beyond the Warhops farmstead there came a prodigious rattle of wheels, a clatter of iron-shod hoofs, and the Milford stage dashed into sight; roared across the wooden bridge where the River road crossed Eagle run; rumbled past the church into the village and pulled up in front of the post office.

The crowd flocked around it. The guard threw off the mail sack. Zeke Polick plected it up and carried it in, and the lumbering stage rattled away down the river.

One passenger had alighted, a tall young man wearing a full beard, neatly cropped and pointed—the new preacher, without a doubt—quite the oddest array of satchels and umbrellas, patent leather boots and high hat, stiff neck stock and enormous spectacles, that had ever invaded the Flatwoods.

He seemed nervous as he stood at the side of the road peering through his enormous spectacles, slightly amber tinted, upon the crowd.

The old banker, with his daughter a step behind him, advanced, touched his faded black hat and extended his hand.

"The Rev. Caleb Hopkins, I low?"  
The eyes behind the huge spectacles lighted. The young preacher dropped one of his satchels and met the outstretched hand.

"Ah—Mr.—Collin, I take it?"  
"All but the mister, I'm jist plain Sime Colin."

The old man grunted, as broadly as the pinched shrewdness of his dry face would allow.  
"I want y' 't meet my daughter," he half turned; jerked his thumb toward the girl; jerked it back toward the preacher. "Texie, Mr. Hopkins."

The young preacher touched his tall hat; dropped his other satchel, grasped the girl's hand in both his own and pressed it closer than the occasion could possibly warrant.

It may have been merely the expression of a genial nature touched with the fervency of his profession—the outflowing of a benevolence that embraced all humanity—but even so, it brought a quick flush to the girl's face, and drove her eyes to the ground.

The old banker had turned to the crowd.  
"Step up, step up," he called, "and shake hands with the new parson. The way y' hang back, he'll think he's drapped off amongst a pack o' publicans and sinners."

The crowd had evidently been waiting for just such an invitation. Stolid faces raveled into grins, and the quaint vernacular of the Flatwoods had an airing. Odd bits of philosophy, ancient jokes, that nobody would have dared to spring on his neighbor, were freely sprung on the hapless and helpless sojourner from the polite East.

The informal reception was over and most of the crowd gone when Texie noticed Jack Warhope still leaning against the porch post where she had left him. She ran back, caught his arm and dragged him forward.

"Mr. Hopkins, meet Ja—Mr. Warhope."  
"Glad to meet you, Mr. Warhope," the young preacher stretched forth his hand; the other grasped it. The peering eyes behind the heavy glasses studied him with curious intencness, but the woodsman, only mildly interested, missed the inquisitive look.

The old banker had taken a step up the road.  
"Well," he said, "I low that jist about winds up the how-d'y-doin'. Texie, run in and git the mail, and we'll be moseyin'."

He half turned and glanced back over his shoulder at the preacher.

"I've dickeered the use of our ol' preacher's study fr y' at the parsonage. Sister Mason—the widdler, y' know—she 'lows she'll be right glad to have y' come over and use the study, she's that lonely sence the parson died. We'll stop as we go a-past, and you can take a look at the study, and meet Sister Mason. But, as I writ y' u, I'm aimin' fr y' 't put up with me, at least fr a few days—the brisk, raspy voice softened—"I'm hopein' 't have a talk with y' about—the boy."

He glared down at the road; the preacher studied him curiously.

So long had the old money-lender been 'accustomed to dominate everybody about him that it did not once occur to him to inquire what the preacher's wishes might be. He strode another step or two up the road, remembered that his daughter had gone in after the mail, stopped and frowned half impatiently toward the store door.

At that moment Texie came out with half a dozen letters in her hand, saw the big woodsman, and with a tiny wisp of roguishness in her eyes, stepped on the edge of the porch.

"Yes; there's a fairy peeping into the spring right now."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Enmity of your enemies is less uncertain than the friendship of your friends.

## Serge, Twill for Chic New Outfit

### Navy Blue, or Neutral Beige and Gray Popular for Fall Wear.

Come what will in the world of fashion, there is no such thing as oblation or the tailored frock of serge or twill, in navy blue or neutral beige and gray, declares a fashion correspondent in the Kansas City Star. It holds its own season after season, and the remarkable thing is that designers contrive to give it a distinctly new aspect each line it appears.

This year a certain variation in details is noted, with much attention paid to those suggested by the modes of China. This, perhaps, is more in the introduction of color and in touches of embroidery or the application of narrow bands of bright trimming around the neck and down the side, just as one sees in the Chinese coats.

It is probably by the clever use of color that navy blue frocks of this season are distinguished from those of last.

In line they are straight and slim, with wrist-length sleeves which are sometimes tight, but quite as often bell-shaped, with dainty undersleeves of net or muslin.

For practical purposes nothing takes the place of a dark blue gown, and with the addition of a well chosen hat, shoes and stockings of correct lines and colors, and a scarf of really good fur, it constitutes a street costume that leaves nothing to be desired in the way of chic and good taste.

Afternoon and dinner gowns of lace and velvet are shown with cape or

## Frock in Blue Twill for Business Women



The "Jiffy" frock in blue twill, designed for business women, was displayed at a recent fashion show held in New York.

consists of a frock with a silk top, a wrap-around skirt of wool and a hip-length coat which has a cape extending just over the shoulders. The collar is often fur and sometimes there are fur cuffs, but the model which has been received most enthusiastically has simply the touch of fur at the neck.

There are also charming little frocks of wool, velvet or velveteen. These have a short, straight or circular cape which snaps onto the shoulders and may be removed when necessary.

In one instance it is fashioned of very dark green wool. The cape is of circular cut and has a collar of gray caracul. On the frock there is a little straight Chinese collar of silver embroidery and this touch of silver is repeated in the flaring cuffs.

## Chinese Mode Is Given Prominence in Paris

Strange how the Chinese mode has swept over us by way of Paris. Most of the openings speak of Chinese colors and Chinese feeling, but it has remained for Lanvin to present us with coolie coats developed in all sorts of attractive fabrics the coolie never dreamed about. These she tops with mandarin hats—just to be inconsistent and democratic and altogether femininely French. Since mah jongg has become so popular that special rooms in the houses of enthusiasts are being decorated as a background for play, the Chinese coats and hats ought to have strong attraction for those women who always get the new thing, and get it first.

**Albums Reappear.**  
The old family album has its modern successor in the exquisitely tooled book of florentine leather. These albums fill a long-felt want, since the promiscuous crowding of photographs upon tables and mantels went out.

**Smocking.**  
Smocking is associated with children's frocks and artists' outfits, but now it is seen on some of the most delicate satins and crepes for evening wear.

## Simple and Smart Togs for Little Children

In days gone by every child was supposed to go through a period called the awkward age. In reality it was not an awkward age at all, but in those days mothers had not got beyond a certain stereotyped style of youthful dressing and did not understand the possibilities of that age between babyhood and subdeb.

Few things indicate more decidedly the progress of designing than the charming clothes created for the modern child. They are colorful and exquisite, simple and smart, and, above everything else, appropriate. Perhaps the most distinctive feature of these frocks and coats is their individuality.

It does not take long for a mother to decide just what particular color is becoming to her small daughter and whether her type calls for frills and ruffles or for an almost exaggerated slowness and lack of ornamentation.

As always, certain phases of grown-up fashions are repeated in miniature. There is, for instance, the sleeveless frock with its wide ruffle about the neck and the tight-waisted, full-skirted dress which 'delights the soul of its small owner because it is so like mother's.

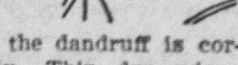
Outdoor garments are made of soft, light-weight wools in tones which set off the lovely coloring of childhood. They have trimmings of fur that are suitable to the years of these small persons.

**Printed and Plain Gowns.**  
Printed and plain materials combine to make some of the smartest of the new frocks—a mode not only becoming but economical as well, because it

## GIRLS! A GLEAMY MASS OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR

35-Cent "Danderine" So Improves Lifeless, Neglected Hair.

An abundance of lustrant hair full of gloss, gleams and life shortly follows a genuine toning up of neglected scalps with dependable "Danderine."



Falling hair, itching scalp and the dandruff is corrected immediately. Thin, dry, wispy or fading hair is quickly invigorated, taking on new strength, color and youthful beauty. "Danderine" is delightful on the hair; a refreshing, stimulating tonic—not sticky or greasy! Any drug store.—Advertisement.

## Dodging the Issue.

Two Negroes, Sam and Rastus, thought their boss was keeping them past quitting time, so they decided to buy a watch together. Sam was agreed upon to be the timekeeper; neither Negro, however, could tell the time, but they were too proud to let each other know this fact. The next afternoon Rastus said to Sam:

"Say, niggah, wot time am it?"

Sam pulled out the watch and thrusting it into Rastus' face, said: "Dere it am."

Rastus looked at the watch doubtfully, scratched his head and said: "D—n if it ain't."—Black and Blue Jay (Johns Hopkins).

## WOMEN CAN DYE ANY GARMENT, DRAPERY

Dye or Tint Worn, Faded Things New for 15 Cents.



Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with "Diamond Dyes" even if you have never dyed before. Druggists have all colors. Directions in each package.—Advertisement.

Men are easily taught to drop a hot plate.

A torpid liver prevents proper food assimilation. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills tone up the liver. They act gently but surely. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

No fur coat can look stunning in a rainstorm.

For the best Angus Cattle, write Sanford & Rich, Mocksville, N. C.—Adv.

If it is too good to be true, hesitate.



## CHARACTER TELLS THE STORY!

People throughout this country are giving more thought to hygiene and to the purity of remedies on the market, but no one doubts the purity of Doctor Pierce's vegetable medicines, for they have been so favorably known for over fifty years that everyone knows they are just what they are claimed to be. These medicines are the result of long research by a well-known physician, R. V. Pierce, M. D., who compounded them from health-giving herbs and roots long used in sickness by the Indians. Dr. Pierce's reputation as a leading and honored citizen of Buffalo, is a sufficient guarantee for the purity of that splendid tonic and blood purifier, the Golden Medical Discovery, and the equally fine nerve tonic and system builder for women's ailments, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Send 10c. for trial pkg. tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N.Y.

**The Grande Chartreuse.**  
The Grande Chartreuse was the original monastery of the Carthusians, founded in 1804. It is situated among the mountains in the French department of Isere, about fourteen miles northeast of Grenoble, and is famous for an aromatic cordial made by the monks the secret of which they have long possessed. The monastery was despoiled during the French revolution, and the inmates exiled from 1796 to 1816. They returned after the restoration of Louis XVIII (1814), but never recovered their former wealth and influence.

**Sweetheart Basket.**  
There are unlimited possibilities in ways one can find for trimming various kinds of baskets with ribbon. A charming sewing basket appropriate as a gift for a bride-to-be is the "sweetheart" basket. First of all buy or make a heart-shaped basket and line its sides with finely plaited pink satin ribbon. Glue a ruffle of pink ribbon all around the top of the basket and equip the interior with all kinds of sewing accessories. When applying glue, use the very best quality so that the ribbon will not be injured.



**Ladies Keep Your Skin Clear, Sweet, Healthy With Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Talcum**