

THE RED LOCK

A Tale of the Flatwoods

By DAVID ANDERSON
Author of "The Blue Moon"
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"BIG JACK!"

SYNOPSIS.—On the banks of the Wabash stand Texie Collin 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 orphan boy of Pap Simon, who had foreclosed a mortgage on the Warhope estate. At first Texie and Jack talk sadly of Ken Collin, 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. Texie and Jack talk of the red lock of "Red Collin," inherited by Ken. And Jack says he's coming back as soon as he finds gold in California. Then arrives the new preacher, Rev. Caleb Hopkins.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"Mercy! but you're a hard man t' herd. Don't y'u know you're goin' home with us t' supper?"

"First I heard of it," the woodsman drawled, shifting his shoulder against the post.

The girl glanced at the preacher standing at the edge of the road, jerked her head ever so slightly toward him—a motion so elusive that it would have escaped anybody else but Jack Warhope—and lowered her voice to a whisper:

"We'll git 'im t' tell us about—Ken."

She turned away. The shoulders left the porch post, and the man followed.

The old banker was holding out his hand for the letters. He glanced them over, grunted, thrust them unopened into the pocket of his faded coat; muttered a word, drew them forth again, sorted out one, stared hard at the address and postmark; and then, with a half petulant grimace, knocked the bunch of letters together, crammed them back into his pocket again and, followed by the others, trudged away up the road.

The venerable widow, like the rest of the village, must have been on the lookout for the new preacher, for she was at the door to meet him as he came up the walk with the others. The old banker presented him.

"So glad to have you come, Brother Hopkins. It has been so dreadfully lonesome since—!"

The mild old eyes floated full of tears. The preacher seemed not to notice.

"I saw your husband's obituary in one of the church papers."

The widow dabbed at her eyes with a black-bordered handkerchief; the preacher, in his hesitating, jerky way, went on.

"I immediately wrote to Mr. Collin offering to come on a—sort of vacation trip and serve the congregation until the vacancy could be filled. I was the more attracted to the thought of coming because my health had given way under the dual strain of preaching and teaching. And then, too, I had heard much about Buckeye and the Flatwoods from a—ah—classmate of mine while a student in the college in which I now have the honor to hold a professorship."

The banker frowned thoughtfully; Texie glanced at Jack.

Evening shadows were gathering thick in the corners of the room. The old man, becoming aware of them, glanced about him and turned to the widow.

"Well, Sister Mason, if you don't mind, I'll jist show Brother Hopkins the study, and then you better g' long over with us t' supper."

With the fine courtesy of one trained to the parsonage, she excused herself; the old banker went on:

"I b'lieve you said he was t' have the use of the study?"

The widow Mason was only too well used to the crisp curt ways of Simon Collin. She turned to the young preacher.

"Brother Hopkins, I don't want you to feel that you are to have merely the study. My home is your home. Please feel free to use all of it or any part of it."

The young preacher bowed very low, and turned to the banker, who led the way up the stairs with as much authority as if he owned the place—which, in reality, he did.

The study, with its writing desk and leather easy chair, with its shelves and shelves of books, showed that its late owner had been a man of studious habits and apparently scholarly attainments.

An immense apple-tree grew by the east window, thrusting its stout branches so close as almost to brush the panes. Through its opening blossoms and half sprung leaves enough of the day remained to catch a view of the old banker's two or three acres of park-like orchard that lay between the parsonage and the red-roofed cottage.

The young preacher stood at the window and gazed out over the orchard, aromatic with promise, green with its thick mat of blue-grass, white under the trees where the blossoms snowed down.

"Not s' bad, is it?"
"It is very beautiful."
"I towed y'u'd like it." The old man rubbed his long bony hands together in a sort of grim satisfaction. "My daughter fools away hours and hours in that seat yonder under the big maple by the spring. I 'low ther ain't a bird comes by she can't mock."

The preacher looked at him curiously, half sternly.
"I can well believe you," he said.
"A girl like your daughter, with her quite obvious gifts and possibilities, and so much a part of this wonderful profusion of wild nature about her, would naturally seek some such diversion to keep her life from starving in this out-of-the-way place."

The money-lender pondered these words and seemed on the point of resenting them; but only jerked his thumb toward the window again.
"Took a right smart pile t' fix it up like that. Money wasted, I tell 'er. We'll go across that way t' the house, if y'u like."

"It would please me greatly."
The momentary sternness had left the eyes behind the spectacles, the jerky precise voice had resumed its effusive drawl.
When they came down, Texie and Jack had already gone out into the yard. Mrs. Mason was standing in the door, talking to them.

The gray-haired gentlewoman turned to the preacher.
"Brother Hopkins, won't you please run over for a few minutes after supper?"



"Brother Hopkins, Won't You Please Run Over for a Few Minutes After Supper?"

per? I have so longed to talk with a minister since—since—"
"It is a minister's duty to go where his people call him," he said, in a voice pitched to reach the ears of the others, as it might have seemed. "I shall be very pleased to come."

He bowed himself out and joined the half impatient banker on the doorstep.

"Come on," the old man called to the others down the walk, "we're goin' across the orch'rd. Brother Hopkins 'lows he'd like to."

There was no gate between the banker's park-like orchard and the parsonage yard. The fence had to be climbed. When they reached it the preacher offered his hand to the girl, who, to the amazement of the woodsman, took it and allowed him to lift her down—a concession that meant much in the Flatwoods.

At the bridge over Eagle run—merely a huge foot log broad-axed flat along the top—the girl allowed the preacher to assist her again, and the woodsman was treated to his second surprise. He had seen her, hundreds of times, skip across that log as sure-footed as a squirrel.

The path beyond led past the big maple with the rustic seat beneath the shelter of its far-flung branches. At its roots a spring gushed up, lapping the white pebbles of the tiny gutter it had worn for itself on its way to Eagle run.

"Whispering spring," said Texie simply, raising her eyes to the preacher.
"Jack named it that. He can think of s' many names fr the fairies. He's a poet, I guess."

The woodsman fidgeted. The preacher glanced toward him, but made no comment.

"My brother, Ken, use t' tell me the fairies come down out of the cliffs at night t' dance around Whispering spring, and I b'lieved him—I b'lieved everything he told me them days—and I use t' watch fr the fairies."

She looked up at the preacher; then back into the spring.

"Do you b'lieve in fairies?" She asked the question as if she hoped he did believe in them.

He glanced down at the reflected face in the water. "Yes; there's a fairy peeping into the spring right now."

the preacher had said that caught his interest.

The girl was so entirely an unspoiled creature of the woods that she let the preacher see how much the neat compliment pleased her. With the color tingling over her face, she sprang over the gnarled roots of the great maple and ran a few steps up the path to the edge of the yard, paused and then hurried on.

The preacher looked after her in his peering way, while the woodsman strode up the path and overtook her at the kitchen door.

"I'll run over and do the chores, and then come back," he said.
He walked on a little way and then came slowly back. The girl, just going into the kitchen, seemed to know that he had turned—seemed to know that he would turn back. With her hand on the door casement she waited for him to speak.

The man glanced out over the orchard; up the side of the cliffs; along the timber line that bearded them; came back to the eye. The inquisitiveness had lessened; the roguishness deepened.

"You let 'im lift y'u!" he muttered.
With an odd, hard little laugh she darted in at the kitchen door.

CHAPTER III

Three Candles.
The last flare of sunset had followed the Wabash out under the rim of the west by the time Jack Warhope came back along the orchard path to the red-roofed cottage.

From the porch at the front of the house came the drone of the banker's voice, broken occasionally by the preacher's precise, jerky sentences.

Warhope listened for a moment. The money-lender was talking about a quarter-section that he had foreclosed on the day before. The woodsman had heard many an hour of that talk. With a shrug of his shoulders, he pushed the gate open and walked around to the kitchen door.

With a step that the woods had made light as a falling leaf he slipped in and stood motionless. The portly, pudgy form of Mrs. Curry, the housekeeper, was bent over the cook stove, busy with the supper.

The fit of a shadow and the clink of dishes in the adjoining dining room told the grinning intruder that Texie was "settin'" the table. For such an occasion there would be a white cloth, the best silver would be out, and there would be three candles instead of one.

The clink of the dishes ceased and the girl appeared in the doorway between the two rooms. Seeing Jack, she paused, tried to look severe, but failed.

"Now look at that!"
Mrs. Curry straightened, and exclaimed:

"Big Jack! Mercy, how you can slip up on a body."
"Put 'im t' work, Mis' Curry. We don't 'low no loafers, do we?"
The housekeeper in reply was interrupted by a misbehaving skillet and she turned back to the stove.

Supper over, there fell a moment of silence—the delicious breath of repose that almost always follows the evening meal in quiet country homes. The old money-lender sat marking on the tablecloth with his fork, as if mapping out the boundary lines of other quarter-sections that he hoped to have the chance to foreclose in a short time.

The girl seized the favorable moment, and leaning forward, said: "Now, Mr. Hopkins, tell us about—my brother—Ken. I've b'en wishin' all evening t' ask y'u."

Her father stopped marking on the tablecloth and sat very still; the housekeeper crossed her knife and fork on her plate, as the Christians of Spain used to do in the days of Moorish domination; the woodsman let his thoughts revel in the faultless profile of the girl's face. The preacher caught the wistful look in her eyes—the subdued eagerness of one who could not resist the desire to ask, yet dreaded the answer. He fumbled his napkin.

"P. S.—Mr. Collin is dead. He died before he could quite finish signing his name."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

World's Coldest Place.
The Province of Verchajansk, in Oriental Siberia, is the coldest inhabited place in the world. The daily mean temperature throughout the year is 2.72 degrees below zero.

Often Done.
"Why don't you get a new hotel in Plunkville?" "It is easier to change the name of the old one."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

London Favors Fur and Rich Velvets

Peltry and Heavy Fabrics Used in Interesting Combination.

One-half of the fall models have their skirts all plaited together in front with classical folds extending fan-shape to the hem, and the other half have every possible scrap of fullness strained right away from the front and bunched up at the back into what has a startling resemblance to a bustle, or at any rate a very full double-looped bow with long diagonally slashed ends which trail on the floor. This last, of course, writes a London fashion correspondent, applied only to evening dresses.

But the bunched back effect is seen on heavy cloth street dresses made to be worn under short, flaring, wide-sleeve coats of heavy embroidered or brocaded velours or fur.

Fur is on everything, a foot wide band around the bottom of a velvet or brocade cloak, cut as straight and slim as a chemise dress, with a similar straight band of exactly the same width set around the neck and dipping forward under the chin.

Lining for the new "liquid" metal fabric evening cloaks is ermine or rabbit, showing in the immensely wide turned-back cape collar, the outside of which is upholstered in a double boister effect with tiny jeweled buttons fixing the padding at intervals.

Fur is used on all the new suits, as a straight close-fitting curate band of Russian sable around the neck of a little rosewood brown velours made with a straight hunting jacket and a skirt finely plaited across the front breadth, but perfectly plain in the back. No other fur appears on this suit; the



Black Satin Frock, Draped in Back With Bustle Sash of Black Moire Taffeta.

sleeves are close-fitting and widen slightly at the wrist, but are fitted with storm wristlets, just as hunting coats are. These are made of heavily embroidered chamois material and are the only touch of color.

Fur in broad bands and in tiny rolls trims evening gowns of metal lace, palliated crepe de chine and satin. A bertha of fluffy silver fur, extending half way to the elbows, is used on a

Black Satin Plaited, With Chiffon Bertha



Showing black satin plaited afternoon dress, featuring deep ecru chiffon bertha.

silver tissue dinner dress. It is the only trimming, and the material is arranged in long, straight panels from the shallow neckline to the hem, caught at the low waistline by an Egyptian scarf of pearl, silver and diamond-beaded gauze, fastened in front by an Egyptian motif and hanging to the floor.

There is no hip trimming on any of the new models. The line from shoulder to ankle is as straight as possible and what fullness is necessary is obtained by inverted plaits or slits of the underslip over which the circular tunic or lace-floated outer skirt slip gracefully.

This circular model is more used than was first expected. But the flare is so slight that on first sight the gown appears to be straight cut. It is only at the edge of the founce that the sweep is noticeable, and here it is accentuated by rolls of fur or plaited velvet bands.

Youth Is Emphasized in Kiddies' Garments

Just because their years are few in number let no one for a moment suppose that our youngest members of society do not take a very definite stand in the matter of clothes. And she is indeed a clever mother who adroitly manages to dress her small daughter with good taste and appropriateness and apparently gives in to the likes and dislikes of a determined small person of the feminine gender.

Happily the rule of simplicity is the one to follow in choosing children's clothes. But for all their extreme simplicity it is really amazing how very varied and very individual are the modes for the modern child.

In the first place there is the matter of color. Every shade that appears in grown-up costumes is also used for diminutive frocks and coats, but even the most intense shades are so cleverly handled that youth is emphasized.

Cannot Oust It.
Nothing can oust the overblouse, which, in many cases, is the making or marring of a three-piece suit. At present the overblouse is beaded, preferably with steel beads.

Each easy chair should also be placed with reference to good light, mostly in relation to artificial light, since sufficient evening light is not so apt to be so widespread as is daylight. Although reading-chairs may in many cases be well arranged in relation to wall lights, and to the perfect satisfaction of the reader, nothing is quite so good as a floor or table lamp. The light from such sources is not only usually better, but it may be moved to suit one's convenience, and in addition is very artistic, and therefore gives a very pleasing effect in a room. The easy chair and floor-lamp group is still further increased in convenience if a small table is added to it. Frequently an "end" table is the best.

Winter and the Large Hat.

There have been few models of large hats in the extreme picture variety, except formal velvet ones trimmed with huge bows or sweeping feathers. This season's large hats are most often made to appear so by the application of trimming.

The New Circular Frill.
It would be interesting to know the feminine reaction to the strange circular frill appearing around the bottom of the new skirt. At any rate, it has been eagerly pounced upon by the most extravagant dresses on the screen.

Rainy-Day Clothes.
Nothing has been forgotten for the schoolgirl this fall. Even rainy-day clothes are carefully thought out and attended to. A coat and cap of brilliant red rubberized silk is cheerful enough to offset clouds and weeping skies.

WRIGLEYS

Take it home to the kids. Have a packet in your pocket for an ever-ready treat.

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Sure Enough.
"I read in the paper last night," said Professor Pate, "that a member of the old German aristocracy had turned to burglary as a regular business."

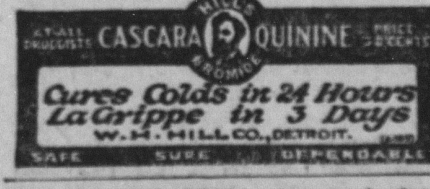
"Why do you say 'turned'?" snarled J. Fuller Gloom.

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