



THE RED LOCK

A Tale Of The Flatwoods

By David Anderson

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Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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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 orphaned 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. Pap Simon introduces the villagers to the new preacher, who was a college mate of Ken.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Really, Miss—Collin, there is very little to tell. Your brother was the—ah—most puzzling psychological problem that I ever tried to solve. He could have been one of the most brilliant scholars the institution ever turned out. He literally drank up everything the college had to give, and that without apparent effort—as the desert drinks the dew. His penmanship; his drawing; his command of English—very remarkable. I was his roommate and classmate, and yet I never saw him apply himself seriously to study. I don't think he did. And that was probably his limitation—learning came too easy to him. It can, you know."

He stopped, as if he had no more to say; stared at his napkin and folded it with careful precision.

"The president's letter said that—that—?"

The girl seemed unable to finish the question, but the preacher guessed what she wanted to know. He again fumbled his napkin, unfolded it, and looked around the table. It was an embarrassing moment.

"With all due respect to you, his family"—he glanced at Mrs. Curry and the woodsman—"and friends, though I would rather not speak of it at all, and should not do so, only that it is my duty as your minister to tell you the truth—Kenwood Collin was a very severe trial to the college authorities. His talent for learning was equaled only by his talent for mischief. Yet, wild as he was known to be, nobody thought that he would ever have forged his father's name. He was deeply in debt before his very clever forgeries were even suspected, much less detected.

"Then came his sensational killing of a gambler over a card game, and his subsequent escape somewhere into the great underworld of the city. Since that, nothing more seems to have been heard of him."

There was a moment's silence. The girl leaned forward; her lips apart; her eyes wide.

"Pore Ken—" she said softly. "He couldn't hep' bein' what 'e was. It was the—red lock."

The preacher raised his spectacled eyes up from his plate and stared at the girl curiously.

"Red lock—?"

"Didn't you know 'e had it?"

The preacher looked his bewilderment.

"Then please, please, don't mention that you know it! Please, don't ever! I loved you, knowed, bein' his roommate, or I wouldn't 'a' told. He was that 'shamed 'e had it, and always kep' it combed under so's it didn't show."

The banker had been staring at the tablecloth. He lifted his face.

"The 'curse of Collin,'" he commented thoughtfully. "He was a sea pirate in the days of Queen Elizabeth. 'Red Collin,' they called 'im. Looks like his blood would 'a' run out b' this time, but it ain't. Every three 'r four generations it shows up, generally one child in a family with a lock o' hair as red as fire. Nobody would think a lock o' hair and a drop o' blood could set a child back hundreds o' generations 't what ol' 'Red Collin' must 'a' be'n, but it does."

"The minute I saw that red lock on Ken, I knowed 'e was doomed. I've licked 'im and reasoned with 'im and prayed over 'im—but I knowed all the time it wouldn't do no good. That's the main reason I sent 'im off 't the kind of a college I did—where there ain't nobody much but preachers a-runnin' it. He didn't like 't go 't that kind, but I hoped bein' thrown amongst men like that might head off what I knowed was in 'im."

The preacher leaned back in his chair; dropped his hands in his lap.

"Permit me to say," he observed in his jerky fashion, "that was as grave a mistake as you could possibly have made."

"Mebbe so," the old man answered.

"But the devil 'imself couldn't 'a' coped with that boy."

The old man beat the lines of his fork on the table; gazed absently at a candle, reached over and snuffed it.

"Ain't it strange," he went on, "how the past fangs the present—the past with its sins and blunders and imperfections? Now there's Texie, cradled in the same arms and nursed at the same breast, and she's as different 'om Ken as sunshine is different 'om the wot'st storm that ever wrecked the woods."

The preacher put his napkin by. "Heredity plays many a queer trick," he said in a tone of finality.

In the silence that followed the old banker took the bunch of still unopened letters from his pocket, laid it on the table and began to sort them. The preacher looked around the room and, noticing the night at the windows, rose.

"If you will please excuse me, you remember I promised to run over to the parsonage for a few minutes, and Mrs. Mason probably retires early."

The others rose and gathered about him in polite protest, but the preacher insisted. Mrs. Curry picked up a candle and led the way into the sitting-room, while Texie brought his tall hat from a rack in the corner. He stood gazing about, peering through the open door to the right into the room where the banker kept his safe and papers; into the bedroom at the left where the old man slept; past the fireplace and through the open door to the parlor, as if impressed—possibly amused—by the novelty of a Flatwoods home.

His eyes, searching the walls, came at last to the portrait of a woman, framed in gilt and hung above the fireplace.

The girl followed his gaze.

"My mother," she said softly. "Seven years ago she left us; the very year—Ken went off 't college."

"She had a serene face," said the preacher as he turned away. The



At the Spring the Preacher Suddenly Grasped the Girl's Hand in His Own.

banker crossed the floor, picked up a key from the mantel and unlocked the door leading from the porch to the parlor.

"I loved 'd better show 'u where 'ur room is b'fore 'u go, so's 'u'll know how 't git in if we're in bed when 'u come back. We Flatwoods folks turn in purty early."

He took the candle that Mrs. Curry was carrying and led the preacher in across the parlor to the spare bedroom opening from it on the east, where the two satchels and umbrella had already been carried.

"I 'low this might be called a preacher's room, purt' nigh. Ain't nothin' but preachers sleep in it hardly sence it was built."

The old man chuckled as he led the way back to the porch, closed the parlor door, locked it and handed the key to the preacher. The latter stopped a moment on the step and fumbled his tall hat.

"Miss—Collin, won't you please accompany me as far as your—ah—Whispering spring and show me how to get a drink?"

The darkness hid the flush of color that played up into the girl's face. She glanced at the woodsman; turned to the preacher and followed him down the steps.

The big woodsman stood looking after them, stirred by an unfamiliar emotion to see Texie walk away into the dark with another man.

At the spring the preacher suddenly grasped the girl's hand in both his own and held it with the same fervid eagerness he had shown that evening in front of the post office. She suffered

her hand to remain slightly longer than it had before, then she gently withdrew it.

"Miss—Texie—you will grant me the privilege of calling you by your first name, will you not?"

She did not answer.

"Your—brother, my—roommate, was very enthusiastic about his pretty sister. But even he did not do you justice. You are—"

He stopped abruptly, stared past her into the night, as if groping for words to clothe a thought unusual with him. The look of a tired student came slowly back to his face, and his shoulders dropped as if weary with bearing the burdens of others. Mumbling a further word or two, he turned from her, crossed the foot-log with mincing step, and passed on through the orchard toward the parsonage.

The girl walked back up the path and sat down on the porch step.

Words were never too plenty with the woodsman, even in his most fluent moments. He leaned against a post and looked down at her. She seemed busy with her thoughts. The silence was so deep that the clink of the dishes, as Mrs. Curry put them away, and the crinkle of the old banker's letters, as he sat reading them at the head of the dining-room table, carried to them out on the porch.

The man roused himself from the spell of the silence; stepped off the porch and sat down by the girl's side.

"What d' y'u think of him?" she asked.

It was characteristic of the woodsman that he should answer by another question.

"What d' y'u?"

The girl laughed—a contented little laugh like the lilt of the happy water at the bridge.

"Oh, I think he's—"

There came a groan from the dining-room, and the sound of a heavy fall. They sprang up and dashed into the house, just as Mrs. Curry ran in from the kitchen. The money-lender lay sprawled on the floor, in one hand an open letter, in the other an empty envelope.

The girl darted across the room and bent above the shrunken figure.

"Jack—! Jack—!"

"Texie, no, don't be flustered. It's just another one o' them faintin' spells. He'll be all right in a minute."

He raised the old man in his great arms and laid him on a sofa at the side of the room.

Mrs. Curry had hurried back to the kitchen for cold water and cloths, and Texie was urging Jack to run for the doctor, when the old banker opened his eyes.

"Doctor!"—he panted hard for breath. "Who wants a doctor? It's jst another one o' them fainty spells. Look there—!"

He held up the letter. The girl glanced at it carelessly; then, with a quick exclamation, turned it toward the woodsman. And thus holding it between them they read it slowly, word by word.

"Somewhere in New York, May 2, 1849.

"Simon Collin, Buckeye, Ind.

"Sir:

"I caught a fellow with a card up his sleeve and called him. He beat me on the draw, and here I am. This girl here says I can't last till the ink's dry, and I'm not doubtin' her. She's always played square with me. I reckon you wouldn't allow her inside of your little old synagogue down there in the Flatwoods, but she'd be the whitest one there—except Sis."

"You've been one b—l of a father to me. I've heard you pray by the yard, and I've heard cussin' that was more religious. You starved mother's life out, and you're starvin' the life out of Sis, but you didn't starve my life out, d—n you. I've got a drop of ol' Red Collin in me—him that brought all this cussed red lock mess into the family. I've had my fling—and that's more than you can say, with all your money that you've wrung out of better men."

"I reckon I've got but a few minutes to live. I'd give half of them to see Sis. But if you'd come in right now, I'd try to get up and kick you out. My boots as ol' Red Collin died—with my boots on. I'm expecting to meet him and you both—in h—!"

"P. S.—Mr. Collin is dead. He died before he could quite finish signing his name. You can see the blot where the pen fell. I am respecting his wishes and sending this letter without any street address, or other marks, where-by you might trace him. His confidence I shall never betray. I will only say that he shall have decent burial."

"THE GIRL."

"But ain't he some looker—Barrin' that killin' rig he's hobbied up in?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Strange Mongolian Whisky. A kind of whisky known as airik is distilled from mare's milk by the natives of Mongolia. This milk, which is thicker than cow's milk, has a sort of sour taste even when fresh. After being allowed to stand for several days it attains the consistency of buttermilk. Then it is put into a huge pot and covered with what looks like a barrel with both ends knocked out. The vessel is suspended in the middle of the barrel, a kettle of cold water is set on the top, and after a few minutes of boiling in this primitive still the milk is changed into pure spirit.

In mineral vents, according to her area, Mexico is reputed to rank first in the whole world.

Utility and Style in Sports Clothes

Tweeds, Twills, Corduroys, Homespun, New Weaves Are Used.

Some of the most charming things now offered by the couturiers and shops are designed for sports, for week-end entertaining and general country wear. Frocks and wraps, notes a fashion authority in the New York Times, are made with both utility and style considered, and the chicness of sports clothes has influenced sharply the styles in all street costumes. For all dress of this character are shown a great variety of materials: tweeds and twills, homespun, corduroys and a number of new weaves. It is distinctly a homespun season. The rodler fabrics are having a great vogue, and are most attractive in plaids, broken stripes and mixtures for suits and coats. Saleswomen talk intelligently and engagingly of the "pile fabrics," the "Beuleugh weaves," the "Bobby tweeds"; of swansdown (not the fluffy white stuff that trimmed mother's party dress when she was a little girl, but warm, woolly goods for suits and wraps). And of "Flamingo," a material not necessarily red, nor a species of bird; of "gerona," "veloura," lustrous and oriona—the latter for more elaborate uses.

Daring patterns are employed for both frocks and wraps, stripes of two tones of contrasting colors; large plaids and self-plaids, and the fur collar is seen on almost every coat and suit of whatever style. Some are most lavishly trimmed with fur, large collar, big cuffs and bottom band. All of the heavier furs are seen, the foxes, squirrels, nutria, opossum, ringtail, being among the most fashionable. Fox is, of course, particularly adapted to the large collars of the topcoats of

have all that appearance which once was known as "English," tweedy, roomy, and built for comfort.

One of the most striking models seen in a Fifth avenue house is made of rough, but soft, English goods in honey color, with narrow stripes of black, wide apart. A knee length band of the goods, using the stripe crosswise, forms the bottom of the coat, and the large shawl collar is made of Kamchatka fox. On the coats of soft-toned materials, the castors, tans and browns, red fox is especially harmonious. The newest sports coats are cut on a generous plan, and swing away from the figure, some with a decided flare.

Should Consider Your Windows and Hangings

No one would quarrel with the statement that windows are for the purpose of admitting light and air into a room. But that windows enter far more extensively into the planning of a house than the foregoing statement would seem to imply is also easily to be understood. We must consider them as decorative units from the outside of the house and from the inside of the various rooms. These two viewpoints must be closely related, while at the same time recognizing that they are different problems. Then, too, windows must be considered from the purely decorative standpoint—the utilitarian side entirely forgotten.

Windows, therefore, for much of the time that we spend in our homes are as much a part of the purely decorative of its finish as is the cornice, dado, etc. In addition to these various phases of window treatment we have to consider window draperies and shades.

From all of these aspects we discover that in planning and in finishing much consideration must be given to position, actual and relative size, character, furnishing accessories.

Windows should not exceed the bounds of utilitarianism, beyond this they automatically become inartistic. Any light, to be agreeable to the human eye, must not be exaggerated. Just as there should be no uncovered electric light bulb in the house so should there be no window admitting intolerable light.

Blue Is Among Favored Fabrics for Evening

Among the colors that have been introduced for the present season one finds a marked favor accorded certain shades of blue, notably those that are found in the art work and embroideries of China. Distinguished by brilliancy, they are handled with great skill and are vastly more becoming than one would suspect, for in modern designing even the smallest bit of color is employed with telling effect.

Sapphire blue comes in for a great deal of attention, especially in frocks designed for evening wear. Almost without exception they are fashioned on slender, graceful lines, with a note of contrast introduced in silver embroideries or motifs of crystal beads and brilliants.

As an exception to the general scheme of blue and crystal, one frock is of sapphire blue velvet, but its sole decoration consists of appliques of chiffon in shades of mauve and orchid.

Accompanying this is a cape of velvet in the same tone lined with cloth of silver shot with mauve.

Colors You Can Wear; Some Are Unbecoming

Rare, indeed, is the woman who is quite satisfied with the colors she may wear with assurance of their becomingness, and does not crave the shade that is decidedly unbecoming.

It is truly the "something we may not win"—or wear—that attracts us ever.

It may be red or green or a deep, rich shade of purple that is wholly

Coat as Gorgeous as Bright Navajo Blanket



Warm woolen material, heavily embroidered, is the interesting feature of this new French coat. Broad bands of fox trim the collar, cuffs and hem.

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