Rolled Brown Yelve

THE RED LOCK A Tale of the Flatwoods †

By DAVID ANDERSON Author of "The Blue Moon"

"SOME LOOKER"

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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 orphan bound boy of Pap Simon who had foreclosed a mortgage on the Warhope estate. At first Texle 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. Texie and Jack talk of the red lock of "Red Colin," in-herited 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. At supper at the Colin home the preacher tells how the boy killed a gambler and disap-His -father attributes Ken's fall from grace to his red lock of hair. Then Pap Simon has a sort of stroke, brought on by reading a letter from Ken. "somewhere in New York," who curses his father on his death A postscript by another hand says he is dead,

CHAPTER IV

The Room Was Deadly Still. Buckeye was the capital of the Flatwoods. Snugged away in a pocket of the bluffs where Eagle run breaks into the valley of the Wabash, it never woke up but once-when a rumor trickled in from somewhere that a railroad was headed that way. But the rumor subsided. Buckeye went back to sleep, and the big world for-

got that it was there. Zeke Polick's general store was the largest in the place. Zeke sold everything, from onion sets to grindstones. including whisky-barrels of it, from "squirrel" to mellow old Bourbonright from the spigot. A flatwoodsman could buy it as he wanted it, from a drink to a jugful, but "furriners" had to be identified to get it in quantities less than a quart-an identification quite as exacting, though of a different sort, as that required to borrow money from Simon Colinwhich is another way of saying that a man's face went as far in the Flat-

woods as his note. In the mellow evening of the day following the old banker's collapse over the remarkable letter-no syllable of which had been allowed to get beyond the red-roofed cottage-Uncle Nick Wiffles, a tall, iron-gray old man with twinkling eyes, sat smoking a quitely meditative pipe in the one chair of the store.

It was a variegated company that grouped around him in the dim halflight of the feeble coal-oil lamp, with its charred wick and smoke-stained

chimney. There was Zeke Polick, the postmaster and proprietor of the store, a little old rag of a man; Al Counterman, a one-eyed lisherman, with a complexion like a smoke-dried bacon rind; the blacksmith, with his hard arms, and hands so horny they could



Village Loafers Were There-Aimless, Doless Drifters Who Had Nowhere Else to Go.

nowhere else to go.

Resides these, Loge Belden, said to be a Kentucky mountain man, tall, prime, with a reddish-sandy mustache sister had lately moved into an old barrin' that killin' rig he's hobbled up cabin on one of Simon Colin's farms | in?" up at the head of Eagle hollow, and that he had taken the job of clearing the timber from an upland field and making it ready for the plow. Some said he had been a pearl fisher, others that he was "wanted" down at Vin. preacher." cennes. The Flatwoods held him at

arm's length-and waited." "Ricollect Jim Rummidge, don't y'u,

Zeke?" Uncle Nick remarked. "Jim Rummidge, reckon I do that," piped Zeke's thin voice, as he leaned

go'n' t' f'rgit 'in, nuther, not right soon I ain't. Went off t' M'souri owin' me a dollar and thirty-four cents, and I never did git it."

"Aw, well, Zeke, don't worry none." Uncle Nick rejoined. "y'u've wormed it outen some other pore devil b' this time, more'n likely."

The blacksmith slapped his heavy hand down on his thigh, the others laughed, the fisherman's frisky eye twinkled and he swore merrily.

Zeke said never a word, but the expression in his little rat eyes might have meant any number of things.

"Blamedest feller-that Jim Rummidge," Uncle Nick went on. "Ther' werdn't nothin' but what him an' that brother Si o' his'n wus up to when they wus youngsters. Ricollect one Sund'y Jim tuck it into 'is head t' voke up a couple o' calves ol' man Rummidge was calc'latin' t' save f'r oxen, an' 'e coaxed Si t' play off sick with 'im so's they wouldn't haf t' go t' church. Well, the ol' folks werdn't bein' a classmate o' Ken's-f'r he wus more'n out o' sight when up jumps as orn'ry as the devil makes 'em. Jim, an' Si right after 'im, an' they breaks fr the barn-lot t' yoke up them vearlin's.

"Sh-h-h--!" warned Zeke, "hyur comes the parson."

Almost with the words, the dapper, nervously alert young preacher entered the door. In spite of his studious air of riper years, he couldn't have been more than six or seven and twenty. The trade-mark of his calling was hung all over him. His shiny boots, elaborate frock coat, neck stock, high hat and enormous spectacles fairly shrieked schoolmaster.

And yet one could not help wondering why fate had set such a man as the Rev. Caleb Hopkins to the bustness of keeping school. Dissociated from all suggestion of theology and chalk, his figure was about all that could be desired in a man-height a triffe above medium; well set up; lithe and graceful-and his face-nothing short of handsome, only for a certain air of peering severity.

To look at him as he entered the door-six feet of lithe young manhood smothering under its ascetic, not to say somber, investure-one would never have guessed that there was anything wrong with his health, and yet that was precisely what had brought him to the Flatwoods.

And now as he walked past Loge Belden slouched against the counter, he stopped and stood staring curiously at him.

Belden seemed on the point of reenting the look, when the Reverend Caleb quickly turned away, and with nod passed the group around Uncle Nick and went on to the post office window at the rear of the room.

"What d' y'u say we ask 'Im t' to Uncle Nick as the young minister stood waiting for Zeke Polick to adjust his dirty spectacles on his thin nose, turn up the smoky lamp and laboriously sort over the meager bunch of letters and postcards.

"Y'u da'sn't," Uncle Nick answered guardedly.

"Watch me, an' y'u'll see whuther I da'st. I ain't a-feared of no parson. "Mr. Hopkins," he called a moment later, stepping in front of the young preacher as he passed toward the door, "a passel of us fellers is goin' a-seinin' up around Alpine Island in the mornin'. I reckon y'u wouldn't like t' go long, n'r nothin', would y'u?"

"Who are going, did you say?" "Oh, me an' Uncle Nick, thar, an'

Big Jack Warhope." "I have promised to be at the social omorrow evening at the schoolhouse, Do you expect to return in time for

"Aw, we'll be back by noon, easy." "Let me see," pondered the preacher, not willing to compromise his dignity by appearing overanxious. "This is Wednesday; tomorrow is Thursday this recreation. I shall be most happy

The fisherman stood fingering his hat and staring at the door long after same way the gal is-only more so." the minister had passed out, the twinkle gone from his puckered one eye, a puzzled look on his smoked ba-

con rind of a face. "Well, I'll be derned! Wouldn't whuther he said 'e'd come 'r not."

Uncle Nick threw lis head back and fairly roared, while the postmaster rumpled up his dry countenance into a

half begrudged grin. "Course he said 'e'd come. Whar hold a piece of fron hot enough to y'u hyur 'Im say he'd 'vail himse'f of sizzle water. Village loafers were y'ur kind invytation? Course he's git Al a new spellin' book an' start b'grudged It-"

'im d' school next fall." "Well," muttered the fisherman, as lanky and just comfortably in his his face cleared and the twinkle came back to his waggish one eye, "all I got | Could the others have glimpsed back and goatee, leaned on the end of the t' say is; he can use up more dictioncounter nearest the door. Little was ary a'sayin' yes than any man I ever known of him except that he and his | hear'd. But ain't 'e some looker-

> "Most too good-lookin'," piped Zeke, "Aw, dunno, Zeke," Uncle Nick observed, "'tain't go'n' t' hurt 'im none. Only drawback I can see is: it's a pity his life here with his dog and fishing t' waste all them good looks on a

"Anyhow," put in Al, his rakish eye dancing at Uncle Nick's remark, "if he wus ugly enough t' tree the devil up a thorn bush, I don't 'low it'd he'p 'is preachin' none. An' I reckon he shore nuist be some preacher, 'r he forward across the counter. "Ain't wouldn't be where 'e is-teachin' in a

college that makes preachers. I bet y'u he can cipher plum' through any 'rethmetic you can hand 'im, an' they say he's posted on purt nigh ever'thing that's goin' on, 'r ever went on."

"That ain't neither hyur n'r there," argued Zeke. "That ain't no more'n his duty, an' what the taxpayers back whar 'e come from 'r' payin' 'im f'r.' "Duty 'r no duty." rejoined the fish

erman, "it's a dern good sign." "All the same," snapped the postmaster, "If I had a gal-which I ain't got, n'a never had-I wouldn't want 'er throwed with 'im like Sime Colin's gal is, an' she shouldn't be, nuther."

"Aw, well, Zeke," drawled Uncle Nick, "If she tuck after 'er daddy in looks, I reckon they wouldn't be no great danger."

The raucous laugh that followed from the crowd jarred the postmaster. "I don't care what y'u say." he shrilled in his high, thin voice, "Texte Colin's got good looks enough, if that's what y'u want. I dunno what Sime Colin's a-thinkin' about. It ain't like 'im, t' take in a teetotal furriner thata-way, preacher 'r no preacher-don't keer if 'e was a classmate o' Ken's. That ain't no recommend, nohow-They're boun' to be throwed t'gether more'n they ough' t' be."

"Ain't much more'n a kid, nuther," the blacksmith remarked, apparently thoughtfully impressed, as he searched his pockets for a match. "Som'er's around seventeen 'r eight-

The postmaster glanced across at Uncle Nick, as if for confirmation of his statement. The old man took the



They's Thousan's and Tens o' Thou-Drawed On, No Matter What Feller Comes Along.

pipe from between his lips and sat tapping the stem against his thumb

"I 'low y'ur not fur off," he answered meditatively to the postmaster's look. "Big Jack's twenty past, an' I've hear'n say Texle wus three years younger to a day. That would bring 'er right around seventeen 'r eighteen."

"An' s'poson' she is-every lick of the postmaster went on. "A galain't got none too much sense at eighteen-an' ther' ain't no gal but what can be drawed on, if the right feller comes along."

"Hol' on thar, Zeke, hol' on!" Uncle Nick had been leaning back against a cracker barrel. His chair came down with a bang, and his voice rang like struck metal. "You're goin' a leetle too fur. They's thousan's an' tens o' which, I am informed, is always held thousan's o' gals that cayn't be drawed in celebration of the last day of school. on, no matter what feller comes along.

"Ther's a heap more nice gals than men. Ther' never wus a bad gal but what ther' wus a bad man first. An' after it's over-she's done. All endurin' the years t' come her heart has t' be drug in the dust, while the manno, I won't call, 'im man, an' I cayn't I believe I may safely allow myself | call 'Im beast, fr the beasts 'r' clean compared-carries 'Is head as high as to avail myself of your kind invita- b'fore. I tell y'u, people hain't never looked at them things right. The man d'serves t' be judged accordin' t' the

A hush fell over the group. The blacksmith sat patting his foot softly on the floor. Presently his calloused hand came down upon his knee with a sounding slap, while his eyes, dull at that singe y'ur whiskers! I dunno yit | most times from long looking into the forge fire, lighted with the fervor of his feelings.

> "Good f'r you, Uncle Nick! I agree with y'u complete. That's my kind o' preachin'-right t' the p'int."

"My sentiments to a hair," chimed wus you brung up at, anyhow? Didn't in the fisherman. "I alw'ys takes the girl's part an' be d-d t' the man. That's how I lost this eye. It wus there-aimless, doless drifters who had calc'lating t' come. Zeke, we'll haf when-but no matter, I hain't never

The fisherman's lone eye settled into a vacant stare at a crack in the floor; the hard lines of his face deepened. of that seamed and weather-beaten mask, they might have read there the deep graven memory of a day that was dead-a dream and an awakening, a romance and a tragedy-that had driven him, as the storm drives the dsiftwood, with what the world calls a crime slated against him, to bury gear, alone in his bachelor cabin on the river shore.

"I 'low y'u must 'a' been mistook about that-arm."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Dainty Things

RIBBON AND LACE CAPS



At Christmas time breakfast caps blossom out in gay colors, insuring the new year a cheerful start. Here are two in the latest modes. Ribbons and laces will, as usual, set off numberless dear faces during the coming year.

The cap at the top is made of shirred colored net, narrow satin ribbon, lace edging and tiny ribbon flowers. Wide point-de-esprit, with flowers at the front and ribbon ties, accomplish the other pretty headpiece

SEALING-WAX NOVELTIES



The furore for things Egyptian san's o' Gals That Cayn't Be brought in a whole new line of will make novel and welcome Christmas gifts. The talisman pictured is fashloned of sealing wax and glass pendants and hangs from a black silk ord. It is the size of a silver dollar and the Sphinx head and globules are painted on, with sealing-wax paints in any colors desired.

> u u u THINGS MADE OF RIBBON



Ribbons are the most adaptable of all materials for making Christmas gifts. A little container for a powder puff, and a pair of bedroom slippers appear in the illustration, both made of gay ribbons. The container is mere ly an envelope of satin ribbon, decorated with scaling wax flowers, and it fastens with a snap fastener.

Satin-covered mules are gay with narrow ribbon frills and flowers They are held about the ankles with ribbon-covered elastic.

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MAKE NICE PRESENT

A soft, narrow comforter and plllow to match, made of sateen (or other material) and bound with fancy braid or ribbon, is a lovely gift, especially for old people. Black sateen with cre tonne figuras appliqued is very band

Flaring Lines in Knee Length Coat for Christmas Fashionable Garment Takes Place of Long Type and Shipt Jacken.

> Significant changes has straken dace in the lines of coats and dresses light, while a cursory examination be the new styles might lead one believe that last season's frock roule be gamouflaged by slight changes information model, this is simply a deceptible visition, asserts a fashion authority in the New York Tribune. There is a subtle widening of the line from the knees. and it is like the proverbial inch in a man's stature when one attempts to reconcile it to last year's clothes,

The waistline, too, has moved to a new salient, and, since waistlines are one of fashion's significant marks, this makes a seriking difference. The line of spring was somewhere in the vicinity of the hips, while this season the waistline occupies a much lower position and really becomes a hobble around the legs or is absent alto-

Another type of suit that is popular among the new fashions is the threequarter length coat and dress. The three-quarter length coat returns to favor after so long a time that the flappers will not remember them at all in any measure of popularity. The knee-length coat lends itself admirably to the new flaring lines and is a refreshing change from the long coat and the eternal short jacket of other seasons. Coats of this type are usually cut flaring and are trimmed with furas is almost every garment in Paris.

These suits are often embroidered in the fashionable Chinese and Persian motifs. The dress in the combina-



Emphasizing Extreme Godet, Developed in Black Velvet, Bands of

tion is generally simple in cut, very , what troublesome, but the great adoften beltless and extravagant-circular , vantage of plate glass is, apart from effect is very much used in these suits. | the better appearance, that it deadens although there are a goodly number of straight-line tailleurs as well, without a suggestion of ruffle or godet.

Coats have changed as much as frocks, and the coats we wore last spring have a different appearance that marks in tell-tale manner their age. Coats have no waistline, except in a minority of cases, and the coats fur bands around the bottom.

Window Shades Should Be Given Consideration

Lace on shades is not usually desirable. There are very few houses indeed which, from the exterior view, are not positively marred by the use of lace on shades. It makes a great incongruity that a trained eye finds very disagreeable. This is particularly true of lace edgings; it is also true, although in a lesser degree, of lace insertion. Once in a life's journey we see a house that has all the appearance of "lavender and old lace." Here lace on shades might be acceptable.

Holland striped cloth is one of the newest introductions among materials used for shades. They are very pleasing in appearance and are also prepared in such a manner as to withstand the effects of weathering. They are. therefore, safe to use at windows that are left open with the shade pulled down. Except in white houses, white shades are usually an eyesore from the outside.

large figures be used unless the size of so arranged that they may take on a taching the materials. double character. They are relatively bright during the day; at night they should be in accord with the feeling the heaven and darker colored drapes, home,

that may be drawn completely across the window.

Curtains will completely spoil beentiful proportions of a window if they are much longer than the window frame. If this is allowed all sense of proportion is immediately lost. The colors of the heavy drapes should accord perfectly with the other fittings of the room. They should not be spots, they should be a well-blended part of the room.

Wooden Spoon Mirror for Dressing Table

The foundation for a dressing table set is made of a large wooden spoon, having a long handle. This spoon is placed on the back of a rectangular mirror and held in place with glue, then carefully covered with interlaced orchid shaded ribbon, while the spoon handle is carefully wrapped with the same ribbon which is tied in an ornamental bow and glued near the handle. A number of ribbon roses decorate the mirror in conspicuous places. A On neither shades nor drapes should tube of the best liquid give should be used in making these articles so there the room warrants it. Another general will be no cause to fear discoloration rule to keep in mind when dressing of the fabrics. The gine is applied windows is that the windows should be sparingly and allowed to set before at-

Front Door Fasteners.

Do not have an ordinary fastener that the outside world has gone to put on your front door unless your sleep. They should give one the feel- front door is ordinary. There is a wide ing of protection, of homeyness, These variety of Iron, brass and nickel effects may be most easily attained by knobs and handles on the market that the use of double curtain rods. On the it will pay you to examine. They are inside one is hong the materials that not cheap, but more than it city you are light in weight and color; on the will find them worth while in giving outside-the one next to the room character to the entrance to your

This chic little hat is of loged bec velvet ribbon with a fantasy of fee and blue wooden beads.

Quaint Party Frocks Chic for Little Girls

Quaint charm is the keynote of party frocks designed for the very small person and in the varied modes one finds that every age and every type of childhood has been studied and frocks created that, while adorably simple, nevertheless emphasize the individuality of each tiny wearer.

There are straight, slim frocks for the child just outgrowing the chubbiness of babyhood and frilly little gowns to adorn the plump little person of three years and between these two a wide range adapted to all ages and all

Never have youthful clethes been more delightful, from the most practical of jersey play frocks with collars and cuffs of plaid or Roman striped ribbon, to those brief little affairs of taffeta or crepe de chine which appear on the momentous occasion of a birthday party.

Pastel colored taffeta and crepe are used for these little frocks, with many frills of the material itself or lace as trimming.

Use Warm Water and

Ammonia for Windows Windows are best cleaned with warm water containing ammonia. But if the glass has become very dirty a paste made of whiting and water, rubbed on and allowed to dry before being removed with a soft cloth, will be found effective. Windows should never be cleaned when the sun shines upon them, or they will dry strenky. A cloth fixed upon a stick is sometimes useful when cleaning windows. There are several preparations made to prevent the steaming of windows, but few of them are successful. The real

remedy is better ventilation. Window glass is either sheet or plate, the latter being the more expensive. Plate glass is much thicker than sheet glass, and consequently heavier. Heavy windows are somesound from outside. A room fitted with plate glass windows is always much quieter than one in which the windows are of sheet glass.

Again in Style.

Mother of pearl is a lovely, old-fashloned thing coming back again into that tied on one side are to be seen style. It is met most frequently today no more. The flares are everywhere, in the form of spangles, with which and very frequently coats show flaring various costumes are decorated. It makes beautiful bracelets also.