THE RED L

annumum A Tale of the Flatwoods

THE NAKED KNIFE

SYNOPSIS .- On the banks of Wabash stand Texte Colin and Jack Warhope, young and very much in love. Texis 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 disappeared. 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 bed. A postscript by another hand says he is dead. At the vil-lage store and post office Loge Belden, a newcomer, says he saw the new parson with his arm around Texis. Jack licks him, shoots a pistol from his hand and makes him say he was mistaken. The preacher and the villagers go fishing. Jack discovers the preacher carries a six-gun. A footprint on a concealed house-boat fits the preacher's boot.

CHAPTER VI-Continued.

Of a truth, the comparison between the two men could not well have been more striking. The young preacher was a very handsome man. The beard and spectacles, the mass of hair falling about his ears, seemed to invest him with an air of exquisite mysteryan air that has such power to compei the attention of women.

The young woodsman, on the other hand, with his uncouth and ill-fitting clothes, though far from plain, owed whatever attractions he possessed to his magnificent physique, a bold regularity of features, and an honest, open frankness-a man's man.

With a jerky, elaborate bow to Jack, the young preacher turned to Texie.

"I was just bunting for you, Miss Texie. They want you at the punch

The girl must have known the woodsman was about to speak to her. His face was as easy to read as the signs of spring. She glanced at him; dropped her eyes; laughed-a trifle uneasily he thought, knowing her so well-and walked away beside the minister.

The woodsman stood looking after them, a queer sense of emptiness in his breast-a man nursed by nature, untaught to juggle with the heart's emotions.

The voice of the gray-haired gentlewoman in the rocking chair recalled his straying thoughts. "Aren't they a fine-looking couple?"

she was saying. "Uh-huh."

"As I look back over the years since we came to Buckeye, I remember that you and she have always been playmates. My dear husband so often used to speak of the beautiful companionship between you. Long association with one so sweet and innocent must have had a most ennobling influence upon you." "It didn't hurt me none."

"Dear me! but you are laconic this evening, my lad. Do you always speak with such Spartan brevity?"

She might as well have said it in Latin. Jack was frowning hard in an seif. effort to make out her meaning when Zeke Polick, officiously omnipresent, stopped at the old lady's chair.

The woodsman was saved. He walked away in the crowd, while Aunt Liza, a few seats away, never backward about airing her views, leaned over toward the postmaster's wife and, in hoarse half-whispers, laid down her vastly positive opinion on the very subject he had just escaped discussing.

"Ain't it a burnin' shame the way Texie lets the new parson carry on with 'er, an' leavin' Big Jack out 'n the parson, the best breath 'e ever hear'n tell shoots up K'ntuckians." drawed. She'll rue it. Mark my words, Hanner Polick, she'll rue it."

"Aw, shucks, Aunt Liza, you're jist jealous f'r Big Jack, him bein' about y'u s' much, an' Uncle Nick a-teachin' 'im all about the woods an' boxin' an' sich."

"Nick! Nick!"-it would be utterly impossible to commit to paper the ultimate contempt in the stifled tones-"I'r the lan' sakes! What d' y'u s'pose I care who the ol' man teaches 'is fool truck an' boxin' tricks to? She'll | dull savagery. rue the day she draps a fine lad like Big Jack-bound though 'e be-an' takes up with a teetotal furriner, jist b'cayse 'e happens t' be a mite slickertookin' mebbe-though, f'r my part I don't consait 'im one lotum betterlookin' than Big Jack is. She'll rue it, Hanner Polick, she'll rue it. That parson hain't got all that p'laver an' meechin' ways f'r nothin', now there's | knife. the business of it, I-jeeminy!"

be postmaster's wife had her lips. ady for her reply when there a sudden commotion at the door.

By DAVID ANDERSON Author of "The Blue Moon" Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

built, a slouch hat pulled low over his head, a swart face covered by a heavy stubble of black beard, and apparently just drunk enough to be dangerous was roughly elbowing the crowd aside as he stalked back toward the table.

"Gimme some cake," he growled. Miss Martin, trembling on the verge of panic, passed a plate of cake to him. He snatched off a piece, held it up contemptuously for a moment and then slammed it back with a force that | circle. dashed the plate from the timid little teacher's hand and scattered its contents all about the table.

"Aw, h-ll, gimme some cake!" The preacher's shoulders lifted where he stood stooped among the women around the punch bowl. A spark of anger leaped into the eyes behind the spectacles, and his fingers curled toward his palms-a movement that the others were too intent upon the intruder to notice. But the flash passed with the instant; his shoulders drooped; to his eyes came back the look of peering benevolence.

"Friend," he called, still keeping his place among the women, "do you not realize that you are intimidating these ladies and spoiling this-ah-most enjoyable evening? Will you not please

The swart-faced man stared insolently at the preacher, a curiously bewildered look crossed his heavy face. He seemed to study the drooping shoulders, the studious eyes behind the spectacles.

"Say, you pore devil of a gospel slinger," he snarled, "who's runnin' this show? Dry up, 'r I might take a notion t' sa'nter over and twist y'ur

Turning back to the table, he took from his pocket an ugly clasp knife and, snatching up a big cake that stood still uncut, a sort of ornamental cen-



'Say, You Pore Devil of a Gospel Slinger," He Snarled, "Who's Runnin' This Show?"

terpiece that had been selected for the honor because of its size and beauty, he hacked himself off an enermous

There is that about a naked knifea certain cold, flinching thought of sharp steel drawn across warm fleshthat no other weapon inspires. Women gasped; children flew in terror to their parents; the desperado was left with the cleared center of the floor to him-

He hacked himself off another huge section; gulped it down; laughed contemptuously, and slammed the rest of the beautiful confection at a window with a force that snuffed out a candle and shivered the glass to splinters; he glared around at the shrinking circle and smacked the knife against the palm of his hand.

"Say, ladies," he leered, his voice sounding harsh and strident in the dead silence of the room, "you and the youngsters nee'n' t' git panicky. I ain't go'n' t' hurt you none. I jist the cold !-- an' him wo'th any two o' sa'nter'd in t' git a look at a jay I've

> The reference was too plain to be misunderstood. Not a man there but had heard of the shoot-up in the post office the evening before. Every eye turned toward Jack Warhope, standing a step or two in front of the shrinking circle-for the others had drawn back and he had not.

The eyes of the desperado followed the eyes of the crowd. Slouching across the floor till the two stood face to face, he stiffened and glared with

Texle, just back of the preacher at the punch bowl, leaned across the

table and almost stopped breathing. "I'm a K'ntuckian." "I 'low they was right sorry when y'u left."

The reply stung the drunk man to madness. With unexpected viciousness he lunged and struck with the

The woodsman sprang back, warded the blow with ready quickness, and whipped a victous jab to the chin that a depth of 30 fathous. Its beneficial pitched the intruder backward to the trange man, tall and powerfully floor. But the blow, quick as it was,

had come the flick of an instant too late, the knile had found his flesh, grazed the left side of his neck, ripped through collar and tie and gashed his

shoulder half-way to the armpit. Right there the Flatwoods showed its teeth. Fifty pistols leaped into view. Al Counterman, far back in the crowd, snatched a long-barreled sixgun from somewhere under his blouse and his lanky body stiffened to balance, a light in his one eye no man there ever seen before. Uncle Nick. with a viger that set at defiance his weight of years, hurled younger men aside and sprang into the cleared

But with so many women and children present pistols were out of the question. The desperado doubtless counted on this very fact. Stung to madness by the blow, he leaped up and lunged again with the knife

This time he ran square into the preacher. With a readiness and courage hardly looked for in one of his cloth, he had stepped in front of Jack Warhope, his tall figure efect and superbly dominant.

Fifty flatwoodsmen, half crouched and straining forward, stood staring. The eyes of the dark-faced man stretched so wide that they appeared to bulge from their sockets. He lifted a dirty hand, brushed it across the wiry stubble of his face and. like a man half dazed, slowly shut the clasp knife and put it back in his pocket. Fifty flatwoodsmen relaxed, straightened; fifty pistols went back into hiding.

The preacher slowly raised an arm and pointed toward the open door. The desperado's eyes dropped; he rubbed his lips together as if to loosen them; turned and stalked from the

"Mebbe we ortn't t' let 'im git away," muttered a voice.

"Aw leave 'im go," grunted Uncle Nick, a curiously puzzled expression on his face as he gazed at the open door through which the renegade had gone. "He's licked-an' 'e ain't wo'th

The old man turned away, still with the puzzled expression on his face, motioned Jack to a chair at the side of the room and began examining his

At that moment Texle slipped through the crowd, some white strips of torn tablecloth in her hand, and approached the woodsman. A smile twisted his lips, and the girl, dipping one of the strips in the cold water Aunt Liza brought, began to wash the blood from the gashed shoulder and make it ready to be bandaged. The preacher looked on a moment,

turned away and went back among the women who were gathering again about the punch bowl. The elaborate frock coat and stiff neck stock had again asserted themselves. The stoop had come back to his shoulders; the flare had left his eyes.

The girl, with fingers trembling, glanced through the open door into the square of darkness that had swallowed up the desperado; bent low over the bandages, and brought her face close to the woodsman's ear,

"Jack-he looked like-like-Ken would 'a' looked--!" The woodsman started; looked into

the square of darkness; and then into the girl's face. "No, no!" he whispered. "Even if he was alive, he wouldn't 'a' come

CHAPTER VII

down that-low-!"

Fancies and Fence Rails.

Jack Warhops made a one-handed job of his work among the feed-pens next forenoon, though it was a task for two. The young woodsman was immensely sensitive over the fact that he was a bound boy, though Simon Colin never obtruded it on him and seldom exercised any sort of authority over him.

He allowed him to live on in the cabin where his father and mother had dreamed their dream, to come and go as he pleased. The strewd old money-lender probably knew that the young man's high spirit would urge alm further than any amount of exercised authority possibly could. And Simon Colin knew the race from

which his bound boy had sprung. From the first, Simon's treatment of his bound boy had caused his neighbors no small wonder-it was so unlike him. He had sent him to the village school till he outgrew it, and had allowed him to roam the woods without any sort of restraint. Far from discouraging his very aptitude for woodcraft, he had even loosened his heart-strings-and his purse-strings; an infinitely harder thing for him to do-to the extent of buying him the best double-barreled shotgun the market afforded, and a revolver of model and workmanship as fine as the art of revolver-making could produce at that time-two gifts on which the boy certainly cast no discredit.

"Why don't y'u try some day t'-trap your-fairy?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sea Water as Cure. Sea water is at its best for curative purposes 20 miles from shore and at properties are derived from the "halogen" it contains in solution.

Touch of Lingerie in Winter Frocks

Lavish Use of Real Lace Is Included in Novelties This Season.

The great interest being manifested neckwear by fashlonable women has esulted in the introduction of a numour of hovelties in the way of collar and cuff sets. It has also resulted, says a fashion writer in the New York Tribune, in the lavish use of real lace for neckwear worn with such simple and elegant frocks as black velvet and other models showing simplicity of line and elegance of fabric.

As the gauntlet cuff has played so mportant a part in the restoration of neckwear, it is featured in the mafority of sets, whether dressy or informal. In the latter category falls a set of white linen, of soft finish, showing lines of hand-drawn work composed of a round collar divided in front and deep cuffs with the popular flare toward the elbow.

A modification of the gauntlet cuff is found in a sweater set, composed of vestee and collar, attached to each other, and cuffs of only moderate size, also made of linen trimmed with drawn work. Still another set that is somewhat severe, though of handsome materials, is one made of creamcolored satin, the round close-fitting collar bearing a jabot of plaited chiffon, and the cuffs being made of two thicknesses of satin with a frill of chiffon along the outer edge and rows of small satin buttons.

Among the more elaborate models the panel collar vies with jabot effects and the gauntlet cuff with undersleeves, though the balance of popularity, particularly in moderately priced sets, would seem to be with the former. Exquisite hand-made lace set on net and used in combination with other patterns is used for panel or

Trotteur Serge Frock Is Perennially Popular



in blue to be effective must always be enough for the average woman's room cut with distinction, as instanced in is of dull finished mahogany with this smart costume of navy twill.

The trotteur frock of serge or twill correspondence and yet feminine

Indo-China Furnishes

China have furnished considerable in-

signs, says a fashion writer in the New York Tribune. Rodier, the well-known manufacturer of novelty woolens, most of which

nese designs in woolen fabrics and in galloons or hands, which all Paris milliners and dressmakers catering to high-class trade use in their collec-He has a series of galloons which he calls Tchillaine. This looks something like strips of hand-woven carpet done in what is called the hit-or-miss pattern. These galloons are being used

in the various so-called Persian color- treasures. ings.

Many of Rodier's newest materials are woven in panel pattern, one and terned fabrics

Among his paneled novelties is one the window itself,

Showy Evening Frock Girdled With Pearls



Strawberry crushed velvet and soft face make this charming evening frock, girdled with pearls.

round collars and deep cuffs. Contrast heavy laces with the sheerest, daintiest kinds is a method that yields unexpectedly charming results.

Vestees sometimes bear deep frills or jabots attached to collars showing the new pointed neckline and are usually of net bearing wide bands of lace. Undersleeves offer a large field for design and ingenuity. Some bear deep frills, which increase the dressy effect, and others show such novelties as insertion used in a ladder-like design that shows the bare arms through the interstices. Cuffs attached to undersleeves, in one model, are made of rows of narrow valenciennes fulled onto the hand and edging it.

Tube-Like Silhouette

Features Winter Mode The new winter mode is based on the tube-like silhouette, but not every woman need look like a walking stovepe unless she likes. For, at different points of the figure, the conturieres have added fur bands, circular sections, or ruffles. There is, first, the model which is as straight as a string from shoulder to hem; then there is the model which is perfectly straight and flat in the back, with fullness in the front only; or there is the frill set at a point only about eight to ten inches above the hem. Then there is the straight frock over which is bung a perfectly straight tunic without any belt, with or without a fur band at its edge. Then come the several other versions of tunic, the one which spreads in well shape all around, the one full in the front only, and the one with flare on both sides at the hips. But the effect of flare wherever it is placed is always soft and graceful, no matter how full.

A Table Desk. A table desk that is large enough and roomy enough for an arduous slender legs.

called poplin carre, which has been chosen by almost every important Ideas for Women's Duds dressmaker in Paris for her models. The French provinces in Indo- This is a silk poplin printed in panels one and one-half meters long, the despiration for the season, notably in sign consisting of a rectangular square small decorative details; motifs for printed in the center of the silk width, fine buckles, trimmings for hats in this center panel being in a lighter printed, embroidered and woven de- tone. Thus a navy blue poplin will have a panel in a lighter shade of blue, brown will show it in tan, black in green, and so on. In fact, every desirable combination can be had in are woven on hand looms, is showing the poplin carre. Paris dressmakers in their choice have reserved certain a tremendous quantity of Indo-Chicolorings for their individual use, thus preventing other houses from having the same colors. It is a rather queer idea, and one looks forward with interest to the models that will be made

in the poplin carre. Pictures Large and Small. Pictures and tapestries, like furniture, should be in proportion to the by the smartest milliners for making size of the room. A very large picture the most exclusive hats. They are usually seems out of place in a small trimmed with the feathers of pheas- room, although it may fit into a large ants and other game birds in the nat- room nicely. Confusion and restlessurn) mottled gray and white and brown ness result from using too many picand white effects. Again, when the tures. The Japanese plan of having coloring is a mixed cashmere effect, one or two pictures out at a time is the glycerined estrich plume is used far ahead of our profuse display of our

For Casement Windows.

Gauze glass curtains in some lovely one-quarter and one and one-half modified blue or green or old rose lend meters in length being the repeat of color and charm to a room. With them the design. Thus they will require side curtains of a heavier material can as desired, melted butter, whinned great art in making and will have an be used instead of shades. The heavier cream and any chopped flavor vegonir of exclusiveness that cannot be curtains are hung on rods that are table that is appropriate to the salad given with the ordinary novelty pat- placed on the window frame, while the served. thinner glass curtains are fastened to

For my part I am not so sure at bottom that man is, as he says, the king of nature; he is far more its devastating tyrant. I believe he has many things to learn from animal societies, older than his own and of infinite variety.—Romain Rolland,

EVERYDAY GOOD THINGS

Variety is the spice of life and every bousewife finds it hard to provide a



change of menu, if the allowance is not liberal for furnishing the table The following are merely suggestive and may be new to

Veal Cutlets, Horseradish Sauce,-Wipe a slice of veal and cut the meat into pieces. Cover with boiling water and simmer until the meat is tender. Drain, sprinkle with sait, dip into egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat. For sauce, melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one of flour and one cupful of the veal broth; season with salt, pepper and onion juice, one teaspoonful of grated horseradish root and one-fourth of a cupful of cream.

The following pie may be unsuitable for every day, but it is most delightful

for a company dinner: Banana Pie-Line a pie piate with pastry and bake for twelve minutes. Cream together one tablespoonful of butter and three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, add two egg yolks beaten slightly, one-third of a cupful of flour. three-fourths of a cupful of bolling water, and cook in a double boiler until thickened. Cool and add a few drops of vanilla. Peel and slice three large bananas, putting a layer in the bottom of the pastry shell and covering with the cream filling; spread another layer of the bananas and top with the cream. Top with the stiffly-beaten egg whites sweetened with four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Place in the oven until a dell-

Pineapple Pie.-Line a medinm-sized pie plate with pastry and bake until well done. Heat one cupful of cream, reserving enough to mix with one and one-half tablespoonfuls of cornstarch; cook all together in a double boiler for half an hour. Cream one tablespoonful of butter with two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, add two beaten eggs and add to the cream mixture, stirring constantly. Cook until the egg is set, then add one cupful of sliced pineapple cut into dice, cool slightly, pour into the shell and set aside to cool. Serve topped with whipped cream if desired

more elaborate. A layer cake kept on hand for an emergency, filled with and topped with sweetened whipped cream may be served for luncheon or supper as cake, or for dinner as dessert, and is always

a welcome one. Puddings, my friend, do a mission fulfill They add to the dinner as well as the bill; They cause men to wish, with ardor they may, That the meal which foretells them

came three times a day." SALAD DRESSINGS

A jar of nicely-prepared and wellseasoned salad dressing is a distinct asset to every ice-

chest.



ing.-Mix together a simple French dressing using onehalf teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, and after being well beaten add one-

Roquefort Dress

roquefort cheese. Pour at once over the bearts of lettuce. Honey Salad Dressing .- Take three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, two table spoonfuls of honey, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and one-eighth of a teaspoonful of salt. Beat together the salad oil and other ingredients and

fourth of a cupful of finely-minced

use at once. Fruit Salad Dressing.-Combine two beaten eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of sait and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper; when beaten light add four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one tablespoonful of mustard and a few dashes of cayenne. Cook over hot water until thick. Pour into a jar and set away in a cool place. Mix one and one-half tablespoonfuls of this dressing with a cupful of whipped cream. The foundation will keep for weeks in a cool place.

Pineapple Dressing.-Heat one cupful of pineapple juice until just warm, Blend two tablespoonfuls of butter with one of flour, add two beaten egg yolks and two tablespoonfuls of sugar, then the stiffly-beaten whites. Pour over the warm pineapple juice and cook in a double boiler until thick. Cool and add one-half cupful of

whipped cream. Ever Ready Dressing.-Beat ur three or four eggs, add the same amount of mild vinegar, cook over hot water until smooth and thick, beating while cooking. Add a little sait and put away to keep as foundation for salad dressing. Add such seasonings

Nellie Maxwell