



THE RED LOCK

A Tale Of The Flatwoods

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THE FAIRY

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 Kea Collin, the girl's missing brother. Then Jack says that in ten days his fortune will be over, that he will ride out into the big world to seek his fortune. Both knew what that would 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. At supper at the Collin 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 village store and post office Lore Belden, a newsman, says he saw the new parson with his arm around Texie. Jack tells 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 houseboat like the preacher's boat. A drunken man's disaster at a village festival and stabs Jack in the shoulder. The preacher makes him leave.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

The morning was far gone when the woodsman finished his task at the fence-pens.

As he stood leaning against the fence, the events of the day before creased his mind—the heelprints on the dusty deck of the concealed houseboat; the ivory-handled six-gun; the spark of flint that had transfused the peering eyes of the preacher when he faced the desperado's knife. From this, his mind reverted to the words of Belden about what he had seen in the little park.

A face rose before him—a face compelling in its easy severity—that, in spite of its studious severity, seemed to have a strange fascination for Texie. He knew she had let him walk home with her from the festival—a privilege that meant more in the Flatwoods than anywhere else in the world. A deep breath came up out of his breast; his hand gripped the fence rail hard.

But many an impatient task lay waiting. The thought roused him. As he raised his arm to put on his hat, the sweat got at the cut in his shoulder and stung him.

He had intended to haul in some shock corn from the bottoms. He frowned toward the wagon; plucked the blouse loose about his shoulder; finally went up into the woods to inspect a string of rail fence that would have to be repaired before the stock cattle could be turned out of the lower lots into the upland pasture.

He had spent some time readjusting fallow rails and straightening crooked panels when a flay spot of color in a

The act was purely involuntary, but a slight met his eyes that instantly drove every other consideration out of his mind—frowning behind a log a man was glowering at him.

He ducked out of sight in a flash, and the woodsman stooped to his task—carelessly; without so much as the flick of an eye to betray that he had seen anything at all—but he had caught a distinct view of a slouch hat, a rough flannel shirt, open at the collar, a glare of dark eyes that smoldered in a face dark and scowling and covered with a stubble of black beard—the desperado of the festival.

Texie's startled whisper, as she had fastened the bandages about his shoulder the evening before, flashed across his thought. The face behind the log and the face of his memory rose to his mind as distinct as a reflection in Whispering spring. Unbelievable though it was—against all reason in the light of that terrible letter—he saw the resemblance she had fancied—vague, half intangible, but none the less a resemblance.

With the fall of his eye on the log, the woodsman went on with his work, apparently absorbed in it, really with no other thought than to put as great a length of fence row as possible between himself and that scowling face, and in as short a time as was prudent.

The moment he thought himself out of sight, he took out a roll of the fence, crawled through the opening and, with every caution known to woodcraft, crept back through the underbrush toward the log. The broken outline of it at last came into view through a clump of hazel. He raised his head ever so little and lay listening. Not a false note disturbed the soft purr of nature; the pulse of the woods beat normal. He dropped his head; crawled up to the log. The leaves were flattened and still warm, but the man was gone.

He searched the moss and leaves until he found the trail—the scrape of a boot in a spot of moist ground at the foot of an oak. After that it was easy. There were two sets of tracks. To his surprise one set led back toward the cliffs above the homestead. He followed it. At a point along the bluffs that commanded the nearest view of the cabin under the crimson rambler the matted leaves and broken weeds beneath a clump of bushes at the very break of the rocks showed where the desperado had concealed himself. Three half-burned matches, with which he had probably lighted his pipe, indicated that he had remained some time.

Jack glanced down at the tiny cabin, the bare lot, turned and followed the trail back under the trees.

Past the log it led, away to the north, down the face of the wooded bluff and into the narrow road that threaded Eagle hollow. He followed it within sight of the rude hovel at the head of the hollow into which Lore Belden and his sister had lately moved; stopped; studied the place critically for a moment; finally turned, climbed the bluff and, with an uncomfortable feeling of hidden eyes upon him, returned to his task at the fence.

The forenoon was gone by the time he finished it. As he trudged back, the corner where he had found the yellow orchid drew his eye irresistibly. Raking away the dead leaves he dug it up, being careful to leave enough soil about the roots to prevent their withering, and carried it in his hands out through the trees and up among the tumbled ramparts of Black rock.

In the tiny flower bed at the foot of the sandstone pinnacle where the three names were carved, he hollowed out a place in the rich leaf-mold and set the orchid with the others—all of them doubtless having come there at different times in the same way; rose to his feet and stood deeply pondering, as his gaze rested on the three names carved in the rock. That baffling resemblance, in spite of him, would creep back into his thought.

The bold frankness of the man's face settled to a deeper thoughtfulness; he looked down at the new orchid among the old, fresh and piquant as when he dug it out of the fence corner; glanced toward the red-roofed cottage, and set his feet to the rough path that led down to the fallow yard.

CHAPTER VIII

The Fairy's Secret.

The furnishings of the cabin under the crimson rambler would have been a revelation to a stranger entering the door for the first time. A soft-toned rug from the Orient covered three-fourths of the rough floor, stopping just short of the cook stove, which, with its array of utensils, occupied the other fourth. The bed was high posted and canopied, dressed in the finest linen and hung with faded tapestry. The chairs were handsomely upholstered, while a center table of hand-carved rosewood stood in the mid-section of the floor.

Along the south wall an American flag of silk hung draped, and under its

topped-up center two pictures—the beautiful face of a woman; and in the companion frame, the fine, up-standing figure of a soldier in the uniform of a colonel of Mounted Rangers—the man and the woman who had dreamed the dream that never came true.

The woodsman had finished his task at the barn and feedpens that evening and returned to the cabin, where, deeply thoughtful he was half-mechanically building a fire in the cook stove when his quick ear caught the sound of a light step coming along the path from the orchard. He laid down the kindling and turned toward the door.

The light step had stopped, and Texie stood outlined in the doorway, her eyes dancing alive over the thought of having taken the alert woodsman by surprise, the round wonder of her throat and cheeks touched to a softer blush by the waning sunlight that slipped in under the crimson rambler.

The man dragged off his hat. The girl glanced over the cabin; lifted her eyes.

"Jack, you're the best housekeeper in the Flatwoods."

The floor creaked with the weight of him as he came to the door. He had to stoop to pass under the lintel, and his massive shoulders spread almost from jamb to jamb.

"It ain't me," he said in his slow way. "There's a wonderful fairy about these hills som'er's that slips in when I'm off in the fields, and no matter

how upside down I've left things, she jist touches 'em with them small hands fairies has got, 'r mebbe says 'r sings some wonderful charm to 'em, and when I come back, there they are, all spick and span. Some folks says they ain't no fairies, but I know ther' is—was, anyhow."

The girl's expressive face was alive and eager.

"Why don't y'a try some day 'r—trap your—fairy?"

The heart of the big woodsman rose to his eyes. For a transcendent moment the man in him, sprung from generations of soldiers and gentlemen, supremely dominated the bound boy. He drank in the wonder of her hair, the plump soft mystery of her throat and bosom, and his hands instinctively reached toward her.

"I'd give the world—"

He stopped; the transcendent moment passed. He dropped his eyes and crushed his hat rim in his powerful fingers.

The girl bent her head and a deep thoughtful frown flamed the brown of her eyes.

"Jack—!"

He felt the slight tremor in her voice and half guessed what was coming.

"That face las' night—it ha's me."

Involuntarily he glanced up at the high brink of the cliff, where, under a clump of bushes, lay some matted leaves and a pinch of pipe ashes.

"Don't let it," was his slow answer. "There's the plot of the Obenchain, now, looks a powerful sight like Lark Sharp, and they ain't a mite of kin in the world."

She pondered the answer and seemed much impressed, even relieved, as he fancied.

"How's Pap Simon 'd'ay?"

"Por father! He ain't hardly left the house since that—night. He's wrote and wrote, and looked at papers in 'is safe I didn't know 'e had, and this afternoon he had Zeke Polick up with his notary public seal." A shadow flitted across her face. She laced her smooth fingers; gripped them. "That—terrible letter! He's read it and read it. Pore Ken—!"

The man reached his arm up over the door; absentely felt a spray of rose vine, its buds swollen big with the mystery that was soon to be revealed. The girl glanced at the hand among the rosebuds and slowly turned to the frank and thoughtful face.



"Why Don't Y'a Try Some Day 'r—Trap Your—Fairy?"

"And make my father's—and mother's—dream come true."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Early Start.

The Groom—I was never so rattled in all my life.

The Bride—And you acted so cool and collected. Oh, Jack, how could you begin deceiving me even at the altar?

Beads Are Strong Fashion Favorite

Semi-Precious Stones Serve Admirably in Decorating Costumes.

The positive craze for personal ornaments of unlimited variety has created a lively market for semi-precious stones, observes a fashion writer in the New York Times. Good form forbade always the wearing of jewels in daytime, especially with street dress, and the gown itself was accordingly made with more trimming and attention to ornamental detail. But the up-to-date frock, being "plain as a pipe-stem," is just a foundation for the baubles that are an absolute essential in the smart costume.

Not "real" ones, rubies and sapphires, diamonds and all the precious stones, pearls excepted; but the crystals, matrix and a thousand and one others of the less costly sort, some forgotten, many but recently become known. Whole shops are now devoted to this feature of fashionable dress, displaying a bewildering layout of necklaces, pendants, earrings, bracelets, brooches, bandeaux, rings—every sort of ornament that artistic ingenuity can suggest.

The colors are like crystallized rainbows: Cool greens, heavenly blues, amethysts like pansies, topazes like deep yellow marigolds, surnaline as pink as June roses, opalescent bits of rock of which the gifted craftsmen have created an art in themselves.

Costume jewelry, these gewgaws are called, and there is a stiff standard of style by which they are to be worn. For early daytime frocks are strings of amber, from the necklace that clasps in a circle around the throat, to the chain of beads hanging below the waistline. Rock crystal, which is tremendously popular, is shown in strings of beads as large as "chiny" marbles, each bead exquisitely carved. These are indescribably levelly on a gown of black velvet, and have almost superseded the string of pearls, genuine or imitation, which every woman has until lately worn morning, noon and night.

Blood coral, a deeper shade than the old-fashioned article, is among the ornaments shown in its revival in necklaces, pendants and earrings particularly. Rose quartz makes charming beads and lavallieres, and so does tourmaline, in which are some large,

Very Smart Day Dress, Flat Collar and Cuffs



Young women will appreciate this charming day dress in cocoa, embellished with the popular flat collar and cuffs.

insidious pieces, artistically carved, to be attached to a slender chain of gold. Beads, round and oval, of aquamarine, carrying the delicate tints of the ocean, are separated by tiny carved rings of quartz crystals.

For the simple and severe one-piece frocks of twill are long strands of lapis lazuli beads of chrysoprase, Turkish beads of gold in arabesque design, Italian necklaces of delicate enamel in bright colors, and chains of glass beads that run through the known shades of a garden of flowers.

Every fashionable woman may find what she wants in this fad for ornaments. There are even charming things that may properly be worn with half-mourning dress. The combinations of onyx and crystal are stunning. One especially smart necklace has long oval links cut with prism sides, joined by fine gold, with cut beads of crystal, almost as brilliant as a chain of alternating white and black diamonds.

A large locket-shaped pendant of onyx has in its center a medallion of crystal, diamond cut. Earrings of this combination are three inches long, and with these are slender bangle bracelets, three beads of onyx, three crystal, alternating, making a complete set appropriate for a woman who chooses to wear only black and white. Whole sets of ivory, some with intaglios or cameo heads delicately carved are shown, but these are fancied by a limited number. Seed pearls, restoring a fashion of long ago, are seen in the original necklaces, with several pieces to match. All the different varieties of matrix are introduced, with a growing fancy for turquoise.

Practical Short Coat Is of Copper Caracul



For the younger women, this handsome caracul short coat is very popular. Fox trimming seems to be just the thing.

possible without crowding them to let adjoining petals touch occasionally. Scattered, grass-like stitches of green floss, with a bit of gold or silver thread, may be added around the edge of a mass of these blossoms.

Use Ribbon to Make Boudoir Lamp Shades

A rather odd but attractive shade for the boudoir lamp can be made in a few minutes, with a few yards of No. 2 ribbon. Two shades of ribbon or a two-toned ribbon should be used. The ribbon is cut into uneven lengths varying from twelve to sixteen inches. These are laid together so that all the ends are even at one point and uneven at the other. They are tied together three inches from the even ends, so that a cluster of ribbon ends decorates the center top of the shade. The odd ends swing across the top of the drumlike shade and hang in uneven lengths, each culminating in a colored bead. The foundation for this decoration is a small wire frame covered with plain gold or rose silk or taffeta ribbon. The narrow ribbons swing freely over this, hanging fringe-like below the bottom.

Worn Over One Ear.

Among the new coiffure ornaments is a delicate spray of jeweled flowers worn over one ear. The ornament serves to keep in place the rather negligent strand of hair, which many young girls affect above the ear just now.

Silver and Gold Figures.

Silver and gold figures on the brown tissues make lovely frocks for informal dinners or afternoon affairs.

The Kitchen Cabinet

A few can make money by shrewd trading, or by improving some unusual opportunity, but the majority of men can hope to amass wealth only by self-denial and hard, persistent toil.—Clyde Davis.

YEAST BREADS

A third of a yeast cake or less may be used when setting a small sponge at night. A cupful of liquid is supposed to make an ordinary-sized loaf. To a pint of milk add a pint of boiling water, cool and add the compressed yeast,

which has been softened in warm water. Add one-half teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of flour to make a drop batter. Prepare this sponge at six o'clock and about ten, knead down into a smooth ball; butter the bread bowl, set in a place not too warm, cover and let stand until morning. The first thing in the morning, if it is very light, cut down with a sharp knife. Set in a warm place and let rise. When again light cut down and upon the next rising the loaf will be very tender. A few tablespoonfuls of fat may be added to the sponge if desired, making a more tender loaf. Now knead, make into any desired breads. For rolls a very nice one is the clover leaf. Break off bits of the dough, add a little butter or sweet fat, roll into small balls and place three in each gem pan. Set to rise until very light and bake in a quick oven.

If time is short, make the old-fashioned biscuits, pinching off enough dough for each; roll into a ball and place closely together in a greased dripping pan. Pierce with a fork and set in a very warm place to rise; when more than double in bulk, place in a very hot oven, then lower the heat to finish the baking.

For a busy housewife, the loaves of bread may be molded, making two or three, baking in one pan or in individual pans and enough dough will be left for a good-sized tin of biscuit, or a small one and a coffee cake. For the coffee cake be sure that a good cupful of sponge is used, add one-half cupful of sugar, an egg, and one-half cupful of shortening. Mix well, place in a well-buttered pan adding raisins, grated lemon rind or currants. Spread with butter, sprinkle with a mixture of brown sugar and cinnamon, and when very light bake in a moderate oven.

For finger rolls, add a bit of butter to a small ball of the dough, then roll on the bread board, shaped into a long roll. Place in buttered bread-stick pans or in a common dripping pan; when light bake until brown.

Oh, hour of all hours the most blessed hour of our dinner. Digestive chases and fruit there sure will be. —B. Jenson.

HAVE A DISH OF PORK

A few slices of sweet side pork cut rather thin and fried a golden brown, the fat used to make a gravy and both served with baked potatoes, makes a fine, tasty meal on a cold day.

Here is a dish which provides the meat and vegetables for the whole meal:

Farmers' Meat Dish.—This will also be enjoyed by others who are able to provide it: Take a large-sized granite pan—the size used will be modified by the family. Slice enough potatoes, rather thin, to nearly fill the dish, season well with salt and pepper and then sprinkle over the potatoes a thinly-sliced onion or two. Place over the potato and onion, a close covering of pork chops, season well on top and put into a moderate oven, allowing two hours for a good-sized pan. Bake until the chops are brown on top, turn them and season again and finish browning by setting the pan under a gas flame if one is convenient; otherwise finish cooking in the range.

Savory Pork.—Cut two pounds of fresh ham into one-half inch slices. Trim off the extra fat and fry for ten minutes in a hot frying pan. Add two slices of onions, one cupful of tomatoes, one shredded green pepper, and cook five minutes. Add one-fourth of a cupful of flour and just water enough to cover. Season and cook closely covered for twenty minutes. Just before serving add two cupfuls of cooked spaghetti. Arrange the ham on a platter with the spaghetti surrounding it.

Stuffing for Veal Roast.—Mix one-half pound of sausage with one-half pound of finely-chopped pork and a few mushrooms. Add a well-beaten egg, a little onion juice or scraped onion, salt and pepper to taste. Mix well and insert in a pocket made by slitting the meat near the bone.

Pork Chops.—Place pork chops in a frying pan, adding just enough water to cover the bottom of the pan. Parboil, turning often until the chops are well-scalded and the water is evaporated. Now season and brown. The chops will be well cooked and moist.

Nellie Maxwell



The Leaves Were Flattened and Still Warm, but the Man Was Gone.

corner of the fence caught his eye. For some reason it arrested his instant attention. In a moment he was down on his knees parting the weeds and tangled branches where a yellow orchid had just unfolded the mysteries of its enchanted slipper to the sun.

He rose to his feet after a time, but stood gazing down at the flower—a spike of gold in its mean setting.

Stopping a few minutes later to ease his shoulder a bit, he happened to glance over the fence into the woods,