

THE RED LOCK

A Tale of the Flatwoods

By DAVID ANDERSON
Author of "The Blue Moon"
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"A GOOD BOY"

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 orphaned boy of Pap Simon, who had foreclosed a mortgage on the Warhope estate. At first Texie 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," 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 Colins 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 Loge Belden, a newcomer, says he saw the new parson with his arm around Texie. Jack kicks 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 fits the preacher's boot. A drunken ruffian disturbs a village festival and stabs Jack in the shoulder. The preacher makes him leave. Jack trails the man to Belden's cabin.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

"That's why I came—Daddy wants to see you."
"Me?"
"He wants you to come over a minute."
"You didn't tell 'im nothin' about that—that face?"
The girl's eyes flinched at the question.

"No—only that you got—hurt."
She drew a step nearer, laid her fingers lightly upon the sleeve of his blouse.

"How is your shoulder?"
He fumbled the side of his open collar.

"Aw, it ain't nothin'."
The smile came back and brought the dimples.

"Jack—"
He stole a quick look at the side of her upturned face and waited.

"I 'b'en s' pinin' hungry all day somehow fr the rocks and woods—they're all waked up and wonderful now—and—"

She paused. The man drank in the exquisite profile of her fresh young face, her lips parted, her eyes softly retrospective with the smile that nestled in them.

"I 'lowed mebbe you wouldn't mind takin' me up there, bein' your shoulder ain't—well—"

"Wouldn't mind takin' you—!" The man seemed to grope for a word big enough to finish the thought. "W'y—I'd—Id—we'll be startin' the minute we can run over and see what Pap Simon wants—b'fore, if you say so."

"No, I reckon we better go 't father first, he's been that fussed and rest-less since—"

She turned and took a thoughtful step toward the path that led across the orchard to the red-roofed cottage.

The man followed, suddenly stopped, raised a quick glance up to the wild and tumbled pinnacles of the cliff, and hurried back to the cabin. The girl followed him as far as the door, where she stood mildly wondering to see him take down the beautifully modeled revolver—the gift of her father—from where it hung on a peg behind the cook stove, carefully examine it and buckle it on under his blouse.

Jack Warhope was startled at the change the three days had wrought in the banker. The lines of his crazy face had noticeably deepened.

Texie ran to him and knelt by the chair. He laid a great gaunt hand on her head, and after a time looked up at the woodsman, standing so tall and strong in the floor that he seemed almost out of place in so small a room.

"I'm hearin' they clawed you up las' night."
The woodsman grinned; the old man went on:

"Didn't hurt you, did they—much?"
"A cat scratch."
The old man's fingers strayed over the girl's hair.

"Jack."
"Yes, sir."

"You've 'b'en a good boy and you've worked hard." The woodsman shifted to his other foot and glanced down at the bright hair of the girl. The old banker studied him, slowly. "I never noticed it b'fore how much you look—and act—like your father."

"Size and looks and—actions, you're—like him," the old man went on. "Of all the men I ever knowed, I think he was the noblest, and—the finest gentleman. A soldier every inch, but no business man. That's why—"

He stopped abruptly, took his hand from his daughter's head and dropped it to her shoulder. His deep-set eyes strayed away—perhaps into the past, with its memories.

He looked up after a time, in his quick penetrating way.

"How's the cattle?"
The question was so at variance with the thoughts in the woodsman's mind that he was slow in answering.

"Fine, sir."
"About ready 't market?"
"Most any day, now. Three drovers have 'b'en t' see 'em a'ready."
"Sell 'em—as soon as you please. What'll they bring?"
"If the market holds, they ought 't top five thousand."
"Five thousand—that's a heap o' money."

The bony fingers drummed hard upon the chair-arm. The old man fidgeted in his seat in a way that seemed to indicate that the interview was over. The girl rose.

"Father, we're goin' up in the woods 't see the sun set—Jack and me—"

A statement that was half question. The old man did not look up. They were at the door of the dining-room, the woodsman standing aside to let the girl pass, when the banker turned in his chair.

"Jack."
The girl stopped; the man turned back.

"Texie tells me you're leavin' us as soon as you're twenty-one."
"I'm a'min' to, sir."
"And that'll be—?"
"The twentieth—seven more days."
"Seven days—!" The old man frowned; rasped his hand over the dry stubble on his bony chin. "Well, seven days is—seven days," he muttered.

"H't ain't b'cause I've be'n hard on you, is it?"
"No, sir, it ain't that. You've be'n s' good to me that it makes it hard 't go, but I got 't do somethin' fr m'self—now."

The old man bent his brows thoughtfully; nodded toward his daughter in the door of the dining-room.

"She says you're cal'latin' 't jine a wagon train fr California."
"Yes, sir, that's what I'm a'min' 't do, if you're still minded 't give me Graylock when my time's out."

"I'm a'min' 't pick up enough—gold out there 't come back and buy the homestead, if you'll sell it 't me, and make my father's—and mother's—dream come true."

The old man dropped his eyes and drew his hand across his shaggy brows.

"The day you're—twenty-one—his voice was strained, and he seemed to weigh each word before letting it fall—

"I'll have a long talk, you and me, b'fore you jine that wagon train—"

He stooped forward, picked up a bundle of papers from the floor and began sorting them over.

The others passed out through the kitchen, where Mrs. Curry was busy about the cook stove.

The witchery of the coming sunset was astrid among the splintered peaks and pinnacles of the bold headland. The woodsman took off his hat, swept his eyes over the far-spread landscape, drank deep the wonder of it, slowly turned to his companion.

He allowed himself to revel for a delicious moment in the rich completeness of her, as she stood lightly poised on the rock.

His arm unconsciously stole toward her; but he drew it back and pointed to the tiny flower bed at the foot of the upstanding pinnacle. The girl followed the motion, softly clasped her hands and stood looking down at the yellow orchid, its golden slipper still as plump and unwilted as before it had been transplanted.

"I found it this morning back in the woods."
His voice was strained and heavy out of all proportion to what might have been expected in uttering a statement so simple. The girl breathed fast. The man stooped, plucked the blossom from the stem and held it toward her; she took it and with slow fingers fastened it in her belt.

"I reckon we wasn't nothin' but jist crazy kids," the man went on, "but you know how the first bluebird and the first robin and the first lady slipper was alw'y's—big days to us—"

He was venturing his words forth as if each one had to feel its way across his lips, like a hunter picking his way over the dangerous bog at the head of Mud Haal.

"But lady slipper day," he faltered on, "was alw'y's the biggest. You know, we alw'y's kinda fig'd on doin' somethin' extra that day, and when it come this year I be'n plannin' 't do—"

He paused, breathed hard, struggled

for the next words—the hardest in the language to say; stole a glance at the girl's face; looked away. The stark skeleton of the unfinished farm-house unexpectedly—mayhap unluckily—came under his eyes; the transfuging emotion slowly died in his face; the bound boy again dominated the man.

He heard the girl's deep breath; felt her hand thrill upon his arm; accepted it for what it was—the spontaneous communion of comradeship, a relation on which he dared not presume—dimly read in the serious eyes, as they strayed over his face, the tingling mystery, the far-funging vision that nestled there.

Very thoughtful she seemed, and for the most part silent—the all-sufficient silence that sometimes falls between comrades—as he led her down the bluffs, on the Eagle hollow side, around by the post office, and to the yard gate at the red-roofed cottage.

The Rev. Caleb Hopkins, with a book under his arm, was just coming across the little park from the study at the parsonage. He dropped down on the rustic seat at Whispering spring, opened the book and humped himself over it, apparently oblivious to all that went on about him.

The woodsman studied him a moment, frowned, and turned his eyes back to the girl. Swept by a sudden impulse that he could not control—an impulse that called for no word—he lifted her hand from the gate latch; held it for a delicious instant in both his own; dropped it and turned away.

Half-way up the road to the big elm at the homestead he looked back. The tall figure of the young preacher had risen from the rustic seat at Whispering spring, and through the pensive twilight the girl was crossing the yard toward him.

CHAPTER IX

Bats and Beetles.

In the luminous evening that followed Uncle Nick sat smoking a quiet pipe on the porch of his modest cabin at the upper edge of the village, almost exactly opposite the point where the Eagle Hollow road crossed the flat, unbanistered bridge and turned up the east bank of the branch to disappear between the jaws of the hollow.

Through the open door came the clink of the supper dishes as Aunt Liza put them away. A throng of bats, nocturnal hunters all, darted in and out among the fruit trees, white with bloom; the drone of a thousand beetles, the hum of a myriad gauzy wings, throbbled the silence into a sort of drowsy rhythm—a scene tranquil and serene.

The old man was just setting off to keep his tacitly understood appointment with the embryo scientists, soldiers and statesmen who assembled nightly around the barrels and boxes of Zeke Polick's store, when the front gate clicked. He stopped and stood mildly wondering to see the tall and lanky form of Al Counterman, the one-eyed fisherman, coming up through the trees.

He threw up his hand, the fisherman threw up his. Two grins met and passed in the twilight.

"Fine day," said the fisherman.
"Couldn't make one no better, if I had the tools."

The fisherman seldom—almost never—came into that part of the village. With the sound horse sense that eighty years of hard knocks had pounded into him, Uncle Nick knew that something unusual had brought him. Counterman knew that he knew. He absently traced the flight of the bats with his puckered eye and shifted from one foot to the other.

"Little out o' your range, hain't you?"
The fisherman sat down on the porch, spit out into the yard, and threw away his cud, as if clearing his mouth for action. Al rarely threw away his cud. When he did it meant something.

"What's Aunt Liza?"
"Back in the kitchen. Why?"
The other did not answer, but sat listening to the clink of the dishes. He finally lifted his battered hat, ran his fingers up through his hair and motioned his aged friend to sit beside him.

"Seen Big Jack 't day?"
"Seed 'im this evenin' late come down off'n Black Rock"—he tossed up his hand toward the high battlement of stone that frowned down upon them from across the mouth of the hollow—"him an' Texie. They crossed the branch at the bridge that, passed the gate an' went on down through town—'t the post office, I 'low."

The fisherman put his hat back on.

"I'm skeer'd 'is dern little good 't do 'im. As I come along up the creek, I happened 't glance down in ol' Sime's orch'd, an' thar she set with the new parson at Whisperin' spring."

The old man lowered his eyes and sat patting his boot upon the gravel of the small gutter worn by the drip from the porch eaves.

"Beats the devil the headway the parson's a-makin' with 'er," he muttered. "Must know some trick other men ain't on to."

"But I do know he's Black Bogus; yes, sir, Black Bogus."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Pale Drink.
Auntie (looking into baby carriage)—How pale little brother looks.
George Boy—Well, auntie, that's because they never give him anything but milk since he was born.

No Such Person.
There ain't no such person; the tailor who will acquiesce in all your notions of how your suit should be made. This is a world of compromise.

CHIC SCARF CHIEF PARIS STYLE NOTE

Accessory Is Regarded as Necessary Decoration on All Dresses.

The scarf, both as an accessory and as a component part of the fashionable costume, is a dominant idea. Every important dressmaker, notes a Paris fashion correspondent, in the New York Tribune, is using the scarf in many forms, attached to or cut in one with the dress with which it is worn. Chanel, Vionnet, Cheruit, Lanvan, Boulanger, Renee, Madeleine et Madeleine, Callot, Jenny and a number of other dressmakers with large followings show models in both day and evening dresses and day and evening coats in which the scarf is the dominant idea.

Ingenuity has been put to the extreme in the cutting of these new scarf effects. Many of them are a part of the garment. Vionnet extends panels at the back and front of her dresses to form scarf ends. She draws into girlish fullness certain of her day dresses by means of long scarf ends cut in one with the body fullness.

Chanel attaches scarfs to the back or front of her dresses in yoke-like form. She also adds to both her day and evening dresses long scarfs of tulle or chiffon separately attached at the shoulder or collar of the dress. Often these scarfs are in contrasting color. The long end may be left to trail on the floor from the shoulder to a length of more than a yard or the same scarf may be wrapped about the neck and shoulders and left to fall gracefully from one side or the other, according to the fancy of the wearer. Sometimes scarf ends begin as a

flounce or a wide bias band on the skirt, the long free end being left to be caught up and passed around to the front. Chanel has a lovely model of this kind in which the scarf is vivid emerald green, the only touch of color on an otherwise all black dress.

In sports wear the scarf is equally important, as every coat or sweater has its matching scarf whether it be knitted or made from a fabric. The separate scarf of brilliant-hued printed silk took all the autumn resorts by storm, and one feels sure from the preparation now in hand of beautiful novelties of this character that no toilette will be complete this winter without a scarf of some sort, either as an accessory or component part.

Leopard Cat in Demand for Short Sport Coats



The well-known spotted fur, leopard cat, is in favor for the short sport coat. The model is banded and colored with beaver.

Coat of Brown Woolen Mixture, Beaver Collar



For winter's blustery days, this warm, rough coat of brown woolen mixture, with its large beaver collar, will appeal to many women.

How to Mend Linings in Backs of Your Shoes

When the linings at the backs of shoes begin to wear out, holes are apt to be made in the heel of the stockings and the uneven surface is also very uncomfortable for the wearer. Children's shoes are often torn in this manner. The best way to mend such a lining is to cut strips from old kid gloves and fasten them with glue into the backs of the shoes. There should be enough of the kid to go down under the inside sole, great care being taken to see that the strip is put in perfectly smooth. No attempt should be made to wear the shoe until the application is entirely dry. A piece of kid fitted in this way is also a remedy for shoes that are a little too large. If necessary, two or even three thicknesses may be placed inside the back of the shoe.

Three-Piece Suit Will Solve Service Problem

The woman who must be somewhat careful in her expenditure for clothes shows her wisdom and cleverness if she builds her winter wardrobe about her suit.

In this modern era when most women are so active, the suit is probably the costume in which they are most frequently seen by the general public. Of course, suits have varied classifications. But if one is an astute follower of the mode it is quite possible to select a model that is dignified enough for occasions rather ceremonious in character, and yet not too formal for the morning shopping expedition and the casual luncheon party.

The question of how to appear to advantage upon all daytime occasions is answered by the three-piece suit. Extremely simple and smart in line when the coat is worn, it may take on a decidedly elaborate aspect when the coat is removed. Underneath is either a really beautiful one-piece frock or a costume blouse of handsome material. These blouses have never been more beautiful.

For instance, there is one of pale silver cloth, sleeveless, and with rounded neckline. On the front of the blouse there is a curious Chinese motif done in intricate stitches and revealing a most artistic blending of colors.

Care of Table Linen Keeps It Pure White
No fabric is prettier than white linen, but to keep it white requires special care. Before table linens are laundered spots should be removed, for the action of salt and bluing may

fix the spots in the cloth, says the Kansas City Star. Fruit stains generally can be removed by pouring hot water through the material. Stretch the part containing the spot over a strainer and pour the hot water through it from a height. Tea, coffee and cocoa will yield to this hot water treatment also. To remove iron rust, mildew and peach stains apply lemon juice and salt and place in the sunshine.

If stains are large and deep oxalic acid may be necessary to remove them. Make a solution by using a teaspoon of the acid in a pint of boiling water. Do not leave the material in the solution longer than a few minutes. Wash in clear water, as the addition of soap will injure the fabric.

Soap used in washing linens should be thoroughly dissolved before the linens are entered into the wash water, and it should be entirely rinsed from the material before bluing. Chemical reaction of soap and bluing is the cause of most of the rust spots seen in linens. When clothes are laundered it is a wise precaution to rinse out the bluing from the previous wash. Too much water cannot be used. The dull gray that is often seen in clothes is the result of washing in dirty suds. When linen has this appearance it is well to soak it in water to which half a teaspoonful of borax, thoroughly dissolved, has been added.

Use of Velvet.
Velvet is smart for the new three-piece models that pose a three-quarter coat over a crep frock hemmed in velvet.

The KITCHEN CABINET

When the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed;
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.
—Shelley.

GOOD THINGS FOR THE TABLE

For occasions when a nice salad is needed the following will be enjoyed:

Frozen Fruit Mayonnaise.—Cover a teaspoonful of granulated gelatin with two tablespoonfuls of cold water and set over steam to melt. When the gelatin is dissolved, stir it into one cupful of mayonnaise. Whip three cupfuls of thick cream, add one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, stir in two and one-half cupfuls of mixed fruits—cherries, pineapple, oranges, sliced peaches or any combination desired—pour into a mold which has been rinsed in cold water. Seal with a strip of cloth dipped into melted fat to keep the salt water from seeping through the mold. Bury in equal parts of ice and salt for four hours. Serve garnished with lettuce hearts and parsley.

Orange Jelly Salad.—Make one quart of orange jelly with the prepared gelatin or with the following: Two tablespoonfuls of gelatin softened in one cupful of cold water, then add two cupfuls of cold water, one-half cupful of orange juice, the juice of one lemon, one-half cupful of sugar. When all of the ingredients are well mixed fill a wet ring mold with half of the jelly and let stand in the refrigerator until it begins to thicken. Meanwhile, soften one small cream cheese with a teaspoonful of top milk or cream and form into small balls. Arrange these balls at regular intervals in the mold. Add the rest of the gelatin mixture and set on ice until perfectly stiff. Unmold on a bed of lettuce and fill the center with stoned white cherries filled with filberts. Serve with mayonnaise and browned crackers.

A small pie, using filling not too juicy, may be made from small pieces of pastry. These are called turnovers and the children will like them. Place a spoonful or two of the filling on the small circle, fold over, flute the edges and prick a little opening on top for the steam to escape.

Of all pleasures, none is so satisfying as the full enjoyment of our common humanity. It loosens the swaddling clothes that wrap us round; it alone gives us freedom.

A FEW HOT PUDDINGS
A simple pudding easy to prepare and well liked by all, is:

Cottage Pudding.—Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter, add three-fourths of a cupful of sugar gradually, one beaten egg, and alternate one-half cupful of milk with one and a quarter cup of sifted flour well sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in a small dripping pan and cut into squares to serve. For the sauce, take three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, add two tablespoonfuls of flour and when well-blended add one-half cupful of boiling water. Cook until the starch in the flour is well cooked, then add a tablespoonful of butter and a fourth of a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Serve boiling hot over the hot pudding.

Betsy's Pudding.—Take one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one cupful each of chopped suet, brown sugar, raisins, currants or chopped prunes, grated carrot, grated potato, one grated lemon, one-half cupful of chopped orange peel, one-half teaspoonful of nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves. Mix all well and steam three hours.

Date Pudding.—Beat two eggs, add one cupful each of sugar, chopped dates and broken walnut meats, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of vanilla, three tablespoonfuls of flour, three tablespoonfuls of milk. Mix and bake in a slow oven forty minutes. Serve with foamy sauce or sweetened whipped cream.

Chocolate Pudding.—Beat one egg, add one-half cupful of sugar, one cupful of milk, add to one and one-half cupfuls of flour sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a little salt. Add two squares of melted chocolate and steam one and one-half hours. Serve with:

Foamy Sauce.—Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one cupful of powdered sugar, one beaten egg, a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of flavoring and one cupful of whipped cream. If cream is not at hand pour a cupful of hot milk over the egg and other ingredients and beat until foamy.

Pequot Pudding.—Mix together one-fourth of a cupful of granulated tapioca, two tablespoonfuls of cornmeal, one-fourth of a cupful of coconut, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and add to one quart of scalded milk. Cook until it begins to thicken, add one cupful of brown sugar, pour into a buttered baking dish and bake 45 minutes. Serve hot with melted butter.

Nellie Maxwell