

THE RED LOCK

A Tale of the Flatwoods

CHAPTER IX—Continued.
—11—

He lifted his face after a moment and chuckled complacently.

"Big Jack," he went on, "couldn't kill him with a nigger maul. Didn't 'e fetch that chuckle head a groanin' lick? Lord! Leetle too high, though," he commented in the nice criticism of a man who, in his day, was known to have been the most dangerous rough-and-tumble fighter on the border.

He paused, and his face assumed the same puzzled expression it had worn at the festival the evening before.

"I reckon hit couldn't 'a' be'n, an' it's jist as well not t' say nothin' about it," he went on, "but I thought that feller favored that scape-gal-us of ol' Sime's—Ken Collin—what 'e would 'a' be'n by now. I noticed it when 'e flared up off'n the floor thar with the knife."

Counterman leaned nearer. "That's jist what I moseyd' up t' talk about." He lowered his voice. "That was Black Bogus."

Uncle Nick straightened. "No!"

"Hit were."

The old man swore, took out his pipe again, stared at it and put it back in his pocket.

"Black Bogus—hit couldn't—w'y, ther's fifty sheriffs a-lookin' fr' him."

"Yes, an' them same fifty sheriffs ain't none too dern'd anxious t' find 'im. He's a bad man with a six-gun."



"That's Jist What I Moseyd' Up t' Talk About." He Lowered His Voice. "That Was Black Bogus."

He may be Ken Collin—that I don't know—but I do know he's Black Bogus. I run afoul of 'im three year back, down Vincennes way. It was when—

The fisherman stopped, breathed hard, passed his hand up over his sunken eye socket and sat staring out into the gathering night. The aged hunter studied him covertly. More than once he had thought of asking for the story of that lost eye, but the innate delicacy of the born woodsman had restrained him.

"Calc'late you was some surprized when 'e swarmed in?"

Counterman turned; felt along the edge of the porch floor with his hands. "I low I wern't no worse surprized than he'd 'a' be'n if he 'a' saw me. But I happened t' be back in the corner b'hind the crowd—an' it's a good thing I were. I dasn't come face t' face with Black Bogus. He tricked me once; he won't trick me no more"—the old hunter saw the weather-stained fist of the fisherman grip tight; heard his lanky jaws clamp together; watched him instinctively hitch the holster of his long-barreled six-gun to an easier position at his hip—"an' I've already got enough blood on my hands over—"

He stopped abruptly and again sat staring into the night. The man was a mystery. He had come to Buckeye as the driftwood comes—nobody knew from where. He paid his way, asked no questions, answered none. In the silence that fell Uncle Nick sat pondering him—what his life story might have been.

The fisherman roused himself after a moment and went on.

"What crosses my path is, how 'e come t' be there, p'tic'lar how 'e happened t' come out s' bold—specially if 'e is the man you think 'e is. It ain't his way. He never would 'a' done it if it hadn't 'a' be'n fr' Zeke Pollock's squil' whiskey." He straightened, glanced around at his aged friend, and had the light been sufficient, the old man might have seen that the twinkle, never long absent from the doubly capable eye, had returned. "Big Jack an' the parson shore did show 'im a good time—while 'e lasted."

Uncle Nick grinned. "That parson—lord! I ain't ben t' church in fifty year, but I'm calc'latin' on goin' next Sunday. If that parson can outface the devil the way he out-faced that hulkin' chuckle-head, he ain't no bad man t' hitch up with."

"I'm only hopin'." Counterman went on, "Big Jack—an' the parson, too, fr' that matter—has seen the last of Black Bogus. I'm hopin' but I'm doubtin'."

"Ain't, nary a doubt," Uncle Nick chuckled. "Your Black Bogus—the

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puzzled expression touched his face again—"got a bellyful las' night. He ain't honeln' fr' no more, I'm bettin' m' bottom dollar 'e ain't."

"I dunno," Counterman pursued. "He's a bad lot. Ther' ain't a worse man the length o' the Wabash. An' then ther's Loge Belden they say moved in the o' cabin up Eagle holler last week with 'is sister."

"Cordwood—huh—he ain't no more a wood chopper than I be. He's a river man. Come fom the K'ntucky mountains in the first place, an' use'n t' be a pearl fisher till they run 'im off'n the river. I never knowed Loge, that is, what y'u might say pers'n'ly. I never see'd 'im till 'e tangled with Big Jack in the post office t' other evenin', but I knowed 'is sister, not the one that's with 'im now but the other one—the one that's—dead—"

The fisherman bent his head and his voice fell low, finally stopped.

"Black Bogus is an old pal o' Loge's," he went on after a time. "Wouldn't wonder he's harborin' up thar, an' if 'e is, why is 'e? An' what are they both—r' either one of 'em—doin' up hyur in the Flatwoods? Hit looks t' me"—he bent toward his companion—"they've got the'r eye on ol' Sime Collin."

Uncle Nick sat thoughtfully fumbling his chin.

"Thar'd leave Ken out," he mused. "He wouldn't 'a' fell that low. Anyhow, ther's lots o' folks that looks like other folks." Counterman thought a moment before he spoke again.

"Black Bogus' game is counter-fittin', but he's got the guts fr' anything; an' Loge's or'n'ry enough fr' any dirt. Ther' ain't nothin' I'd put a-past 'im. He's done time twice 'a'ready, an' would be doin' it right now if it wern't fr' 'is sister. Thar's one good gal—as different fom Loge as the devil fom Sunday. Hit's Loge's one good pint—he thinks a heap of 'is sister."

"Well," commented Uncle Nick with his slow drawl, as the other paused, "hit might be the makin' of ol' Sime if somebody could manage t' pry a dollar 'r two off'n 'im, an' as fr' Big Jack, I low ther' ain't none of 'em honeln' fr' more truck with him."

He chuckled complacently, possibly fancying that he had put a particularly neat and unanswerable finish to the argument.

"Thar ain't it," Counterman pursued. "Black Bogus an' Loge are both the kind that strikes in the dark." "Thunder!"

Uncle Nick's shoulder jerked away from the porch post, and the fisherman caught the glitter of his deepest eyes in the twilight.

"They can't come nothin' like that on the boy 'r I'll strike the warpath m'self. Dunno but what I'll peel an eye on that cabin up the creek."

The old ranger sat erect and restless, drumming with his fingers on the porch floor and looking away across the narrow mouth of Eagle hollow to where Black rock poked his tumbled ramparts up against the eastern sky.

The clatter in the kitchen ceased, Aunt Liza's still sprightly, vastly positive step came across the cabin floor, and a moment later the creak of her rocking chair joined the droning chorus of the beetles.

"Wonder what Big Jack thinks o' the way the parson's a-cuttin' around 'is gal?" Counterman mused. "An' her the best prize in the Flatwoods, even if she didn't have a cent."

Uncle Nick fumbled out his pipe, knocked it on the edge of the porch floor, and filled and lit it.

"I knowed 'is father, Col. David Warhope, when 'e first come t' the Flatwoods up'rds of eighteen years back, an' I knowed 'is grandfater, Old Col. David Warhope. I fit Tecumseh an' the Prophet under the gran'fater. The homestead was a present t' him fom Gen. Andrew Jackson. Ol' Colonel David an' young Colonel David, they was both fine, up-standin' men, soldiers every inch, an' Big Jack's like 'em. Hit's too bad the homestead had t' be lost t' ol' Sime, an' the boy bound out to 'im. But even so, he'd make a heap sight more fittin' man fr' a Flatwoods gal than that hump-backed, squinty-eyed parson. Beats the devil the headway he's a-makin' with 'er. I wouldn't 'a' thought—"

"No good'll come of it," broke in the acid tones of Aunt Liza. "Didn't y'u see 'is carryin' on with 'er at the sociable las' night? Big Jack ain't go'n t' be a bound boy fr' ever. She'll rue the day she draps a fine lad like him an' takes up with a furriner."

"Aw, Liza," drawled Uncle Nick, "the parson ain't no furriner he's a college professor."

"Don't talk to me," snapped the tart voice. "I reckon I know what I see with m' own eyes. Mind what I tell y'u, she'll rue it, an' so'll Sime Collin a-lettin' 'im harbor around like that, don't keer if 'e did go t' school with Ken."

"I bet y'u if 'er mother was livin' ther' wouldn't be no s'ch goin's on. I dunno what of Sime can be thinkin' about—nothir' but money hoardin' an' grabbin', I reckon. If I had a gal, I'd no more think o' lettin' 'er be harbored up with a teetotal furriner that a-way—huh—I'd no more think o' lettin' 'er than I'd think o' takin' wings

and flyin' t' England. There ain't no sense—"

"Aw, don't be too hard on the parson," interrupted Uncle Nick with a chuckle, "I reckon 'e won't eat 'er."

"Huh!" snorted the voice, in ultimate contempt. "What d' you know about raisin' gals? Cayn't see an inch ahead o' y'ur nose. Hyur we set, in our old age, barly able t' keep soul, an' body t'gether, when we might 'a' tuck our pick an' choice—an' me a dinkin' it into y'u fom daylight t' dark jist how it'd be, too."

"Oh, well, Liza," the old man rejoined, in tones more serious, "don't throw it up to a man b'cause 'is foresight ain't as good as 'is hindsight. You might 'a' done worse. I hain't never be'n in jail yit, an' you hain't never be'n in the porehouse."

The dim figure rocked a while in silence.

"Gals is gittin' e'en a'most too high falutin' these days," she resumed, though in a milder voice. "Bound 'r free, Big Jack's a plenty good enough fr' Texie Collin, the best breath she ever drawed, with all 'er money an' good looks."

"Use'n t' be a gal could git along with one beau, but now-days—huh—they ain't satisfied 'less'n they've got two 'r three a-tralpsin' after 'em. Things is comin' to a purty pass—that's what I say—to a purty pass. If a gal ain't satisfied with one beau at a time, how in the name o' sense can y'u expect 'er t' be satisfied with one husband at a time?—now ther's the business of it, I jzeminy!"

The air of hard finality with which the grim lips were pursed up and twisted around toward the right ear, the crisp positiveness with which the words were uttered, almost made the twilight seem to crackle, like stiff parchment being folded after the reading of some weighty mandate.

Counterman dropped an arm across his knee and sat very still, as-if afraid the slightest sound might touch off again that hair-trigger tongue; Uncle Nick looked away toward Black Rock; the bats darted about in the dim half light, intrepidly threading the bewildering labyrinth of fruit trees; a cricket at the corner of the porch tried to match the creak of Aunt Liza's rocking chair.

CHAPTER X Warning of the Frogs.

While the cricket carried on his squeaking contest with Aunt Liza's rocking chair, Jack Warhope, in the tiny cabin at the homestead, sat reading by the candle on the small center table—studying would be a truer word, for the book was Professor Asa Gray's celebrated "Manual of Botany."

The breath of the trees came down over the cliff, caught and rustled the pliant sprays of the crimson rambler, then the countryside settled still; the words of the book blurred, dimmed, faded away, and from the transfigured page there looked out at him a face with laughing eyes.

A trim slim figure flitting with unconscious grace across the lawn to where a tall, suave, profoundly bowing man awaited by the rustic seat under the great maple at Whispering spring, crossed his mind—and the face was gone.

He laid the book aside; blew out the candle; turped his chair and sat staring into the fire, still faintly alive and fast waking, behind the open hearth of the cook stove. A stick



Studying Would Be the Truer Word, for the Book Was Professor Asa Gray's Celebrated Manual of Botany.

burned in two, fell into the coals and stirred out a tiny shower of sparks. A bright little blaze flared up, danced over the walls and timbers of the cabin, glistened upon the sword and spurs hanging under the companion pictures beneath the draped flap.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Grass Hammocks. Hammocks made of grass or fiber were in common use among the Caribbean Indians when Columbus discovered America.

You can always spot an inferior person by his superior air.

Slim, Straight Is New Frock Slogan

Garments Lend Themselves to Treatments That Are Interesting.

Slim and exceedingly straight in line as so many of the new frocks are, nevertheless they lend themselves to varied treatments, as interesting as they are novel, notes a fashion writer in the Kansas City Star. Since for many people an absolutely unbroken line is apt to be a bit trying, certain details are introduced which relieve a too straight line, but do not detract from the essential slenderness.

A circular flounce attached to a long, slim frock is one of the most effective means of breaking the line. This flounce is of fur, trimmed to match the circular cuff on the sleeves; the result is an ensemble of distinction.

The importance of brown is stressed in the modes of midwinter. The material often is soft wool velours in a particularly flattering tone. The fur on the sleeves and forming the flounce is heavier, while a note of contrast is added by narrow bands of dull gold galloon arranged to form a decoration on the skirt and to suggest a belt just across the front of the dress.

With this costume is worn one of the new high-crowned hats which milliners have introduced in the hope of ousting the ubiquitous cloche. It is of black haters' plush, with a small brush ornament placed in front a little to the right. Several of these hats have appeared lately and are extremely chic. One model has a slight roll just at the side, which gives a becoming and flattering line.

The tiered dress still remains one of the standbys of fashion. Because it can be worn only by certain types it



The Fur on the Sleeves and Forming the Flounce is Beaver.

has not become too popular. Since a frock of this kind must be very carefully cut, it naturally possesses a distinction not to be found in mediocre styles. For young slim figures it is admirable, which no doubt accounts for the fact that in every collection of models designed for the debutante or her younger sister there is sure to be at least one frock that boasts of tiers.

Nothing could be more charming than the little frock, which in its simplicity is perfect. Brown velvet is the material much chosen for its fashioning, with 'blege crepe de chine used

Three-Piece Costume Chic for Schoolgirl

An attractive fashion of the moment for schoolgirls, observes a fashion writer in the Kansas City Star, is a three-piece costume which consists of a straight one-piece dress of plaid wool in small patterns and attractive color combinations, and a coat or slip-over blouse of black or dark green velveteen.

In spite of the fact that gorgeous brocades and embossed velvets are featured conspicuously in fabric displays, there is a tendency on the part of the smartest women to keep to the slim straight frocks of heavy flat crepe which are given individuality and distinction by clever details and by interesting motifs of embroidery.

Chiffon also holds its own and a number of the most attractive new frocks are fashioned of this filmy material in brilliant colors and shaded effects.

One finds that a great deal of emphasis is laid upon all shades of red, with green running a close second in feminine favor. There is less black worn for evening than in the earlier part of the season when the black evening gown was a distinct favorite. When it does appear it is almost invariably made of velvet with touches of crystal embroidery.

Green and silver is a color combination that is meeting with much success.

The dress itself is jade green flat crepe with circular motifs embroidered in silver thread with here and there a glimmer of brilliants. The sash of darker green chiffon velvet extends just across the back and falls on the

Stylish Three-Piece Suit, Copper Caracul

Garments Lend Themselves to Treatments That Are Interesting.



Here is shown a charming three-piece suit of brown fabric, having a tan painted chiffon blouse.

for the waistcoat and for the foundation of the skirt, upon which flat flounces of velvet are mounted. The sleeves show a similar treatment. Dull gold galloon forms a belt, with long ends brought down to the bottom of the skirt.

If one prefers a less expensive fabric this frock would be equally pretty if made of velveteen, which now comes in a soft supple quality and in lovely colors.

Variety of Ornaments in Fashionable Shops

Quantities of ornaments, clasps, buckles and large trimming motifs are shown in the fashionable shops. Case after case holds a display of amazing variety, for few wraps or gowns are seen on which some sort of ornament is not used to hold the drapery or to serve as a fastening.

Of enamel, real or imitation, are showy clasps, coral, white and scarlet, amber, jade, topaz, ivory and metal, set with colored stones.

Large conventional flowers are made of pearls and brilliants, with tassels and fringe of the beads. They are worn usually over one hip of an evening dress. Some of these, done in metal and gay colors, are bizarre, some are simpler, and their assortment is almost without limit.

Exquisite Embroidery Used on Chic Garments

Not so long ago one heard that embroidery was passe; that its vogue was dead, and that no woman of fashion would dream of appearing in the flamboyant embroideries that dominated the fashions of the season just past. True enough in one sense for the day of crude, vulgar embroideries is past, but the day of intricate, exquisite examples of the needle worker's skill is here and few things exceed in beauty the embroideries of the present season.

They reveal a marvelous sense of color values, a deftness of touch in the delicacy of the design, and a knowledge that is the result of years of study of the handwork of many eras and many nations.

Black Velvet Frock.

A black velvet gown of undeniable charm, has narrow bands of ermine outlining the short sleeves and a large bow of the ermine lined with black velvet at one side.

left side into a graceful train drapery. Jade earrings and necklace complete the color effect.

This is the time when the woman who has looked with longing eyes at a particular suit or frock which was just a bit beyond her pocketbook will frequently come upon a similar model marked at a price that puts it within her reach.

Hooked Sports Coat Is Made Like Coarse Rug

In the handwork of our great-grandmothers is the inspiration for some of the most interesting and smartest decorations of the present season. Within the last few years there has been an awakened interest in hooked rugs and women who have not been able to afford the antique rugs have painstakingly copied the old patterns and made the rugs themselves.

Not content with that, they have applied this same process of hooking to other articles for the home, and the table runners and cushion tops done in this form of needlework are really lovely and decidedly unique. The crowning stroke of sartorial genius, however, is revealed in a sports coat made entirely of wool and hooked just as a rug would be. It is quite the most unusual model that could possibly be imagined.

Fans Take a Ragged Edge.

The popular feather fan is with us again in a new form. This winter the strands are long and straggly. When waved slowly to and fro they float gracefully in the air and when at rest they form a ragged edge.

Albert Jennewine



NEED BUILDING UP?

If You have Coughs or Colds at this time take this Advice

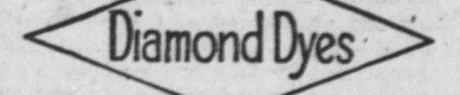
Pittsburgh, Pa.—"I have taken a great deal of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and consider it a very essential family medicine. I find it very beneficial as a tonic and blood purifier, and sometime ago I suffered with liver trouble, my system seemed entirely out of order, so I took the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and it drove all the impurities out of my system and built me up in a perfect condition. I also find the 'Discovery' excellent to take in cases of deep-seated coughs or colds."—Albert Jennewine, 404 Hemlock St.

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The Idle Word. An idle word may be seemingly harmless in its utterance, but let it be fanned by passion, let it be fed with the fuel of misconception, of evil intention, or prejudice, and it will soon grow into a sweeping fire that will melt the chains of human friendship, that will burn to ashes many cherished hopes, and blacken more fair names than one.

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