THE RED LOCK

A Tale of the Flatwoods *

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

-14-"An' did y'u think t' take the of man by su'prise? Did y'u, lad?"

He opened his mouth in another sinewy shoulders heaving up and down and jostling his iron-gray locks about his ears. "Jist bracin' y'urself f'r the rush,

werdn't y'u?" "I-I-thought y'u was b'hind the

The old ranger's eyes danced and his mouth spread wide.

"I wus." "Yes-but how?-w'y I had m' eyes

on that log every second." "Egzac'ly"-the sinewy shoulders heaved up and down again-"calc'- last." lated y'u would. 'Stid o' keepin' y'ur eye on the log, y'u ort 'a' kep' it on the pass to the nighest cover-ol' Injin trick-show y'u some time."

The young man glanced at the log, noted the space of practically open



"An' Did Y'u Think t' Take the Ol' Man by Su'prise? Did Y'u, Lad?"

ground that must have been crossed in order to reach the nearest cover, and turned to his aged companion in Trank admiration.

"Wonder if I ever will be as handy as you?"

"Tain't likely-y'ur life don't depend on it, like mine use'n to sixty years ago. Y'u're far handler a'ready than any other man in the woods. But woodcraft will never ag'in be what it once't wus. People even kinda look down on it, now'days. They're s' wrapped up in book l'arnin' an' lan' grabbin' an' money graspin' that they think it's a kind of disgrace-some of 'em-t' even l'arn t' shoot. No, no, woodcraft will never ag'in be what it once't wus-never ag'in."

A faint suspicion of bitterness, of homesickness for scenes long gonefor the stimulating uncertainties of the perilous trail-quavered in the old man's tones. He stooped, plucked aliveoff a tender shoot from a sassafras sprout and stood chewing it meditatively.

"How come y'u left y'ur trail s open this morning?" asked Jack. "I picked it up where y'u jumped the

The question seemed to recall the

old man's straying thoughts. "Yes, an' y'u ort' 'a' picked it up b'fore ever y'u come down the bluffsonce't about a hundred yards west o' the pheasant's nest, an' ag'in a leetle no'th of whar y'u stood lookin' down at Hen Spencer's ol' cabin. Y'u didn't hardly act like y'urse'f this mornin'y'u acted kinda keerless an' fur away. like so I left the trail open a leetle

thar at the road an' at the crick." The young man turned away and stood gazing out across the brush-tangled hollow.

"And me thinkin' t' take by su'prise the famous ranger that found the they lay within less than a hundred trail of the great Tecumseh, when it yards of its crude and mud daubed was hid from the best of the runners," he said warmly-"and you was jist playin' with me."

At reference to the far-famed achievement of his younger days, the to look out, as if she expected some shoulders of the old hunter seemed to one some one that she would rather grow a little more erect, while his dark eyes glowed with a faint suggestion of the fire that in his prime had tragic sadness had so impressed the made them the hardest pair of eyes on the border to pass unseen.

"Well, not jist playin', nuther." He chewed hard on the sassafras sprout a

A statement with the force of a question-the young man started, but hid the movement by fumbling with his sore shoulder. The terrified face of the mountain girl freshened in his mind, with the dread of discovery in her startled eyes. He hitched the blouse loose from his shoulder and glanced out across the hollow without meeting his old friend's look. "What gal?"

The old man jerked a hand toward the opposite bluff.

"Aw, I jist glimpsed one a-peakin' along through the brush yonder an 'lowed mebbe y'u might 'a' run acrosst 'er."

stood chewing the sassafras preacher-breakfast by candle light:

shoot and looking away down the hollow in the direction of Black rock. The young man breathed easier—the girl's secret was safe. The hawklike eyes had missed the chance meeting -seemingly the one thing they had missed, as his next words half star-

tlingly disclosed. "What did y'u make o' them tracks y'u foller'd yisterd'y-f'om them apheaval of silent merriment, his still | bushes on the edge o' the cliff back o' y'u'd be'n foller'n' 'em as I crossed the trail m'se'f this mornin'."

The young man bent an amazed look upon his aged friend, lost in wonder at his marvelous woodcraft.

"I got a look at the man that made 'em," was his slow answer, "while he laid b'hind that log a-watchin' me straighten up the fence. I don't think he knows I saw 'im, but I did-it was the feller that stirred up all that rumpus at the schoolhouse night b'fore

The old man threw away his sassafras shoot; an eager seriousness crossed his face.

"That wus Black Bogus," The younger man stared.

"No!" "Hit were."

The woodsman fell suddenly thoughtful; glanced away across the hollow toward where the double trail led through the woods. The old man studied him curiously. It may be each was thinking the same thought-that strange resemblance that had so puzzled them both-but neither let fall any inkling of it to the other.

"Al knows 'im." Uncle Nick went on after a moment. "He's a friend of Loge Belden's-an' he thinks mebbe he's harborin' up thar with 'im."

He jerked his thumb up the hollow toward where a section of the warped roof of Loge Belden's squalld cabin barely protruded above the bushes; seemed to weigh his next words before letting them fall.

"Anyhow, I thought I'd p'int m' nose up the crick an' kinda throw an eye on Loge's cabin t' see if 'e is." "An' if 'e is-?" the other ques-

tioned, having caught the curious look. The caution of a lifetime in the woods prompted the old hunter to look guardedly in every direction before answering.

"Don't let on y'u know it"-he came down Vincennes way that Black Bogus does, an' he thinks more 'n likely they're plottin' t' crack ol' Sime Colin's safe."

The hardness that had come at the

"I 'low y'u nee'n' t' be told they ain't neither one got much time f'r you, after what happened at the post office an' at the schoolhouse-an' they're the kind that won't stay licked, an' the kind that strikes in the dark."

Jack picked up the heavy shotgun from where he had laid it aside when about to rush upon his old friend, thoughtfully blew a dead grass blade out from between the hammer and the lock, but offered no word. The old man again bent his furtive look upon him and went on.

"Black Bogus-they's fifty sheriffs a-lookin' f'r him, an' a standin' reward of five thousan' dollars, dead 'r

The young man flinched, looked keenly at the other.

"Uncle Nick-y'u wouldn't-!" "No, I wouldn't," the old man replied with instant readiness to the half-implied imputation. "I've shot

men in my time. I never sold one." He stepped around the great sugar maple, motioned for the other to fol-low, and stole away along the brow of long b'fore. Y'u crossed it twice't the bluff, quite obviously in serious

The young woodsman fell into the trail. Steeped in the caution that came from much living alone, he said nothing, but it was the one thing that had brought him to the woods that morning-to have a look at Loge Belden's cabin.

Reaching a point, at length, a short distance below where the suspected cabin squatted, they crept down the bed of a dry wash-out and through some thickets of brier and hazel until walls.

There seemed to be no one about except the comely mountain girl, who came to the open door a time or two not see, to judge by the troubled expression of her face-a face whose woodsman at that strained and hur-

ried interview. It was late in the forenoon when, above them on the hillside, they heard moment. "You must 'a' purt nigh the swish of a bush swinging back run late that gal a lettle bit ago?" into place after having been dragged aside. Uncle Nick held up a cautious finger, and they crouched lower in the

There came the snap of a dry stick; a man emerged from the swaying bushes and stole toward the back door of the cabin, passing within a dozen steps of where they lay. There could be no mistaking the powerful form and truculent face with its stubble of beard-it was Black Bogus.

CHAPTER XII

Ashes of the Past. It was little enough that the redroofed cottage saw of the young

supper the same; an hour of twilight with Texie on the rustic seat at Whispering spring. The rest of the day he spent in the study at the parsonage, where, at the insistence of the venerable widow, he lunched. He proved to be a very studious man. It was a rare thing indeed to see him in daylight when his peering eyes were not poring over a book, with another usually tucked under his arm.

Jack Warhope had not yet climbed the bluffs to the woods on the morning of that eventful day that flared forth the startled face of the mountain girl with her hurried warning; its dawn still clung to cliff and scar, y'ur cabin an' past the ol' log? I see'd and many candles were still alight in the village, when the preacher left the parlor bedroom and came out on the porch.

> Texie was already on the lawn, flitting about among the flowers and gathering a bouquet for the breakfust

She was like them-the flowers; as much a part of the rich life of the lawn as they. Life-it radiated from every curve of her pliant body; it was the one thought that came first to mind when looking on her. There were butterflies in the mellow glow already arched above the rim of the east and sifting in through the cool trees adrip with dew, but she was more alive than they.

At sight of her, a-tiptoe by a lilac bush and reaching up for one of its choicest blossoms, the studious concentration left the face of the man on the porch and there came over his features a curious sadness—a sadness touched with fire, as if within him had suddenly flared up some desperate battle of the soul.

.The girl had heard the step on the porch. With the coveted blossom in her hand at last, she placed it with the others, and turned with a smile of "does and don'ts" of fashion. One must sensible frankness.

The precise and studious concentration instantly returned to the eyes behind the spectacles, the stoop came back to the capable shoulders, and, with the quick, mincing step that was as much a part of him as the frock coat and neck stock, he came down off the porch and joined her.

With the stately and somewhat ponderous courtesy of seventy years ago, he had taken the shears, begging to be allowed to cut the flowers, when the slam of a gate drew their eyes to the back of the yard. The old banker was just coming from the barn, his step leaving the rumpled trail in the a step nearer-"but Al says Belden gray dew of the lawn, his rugged face b'longs t' the same gang o' cutthroats apparently full of its accustomed strength and color.

> "W'y, father, I expected you'd stay in bed a while this morning yet, after that-fainty spell the other night."

"Bed! No place f'r a well man after mountain girl's warning crept again daylight"-he pulled himself up to the into the woodsman's eyes, but he last Inch of his gaunt height; stretched up his arms: filled his chest with dew-washed air; expelled it, with an explosive exclamation that scared a couple of blackbirds in the branches above; and the crags and battlements of his grim old face smoothed themselves out into an expression as near as they could come to a smile-"an' I am a well man-fit as a fiddle."

"But, father, you don't think of goin' to the-office t'day?"

"Aw, I reckon y'u'd all r'ar up if I

"I'm so glad-and won't it be nice t' have y'u at home all day ag'in! I wish y'u never would go back t' that horrid of office ag'in." The old man put his arm around her

and patted her shoulder.

"You're a good gal, Texle, I dunne what y'ur ol' father would do without y'u, now that-that-"

He stopped; let his eyes stray up the river and far into the east, all



A Man Emerged From the Swaying Bushes and Stole Toward the Back Door of the Cabin.

flushed and spangled with the close coming of the sun; the girl bent her head; the preacher stood fumbling the shears in his hand. "Mebbe I will quit the office one of

these days." His eyes were still lost in the east; he spoke as if his heart was there. His daughter raised her head and

searched his face. "You alw'ys say that, but y'u never

"I dunno, better walk out than be carried out, they say, an' I've come aimighty nigh that very thing a time 'r two-heap nigher"-he brought his eyes back out of the east, noticed the hurt on his daughter's face and patted bor shoulder.

(TO BE CONTINUED.

SIMPLE DUDS ARE MORE SERVICEABLE

Modest Outfit Has More Dis- New Three-Piece Suit tinction Than Conspicuous Model.

To no one is an attractive appearance more essential than to the business girl. While clothes do not make the woman, nevertheless they have a lot to do with the impression she creates, and first impressions count for a great

This does not mean that it is necessary to dress like a debutante going to tea or to a fashionable luncheon, as

many girls seem to think. The first thing to learn and to hold to is that there is nothing smarter than simplicity of the right kind. A wellmade simple frock or suit has infinitely more distinction than the more conspicuous models whose vogue wanes quickly.

Within the last few years so many women have gone into business that they have become an important factor in the world of clothes. Designers, realizing this, have given thought to their needs and the result is that it is possible to buy frocks that are appropriately simple and yet have certain individual touches which take away any suggestion of uniformity. The evening dress has two of the

salient points of the winter fashions. One is the tiered front of circular flounces and another is that it is white. Collections show a large number of white frocks, crystal trimmed or with a touch of silver embroidery. She is a wise woman who knows the

study carefully the various styles as with elaborately plaited collar and they are presented and, out of many, cuffs. select those few that are best adapted to one's needs and environment.

are correct from the standpoint of fashion and appropriateness. They mings."



Pretty Dress of Blue Charmeen With Panels Banded In Gray Moufflin; Irish Lace Collar.

must be worn properly and with each detail in perfect harmony with the rest of the costume,

ing designers recently gave out as the resents a clock with all the numerals first rule is "be feminine and discreet "Fast," "Slow" and "Wind." Another and wear a wide skirt, thus gaining in costume features all the notes in the grace and freedom of movement"; musical scale.

Is Velvet Embroidered



The tailleur is more fanciful this winter. This new Paris design in a three-pleco suit is of black velvet embroidered in natier blue wool and gold

It is not enough to buy clothes that next is "worship embreideries and welcome furs, the handsomest of all trim-

Another point that he emphasizes is that one should wear glowing colors and choose rich materials. Also to bear in mind that evening gowns are never too gorgeous.

Then follows a list of "don'ts," and under this heading comes the admonition "not to reveal too indiscreetly what ought only to be guessed at." He cautions against a tendency toward sults too tailored in effect and also advises against wearing black exclusively.

May Be Aid to Girls

Who Have Wispy Locks Have you the sort of hair that at its very best looks like a last year's bird's nest, and is your constant despair on all occasions when you want to keep neat and well-groomed? Such heaps of girls suffer from this sort of hair, and it's so expensive always to keep it well waved and curied that a word of hope to sufferers such as these may not be out of place:

Wispy hair, if it's not bobbed, had far better be plaited close to the face and rolled down over each ear-a method which effectually gets rid of short ends. It it's bobbed, on the other hand, it's a tip to remember that one can have the ends permanently turned round and under, without any other permanent waving being done to the hair, at about an eighth the cost of the whole process.-Young Ladles' Journal.

Fancy Dress for Tots

Much originality is displayed in the fancy dress costumes for little girls. Several rules which one of the lead- One little white and gold frock repsecret of a smart appearance this sea- and the two hands on the front. On son are well worth following. The the back are little signs reading

Things to Know About Cleaning Velvet Gown

So much velvet is being worn these | pan of boiling hot water and brushing days that it is very convenient to know | the nap with a very stiff brush. The how to clean and care for it, so that steam that comes through the nap of it will give the maximum amount of the velvet will raise it. After rubbing wear. Because of the soft nap, writes the wrong side over the hot iron be a correspondent, velvet requires an ex- careful not to disturb the nap on the tra amount of attention to keep it right side until it is perfectly dry. looking well. The nap must be kept raised and clean to show its beauty.

If the velvet should become spotted by the rain, steam the whole surface to make the shade the same. Do not brush the velvet before steaming as that will make the map cling together. Never brush the surface of velvet until it is dry. Stains may be removed from velvet by sponging with alcohol. There are special methods for removing specifice stains, as grease and paint. This is done by the application of dry cleaner and sponging with benzine or turpentine.

Much depends on the brushing of velvet. Use a piece of the material itself or a brush that has soft elastic bristles. The bristles are better not too soft if the material needs to be cleaned, as they will bring the dust to the surface. In brushing to clean, push the bristles into the nap and twist both the cloth and the brush. This will bring the dust out of the nap and it can easily be shaken from the velvet by beating from the wrong side. Do this over every spot of the garment or material to be cleaned.

To freshen the appearance of velvet. sponge the wrong side with warm water and then draw gently back and forth over a hot iron. If there are deep wrinkles they may be removed by first holding the material over a dle light in a most delightful way,

Seams are pressed in the same way.

Brilliant Decorations

for Women's Headdress The formal occasions of the social season have made evident that headdress is again in vogue. With the new colffures, extremes, from the Madonna to the Cupid, it takes a woman of much moral courage to wear the conventional crownlike tiara. The styles are as new and as many as the modes of dressing the hair.

An enchanting bit is a spray of silver-dusted leaves that holds the back of the hair from ear to ear. Another crosses the forehead, ending at the ears, over each of which is a long bunch of silver grapes that almost touches the shoulder. This is one of the extreme designs that express Oriental influence.

A head ornament of pearls on a caplike frame of openwork covers the head completely, with ornaments curving over the cheeks. The eccentric fancy is decidedly Egyptian. Pretty. delicate bands of brilliants, colored stones or finely wrought designs in gold are becoming and popular,

Luster Candlesticks Reflect Light. Candlesticks of luster reflect the can-

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down pains. I was so sore I could hardly drag myself around and was not able to do a bit of housework. My husband worked all day in the shop, and then came at night. The doc-tors said I had fe-male weakness, and there was no help

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sult of taking cold, over exertion or

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much as an actual worker.

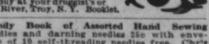


Beauty and Health

Wheeling, W. Va. - "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription gave me bealth and strength when all other medi-cines had failed to belp me. I suffered for over a year with feminine weakness. I had sick-headaches all the time, my back hurt me, I had pains in my side and bearing pains. I was nervous, could not sleep and was really in a miserable con when I was advised to try Dr. Pierce's medicines. I took the 'Favorite Pre-scription' and used the 'Lotion Tablets' and the 'Healing Suppositories' and by use of these medicines I was completely restored to health—cured of all my ailments. I have been well and strong ever since."—Mrs. Clarence Richards, 3618 Eoff St.

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