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One man's success may spell disaster for another.

THE RED LO

A Tale of the Flatwoods

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

-18-The tracks had been made by a boot much worn and frayed. The man that made them must have been large and heavy, for his boot heel had dented deep into the floor boards, and the length of his stride indicated him to be little, if any, under six feet. The profusion of tracks, together with a number of half-burned matches scattered about the floor, indicated that he had been there some time-possibly several times.

The woodsman found himself wondering what manner of man he could have been, and what his purpose. And why did he bring a lamp instead of a candle? Lamps were none too plenty in the Flatwoods. Again there came over him that strangely disquieting tening, he smoked viciously. premonition of danger-intangible; indefinable; deadly deliberate.

Everything pointed to the conclusion The lamp on the box, the blanket ready to hang over the window, were not without a purpose. What that purpose might prove to be could only be conjectured-possibly horse stealing. But no, or why a lamp instead of a candle?

He glanced up at the loft-except for a few boards lying loose and scattered about upon the joists, the cabin was open to the roof; he looked around into the dim far corner back of the door-it was half filled with a clutter of rubbish, broken boxes and the like-but no tracks led that way.

Using the greatest care to conceal his footprints, he opened the door, stepped cautiously out, closed it and, after a critical look about the surrounding weeds and bushes, slipped away up the side of the timbered bluff, through the woods and back to his unfinished chores,

After a hasty supper, he drew out his revolver; bent over it a brief but thoroughly competent instant of inspection by the candle; tried the trigger-pull; twirled the cylinder; dropped it back in the holster; blew out the candle and laid his hand to the doorlatch. The warning of the mountain girl crossed his mind-he turned back; closed the hearth of the cook stove to hide its light; opened the door softly and stepped out into the gathering night toward the dead woodchopper's cabin.

The cloud-bank had dissolved in the west when he again reached the illomened hovel and the sky was hanging out its stars-the big ones already out, and the little ones coming.

He again crept down the wooded face of the bluff and, under cover of the fallen oak, festooned with the wild cucumber vines, stole up to the chink in the wall and peeped between the logs. The cabin was apparently empty of its unknown intruder.

After listening intently for some time he again stole around the wall to the door, pushed it slowly open and entered. As soon as his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, he saw that the room was just as he had left it a few hours earlier.

Not daring to venture out on the floor, the light being too dim again to risk hiding his trail by stepping in the tracks, he reached up, caught one of perado's feet. the joists and, swinging from hand to room; concealed himself behind the old boards and boxes of the rubbish heap and sat gripping his sore shoulderthe exertion had opened the gash, and he could feel the blood crawling down

his side. There is something depressing, fearsome, about entering an old deserted house-especially after nightfall. And this was the cabin of dead Henry Spencer. Few flatwoodsmen would laid out upon the box. The others he care to go near it-much less into itat such an hour.

not been able to make out more than peered through it a few hours before. He knew the bats were darting about in the cabin, for the dark was alive with the click of their teeth. A screech owl shivered his lonesome wall from an upstanding branch of the fallen oak.,

The woodsman half started, listened closely, smiled. The sound was genuine-it was a screech owl.

The low wash of Eagle run, lapping the rocks in its shallow bed, came up across the lonely road; the melancholy note of a whippoorwill carried to do, for as he worked them and down out of the woods.

A sound fell upon the night-the low swish of weeds in the yard-and the woodsman grew tense and strained. in circulation. He was making old. There followed a guarded footfall; a money out of new. Light began to tel window with a telescope, hand fumbled over the door. opened; a heavy step creaked the sagging floor; a form bulked huge task. When at last it appeared to be and black in the gloom; a hand and arm passed across the window and

hung the blanket into place. A match scraped-one of the oldfashioned kind that sputter a while before making much light-the chimney of the lamp was raised; the match | up his pipe, relighted it and smoked laid to the wick. Out of the dark flared the powerful form and truculent

face of-Black Bogus. After a somewhat close study of the tracked floor, he went around on the other side of the lamp to the ruined hearth, lifted up a loosened slab of stone and felt under it.

Apparently what he expected to find

slab back, rose and slouched across the floor toward the rubbish heap. The man hiding behind it crouched still as pistol butt at his hip. But the ruffian only rummaged out an old box, carried it back to the light and sat

Drawing a short pipe from his pocket, he filled it from a grimy toair of a man quite at his ease, began to smoke.

As he smoked, the bitter lines of his face relaxed a trifle, and its halfdwelt-and would ever dwell-in his of the watcher.

But Black Bogus had not smoked

felt of his elbow where it had rested the little park. heavily upon the larger box, knocked that the cabin's unknown visitor would the ashes from his pipe, dropped an ing the path himself this time and come again-probably with the night. arm across his knee, bent forward and seemed lost in thought.

Shifting his pose after a time, he straightened, put away his pipe, faded coat and drew out a thick had probably never dreamed. bunch of greenbacks-a handful of bills that appeared to be an assortment of tens and twenties.

The woodsman guardedly shifted his position so as to get a better look. As he did so, his knee accidentally jostled the rubbish heap.

leaped at one bound into a corner out



Out of the Dark Flared the Powerful Form and Truculent Face of Black

of range with the window, a heavy revolver balanced in his hand, his eyes preacher put it inside his shirt bosom; sweeping every nook and cranny from which the alarming sound might have step.

At that tense instant a bat darting about under the rafters, blinded by man hidden in the shrubbery-"there's the light, dashed itself against the cabin gable and fell almost at the des-

"Damn the thing!" he growled, plachand, crossed to the far corner of the ing his foot upon the half-stunned creature and grinding it to death, at the same time thrusting the heavy revolver into his pocket and turning

> back to the light. He slouched down on the smaller box; took the money out of his pocket again and began a close inspection of each bill, one by one. Ten of the bills -the ones that appeared to the man watching him to be the newest-he

put back in his pocket. Then an astonishing thing happened Jack watched the last faint light to the ten new bills. He took from from the west die out in the smudged his greasy, wrinkled trousers a plug window-so foul with clay that he had of tobacco and snipped off a chew with his powerful teeth; drew from the bare outline of the face that had the side pocket of his coat half a handful of what looked to be ordinary black soil of rotted leaf mold; moistened it very slightly with tobacco juice; rubbed a little of it on each bill and scoured them between his hands, rumpling and crumpling them in every conceivable way. He rolled the corners between his fingers and thumbs; bent the corners down; twisted and scoured the bills as if he would wear them out.

It soon appeared that to wear them was the very thing he was attempting broke them in his powerful hands, they lost their newness and took on the look of bills that had been long It dawn on the man watching him.

An hour or more he spent at the finished to his satisfaction, he examined them all close to the light, bill

by bill. They appeared to pass the very painstaking and critical inspection. for, with a satisfied grunt, he picked nervously.

low; strode to the door, opened it a narrow slit and peeped out. But apparently enough of the night had not gone for whatever purpose he had in mind, for with a muttered grunt, he closed the door; strode im-

and fidgeted; finally turned the lamp

floor a time or two; slouched down upon the box and, without turning up

the light, again hunted his pipe. It must have been well toward midnight, and the cramped position of the man behind the rubbish heap had grown almost unbearable, when, after many peeps through the narrow slit at the door, Black Bogus blew out the one of the cabin logs and fingered the light and very softly slipped out of the cabin.

The woodsman rose, listened to the low swish of Black Bogus' receding steps among the weeds until there came the creak of the rails as he climbed the fence into the Eagle Holbacco sack, lighted it with another of low read. Opening the door with the the spattering matches, and, with the utmost caution, Jack slipped out and stood listening-the steps had turned down the road toward the village. He closed the door and followed.

He had not shadowed the renegade haunting resemblance to a face that far until it became plainly evident that he was a very indifferent woodsman. memory again stole across the mind Sticks snapped under his feet, bushes slapped back into place as he brushed against them, and once or twice his long until it became apparent that he boot struck the ground with a clumsy was anything but a man at his ease. thud. Clear down to the mouth of the Every sound outside received his hollow Jack stalked him. He took the strained attention, and when not lis- path that led along the east bank of the stream, and, when he came to the At last he shuffled himself erect fork, followed the branch that led to

The woodsman stole after him, takgrinning dryly at the compliment he had paid the fellow the night before in thinking he might notice the croaking of the frogs. It was a refinement reached into the inside pocket of his of woodcraft of which Black Bogus

Down into the little park and to the seat at Whispering spring the hulking shadow crept; again, as on the night before, the man crouched down among the gnarled maple roots by the rustic seat.

The windows of the red-roofed cot-With an oath Black Bogus chucked tage were dark. The place lay serene the money back into his pocket and and peaceful, with no spark of light alive to show that it was awake to the sinister web of evil slowly weaving about it.

After an interval spent in listening. the crouched figure among the gnarled maple roots lifted his hands to his mouth and again the lonesome wail of the screech owl shivered out upon the night. The woodsman seized the favorable moment to steal closer and to conceal himself in a clump of shrubbery much nearer than he had ventured the night before.

Black Bogus had given his rather clever imitation of the screech owl three times, and was on the point of giving it again, when the parlor door opened and the tall figure of the preacher, without his glasses and with the stoop gone from his shoulders, came out on the porch. With a step that carried no suggestion of mincing nervousness he came down across the yard. The white butt of the six-gun at his side looked as if it belonged there.

He went straight to the spring; took down the dipper, making a very obvious amount of clatter in doing so; dipped himself a drink; hung up the dipper; turned back toward the house; stopped by the rustic seat, and held out his hand.

Black Bogus reached in the breast of his coat, drew out a package, the bunch of bills, without a doubt-and laid it in the waiting hand. The turned away; hesitated; came back a

"Bogus, be ready any night now"the hurried tones barely carried to the a barrel o' money in there. I wouldn't 'a' believed any man would risk so much about 'im, and that old, out-o'date safe-a horse jockey could open it. It's all right slippin' the goats"he patted his breast-"in among the sheep like we're doin'; and it's lucky we printed a-plenty down the river off o' them new plates; and that was a great idea of mine-mussin' 'em up in leaf mold dampened with tobacco spit so's they'd look like old bills. The devil 'imself couldn't tell 'em.

"It works, and we'd carry it through, only for one thing-Warhope! He's suspicious. I saw it that first evening at the supper table. That's why I went on that fool seinin' spree-t' throw 'im off; and that's why I couldn't leave no notes under the slab at the old cabin as we'd planned. Where he got his clue I don't know, but he's got it, I had the devil's own time blindin' them hawk eyes of his this afternoon,

"Warhope!-and t' think Loge had 'im right at the point of a six-gun and let 'im beat 'im on the draw."

"An' me-had 'im at the point of a knife there in the schoolhouse," the man among the maple roots broke in-'why didn't y'u let me alone?" The other whirled on him, and his voice thickened.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Couldn't Fool Him. Vesuvius always has a plume of smoke waving over it. This caught the eye of one visitor to Naples to the exclusion of all else.

Proceeding then to make the acquaintance of some city officials, he asked the name of the mountain. They told him it was Vesuvius.

For days he viewed it from his ho-

"Well," he stated, "I'm a revenue officer'at home, and I'll just give your police a little tip. I have been watching that hill for a week now. I've had experience in such matters. They can't fool me. Somebody is running still,-Pittsburgh Chronicle Tele-Another hour or more he smoked graph.

> A man is not always known by the company he associates with-as the company sometimes discovers to its

Love in a cottage may depend somewas not there, for he swore, put the patiently back and forth across the what on the location of the cottage.

Daddys Evening Tale Fairu

OF MARY GRAHAM BONNER

PORKY PIG

"The Pigs in this pig pen and yard," said Grandfather Porky Pig, "have not been paying me enough attention of

"I must speak to them about it." So Grandfather Porky got up from his soft bed of mud and, twisting his little tail and looking at his splendid fat body, he said:

"Grunt, grunt, Pinky Pig, come and talk to your grandpa."

And to Sammy Sausage he said: "Grunt, grunt, Sammy Sausage, come and have words with your grandfather."

And to Brother Bacon he said: "Grunt, grunt, Brother Bacon, come and chat with Grandfather Porky"

And to Master Pink Pig he said: "Grunt, grunt, come and hear what your dear Grandfather Porky Pig. the leader of the Pig Pen, has to say." And to Miss Ham he said:

"Grunt, grunt, Miss Ham. Come and hear me talk." And to Mrs. Pink Pig he said:

"Hurry along, Mrs. Pink Pig. Grunt, grunt, hurry along." And to Pinky Pig's mother he said:

"Grunt, grunt, waste no time in idleness. Porky Pig is about to give a talk."

"If that's all you're going to give," squealed Pinky Pig's mother, "I don't think I'll come.'

So Pinky Pig's mother went on with what she was doing-she was very busy hunting for something to eat. But Grandfather Porky did not in-

vite any one else in just that way. "Grunt, grunt, little Black Squealer," he said, "come to your dear old Grandpa and maybe he'll tell you a pretty pig story."

"Grunt, grunt," he said to Sir Benjamin Bacon, "do come to the important meeting I'm to hold." And to Sir Percival Pork he said the

very same thing. So all the Pigs were curious enough to see what it was that Grandfather Porky had to say to them.

"Grunt, grunt, squeal, squeal," they all said. "We are here. Now, what is all the excitement?" "Twe been thinking for sime time."

said Grandfather Porky, "that none of you pigs pay me enough attention. "You forget that it always should be age before beauty."

He made a handsome bow before Miss Ham.



"Pinky Pig, Come and Talk to Your

Grandpa." any goodies, nor sharing things with your dear old Grandpa.

"Little Black Squealer, you are young and maybe you will be the best of all. I hope so. It is of the young that we expect things."

But little Black Squealer shook his

head and his little tail almost seemed "Squeal, squeal," he said, "that may be so, but I'm a pig, dear Grandpa Porky, and I will listen to a pretty pig

story, but not that kind. That's not a

TRUE PIG STORY when you expect things of me-a good little pig." "Dear, dear, grunt, grunt," said Grandfather Porky Pig, as all the pigs wandered off without agreeing to anything he said, "they're a most ungrateful let-not to want to do honor to

Rice Growers and Birds

their noble Porky Grandpa."

Several years ago the rice growers in California complained to the federal government that wild fowl were devastating their crops, and asked for unrestricted shooting of birds seen damaging the rice. Investigation showed that the money value of the wild birds lawfully killed for food during the shooting season compared favorably with the value of the rice crop, without making any account of the value of the sport as recreation, Unrestricted shooting was, therefore, denied, and the rice growers resorted to other methods to scare away the birds from their fields during the closed season,

Explained

'Why do you dislike me so, Jimmy?" asked the girl's suitor of her kid brother. "What have I ever done to de-

serve it?" "Well, when you call on sis, you put the clock back an hour," answered the boy sullenly. "That makes me late for school, and I get licked for it."-Legion Weekly.

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