

# The Red Lock

By DAVID ANDERSON  
Author of "The Blue Moon"

Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

A Tale  
of the  
Flatwoods

## CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

There followed the subdued shuffle of feet; the guarded scrape of a match; the flicker of a tarry candle. A dim light fell through the open door in a long splotch of yellow across the sitting room and the knob of the safe was softly turned. By some super-sense that marvelously functions at such a moment, he knew when the door opened. Across the silence came the subdued crinkle of paper. The ripe instant had come.

Pushing the curtains aside, he left the closet. A board in the floor creaked as his weight came upon it. He stood perfectly still until the rattle of the paper told him the creaking board had not betrayed him; worked his way around the wall and peered past the door-jamb.

Two men were crouched by a shaded candle in front of the massive safe;



Two Men Were Crouched by a Shaded Candle in Front of the Massive Safe.

on the floor lay several bundles of money and a number of loose bills.

Even in the dim light there was no mistaking them. That powerful figure with the smart face could be but one man in the world—Black Bogus. The pointed beard, the frock coat and neck stock, the tall hat on the floor, disclosed with equal positiveness the far more dangerous identity of the other—the formidable and mysterious man who called himself Caleb Hopkins, the third man of the mountain girl's warning.

Although the man creeping around the door-jamb made far less sound than the rattle of the money, yet Black Bogus caught the alarm; whirled on the instant, his hand at his hip.

Fate figures in split fractions at such a time—and the odds were two to one, with probably a third somewhere outside. The half haunting resemblance that had so puzzled the woodsman never seemed stronger than at that dangerous instant, but it meant death to falter. There was a bright flash in the candle-light; Black Bogus, a hideous grimace upon his truculent face, seemed to shrink together; the revolver that he had not had time to raise fell from his fingers; he pitched forward upon his face; lay still.

Before he struck the floor, almost before the bullet that finished forever his wild career had found its mark, Jack whirled his weapon upon the other man. His head had been deep in the safe—a fact that probably saved the woodsman's life. Like a viper out of his coil the head flew out of the safe, and with it the ivory-handled six-gun. But the split fraction of the instant had lost him the advantage. His weapon had hardly left its holster before it was shot out of his hand—pieces of the ivory butt flew about the room, and blood streamed from the shattered fingers that held it.

But Hopkins was not a coward. That, at least, could not be set down against him. Instead of leaping for the still open window, he sprang straight at Jack Warhope. The woodsman could have shot him down; instead, he jammed the revolver back into its holster and met the oncoming rush.

It was a battle the like of which the Flatwoods had never seen. No two such men can clash and come through unscathed. But it is doubtful if Hopkins at his best could have matched the tremendous strength and quickness and skill of the big woodsman. With his right hand shattered by the bullet, it soon became apparent that, for all the wild fury of his onset, he was fighting a losing battle. He realized it, and the despair bereft him of his caution. The woodsman realized it, too, kept his head, tightened his guard and watched for the opening that he knew was bound to come.

It came sooner than he thought. Hopkins, desperate and breathing thick, swung at the woodsman's head, but missed. The attempt had for the instant exposed his stomach, and the woodsman took advantage of it. The blow weakened Hopkins; he tottered,

gasped, instinctively lowered his guard. Like lightning the woodsman swung his terrific right to the point of the bearded jaw, and Hopkins went down like a beef under the mallet.

But Loge Belden was still unaccounted for, a circumstance the woodsman had not forgotten, that had puzzled him no little. Bruised and panting himself, he dragged Hopkins back of the safe out of range of the window—as it chanced, near the candle on the floor—and stood over him.

His heavy mass of black hair had fallen across his brow—amongst the black, one lock of glaring red. The woodsman snatched up the candle; bent closer and covered the lower part of the bearded face with his hand.

"My God!" he muttered—"the red lock—it's Ken."

He set the candle down; straightened; stood staring at the prostrate figure on the floor, for the moment swept beyond his habitual calm and poise. The transformation that the one lock of red wrought on the bearded face was unbelievable—cruel; sinister; brutal—as if the face of Red Collin, the old sea pirate, had sprung out of a long dead past.

The fallen man stirred, rattled his heels on the floor, moved his arms, sat up and stared about him. Suddenly aware of the hard eyes upon him, he hurriedly raised a hand and hastily brushed the mass of hair back into place.

"It ain't no use, Ken" came from the other side of the candle, "I seen it."

The man on the floor scrambled to his feet; glanced toward the window, as if meditating some desperate move; frowned at the shattered fingers; stiffened, leaned against the safe door.

"Well—"

The old arrogant haughtiness that the woodsman remembered so well—that used to awe him, dominate him—was in the expressive monosyllable. But it didn't awe him now—it rasped him; crawled up through his blood and struck a spark from his eyes. He was a long time answering; when he did, it was with another question.

"What have y'u got t' say why I oughtn' t' hand y'u over t' Jerry Brown?"

"Not a d—n thing, though I'd rather be pinched anywhere else in the world than here"—a shade of the haughtiness left his tones—"on account of—Sis."

The big woodsman winced—which the other, with his quick wits, just then struck to keenest pitch, doubtless noticed.

"Live while y'u may; t' h—l when y'u must—it's a game of chance anyhow, with the odds on the man with the quickest fingers. I've seen twenty-seven years of it—a game not worth the candle."

"It is if y'u play it square."

"Square," the other snarled, "a word the devil invented t' throw men off guard. There ain't any such word."

He hesitated, a softer light flitted across his expressive face—"except—in the Flatwoods."

The woodsman caught the transient softer light—an expression that in other days used so to win him.

"Then why not come back t' the Flatwoods—?"

The other glanced down at the money on the floor; half lifted his face and covertly studied the man before him.

"Texie—she still b'lieves in y'u, and I ain't quite give up b'leivin' in y'u m'self. You was careful t' git—her"—his eyes were again drawn irresistibly toward the concealed house-boat—"out of danger t'night, and I low y'u never aimed t' hurt Pap Simon, and y'u ain't takin' away nothin' but what y'u brought. It would kill—her, if she knowed it was you that done—this"—he swept his hand toward the scattered money, the open safe, the dead robber; glanced in the direction of the churchyard, where lay a new-made grave—"and worse. You could go 'way—a while, and then come—back." He paused; his eyes hardened. "But the next time y'u've got t' come—clean."

The eyes of the other turned in every direction except toward the man addressing him. A moment of silence fell.

"Where's Belden?" Jack suddenly asked.

The other started; glanced at the open window—a bit uneasily, as it might have seemed.

"He didn't show up, that's all I know."

"Did they know who y'u—are?"

The man addressed glanced down at the huddled body on the floor; frowned in the direction of Eagle hollow.

"Cattle like them—h—l!"

The woodsman frowned at the words, but apparently decided to pass them over.

"Then—nobody needs t' know." He dropped a half-opened hand toward the body of the fallen robber. "He's enough t' satisfy Jerry Brown, and one more mark ag'in 'im won't make no difference t' Black Bogus now."

Still watching the window, as well as the man leaning on the door of the safe, he picked up the ruins of the

ivory-handled six-gun—being careful to hunt the pieces that had scattered about the room—and dropped them all into the pocket of his hunting blouse; lifted the tall hat from the floor and held it forth; motioned toward the open window.

The other took the hat; put it on with curious deliberation; stared hard at the scattered money; stepped around the body of his dead associate; crossed the floor and, closely followed by the woodsman, who still watched him narrowly, crawled through the window and stood in apparent stolidness, as if waiting to be told what to do next.

The woodsman, no little rankled that his offered clemency—an offer that had cost him much to make—had been received with cold, even haughty indifference, dropped to the ground behind him and stood a moment sounding the night. Except at Uncle Nick's, where Mrs. Curry probably lay tossing with anxiety, not a candle was alight. He closed the window and turned to the stolid figure in front of him.

"I'm givin' y'u time to warn Loge Belden off and take t' woods—if y'u're quick. When I think the time's up, I'm almin' t' fire off Pap Simon's shotgun and rouse the village. This house will be put under guard t'night, and t'morrow all that money will be took t' the city and put in the bank, where it ough' t' be'n long ago"—a thought of the mountain girl crying under the window the night before crossed his mind, and his voice grew crisp and cold—"and if y'u never come back, w'y, that'll be soon enough f'r me; but if y'u do, y'u've got t' come clean."

A black scowl swept the bearded face of the other; his eyes glared dangerously. Warhope—the blind boy—that he had committed the blunder of so vastly underrating! He half turned, a muttered oath on his lips; but mastered the outburst, and, with the air of a man who bowed to circumstances, strode across the yard, nursing his shattered hand and fumbling the elaborate frock coat about him.

All unknown to the woodsman there lay concealed in that same frock coat another weapon—a small single-shot pistol of heavy caliber that thugs of the underworld often carried, deadly at close range but inaccurate at a distance—a weapon that the men of the woods knew nothing about. At the brink of the yard, just where it dipped to the little park, he suddenly snatched it forth; whirled and fired.

Even with his right hand shattered and having to shoot with his left, with almost no light at all, the shot disclosed what he could have done with a real gun—the bullet scorched the woodsman's blouse and passed between his left arm and his side. The man crouched at the brink of the yard watched the success of the shot—his last desperate attempt—knew that it failed; swore, and dashed away up the path that led into the jaws of Eagle hollow.

It all occurred in the flick of an instant. Amazed at the treachery, the woodsman sprang out of the dim square of candle-light that fell through the window. He snatched out his re-



"Square," the Other Snarled, "a Word the Devil Invented t' Throw Men Off Guard."

volver and was just straining a step in pursuit when, from somewhere in the yard behind him, there came a low cry—his name—so faint as to leave a doubt that he had heard. It froze him into a listening statue.

It came again—a woman's cry—borne upon the breath of the night. He would have known that voice among shouting thousands. He turned and bounded down the yard toward the gate.

Up from the gate she came, half-running, half-reeling, but before he could reach her she stopped, stood for a moment groping with her hands, drooped forward and fell with her face upon the grass.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Smart Outfit for Warm Spring Days

### Daintily Embroidered Dress of Black Rep—Hat of Green Straw.

One of the Parisienne milliners who favors the small hat is Georgette, who shows several of the smallest straw crowns, brimless and trimmed either with flowers or embroidery. Conservative and also likely to please the American women are some of this same designer's costumes for the street. One in especial is a model in the magpie combination. A coatlike chemise of black rep is open in the front over a tunic of white organdie which shows a band of the black at the bottom. It is lavishly traced in embroidery, and large patch pockets and the turn-back cuffs are trimmed in the same way. The collar, a rather large coat collar effect, is in the plain white material.

Another costume deserving of attention, and perhaps adoption, is also by Georgette. It is named Florida and is of a brown and beige mixture in jersey, with a cape to match. The frock is simple and straight, with a very low waistline, marked with the narrowest of belts. The cape is almost straight enough to be called a scarf. It hangs with two sharp points at the front and is bordered all the way around with grebe feathers. One could wear a suit or costume like this in the very



Georgette Costume of Black Rep With a Tunic of Embroidered White Organdie, Cuffs, Collar and Pocket Flaps to Match of the Organdie. The Hat is of Green Straw With Trimmings in Many Bright Shades.

early spring and through the summer, as it is sure to be distinctive with its unusual trimming.

One of our best known houses on this side has been showing some unusual street costumes, all of which show some sort of wrap or wrap effect so that one appears to be dressed with particular care even if the garment is really in one piece. A black satin dress has a sleeveless cape snapped onto a line of embroidery which runs from the shoulders and crosses the skirt in an embroidered X. The cape stays at the hip line and the long tight sleeves trimmed with the same embroidery give the effect of a complete costume, which is indeed the case.

## Brief Fashion Notes for Women Who Care

Heels not only coruscate today. They coruscate in intricate patterns. One pair imitates, in brilliants, a motif from colonial.

Spotted fur is being used in noticeable quantities on spring frocks and wraps. Not all of it is real leopard, though bits of this are highly fashionable.

Good news for the lady who hates to darn. You may have your stockings painted on your limbs today and they are said not to wash off except in water.

Monkey hair, pretty well crowded out by the season's novelties, nevertheless persists. Its latest use is as a barbaric sort of edging for pumps of gray suede.

Red is definitely a spring color. It may range from scarlet to brick, from fuchsia to American Beauty. It may make up the whole costume or be used in deft inlays or appliques.

The hem line, settled and unsettled a dozen times, still remains pretty much go-as-you-please for evening frocks. Some of these in Egyptian fashion, go up in the center of the front.

## Winsome Accessories Appeal to All Women

With simplicity the rule, it follows that accessories loom large in importance and the woman of fashion selects every detail with rare discrimination.

Earrings have suddenly regained their prestige and are shown in a wide variety of new designs, most of which

## Red and White Shown for Sports Costumes



Red and white are a favored combination for spring and summer sports wear. Model here shows red flannel jacket and brief plaited skirt of white canton crepe.

## Lavish Fur Trimmings Used on Rich Materials

There has been little change in the silhouette of the separate coats, which remains straight and depends upon the variety of its trimming, material and detail to counteract the rigidity of its severe outline.

The models of Gabrielle Chanel, while straight in line, are loose, especially at the back, and are without fastening, being held in place by the wearer. Exceptions are the coats that show the front in circular cut. Of these the back is straight and scant and all the movement is in the front. The circular portion is set onto the bodice of the coat at a low waistline.

Several of the evening coats are trimmed with fur—one very beautiful model of this character is developed in yellow-beige artificial satin. The back is formed by a panel the width and length of the coat, which, at a low waistline, is slightly bloused. The fur bands on the panel, the collar and the cuffs are fox fur dyed to exactly match the color of the satin.

## Buttons Important in Dress Decorations

Jet buttons, large and small, are very smart and decorative on all black gowns, and some heavy, handsomely cut shapes add greatly to the style of a costume. Buttons set with rhinestones, some in the form of circles, buckles, crescents, diamonds and squares, are very dainty and are seen on some of the exclusive models imported by American houses, sparingly used, and serving to point up most daintily afternoon and evening gowns of silk or satin, velvet, lace, tulle, chiffon.

For the simpler frocks, tub dresses, blouses and sweater jackets are seen, some with buttons that are lovely and most appropriate. They are of white bone or ivory, in colors and decorated, and in mother of pearl.

are quite long and of the filigree type set with semi-precious stones. Both powder blue, the new color, and a brilliant red called gypsy are a feature of costume jewelry.

The newest envelope bags have fob ornaments of beads or brilliants which are attached to a tiny pocket just large enough to hold a gay chiffon handkerchief.

## Tunic Models in Crepe

Tunic models in figured crepes are of many and varied design. One that is especially good in the larger figured materials is straight almost to the knees, affording plenty of unbroken space for the afternoon display of the design. A circular flounce, possibly bordered or bound with a narrow line of plain material, leaves a few inches of skirt below. This is usually in the plain material.

## An Unusual Hat

A little hat of black silk is somewhat square in shape and has a most unusual trimming. Wide strands of dull green embroidery silk are placed around the crown and kept in place by bands of dull silver. These strands are knotted loosely at the side and fall over the edge of the brim. They are finished with balls of green silk thickly studded with nail heads.

## Care of Stove

Wash your stove with ammonia water before polishing. Then add some turpentine to the polish, which should be very thin. Rub first with a cloth, then brush, then rub hard with a cloth again and you can see your face on the stove. Best results are obtained when the stove is only slightly warm.

## HOME HINTS AND DIET

By INEZ SEARLES WILLSON

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

### CHEESE COOKERY

Cheese is cooked when it is melted, and it melts at a comparatively low temperature, therefore these factors must be taken into consideration when preparing dishes in which it is one of the ingredients.

The cheese should be finely divided, either by grating or shaving in very thin slices. When well ripened it grates easily, but new cheese, although soft, may be broken into small bits. Old cheese is usually a few cents a pound more than the new, but as its flavor is more highly developed, its use is economy, as less will give the desired taste.

As a high temperature or long cooking tender cheese tough and stringy, the other food materials should be cooked before they are combined with it. Onions, green peppers and chives are splendid flavorings to use with cheese, but as they require longer cooking to make them tender, they may be boiled first in a little water or cooked in butter.

When eating potatoes au gratin or macaroni and cheese or similar dishes, one should be conscious only of the pliant flavor of the cheese in the smooth white sauce. There should not be, as there so frequently are, little lumps of tough cheese, due to the fact that the protein has been coagulated by improper methods of cookery. If the white sauce is made and then the cheese is completely melted before the sauce is poured over the potatoes or macaroni, which have also been cooked, this condition will not result and the finished product will be a more digestible article of food.

It is a frequent complaint that it is difficult to always find a cheese which melts easily, and while one well ripened and so readily grated does melt more quickly than one which cannot be so finely divided, there is no reason why any cheese will not form a smooth mixture if properly handled.

The American cream or "store" cheese is one of the most commonly used for general purposes of cookery. When new, it is soft and has a mild flavor. When old, it has a sharp flavor and is very easily grated.

There are many varieties of imported cheese which are available in the markets of the larger cities and towns. English dairy cheese is one of these. It is very similar to the American or Cheddar except that it is harder and therefore easily grated. It is a trifle more expensive than the American.

Among those cheeses which are used as a supplement to other foods, we find Roquefort, Brie and Camembert which are characterized by their strong odor and distinctive flavor.

## PROTEINS AND THEIR FUNCTION IN THE BODY

Protein is the term applied to those substances in our foodstuffs which contain nitrogen. They are the most important constituents of our food because they build body tissue as well as repair that which is broken down by the wear and tear of our ordinary expenditure of muscular energy.

The body of the average man is about 18 per cent protein by weight. It forms the basis of the bony structure, the muscles and other tissues.

Protein may be utilized as fuel for the body just as the fats and carbohydrates are sources of energy. To furnish energy in the form of protein is an unnecessarily expensive method, however.

To protein, and to protein alone, belongs the function of building and repairing the body tissues.

This is the reason that protein must not be absent from the diet. Of course, it could not be entirely absent because most foods furnish a small amount of protein, but it should be present in amounts sufficient to do the necessary building and repairing.

Proteins are found largely in that class of foodstuffs known as "protein rich foods." These are either of animal or vegetable origin. The former is found in meats, fish and the dairy products. The latter comes from the dried seeds of such plants as beans, peas and peanuts.

Animal protein is expensive. Economy, therefore, demands that protein from cheaper foods be substituted for meat.

Milk is the best source of protein for children and every growing child should have a diet in which milk plays an important part. There is less protein in milk than either fat or sugar, but it is of an especially valuable kind.

Children require more protein in proportion to their size than adults because they not only have tissue to be repaired, but they are increasing the size of the body structure.

The normal diet, which maintains an individual in health, will be found to supply sufficient protein, provided care is taken to include those foods known to be rich in protein.

The housewife's problem of planning well-balanced meals is simplified by a knowledge of what protein means to the body and what foods are abundant sources of this valuable food principle.

The Department of Agriculture will furnish bulletins based upon food studies which will be found to be very helpful.